# Model WOMEN

by

William Anderson

Title: Model Women

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Release Date: October 24, 2014 [EBook #47186]

Language: English



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# MODEL WOMEN.

BY

WILLIAM ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF “SELF-MADE MEN,” “KINGS OF SOCIETY,” ETC., ETC.

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“Noble examples excite us to noble deeds.”—*Seneca.*

“She was feminine only by her sex—in mind she was superior to men.”
—*Gregory Nazianzen.*

“The woman’s cause is man’s: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.”—*Tennyson.*

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London.
HODDER & STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXX.

# TO YOUNG WOMEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This volume is dedicated to you, because I believe in the principles it enunciates, and hope that many of your sex may get them lodged in their minds; and the conclusions to which they lead carried out in their lives. While feeling a warm interest in your honour, I have endeavoured to avoid all indiscriminate eulogiums on the eminent women here portrayed. The object of biography is to teach by example; and although perfection is claimed for none of the models here presented, yet each is worthy of being enshrined in your hearts.

Whilst I should be sorry to see woman exchanging her home for the market-place, and her nursery for the arena, I am anxious that she should not be robbed of some of the purest joys of life; and that society, which so much needs her help, should not be defrauded of her service. The housewife is woman's proudest name. Honourable is her distaff, and equally honourable her careful management and thrift. But while discharging these duties with propriety—while taking nothing from her family—she ought to give fair attention to the many grievous wrongs which at present shackle her independence and limit her usefulness. Woman is something more than a mere housekeeper or nurse. Let her be trained as a thinking being. By aiming at being only domestic, she will cease to be truly domestic.

In my selection of examples, I have necessarily been under the control of circumstances. Not a few women, eminent in many respects, have been excluded from this collection, because, in consequence of some sad defects, they could not be held up as models of true womanhood. Several fairly entitled to places among "Model Women" would have been here, but, happily, they are still living; and for various reasons I determined to confine myself to the dead. My intention has been to include only a few of the actors and thinkers who have attained extensive celebrity; and the difficulty of fixing upon these I have found so great, that I am prepared to have the judiciousness of my choice frequently questioned. But I trust a sufficient number of lives are here recorded to kindle in your breasts aspirations after those excellences which adorn human existence.

The end of writing memoirs should be the exhibition of truth in all its loveliness, and virtue with all her charms. This object I have not lost sight of for one moment in writing these pages; but directly or indirectly have framed every sentence in accordance with it.

Imperfections you will doubtless detect in this volume; of some I am sufficiently aware; but am less anxious to obtain your applause, or to bespeak your candour, than to win your sympathy in my subject; and I feel confident that whether you acquiesce in few or many of my views, you will at least honour the motive which prompted me to make them known.

I am,

Yours very cordially,

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

CAMBRIDGE COTTAGE, MERTON, S.W.,

*September, 1870.*

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# MODEL WOMEN.

# CHAPTER I.

## True Womanhood.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### *FEMALE EDUCATION.*

The great question of the day is education. Daughters, as well as sons, are born with faculties capable of improvement; and the claims of the former to as good an education as the latter are beyond dispute. Indeed, some are of opinion that if either of the sexes ought to have a superior education, that boon is the birthright of females. Certainly, women have as important duties to perform as men, and therefore their discipline ought at least to be as strict.

In the more usual sense, education is the art of drawing out, or developing, every part of your many-sided nature. Its object, and when rightly conducted, its result, is to make a perfect creature. Young women are too often allowed to consider that education is the work of girlhood. Strictly speaking, it covers the whole area of life. A great living poet truly says—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our being's end or way;
But to live that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

We often hear what a glorious thing it is to be a man. With Daniel De Foe, and other great men, we think it as glorious a thing to be a woman. "A woman, well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison." You are capable of

being moulded into the noblest types of womanhood. There is no limit to your progress, no elevation which you may not pass; your present attainments are not the measure of your capabilities.

This book would be radically defective, and would greatly fail in its purpose, did we not attempt to show what woman can be, and what therefore she ought to strive after. The best definition we can give of true womanhood is, that it consists in having all the faculties, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, existing in a healthy and vigorous condition, so as to be able to perform, in an efficient manner, all the functions for which they are destined. Our aim is bold, broad, truthful delineation. We would not lead you to indulge in baseless visions of future eminence; yet your nature is such, that, did you act worthy of it, you might, with the help of God, become more than we are able to describe. The proudest and fairest ideal grows out of the real, and the loftiest tree must have its roots in the ground.

## *PHYSICAL TRAINING.*

In education, as hitherto conducted, the physical powers have not had their due share of attention. Anatomy, physiology, and chemistry clearly teach that the general principles which are true of the vital processes in the lower animals are equally true of the vital processes in human beings. But this has not yet become a part of the living faith of the world. Hundreds and thousands, even among the upper classes, are as ignorant of the wonders and mysteries of the human frame as if God had committed the great practical solecism of making them incapable of self-knowledge. The earth is full of wholesome nourishment, the atmosphere is carefully mixed by a Divine hand, to suit the wants of humanity. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are each beautiful. The oak is strong, and the rose is lovely; the domestic animals are full of vigour; but the young maiden drops off, smitten by consumption, scrofula, or rapid failure of the vital power. Happily, the laws of health are beginning to attract attention, and we are coming to the conclusion that this great blessing might be much more common.

The principal components of the body will naturally indicate and classify the topics for discussion in dealing with the subject of physical education. The body may be roughly described as an organisation of bones and muscles, permeated by blood, covered with skin, and containing a breathing and digestive apparatus.

The chief process by which life is maintained, and health and strength developed, is the *receiving of food*. That over-feeding and under-feeding are both bad is a truism. Of the two, however, the latter is the worse. Not only are there *a*

*priori* reasons for trusting the appetites, but there is no other guidance worthy of the name. Instead of measuring your food by an artificial standard, eat your fill. Have less faith in human opinion, and more confidence in nature. The current idea is, that diet should not only be restricted, but comparatively low; but the verdict of leading physicians and distinguished physiologists is exactly the opposite. The grounds for this conclusion are obvious. Compare different kinds of people, or the same people when differently fed, and you will find overwhelming evidence that the degree of energy essentially depends upon the nutritiveness of the food. Between the ill fed African and the well fed European there is a contrast which no one can fail to notice. Moreover, it is a fact, established by numerous experiments, that there is scarcely one article of diet which supplies all the elements necessary for carrying on the vital processes; and hence, in order to good bodily training, mixture and variety are highly important. The proper beverage for the physical constitution has been warmly discussed of late, and many have, much to their own advantage, and that of society at large, pronounced in favour of water; and although it may not be easy to refute the argument for the moderate use of stimulating liquors, produced from the fruits of the earth by the process of fermentation, in the earlier stages of life water is undoubtedly the best drink at meals for the purpose of quenching thirst.

A good supply of *pure air* is intimately connected with bodily vigour. There are, in every country, whole districts, of larger or smaller extent, in which the air is either permanently or periodically noxious; its bad qualities arising generally from the miasma of fens, or the mud banks and mud deposits of rivers. In all our towns, large or small, there are to be found narrow streets, dark passages, small courts, and back yards, where the atmosphere is always loaded with impurities, in consequence of imperfect drainage, the accumulation of filth, and the position of the buildings. In such places, the inhabitants are, for the most part, a feeble and sickly race. Even when healthy, it is absolutely certain that the respiratory organs should not always breathe the same atmosphere. The unwholesome rooms in which children are penned up, the close apartments where many women are doomed to labour, and the smoke, chimneys, and long rows of houses that hem in the path of others, are producing sad havoc among the softer sex. If you would have health, strength, and longevity, you must now and then refresh your lungs, by taking a stroll on a common, a walk by the sea-side, or spending a day amid the ranges of the great hills with their wild peaks and morning mists. The breathing of fresh air is, we maintain, an essential part of physical culture.

*Cleanliness* has a most important and salutary influence on your material nature. In the skin of a person of average size there are tubes connected with the

pores, measuring, if put end to end, twenty-eight miles. These ought always to be kept open. Checked perspiration is direct injury to the membranes of the air passages, and frequently to the alimentary canal. It is therefore necessary to remove from the skin all refuse matter from within or without. This can only be done by washing from head to foot every morning and night. It is safe, and for many reasons most beneficial, to use cold water. The flesh brush is of great service in stimulating the skin to action, opening and cleaning out the pores, promoting a copious circulation of blood, and producing a healthful and exhilarating glow; the strength of which sufficiently attests the advantages derived. Soap is useful, and the common and coarse kinds are better than most of those sold by perfumers. Next to cleanliness in your persons, is cleanliness in your dwellings. Every house ought to undergo an annual, or rather half-yearly visitation of all its cellars, its scullery, washhouse, garrets, loft, cupboards, closets, and all dark places and corners, for the removal of dirt, or anything in its wrong place. As nearly as possible the house ought to be turned "out of windows."

All who know anything about the construction of the human frame admit the necessity of *exercise* as a means of physical training. Exercise produces strength; inaction produces weakness. If we may trust the author of the "Castle of Indolence," the women of England, a hundred years ago, were too effeminate:—

"Here languid beauty kept her pale-faced court;
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort,
Where from gross mortal care and business free
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury:
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe;
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step, and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch again their limbs they throw,
Where hours on hours they, sighing, lie reclined,

And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind."

This graphic description, with little or no modification, may be applied to a large class still. The peasant girl, when her spirits are buoyant, is allowed to obey her natural feelings—to dance and skip and run; and thus she grows up strong and straight. But the young lady is receiving constant admonitions to curb all propensity to such vulgar activity, and, just in proportion as she subdues nature, she receives the praise of being well-bred. Why this difference? Mammas, aunts, and governesses may be of opinion that a robust physique is undesirable—that health and vigour are plebeian—that delicacy, feebleness, and timidity are ladylike: but rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and a finely rounded figure draw admiring glances from the opposite sex. A playground is an essential department of every school, and girls as well as boys should be taught the importance of vigorous exertion. But at all periods of life exercise is indispensable to health. Indolence destroys the very capacity of enjoyment; whereas labour puts the body in tone. A sensible young lady, some time ago, wrote as follows to the *Medical Journal*:—"I used to be so feeble that I could not lift a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. Looking one day at the Irish girls, and noticing their healthy robust appearance, I determined to make a new trial, and see if I could not bring the roses to my cheeks, and rid myself of the dreadful lassitude that oppressed me. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning the parlours, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I rose and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have been occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labour, and now all my friends are congratulating me upon my improved and wondrous vigour, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my catholicon." Of course, moderation is to be observed in exercise; immoderate exertion produces exhaustion.

It is well known how greatly physical comfort depends upon *clothing*. The want of sufficient clothing occasions a vast amount of suffering among the poorer classes; and many who can afford to dress as they please subject themselves to various mischiefs, under the influence of ignorance, carelessness, or fashion. The most common mistake is, to dress too coldly in summer and too warmly in winter. Flannel ought to be worn next the skin all the year round. It is of as much use for absorbing the perspiration in hot weather, as for warming the body in cold. "The rule is," says Dr. Andrew Combe, "not to dress in an invariable way in all cases, but to put on clothing in kind and quantity *sufficient in the individual case to protect the body effectually from an abiding sensation of cold, however slight*." Females of all classes need to be warned against the evils

of tight lacing. The dress of the bride celebrated in the Song of Solomon combined utility with taste; but our ladies must have habiliments that outrage every law of propriety, and force their bodies into the most unnatural shapes. Loose garments are both cooler in summer and warmer in winter than integuments closely compressing the body.

By attention to these subjects on which suggestions have been offered, you cannot fail to secure the preservation and improvement of the health of the body. It is your duty to employ all practicable means for this purpose. “Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost?” Honour therefore the body as a holy thing; and beware how you put the chains of slavery upon it, or expose it from selfishness to hunger and nakedness. The importance of physical training needs to be rung into the ears of all, as with the peal of a trumpet. “It is reckoned,” says Dr. Robert Lee in a sermon preached before royalty, “that one hundred thousand persons die annually in England of preventible diseases. In the same proportion more than a million and a quarter must die annually from the same causes in Europe. In the fact that the platform, the press, and the pulpit have lifted up their voices on behalf of physical education, we recognise one of the most hopeful signs of the times.”

## *INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.*

Although all rational men believe that women ought to be better instructed, there is a class of pedants who are of opinion that the same facilities for the acquisition of knowledge would make them rather the rivals than the companions of men. Hence our famous seats of learning are open to the one sex, and the most tempting prizes are within their reach; but no such privileges are accorded to the other. We are glad that the question regarding the propriety or impropriety of young women availing themselves of an academical education has been raised, in a somewhat unexpected form, at the oldest university in Scotland. A young English lady, Miss Elizabeth Garrett, the daughter of a gentleman of independent fortune, who had educated herself highly in classics and some of the physical sciences, with a view to the study of medicine, visited St. Andrews a few summers ago, and intimated her desire to become a student in several of the classes during the winter. Some of the professors gave her decided encouragement; and others were understood to say that they would offer no opposition. They were all ordinarily gallant, except Professor Ferrier, whose strong conservative tendencies led him to oppose. She applied to the secretary for a matriculation ticket, received the ticket, paid the fee, and signed her name

in the book. Next day she presented her ticket to Dr. Heddle, and asked leave to attend his lectures on chemistry. He had no objection, and gave her a letter to Mr. Ireland, authorising him to give her a ticket for the class. In the same way she obtained a ticket for Dr. Day's class of anatomy and physiology. He gave her a cordial welcome. But alas! the senatus met and passed a resolution to the effect that the issuing of the tickets to Miss Garrett was not sufficiently authorised, that the novel question raised ought to be deliberately considered and decided, that the opinion of other universities and lawyers should be taken, and that in the meantime the lady should not be allowed to attend on the classes of the university. All honour, and all success to those noble men who are labouring to destroy such exclusiveness, and to make these national institutions free to all, whether male or female. Your business, meanwhile, is to make the most and the best of the appliances within your reach.

Different schools of mental philosophy have variously divided and named the intellectual faculties; we are not careful to follow the exact definitions, divisions, or phraseologies of the metaphysician; it will serve our purpose better to take those prominent points which all may comprehend and appreciate. It appears to us that there are four distinct stages of mental development, characterised by four distinct classes of faculties. The first is distinguished by the perceptive; the second by the conceptive; the third by the knowing; and the fourth by the reasoning. These are discriminated from one another by the peculiar activity of the faculties which are distinctive of each; and they are mutually connected by the necessity of a certain amount of simultaneous active development.

The *perceptive* faculties adapt you to the material world, and furnish you with information concerning the powers, properties, and glories of matter. Their distinctive office is to observe; and they should be cultivated with the utmost care, for they not only lie at the basis of all mental superstructure, by furnishing the other faculties with the stock, or raw materials to work on; but in proportion to the distinctness of the perceptions will be the accuracy of the memory, and probably the precision of the judgment. How then can their power and activity be developed? simply by exercising them—by opening your eyes and keeping them open. The world is full of objects; but multitudes pass through life of whom it may be said, "having eyes they see not."

The peculiar function of the *conceptive* faculties is to store the mind with ideas formed out of previous knowledge. When you completely enter into a scene portrayed in history or in poetry, and approach the situation of the actual observer, you are said to conceive what is meant, and also to imagine it. There is a notion pretty prevalent, that the culture of those powers which relate to the ornamental rather than the essential is to be sought only by the rich, or those

destined to occupy a high position in society. No mistake could be more mischievous and cruel. Not only are they sources of enjoyment, but the main safeguards of purity—if, indeed, we should distinguish these; for in being the former they become the latter. The means of æsthetic cultivation are, more or less, within the reach of all. Contemplate the towering mountain and the extending plain—the starry firmament and the boundless ocean; listen to music and oratory; visit the galleries of art, mechanism, and industry. But literature is at once the most potent and most widely available instrument for the expansion of the susceptibilities. Literary artists are the true unveilers of nature.

“Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
The poets who, on earth, have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.”

But for them, nature, aye and humanity too, in their higher teachings, would remain sealed books—dead languages, to the millions of the race.

The *knowing* faculties enable you to apprehend the objects of knowledge, whether generals or particulars, present or absent; and also to classify, extend, and generalise these judgments, and express them in the form of propositions. These mental operations indicate a high region of thought, and give a wide range of view. The study of the abstract terms and phrases of language, arithmetic, geometry, and grammar cultivate these powers. But natural science in its various branches is the grandest instrument for the development of the understanding. It should form a part in the education of every human being; yet it is almost entirely neglected in our schools, and our colleges have rarely given it an adequate place in their curriculum. Let us hope that, in the improvements contemplated in the whole system of education, this lamentable deficiency shall be remedied. Meanwhile, let every woman try to educate herself as best she can. Owing to the inordinate use of pseudo-classical phraseology, this fascinating study has too long been considered as a profession restricted to a favoured few, and interdicted to the many. By means of books written in a simple and popular style, and the application of your own faculties, you may become acquainted with the laws, creatures, and forms of the material universe—supply your educational deficiency, and acquire the power of levying from everything in nature a store of happiness.

The *reasoning* faculties methodise the materials of thought and investigate truth according to certain definite principles. With a penetrating and comprehensive glance they examine all the processes of thought, and not merely seek knowledge, but endeavour to discover its sources. They are less likely to

manifest themselves than the other intellectual groups; but in well regulated minds they hold all the other faculties in subjection, and harmonise and regulate their operations. No part of your nature is more susceptible of cultivation than this; and it ought to be cultured most assiduously, for it lies at the basis of all practical application of knowledge and experience. How can these crowning powers be developed? By inductive and deductive reasoning. Analyse, compare, draw conclusions, and search for causes. Weigh well the validity of your arguments, or, it may be, the accuracy of your processes of investigation. Never contend for opinions which you do not believe; false reasoning distorts and warps the soul, and confounds the distinction between right and wrong. Remember that you are as responsible for your opinions and judgments as for your actions and conduct.

“Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.”

From what has been advanced, it will be seen that in our view intellectual education does not consist in the amount of knowledge acquired, but in the due exercise of all the faculties. Education is an art; the art, namely, of qualifying human beings for the functions for which they are destined. Now, in order to the perfection of an art, it must be founded on a corresponding science. But so far is such a science from being yet constructed, that the necessity for it has only been recently pointed out. Notwithstanding the lack of scientific foundation, the practical art has lately undergone great improvement in almost all its details. The method of nature is the archetype of all methods; and had educators followed her teachings, we should never have heard of the once universal practice of learning by rote, nor of the forcing system now happily falling daily into more discredit, nor of the old system of rule teaching, instead of teaching by principles; that is, the leaving of generalisations until there are particulars to base them on. As regards formal intellectual development, you labour under disadvantages, but need not despair. If the proudest princess may not become a scholar in an English, Scotch, or Irish university on the same conditions as the other students, the humblest domestic servant may matriculate in the university of nature, and enter upon studies more exalted and varied than can be pursued anywhere else. Ladies’ medical colleges are springing up, by means of which you may enter upon a lucrative occupation, most womanly in its character, and unrivaled in scope, variety, or usefulness by any other female employment. Mechanics’ institutes and lyceums have their female classes, where you may get valuable instruction, have access to books of every description, and thus at pleasure hold

intercourse with the best and wisest of your species; hear all the wit, and serve yourselves heir to all the wisdom, which has entertained or enriched successive generations. By-and-by we hope to see working women's colleges established in all our great cities and manufacturing centres, where special education shall be given about all that a maiden ought to learn, a wife to know, and a mother to practise. National organisations for being taught, examined, and diplomatized are not absolutely necessary. Many great minds have been educated without them. The essential elements of mental development are within your reach. You want no more than the will. Resolve therefore to make yourselves equal to the important duties you are called upon to fulfil.

## *MORAL DISCIPLINE.*

Britain has been called the "paradise of women." As regards moral position, this is certainly true. Mighty is your power in this respect. A virtuous woman in the seclusion of her home, breathing the sweet influences of virtue into the hearts and lives of her beloved ones, is an evangel of goodness to the world. The instinctive and disinterested love of a mother consecrates every lesson which she may give to her children. "There is a love of offspring," says the eloquent author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "that knows no restrictive reasons, that extends to any length of personal suffering or toil; a feeling of absolute self-renunciation, whenever the interests of children involve a compromise of the comfort or tastes of the parent. There is a love of children, in which self-love is drowned; a love which, when combined with intelligence and firmness, sees through and casts aside every pretext of personal gratification, and which steadily pursues the highest and most remote welfare of its object, with the determination at once of an animal instinct and of a well considered rational purpose. There is a species of love not liable to be worn by time, or slackened, as from year to year children become less and less dependent upon parental care; it is a feeling which possesses the energy of the most vehement passions, along with the calmness and appliancy of the gentlest affections; a feeling purged, as completely as any human sentiment can be, of the grossness of earth; and which seems to have been conferred upon human nature as a sample of emotions proper to a higher sphere." Mothers have no business with children until they are prepared to train them up in the way they should go. If you would discharge this high function, you must discipline all the moral faculties. Your opportunities are eminently favourable.

The moral powers of your nature are divided by Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart into

appetites, desires, affections, self-love, and the moral faculty. They call those feelings which take their rise from the body, and which operate periodically, *appetite*. By *desires*, they mean those feelings which do not take their rise from the body, and which do not operate periodically. Under the title of *affections*, they comprehend all those active principles whose direct and ultimate object is the communication of joy or pain to your fellow creatures. According to them, *self-love* is an instinctive principle in the human mind, which impels you to preserve your life and promote your happiness. The *moral faculty* they define to be an original principle of your nature, whereby you distinguish between right and wrong. To treat this subject adequately, or to give all the rules and maxims by which your active and moral powers may be stimulated and regulated, would belong to a treatise on ethics. Your moral nature may be classed under two great principles, the *self-seeking*, and the *disinterested*; and the most important part of moral discipline is to depress the former, and exalt the latter.

The control of the *selfish feelings* is essential to moral growth. To live to gratify the flesh, or to become rich, or to be distinguished in places of fashion and amusement, is to be less than women. Destitute of the high power of which we are speaking—if no predominant passion has yet gained the ascendancy—you will yield to the pressure of the multitude, and be fashioned by your companions. But if the passions be strong, by-and-by you will become the slaves of vice. The noblest endowments will not save from such a catastrophe; indeed, the danger of being seduced is greatest to minds of high sensibility. We could name not a few, of the largest sympathies, the noblest sentiments, the most splendid genius, who have been degraded and destroyed, because they failed in the maintenance of self-control.

“Reader, attend: whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
Is wisdom’s root.”

To be able, amidst the multiplied vexations of life, to exercise comprehensive and sustained self-control, is worth more than the proudest victory ever achieved in the field, and it is a battle you may win.

The great idea of *duty*, which springs up within you in opposition to interest, must be cultivated above all others, for on it all others depend. Conscience has a regulative power over all the faculties of your nature.

“Its slightest touches, instant pause,
Debar all side pretences,
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.”

The universality of a moral sense has been questioned by many; yet the idea of duty is felt by all. When enlightened as well as sincere, and carried out to its legitimate extent, it exalts and dignifies human nature. This may be called the great conservative law of creation. It is the reflection of this principle in the material world that we see binding the spheres to their central sun, and preventing them dashing from their orbits in wild and disastrous confusion. The sense of moral accountableness alone has power to conquer the “lusts of the flesh and the lusts of the mind,” and hold them in subjection. The poet of our age has apostrophized duty in words which you should make your own.

“To humble function’s awful power
I call thee. I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end.
Give unto me, made lowly, wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of Truth, thy *bondslave* let me live.”

You are happy or miserable, you are honoured or degraded, just as you neglect or observe this primal duty. Armed with a sense of duty, you are proof against all representations of danger. In confirmation of this, we can adduce a cloud of witnesses, an host of martyrs, multitudes of all nations and ages, and conditions and sexes, for whom the flames of the tormentor were kindled in vain; against whom the sword of persecution was drawn to no purpose; and who held fast their integrity, though they knew death to be the consequence. Those who are nerved with a sense of duty cannot be worsted. They fall back upon the strength of the Eternal, and set all the powers of evil at defiance.

We are not unmindful of the difficulty of cultivating in due proportion the qualities we have now described. Only a very few of our race have possessed, in an eminent degree, strong passions and strong command over them, a conscience quick in its discernment, and a will unswerving in its purpose. But while we recognise this, we contend that moral discipline is something possible. It has foundations in your nature. Its elements and means are simple and common.

Every condition of life furnishes aids to it. Storms, disasters, hostilities, and sufferings are designed to school selfish feeling and promote generous satisfaction. Goodness is not worth much unless tried in these fires. Home is indeed the great sphere for preparing the young to act and to endure. “What would my mother say?” is the first whisper of conscience in the breast of the simple child; and, “What would my mother think?” its last note as it expires under a course of debauchery and sin. Nevertheless, it is equally certain that the best training will not make you women apart from your own efforts. On the other hand, however bad your early training may have been, with a resolute will, a brave heart, and Divine help, you may conquer your early habits, and stand forth moral heroines. Human nature grows in every direction in which it is trained, and accommodates itself to every circumstance placed in its way; therefore, you may take all the flowers that grow in the moral garden and hang them round your neck for a garland. Dr. Chalmers well says: “In moral education, every new achievement of principle smooths the way to future achievements of the same kind; and the precious fruit or purchase of each moral virtue is to set us on higher and firmer vantage-ground, for the conquests of principle in all time coming.”

## *SPIRITUAL CULTURE.*

Atheism is the most unnatural thing in the universe. The creed inscribed on its black flag is absolutely dreadful. It proclaims, in characters visible to every eye, that there is no God, no resurrection, no future state, no accountability, no virtue, no vice, no heaven, no hell, and that death is an eternal sleep. But atheism only proclaims human weakness; it does not disprove God’s existence. There is something in your very nature which leads to the recognition and worship of a superior Being. The evidence of this propension is as extensive as the race, and as prolonged as the history of humanity. The religious rites and idolatries to be found in each of the four quarters of the globe, and the piercing cry which has resounded in every age, “Where is our Father? We have neither heard His voice, nor seen His shape. Oh that we knew where we might find Him, that we might come even to His seat!” are the proofs of this capacity for worship. In every human breast there springs up spontaneously a principle which seeks for the infinite, uncreated cause; which cannot rest till it ascend to the eternal, all-comprehending Mind. Nothing but the contemplation and enjoyment of Deity can satisfy the souls that He has formed for Himself. Until that is obtained, the usual want in humanity never can be filled.

Christianity is the great necessity and the only sufficiency of your nature. It stirs up the lowest depths of your spiritual being, that the soul, in all its completeness, may lay hold on God and be blessed. All infidel philosophy is wrecked here. It does not understand, and consequently cannot explain, your relations to the Invisible, and your capacities for a blessed immortality. It can mark the contrasts in your character, but is unable to reconcile them. The grave, although a shallow, is to it a soundless abyss. All is over and done with the being who is deposited there. Christianity alone elucidates the mystery of humanity. It utters certain sounds as to whence you came, what you are, and where you are going. The Scriptures teach that you derive a corrupt nature from your original progenitors, and this is a satisfactory solution of the aversions and propensions you display. A scheme is also propounded for the remission of human guilt, and the renovation of the human soul. The fact that one condition essential to spiritual culture is a supernatural condition, does not affect self-effort; for here, as everywhere in the whole economy of grace, it will be found that the reaping will be in proportion to the sowing. Let us now see the influence of true religion upon the spiritual powers of the soul.

The faculty of *hope* cannot stop at what exists in time, but must wander through eternity. Its due exercise redoubles all your pleasures, by enabling you to enjoy them twice,—in anticipation as well as fruition. In trouble, this principle is a sure support.

“Hope, like the glimmering taper’s light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.”

Hope protests against breaking down under discouragements. She inscribes her loveliest rainbows on your murkiest clouds. Christianity is adapted to this power. It unfolds an infinitely higher order of life—an eternity of happiness, the boundaries of which the largest hope mounted on her loftiest pinions cannot survey. The inhabitants of that heavenly world look back upon their trials as evils which exist only in recollection; and to heighten the transport, they will remember that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

“Oft the big, unbidden tear, stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere, tales of woe they could not speak;
But those days of weeping o’er—past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more; never, never weep again.

’Mid the chorus of the skies, ’mid the angelic lyres above,—
Hark! their songs melodious rise, songs of praise to Jesus’ love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head, soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene, calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene, there no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away, sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day, sorrow in eternal rest.”

Religion teaches you not to diminish hope by mourning the loss of dear children or Christian friends, but to cultivate it with the faith that they are now in heaven.

“O, think that while you’re weeping here,
The hand a golden harp is stringing;
And, with a voice serene and clear,
The ransomed soul, without a tear,
The Saviour’s praise is singing.

And think that all their pains are fled,
Their toils and sorrows closed for ever,
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant’s head
A crown that fadeth never.”

Christian hope maketh not ashamed. The wonders of Providence and grace will yet be completed.

The faculty of *faith* summons to the steady and devout contemplation of spiritual truth. It believes in the superhuman, and rebukes those who pride themselves in accepting nothing till it is proved. Christianity is a universal spiritual religion, which encircles in its design the whole human family, and blesses by its influence all who receive it. Seeing then that faith is the great motive power of the whole plan, its culture becomes vitally important. Although not alone sufficient, in every instance, the ordinary means of grace are specially calculated to promote this end. When the great apostle has enumerated the achievements of a host of believing worthies, he adds, “looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of

God.” The character of Christ is the most wonderful that you can contemplate, as it combines the perfections of the Divine nature, displayed in their most commanding as well as their most lovely aspect, with all the sinless sensibility of humanity. But the whole discipline of life is needed for the growth of faith. Your labours, your trials of various kinds, your experiences, your successes and failures, your very errors, may, by the Divine blessing, He made instrumental to its increase. For the higher attainments of faith, trials are not only useful, but indispensable. The martyrs reached their great faith by great tribulation. Thus we see powerful reasons why all the people of God are more or less subjected to trials and hardships.

The faculty of *veneration* inspires devotion, and leads to the manifestation of a feeling of dependence. It centres upon the Supreme Being, and largely developed takes great delight in the exercises of religion, and never eats a morsel of bread, nor drinks of the cooling stream, without spontaneous thanksgiving. To culture this, is eminently to educate yourselves. The contemplation of the stupendous works of God promotes veneration. Well might the poet exclaim—

“An undevout astronomer is mad.”

Prayer is admirably calculated to produce fervency of spirit. Paul understood the philosophy of this subject when he said, “But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” Hence the commandment that you should pray always. The influence of music upon this sentiment is well known.

“There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.”

In all the resources of thought, material cannot be found so subduing and overpowering as in the scenes of redemption. Veneration was large in Cowper, Charles Wesley, Watts, and Newton; and their hymns will fan devotion till the end of time.

Your opportunities of spiritual culture are abundant. None need be so diligent in business as to have no time for religion. The Sabbath guarantees a season for unmolested attention to the soul. Wealth cannot buy up its spiritual blessings, and poverty operates as no disqualification for its favours. It smiles as sweetly in the humble cottage as in the marble palace. On this day thousands of recognised ministers, and hundreds of thousands of Sabbath-school teachers, reason, plead, and expostulate with millions of their fellow-creatures, on the greatest of all themes. Over and above these, what earnest lessons are being instilled in the

retirements of home! There is also another source of spiritual education, open nearly to all, namely, access to books whose aim is to teach the practical principles of religion. Then the Bible is within the reach of all. It is the text-book of the pulpit, the daily manual of the school, and the familiar companion of the family. Full of human sympathies, breathing unsullied purity, illustrating principles by examples, investing precepts in poetry, and commending itself not more to the learned than the unlearned, the Bible possesses every quality which can contribute to success as an instrument of spiritual culture.

## *EDUCATION COMPLETE.*

Thus have we sketched, on a small scale, a complete scheme of education. How to live?—that is the question. How to use all your powers to the glory of God and the greatest advantage to yourselves and others—how to live completely? The intellectual part of your nature is superior to the physical; the moral higher than the intellectual; and the spiritual highest of all. Education complete is the full and harmonious cultivation of these four divisions. Not exhaustive development in any one, supremely important though it may be—not even an exclusive discipline of two, or even three of these divisions; but the culture of them all, and the training in due proportion of all their faculties. When these powers act simultaneously and harmoniously, no one unduly depressed, and no one improperly exalted, education has discharged its function, and a type of womanhood is realised which closely resembles your Creator's ideal. Perfect culture is perfect character. What a glorious creature is such a woman! Her body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and her mind is enriched with the fine gold and jewellery of knowledge. Not only friends but even foes are constrained to acknowledge that she is the "glory of man," in every sense a "help corresponding with his dignity." More glorious than anything in the material universe is she who earnestly cultivates all her powers and practically recognises all her relationships, who has come *to a perfect woman, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*. We admit that all are not created alike, but we know that it is impossible to set limits to the attainments of the smallest or the achievements of the weakest. For the sake of your country—for the sake of your race—for the sake of your children—we urge you to begin now to cultivate, in all their compass and variety, the attributes of true womanhood.

# CHAPTER II.

## Peculiarities of Female Character.

"The peculiar attributes of woman are *softness, tenderness, love*; in fact, she has more heart than man."

BENJAMIN PARSONS.

### *WOMAN IN RELATION TO MAN.*

We have it upon the best authority, that woman was created "because it was not good for man to be alone," and the maintenance of the sex, in at least equal numbers, is the emphatic proclamation of the same truth throughout all ages. In paradise man enjoyed the sunshine of God's favour, earth presented nothing but pleasure, and heaven unfolded nothing but bliss. Celibacy was thus tried under the most favourable circumstances, and it failed. Multitudes seem to think that women are little more than a superior description of domestic animals; but in the state of primeval innocency, Adam lived on the fruits of paradise: Eve was not needed to cook his meals, and there was no wardrobe to be looked after. The laundress and the laundry were not then in use. A suitable companion was what man required, and woman was formed and constituted the meetest help for him. The service of the sexes is reciprocal, and when man isolates himself, he not only suffers an injury but inflicts a wrong. The Bible declares that a wife is the gift of God, and when a good woman, there is a double blessing in the nature of the relation. But if a bad woman, her position as a wife greatly augments her power for mischief. Woman and man, however, are not intended to be rivals or opponents of each other. Of design God made neither complete. There is a want in each, that the two might coalesce into one. Duality is necessary to completeness.

. . . . . "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.”

As we note the chief peculiarities of female character, it will be seen that woman fills up the vacuum in man, balances his defects, absorbs his cares, and increases his joys.

## *CORPOREAL ORGANIZATION.*

We believe scientific inquirers are not quite unanimous, as to whether woman really is by nature physically inferior to man, and it must be admitted that among the aboriginal inhabitants of at least one-half of the globe, she is treated as if she were physically superior. In France, Belgium, and other continental countries, she may be seen carrying the heaviest loads, guiding the plough, and performing the severest labours. Trained to gymnastic feats, she performs them with quite as much ease and intrepidity as man, while her power of enduring pain and fatigue, when fairly called into operation, is proverbial. Nerve and muscle depend chiefly upon exercise, hence women who engage in hard manual labour surpass in bodily vigour multitudes of recluse and retired scholars of the other sex.

The extraordinary career of a female sailor recently went the round of the newspapers: in consequence of information supplied by Captain Lane, of the *Expedient*, then lying in the Victoria Dock, Hartlepool, regarding a young woman, Charlotte Petrie, who shipped with him as an ordinary seaman, under the name of William Bruce, and whose sex was not discovered until she arrived at Palermo. The girl had been employed as a labourer at the works for about ten months, and though working alongside of about one hundred and fifty men, she was never suspected to be a woman until one of her fellow-workmen read to her the account of her adventures in the *Express*, which she admitted to be substantially correct, and that she was Charlotte Petrie. This account was read to her on Saturday, and on Monday morning she disappeared, and has not since been heard of. During the period in which she was employed at the lead works, she resided in Newcastle, and left every morning by the five o’clock boat in time to commence work with the other men. She was generally dressed in loose sailor’s clothes, was known to be an industrious and hard working man, and was generally liked in the works. She mingled freely in a social way with the other labourers in the factory, and was never, in fact, supposed to be a female. While in Newcastle, she was taken ill, and was attended, we understand, by one of our

eminent medical men, who also failed to discover that ‘William’s’ Christian name was ‘Charlotte.’ On one occasion, this extraordinary girl was the ‘spokesman’ in an appeal for an increase of wages at the lead factory, in which she was to some extent successful. Her remarkable history has caused considerable excitement at St. Anthony’s, and many of the workmen regret the discovery, as, they say, she was such a pleasant fellow to work with, and it has even been mooted among them to get up a presentation in her behalf. Charlotte Petrie, still in male habiliments, was last seen on board one of the river steamers, and it is supposed she was on her way to Shields, in order to again proceed to sea as a sailor.

But although modes of life, if alike in the sexes, might produce a closer resemblance; taking them generally, the difference between their physical organizations is both palpable and significant. Woman’s stature is inferior, her touch is softer, her tread is lighter, her form is more symmetrical, and her embrace is more affectionate. Thus nature herself has interdicted identification of character and condition. In the language of Scripture, woman is “the weaker vessel,” and her feebler frame and more delicate constitution indicate plainly that she should be regarded with special kindness and attention, and not exposed to the rough and stormy scenes of life.

### *PATIENT ENDURANCE.*

There is reason to think that woman owes this valuable quality to the fact of her being “the weaker vessel,” and thus her physical inferiority instead of being an hindrance becomes a help. Not having bodily vigour equal to the other sex, and placed in circumstances which would make masculine daring unseemly, she cultivates the power of patient endurance. The history of woman in almost every land and age illustrates this fact. When man fails in an enterprise, he too often gives up all for lost, or perhaps lays violent hands upon himself; but woman endures her lot with commendable patience, and

“Calmly waits her summons,
Nor dares to stir till heaven shall give permission.”

She believes the eloquent sentences of Bishop Horne: “Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates

martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the Church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calamity and reproach; she teaches to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, and admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age."

The following lines from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton are not more beautiful than just.

"Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record!
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought—without a word;
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer's wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet it may be, more lofty courage swells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate!
The soldier dies surrounded; could he live
*Alone* to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

"Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom
Shows deeper horror than a common tomb!
Who sleep within? the *men* who would evade
An unseen lot of which they felt *afraid*,—
Embarrassment of means which worked annoy—
A past remorse—a future blank of joy—
The sinful rashness of a blind despair—
These were the strokes which sent your victims there.

"In many a village churchyard's simple grave,
Where all unmarked the cypress branches wave;
In many a vault where death could only claim
The brief inscription of a woman's name;

Of different ranks and different degrees,
From daily labour to a life of ease,
(From the rich wife who through the weary day
Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey,
To the poor soul who trudged o'er marsh and moor;
And with her baby begged from door to door,)
Lie hearts, which ere they found the least release
Had lost all memory of the blessing 'peace;'
Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years
None saw but He who marks the mourner's tears;
The obscurely noble! Who evaded not
The woe which He had willed should be their lot,
But nerved themselves to bear."

Yes man is often conquered by his calamities, but woman conquers her trials and troubles. The former cannot bear a tithe of what the latter endures without manifesting a hundred times as much impatience. Woman suffers, and suffers well. There are more heroines than heroes in the world.

## *CAUTION.*

Woman is more thoughtful and provident than man. She guards more carefully against catastrophes, and practices assiduously the motto, "Sure bind, sure find." Animals which are very defenceless are endowed with the acutest senses, and some are said even to sleep with their eyes open; and if, as poets have sung, heaven intended that woman should be not only a "ministering," but a *guardian* angel to man, then her timidity, by the watchfulness it induces, especially qualifies her for her post. This may account for that prophetic character which has been particularly attributed to females. Most of the heathen oracles employed priestesses rather than priests; and, as all error is the counterfeit of truth, even "old wives' prognostications" are only an abuse and exaggeration of that foresight which the timidity and caution of woman prompt her to exercise.

Caution just means *rational fear*, and had some of the vaunted sons of valour exercised a little more prudence at the commencement of their speculations or enterprises, they would have had less cause for apprehension at the close. Solomon has said, "Blessed is the man that feareth always." Strange as it may seem, this blessedness is in a remarkable degree the possession of woman, and hence her timidity produces fortitude. It is told of Coleridge, that he was accustomed on important emergencies, to consult a female friend, placing

implicit confidence in her first instinctive suggestions. The most eminent men have found it great advantage to have advice from this quarter. How many a husband would have been saved from commercial ruin, if he had only sought or attended to the prudent advice of his wife. How many a son would have been saved from an early grave if he had listened to the warning of his mother. We shall furnish one example out of a million that might be given. “Mother,” said a young farmer who was a free liver, “I am going to be inoculated.” “Dick,” exclaimed his mother, emphatically, “if thou dost, thou wilt die.” Cautious ever are a mother’s counsels, but he disregarded them, and in a few days was in his grave.

## *SYMPATHY.*

The term sympathy is one of very wide application. It comprehends the whole of the kindly relational feelings, and invests even inanimate nature with the attributes of life. Dr. Lieber, in his “Political Ethics,” defines it to be “a feeling for the pains and feelings of others, though unconnected with any interest of our own, and standing in no direct connection with us, even in the way of fear for our own future protection.” Sympathy is peculiarly expansive. It fixes upon the essentials of humanity, and disregards the accidents. Tenderness of affection is indeed a noble quality. There is much sound philosophy in the following lines:—

“How oft the sterner virtues show
  Determined justice, truth severe,
Firmness and strength to strike the blow,
  Courage to face the peril near,—
Yet wanting hearts that feel the glow
  Of love, or for the rising tear
Responsive sympathy ere know,
  Life’s light, without life’s warmth to cheer.”

Woman is constitutionally sympathetic. She delights, unbidden, to soothe the sorrows of the distressed. When that celebrated traveller, John Ledyard, approached the frontier of Poland, after his arbitrary detention in Russia, he exclaimed, “Thank heaven! petticoats appear, and the glimmering of other features.” Women are the sure harbingers of an alteration in manners. All succumb to their irresistible influence: the “divine ichor,” as Homer calls it, mounts the stolid brain, and intoxicates both rich and poor, philosopher and clown. Elsewhere he says, “I have observed among all nations, that the women

ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest." The adventurous traveller further remarks, "I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has been often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

Park, the African traveller, experienced much kindness from females in the wilds of that country, and is no less vehement in their praise. The men robbed him, and stripped him, and left him to die; but the women pitied the fatigued and hungry man, and sang, as they prepared his food, a touching extempore melody, of which the refrain was, "Pity the poor white man, no mother has he." Yes, as the poet has well sung:

"Woman all exceeds
In ardent sanctitude, in pious deeds;
And chief in woman charities prevail,
That soothe when sorrows or disease assail;
As dropping balm medicinal instils
Health when we pine, her tears alleviate ills,
And the moist emblems of her pity flow,
As heaven relented with the watery bow."

Deep in the sufferer's nature springs the desire to feel woman's hand binding his wound or wiping his brow, and to hear soft words dropping from a woman's lips.

"Ask the poor pilgrim, on this convex cast,
His grizzled locks distorted in the blast;
Ask him what accents soothe, what hand bestows
The cordial beverage, raiment, and repose?
Oh! he will dart a spark of ardent flame,
And clasp his tremulous hands, and woman name."

The most beautiful features in human nature, as well as the most heroic elements of character, are called up and brought into action by sympathy. The women, who, during the late war, smoothed the pillow of the sick soldier in the hospital, have as high a place to-day in the esteem and affection of the nation as the heroes who turned the tide of battle on the heights of Alma and amid the hills of Balaklava. In thoughtless flattery, woman is sometimes called an angel; but an angel, in sober truth, she is,—a messenger sent by God to assuage the sorrows of humanity. Through sympathy, she lives in high communion with the great workers and sufferers of the past, and imbibes the spirit which stimulated and sustained them.

“O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

Daniel bestowed the highest encomiums on the affection of Jonathan, when he exclaimed—

“I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan!
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,—
*Passing the love of women*!”

We could fill a book with facts illustrative of the sincere and strong affection of sisters, aunts, and grandmothers. But perhaps widows afford the most affecting examples of the constancy of woman’s love.

“The new-made widow, too, I’ve sometimes spied;
Sad sight! slow moving o’er the prostrate dead;
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow burst from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops, whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of her softer hours,

Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.”

## *LOVE OF APPROBATION.*

Woman intensely desires admiration, praise, and fame. This quality is an excellent guard upon morals as well as manners. The loss of character, to those largely endowed with it, is worse than death. “It gives,” says Mr. Combe, “the desire to be agreeable to others; it is the drill-serjeant of society, and admonishes us when we deviate too widely from the line of march of our fellows; it induces as to suppress numberless little manifestations of selfishness, and to restrain many peculiarities of temper and disposition, from the dread of incurring disapprobation by giving offence; it is the butt upon which wit strikes, when, by means of ridicule, it drives us from our follies.” A faculty thus beneficial ought to be carefully cultivated. By all means indulge in a generous emulation to excel. Say nothing and do nothing disgraceful. Assume those pleasant modes of action and expression which are calculated to elicit encomiums. Mind appearances in those little matters which win a good name. No sensible man likes to see a slattern; nor admires a wife or sister who appears before him neat and clean, but dressed after the fashion of a charwoman. The Creator has seen fit to give you a fair form, and it is ungrateful to His beneficence not to robe that form in suitable apparel. At the same time, it is well to remember that the epicureanism of the toilet and the patient study of costumial display, are neither female duties, nor primary requisites for a finished woman.

How supremely ridiculous many women are rendered by the excess and perversion of approbativeness. Not long ago young ladies, and some rather old dowagers too, wore little hats with round crowns, and beautiful lace fringe, edged with bugles and fancy bead-work, hanging like a flounce round their eyes. The gauzy medium mightily improved the looks of a certain class; but the beauties soon discovered the disadvantage under which they laboured, and immediately betook themselves to broad brims. As regards bonnets, once they were so large that it was difficult to find the head; then the difficulty was, not to find the head but the thing that was said to cover it. We wish our sisters would always emulate their gracious sovereign, who “wears her bonnet on her head, and *pays her bills quarterly*.” Mantles seem to us both comfortable and becoming, and we may add economical.

Few faculties require right direction more than this. What multitudes of fathers and husbands have been ruined by daughters and wives whose whole souls were bent on making a sensation. No wonder the gentlemen do not propose. The rich silks of the day cannot be had for a wife and daughters, with the prodigious trimmings that are equally indispensable, under a sum that would maintain a country clergyman or half-pay officer and his family. The paraphernalia of ribbons, laces, fringes, and flowers, is more expensive than the entire gown of ten years ago. The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, in the *Times* of Friday, July 23, 1858, says that, as a rule, "the acreage of dress and its value is in monstrous proportion to the persons and purses of the wearers." As an illustration, we append a selection of items from a Regent Street milliner's bill for £2,754 0s. 6d., which was proved in the London Bankruptcy Court, in September, 1857. "Bonnet, £12 12s.; sprigged muslin slip, £11 11s.; six embroidered collars, £15 15s.; pocket-handkerchief, £4 4s.; another, £5 5s.; moire antique dress, £10 10s.; ditto, £11 11s.; ditto, £12 12s.; ditto, £13 13s.; ditto, £18 18s.; ditto, £19 19s.; brown muslin dress, £17 17s.; court dress, £51 5s.; ditto, £55 10s.; parasol, £10 10s.; ditto, £18 18s.; point lace cap and pearls, £11 11s.; pair of lappets, £8 8s.; ten buttons, £5; dressing four dolls, £12 12s...!!" Such bills are sufficient to empty the purse of Fortunatus, and ruin Crœsus himself.

"We sacrifice to dress, till household joy
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

So wrote Cowper. Are his lines less appropriate in our day?

Wherefore should there be so glaring a difference between the sexes in this matter? Why should men think of nothing beyond mere cleanliness, as regards dress, and women make it a never ending study? Men strutting along the promenade, dressed off in the height of fashion, and engrossed with the elegance of their *tout ensemble*, are scorned as fools and fops. But women decorated with gold lace, jewels, diamonds, magenta and solferino ribbons, may be seen floating along the pavement, the admired of all observers. If it be unworthy of a man to be so impressed with mere outside attire, it is proportionately so of a woman. Dames who sail along the street in silk and purple which is not their own, have no right in any respect to the honour which belongs to women who work with their hands and pay their own way. We plead for no monotonous

uniformity, but warn you of the fact, that love of dress has often proved a snare both to young men and young women; and that to the latter it has frequently been among the first steps that led to their ruin. The love of praise was planted in your nature, not that you might be the slave of vanity, affectation, and ceremoniousness; but that you might seek after goodness, shed new light upon the world, and point the way to a Divine life. Seek therefore to deserve the approbation of the wise and good, rather than to gain general approbation. Seek to possess the approbation of your own conscience; to commend yourselves to God; to receive at last the plaudits of your Saviour and Judge.

## *TENACITY OF PURPOSE.*

How seldom does a woman give up an object which she has resolved to attain, and how rarely does she fail in obtaining her end. Obstacles which would completely overwhelm the other sex, only quicken her zeal and double her diligence. The inexorable determination of Lady Macbeth absolutely makes us shrink with a terror in which interest and admiration are strangely blended.

“I have given suck, and know
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it were smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.”

If it be objected that Lady Macbeth is only a fiction—the sternly magnificent creation of the poet; we reply, that in the whole compass of Shakespeare’s works, there is not one character untrue to nature. True it is, no women in these civilized times murder sleeping kings: but are there, therefore, no Lady Macbeths in the world? No women who mock at air-drawn daggers; in sarcastic mood let fall the word coward; and disdain the visionary terrors that haunt their vacillating husbands? There are, and many of them too—unlike Lady Macbeth—full of virtue and integrity.

“How many a noble enterprise,” to quote from Parson’s “Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman,” “would have been abandoned but for the firmness of woman! How often the faint-hearted have been inspirited, and the coward goaded to valour by the voice of woman. Indeed, it is a query whether fortitude would not long ere this have been exiled from our world but for the fostering care and influence of females. Often the martyr for liberty or religion would

have failed and given way, had not the voice of a wife or mother interposed, and rekindled his dying ardour." The most valuable of all possessions—either for man or woman—is a strenuous and steady mind, a self-deciding spirit, prepared to act, to suffer, or to die, as occasion requires. A great deal of talent is lost every day for want of a little courage. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, you must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can. History records not a few heroines who suffered not the commotions of the world, nor even the changes of nature, to shake or disturb the more steadfast purpose of their souls. In all kinds of serene peril and quiet horror, woman seem to have infinitely more philosophical endurance than man.

On the 6th September, 1838, the *Forfarshire* steamer was wrecked on the Farne islands. Up to that time Grace Darling had never accompanied her father on any of his humane enterprises. She knew how to handle an oar, and that was all. But when she saw the mariners holding on by the frail planks, which every billow threatened to scatter; she uttered a cry of thrilling horror, which was echoed by her father and mother. It seemed as if their lives were in her hand, and so eloquently, wildly, and desperately did she urge her request, that her father aided by her mother launched the boat. Despite menacing and potent waves, the father and the daughter neared the object of their hopes. The nine survivors were placed in the boat, and conveyed to the Longstone lighthouse, where the kind hands and warm heart of Mrs. Darling changed their sad condition into one of comfort and joy. The whole country, and indeed all Europe, rang with the brave deed Grace had done. How applicable to such a noble girl are the lines of Cowper:—

"She holds no parley with unmanly fears:
Where duty bids, she confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at its call,
And trusting in her God, surmounts them all."

In the path of probity and fidelity many a noble struggle has been maintained by woman. Plied by bribes and fair promises to depart from rectitude, she has boldly shaken off the tempter, risen superior to the trial, and nobly conquered. Helen Walker, the Jeanie Deans, of Sir Walter Scott, refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of her sister; nevertheless showed her fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions, which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable. Isabel was accused of the murder of her own child! Poor Helen was

called as the principal witness. The counsel for the prisoner gave her to understand that one means existed by which the unhappy girl might escape. “If,” said he, “you can declare that Isabel made the slightest preparation for her expected babe, or that she informed you by the merest chance word of the circumstances in which she was placed, such a statement will save your sister’s life!” “I cannot,” she replied; “not even to save her, will I swear a falsehood; whatever may be the consequence, I must give my oath according to my conscience.” In vain Isabel tried to shake her resolution. Though sorely moved, Helen remained inflexible. Isabel was found guilty, and condemned to die. Without a moment’s hesitation, Helen drew up a petition, setting forth the harrowing circumstances of the case; and finding that six weeks must elapse before the sentence could be carried into effect, she left Dumfries that same night. Barefooted she commenced her journey, and reached London in the shortest possible time. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, she went at once to the house of her countryman the Duke of Argyle, and managed to obtain an interview with him. She entered wrapped in her Scotch plaid, and the statement of her sister’s unhappy case in her hand. If she had lost heart at this critical moment, and abandoned her purpose, Isabel’s life would have been forfeited. But the heroic girl advanced her simple arguments with such convincing energy and bold determination, that the noble lord embraced her cause with all the warmth of a generous nature. His representations were favourably received, the pardon was consigned to her care, and Helen returned to Dumfries, still on foot, in time to save her sister’s life. There are on record innumerable instances of tenacity of purpose displayed by females, but rendered so revolting by the details of unparalleled cruelty and superstition which accompanied them, that they are passed over here. It is consolation to know that, for those heroic women who remained “faithful unto death” is reserved the “crown of life,” as an imperishable and eternal portion.

## *MODESTY.*

What Pope said or sung was, we believe, a libel on the sex:

“Most women have no character at all.”

At all events, we have never found it applicable to those whom we have had the honour of becoming acquainted with. Nevertheless, for the last hundred years our literature has been constantly hurling anathemas at the instability of female virtue; until even the ladies themselves have been forced into the belief of it.

“Frailty, thy name is woman,” is a sentiment in the mouth of every dissipated coxcomb. Yet despite the prevalent idea that the most virtuous woman may easily be made to fall, we venture to affirm that unchaste thoughts and everything which tends, even remotely, to impurity, is far less common among women than men. We know something about the disgusting details whereby the amount of our most dreadful moral scourge may be estimated; and it only confirms us in our opinion that woman is more sinned against than sinning. Given one hundred young men, and ten hundred maidens, of the same age and station; out of the former, at least fifty will run a course of sinful pleasure for a period; while out of the latter, not more than six; after many conflicts, prayers, and convulsive sobbings, to which the others were strangers, will fall under the power of temptation. On which side then lies the frailty? According to what is reckoned a moderate computation, for one abandoned woman there are one hundred licentious men, therefore there are more “frail” men than women, and consequently the proverb should be, “Frailty, thy name is man!” Nor is this all. It would seem that what is wrong in woman is not wrong in man. While the slightest laxity of conduct irrevocably injures the fame and worldly prospects of the former, the latter may lead a loose life with impunity. Society thinks that a young man will be all the better for “sowing his wild oats;” but unless his sister be as pure as Diana, society will cast *her* off and leave her to drink the dregs of her damning course. Modesty is the sweetest charm of woman, and the richest gem of her honour.

## *DISCERNMENT OF CHARACTER.*

Inherent character gushes out through every organ of the body and every avenue of the soul. Broad-built people love ease, are rather dull, and take good care of number one. In the nature of things, length of form facilitates action. Such are always in motion, speak too fast to be emphatic, and have no lazy bones in their body. Excitability is indicated by sharpness. From time immemorial a sharp nose has been considered a sign of a scolding disposition; but it is equally so of intensity in the other feelings. In accordance with the general law that shape and character correspond, well-proportioned persons have not only harmony of features but well-balanced minds. Whereas those, some of whose features stand right out and others fall in, have ill-balanced characters as well as an uneven appearance. Walking, laughing, the mode of shaking hands, and the intonations of the voice, are all expressive of human peculiarities. In short, Nature compels all her productions to manifest character as diversified as

correct.

The art of judging of character from the external appearance, especially from the countenance, is founded upon the belief, which has long and generally prevailed, that there is an intimate connection between the features and expression of the face and the qualities and habits of the mind. All are conscious of drawing conclusions in this way with more or less confidence, and of acting upon them in the affairs of life to a certain extent. But women are generally allowed to excel in quick insight into character—to perceive motives at a glance—to be natural physiognomists: some of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, have been prepared to trust their first impressions. We find this rare and valuable sense—this short-hand reasoning—exemplified in the conversations and writings of ladies, producing, even in the absence of original genius or of profound penetration, a sense of perfect security, as we follow their gentle guidance. Indeed, they seem to read the characters of all they meet, and especially of the opposite sex, intuitively, and their verdict may be considered oracular and without appeal.

“Ye’ll no mind me, sir,” said Mrs. Macgregor to Mr. Godwin the lawyer, in that touching story, “The Little Rift,” which appeared in *Good Words*, for 1860, “but I mind ye weel, tho’ lang it is syne ye made my bit will, and there’s mony a line on your face the day that wasna’ there then. But oh, sir! there’s the same kindly glint o’ the e’e still, and I never was mista’en in my reading o’ ony man’s face yet; I hae just an awfu’ insight. It was given me to see fra the very first, that the major was a dour man, dour! dour!”

That Nature has instituted a science of physiognomy seems to us to be proclaimed by the very instincts, not only of humanity, but of the lower animals themselves. Yet the attempt to raise the art of reading the countenance to the dignity of a practical science, although, often made, has never yet been very successful. Della Porta, a Neapolitan, instituted comparisons between the physiognomies of human beings and of species of animals noted for the possession of peculiar qualities. This was afterwards carried further by Tischbein. Physiognomy was also eagerly prosecuted by Thomas Campanella; and when his labours were nearly forgotten, attention was again strongly directed to it by the writings of Lavater. But although most other sciences are insignificant compared with this, the majority of *men* can hardly be said to know the alphabet of human nature. Woman in her perceptions of grace, propriety, ridicule—her power of detecting artifice, hypocrisy, and affection—is, beyond all doubt, his superior. It is wonderful how often, in nicely balanced cases, when we appeal to the judgment of a woman, how instantly she decides the question for us, and how generally she is right.

## *PIETY.*

There is a passage in the book Ecclesiastes, which that contemptible class of men—the satirists of the female sex—have delighted to quote and misapply. “One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman amongst all these have I not found.” Solomon did not mean that there were fewer good women than good men in the world. This reference was to the members of that royal household; and judging from that class of women with whom unhappily he associated, we do not wonder at the experience he left on record. The wisest of men did not mean, as a satirist, to libel one half of the human race, but as a penitent to admonish others against the snares into which he had fallen. It cannot be doubted that there are far more pious women in every quarter of the globe than pious men.

The benign and benevolent religion of Jesus, independent of its spiritual attractions, met perhaps with a kindlier welcome from woman, on account of her constitutional sympathies, which are more in harmony with its messages of mercy and its designs of love than those of man. It came to purify the springs of domestic life,—and for such work woman was always ready; to wrap the bandage round the broken heart,—and for that kind office woman was always prepared; to heal the sick,—and woman was ministering at their couches; to throw open the gates of immortality to the dying,—and woman was tending their pillows. “I have ofttimes noted,” says Luther, “when women receive the doctrine of the gospel, they are far more fervent in faith, they hold to it more stiff and fast than men do; as we see in the loving Magdalene, who was more hearty and bold than Peter.” The eminent Dr. Doddridge, was of opinion that in the sight of God they constituted decidedly the better half of the human race. The celebrated President Edwards considered the proportion within the limits of his observation as at least two to one. While Professor Dwight says, “women are naturally more religious than men.” On a retrospect of their ministry, we believe most divines will find that they have been doubly useful among the female sex, and have admitted twice as many of them as of their own sex into the fellowship of the Church. Not one female can be numbered amongst Christ’s enemies. Even Pilate’s wife advised her husband to refrain from taking any part in injuring “the just Person.” When tempted unsparingly to condemn woman because through her came ruin, let us remember that by her came also redemption.

Need we add that in numerous instances they have been eminently useful members of the Church. They were so in the apostolic age, and hence Paul makes honourable mention of the names of Phebe, Priscilla, and Mary, in his epistle to the Romans. Perhaps then, as now, many would have sneered at these

women toiling on in works of usefulness; not a few, perhaps, misrepresented them, but Paul commended them. What a blessing was this! Better the sympathy of one noble soul, than the hosannas of thoughtless millions. It is clear from the New Testament, that in the Apostolic Church there was an order of women known as deaconesses, whose work was to minister to the necessities of the saints and to teach other women. We see no reason for the discontinuance of these officers. Those who think they are not needed now, see with very different eyes from us.

During the entire Christian era, the piety of woman has shone conspicuous. With equal truth and beauty the poet sang:—

"Peruse the sacred volume: Him who died,
Her kiss betrayed not, nor her tongue denied;
While e'en the apostles left Him to His doom,
She lingered round His cross, and watched His tomb."

Piety is still woman's brightest ornament and surest defence. It heightens all her other attractions, and it will remain when all others have faded. Even those who are indifferent and hostile to religion themselves commend it; all good men approve it; it attracts the favour of God Himself. It has opened the eyes of thousands to the higher walks of Christian life, and impelled tens of thousands to press for the mark. The annals of missionary enterprise already supply some of the loftiest instances of zeal and devotedness from among the female sex. To quote from *Good Words*, for 1860: "Wherever there has been any purity, any zeal, any activity, any prosperity in the Church of Christ, there woman's presence and aid, as 'a help meet for' the other sex, while they have been bearing the heat and burden of the day, will be found no unimportant element. It is so at this day in an eminent degree. Nor do I at all doubt that in the Church's further efforts to carry the gospel into all lands, and get for their Lord the sceptre of the world, the spirit and mind of our Galilean women will be more and more seen stamped upon Christian womanhood." But as Keble sweetly sings, some of the most beautiful specimens of female Christianity will never be heard of till the resurrection morn.

“Unseen, unfelt, their earthly growth,
And, self-accused of sin and sloth,
They live and die; their names decay,
Their fragrance passes quite away;
Like violets in the freezing blast,
No vernal gleam around they cast:
But they shall flourish from the tomb,
The breath of God shall wake them into odorous bloom.”

# CHAPTER III.

## Domestic Women.

## *SECTION I.—SUSANNA WESLEY.*

"She was an admirable woman, of highly improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding; an obedient wife; an exemplary mother; a fervent Christian."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### *WOMAN'S SPHERE.*

Home is woman's most appropriate sphere, and it is there that her influence is most powerfully felt. Perhaps the three most beautiful, musical, and suggestive words in the English language are *love*, *home*, and *mother*; and in these three words is comprehended all the history of a perfect woman. It is woman indeed, that makes home, and upon her depends whether home shall be attractive or repulsive—happy or miserable. We cannot urge too strongly the formation of domestic habits. The lack of them is one of the greatest drawbacks in family life. Many young women are incompetent to fulfil rightly these claims, hence their homes become scenes of disorder, filth, and wretchedness, and their husbands are tempted to spend their evenings in the beer-house, the gin palace, or places of public amusement. Were your education different from what it is, we doubt not you would soon prove your fitness for many things from which you are at present debarred; but that would not alter the fact that your nature qualifies you specially for the performance of home duties. Nor is domestic work of small importance. The woman who shall try to do it rightly is attempting something far greater than those achievements which the trump of fame would blazon abroad. The training of young immortals for an everlasting destiny, is nobler employment than framing laws, painting cartoons, or writing poems. It is well only with the people in general, in proportion as household duty and religion are taught and practised. From that sacred place go forth the senator and the philosopher, the philanthropist and the missionary, to form the future nation. Home is the proper sphere of woman's usefulness. There she may be a queen, and accomplish vastly more for the well-being of humanity than in the popular assembly. King Lemuel, in describing a virtuous woman, says, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness:" industry and economy go hand in hand.

*BIOGRAPHY.*

"How many children has Dr. Annesley?" said a friend to Thomas Manton, who had just dedicated one more to the Lord in the holy sacrament of baptism. "I believe it is two dozen, or a quarter of a hundred," was the startling reply. Some of these withered like early spring flowers; others bloomed into youthful beauty; and a few developed into mature life. Susanna was the youngest. She was born in Spital Yard, near Bishopsgate Street, on the 20th January, 1669. Her father, at no small cost of feeling, and at a sacrifice of £700 a year, refused to declare his unfeigned assent to all that was contained in the Book of Common Prayer. His nonconformity caused him many outward troubles, but no inward uneasiness. He was a man of marked prominence, and a very prince in the tribe to which he belonged. But who was Susanna Annesley's mother? The daughter of John White, the eminent lawyer and earnest Puritan, a member of the House of Commons in 1640. The following curious epitaph was written on his tombstone:—

"Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White."

We should like to know something of the place and mode of her education. But whether she was sent to school or trained at home by tutors, an elder sister or her good mother, we know not. It has been said that she was well acquainted with the languages of ancient Greece and Rome. That we believe to be a mistake. But if she was not a classical scholar, she had a respectable knowledge of French; prosecuted as one of her chiefest studies, the noble literature and tongue of Britain; and wrote with marvellous neatness and grammatical accuracy. While careful to strengthen her mind by such abstruse studies as logic and metaphysics, she was not neglectful of accomplishments. Whether she could stir the depths of feeling by her skilful performances on the piano, we know not; but there is ample evidence that she was not destitute of the gift of song.

With Susanna Annesley, the dawn of grace was like the dawn of day. In after-years she wrote:—"I do not judge it necessary to know the precise time of our conversion." The seed of truth took root imperceptibly, and ultimately brought forth fruit. As she advanced in years, she increased in spirituality. Hear her own words:—"I will tell you what rule I observed in the same case when I was young and too much addicted to childish diversions, which was this,—never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day, than I spend in private religious duties." This one passage explains the secret of her noble life.

Good books she recognised among the mercies of her childhood. No doubt they related mainly to experimental and practical religion, and were written by such men as John Bunyan, Jeremy Taylor, and the early puritans. Socinianism was not uncommon in those times, and Susanna Annesley's faith in the leading doctrines of the gospel was shaken. Happily, Samuel Wesley, most likely her affianced husband, was an adept in that controversy, and he came to her rescue. Her theological views became thoroughly established, and her writings contain admirable defences of the Holy Trinity, the Godhead and atonement of the Lord Jesus, and the Divine personality and work of the Eternal Spirit. Discussions on Church government ran high. Conformity and nonconformity were pitted against each other, and championed by the ablest of their sons. The din of controversy reached her father's house, and she began to examine the question of State churches before she was thirteen. The result was, that she renounced her ecclesiastical creed, and attached herself to the communion of the established Church. Samuel Wesley's attention was directed to that subject at the same time, and the change in their opinions seems to have been contemporaneous.

Behold her now, at the age of nineteen, "a zealous Church-woman, yet rich in the dowry of nonconforming virtues;" and over all, as her brightest adorning, the "beauty of holiness," clothing her with salvation as with a garment.

"Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise."

She was a maiden worthy of the most princely spirit that might woo her hand and win her heart; and such Providence had in store for her, in the noble-hearted and intelligent Samuel Wesley. Probably late in 1689, or early in 1690, accompanied by "the virgins, her companions," she went forth out of Spital Yard, decked in bridal attire, and was united in holy matrimony to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England.

Her husband was a curate, on only £30 a year. They "boarded" in London and the neighbourhood, "without going into debt." In the course of a few months, Mr. Wesley received his first preferment in the Church. Upon £50 a year, and one child additional per annum, his thrifty wife managed to make the ends meet. After existing seven long years in the miserable rectory of South Ormsby, the rectorship of Epworth, valued at £200 per annum, was conferred upon the Rev. Samuel Wesley. The town is a place of deep interest to two religious denominations. There the founder of Methodism and the planter of its earliest offshoot were born, and in the old parish church they were both dedicated to

God. One would almost imagine that devouring fire was the rector of Epworth's adverse element. Scarcely had he and his noble wife taken possession of the new home, when a third of the building was burnt to the ground. Within twelve months after, the entire growth of flax, intended to satisfy hungry creditors, was consumed in the field; and in 1709 the rectory was utterly destroyed by fire. If the number and bitterness of a man's foes be any gauge of his real influence, then the Rector of Epworth must have been the greatest power in the isle. The consequences of carrying out his sincere convictions regarding things secular and sacred were terrible. The conflagration, involving all but the temporal ruin of the Wesley family, was the work of some malicious person or persons unknown. Instead of appreciating his eminent abilities and scholarly attainments, his brutal parishioners insulted him in every possible way. His friends advised him to leave, but he resolutely disregarded their counsel. "I confess I am not of that mind," he writes to the Archbishop of York, "because I may do some good there: and 'tis like a coward to desert my post because the enemy fire thick upon me." Two of his most violent enemies were cut off in the midst of their sins, and in these events Mrs. Wesley saw the avenging hand of Him who hath said, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

For nearly forty years the Rector of Epworth sowed with unfaltering hand, and saw no fruit. But ere he departed, the autumn came. He saw "the full corn in the ear," and a few patches of the golden harvest ready for the reaper's sickle. A new generation widely different from their fathers, had grown up around him, and in the midst of their tenderest sympathy he passed the quiet evening of life. Memorable sentences were ever and anon dropping from his ready pen, indicating that he was looking for the coming crisis. On the 25th of April, 1735, just as the golden beams of that day shot their last glances upon the old parsonage, so eventful in domestic vicissitudes, the sun of the rector completed its circuit, and sank behind the western hills of old age to shine in a brighter sky for evermore.

When all was over, Mrs. Wesley was less shocked than her children expected. "Now I am heard," said she, calmly, "in his having so easy a death, and my being strengthened so to bear it." She, nevertheless, felt deeply her lone and lorn situation. Epworth had been no paradise of unmixed delight to her. The serpent had often lurked among its flowers; poverty, like an armed man, had frequently stood at the gate, and sometimes crossed the threshold, and death had many a time entered the dwelling; but, as in widow's weeds and sable dress, she left the dear old spot, never more to return,

"Some natural tears she dropped, but dried them soon."

After spending some months with her daughter in the neighbouring town of Gainsborough, Mrs. Wesley went, in September, 1736, to reside with her eldest son, at Tiverton, where she remained until July, 1737. Thence she removed to Wootton, Wiltshire, where Mr. Hall, who had married her daughter Martha, was curate. In the course of a few months, Mr. and Mrs. Hall removed to Salisbury, and Mrs. Wesley accompanied them to that ancient cathedral city. In the spring of 1739, she returned to the place of her birth, and there spent the remainder of her days. Fifty years before, in the bloom of early womanhood, she had left the mighty metropolis, to share in the joys and sorrows of a minister's wife. Then, her father, mother, sisters, and brothers were all alive; now, all were numbered with the dead. The mother of the Wesleys herself was waiting, as in the land of Beulah, for the call, "Come ye up hither." Her closing hours afforded ample evidence of a triumphant death. On the 23rd July, 1742, the founder of Methodism wrote in his journal—"Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four, the silver cord was loosening, the wheel breaking at the cistern, and then, without any struggle or sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty." Her distinguished son and all her surviving daughters stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Some of those strains afterwards written by the dying widow's minstrel son, would have been most appropriate.

In the presence of an almost innumerable company of people, John, with faltering voice, conducted her funeral ceremonies. As soon as the service was over, he stood up and preached a sermon over her open grave, selecting as his text Rev. xx. 11, 12. That sermon was never published. "But," says the preacher, "it was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity." "Forsaking nonconformity in early life," says her biographer, "and maintaining for many years a devout and earnest discipleship in the Established Church, which, in theory she never renounces, in the two last years of her life she becomes a practical nonconformist, in attending the ministry and services of her sons in a separate and unconsecrated 'conventicle.' The two ends of her earthly life, separated by so wide an interval, in a certain sense embrace and kiss each other. Rocked in a nonconformist cradle, she now sleeps in a nonconformist grave." There, in Bunhillfields burying-ground, near the dust of Bunyan, the immortal dreamer; of Watts, the poet of the sanctuary; De Foe, the champion of nonconformity; and of many of her father's associates, her mortal remains await the "times of the restitution of all things." A plain stone with a suitable inscription stands at the head of her grave.

## *A NOBLE WIFE.*

A true wife, like the grace of God, is given, not bought. “Her price is far above rubies;” and, “the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.” Such a wife was Mrs. Wesley. In early life she did not disdain to study the minute details of domestic economy, hence she took her proper place at once in the parsonage at Epworth—managed a large household on very inadequate means—while her love for her husband, and regard for the welfare of her children, constrained her to use wisely and well the income entrusted to her control. Her husband laid his purse in her lap, assured that the comfort and responsibility of his house and the interest of his property were in safe keeping. After the disastrous fire, in regard to everything save their eight children, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were about as poor as Adam and Eve when they first set up housekeeping. Thirteen years after that sad event, a wealthy relative was “strangely scandalised at the poverty of the furniture, and much more so at the meanness of the children’s habit.” The rector’s incarceration for a paltry debt of less than £30, before his friends could come to his rescue, was the heaviest trial of the heroic Mrs. Wesley. What little jewellery she had, including her marriage ring, she sent for his relief; but God provided for him in another way. “Tell me, Mrs. Wesley,” said good Archbishop Sharp, “whether you ever really wanted bread.” “My lord,” replied the noble woman, “I will freely own to your Grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then, I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me; and I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all.” “You are certainly in the right,” replied his lordship, and made her a handsome present, which she had “reason to believe afforded him comfortable reflections before his exit.”

It is certain that the Wesley family lived a life of genteel starvation. The worldly circumstances of the clergy are better now. Curates have £100. South Ormsby is worth more than £250; and the rectorship of Epworth is now upwards of £900. But even in our days, the common tradesman exceeds many clergymen of the Church of England, and ministers of other Churches, in his command of real comfort and substantial independence. The former is respectable in moleskin, but the latter must have broad-cloth. This state of matters is intolerable, grossly unjust, and fearfully oppressive—a wrong done not to pastors only, but to society at large; whose interest suffers through theirs. England lodges in palaces and clothes her nobles, bishops, and merchants in purple; while she leaves many of the most pious and laborious ministers of Christ to be fed by the hand of charity, and clothed in the garments which

respectability can no longer wear! What a reproach! When shall it be wiped away?

Between persons of so much decision and firmness as Mrs. Wesley and her husband, no doubt differences of opinion arose. But they were neither serious nor of long duration. The story about a protracted breach caused by the diversity of their sentiments concerning the revolution of 1688, if it have any foundation in fact, is grossly exaggerated in its details. Samuel Wesley and Susanna Annesley were drawn to each other by love and reverence; and if you want to see a marriage noble in every way, you must go to the rectory at Epworth where this couple lived. Their entire married life is one of the sweetest, tenderest, and noblest on record. Mrs. Wesley was always ready to stand by the rector. “Old as I am,” she writes, “since I have taken my husband ‘for bettor for worse,’ I’ll take my residence with him. Where he lives, will I live; where he dies, will I die; and there will we be buried. God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part him and me.” These strong feelings of attachment were reciprocated by Mr. Wesley. “The more duty you pay her,” he writes to his son Samuel, “and the more frequently and kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father.” His picture of a good wife is an ideal description of the blessed virgin; but there is reason to believe that the original from which it was drawn was the rector’s own wife.

## *A GOOD MOTHER.*

Who can over-estimate a woman’s worth in the relation of *mother*? The great Napoleon said: “A man is what his mother makes him.” Is there not much truth in the statement? The tender plant may be trained by the maternal hand for good or evil, weal or woe. John Randolph, the statesman, remarked: “I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, ‘Our Father, who art in heaven.’” Providence blessed Mrs. Wesley with a large family. She was the mother of nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated, and ten came to man’s and woman’s estate. Her heart was deeply wrung by bereavements, probably at intervals too short to allow the wounds to heal; but the desolateness of her spirit was broken in upon by the faith that the departed were well, and that the mourner would go to them.

“Oh, when the mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,

Has she not then for griefs and fears—
The day of woe the watchful night,—
For all her sorrows, all her fears,—
An overpayment of delight?”

While Mrs. Wesley, like every good mother, thanked God for gladdening the earth with little children, she knew that they were sent for another purpose than merely to keep up the population. That a family so numerous, and composed of characters so powerfully constituted as the Wesleys, should grow up from childhood to maturity without their domestic disquietudes, would be beyond the range of probability. There were trials deep and heavy, but as far as we can judge, the family of the Epworth parsonage are now collected in the many-mansioned house above. A mother’s influence is the first cord of nature, and the last of memory. She who rocks the cradle, rules the world. A generation of mothers like Mrs. Wesley, would do more for the regeneration of society, than all our Sunday-schools, day-schools, refuges, reformatories, home missions, and ragged kirks put together.

## *HOME EDUCATION.*

The code of laws laid down by Mrs. Wesley for the education of her children was about perfect. We can do little more than suggest some of the main principles upon which she acted in the discharge of this important duty. No sooner were her children born than their infant lives were regulated by method. True she delayed their literary education until they were five years old, but from their birth they were made to feel the power of her training hand; and before they could utter a word they were made to feel that there was a God. Some parents talk of *beginning* the education of their children. Every child’s education begins the moment it is capable of forming an idea, and it goes on like time itself, without any holidays. She aimed at the education of all their mental and bodily powers. The sleep, food, and even crying of her children was regulated. Her son John informs us, that she even taught them as infants to *cry softly*. One of the most difficult problems of education is, to form a child to obedience without making it servile. The *will* is the key of the active being, and in a great measure the key of the receptive too. Along with the inclinations, its purveyors and assessors, it must be the earliest subject of discipline. Without subjecting the will you can do nothing. On this subject we believe the views of Mrs. Wesley to be equally just and propound—to lie at the very foundation of the philosophy of education. “In order to form the minds of children,” she writes, “the first thing to

be done is, to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it. But the subjecting of the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever conquered, and never without using such severity as is painful to me, as well as the child." But education is something more than the teaching of proper obedience; hence she developed their physical powers, stored their intellects, cultured their tastes, and disciplined their consciences. God blessed Mrs. Wesley with signal ability for teaching; and even had the pecuniary circumstances of the family not compelled her to undertake the literary instruction of her children; she would have felt that their religious education was her special charge, and that the solemn responsibility could not be delegated to another. She was the sole instructress of her daughters. Her work was arduous, but she encouraged herself with the faith that He who made her a mother had placed in her hands the key to the recesses of the hearts of her offspring; and that the great part of family care and government consisted in the right education of children.

### *RELATION TO METHODISM.*

Never has a century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as the seventeenth. Profligacy and vice everywhere prevailed, and the moral virtues of the nation were at their last gasp. God had witnesses—men of learning, ability, and piety: but they won no national influence. Methodism was the great event of the eighteenth century. For several generations there had been at work powerful influences in the ancestry of its appointed founders, which look like providential preparations. In the history of John Westley, of Whitchurch, we find a beautiful pre-shadowing of the principles more extensively embodied in the early Methodist preachers whom the illustrious grandson who bore his name associated with himself in that glorious revival. The rector of Epworth, looked favourably upon what the churchmen of his day regarded as unjustifiable irregularities, and published an eloquent defence of those religious societies which existed at the time. The religious pedigree, so evident in the paternal ancestry, was no less observable in the mother of the founder of Methodism. Maternal influence exerted over John Wesley and his brothers an all but sovereign control. His mental perplexities, his religious doubts and emotions were all submitted to the judgment and decision of his mother. When Thomas Maxfield began to preach, Wesley hurried to London to stop him. The opinion of

his mother was unmistakable, and led to important consequences. “John, you know what my sentiments have been. You cannot suspect me of favouring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him for yourself.” In estimating this remarkable woman’s relation to Methodism, we must not forget that during the different times of her husband’s absence, she read prayers and sermons, and engaged in religious conversation with her own family, and any of the parishioners who came in accidentally. What was this, but a glorious Methodist irregularity? How significant are the words of Isaac Taylor: “The Wesleys’ mother was the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense; for, her courage, her submissiveness to authority, the high tone of her mind, its independence, and its self-control, the warmth of her devotional feelings and the practical direction given to them,—came up, and were visibly repeated in the character and conduct of her sons.”

### *CHARACTER OF MRS WESLEY.*

She had a strong and vigorous intellect. The variety of subjects discussed in her letters is not more astonishing than the ability with which they are all treated. Predestination is one of the topics; the lawfulness of enjoyment another; and even love forms the theme of one admirable letter, which Dr. Adam Clarke says, “would be a gem even in the best written treatise on the powers and passions of the human mind.” Her temperament was thoughtful and reflective; her judgment when once fixed, was immovable. At the same time she was refined, methodical, highly bred, and imparted these qualities to all her children.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of this distinguished woman was its moral grandeur. The holy vigilance and resolute control which she exercised over herself, meet us at every turn of her life. She held her mouth as with a bridle, lest she should offend with her tongue. “It always argues a base and cowardly temper to whisper secretly what you dare not speak to a man’s face. Therefore be careful to avoid all evil-speaking, and be ever sure to obey that command of our Saviour in this case as well as others,—‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.’” The same vigilant government was exercised over all her appetites and passions. She believed that “any passion in excess does as certainly inebriate as the strongest liquor immoderately taken.” Such is a specimen of the golden rules which were sacredly observed by Susanna Wesley.

As regards personal appearance, the mother of the Wesleys seems to have been inferior to her sisters. They possessed fair claims to be called beautiful; she was a graceful and noble English lady, but not strikingly beautiful. Mr. Kirk, her biographer informs us that there are two portraits of Mrs. Wesley, just now claiming to be genuine: the one taken in early life, the other in old age; but neither of them conveys the idea of the elegant lady dressed *à la mode*. Her figure was probably slight; and her stature about the average female height.

## *SECTION II.—ELIZA HESSEL.*

"To the common-place but important qualification for domestic duties, she added literary culture, and a character adorned with Christian virtues."

JOSHUA PRIESTLEY.

### *WOMAN'S MISSION.*

We live in an age of novelty,—new plans, new discoveries, new opinions, are common enough. Many of these relate to woman, whose importance in the scale of humanity, no rational being, above all no Christian, can doubt. We are anxious that women should be roused to a sense of their own importance and responsibility; assured that if they understood these, surprising changes would immediately take place in society, giving it a higher tone and a purer spirit. For them we claim no less exalted a mission than that of instruments for the regeneration of the world,—restorers of God's image to the human soul. This mission they will best accomplish by moving in the circle which God and nature have appointed them. We look forward to the time, not perhaps so remote, when women shall cease to be employed in those works—rough, hard, toilsome, exhausting works—in which many are now engaged. The time will come, when capital and labour shall have become so reconciled one to another as that men may do the work of men, and women may be spared that work in order that they may the more fully preside over the work of the household. Then there will be more refinement of manner, more enjoyment of soul, more enlargement of the intellect, and more cultivation of the heart. If circumstances permit, an ambition to excel in everything that comes within woman's domain is laudable; but if not, then do not think too much of having to forego accomplishments, in order to acquire useful, every-day attainments. The former may add to the luxuries of life; the latter is essential to the happiness of home—to the joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. "Woman's mission" has become almost a phrase of the day. That there are other duties for women besides household, and for some women especially, we by no means deny. But here are the broad, general, and permanent duties of the sex.

"On home's high duties be your thoughts employed;
Leave to the world its strivings and its void."

Real worth will in the long run far outweigh all accomplishments.

“It is not beauty, wealth, or fame,
That can endear a dying name
And write it on the heart;

’Tis humble worth, ’tis duty done,
A course with cheerful patience run—
By these the faithful sigh is won,
The warm tear made to start.”

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Eliza Hessel was born at Catterton, near Tadcaster, on April 10th, 1829. Her father Benjamin Hessel, was a man of great mental and moral excellence, a worthy descendant of ancestors who had occupied a farm at Althorp, in the neighbourhood of Howden, for about five hundred years. The mother, Hannah Hessel, was a genuine Christian, born of parents who bravely shared the reproach which assailed the early Methodists. The whole family of this noble couple—two sons and three daughters, became truly pious. Both sons were called to the Christian ministry. The elder went down to his grave at the early age of twenty-four, lamented by many to whom he had been a blessing; and the younger at present occupies one of the most important positions of the Wesleyan Church in Australia. From infancy Eliza Hessel was the subject of the strivings of the Spirit. We have abundance of facts, to enable us to form a sufficiently accurate estimate of the influences operating upon her early years, and the peculiarities of her mental and moral nature. At this period she might have often been seen wandering alone wrapt in deep thought. What are the stars? How could the Almighty always have existed? Why was sin permitted to enter into the world? Such were the questions on which her young brain ruminated. An eager thirst for knowledge was associated with intense susceptibility. The sigh of the storm was to her celestial music. “Judge,” says her biographer, “of a girl of sixteen pacing the long garden walks in the cold moonlight, sitting down on the ground, and clasping her hands, uttering in a voice of such passionate earnestness as even startled herself: ‘I would gladly die this moment to solve that problem.’ That girl could be no cipher in the world. She could be no mere unit. For good or evil, she was destined to exert considerable influence.”

In August 1842, her eldest sister, Mary Ann, became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Brumwell, a Wesleyan minister, and it was arranged that Eliza should

spend a few months with the newly wedded pair at Melton Mowbray. On reviewing this period, three years after, she writes: “I have sat poring over works of history, and more frequently of fiction, till my aching eye-balls have refused their office; the solemn tones of the midnight bell, and occasionally, the light chimes of the third hour of morning have warned me to my little couch, while strange visions of enchanted castles, rocking images, ominous sounds, and wild apparitions, have disturbed my feverish repose, and unfitted me for the active duties of life. *Oh, these are painful reminiscences!*” She remained at Melton Mowbray about ten months, and after having benefited by the educational advantages at Tadcaster, entered Miss Rinders’ boarding-school at Leeds, in January, 1845. That lady relates this portion of Eliza’s school-days thus:—“I remember distinctly the morning she was introduced into the school-room. Little did I then think what an influence the new comer would acquire over my own mind and heart. She was shy and reserved at first, but susceptible of any advance towards friendliness, and eager to reciprocate the least kindness. It was not long before her position amongst us became clearly defined. Being one of the tallest girls, a degree of freedom was at once awarded her, but her mind soon asserted a superior claim. She was a most earnest and successful student; and it became a privilege to be admitted into her little coterie of inquirers after knowledge. At her suggestion, three or four of us rose at five o’clock every morning, and met in the library to read. The books chosen were generally such as aided in our after-studies. Sometimes they yielded more pleasure than profit, but the recollection of those morning meetings is very pleasant. During our walks, too, we read together, or when books were forbidden, Eliza was never at a loss for some topic of discussion. A flower, or an insect, often supplied us with a theme. Anything in nature called forth her deepest sympathies, and made her eloquent. She told me what a wild delight she used to feel, when a mere child, amidst the scenes of nature, rambling at her own sweet will for hours together with no companions but the bee and butterfly. The love of the beautiful became more intense as she grew older, and you will not wonder that she had also a decided tinge of the romantic at this time. Her young muse sung of deeds of daring, and the achievements of fame. She bowed at the shrine of genius, and made it almost her god.”

She had a strong ambition to excel, and when the monthly budget of anonymous maiden compositions were read, a smile of recognition might have been seen passing round the school-room, as Eliza’s pieces betrayed their authorship. In a letter to Miss Rinders, she says, “I will tell you, dear Sarah, what were my reflections the first day I was at school. In the evening I sat down, and asked myself, ‘What have I learnt to-day?’ The answer my heart gave somewhat

startled me. It was this: I have to-day learnt the most important lesson I ever did learn; that is, that I know nothing at all.’”

Whilst Miss Hessel was basking in the sunshine at Leeds, a dark cloud was gathering on the domestic horizon. Consumption had seized her sister, Mrs. Brumwell. Fatal symptoms rapidly developed, and with the words, “Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb,” upon her lips, she winged her way to the realms of the blessed. Two motherless boys, one only seven months old, and the other but two years, were now committed to the trust of Miss Hessel. Mr. Brumwell resided at Burton-on-Trent, and thither, early in 1846, she repaired. Though she did not hide her repugnance to domestic duties, the dawnings of “a horror of undomesticated literary women” were already felt, and she determined to excel in this as in other departments. Apprehensions soon began to be entertained by Miss Hessel, that the disease which had already cut off a brother and a sister had marked her as its prey. Her lungs were pronounced free from disease, but sea air was recommended. She visited Scarborough, and after three weeks returned home with improved health.

Her father’s health had been for some time declining, and in the autumn of 1847 the family left Catterton and removed to Boston Spa. Regret was naturally felt at quitting the old house, but in every respect the change was beneficial.

October, 1849, brought a fatal domestic affliction. Mr. Hessel was suddenly seized with an illness which excluded all hope of recovery, and died November 10th, aged sixty-seven years. This great loss was made up, as far as possible, by the filial and fraternal affection of her brother. He had been three years in the ministry, was now located in the Isle of Wight, and before the end of November his widowed mother and eldest sister were comfortably settled at Percy Cottage, Ventnor. Having visited Carisbrook Castle, the church of St. Lawrence (the smallest church in England,) the grave of “the Dairyman’s Daughter,” and other interesting places, Miss Hessel returned to Boston Spa the following spring. Her brother had been delicate, and it was deemed desirable to try the effect of his native air.

We now arrive at the period of Miss Hessel’s conversion. The instruments were ministers in various parts of Scotland, who were persuaded they had received “new light” on several vital doctrines. Renouncing the limited views in which they had been trained, they vigorously advocated the impartially benignant and strictly universal love of the Father, atonement of the Son, and influence of the Spirit. In the spring of 1850, a number of these zealous men visited several northern counties of England. One of them, the Rev. George Dunn, preached at Boston Spa. By that sermon, together with a subsequent conversation, Miss Hessel came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

On the 12th March, 1851, her brother consummated an interesting engagement with a lady resident in Bristol, the new sphere of his ministerial duty, and early in May Miss Hessel visited the bridal pair. How greatly she enjoyed that sojournment two brief sentences attest. They were written on September 13th, a few days before she left. “I have much to tell you of dear old Bristol, the city of the west, and its noble children. God bless them for the love and heart-warm kindness they have shown to a stranger and sojourner within their walls.”

Miss Hessel had not much time for the acquisition of knowledge. Her large circle of friends entailed a large correspondence. The value placed upon her society involved the consumption of much time. She gave a large amount of service to her own religious community, and often assisted efforts in distant places to promote the general welfare of humanity. Nevertheless, being possessed of strong intellectual tastes, and lively poetical sensibility, her mental powers were seldom at rest. We find her holding communion with Martin’s celebrated pictures, “The Last Judgment,” “The Plains of Heaven,” and “The Great Day of Wrath,” admiring the early spring flowers, and the glowing tints of the autumnal trees. Her poetical compositions were numerous, some of them of considerable merit, and her reading was multifarious. Every department of literature was laid under tribute. She could discover the gems, and point out the heterodox opinions in Alexander Smith’s “Life Drama;” revel beyond measure in the “Life of Dr. Chalmers;” grow sad over “Talfourd’s Final Memorials of Charles Lamb;” wonder at Coleridge’s “Aids to Reflection;” derive benefit from the prodigious vigour of Carlyle and the lofty sentiment of Channing.

During the summer of 1853, her health improved so greatly that a hope of protracted life began to dawn; but early in 1856 she began to feel that life was fading. About this time, a beloved relative died at Howden, and Miss Hessel’s health received a blow, from which it never fully rallied. She had a premonition at Mary’s grave that she should soon follow her. On the 27th August, 1857, she wrote—“My strength is very much reduced, my appetite poor, and my cough no better. I feel now that I hold life by a very slender tenure.” Early in January, 1858, she said, “All my wishes are now fulfilled. I wished to live over the new year’s tea-meeting, because my death would have cast a gloom over the rejoicings. I desire also to receive one more letter from William. The Australian mail has arrived, and here is my brother’s letter. How kind my heavenly Father is!” On Wednesday, the 27th, she entered the dark valley, the atonement her only hope. Seeing her mother weep, she said, in a tone of deep affection, “Mother, don’t cry; I am going home.” When life was well-nigh gone, with great distinctness she said, slowly, “Salvation is by faith.” A period of

unconsciousness ensued, then one bright momentary gleam, and Miss Hessel was no more.

Crowds of mournful people followed her remains to the cemetery adjoining the Wesleyan church at Boston Spa. “Is not that a peaceful resting-place?” she said, a few months before. “I have chosen my grave there. Our family vault is in the churchyard, but I have a wish to be buried among my own people—the people with whom I have worked and worshipped.” In her last letter to her much-loved brother, she said, “Do not think sorrowfully of me when I am gone. Let this be my epitaph in your memory:—

“‘By the bright waters now thy lot is cast;
Joy for thee, happy one! thy bark hath past
The rough sea’s foam;
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled.
Home! Home! thy peace is won, thy heart is filled;
Thou art gone Home.’”

## *A RIGHT PURPOSE IN LIFE.*

In order to the realization of any true and practical life-purpose, three great elements seem to be necessary: to inquire for yourself, to act for yourself, and to support yourself. Miss Hessel was deeply conscious of the fact that while brutes are impelled by instinct to the course proper to their realm and nature, she was endowed with rationality, that she might act upon choice, and, though she might often not have it in her power to choose the place *where* to act, she could always choose *how* to act in it. It is not given to many to be doers of what the world counts great actions; but there is noble work for all to do. As the author of the “Christian Year” has well sung:—

“If, in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.”

She well fulfils her part in this world, who faithfully discharges the common every-day duties, and patiently bears the common every-day trials of her calling and her home. Miss Hessel had no idea of her education terminating when it was deemed necessary she should enter upon the practical duties of life. She says:—“I am endeavouring in this rural retreat to gain something every day. Though it be a little only, it is better than nothing, or, what is still worse, retrograding.” In the prime of womanhood, we find her, in every pursuit, seeking to serve and honour God. To a friend in Leeds she writes:—“I must combine expansiveness of view with concentration of purpose, in order to that beautiful harmony of character so desirable in a woman. It is true that for a man to excel in anything, for all the purposes of life, he must devote himself to some branch of science or business. I mean, I would have him to follow one business and excel in it. But woman’s mission is somewhat different, at least, that of most women,—for there are exceptions to every rule,—and my model is perfect in everything that comes within the sphere of a virtuous, intelligent, domestic woman;—so perfect that it is no easy matter to determine in what she most excels.”

## *AN EXCELLENT DAUGHTER.*

Miss Hessel bound the best of all ornaments, filial love and obedience, on her brow. This is the only commandment of the ten that has the promise joined to it, as if to show the place it holds in the Divine estimation. Without this virtue we should think very little of all there might be besides. Some daughters go abroad seeking pleasure where it never can be found; but Miss Hessel remained at home, giving pleasure that was more cheering to her parents than the brightest beam that ever shot from the sun, and more precious than all the riches the broad earth could have poured into their lap. As a daughter, she was anxious to do her duty. The discharge of that duty brings with it innumerable blessings; its nonperformance has been the first step in the downward course of untold thousands, and will be, we fear, of thousands more. Her strong filial affection is exhibited in the following sentences:—"There is one who demands all my sympathy and affection; who as a wife and a mother, has discharged the important duties of her station in a manner which evinced the strength of her conjugal and maternal affection, and whose peculiarly trying circumstances gave an opportunity for the full development of that self-devoted disinterested, Christian heroism, which her children will remember with gratitude, when her name and the memory of her high work, will be enshrined only in the hearts of those who witnessed such devotedness. Of such fortitude in trial, steadfastness in adversity, and dauntless energy when despair would have overwhelmed some hearts, and, above all, of such unassuming piety, fame speaks not. But these are engraved in a more enduring page, and will have their reward when earth and its emblazoned pomp and pride shall have passed away like a vision." Well done fair lass! The recording angel takes notes of thy dutiful devotion, and publishes it beyond the domestic hearth. Happy mother, whose toils, sufferings, and sacrifices, deserved such recompense!

## *A LOVING SISTER.*

As a sister it would be difficult to over-estimate Miss Hessel's worth. Being wise and virtuous, she swayed an influence of untold power. How often have we observed the difference between young men who have enjoyed, when under the home-roof, the companionship of a sister, and those who were never so favoured. Sisters, with few exceptions, are kind and considerate; and home is a dearer spot to all because they tread its hearth. How touching are Miss Hessel's

reminiscences of her beloved and highly-gifted brother, who died when she was only nine years old. In a letter to her biographer she says, August 16th: “As I wrote the date at the top of this letter, the recollection flashed across my mind that this is the anniversary of dear John’s birthday. He has been nearly seventeen years in heaven. Seventeen years of uninterrupted progression in knowledge, in holiness, in bliss, with a mind unfettered in its researches and a soul unencumbered by infirmity or sin in its aspirations! How incomparably nobler he must be now than when he first entered his heavenly mansion! I did not tell you how of late years the idea of him has strangely interwoven itself with my inner being.” How faithful generally is a sister’s love. Place her by the side of the sick couch, let her have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering —let her be appointed to this ministry for father, mother, sister, or brother, and she feels no weariness, nor owns recollection of self. Miss Hessel never entered the marriage relation. She is not to be undervalued because of her freedom from conjugal engagements. From the ranks of maidenhood have risen some of the noblest specimens of noble womanhood. Long will our soldiers talk of Miss Nightingale moving to and fro on the shores of the Euxine, like an angel of mercy. Long will our navvies think of the happy hours spent in Beckenham, where Miss Marsh taught them to live “soberly, righteously, and godly.” Long will Miss Faithful be remembered by the needy of her own sex in pursuit of employment.

## *HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.*

The whole household duties were performed by the mother and her two daughters, and Miss Hessel, in consequence of the delicate health of her sister, took more than her share. After making some observations on “Todd’s Student’s Manual,” she writes her brother: “I am not speaking of it as a whole, for what was written expressly for students cannot be applicable to the case of a woman whose character must ever be domestic, while she humbly strives to be intelligent. I detest the word ‘intellectual’ when applied to a woman. It is impossible for my mind to separate it from those horrid visions of untidy drawers, unmended stockings, neglected families, and all the other characteristics of a slatternly wife.” About six years afterwards, she says to a friend: “I have just been reading an article in a periodical which has amused me greatly. It is on ‘Female Authors.’ Its purport is that an unmarried woman, once fairly convicted of literature, must never expect to sign her marriage-contract,

but may make up her mind to solitariness in the world she presumes to create for herself. Miss Landon is the only scribe recognised ‘who was ever invited to change the name she had made famous.’ All married literary women, it is asserted, ‘wore orange-blossom, before they assumed the bay-leaf.’ It is enough to frighten one if matrimony were the great end of our existence. But as I believe that a life of usefulness, in the fullest and best sense of that word—universal usefulness, if you will admit the term—is the highest good of woman, I think that matrimony even should be subservient to this end.” Miss Hessel, to her credit be it said, never neglected domestic duties for literary pursuits. Her aim was not to win for herself the notice of the public, but to build up a monument of usefulness—to make her life a noble and useful one—to build well “both the seen and unseen parts.” “The mistaken idea,” says an excellent lady, “that has generally prevailed, that woman’s work comes intuitively to her, and requires no learning, has caused, and is causing, a vast amount of misery and mischief.”

### *CHARACTER OF MISS HESSEL.*

When a girl, Miss Hessel was tall, delicate, and sickly; a glance at her pale countenance was enough to satisfy any intelligent observer that the activity of the brain was morbid. Rapid growth contributed to physical debility; and at one period she suffered a good deal from tic-douloureux. When she became a woman, she was well-proportioned. Her features resembled those of her sainted brother, and intimate acquaintance was not necessary to prove that there were other than physical approximations.

The intellect was keen, comprehensive, and discriminating. In these hollow times, the female world teems with fantastic puppets of affectation and vanity, but here we have no creature of carnality, but an intelligent woman, with large reflective powers. A refined ideality was early developed, and carefully cultivated by the thorough mastering of our best literature, and especially of our best poetry. In consequence of her capacious memory, and strong imagination, she became almost a reflection of her favourite authors. Her love for poetry, flowers, and everything beautiful in nature or in art, amounted to a passion.

The moral character of Miss Hessel was of still superior glory. Of high spirit she gave ample proof when a pupil, and not beyond her eighth year. In the master’s absence one day, an occurrence transpired which kindled his displeasure. He thought Eliza’s younger sister was the chief culprit, and ordered her into the “naughty corner.” Eliza, knowing her sister’s innocence, rose from her seat, marched boldly forth, brought away the victim, and defiantly

exclaimed, “My sister shall not be put into the corner!” However, unmagisterial acquiescence was deemed prudent. To fortitude she added great love of humanity. A purer benevolence has seldom glowed even in the bosom of woman. Of disinterestedness her whole life was one bright example. Like all young people, she had many faults, but as she approached womanhood, she discovered and by Divine assistance corrected them. Her chief excellencies are within the reach of all.

# CHAPTER IV.

## Philanthropic Women.

## *SECTION I.—ELIZABETH FRY.*

"She pleaded unweariedly, and with the happiest results, for the persecuted, the ignorant, and the wretched of every class, and has left behind her a monument of grateful remembrance in the hearts of thousands."

SAMUEL FOX.

### *WOMAN'S WORK.*

In the last census returns it was shown that females exceeded by half a million the number of males in these islands. In England there are fifteen thousand governesses. A few years ago eight hundred and ten women applied for a situation of £15 per annum; and two hundred and fifty for another worth only £12. What are we to do with these poor creatures? How can we find suitable employment for them? These questions pass from lip to lip, and are re-echoed on every hand. We join issue with those who of late times have come to the strange conclusion that there is no essential difference—beyond an anatomical or sexual one—between the two great divisions of the human race—men and women. As surely as the little girl takes to the doll, and the baby-boy to his whip, his pop-gun, and his miniature ship; so surely did God plant natural instincts for their different duties in the souls of the different sexes. But although we hold that men and women were made and adapted for their own peculiar walks in life, we think woman as well as man may have a laudable ambition—she as well as he may take "Excelsior" as the device upon her banner. All honour to every woman who, sustaining the dignity of her sex, and not forgetting her modesty, turns her talent to account. Moreover, it is permissible to believe that men have sometimes invaded the province of women. Is the unrolling of ribbons and measuring of tape a suitable employment for young men? Would it not be much more natural for linendrapers and silk-mercers to employ women? The silk would lose nothing in being turned over by their little white hands. True, it requires a tolerably strong frame to be incessantly taking down and putting back in their places, samples of goods. But what prevents the hiring of a small number of men to be specially employed on heavy jobs? Besides, would there be nothing to praise from another point of view? If ladies were forced to be face to face with their own sex, who would treat them on a footing of equality, would presume to be out of temper, and would lose patience with their sauntering through a world

of curious things, and then going away without buying anything,—the making of purchases which is now a pleasure would become a business. Might not females labour in the tailoring department with as much credit to themselves, and satisfaction to their employers, as males? The needle is woman's instrument, and if the society of operative tailors would nobly give it up to her, hope and work would visit many a family, and charm many a home. The question whether women, instead of being confined as at present to a few occupations, shall in common with men, be clergymen, doctors, lawyers, professors, bankers, members of parliament, masons, sailors, and soldiers, is felt by many to be one of great difficulty and importance. There is no reason in theory why women should not make good masons, sailors, and soldiers; and there are abundant instances on record in which they have succeeded admirably in these employments. If you say these vocations are adapted to men by physical conditions, and not to women, you contravene the programme of some very able men and many strong-minded women, and admit all that those contend for who say that a line must be drawn somewhere, and add that the line which is indicated by the twofold consideration that woman is physically weaker than man, and that the business of maternity requires more devotion, time, and energy than that of paternity, has every appearance of being a natural line. Of this we are certain—that women, who have time and money at their disposal, might take the advice given to Lady Clara Vere de Vere:—

"Go teach the orphan boy to read,
And teach the orphan girl to sew."

To visit mission schools, ragged schools, Dorcas societies, and prisons, is womanly, consistent, and noble.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Elizabeth, third daughter of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, was born on the 21st of May, 1780. By her mother, Catherine Bell, who died in 1792, she was descended from the ancient family of the Barklays, of Ury, in Kincardineshire, and great-granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Quakers. In natural talent she was quick and penetrating, but her education was rather defective. To the gaieties of the world, in the usual acceptation of the term, she was but little exposed. Music and dancing are not allowed by Friends; though a scruple as to the former is by no means universal. The Misses Gurney had all a taste for music, and some of them sang delightfully,

especially Rachel and Elizabeth. They even danced, now and then, in the large anteroom; but with little of the display generally manifested on such occasions.

Years passed on, and little by little an all-wise Providence gradually led Elizabeth Gurney into the meridian light of day—the glorious liberty of the children of God. A severe illness first brought her to serious thought, but it was on the 4th of February, 1798, at the Friend's meeting-house at Norwich, that the word was spoken which was destined to transform her into a new creature. The instrument of this great change was William Savery, an American Quaker, who had come to pay a friendly visit to this country.

The real goodness, self-denial, and devotion of the early founders and disciples of Quakerism, first brought it into existence, and kept it alive, in spite of much that was absurd, much that was bigoted, fantastic, and unmeaning. Like other strange mixtures of human error and Divine truth, it has lived its day, and is gradually dying out, as all phases of religious excitement must eventually die when based upon external peculiarities, and exceptional cases of personal consecration to a one-sided form of narrow sectarianism. It is computed that the number of Quakers in all England is now scarcely one in eleven hundred, while in their palmy days they reached one in one hundred and thirty persons. The Society of Friends now contribute much less to the great solid stock of intellectual wealth and spiritual worth which is constantly accumulating in the world, than they did in the days of our heroine. They can boast of no celebrities now such as Fox, and Penn, and Barclay, and Naylor, and Woolman. Their sole orator is Mr. Bright, who belongs to them in name rather than reality. But although Quakers may soon become extinct, their exertions in the cause of freedom will continue to bear noble and good fruit for many an age. But for the circumstances in which she was placed, there is reason to suppose that Elizabeth Gurney would have adopted some less strict, not to say more legitimate, form of Christianity. Be that as it may, she continued throughout life a Quakeress; singularly free from narrow-mindedness and intolerance.

Having visited London, the south of England, and Wales, she began when not more than eighteen years of age, those manifold labours of philanthropy, which have raised her to a distinguished place among the benefactors of mankind.

In 1800, she became the wife of Joseph Fry, Esq., of Upton, Essex, then a banker in London. The wedding was on the 19th of August, at the Friends' Meeting House, in Norwich. We shall quote her own description of the day. "I awoke in a sort of terror at the prospect before me, but soon gained quietness, and something of cheerfulness; after dressing we set off for meeting; I was altogether comfortable. The meeting was crowded; I felt serious, and looking in measure to the only sure place for support. It was to me a truly solemn time; I

felt every word, and not only felt, but in my manner of speaking expressed how I felt; Joseph also spoke well. Most solemn it truly was. After we sat silent some little time, Sarah Chandler knelt down in prayer; my heart prayed with her. I believe words are inadequate to describe the feelings on such an occasion. I wept a good part of the time, and my beloved father seemed as much overcome as I was. The day passed off well, and I think I was very comfortably supported under it, although cold hands and a beating heart were often my lot." It was much more the custom then than it is now, for the junior partner to reside in the house of business; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fry prepared to establish themselves in St. Mildred's Court, in the city of London. The house was suitable in every way; and continued to be an occasional residence of different members of the family, till it was pulled down in consequence of alterations.

Elizabeth Fry was, by her marriage, brought into completely new circumstances. Unlike her own parents, her father- and mother-in-law were "plain and consistent Friends;" and thus she found herself the "gay, instead of the plain and scrupulous one of the family." This brought her into difficulty and trial; and she feared, lest in the desire to please all, she should in any degree swerve from the line of conduct she believed right for herself. Nevertheless, for several years her life flowed smoothly on, in a round of domestic and other virtues. But God visits His people with trials, for the very same reason that the refiner casts his silver into the furnace. He tries them, to purify them. Again and again had sickness been permitted to enter her immediate circle, and she was frequently called upon to witness the last moments of dear relatives. In 1808, her father-in-law, William Storrs Fry, died at St. Mildred's Court, where she had nursed him for several weeks. His decease produced an important change in her circumstances, causing the removal of the family to Plashet, a hamlet in the parish of East Ham, Essex, in the spring of 1809. The change from the din of the city to the quiet of the country, was not the less appreciated because years had left traces of hard-earned experience.

In 1811, she was publicly acknowledged by the Society of Friends as one of their ministers. A Mrs. Fry, or a Miss Marsh, may with much success labour for the eternal weal of souls. Those who would hinder them ought to bear in mind that God inspired women of old with the spirit of prophecy, and gave the songs of more than one of them a place in sacred literature. In the memoir edited by two of her daughters, we read as follows: "One thing is obvious, that it was as a minister of the Society of Friends, and as such only, shielded by its discipline and controlled by its supervision, that she could have carried out her peculiar vocation in the world and the Church." She attended the first meeting of the

Norwich Bible Society, and ever after took a deep interest in that noble institution. Elizabeth Fry evidently entered upon the scene of her future labours among the poor female felons in Newgate, without any idea of the importance of its ultimate results. That career, while presenting an almost inexhaustible fund of instructive thought, is yet, necessarily, somewhat repetitive. It is the glory of benevolence to be uniform.

Queen Charlotte heard of this exemplary woman, and in 1818 she went by royal command to the Mansion House. She should have been presented to her Majesty in the drawing-room, but by some mistake, she was conducted to the Egyptian Hall. The queen perceived Mrs. Fry, and advanced to address her. A murmur of applause ran through the assembly, when they saw the diminutive queen covered with diamonds, and the tall Mrs. Fry, in her simple Quakeress's dress, earnestly conversing together. It was royal rank paying homage at the shrine of royal worth. In 1831, she had an interview with the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria; and reminded the young princess of King Josiah, who began to reign when eight years old, and did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. The same year she had some conversation with Queen Adelaide, chiefly on benevolent subjects. In 1840, Lord Normandy presented her to Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace. Her present majesty had sent her £50, for a refuge at Chelsea, and inquired about Catherine Neave's refuge, for which she had sent another £50. Mrs. Fry thanked her, and before withdrawing, reminded our noble queen of the words of Scripture, "with the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful;" and assured her that it was her prayer that the blessing of God might rest upon her and Prince Albert, to whom she was about to be married.

Her health now began to fail, from over-fatigue and anxiety; but she rallied, and only ceased from works of benevolence when her strength was entirely spent. As increasing infirmity prevented her from active employment, she occupied herself with correspondence, which by degrees became enormous.

In August, 1845, Mrs. Fry was removed to Ramsgate, as sea air was considered desirable for her, and after some difficulty her husband obtained a house exactly suited to her necessities. For some time the hopes and fears of her relatives were kept in a constant state of alternation regarding her recovery. On the 10th of October, she appeared better, but shortly after was seized with a paralytic attack, which, though it did not render her speechless, destroyed her capacity for rational communication. The will seemed gone, and the inclination to resist or even desire anything, passed away. The last words she spoke were, "Oh! my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant." She died on the 12th, aged sixty-five. The night had been dark, but the morning broke gloriously; and soon after the eternal light had dawned upon her soul, the sun rose from the ocean, and

“Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky.”

A vast multitude attended her funeral, not to listen to the language of inflated eulogy, but to testify the estimation in which the departed was held. The procession passed between the grounds of Plashet House, her once happy home, and those of Plashet Cottage, to the Friends’ burying-ground at Barking, Essex, where her grave was prepared. There is no appointed funeral service among Friends. A deep silence pervaded the mighty assembly. At length her brother, Joseph John Gurney, addressed the thousands gathered around her tomb, and offered solemn prayer.

## *EARLY SCHEMES OF USEFULNESS.*

During seventeen centuries of the Christian era, the only associations of a benevolent character were the family, the school, and the church; and the peculiar form of operation in which such societies are now seen, virtually began at the commencement of the present century. It is only of the England of the last sixty years that we can emphatically say, “on her head are many crowns, but the fairest and brightest is that of charity.” Had this great benefactor of her race lived but one half century earlier, her plans would have been circumscribed, and in all probability would have ended with her own life. But it pleased Almighty wisdom to raise her up at a time when it was not only beginning to be whispered, but even loudly asserted, that each individual was bound to spend and be spent in the service of God and humanity. At a very early age Elizabeth Gurney commenced those habits of visiting and relieving the poor, both at Earlham and in Norwich, especially the sick; reading the Bible to them, and instructing their children. She established a school, which gradually increased, from one little boy to so great a number, that the house became inconvenient, and a vacant laundry was appropriated to that purpose. How she managed to control above seventy scholars, without assistance, without monitors, and without the countless books and pictures of the present day, must ever remain a mystery to many. Nor was her attention confined to the very poor. The widow of an officer, who was living alone in a small house near Norwich, was surprised during her confinement with her first child, by a loud ring at the bell. Her servant came running up stairs with a basket in her hand, and in the broad dialect peculiar to Norfolk, informed her mistress that it had been left by a beautiful lady on horseback, in a scarlet riding habit, whose servant had told her it was Miss Elizabeth Gurney. The basket contained a chicken and some little delicacies.

## *THE FEMALE PRISONERS' FRIEND.*

In 1813, the deplorable condition of the female felons in Newgate attracted the attention of Elizabeth Fry, and she resolved to visit them. We will not attempt to describe the details of miscalled prison discipline, nor of those flagrant abuses which, under the very eye of law, encouraged rather than diminished crime, by destroying the last remnant of self-respect in the criminal. Suffice it to say that the condition of the female convicts was a disgrace to any civilised country. Four rooms, comprising upwards of one hundred and ninety superficial yards, were crowded with nearly three hundred women, besides their children, without classification or employment, and with no other superintendence than that of a man and his son! Into this scene Mrs. Fry entered, not mailed in scorn, in hatred, or contempt, but in the armour of a pure intent. She respected human nature however fallen, and worked with it, not against it, as prison systems often do. Her gentleness at once fixed the attention of those insolent, violent, and insubordinate characters. She then read and expounded a portion of Scripture, and uttered a few words in supplication. Many of the poor creatures wept from a hitherto unfelt motive, and Mrs. Fry left, deeply affected, but without any idea of the importance or ultimate results of the labours she had begun. It was not, however, till about Christmas, 1816, that she commenced her systematic visits to Newgate, being then particularly induced by the reports of those gentlemen who, in 1815, originated the society for "The Improvement of Prison Discipline." Under her influence the Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners of Newgate, was formed in 1817. The almost immediate result was order, sobriety, and neatness. This surprising change soon attracted attention, both in and out of Parliament, and in 1818, Elizabeth Fry was called upon to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. Arrangements similar to those adopted at Newgate were subsequently introduced into all the metropolitan gaols; and she personally inspected the prisons, lunatic asylums, and other kindred institutions in the United Kingdom, and afterwards those in the most influential nations of Europe. The enlightened and benevolent of her sex, both in our own and foreign lands became her coadjutors. Through her instrumentality important improvements took place in the treatment of female convicts sentenced to transportation. Her active and untiring philanthropic exertions on behalf of felons of her own sex, acquired for her in her lifetime the name of "the female Howard." Only to hang, banish, and imprison convicts, ill becomes those who have sinned more against God's laws than the worst of criminals have sinned against man's. It has been clearly proven that women discharged from prison, and thrown upon their own resources, without a

character, and consequently without any means of obtaining a livelihood, relapse into their former evil habits. We ought to provide suitable employment for them, and thus restore them to society, and prevent their children from sharing their poverty and learning their crimes.

### *FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.*

Death frequently entered the family of Mrs. Fry, and "sorrow upon sorrow" often formed the burden of her wounded spirit. Her sister, Elizabeth Gurney, died rejoicing that the hour of her deliverance had arrived, and that she was about to lay down her frail tabernacle, and appear in the presence of her God and Saviour. Her little grandson, Gurney Reynolds, was an especial object of interest to her. He left her not more unwell than usual. News came that he was worse, and three days afterwards he breathed away his patient spirit, as he lay upon the sofa in his mother's room. The lovely little Juliana, the second daughter of her son William, one of the sweetest blossoms that ever gladdened parents' hearts, was cut off after thirty hours' illness. But the storm had not blown over; again the thunder-clouds rolled up. Her son, William Storrs Fry, the beloved and honoured head of that happy home, was himself laid low. On the day of the funeral of his little Juliana, he exclaimed, "I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me." His last words were, "God is so good!" Emma followed her father, whom her young heart had loved and desired to obey, just one week after his departure, and eighteen days from the death of her sister. One grave contains all that is mortal of the father and his daughters. Mrs. Fry felt these blows acutely, but He who sent them bestowed His Holy Spirit; and so her faith proved stronger than her anguish. When the lips turn pale, and cold damps gather upon the brow; when the loved one is laid in the shroud; when the screws go into the coffin, and the mould rattles hollow on its lid,—faith can rise above things below, and see the ransomed spirit, singing and shining, before the throne.

### *RELATIVE DUTIES.*

The marriage union is, of all human relations, that involving the most delicate, profound, and various responsibilities. It is only when the hearts of husbands and wives are right with God that high conjugal life can be attained. Mrs. Fry knew what was necessary to adorn the estate of matrimony—even virtuous love. "No happiness," says Dr. Macfarlane, "can be expected at home, if love do not preside over all the domestic life. How blessed is that husband who is the loved

one, who is made to feel that the reverence and obedience due to him are not only ungrudged but cheerfully conceded! This lies at the foundation. That wife is not only wicked, but a very fool, who contests with her husband for authority. It is against the law of marriage, and, therefore, it is against nature. Ten thousand times ten thousand wrecks of domestic happiness have been the consequence." Although more liberally endowed with the qualities adapted for government than most women, Mrs. Fry rejoiced that it was laid upon broader and stronger shoulders. Her husband loved her, and therefore had a right to rule over her; she loved her husband, and therefore willingly obeyed him. Both were happy because both drank into the spirit of love.

As a mother she shone with peculiar brightness. In that most important sphere —home, she was at once the inspiring genius and the guardian angel. By her visible action and invisible influence, she efficiently prepared her children for passing through the inevitable struggles, and for securing the great ends of life. She knew that they might be fitted for the idols of coteries and the lights of drawing-rooms, and yet be utterly unable to grapple with the first onset of temptation. As a sure proof of their excellent education, her children rose from infancy to childhood, and on to youth, womanhood, and manhood, with hearts full of affection and grateful recollections of the worth of their mother.

Some mistresses seem to think that little responsibility attaches to them with regard to servants, and that so long as they provide them with home, food, and wages, they perform all the duty required. Mrs. Fry believed that servants should be rightly directed and kindly treated. She did not look upon domestics as foreigners or as aliens, but as members of the household; not mere living machines, hired to cook well, scrub well, wash well, and attend the table well; but living persons of flesh and blood, with nerves and muscles, liable to pain and weariness—with hearts capable of feeling joy, sorrow, love, and gratitude—with souls that may be saved or lost! Her conduct met its immediate reward. The servants cared for the mistress, they had an interest in the family, they were attached friends.

## *CHARACTER OF MRS. FRY.*

Her figure was tall and, when young, slight and graceful. She was an excellent horsewoman, and rode fearlessly and well, but suffered a good deal from delicacy of constitution, and was liable to severe nervous attacks, which often hindered her from joining her sisters in their different pursuits. When young she had a profusion of soft flaxen hair. Finery in dress was always avoided, but she

was slow in adopting the costume worn by the Friends. She first laid aside all ornaments, then chose quiet colours for dresses, and had them made with perfect simplicity.

We must say something of Mrs. Fry's mental powers. Old Byrom, in one of his quaint humours, tells us that,—

"Tall men are oft like houses that are tall,
The upper rooms are furnished worst of all."

In many cases it may be as he has said; and not only in regard to men, but also in reference to women. Here, however, we have a splendid exception—one who was a cedar in the Lebanon of intellect, as well as in that of flesh and blood. In natural talent, she was quick and penetrating, and had a depth of originality very uncommon. She was not exactly studious, yet her "upper rooms" were well furnished.

Her moral character is not difficult to describe. As a child, though gentle and quiet in temper, she was self-willed and determined. In a letter, written before she was three years old, her mother says:—"My dove-like Betsey scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging." As she grew older, what at first seemed obstinacy, became finely tempered decision; and what was not unlike cunning, ripened into uncommon penetration. Enterprise and benevolence were predominant traits in her character. While she believed that domestic duties had the first and greatest claims; she overflowed with sympathy for suffering humanity. Utter unselfishness was the secret of her power.

## *SECTION II.*

## *AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING.*

"An actual life, that speaks for itself with that force of conviction which pierces like a purifying fire to the conscience, and demands of everyone who hears its voice, an answer, not in words, but in deeds."

DR. WICHERN.

### *WOMAN'S RIGHTS.*

At the present time the question of woman's rights is being widely, and in some quarters warmly, discussed. Our serial literature, both at home and abroad, is claiming for woman freedom from all political, social, and legal, disqualifications. That women have legal grievances of a serious nature, cannot for a moment be questioned. How much longer will seduction continue to go unpunished, except as a civil injury and by a fictitious and costly suit! How much longer is woman to bear all the consequences flowing from the sin of two souls, and to be goaded into child-murder or suicide by the monstrous injustice of law! We punish every crime save the wrong that is deepest and most cruel of all. Then again, the absolute right of the husband to the property of his wife, unless secured to her by special settlement, is both cruel and unjust in its practical operation. Anything so injurious to woman ought immediately to be erased from the statute-book. Yet with every disposition to secure for woman all that she can wisely claim, we have no sympathy with those who would draw her into public action in opposition to man to whom she is so closely allied. Some time ago we read that the Aylesbury magistrates had appointed Mrs. Sarah Wooster to the office of overseer of the poor and surveyor of highways for the parish of Illmire, and that during the previous year four women filled similar offices in the Aylesbury district. As surely as a good housewife would give her husband a Caudle curtain-lecture were he to proffer his services in sweeping the floor, dressing the linen, or cooking the dinner, so surely will a good husband cry out against and turn with disgust from a wife who would invade his province. In the sick-room, woman, by her quick perception, her instinctive decision, and her tender sensibilities, may accomplish infinitely more for the well-being of society, than man. For all the services of philanthropy she is peculiarly fitted. The rights

of woman do not obtain their due measure of attention even in this country. Nothing but good could possibly accrue from the full acknowledgment of her claims to be educated as well as man is educated, and thus to be provided for the many contingencies to which her sex is subject.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking was born at Hamburg, on the 25th of July, 1794. Her father, Henry Christian Sieveking, was a merchant, also a senator of the city, and seems to have been a man of considerable literary cultivation. Of her mother, Caroline Louisa Sieveking, whom she lost before she had completed her fifth year, Amelia retained no distinct recollection. During the illness of Madame Sieveking, Miss Hösch, a niece of her husband's, entered the family, and, after their mother's death, carried on the housekeeping, and took charge of Amelia and her four brothers. At an early age she received a succession of dry lessons in writing and arithmetic, French, drawing, music, and when old enough to enter on a more regular course of instruction, Mr. Sieveking gave his daughter her choice between two rationalistic theologians. Amelia had no means of making a choice between them; she had recourse to drawing lots, and the gentleman on whom the lot fell gave her instructions in German grammar and literature, history, geography, and religion. But his method of teaching was so stiff and formal, that he soon lost the affection and respect of his pupil.

Up to the time of her father's death, in 1809, her education had been so badly conducted as to awaken positive dislike in the child's mind, and her religious instruction in particular was so defective as to leave her not only without joy, but tossed with doubts and difficulties. After the death of her father, as he left no property, the family was scattered, and Amelia was put to board with a Mdlle. Dimpfel, a very pious but ill-educated person. Her Bible, however, the old lady knew from beginning to end, and had the happy art of telling Bible stories in such a way as to interest the young. Her dependent position deprived her of all paid tuition, and she had to work at ornamental needlework for her maintenance. About this time, although she had not learnt to know Christ as the Son of God, as her Redeemer, and the only source of happiness, she was nevertheless confirmed. In 1811 she went to live with Madame Brünnemann, an excellent and kind-hearted woman. Her duties consisted in reading aloud to an invalid son, and assisting his mother in the household. The son died in September of the same year, and Amelia could not leave the poor mother in her bereavement. It was arranged that an aged aunt of Madame Brünnemann's should take up her abode

with them, but she fell ill and died. From this lady and Madame Brünnemann, Amelia inherited a small sum of money, which, together with a pension from a fund for the daughters of deceased senators, supplied her modest requirements and insured her independence.

The many losses and calamities brought on Hamburg in consequence of the French occupation in 1812, led her to retrench her expenditure by doing her own washing. For a whole summer she washed all her own clothes in secret. She also endeavoured to learn dressmaking and cooking, and besides these household accomplishments, gave some attention to others of more use in society; but the instruction of youth was the only vocation that seemed to satisfy both her intellect and heart.

In 1817 her brother Gustavus died at Berlin while studying for the ministry. He was the nearest in age to herself, and had been her chief and favourite companion. The stroke was heavy, and intensely felt. Amelia herself says, “I had not felt so deeply the death of my father, still less that of my elder brother. This profound grief became a turning-point in my life.” At the pressing invitation of her now, alas! only brother and sister-in-law, she visited London in June, and found refreshment for her own heart at the sight of their domestic happiness. Soon after her return from England, the house next to the one where she lived in the city was burned down, and five persons perished in the flames. This event impressed her deeply. Thomas à Kempis’s “Imitation of Christ” now fell into her hands, and its devout and tender teachings shed a balm over her wounded spirit. She sought explanations of the Bible from all the books that came in her way; but unfortunately they were all rationalistic in their tone, and gave no light. At last Francke’s “Preface to the Bible” fell into her hands, and there she was taught to compare the different passages one with another, and to apply all she read to herself by prayer. She was hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and the promised blessing was soon to be hers. In June, 1819, she says: “I feel myself now strongly inclined to adopt the orthodox doctrine which I have so long rejected, but I must have clearer light on it first.” That clearer light was soon given to her, in conversations with an evangelical pastor of the name of Rautenberg, and at last she arrived at childlike faith in “that most comforting doctrine of atonement.”

The biographer of Miss Sieveking, in a memoir in itself of unusual interest and value, by means of apt quotations from her diary and letters, has presented us with a very complete portraiture of her outer and inner life. From these extracts we learn, that in her early years she was in the habit of casting lots, when in difficulty as to the path of duty; but in after-life she discontinued the practice. Doubtless, like many others, she was led to feel that we have no right to

ask for a sign in circumstances which are sent to train us in the use of our judgment. We also find her complaining of a certain slowness and awkwardness in the transaction of business, which often prevented her from managing all her household and social duties to her satisfaction.

Miss Sieveking published several works. These were for the most part merely transcripts of the religious instruction given to her pupils. They were read in many circles, and met with very different receptions; but they certainly contain a vast amount of practical wisdom and judicious suggestions on the whole subject of charitable work, and organizations of women for that purpose.

Amid these varied labours and experiences, one thought was ripening in her soul. She had read a little French book in which there was much said of the sisters of charity among the Roman Catholics, and it awakened in her a strong desire to found such a sisterhood in the Protestant Church. She had been led to this by the fact, that in hundreds of instances unmarried women are not permitted to do the good to which their hearts impel them, because they have not the settled position which would be given by a definite calling, recognised as such by the world without. With a longing after this work which had only increased in intensity from being so long pent up within, we cannot but admire the Christian wisdom and moderation with which she viewed the matter, even when encouraged by the approval of friends.

In the autumn of 1824, Miss Sieveking became acquainted with Pastor Gossner, a Bavarian by birth, who had been a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, but by deep study of the holy Scriptures had been converted to the evangelical doctrines. This good and great man gave a new and powerful impulse to her aspirations after what now floated before her as the future vocation of her life. Charitable work now engaged so much of her thought and sympathy that her health, usually so strong, began to give way; but the water of Ems proved beneficial, and old strength and fresher looks returned. In 1826, Professor Tscharner of Berne, who had been imprisoned in his own country, was giving lectures in Hamburg, and Miss Sieveking spent many happy hours with himself, his wife, and his son. Here also, in 1828, she became intimately acquainted with the celebrated Neander, of Berlin.

Nursed amid the sultry climes of India, where it periodically slays its thousands and tens of thousands, the cholera seems occasionally to take migratory and comet-like excursions to Europe, spreading on every hand sickness, death, lamentation, and dismay. In 1831, it suddenly appeared in Hamburg; and Miss Sieveking felt constrained to take a step which, in the eyes of the world, had something *unusual* in it, and was judged by that world accordingly. With the full consent of her adopted mother, she offered her

gratuitous services as nurse in the French wards of the town hospital. She also inserted in a journal an appeal to other females to offer themselves for the same work, but her letter found no response. Our own Florence Nightingale had not yet set the example of a lady voluntarily consecrating herself to such an office.

The labours in which Miss Sieveking now engaged form a deeply interesting chapter in the history of philanthropy, but they must not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that her society was attended with the most blessed results. She at first found some difficulty in obtaining coadjutors, although she required nothing "beyond sound sense, a certain amount of bodily strength, and a knowledge of domestic matters—except love to the cause and a living principle of Christianity."

Miss Sieveking's robust bodily constitution and elastic spirits enabled her for many years to sustain the pressure of charitable work in its many branches. But in 1857, her strength began to fail; the physicians were unanimous in advising a journey to some watering-place, and Soden, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, was recommended. In 1858, her active employments were gradually and with great reluctance given up, and for many months she had to learn the harder lesson of waiting patiently on the Lord in weakness and suffering.

On the 1st of January, 1859, she felt so ill, that she took leave of her servants with the words, "We part in tears, but we shall meet again with smiles." Some time afterwards, her physician, at the request of her nephew, Dr. Sieveking, in London, examined the state of her lungs, and declared that he found things even worse than he expected; one half of the lungs was entirely gone, and only so much left as that, with entire silence and perfect rest, her life might perhaps be prolonged for a short time. Miss Sieveking thanked him, but remarked that as long as she was alive, she would act like a living person, and see and speak to her friends. On the 1st of April, after the reading of the psalm, "Like as the hart panteth after the water brooks," she folded her hands, and said, "My Lord! my Lord!" Her work on earth was done, and she entered on the higher service above.

In order to conquer the prejudice of the poor people against a pauper funeral, she had desired to be buried as a poor person; and out of respect to her wishes, the plain coffin, made of four black boards, was carried by the two appointed pauper bearers, on the pauper's bier, to the churchyard of the parish of Ham and Horn, and set down on the church path. It was soon covered with flowers and garlands, while a vast assembly, composed of all classes, flocked out of the city and the suburbs. Pastor Rautenberg spoke some impressive words, and the minister of the parish, Pastor Mumssen, uttered the concluding prayer and blessing. Then, as if from the depths, arose the chant of the brethren and the children, and amidst the sounds of the doxology and the apostolic benediction,

the coffin was lowered into the vault of the Sieveking family.

## *AMATEUR TEACHING.*

The children's world was Miss Sieveking's element, and she therefore felt happy among them. It was while attending confirmation classes that she began her career as a teacher. Among those who received the instructions of the clergyman, was a peasant girl, whom she found weeping under a tree, because unable to read aloud like the other scholars. Miss Sieveking offered to teach her, and for some time she came regularly for lessons, but after a while, probably finding the distance from home too great, she appeared no more. The impulse to work and make herself useful never slumbered in Miss Sieveking's heart. She often fetched the little daughter of the family that lived in the same house into her room, to instruct her in knitting, and when the governess was leaving, she asked permission to educate the second girl. Finding that she could get on better if she had more pupils, and that no one had any objection to make, she took six others from families of her acquaintance, and at the age of eighteen began her little school. With what earnestness she set to work is shown in numerous letters to Miss Hösch. Madame Brünnemann's married daughter had no children, and she had adopted a little girl, whom she was most anxious to place under Miss Sieveking's tuition; and as the child was much younger than her other pupils, she was obliged to open a second set of classes. About this time, a small circle of ladies, of whom Miss Sieveking was one, established a school, in which twelve poor girls, afterwards increased to eighteen, received gratuitous instruction. She found increasing refreshment in her intercourse with her children, and as she had correct views on the subject of education, she aimed at something higher than the cultivation of the memory, viz., the development of the whole nature. Such training could not fail to sweeten domestic life, and realise the essential elements of a true home. If we would have security, virtue, and comfort in our dwellings, we must give our girls a thorough education.

## *SERVICES IN THE HOSPITAL.*

When that new terror-inspiring spectre of our age approached Hamburg, Miss Sieveking put her services at the disposal of the board of the cholera hospital of St. Eric, on the Hollandisch Brook, and was summoned when the first female patient was brought in. We cannot conceive of a more engaging spectacle than a pious female, who, amid all the abstractions attendant on her rank in society and

personal accomplishments, can find time to visit the sick and the dying. At the same time, we must remember that certain duties require certain qualifications. Many excellent women who would spend their fortunes in soothing the sick, cannot bear the sight of blood; and a “rank compound of villainous smells” is to others positive poison. We do not say this to detract from such philanthropic heroines as Miss Sieveking, but in justice to those who would do what she did if they could. To Miss Hösch she thus writes: “I have not the slightest fear of infection; and as far as this danger is concerned, I can enter the hospital as calmly as my school-room. This absence of all dread is unanimously said by the physicians to be the best preventative against illness, and hence, nurses, comparatively speaking, very rarely die from infection. So you see there is no need for you to feel any painful anxiety on my account.” The letters written during the eight weeks she spent in the hospital, given almost entirely by her biographer, present us with a most graphic picture of her life and labours. In the men’s ward, her special duty was to observe what diet was prescribed, and to draw up the daily bill of fare for the housekeeper. She had also charge of all the linen belonging to the attendants. She also occasionally took part in nursing the patients; but the general superintendence was of more importance even in the women’s ward. Although called to the work of Martha, when the hospital afforded her opportunities she gladly engaged in Mary’s work, and was the means of saving at least two young girls from utter ruin, and restoring the one to her aged mother, and the other to a married sister. There was a strong prejudice against her entering upon this kind of work, not only in the outside world, but in the hospital itself; and it required no little wisdom and self-control to take up and keep her right place. However, she was enabled to meet and overcome all difficulties, and when her work ceased to be an experiment and became a success, those who had blamed, praised. On the morning of the day that she left the hospital, she received a formal visit from Dr. Siemssen and Dr. Siemers, accompanied by three other gentlemen of the special commission, when Dr. Siemers, in the name of the rest, made a speech, and then handed her a written address of thanks; and another of a similar kind was sent to her in the afternoon by the General Board of Health.

At an early age we catch glimpses of that thought which, in the secret depths of her heart, Miss Sieveking cherished as her possible future vocation. In 1819, she writes in her diary:—"Has not God different vocations for His different creatures, and has not each its own joys? May I not find in mine some compensation for what is denied me elsewhere? To be a happy wife and mother is not mine—then foundress of an order of Sisters of Mercy!" While in the hospital her original plan assumed a more attainable form, and was shortly afterwards carried into execution. The first principles of the plan, however, remained the same, and they are those which have been so thoroughly tested, and so nobly advocated by our own Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Bayly, Miss Marsh and others,—"personal intercourse with the poor, and the exhibition of a love towards them manifested in action and rooted in faith." Miss Sieveking believed that under their rough exterior, the poor had considerable intelligence, and knew whether their visitors thought them fools or not. We sometimes blush to see how well-meaning men and women unwittingly insult the working classes in their efforts to do them good; there was no shrinking at dirt or personal infirmities—no talking down to or patronizing those whom she visited,—with Miss Sieveking. She treated them as human beings.

This new kind of labour for the good of the poor, was attended with the most blessed results. At first she met with many refusals. One considered herself too much tied by her household duties, another was afraid of the objections of her family, and a third was alarmed at the difficulties of the undertaking. But the Lord strengthened her to persevere, and by degrees led her to find some who formally bound themselves to take part in the work. In May, 1832, the members, —thirteen in number, and all voluntary workers from private families, six married women and seven unmarried,—met for the first time at Miss Sieveking's home. Many perils threatened the young institution. It would be strange not to find a new thing objected to. The medical men were the greatest barrier. But by-and-by they changed their minds, and many of them recommended their poor patients to Miss Sieveking. In a few years the number increased to thirty-three visiting members, besides other ladies who undertook on certain days of the week to cook for invalids. The public confidence in the work so increased that contributions of all kinds were forthcoming as soon as wanted.

The great fire of Hamburg in 1842, gave occasion for the enlargement of the Amalienstift. The association erected two large white houses, each comprising

twenty-four tenements, which were incorporated with the one already existing as the Amalienstift. At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the association, she stated that she had no fears for her work; she believed it would survive her; for it was built upon the only foundation that ensures permanence—faith in Christ. The idea that filled her whole soul, the raising and ennobling of her sex by works of saving, serving love, had become a fact and a reality. There grew out of the parent stem in Hamburg several kindred institutions; and similar associations on the plan of Miss Sieveking's have been founded in many cities of Northern Germany, in Switzerland, in the Baltic provinces of Russia, in Sweden, Denmark, and Holland. It was the experience of this eminent philanthropist, as it is the experience of all who have thought carefully on the subject in the light of Scripture, that all higher kinds of benefit to the poor are connected with personal intercourse with them.

### *SPINSTERS RESPECTABLE, HAPPY, AND USEFUL.*

Miss Sieveking had on two occasions cherished in secret those wishes and dreams which probably no young girl is wholly without. In both cases the object was worthy of her regard. She was not likely either to shut her eyes to reason and common sense, and marry a fool; or to flirt with a man, and in consequence die an old maid. In fact she declined an offer of marriage from a man whom many would have looked upon as a desirable match, because he was not after her own heart. She knew that the married life was only beautiful and happy when wisely entered and truthfully lived. In December, 1822, she writes:—"Doubtless it is sweet to be loved by a truly good man with his whole heart, and to give one's self to him in return. I can understand this, and I am not unsusceptible to the happiness of the wife and mother; on the contrary, their joys seem to me among the sweetest and highest on earth." Yet she well knew, that the married state was not essential to the respectability, happiness, and usefulness of woman. In novels and in Campe's book, "A Father's Advice to his Daughters," she found marriage represented as the only proper destiny for a girl; but something within her secretly protested against that view. Yes; to her it constantly grew clearer that an all-bounteous God could not have given His blessing to one state of life alone, but must have a blessing for each. God had evidently reserved her for another career; and, like many other spinsters, she was unquestionably respectable, and evidently enjoyed more real happiness, and was more extensively useful, than numbers of married females. The marriage relation must be rightly used or it turns to evil. Some young men marry dimples, some ears,

some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between eyes and hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Some of the most haughty, cold, equable, staid, indifferent, selfish creatures in the world are wives; and some of the noblest women are spinsters.

## *CHARACTER OF MISS SIEVEKING.*

In stature Miss Sieveking scarcely reached the middle size; was sparely made; mercurial in all her motions; and very short-sighted. There was nothing remarkable in the head or forehead. Her figure was easily recognised from a distance, as she hurried along the streets, generally with a heavy basket of books and papers. Never arrogant in her dress, she was always neat and clean; cared little for fashion or elegance, and believed firmly that freedom consisted in having few wants. She was not handsome or graceful, in the ordinary sense of the words; and never wasted time over her toilet.

Mentally Miss Sieveking was simply a woman of good sense, conversant with tangibilities; but singularly ill fitted to calculate regarding the invisible elements of power by which the tangible and the material are moved and governed. She was not in any respect a genius; but eminently a matter-of-fact woman. Her knowledge of the human heart was profound, but her insight into individual character was not remarkable. She was, however, right in believing that most women underrate their own powers; and that besides discharging the duties which the conjugal and filial relations bring with them, they would do well to develope a different kind of activity, in schools, churches, and charitable societies.

Her character morally was of a high order. Few persons are so exactly what they profess to be as she was. Once she fell asleep in church, and when her brother charged her with it, denied it out of shame: but she could get no peace until she acknowledged the fact. In her conscientiousness and self-control, the earnestness which she carried into the smallest matters, the diligence with which she followed every good work, her severity towards herself and mildness towards others,—she may serve as a pattern to her sex. The great idea of compassionate and ministering love which was embodied in the life and work of Amelia Sieveking, is an idea which can and will set woman free—not from the restraints of law and custom, not from her vocation of quiet retirement and domestic virtue, but from the dominion of vanity, of false appearances, and of self-love. Naturally impetuous and impatient, at times sharp and abrupt, and prone to carry out her own will, she might have turned all her faculties to bad

account. But by careful moral culture she built up a noble character, and in the language of her biographer, “Hamburg accounted it an honour and a joy to call Amelia Sieveking her own.”

# CHAPTER V.

## Literary Women.

## *SECTION I.—HANNAH MORE.*

"Great as her fame has been, I never considered it equal to her merit. Such a fine and complete combination of talent and goodness, and of zeal and discretion, I never witnessed. All her resources, influences, and opportunities, were simply and invariably made to subserve one purpose, in which she aimed to live, not to herself, but to Him who died for us and rose again."—

WILLIAM JAY.

### *LITERATURE.*

Every piece of composition takes up, and must take up, as its basis, some element or assumption of fact,—states, affirms, or denies something; but unless it be animated by imagination, it is not literature. The power of seeing and expressing the æsthetic element in nature and life is that which entitles a composition to be regarded as a literary product. It is this element which inspires, vitalises, and gives immortality to a production, whether it be an address to a mountain daisy, or a history of the world. Science may become obsolete through the progress of discovery, polemics may become irrelevant through the progress of society, but literature is ever new, and never old; it is enduring as the great features of nature which are imaged in it, and the manifold aspects of human life from which it derives its chief value and fascination. The dominion of popular writing is being increased at a most marvellous rate. Literature is now crowned as the very chiefest monarch of these times. On many topics we differ, but editors, authors, critics, and all the disseminators of literature, are unanimous as to the necessity of the diffusion of knowledge. What a mine of intellectual wealth has that admirable art, the art of printing, now laid open to all! A lifetime would not exhaust those treasures of delight supplied by English genius alone. Not only have we men gifted with the highest attributes of mind, writing entertaining, instructive, suggestive, Christian, and progressive books; but women in every department of literature have taken up, not by courtesy, but by right, a full and conspicuous place. Not a few of these authoresses heard "that Divine and nightly-whispering voice, which speaks to mighty minds of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering," and have already received their reward.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Hannah More has been long conspicuous among the lights of the world. She was the youngest but one of five sisters, and was born on the 2nd of February, 1745, at Stapleton, near Bristol. Jacob More and Mary Grace educated all their daughters with a view to their future occupation as schoolmistresses. They had all strong minds, sagacious intellects, and superior capabilities for the acquisition of knowledge; but Hannah seems to have combined in herself the chief excellencies of all their characters. Her mental precocity was extraordinary. When about three years old, her mother found that in listening to the lessons taught her elder sisters, she had learned them for herself. She wrote rhymes at the age of four, and before that period repeated her catechism in the church in a manner which excited the admiration of the clergyman, who had so recently received her at the font. Her nurse had formerly lived in the family of Dryden, and little Hannah took great delight in hearing stories about the great poet. Before she had completed her eighth year, her thirst for knowledge became so conspicuous, that her father, despite his horror at female pedantry, had begun to instruct her in Grecian and Roman history, classics and mathematics. Under the tuition of her elder sister Mary, she commenced the study of French. We are not aware that she ever visited Paris, but some French officers were frequently guests at her father’s table, and these gentlemen always fixed upon Hannah as their interpreter. Hence that free and elegant use of the language for which she was afterwards distinguished.

The superior talents, sound principles, and excellent conduct of the Misses More attracted notice and found patrons; and whilst still in their youth, they found themselves established at the head of a school, which long continued to be more flourishing than any other in the west of England. Miss Hannah sedulously availed herself of the instructions of masters in the Italian and Spanish languages. For her knowledge of the physical sciences, she was largely indebted to the self-taught philosopher, James Ferguson; and it is probable that her admirable elocutionary powers were the result of lessons received from Mr. Sheridan. In 1764, Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician in large practice at Northampton, took holy orders, and came to reside at Bristol, in the same street with the Miss Mores. Sir James discerned Miss Hannah’s gifts, fostered her genius, directed her theological studies, and remained through life her firm friend.

In 1767, she accepted the addresses of Edward Turner, Esq., of Belmont, a man of large fortune, good character, and liberal education, but of a gloomy and capricious temper, and almost double her own age. She resigned her partnership

in the school, and spared no expense in fitting herself out to be his wife. Three times in the course of six years the wedding-day was fixed, and as often postponed by her affianced husband. Miss Hannah More's health and spirits failed; she could see no rational prospect of happiness with a man who could so trifle with her feelings, and at last found resolution to terminate the anxious and painful treaty. His mind, however, was ill at ease till he was allowed to settle upon her an annuity of £200, having offered three times that sum. At his death he also bequeathed her £1000. Her hand was again solicited, but refused. Possibly her experience prompted her sisters to spend their days in single blessedness.

One of the most important events in the life of Miss Hannah More, was her first visit to London, in 1773. At that time, neither the habits of people deemed religious, nor the scruples of her own mind, interdicted her from visiting the theatre, and listening to Shakespeare speaking in the person of that consummate actor, David Garrick. The character in which she first saw him was Lear, and having written her opinion of that wonderful impersonation to a mutual friend, who showed it to him, the scenic hero called upon her at her lodgings in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He was delighted with his new acquaintance, and took a pride and pleasure in introducing her to the splendid circle in which he moved. In six weeks she became intimate with the rank and talent of the time. One of the two sprightly sisters who accompanied her to London, graphically describes her first interview with the great moralist of the eighteenth century. Miss Reynolds telling the doctor of the rapturous exclamations of the sisters on the road, and Johnson shaking his scientific head at Miss Hannah, and calling her "a silly thing!" she seating herself in the lexicographer's great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius, and he laughing heartily, and assuring her that it was a chair in which he never sat. Miss Hannah More's quickness of repartee, aptness of quotation, and kindliness of heart, won the favour of the leaders of society. But in the glittering saloons of fashion, when senators and peers paid her homage, she stood quiet and self-possessed. In 1775, while the first rich bloom still rested on the fruits of her London experience, she remarks: "The more I see of the honoured, famed, and great, the more I see of the bitterness, the unsatisfactoriness, of all created good, and that no earthly pleasure can fill up the wants of the immortal principle within." None could more thoroughly weigh popular acclaim, and more firmly pronounce it the hosannas of a drivelling generation than this young school-mistress.

Her religious views, which had always been decided, acquired, as years rolled on, greater force and consistency. She never went to the theatre after the death of her friend Garrick, in January, 1779—not even to see her own tragedies performed. Step by step she was led to doubt whether the life she was then

living, although blameless, was in full harmony with her own ideas of Christian truth. Whilst these questions were agitating her mind, she produced, as a kind of index to her spiritual state, a series of “sacred dramas,” which were even more favourably received than any of her former publications. In 1786, she withdrew from what she called “the world,” into the pleasant villages of Gloucester and Somerset. In the parish of Wrington, she built a cottage, which was called Cowslip Green. Here she laboured diligently, and lived a life of active benevolence. When in her forty-third year, she assumed the matronly style of *Mrs. More*, a fashion more prevalent then than now. Among her most meritorious services, was the establishment of Sunday and day schools, clothing associations, and female benefit societies, throughout the mining district of the Mendip Hills, where the people were almost in a state of semi-barbarism. It is sad to have to record that these efforts, instead of receiving clerical countenance and aid, were vigorously opposed by them. It is not necessary to enter into the particulars of the commotion raised about 1799, by malevolent persons, against her schools, nor to do more than allude to the unprovoked slanders and ridicule of literary rivals, resolved at all hazards to rob her of her fame. For more than three years, to use her own heart-felt words, she was “battered, hacked, scalped, tomahawked.”

Many things determined Mrs. More to quit Cowslip Green. Perhaps the most powerful was the purchase of a piece of ground in the vicinity. Having selected a spot which commanded a view of the fine scenery of the vale of Wrington, she built a comfortable mansion. With this residence, her sisters were so pleased, that they disposed of their property at Bath, and made Barley Wood their home, in 1802. The clouds of obloquy had now broken up, and in the clear brightness which succeeded, Mrs. More had thrown herself into fresh local charities, and was engaged with new literary undertakings, when she received a severe blow, in consequence of the death of Bishop Porteus, in 1809. A few months before, he had paid a visit to Barley Wood. The bishop bequeathed to Mrs. More a legacy of £100, and she consecrated to his memory, in the plantation near her house, an urn, with an inscription as unpretending as her sorrow was sincere.

The family circle which had remained unbroken for fifty-six years, now approached inevitable dissolution. Mary, the eldest sister, died in 1813. Elizabeth, the second, sank to rest in 1816. Sarah, the third, fell asleep in 1817. Martha, the fifth, departed this life in 1819. The sisters had lived most happily together, and these bereavements were felt by Mrs. More with all the keenness of her sensitive nature. The poor people had been accustomed to look to Barley Wood as their chief resource, and scarcely a day passed without the arrival of some petitioner from the neighbourhood. For some weeks their visits had ceased,

and when Mrs. More asked the schoolmaster of Shipham the reason, he answered, “Why, madam, they be so cut up, that they have not the heart to come!”

Years rolled on, and Barley Wood once more became a place of general resort. But its mistress was not destined to end her days in the home where she had lived so long. The duties of housekeeping, when devolved upon her in weakness and old age, proved too great a burden. When the waste and misconduct of her servants became manifest, she tried to correct the evil by mild remonstrance; but when at length discoveries were made, calculated to represent her as the patroness of vice, or at least as indifferent to its progress, she discharged her eight pampered minions, and broke up her establishment at sweet Barley Wood. As she was assisted into the carriage, she cast one pensive parting glance upon the spot she loved best on earth, and gently exclaimed, “I am driven like Eve out of paradise; but not like Eve, by angels.” On the 18th of April, 1828, she established herself at No. 4, Windsor Terrace, Clifton.

In September, 1832, she had a serious illness, and from that period, a decay of mental vigour was perceptible. At length, nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew nigh. On the 7th of September, 1833, within five months of the completion of her eighty-ninth year, she passed the barrier of time, and joined that “multitude whom no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever.”

The shops in the city of Bristol were shut, and the church bells rang muffled peals as the funeral procession of that child of a charity schoolmaster moved along the streets to the grave in Wrington churchyard. The mortal remains of the five sisters rest together under a large slab stone, inclosed by an iron railing and overshadowed by a yew-tree. A mural tablet in the parish church records their memory. Mrs. Hannah More’s record is on high, and her virtues are inscribed on an enduring monument: of her most truly it might be said—

“Marble need not mark thine ashes,
  Sculpture need not tell of thee;
For thine image in thy writings
  And on many a soul shall be.”

## *SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP.*

Mrs. More as a woman of letters now demands our attention. Probably no woman ever read more books, or to better purpose; had more extensive opportunities of exercising the faculty of observation, or so sagaciously

improved it. Her command of language, erudite, rhetorical, conversational, and colloquial, is commensurate with the noble literature and tongue of Britain. In the days of her infancy, when she could possess herself of a scrap of paper, her delight was to scribble upon it some essay or poem, with some well-directed moral. One couplet of an infantine satire on Bristol has been preserved:—

"This road leads to a great city,
Which is more populous than witty."

At this period, she was wont to make a carriage of a chair, and then to call her sisters to ride with her to London, to see bishops and booksellers. In 1762, before she had completed her seventeenth year, she wrote a pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness," which was published in 1773, and in a short time ran through three editions. In 1774, she brought out a tragedy, "The Inflexible Captive." The following year it was acted at Exeter and Bath, with the greatest applause, in the presence of a host of distinguished persons. In 1776, she offered Cadell, the publisher, her legendary tale of "Sir Eldred of the Bower," and the little poem of the "Bleeding Rock," which she had written some years previously. She received forty guineas for them. In 1777, her tragedy of "Percy" was produced at Covent Garden theatre. The success of the play was complete. An edition of nearly four thousand copies was sold in a fortnight. The theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. In 1779, "The Fatal Falsehood" was published, and notwithstanding several disadvantages, was well received. In 1782, she presented to the world a volume of "Sacred Dramas," with a poem annexed, entitled "Sensibility." They were extremely popular with the arbiters of taste, and sold with extraordinary rapidity. In 1786, she published another volume of poetry, "Florio: a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies," and "The Bas Bleu; or, Conversation." These received a welcome as enthusiastic as if England had been one vast drawing-room, and she the petted heiress, sure of social applause for all her sayings and doings. In 1788, appeared "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." It was published anonymously, but the writer was soon recognised, and the book obtained an enormous sale. In 1791, she issued a sequel to this work, under the title of "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." It was bought up and read with the same avidity as its predecessor. In 1792, she produced a dialogue, called "Village Politics." Thousands of copies were purchased by the Government for gratuitous distribution, and it was translated into several languages. In 1793, she published her "Remarks on the Speech of M. Duport," which brought her in more than

£240. In 1795, she commenced “The Cheap Repository,” consisting of tales, both in prose and verse. The undertaking was continued for about three years, and each number attained to a very large sale. In 1799, appeared her “Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education.” Seven large editions were sold in twelve months. In 1805, was produced, “Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess,” for which she received the thanks of the queen and royal family. In 1809, she published “Cœlebs in search of a Wife,” two volumes. The first edition was sold in a fortnight, and eleven editions more were demanded in less than twelve months. In 1811, “Practical Piety” made its appearance, in two volumes. It was worthy of its large sale and great celebrity. In 1812, her “Christian Morals” was brought out, in two volumes, and met with good reception, although not equal to that of her two last works. In 1815, she published her “Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul,” two volumes; a work which, in the estimation of competent judges, more than sustained her previous reputation. In 1818, at the request of Sir Alexander Johnston, she wrote a dramatic piece, “The Feast of Freedom,” for translation into the Cingalese language, to be performed by a native choir, at anniversary celebrations of the 12th of August, 1816. In 1819, she published her “Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer.” The first edition was sold in one day, and realized £3000. The collection of her writings is comprised in eleven volumes octavo.

Her books bear testimony to her many talents, good sense, and real piety. There occur, every now and then, in her works, very original and very profound observations, conveyed in the most brilliant and inviting style. Her characters are often well drawn, her scenes well painted, and she could be amusing in no ordinary degree when she liked. Although we have no hesitation in admitting her into the long list of canonized bards, yet it must be confessed that her literary renown is chiefly derived from her prose works. She has been censured for the frequent repetition of the same thought in different words. Superficial readers, as well as hearers, require such a mode of composition. Iteration is not tautology.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live at ease, and to dispense charities around her. She realized by her pen alone, more than £30,000. Upwards of 50,000 copies of her larger works were sold, while her tracts and ballads were circulated over the country by millions. We venture to affirm that her books were more numerous, that they passed through more editions, that they were printed in more languages, and that they were read by more people, than those of any other authoress upon record.

## *CHARACTER OF MRS. MORE.*

Genius is not often combined with a strong physical constitution. Mrs. More was no exception to this rule; for although her general health was about the average, she often composed under aches and pains which would have entirely deterred others from the use of the pen. Her figure was graceful, and her manners captivating. The eye, which her sisters called “diamond,” and which the painters complained they could not put upon canvas, coruscated, and her countenance sparkled, when engaged in conversation. She knew that in all companies, she was a principal object of attention, yet she never wore a jewel or trinket, or anything of the merely ornamental kind, during her whole life, though much of that life was spent in the society of the great and high-born.

In glancing at her intellectual character, the first thing that strikes us is its versatility—a fact proved by this, that she frequently appears in different compartments. Thus she was at once a poetess, a dramatist, a fictionist, a moralist, a religious writer, and a conversationalist. No wonder that she often received messages from His Majesty King George the Third, from the Queen, and other members of the royal family; and that her friendship was eagerly sought by coronets and mitres. Mr. Roberts, one of her biographers, says:—“All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult to name another who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis.”

The moral capacity is the imperial crown of humanity. Veneration, benevolence, conscientiousness, hope, faith, are the brightest jewels of this crown. In Mrs. More, the moral sentiments were superior even to the intellectual faculties. She exactly discerned the signs of the times, and adroitly adapted her writings to the necessities of her generation. All of them are more or less calculated to benefit society, and never did personal example more strongly enforce preceptive exhortation, than in the instance of this eminent and excellent woman.

## *SECTION II.—ANNE GRANT.*

"We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### *LETTER-WRITERS.*

A good deal of literary fame has been won by letter-writing. It were easy to name authors whose letters are generally considered as their best works, and who owe their position in British literature, to those pictures of society and manners, compounded of wit and gaiety, shrewd observations, sarcasm, censoriousness, high life, and sparkling language, for which their correspondence is remarkable. We might refer, in proof of our position, to a celebrated peer, who was the most accomplished man of his age. In point of morality his letters are not defensible. Johnson said that they taught the morals of a courtesan with the manners of a dancing-master. But they are also characterised by good sense and refined taste, and are models of literary art. The copyright was sold for £1500, and five editions were called for within twelve months. Authoresses have also been distinguished for the excellence and extent of their epistolary correspondence. We might adduce as an example a noble lady, who to her myrtle-crown of beauty, and her laurel-crown of wit, added the oaken-leaved crown,—the *corona civica*,—due to those who have saved fellow-creatures' lives. For graphic power, clearness, and idiomatic grace of style, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery, and manners, and decisiveness about life, her letters have very few equals, and scarcely any superiors. There can be no doubt as to the utility and importance of letter-writing, yet few seem to cultivate with care this department. But let us rejoice, that though the excuses and apologies of the majority prove that they are not what we conventionally term good correspondents, yet there are some splendid exceptions, who are aware of the importance of this art as a means of promoting social affection, and moral pleasure and profit, and whose style scarcely yields in simplicity, playfulness, and ease, to the eminent examples already cited.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Anne Macvicar, was born at Glasgow, on the 21st of February, 1755. She was an only child. Her father, Duncan Macvicar, she describes as having been “a plain, brave, pious man.” He appears to have been brought up to an agricultural life, but having caught the military spirit, which in that day was almost universal among the Scottish Highlanders, he became an officer in the British army. Her mother was a descendant of the ancient family of Stewart of Invernahyle in Argyleshire. She was a Lowlander only by the mere accident of her birthplace. Nursed at Inverness, the home of her grandmother, the earliest sights and sounds with which she was familiar, were those of Highland scenery and Highland tongues.

In a paper containing a rapid view of her childhood, she says, “I began to live to the purposes of feeling, observation, and recollection, much earlier than children usually do. I was not acute, I was not sagacious, but I had an active imagination and uncommon powers of memory. I had no companion; no one fondled or caressed me, far less did any one take the trouble of amusing me. I did not till the sixth year of my age possess a single toy. A child with less activity of mind, would have become torpid under the same circumstances. Yet whatever of purity of thought, originality of character, and premature thirst for knowledge distinguished me from other children of my age, was, I am persuaded, very much owing to these privations. Never was a human being less improved, in the sense in which that expression is generally understood; but never was one less spoiled by indulgence, or more carefully preserved from every species of mental contagion. The result of the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed had the effect of making me a kind of anomaly very different from other people, and very little influenced by the motives, as well as very ignorant of the modes of thinking and acting, prevalent in the world at large.” These singular influences directed her to authorship in the first instance, and gave much of its interest to what she wrote.

When eighteen months old, she was brought back to Glasgow, that her father might have a parting look of her before leaving his native country for America, in the 77th regiment of foot. His wife and daughter remained in Glasgow, in the eastern extremity of the town. Probably from hearing her mother describing the New World as westward, Anne Macvicar set out one Sunday evening, when only two years and eight months old, and walked a mile to the west of the Trongate. A lady saw, with some surprise, a child neatly dressed in white, with bare head and bare arms, walking alone in the middle of the street. She asked her where she came from; but the only answer was, “from mamma’s house.” Then she inquired

where she was going, and was told in a very imperfect manner “to America, to seek papa.” However, while the lady was lost in wonder, a bell was heard in the street, and the public crier had the pleasure of restoring the young traveller to her mother.

In 1758, she arrived with her mother at Charleston, and soon after they were settled at Claverock, where Mr. Macvicar was stationed with a party of Highlanders. Here she not only learned to read, but to love truth and simplicity. Her father meanwhile being engaged in active service.

In 1760, he returned from the campaign, and they went to Albany, on the Hudson River, where she saw the Highland soldiers dragging through the streets the cannon destined for the attack on the Havannah. She thus describes an excursion about this time up the Hudson in boats. “We had a most romantic journey; sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament; and a Scotch sergeant brought me ‘Blind Harry’s Wallace;’ which by the aid of such sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism, and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life.”

She returned from Oswego to Albany in 1766; and, on her way back, a Captain Campbell gave her a handsome copy of Milton; concerning which she says, “I studied, to very little purpose no doubt, all the way down in the boat; but which proved a treasure to me afterwards, as I never rested till I found out the literal meaning of the words; and, in progress of time, at an age I am ashamed to mention, entered into the full spirit of it. If I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime or beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume.” Facts prove that the growth of mind is best promoted by that which at first it is capable of understanding only partially. This is clear from what came out of Anne Macvicar’s study of Paradise Lost. The most eminent woman in Albany at that time was the widow of Colonel Schuyler. Her house was the resort of all strangers, whose manners or conduct entitled them to her regard. Her ancestors, understanding, and education, gave her great influence in society, which was increased by the liberal use she made of her large fortune. “Some time after our arrival at Albany,” writes our authoress, “I accompanied my parents one evening to visit Madame Schuyler, whom I regarded as the Minerva of my imagination, and treasured all her discourses as the veritable words of wisdom. The conversation fell upon dreams and forewarnings. I rarely spoke till spoken to at any time; but of a sudden the spirit moved me to say that bad angels sometimes whispered dreams into the soul.

When asked for my authority, I surprised every one, but myself most of all, by a long quotation from Eve's fatal dream infusing into her mind the ambition that led to guilt. After this happy quotation I became a great favourite, and Madame Schuyler never failed to tell any one who had read Milton of the origin of her partiality." At this time Anne Macvicar was hardly seven years old.

Mr. Macvicar, like most Scotchmen, had the faculty of making money, and with the view of settling in America had obtained a large grant of land, and had purchased several valuable properties, the market value of which was every day rising. Miss Macvicar was looked upon as an heiress; but her father, falling into bad health, was obliged to return to Scotland in 1768, bringing his wife and daughter along with him. He had left America without being able to dispose of his property, and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, the whole was confiscated by the republican government.

In 1773, her father was appointed barrack master of Fort Augustus, in Inverness-shire. Here she first met the Rev. James Grant, a young clergyman of refined mind, sound principle, and correct judgment. At that time he was chaplain to the garrison, but in 1776, he became the minister of Laggan, a neighbouring parish, and in 1779, was united in marriage to Miss Macvicar. In that Highland parish, fifty miles from Perth, and the same distance from Inverness, they lived contentedly in the chosen lot of Agur.

Time flowed on characterised by the usual amount of shadow and sunshine. In 1801, her husband was carried off by consumption; and she found herself burdened with the care of eight children, to which was added the pressure of some pecuniary obligations incurred by a too liberal hospitality. The children inherited the same insidious disease. Three sank under their mother's eyes in infancy, and the eldest, who held a commission in the army, died a few months before his father. Of twelve sons and daughters only one survived her.

All her certain income was a small pension from the War Office, to which she was entitled in consequence of her husband having obtained a military chaplaincy a few years before his death. In these circumstances, her first step was to take charge of a small farm in the neighbourhood of Laggan; but this expedient soon failed.

In 1803, she unwillingly removed from Laggan to Woodend, now called Gartur, two miles south-west of Stirling, a place of unrivalled beauty. In 1806, we find Mrs. Grant residing in Stirling, so renowned in Scottish history, and supporting herself and family by literature.

In 1810, Mrs. Grant removed from Stirling to Edinburgh, where she spent the remainder of her life, distinguished in society for her great talents, and esteemed for her many virtues. Her object in making the capital her home, and the circle in

which she mingled, are fully described in her correspondence.

In 1820, she fell down a stair, which caused serious injury, followed by long and severe suffering, and by lameness for the rest of her days. In 1825, a pension, which at first amounted to only £50, but was afterwards increased to £100 per annum, was granted her by government, in consequence of an application in her behalf, which was drawn out by Sir Walter Scott, and subscribed by the most distinguished literati in Edinburgh; who therein declared their belief that Mrs. Grant had rendered eminent services to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste.

Notwithstanding many and heavy family trials, this strong-hearted woman continued to correspond with her friends, and receive those who visited her, until the end of October, 1838, when she was seized with a severe attack of influenza. Her son was with her during her last illness, and she was sedulously attended by a lady and servants. She died at her house 9, Manor Place, on the 7th November, 1838, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

A few days afterwards, a mournful multitude followed her remains to the cemetery of St. Cuthbert's, then nearly new. She was buried near the graves of four of her daughters. Her son erected a monument to her memory.

## *LITERARY CAREER.*

We receive a vast amount of education from the localities in which we live. From the sketch of her own life it is evident that Mrs. Grant was well aware of the educative influence of scenery. Who can tell how much she learned, during the ten years she lived beside the vast lakes, the magnificent rivers, and the primæval forests of America; and the thirty years spent amid the beauties and glories of the Highlands, apart from all set teaching, away from all formal schools. It is good to see the horizon one red line, pointing like a finger to the unrisen sun—to hear the earliest notes of the birds—to trample on the emerald grass and the blooming heather—to notice the "morning spread upon the mountains," peak telegraphing to peak that the king of day has just entered the sky—to listen to such stories as lonely hills and misty moors alone can inspire. In this sublime natural system of education, Mrs. Grant had a large share. It stirred her warm imagination, and nourished her poetic faculty.

After the death of her excellent husband, Mrs. Grant had mainly to depend for bread to herself and children, upon her own exertions. In these circumstances she was led to try whether she could not better her fortunes by the exercise of her literary talents, hitherto employed only for her own amusement and the

gratification of a few intimate friends. Her first essay at poetry was scrawled in a kind of Miltonic verse, when little more than nine years old. She wrote no more till she wandered on the banks of the Cart, and afterwards at Fort Augustus, and again upon her way home to Laggan, after spending some months at Glasgow. All these scraps she gave away, without preserving a single copy. But the friends among whom Mrs. Grant scattered her verses carefully treasured them, and in 1803, her first publication—"The Highlanders, and other Poems"—was announced to be published by subscription; and so well did her friends exert themselves, that three thousand subscribers were soon procured. This volume, though not reviewed in the most flattering terms, was well received by the public; and its profits enabled Mrs. Grant to discharge her debts. The following description of the Highland poor, is from the principal poem in the collection:—

"Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lonely nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest, where all are poor:
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day.
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main,
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!"

"The Highlanders," which gives the title to the book, is a poetical regret at the hard fate that forced so many to emigrate. The other poems are on a variety of topics, chiefly in illustration of the manners of the people among whom she lived. Take the following stanza on a sprig of heather:—

"Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
  Adorns the dusky mountain's side,—
Not the gay hues of Iris' horn,
  Nor garden's artful varied pride;
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer."

One of her songs, commencing, “Oh, where, tell me where?” written on the occasion of the Marquis of Huntly’s departure for Holland with his regiment, the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders, in 1799, has become generally known. We select the following verse as a specimen:—

“Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh, what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that soon shall wear a star;
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that soon shall wear a star.”

The merit, however, of Mrs. Grant’s poems was really slight; but success prompted another attempt at authorship. The result was her best and most popular work, the “Letters from the Mountains,” which was published in 1806, went through several editions, and was highly appreciated among the talented and influential men of the day. No person was so much astonished as herself on hearing that “Letters from the Mountains,” divided with some other publications the attention of readers. In October, 1807, she writes:—“Longman, who is doubtless the prince of booksellers, has written me a letter, expressed with such delicacy and liberality as is enough to do honour to all Paternoster Row: he tells me that the profits of the second edition of the Letters amount to £400, of which they keep £100 to answer for bad debts and uncalculated expenses, and against the beginning of next year I get the other £300.” Publishers, as a rule, deal liberally with popular writers. “Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches, Manners, and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution,” were published in 1808. She received £200 as profits from the New World. “Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland, with Traditions from the Gaelic,” appeared in 1811; and in no degree detracted from her well-earned literary reputation. A poem, entitled “Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen,” was published in 1814. Afterwards her pen was occasionally employed in magazine contributions. In 1821, the Highland Society of London awarded her their gold medal for the best essay on the “Past and Present State of the Highlands of Scotland.”

In the words of a competent critic, “The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.”

## *CHARACTER OF MRS. GRANT.*

Mrs. Grant was tall, and, in her youth, slender, but after her accident she became rather corpulent. In her later years she was described as a venerable ruin; so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches, and even with that assistance her motions were slow and languid. Her broad and noble forehead, relieved by the parted grey hair, excelled even youthful beauty. There was a dignity and a sedateness in her carriage which rendered her highly interesting, and her excellent constitution bore her through a great deal.

Her conversation was original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction. For nearly thirty years she was a principal figure in the best and most intellectual society of the Scottish metropolis; and to the last her literary celebrity made her an object of curiosity and attraction to strangers from all parts of the world. The native simplicity of her mind, and an entire freedom from all attempt at display, made the youngest person feel in the presence of a friend. Her extensive correspondence, she believed, had a tendency to prolong her life. She was fond of having flowers and birds in her sitting room. Nature in all her phases, aspects, and transitions, had charms for her. Notwithstanding her increasing infirmities, and even with the accumulated sorrows of her peculiar lot, she did not find old age so dark and unlovely as the Celtic bard.

The cheerfulness of Mrs. Grant, and the lively appreciation she had of everything done to promote her comfort, rendered her, to the latest period of her prolonged existence, a delightful companion; while the warm interest she felt in whatever contributed to the happiness of others, kept her own affections alive. She was left a widow, without fortune, and with a large family dependent upon her for their subsistence. Surely if any one had a clear title of immunity from the obligation to carry her cares beyond her own threshold, it was this woman. Yet she devoted much of her time to benevolent efforts. If there was any quality of her well-balanced mind which stood out more prominently than another, it was that benevolence which made her study the comfort of every person who came in contact with her. Many and hard were her struggles for life, but she never lost confidence in Divine goodness.

## *SECTION III.—ANNE LOUISA STAËL.*

"What woman indeed, (and we may add) how many men, could have preserved all the grace and brilliancy of Parisian society in analyzing its nature—explained the most abstruse metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably—and combined the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men or of nations, by the skilfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

### *VERSATILITY OF GENIUS.*

It has been maintained that all human minds are originally constituted alike, and that the diversity of gifts which afterwards appears results from education. But it is plain enough that God hath made marvellous differences, original and constitutional, which no education can wholly reduce. All children are not alike precocious; and all adults are not alike capable of learning or of teaching. Education will do much, but it cannot convert talent into genius, or efface the distinction which subsists between them. No education can give what nature has denied—for education can only work on that which is given. Some receive at birth minds so obtuse, that although sent to school, furnished with accomplished teachers, and surrounded with all the appliances of learning, they emerge dunces; while others, by the sheer force of their genius, push their way upwards to eminence, amid every form of hardship, difficulty, and privation. The character of mental products is as much determined by the natural condition and constitution of mind as are the natural products of the earth determined by its physical conditions. It would be just as irrational to expect glowing pictures, grand conceptions, and lofty harmonies to spring in the universal mind, as to expect to clothe the whole globe with the cocoa, the palm-tree, and the banian. Original genius must be inherited. The thoughts which rise in the gifted mind—the flash of wit and the play of fancy—are as independent of the will as is the weed at the bottom of the sea, or the moss on the summit of the hill independent of the farmer. In glancing over the catalogue of our mental aristocracy, we are struck with the versatility of genius. It is no hard unbending thing, confined to a few topics, and hemmed in by a few principles; but a free mountain flame, not

unfrequently as broad in its range as burning in its radiance. Many of both sexes are equally happy in science, art, philosophy, and literature.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Anne Louisa Germaine Necker, was born at Paris, April 22nd, 1766. Her father was the celebrated M. Necker, finance minister of Louis XVI., in the times immediately preceding the revolution. Her mother was the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, and would have been the wife of Gibbon, had not the father of the future historian threatened his son with disinheritance if he persisted in wooing a bride whose dowry consisted only of her own many excellencies. Few children have come into the world under more favourable auspices. She had wise parents, liberal culture, intellectual friends, ample fortune, splendid talents, and good health. Her favourite amusement during childhood consisted in cutting out paper kings and queens, and making them act their part in mimic life. Her mother did not approve of this, but found it as difficult to stop her daughter from such play, as it was to prevent men and women, some years after, from playing with kings and queens not made of paper.

The training of their only child was to both parents a matter of immense importance. Her talents were precociously developed, and whilst yet the merest girl, she would listen with eager and intelligent interest to the conversation of the eminent *savans* who constantly visited her father's house. Without opening her mouth she seemed to speak in her turn, so much expression had her mobile features. When only ten years old she conceived the idea of marrying her mother's early lover, that he might be retained near her parents, both of whom delighted in his company. At the age of twelve she amused herself in writing comedies.

Perhaps Mademoiselle Necker lost nothing by having no regular tutor. The germs of knowledge once fairly implanted, an intellect like hers may, like the forest sapling, be left to its own powers of growth. Roaming through the rural scenes of St. Ouen, her mind was enriching itself by observation and reflection. Circumstances which would have depressed multitudes only quickened her. She turned all things to account. Her power of mental assimilation was extraordinary.

In 1786, Mademoiselle Necker was married to the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador at the court of Paris. The young Swede was a Protestant, amiable, handsome, courtly, and a great favourite with royalty. What more could the most fastidious require? It was not fashionable to put intellectual features in the bond. Perhaps had she been thirty instead of twenty years old, even in France, where the filial virtues to a large extent nullify the conjugal, no motherly persuasion nor fatherly approval would have induced her to marry a dull,

unimaginative man like Baron de Staël, for whom she felt no kind of affection. After a few years a separation took place between them, two sons and a daughter having been meantime the fruit of their union. In France a wife may withdraw from her husband on the plea of saving her fortune for her children, and if unprincipled enough, console herself with another whose society she prefers. Madame de Staël was incapable of becoming *galante*.

On her marriage she opened her saloons, and her position, wealth, and wit attracted to them the most brilliant inhabitants of Paris. At first she does not seem to have attained any remarkable degree of celebrity. She was too much of a genius. Paris was full of anecdotes about her foibles and infringements of etiquette. About this time too she began to produce those wonderful books which form an era in the history of modern literature, and which demonstrate that in intellectual endowment she had no compeer among her sex. As might be expected in a disciple of Rousseau, she cherished great expectations in reference to the French revolution of 1789; but soon ceased to admire a movement which discarded her beloved father, and began its march towards a reign of terror.

Madame de Staël suffered dreadfully during the period that Maximilien Robespierre headed the populace in the Champ de Mars. All the brilliant society to which she had been accustomed from the cradle were proscribed, or hiding in holes or corners of the city they had made so glorious. Liberty, the theme of her childish pen, had been metamorphosed into a bloodthirsty tyrant. Before midnight on the 9th of August, 1792, the forty-eight tocsins of the sections began to sound. Madame de Staël might have secured her own safety by a flight into Switzerland, but she could not leave Paris while her friends were in danger, and she might be of use to them. The words “Swedish Embassy,” on her door, gave her some security. By her passionate eloquence and consummate diplomacy she saved M. de Narbonne, and several other distinguished persons. On the morning of the 2nd of September, she set out from Paris in all the state of an ambassadress. In a few minutes her carriage was stopped, her servants overpowered, and she herself compelled to drive to the Hotel de Ville. When she alighted, one fiend in human shape made a thrust at her, and she was saved from death only by the policeman who accompanied her. She was taken before Robespierre, and her carriage might have been torn to pieces and herself murdered, but for the interference of a republican named Manuel, who on a former occasion had felt the power of her eloquence. Next day Manuel sent her a policeman to escort her to the frontier, and thus Madame de Staël escaped to Coppet.

Early in 1793, she went to England, and took up her residence at Juniper Hall, near Richmond, Surrey. No one has been able to assign a very distinct reason for

this journey. Perhaps she came simply to breathe the air of liberty, and to become better acquainted with a country she had always loved. At all events, she became the centre of a little colony of French emigrants. Among the refugees were many illustrious people. Their funds were not in a flourishing condition, but they managed to purchase one small carriage, and ex-ministers took their turn to act as footmen, when they rode out to see the country. The little party was soon scattered. In the summer of 1793, Madame de Staël rejoined her father in Switzerland. At Coppet she devoted her great energy to the succour of exiles, and the reconciliation of France and England.

The earliest intercourse between Madame de Staël and Napoleon Bonaparte occurred between his return from Italy and his departure for Egypt, towards the end of 1797. At first she submitted as willingly as France—as indeed the whole world, to the fascination of his genius; but she was one of the earliest to discover that he was merely a skilful chess-player, who had chosen the human race as his adversary, and expected to checkmate it. She expressed her opinions openly and with all the force for which she was celebrated, and they left upon the first man of the day many unpleasant impressions. The future emperor gathered something from his brother Joseph concerning the principles of the most popular saloon in Paris, and watched for an opportunity to get rid of such an influential foe. Her father wrote a book which gave great umbrage. It was not deemed safe to touch him; but he who was reckoned the greatest hero of the modern world, was cowardly enough to visit the sin of the father upon the daughter; and so Madame de Staël was informed that her presence would be tolerated in Paris no longer. In 1802, she was exiled from France itself. Rejoining her sick husband, she closed his eyes in death at Poligny, and became an eligible widow.

The death of her father in 1804, recalled her to Coppet. Subsequently, she was permitted to return to Paris. But fresh difficulties occurred with Napoleon, and she was banished anew to Coppet. In 1808, the Baron de Staël, secured an interview with the master of the world, and pleaded eloquently on behalf of his mother. The inexorable deliverance of the emperor is too characteristic and amusing to be omitted. “Let her go to Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, Lyons; if she wants to publish libels, let her go to London. I should think of her with pleasure in any of those cities; but Paris, you see, is where I live myself, and I want none but those who love me there.” The Baron de Staël renewed his entreaties. “You are very young; if you were as old as I, you would judge more accurately; but I like to see a son pleading for his mother. If I had put her in prison, I would liberate her, but I will not recall her from exile. Every one knows that imprisonment is misery; but your mother need not be miserable when all Europe is left to her.” The man of destiny acted on the dictate of a sound

prudential policy. A woman so uncompromising and fearless—of such weight of genius and reputation—was not to be tolerated in Paris by the head of a government more or less the sport of the hour.

During this stay at Coppet she made the acquaintance (1810) of a young Italian of good family named Rocca, who had fought in the French army in Spain, and had gone to Geneva to recover from his wounds. The young officer of hussars, aged twenty-five, worshipped Madame de Staël; and she, a mature matron of forty-six, married him, but the marriage was kept secret, in order, it is said, that she should not be obliged to change her celebrated name.

Napoleon having banished Schlegel, the eminent German poet and critic (who had accompanied her in her travels and been tutor to her son), and subjected herself to a petty *surveillance*, she rushed restlessly over Europe to Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburgh, thence through Finland to Stockholm. In 1813, she arrived in England, and was the lion, or lioness, of at least one London season, the whig aristocracy fêting her, and Sir James Mackintosh trumpeting her praises in the *Edinburgh Review*. She was celebrated for the persecutions she had endured, and as the only person of note who had stood firm against Napoleon to the last.

At the Restoration, she returned to her beloved Paris. From Louis XVIII. she met with the most gracious reception; and restitution was made to her of two million livres long due to her father from the royal treasury. But her old foe was only caged. He broke the bars of his prison, cleared the inconstant court in a few hours, was hailed by the army and the people, and spared none who had taken part in the restoration. “I felt,” she says, “when I heard of his coming, as if the ground yawned beneath my feet.” In the spring of 1816, she was at Coppet, the centre of a brilliant circle, with Lord Byron near her at the Villa Diodati. To Madame de Staël, Paris was the centre of the world, and accordingly in the autumn of this year we find her there again, the lady-leader of the Constitutionalists. In her saloon might have been seen Wellington and Blucher, Humboldt and Châteaubriand, Sismondi and Constant, the two Schlegels, Canova the sculptor, and Madame Recamier, whom the defeat of Napoleon had once more restored to liberty.

But she did not long enjoy the society of the metropolis which she loved so well. In February, 1817, she was seized with a violent fever. On her deathbed she said to Châteaubriand, “I have loved God, my father, and liberty.” The royal family were constant inquirers after her health, and the Duke of Wellington called daily at her door to ask if hope might yet remain. At two o’clock on Monday, the 14th July, she died in perfect peace, at the age of fifty-one. The day of her death was the anniversary of the Revolution which had exerted so great an

influence on her life.

She died at Paris, but her dust was laid beside the dust of her father at Coppet. Perhaps no one ever felt more strongly the stirrings of the soul within than Madame de Staël. So long as genius and patriotism and piety can excite the admiration of the world, so long will her tomb be one of the holiest shrines of the imagination.

## *ANALYSIS OF WRITINGS.*

Madame de Staël may be safely pronounced the greatest writer who has yet appeared among women. At an early age, she applied herself to literary composition, and produced several plays and tales. To the elements of genius, intellect, intelligence, and imagination, God added the vehemence of passion, and she became the highest representative of female authorship. We humbly submit that it is impossible to read her incomparable works without feeling the soul elate, and seeing a glory not of earth shed over this mortal scene. A philosophy profounder than the philosophy of the schools is the imperishable legacy she has left to posterity. She wrote neither to please nor to surprise, but to profit others; and whatever may be the faults or defects of her writings, they have this greatest of all merit,—intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth.

In 1788, on the eve of the Revolution, she issued her first work of note, the eloquent and enthusiastic “Lettres sur les Ecrits et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau.” These letters are, however, rather a girlish eulogy than a just and discriminating criticism. The news of the king’s execution on the 21st of January, 1793, inexpressibly shocked her; and in the month of August she sought to save the life of the queen, by publishing “Réflexions sur le Procès de la Reine, par une Femme.” In this appeal, which deserves to rank among the classics of the human race, her first word is to her own sex. She then refers to her illustrious client’s devotion to her husband and children; labours to show that the death of the queen would be prejudicial to the republic; then draws a picture of what she must have suffered during her imprisonment, and argues that, if guilty, she has been sufficiently punished. Her pleadings for the fallen queen were too late to be effective. In 1794, she issued a pamphlet, entitled “Réflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français.” The stand-point of this spirited *brochure* is that of a friend of Lafayette, the Constitutionalists of France, and a British Foxite. The next pamphlet she published, was in 1795: “Réflexions sur la Paix Intérieure.” It is a valuable contribution to the political history of the times; but as it was never sold to the public, we shall not dwell upon it. This year also, she

published at Lausanne, under the title “Recueil de Morceaux Détachés,” a collection of her juvenile writings. This work manifests an intimate knowledge of the principal romances, not only of France, but of Europe. In the summer of 1796, her work—“De l’Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations,” a work full of originality and genius. She treated first of the passions; then of the sentiments which are intermediate between the passions and the resources which we find in ourselves; and finally, of the resources which we find in ourselves. Here she first revealed her almost unequalled power as a delineator of the human passions. In 1800, she published, “De la Littérature Considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions sociales.” This work must take an abiding place in the history of the female mind. Few, if any, of her contemporaries of the male sex could have executed it; and none of her own sex could have planned it. “Delphine” was published in 1802. This romance greatly increased her reputation; although subjected to much adverse criticism. But far superior to it in every respect was “Corinne,” which appeared in 1807, and which breathes in every page the glowing and brilliant Italy which it partly paints. Its success was instant and immense, and won for her a really European reputation. “De l’Allemagne,” was printed at Paris in 1810, but not published. The whole edition was seized by the police; the plea afterwards given for its suppression being that it was an anti-national work. Several years afterwards, it was published in London. This celebrated work consists of four parts: Germany, and the German manners; literature and the arts; philosophy and morals; religion and enthusiasm. Sir James Mackintosh considered it the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman. It exhibits throughout an almost unparalleled union of graceful vivacity and philosophical ingenuity, and, according to Goethe, broke down the Chinese wall of prejudice which separated the rest of Europe from the fruitful and flowery empire of German thought and imagination. Her unfinished and posthumous book—“Dix Années d’Exil,” was an impassioned denunciation of Napoleon and his arbitrary rule. The whole was evidently written under a galling sense of oppression and wrong. The famous work, “Considérations sur la Revolution Française,” was also posthumous.

From this necessarily imperfect analysis of Madame de Staël’s writings, it will be seen that she was endowed in the very “prodigality of heaven” with genius of a creative order, with boundless fertility of fancy, with an intellect of intense electric light, with a tendency to search out the very quintessence of feeling, and with an eloquence of the most impassioned kind. “She could *mount* up with wings as an eagle, she could *run* and not be weary, she could *walk* and not be faint.”

## *CHARACTER OF MADAME DE STAËL.*

We enjoy the immense advantage of studying Madame de Staël from a distance that is neither too great nor too little; but she presents so many sides, that it would be presumption on our part to expect to render anything like a full and true portrait. She had a good physical constitution, which is of far more importance than many clever people seem to imagine. Her personal appearance was plain; she had no good feature but her eyes. Yet by her astonishing powers of speech she made herself even more than agreeable. Years increased her charms. Her beauty—if we may so call it—was of the kind which improves with time.

Madame de Staël had a vast intellect and a burning nature—the sensibility of a woman and the strength of a giant. She has been said to resemble Mrs. Thrale in the ardour and warmth of her partialities. M. L. Chénier, Benjamin Constant, M. de Bonald, M. Villemain, M. Sainte-Beuve, have each in his turn testified admiration of her brilliant capacity, almost always oratorical, and especially distinguished by an unrivalled superabundance and movement and ardour of thought. Napoleon Bonaparte feared her more than any of his talking and writing opponents. “Why do you take any notice of her? surely you need not mind a woman!” “That woman has shafts which would reach a man if he were mounted on a rainbow!”

There is little to be said against her. There is no doubt of her vanity—but she had something to be vain of. The concealment of her second marriage was foolish; but she confessed it upon her deathbed to her children, and recommended to their protection the young child that had been its fruit. Yet blame her for these faults as we may, we must still admire her, as an affectionate daughter, a devoted wife, and a loving mother; as a leader of society, and yet free from its vices. She was noted for candour, integrity, and kindness. French by birth, Swiss by lineage, Swedish by marriage, English, German, Italian, and Spanish by the adoptive power of sympathy and knowledge, she belonged rather to Europe than to France, and after French writers have done their best, there will still remain points of view which only a non-Frenchman can seize and occupy.

## *SECTION IV.—CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRNE.*

"For winning simplicity, graceful expression, and exquisite pathos, her compositions are specially remarkable; but when her muse prompts to humour, the laugh is sprightly and overpowering."

CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D.

### *WHAT IS POETRY?*

It is much easier to give a negative than a positive answer to this question. All that we seem to have arrived at is, *Poeta nascitur non fit*; and that no amount or kind of culture can bestow the divine afflatus. Hesiod, in his "Theogony," exhibits the Muses in the performance of their highest functions, singing choral hymns to their Heavenly Father, but gives no proper definition of poetry. Aristotle, in his treatise on "The Poetic," does not explain its essence, but merely its principal forms. Dr. Johnson has attempted to define poetry in these words: "Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the aid of reason." But it is well known that poetry often unites pleasure to what is not truth. According to Dr. Blair, "Poetry is the language of passion or enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers." This seems a pretty near approach to a true definition. Still it is defective, for there are parts of poetry which are not included either under "passion or enlivened imagination." Competent critics will admit that a true definition seizes and exhibits the distinctive element and speciality of the thing defined; and tried by this test every definition we are acquainted with fails in doing the very thing required—determining what may be called the "differential mark" of poetry. Perhaps this question, which has so long puzzled the literary world, may be incapable of a categorical answer, but it seems to us essentially to consist of fine thoughts, deeply felt, and expressed in vivid and melodious language. Poets and poetesses see farther than other people, feel more deeply, and utter what they see and feel better. All history testifies that the poetry which has come down to us most deeply stamped with approbation, and which appears most likely to see and glorify the ages of the future, has been penetrated and inspired by moral purpose, and warmed by religious feeling. Our great kings and queens of song, are alike free from morbid weakness, moral pollution, and doubtful speculation. Such only may hope to send their names down, in thunder and in music, through the

echoing aisles of the future. All lasting fame must rest on a good foundation.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

The maiden name of the subject of this sketch was Carolina Oliphant. She was the third daughter and fifth child of Laurence Oliphant, Esq., of Gask, Perthshire, who had espoused his cousin Margaret Robertson, a daughter of Duncan Robertson, of Strowan, and his wife a daughter of the second Lord Nairne. The Oliphants of Gask were cadets of the formerly noble house of Oliphant; whose ancestor, Sir William Oliphant, of Aberdalgie, a powerful knight, acquired distinction in the beginning of the fourteenth century by defending the castle of Stirling, against a formidable siege by the first Edward. Carolina was born in the mansion house of Gask, on the 16th of July, 1766. Her father was so keen a Jacobite, that she, along with other two of his children, were named after Prince Charles Edward. Even the Prayer-Books which he put into his children's hands had the names of the exiled family pasted over those of the reigning one. He could not bear the name of the "German lairdie and his leddy," to be mentioned in his presence, and when any of the family read the newspapers to him, the reader was sharply reproved if their majesties were designated anything else than the "K—— and Q——." The antecedents of the family naturally produced this strong feeling. Carolina's father and grandfather had borne arms under Prince Charles in the fatal campaign of 1745-6, which crushed for ever the hopes of the Stuarts; and her grandmother had a lock from the hair of the young Chevalier, which was given to her the day it was cut.

The childhood of Carolina Oliphant was thus passed amidst family traditions eminently fitted to stir her warm imagination. Not only so, the natural surroundings of her home were of the kind to nourish the poetic faculty. It was the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

where green vales bedeck the landscape with verdure and beauty; farmhouses stand half-way up the braes, shadowed with birches; and old castles frown in feudal dignity. Amid such magic scenes, Miss Oliphant grew into that loving familiarity with nature in all its various moods, which imparts to her verses one of their many charms. She entered eagerly into all the pleasures which the world can afford its votaries. So energetic was she in her gaiety, that "finding at a ball, in a watering-place, that the ladies were too few for the dance, she drove home,

and awoke a young friend at midnight, and stood in waiting till she was equipped to follow her to the dance."

But although no mere selfish, frivolous, fine lady, bent solely upon her own enjoyments, yet it might be said of her, "one thing thou lackest." That best gift, however, was soon to be hers. The kingdom of heaven was brought near to her, and through grace, unlike the young man in the gospel, she did not turn away because of her possessions. "She was on a visit to the old castle of Murthly, where an English clergyman had also arrived. He was a winner of souls. At morning worship she was in her place with the household, and listened to what God's ambassador said on the promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' That forenoon she was seen no more. When she appeared again her beautiful face was spoiled with weeping. Beneath the eye of faith, how does the aspect of all things change! She had caught a glimpse of the glory of the Son of God, and burned with love to Him of whom she could henceforth say, 'Whose I am and whom I serve.' Her pen, her pencil, her harp, as afterwards her coronet, were laid at His feet, to be henceforth used, *used up* by and for the King."

Many lovers had sought in vain the hand of Miss Carolina Oliphant, but on June the 6th, 1806, she married her maternal cousin William Murray Nairne, who was Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland, and held the rank of major in the army. His hereditary title was Baron Nairne, but it was one of the titles attainted by the rebellion.

Her wedded life was one of great happiness. Blest in the husband of her fondest affection, and encircled with all the endearing delights of domestic enjoyment, the union was a delightful one; the husband and wife lived as joint-heirs of the grace of life; one in the family, in the social circle, and in the house of God; singing the same song, joining in the same prayer, and feasting on the same comforts. The sun seldom rose on a happier habitation. An only child, William, was born in 1808.

Mrs. Nairne seems to have judged correctly as to her true vocation. Shocked with the grossness of the songs in popular use, she determined to purify the lyrics of her country; and while doing this she contrived carefully to conceal the worker. First she sent some verses to the president of an agricultural dinner held in the neighbourhood. They were received with great approbation, and set to music. Thus encouraged, song followed song,—some humorous, some pathetic, but all vastly superior in simple poetic power, as well as moral tone, to those she was anxious to supplant. Soon her lyrics were scattered broadcast over the land, carrying pure and elevated sentiments, and even religious truth, into many a neglected home. Through the influence of a lady, who knew her claims as a poetess, she was induced in 1821 to contribute to a collection of national songs,

which was being published by Mr. Robert Purdie, an enterprising music-seller in Edinburgh. Her contributions were signed “B. B.” and Mr. Purdie and his editor, Mr. R. A. Smith, were under the impression that the popular authoress was Mrs. Bogan, of Bogan. The songs of “B. B.” were sung in all the chief towns by professed vocalists, and were everywhere hailed with applause. Public curiosity was aroused as to the authorship, and the question was debated in the newspapers, to the great alarm of the real authoress.

In 1822, George the Fourth, who had considerable intellectual ability, and some virtues as well as frailties, although no man of Mr. Thackeray’s abilities has set himself to look for the former, visited Scotland, and heard Mrs. Nairne’s song, “The Attainted Scottish Nobles” sung: this circumstance is generally supposed to have led to the restoration of the peerage to her husband. At all events, in 1824, the attainder was removed by Act of Parliament, and the title of his fathers bestowed on Major Nairne.

On July the 9th, 1830, Lady Nairne became a widow. The trial was ill to bear. But she had one availing consolation, she knew his star had set on this world, to rise and shine in brighter skies: vital Christianity was as visible in her departed husband, as the broad black seal that death had stamped upon his brow. He had gone before to the presence of that Saviour whom they had loved and served together.

Her son, now in his twenty-second year, succeeded to the title of his father. With that wondrous solicitude which fills a mother’s heart towards her only child, Lady Nairne had watched the training of her boy; and she had a rich reward. He grew up no mere devotee of mammon, or fashion, or fame, but a youth of good intellectual powers, high moral qualities, and sound religious principles—all that a Christian mother could desire. But alas! this gourd was doomed to perish also. In the spring of 1837, the young baron suffered much from influenza, and for the benefit of his health he went to Brussels, accompanied by his mother. There he caught a severe cold, and after an illness of six weeks, died on the 7th of December, 1837. Her heart bled for her son, but no murmur escaped her lips. She was content that Christ should come into her garden and pluck the sweetest flower. Yet she deeply felt her loss. “I sometimes say to myself,” she wrote to a friend, “this is ‘no me,’ so greatly have my feelings and trains of thought changed since ‘auld lang syne,’ and though I am made to know assuredly that all is well, I scarcely dare to allow my mind to settle on the past.”

“Hast thou sounded the depth of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?

Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?—
Then mayest thou mete out a mother’s love.”

After this sad event Lady Nairne might have been seen taking her walk in a cool anteroom, “passing and repassing the bust of her darling son, and stopping as often to gaze on it, then replacing the white handkerchief that covered it to keep it pure.”

In her old age Lady Nairne resided chiefly on the Continent, and frequently at Paris; but the last two years of her life were spent at Gask. Feeble in body and worn in spirit, on the verge of another world, where praise or censure is nothing, her interest in the salvation of souls was as fresh as ever. To the teacher of a school where children were daily taught, she thus delivered her sentiments on the great subject of education. “You say they like ‘The Happy Land’ best: is the *gospel* in it? Repeat it.” Her eager eye watched each line till she should hear what satisfied her. She then said, “It’s pretty, very sweet; but it might be clearer. Remember, unless the work of Christ for them as sinners comes in,—the ransom, the substitution,—what you teach is worthless for their souls.” On Sunday, the 26th of October, 1845, in the mansion house of Gask, she quietly sank to the rest she had so long looked for, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years.

Not in the crowded cemetery of the city, where many of the wise, mighty, and noble have been laid down to repose; but in the lovely churchyard among the mountains of her own picturesque county, where the “rude forefathers of the hamlet lie,” did a weeping crowd commit the remains of Lady Nairne to the cold ground. The burial service was read by the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart.

## *EXTRACTS AND CRITICISMS.*

One good song is sufficient to secure immortality. Sappho lives in virtue of a single song. What then shall we say of Lady Nairne who has bequeathed more of these imperishable breathings to her country and to the world than any Caledonian bard, Burns alone excepted. The lyrics of Scotland were characterized by a loose ribaldry, she resolved to supply songs of a higher type. Take the following verses as a specimen of the good common sense, the cheerful practical philosophy, which, joined to poetic imagery, made its way to the hearts of the people.

“Saw ye ne’er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin’ gin she were a wife,
The sun of joy wad ne’er gae down,

But warm and cheer her a’ her life.

“Saw ye ne’er a weary wifie,
Thinkin’ gin she were a lass
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Lightly as the day wad pass.

“Wives and lassies, young and aged,
Think na on each ither’s state;
Ilka ane it has its crosses,
Mortal joy was ne’er complete.

“Ilka ane it has its blessings;
Peevish dinna pass them by;
Seek them out like bonnie berries,
Tho’ amang the thorns they lie.”

In 1824, “The Scottish Minstrel” was completed in six volumes, royal octavo, and Mr. Purdie and his editor, Mr. Smith, still believing “B. B.” to stand for Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, said, “In particular the editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much admired song, ‘The Land o’ the Leal;’ but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation.” “The Land o’ the Leal” well deserved the praise bestowed upon it. The name alone is a triumph of word-painting. Who that has heard it sung in a Scotch gloaming to a group of eager listeners will not confirm our words, that there is no song, not even of Burns, nor of Moore, nor of Béranger, nor of Heine, which approaches on its own ground “The Land o’ the Leal”? It was written for relatives of Lady Nairne’s, who had lost a child; its pathos is most exquisite.

“I’m wearin’ awa, John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I’m wearin’ awa
To the land o’ the leal.
There’s nae sorrow there, John;
There’s neither cauld nor care, John;
The day’s aye fair
In the land o’ the leal.

“Our bonnie bairn’s there, John,
She was baith good and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o’ the leal.
But sorrow’s sel’ wears past, John,
And joy’s a-comin’ fast, John—
The joy that’s aye to last,
 In the land o’ the leal.

“Sae dear’s that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu’ man ne’er brought
 To the land o’ the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening e’e, John!
My soul langs to be free, John;
And angels beckon me
 To the land o’ the leal.

“Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it’s wearin’ through, John;
And I’ll welcome you
 To the land o’ the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This warld’s cares are vain, John;
We’ll meet, and we’ll be fain,
 In the land o’ the leal.”

The humorous and highly popular song entitled “The Laird o’ Cockpen,” was composed by Lady Nairne, in room of the older words connected with the air, “When she cam’ ben, she bobbit.” This is a song which every member of every Scotch audience has heard crooned or chirped in glee and waggery. It is matchless alike as respects scene and *dramatis personæ*, its fine suggestive touches, and its Scotch *wut*. The present Laird of Cockpen is the Earl of Dalhousie, an elder of the Free Church of Scotland, and grand-master of the Masonic Lodge of Scotland. We shall give this song also entire. The different style illustrates the genius of the authoress.

“The Laird o’ Cockpen he’s proud and he’s great,
His mind is ta’en up with the things o’ the state;

He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

"Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

"His wig was weel pouthered and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat;
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

"He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.'

"Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
'And what brings the laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

"And when she cam' ben, he bowèd fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amazed was the laird when the lady said 'Na,'
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turnèd awa'.

"Dumbfoundered he was—nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

"And now that the laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
'Oh! for ane I'll get better, its waur I'll get ten!
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

"Next time the laird and the lady were seen,
They were gauin' arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;

Now she sits in the ha’ like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there’s nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.”

Her song, “Caller Herrin,” has acquired extensive popularity. The late John Wilson, the eminent vocalist, sung it in every principal town in the kingdom. In the touching lines “Rest is not here,” she embodied her own experience. The beautiful piece entitled “Would you be young again?” was composed in her seventy-sixth year.

Dr. Rogers has recently done justice to her memory by the publication of her life and songs. In this elegant book, a new edition of which has already been called for, there is an excellent portrait of the Baroness. The songs in the present volume may be confidently accepted as being certainly composed by the gifted authoress.

## *CHARACTER OF BARONESS NAIRNE.*

In youth, Lady Nairne was distinguished for her personal charms and her devotion to the pursuits of the world. So remarkable was the beauty of her face and the elegance of her shape, that she was called “The Flower of Strathearn.” In her mature years her countenance wore a somewhat pensive cast.

She was endowed with gifts many and various. Possessed of a strong intellect, as well as a beautiful fancy, all learning was easily acquired. Her delights lay in the cultivation of an elegant imagination, and in the enjoyment of those pleasures which can only be tasted by a mind of a refined order. Capable of describing the play of human passions in a manner which awoke the deepest emotions of the heart, her songs became the theme of every tongue.

To promote both the spiritual and temporal welfare of her fellow-creatures, she gave largely of her means. Dr. Chalmers, in an address delivered at Edinburgh, on the 29th December, 1845, said,—“she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which have for their design the Christianizing of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her what we were doing in the West Port; and there came to me from her in the course of a day or two no less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be

followed, might influence others in imitating her, and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne, of Perthshire."

## *SECTION V.—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.*

"As a female writer, influencing the female mind, she has undoubtedly stood, for some by-past years, the very first in the first rank; and this pre-eminence has been acknowledged, not only in her own land, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, whether on the banks of the eastern Ganges or the western Mississippi."

DAVID MACBETH MOIR. [Δ.]

### *LYRIC POETRY.*

This species of poetry sets forth the inward occurrences of the writer's or speaker's own mind—concerns itself with the thoughts and emotions. It is called lyric, because it was originally accompanied by the music of that instrument. Purely lyrical pieces are from their nature short, and fall into several divisions, which are again subdivided into psalms and songs. Passion, genius, a teeming brain, a palpitating heart, and a soul on fire, are necessary to lyrical composition. The poetry that lives among the people, must indeed be simple—but the simplest feelings are the deepest, and when adequately expressed, are immortal. The song-writer and the psalmist are equally divine; and the rich and noble melodies which they send abroad from their resounding lyres, the world claims as an inheritance. True lyrics themselves may be weak and wandering, but the children of their brains are strong and immortal. Empires may pass away, but the ecstatic ether which they breathe on the world, shall remain. That sweet psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," was drawn by David from the strings of a well-tuned instrument, and it expresses the feelings of Christians in the nineteenth century, just as well as it did those of the devout in the long ages before Christ. The child commits it to memory, and the dying believer sings it with a heart empty of care and full of gladness. In "Auld Robin Gray," Lady Anne Barnard spoke from her *inmost heart*. It instantly became popular, and has come down to us entire, as if all things had conspired that such a perfect, tender, and affecting song of humble life should never perish; but must be sung and wept over while the earth endureth. The lyric poetry of a country is characteristic of its manners.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

In the year 1786, George Browne, Esq., an eminent Liverpool merchant, married Miss Wagner, daughter of the Imperial and Tuscan consul. All the offspring of this marriage were distinguished by superior gifts, cultivated talents, and refined taste. Felicia Dorothea, the fifth child, was born in Duke Street, on the 25th of September, 1793, and was early found to be endowed with the two most coveted of earthly gifts—beauty and genius.

The first six years of her life, were passed in wealth and ease, but at the close of the century, in consequence of commercial difficulties, her father broke up his establishment at Liverpool, and removed to the sea-coast of Denbighshire, in North Wales, near the little town of Abergele, and shortly afterwards emigrated to America, where he died. The education of Felicia Browne thus devolved exclusively on her mother; and under her judicious instruction, she learned with facility the elements of general knowledge—evinced peculiar aptness for the acquisition of languages, drawing, and music—and derived information with extraordinary ease, quickness, and clearness, from all things visible, audible, and tangible. The air at Gwrych is salubrious, and the scenery around beautiful; and often in after-years did the gifted poetess recall those happy hours spent by the sea-shore, listening to the cadence of the waves; or passed in the old house, gazing across the intervening meadows on a range of magnificent mountains; or consumed in the vale of Clwyd, searching for primroses.

Mountains, the sea, and London, have been pronounced important points in education. Felicia Browne had long enjoyed the first and the second, and at the age of eleven completed the mind-enlarging triad, by paying a visit to the great metropolis. But despite the attractions of music, the drama, and works of art, the contrast between the hard pavement, crowded streets, and social constraint of London, and the glory, freshness, and freedom of her mountain home, made her more anxious to get away than ever she had been to come. Soon after she appeared in print, and the harsh animadversions of reviewers probably ignorant of the years of the authoress, so distressed the sensitive aspirant as to bring on an illness. In 1809, the family left Gwrych, and went to reside at Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire. Here the work of intellectual development progressed steadily; and Miss Browne, already mistress of French and Italian, acquired the Spanish and Portuguese, with the rudiments of German.

In 1812, she was married to Captain Hemans, of the 4th foot, lately returned from Spanish service; and removed to Daventry with her husband, who was

appointed adjutant to the Northamptonshire militia. The union was not a happy one. Mrs. Hemans had a splendid imagination, generous and active feelings, and a fine frank nature, which made her popular wherever she went. Captain Hemans was a handsome well-bred soldier, but of a cold methodical constitution, as destitute of the romantic element as the branches of trees in winter of all the green, soft luxury of foliage. There never has been a true marriage in this world without sympathy between the husband and the wife. A man of Captain Hemans' temper was incapable of making a woman constituted like Mrs. Hemans permanently happy. In 1818, after the birth of five children, all sons, a separation took place, ostensibly because the captain, whose health was failing, was advised to try the effect of a warmer climate. He went to Italy, and she remained in England. They never saw each other afterwards.

Subsequently to a step which virtually amounted to a divorce, Mrs. Hemans and her children remained under her mother's roof at Bronwylfa till the spring of 1825, when Mrs. Browne, with her daughter and grand-children, removed to Rhyllon, a comfortable house about a quarter of a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river Clwyd, with Bronwylfa in full sight. While domiciled at Rhyllon, Miss Jewsbury, with whom she had previously been in correspondence, frequently visited her and soothed her perturbed feelings. Mrs. Hemans took great delight in the company of Miss Jewsbury, and always expressed her sense of obligation to her for leading her more fully into the spirit of Wordsworth's poetry, and for making her acquainted with many of his compositions. One autumn, on his return from exploring Snowdon, James Montgomery, like a true poet, came to Rhyllon, to offer honest homage to Mrs. Hemans.

Her pious and excellent mother died on the 11th of January, 1827, and soon after Mrs. Hemans removed to Wavertree, near Liverpool. Writing to a friend concerning the sorrows and conflicts of this period, she exclaims: "Oh, that I could lift up my heart, and sustain it at that height where alone the calm sunshine is!" Yet there were many alleviating circumstances connected with this migration. She was returning to the great seaport in which she was born, whose streets she had occasionally trodden, whose spires she had often seen, and which the inhabitants of Denbighshire and Flintshire had taught her to regard as a North Welsh metropolis. But the leaving of Wales was a great trial, and greatly augmented by the affectionate regrets and enthusiastic blessings of the Welsh peasants, who kissed the very gate-hinges through which she had passed. In her first letter from Wavertree to St. Asaph, she writes: "Oh, that Tuesday morning! I literally covered my face all the way from Bronwylfa, until the boys told me we had passed the Clwyd range of hills. Then something of the bitterness was over." For the first time in her life she now took upon herself the sole responsibility of

household management, became liable to the harassing cares of practical life, and subject to the formal restraints belonging to a great commercial town and its suburbs. In exchanging the ranges of the great hills, for long rows of houses—the blue seas and fresh breezes, for dirty wharves and dingy warehouses—familiar and loving faces, for the rude stare of strangers, and the simper of affected courtesy—her feelings experienced a series of shocks; and she held back from the gay world, and sought social pleasure in the company of a few chosen friends.

In 1829, having accepted an invitation to visit Scotland, where her writings had raised up for her a host of admirers, accompanied by her two elder sons and her maid, she embarked for the Firth of Forth. On their arrival in Edinburgh, her name won general homage, and all kinds of attention were lavished upon her, by the flower of its literature. Remaining a few days, with a keen but mournful interest, she wandered through the antique streets, wynds, and closes of the romantic capital; examined the castle, whose huge battlements command a panorama to which there are few, if any, parallels on earth; visited the Calton Hill, broken with cliffs, enamelled with golden furze, feathered with trees, and studded with monuments for the mighty dead; spent some time at Holyrood Palace, where the young, brilliant, and beautiful Mary reigned in queenly splendour; and having become acquainted with the principal objects of local interest, proceeded to Roxburghshire. At Abbotsford—that “romance of stone and mortar,” as it has been termed—Sir Walter Scott received her and her boys, and treated them with princely hospitality. On leaving Abbotsford, she remarks, “I shall not forget the kindness of Sir Walter’s farewell, so frank, and simple, and heartfelt, as he said to me, ‘There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of those.’” During this sojourn, she became acquainted with many eminent persons, and when on the point of leaving, was persuaded to sit for a bust. The necessary process having been gone through, she returned to England.

In 1830, longing again for rural quiet, she visited the lakes and Mr. Wordsworth. In walking and riding, in boating on Windermere, in sketching woody mountains, in conversing with the meditative poet, and in writing poetry to absent friends, time glided rapidly away.

At the earnest and repeated solicitations of her northern friends, she revisited Scotland, and had the severity of the climate not threatened to be fatal to her, she would have gladly fixed her future home in Dunedin. She made a voyage to Dublin, to ascertain its suitablility as a place of residence. From Dublin she crossed the channel to Holyhead, and travelled through the Island of Anglesea, to her old home Bronwylfa. Her old Welsh neighbours flocked around her,

entreating her to come back and live among them again. She returned to Wavertree with agitated spirits, and an exhausted frame.

In 1831, Mrs. Hemans finally quitted Liverpool for Dublin. After spending several weeks among kind friends, she passed on to the residence of her second brother and his wife, and then visited all the remarkable places around Kilkenny. In the spring and summer of 1832, when cholera was devastating the city, her letters express the solemn composure of her soul, her childlike dependence upon the care of God, and her unreserved submission to His will. In the autumn of 1833, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the brother-in-law and sister of Mrs. Hemans, whom she had not seen for five years, came to Dublin. Her sister saw with pain the worn and altered looks which time, care, and sickness had wrought. In 1834, referring to the brightening of heart and soul into the perfect day of Christian excellence, she remarks; “When the weary struggle with wrong and injustice leads to such results, I then feel that the fearful mystery of life is solved for me.” Reading one evening in the gardens of the Dublin Society, a chill fog imperceptibly came on, and she was seized with a violent fit of shivering. For many weeks she had periodic attacks of ague. Aware that her time was short, she sedulously employed her genius and talents for the glory of God.

On Sunday the 10th of May, 1835, she was able, for the last time, to read to herself the appointed Collect, Epistle, and Gospel. During that week a heavy languor oppressed her, and sometimes her mind wandered, but always in sunny scenes. On the evening of Saturday the 16th, at nine o’clock, while asleep, her happy spirit passed away. Life, and this admirable woman, had not been long together; she was only in her forty-second year.

Her remains were interred in St. Anne’s church, Dawson Street, Dublin; and over her grave were inscribed eight lines from one of her own dirges:—

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E’en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.”

The memorial erected by her nearest relations in the cathedral of St. Asaph, is very expressive, and records that—

"THIS TABLET,
PLACED HERE BY HER BROTHERS,
IS IN MEMORY OF
FELICIA HEMANS;
WHOSE CHARACTER IS BEST PORTRAYED
IN HER WRITINGS.

SHE DIED IN DUBLIN, MAY 16, 1835.
AGED 41."

*REVIEW OF HER WORKS.*

An eminent living critic has said that Mrs. Hemans' poetry is silent to all effective utterance of original truth. We do not adopt that sentiment, but we believe had her mind been directed in youth to the works of Lord Bacon and Bishop Butler, or even the elementary propositions of Euclid, it would probably have gained both as to intellectual and moral strength. Her poetical life divides itself into four periods. The juvenile, the classic, the romantic, and the mature. Her mind precociously expanded to a keen sense of the beautiful, and a warm appreciation of nature and poetry. Some pieces found in her works date their composition as far back as 1803 and 1804; but it was not till 1808 that her first volume was ushered into the world. In 1812, she gave to the press "The Domestic Affections." In 1819, appeared "Tales and Historic Scenes." In 1823, a tragedy entitled "The Vespers of Palermo." In 1826, she published "The Forest Sanctuary." In 1828, "Records of Woman." In 1830, she brought out "Songs of the Affections." In 1834, appeared her little volume of "Hymns for Childhood," "National Lyrics and Songs for Music," "Scenes and Hymns of Life," and sonnets, under the title of "Thoughts during Sickness."

These are her principal works. She obtained a prize from a patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on Sir William Wallace, and a prize was also awarded her by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on Dartmoor. Like all authors who have written much, her poetry is of various excellence; but for pathos, sentiment, and gorgeous richness of language, we know no lyrics superior to her little pieces. She was, as Lord Jeffrey well remarked, an admirable writer of occasional verses. Mrs. Hemans never left the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but her imagination visited and realized every place of which she read, or heard, or saw a picture. How minute, eloquent and exciting, are her descriptions of "The Better Land."

“‘Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?’
—‘Not there, not there, my child!’

“‘Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?’
—‘Not there, not there, my child!’”

Mrs. Hemans has the most perfect skill in her science; nothing can be more polished, glowing, and harmonious, than her versification. We give an illustration, “The Voice of Spring.”

“I come! I come!—Ye have called me long:
I come o’er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o’er the wakening earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet’s birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.”

There is diffused over all her poetry a yearning desire to associate the name of England with every sentiment and feeling of freedom and patriotism. “The Homes of England” shows that she knew wherein consisted the glory and strength of kingdoms.

“The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O’er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam
And the swan glides past them with the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.”

Her “Graves of a Household” illustrates how well the graphic and pathetic may be made to set off each other.

“They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.”

With what exquisite tenderness and beautiful imagery does she express in “The Hour of Death” the emotions of every heart.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!”

Mrs. Hemans’ poetry has four characteristics, viz., the ideal, the picturesque, the harmonious, and the moral. There may be “too many flowers for the fruit;” yet a large portion of it possesses perennial vitality.

The best edition extant of the works of Mrs. Hemans has been published recently by Messrs. Blackwood. The poems are chronologically arranged, with illustrative notes and a selection of contemporary criticisms. Besides an ample table of contents, there is a general index, and an index of first lines.

## *CHARACTER OF MRS. HEMANS.*

Her personal appearance was highly attractive. The writer of her memoir describes her in early womanhood as radiant with beauty. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets of a rich golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it. She was of middle stature and slight of figure. Her air was graceful, and her manner fascinating in its artlessness. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot she was touched with elegance.

In dramatic conception, depth of thought, and variety of fancy, we could name several women who excelled her; but in the use of language, in the employment of rich, chaste, and glowing imagery, and in the perfect music of her

versification, she stands alone and superior. In the words of Miss Jewsbury, “The genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic,—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty Divine, and yet of daily life, it touched all things; but like a sunbeam, touched them with a golden finger.”

She was a genuine woman, and therefore imbued with a Christian spirit. To borrow again from Miss Jewsbury: “Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage, so that she was alternately a falcon-hearted dove, and a reed shaken with the wind. Her voice was a sad melody; her spirits reminded me of an old poet’s description of the orange-tree with its

‘Golden lamps hid in a night of green,’

or of those Spanish gardens, where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars.”

## *SECTION VI.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

"It is characteristic of this century, that women play a more important part in literature than previously. Not only have women of genius commanded universal homage, but the distinctive characteristics of the female nature have been exhibited with more exquisite analysis and more powerful truth than heretofore."

PETER BAYNE, A.M.

### *EPIC POETRY.*

The principal of poetical compositions is the epic, otherwise called the heroic. It gives an imaginative narrative of some signal action or series of actions and events, usually the achievements of some distinguished character, and intended to form the morals and affect the mind with the love of virtue. The longer poems of the epic genus embrace an extensive series of events, and the actions of numerous personages. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are the principal Grecian epics. The "Æneid" is the most distinguished Roman epic. "Jerusalem Delivered" and the "Divina Comedia" are the most celebrated Italian epics. "Paradise Lost" is the greatest English epic. These are epic poems by way of eminence, but there are several species of minor poems which from their nature most also be ranked as epics. One of these is the "idyl," a term applied to what is called pastoral poetry. The ballad is another species of minor epic. Critics agree that this sort of poetry is the greatest work human nature is capable of. But attempts at epic poetry are now rare, the spirit of the age being against this kind of composition. It is believed that several of our immortal epics could not have been written in the nineteenth century; because the mind would never produce that of the truth of which it could not persuade itself by any illusion of the imagination. In the room of epic poems, we have now novels, which may be considered as the epics of modern civil and domestic life. We have, however, minds of both sexes, in our midst, capable of furnishing us with epics, so far as genius is concerned.

### *BIOGRAPHY.*

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London, about the year 1809. Her father was an opulent country gentleman, and not a West India merchant as several biographies

represent him to have been. She passed her girlhood at his country-seat in Herefordshire, among the lovely scenery of the Malvern Hills. At least she says: —

“Green is the land where my daily
  Steps in jocund childhood played;
Dimpled close with hill and valley;
  Dappled very close with shade:
Summer snow of apple blossom
  Running up from glade to glade.”

She seems to have been a very precocious child, and the culture which she received in her youth was fair, liberal, and sound. Classics, philosophy, and science were studied with enthusiasm and success. We welcome gladly the evidence that society is beginning to recognise woman’s right to be as highly educated as her capacity will allow. She is to be man’s companion, and what can better enable her to be a fit companion for him, than a due comprehension of what he comprehends; an appreciation founded upon knowledge of the difficulties he has mastered, and power to stand beside him and help him in his intellectual labours. Without disregarding the fact that all women do not follow in the footsteps of men, and therefore do not require the same course of learning, Elizabeth Barrett participated largely in the education given to her brothers by a very able tutor, Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd, the Grecian.

From a very early age her ear was ever attuned to catch the deep and mysterious and hope-inspiring whisperings of nature. At the age of ten she began writing in prose and in verse, and at fifteen her talent for literary composition became known to her friends. She was a most diligent student, and soon became a contributor to periodical literature, and a series of articles on the Greek Christian poets not only indicated how deeply she had entered into the spirit of these old authors, but proved that she was possessed both of recondite learning and true poetic genius. If, as some critics aver, her earlier style resembles that of Tennyson; this arises, not from imitation, but from similarity of genius and classical taste. Proofs of rare reading and deep reflection abound in Miss Barrett’s first attempt at authorship, published in 1826: “An Essay on Mind, and other Poems.” Her next literary enterprise was a version of one of the greatest and most difficult masterpieces of classical antiquity; “Prometheus Bound,” which appeared in 1833; and of which she has since given an improved translation. In 1838 appeared another volume of original poetry, “The Seraphim, and other Poems;” the external peculiarity of which was its endeavour to

embody the ideas and sentiments of a Christian mystery in the artistic form of a Greek tragedy. This was followed in 1839, by a third work, “The Romaunt of the Page.”

Life’s joys are as inconstant as life itself. Temporal disappointments often distress us, and God’s providential visitations often cause us to change our plans.

“How fast treads sorrow on the heels of joy.”

About this time, a melancholy accident occurred which for years clouded the life of the poetess, and all but irretrievably shattered her naturally delicate constitution. She burst a blood-vessel in the lungs. Happily, no symptoms of consumption supervened; but after a twelvemonth’s confinement at home, she was ordered by her physician to the mild climate of Devonshire. A house was taken for her at Torquay, near the foot of the cliffs, close by the sea. She was rapidly recovering, when one bright summer morning her brother and two young men, his friends, went out in a small boat for a trip of a few hours. Just as they crossed the bar, the vessel swamped, and all on board perished. Even their lifeless bodies were never recovered. They were sepulchred in the great ocean, which has wrapped its garment of green round many of the fairest and noblest of the sons of men, and which rolls its continued requiem of sublimity and sadness over the millions whom it hath entombed. This sudden and dreadful calamity almost killed Miss Barrett. During a whole year, she lay in the house incapable of removal, whilst the sound of the waves rang in her ears as the moans of the dying. Literature was her only solace. Her physician pleaded with her to abandon her studies; and to quiet his importunities she had an edition of Plato bound so as to resemble a novel.

When eventually removed to London and her father’s house in Wimpole Street, it was in an invalid carriage, and at the slow rate of twenty miles a day. In a commodious and darkened room, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted, she nursed her remnant of life; reading meanwhile the best books in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess. The following beautiful and graphic verses were written to commemorate the faithful companionship of a young spaniel (“Flush, my dog”), presented to her by a friend, in those years of imprisonment and inaction.

“Yet, my little sportive friend,
Little is’t to such an end
That I should praise thy rareness!

Other dogs may be thy peers,
Haply in these drooping ears,
And in this glossy fairness.

“But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unweary;—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom,
Round the sick and weary.

“Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

“Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow—
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

“Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing—
This dog only watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

“And if one or two quick tears
Dropt upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

“And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
  Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After—platforming his chin
  On the palm left open.”

It was during those six or seven years of seclusion and study that she composed or completed the most striking of those poems, published in two volumes in 1844, which first brought her into notice as a poetess of genius. “Poetry,” said the authoress in her preface, “has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work, not as mere hand and head work apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain; and as work I offer it to the public, *feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration*, but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.”

In 1846, she became the wife of a kindred spirit, Robert Browning, the poet. Never were man and woman more clearly ordained for each other than Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. They were imperfect apart; together they were rounded into one. With marriage came Mrs. Browning’s welcome restoration to health and strength. The poet-pair started for Italy, staying first at Pisa, and then settling at Florence. In that metropolis of one of the most wealthy and powerful of the Italian States, she witnessed, in 1848-49, the struggle made by the Tuscans for freedom. Mrs. Browning published her collected works in 1850. In 1851, she issued her important work, “Casa Guidi Windows,” a semi-political narrative of actual events and genuine feelings.

Inspirited by what she saw around her, and by a new tie, an only child, a boy of great intellectual and musical precocity, the genius of Mrs. Browning had become practical and energetic. “The future of Italy,” says our authoress, “shall not be disinherited.” Then came, in 1856, “Aurora Leigh,” a long and elaborate poem or novel in blank verse, which our poetess considered the most mature of her works, into which her highest convictions upon life and art were entered. “Poems before Congress” followed in 1860.

After a brief illness, Mrs. Browning died at Florence on the 29th of June, 1861. When the sad news reached England, universal regret was expressed for the loss of the talented lady; the press confessing with singular unanimity that

the world had lost in her the greatest poetess that had ever appeared.

She was borne to the tomb amidst the lamentations of Tuscany no less than of her own dear England. Above the door of a decent little house in Florence is a small square slab, with an inscription in Italian, which may be thus translated: —"Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who to the heart of a woman joined the science of a scholar and the spirit of a teacher, and who made with her golden verse a nuptial ring between Italy and England. Grateful Florence places this memorial."

## *PLACE AS A POETESS.*

In no languages, save Greek and English, so far as we remember at present, have poetesses achieved special fame; and we think all competent judges will unhesitatingly rank Mrs. Browning as the Queen of song. But we do not wish to judge her by a less elevated standard or less rigid rules than those we apply to the poets generally. "Good for a woman," is the sort of praise she would have rejected with scorn. She entered fairly into the lists against all the world, and she claims a place among literary worthies as such. Genius is of no sex. What place shall we assign her?

It is not necessary for the purposes of criticism that a scale of genius should be formed, that a list of the orbs of song should be made out. Shakespeare is the greatest author of mankind; for generations he has been hailed as the mightiest of mere men. Mrs. Browning is not Shakespeare; but we do not talk amusingly when we claim her as his counterpart. Milton was endowed with gifts of the soul which have been imparted to few of our race. His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is in fact the sublimest of men. In fitness of conception, terseness of diction, and loftiness of thought, the following lines have all that Miltonic genius could impart:—

"Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the To Come,
And all the dark o' the world. Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best attitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,

And by sin, death,—the ransom righteousness,
The heavenly light, and compensative rest,
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve,
Found acceptable to the world, instead
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,
Peculiar suffering, answering to the sin;—
Some pang paid down for each new human life,
Some weariness in guarding such a life,
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without,
And pressures of an alien tyranny
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."

In seeking to ascertain the precise position which Mrs. Browning occupies in relation to other writers, critics of general common sense will select a class of favourites who have exerted a mighty sway over the strongly pulsing heart of common humanity. Some will place in this list Burns, Moore, and Scott. With others, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson will figure as chiefs. Now, in this selection, we venture to affirm Mrs. Browning has been often enrolled by men as well as by women; by some high upon the list, by others, of course, upon a lower level. There are not many good sonnets in English literature, but in this most difficult and elaborate form of composition Mrs. Browning was eminently successful. We could select half a dozen excellent sonnets from Mrs. Browning with more ease than from Shakespeare, or Milton, or any other writer save Wordsworth.

Of her mere literary style we care to say but little, and still less of her faults. She was essentially a self-taught and self-sustained artist. Her correspondence with Mr. John Kenyon, the poet, did not commence till she was thirty years of age, and consequently she owed less to his influences than some of her critics suppose. Her style is strong and clear, but uneven and abrupt. A sentence or paragraph often limps a little after the hastening thought, and a degree of stiffness is sometimes given by a pet word, coined, or obsolete, or picked up in an old book. It would be absurd to deny that certain characteristics of her poetry withhold it from the many and confine it to the few. The true and eternally grateful notes are struck without show of art or self-conscious ambition. Still, following the rule that she ought to be judged by her best, it must be admitted that she is the rose, the consummate crown, the rarer and stronger and more passionate Sappho of our time.

## *CHARACTER OF MRS. BROWNING.*

It must have been about 1835 that Miss Mitford first saw Miss Barrett, and to this period the following portrait in the "Recollections of a Literary Life" doubtless referred:—"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, the authoress of the "Essay on Mind," was old enough to be introduced into company; in technical language—was out." But although not strikingly fair to look upon, her nature was so gentle, and her manners so interesting, that they stood her in the stead of health and beauty.

Mrs. Browning was endowed with the highest imaginative and intellectual qualities. In her poems are passages which admit of being compared with those of the few sovereigns of literature; touches which only the mightiest give. We admire and reverence the breadth and versatility of her genius; no sameness; no one idea; no type character; a woman of great acuteness and originality—one of the prime spirits of this century.

Our poetess laid her splendid powers on the altar of God. Deep chastened affection, and nobleness of faith glow and sparkle in her life as well as in her

verse, with a rare brilliancy. “She is a Christian,” to quote the words of a popular writer, “not in the sense of appreciating, like Carlyle, the loftiness of the Christian type of character; not in the sense of adopting, like Goethe, a Christian machinery for artistic self-worship; nor even in the sense of approaching, like Wordsworth, an august but abstract morality; but in the sense of finding, like Cowper, the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ, and taking all the children of her mind to Him, that He may lay His hand on them and bless them. It is well that Mrs. Browning is a Christian. It is difficult, but possible, to bear the reflection that many great female writers have rejected that gospel which has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency; but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up in faith and love to that eye which fell on Mary from the cross.”

## *SECTION VII.—CHARLOTTE NICHOLLS.*

## [*CURRER BELL.*]

"I turn from the critical unsympathetic, public,—inclined to judge harshly because they have only seen superficially and not thought deeply. I appeal to that larger and more solemn public, who know how to look with tender humility at faults and errors; how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to reverence with warm, full hearts, all noble virtue."

E. C. GASKELL.

### *WORKS OF FICTION.*

There are few things more worthy of notice than those strange mutations of opinion, and returning circuits of belief, to which the human mind is subject. The same tastes and habits, the same fashions and follies, the same delusions and the same doubts, seem to have their periodical cycles of recurrence. Theories which have been solemnly buried, suddenly rear their unexpected heads, and are received with all the more favour because of the contempt and derision which followed them to the grave. How many things are taken for granted which want thinking about! The wholesale condemnation of works of fiction is consummate absurdity. When all are condemned, people are apt to suppose that any may be read with impunity. Some novelists have sought for their heroes and heroines among thieves and desperadoes; flagitiously indifferent alike to fact and morality, they have laboured with pernicious success to invest these wretched characters with a halo of romantic interest and dignity: but if on this account we give up the principle, then we must give up poetry, fable, allegory, and all kinds of imaginative literature. The society of our highest intellects must be renounced. Fictitious literature has been condemned on the ground that those novels which are taken up with a description of the world in its most vain and frivolous aspects, are the most popular. This is not true. The works of our modern fictionists are exceedingly popular; and no one acquainted with them will dare to say they are open to such a charge. Not a few object to works of fiction because they make them discontented with real life. It is true the Bible teaches us that it is wrong to murmur at the allotments of Providence; and the Episcopal Church beautifully prays every day, "Give us always minds contented

with our present condition." But it is equally true that the Scriptures teach us to aim at a higher standard than we have yet attained, and clergymen inculcate the necessity for progress. We ought to be dissatisfied with ourselves, and with many things that we see in others. Let us seek to rise to the lofty ideal presented in good novels, and if we do not find that our ascending steps lead us into a purer atmosphere, and into regions where grow perennial fruit—then complain.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Charlotte Brontë was born at Thornton, in the parish of Bradford, on the 21st of April, 1816. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was a native of the County Down, in Ireland; and her mother, Maria, was the third daughter of Mr. Thomas Branwell, Penzance, Cornwall. In 1820, Mr. Brontë removed to Haworth, a chapelry in the West Riding, and Mrs. Brontë died the following year. Charlotte in after-years could but dimly recall the remembrance of her mother. The servants were impressed with the cleverness of the little Brontës, and often said they had never seen such a clever child as Charlotte. Mr. Brontë's account of his children is exceedingly interesting:—

"As soon as they could read and write, Charlotte and her brother and sisters used to invent and act little plays of their own, in which the Duke of Wellington, my daughter Charlotte's hero, was sure to come off conqueror; when a dispute would not unfrequently arise amongst them regarding the comparative merits of him, Buonaparte, Hannibal, and Cæsar. When the argument got warm, and rose to its height, as their mother was then dead, I had sometimes to come in as arbitrator, and settle the dispute according to the best of my judgment. Generally, in the management of these concerns, I frequently thought that I discovered signs of rising talent, which I had seldom or never before seen in any of their age.... A circumstance now occurs to my mind which I may as well mention. When my children were very young, when, as far as I can remember, the oldest was about ten years of age, and the youngest about four, thinking that they knew more than I had yet discovered, in order to make them speak with less timidity, I deemed that if they were put under a sort of cover I might gain my end; and happening to have a mask in the house, I told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask. I began with the youngest (Anne, afterwards Acton Bell), and asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered, 'Age and experience.' I asked the next (Emily, afterwards Ellis Bell), what I had best do with her brother Branwell, who was sometimes a naughty boy; she answered, 'Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' I asked

Branwell what was the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman; he answered, ‘By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.’ I then asked Charlotte what was the best book in the world; she answered, ‘The Bible.’ What was the next best; she answered, ‘The Book of Nature.’ I then asked the next what was the best mode of education for a woman; she answered, ‘By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.’ I may not have given precisely their words, but I have nearly done so, as they made a deep and lasting impression on my memory.”

Soon after Mrs. Brontë’s death, an elder sister came from Penzance to superintend her brother-in-law’s household, and look after his six children. Miss Branwell taught her nieces sewing and the household arts, in which Charlotte became an adept. In 1823, a school was established for the daughters of clergymen, at a place called Cowan Bridge. Mr. Brontë took Maria and Elizabeth to Cowan Bridge, in July, 1824; and in September, he brought Charlotte and Emily to be admitted as pupils. Maria was untidy, but gentle, and intellectual. Elizabeth won much upon the esteem of the superintendent of the school by her exemplary patience. Emily was distinguished for fortitude. Charlotte was a “bright, clever, little child.” Maria died in May, and Elizabeth in June, 1825. Charlotte was thus early called upon to bear the responsibilities of an elder sister in a motherless family; both Charlotte and Emily returned to the school at the close of the midsummer holidays in this fatal year. But before the next winter they left that establishment.

In 1831, she was sent to Miss Wooler’s school at Roe Head, where her remarkable talents were duly appreciated by her kind instructress, and friendships were formed with some of her fellow-pupils that lasted throughout life. One of these early friends thus graphically describes the impression she made upon her.

“I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to school at Miss Wooler’s. When she appeared in the schoolroom, her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it; and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still closer to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing.”

Towards the end of the year and half that she remained as a pupil at Roe Head, she received her first bad mark for an imperfect lesson. Charlotte wept bitterly, and her school-fellows were indignant. Miss Wooler withdrew the bad mark.

In 1835, she returned to Miss Wooler's school as a teacher, and Emily accompanied her as a scholar. Charlotte's life here was very happy. The girls were hardly strangers to her, some of them being younger sisters of those who had been her own playmates; and however trying the duties were she had to perform, there was always a thoughtful friend watching over her in the person of good Miss Wooler. But her life was too sedentary, and she was advised to return to the parsonage. She did so, and the change at once proved beneficial.

At Haworth she met the person who made the first proposal of marriage to her. Miss Brontë respected the young man very deeply, but as she did not really love him, she refused to marry him. Soon after, an Irish clergyman, fresh from Dublin University, whom she had only met once, sent her a letter, which proved to be a declaration of love and a proposal of matrimony. But although she had no hope of another offer, the witty, lively, and ardent Irishman was summarily rejected. Restored to health and strength, instead of remaining at Haworth to be a burden to her father, and to live on there in idleness perhaps for years, she determined, if everything else failed, to turn housemaid. Soon after, she became engaged as a governess in a family where she was destined to find an ungenial residence. The children all loved her, more or less, according to their different characters. But the mother was proud and pompous, and Miss Brontë as proud, though not so pompous, as she. In 1839, she left the family of the wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer; and in 1841, found her second and last situation as a governess. This time she became a member of a kind-hearted and friendly household. But her salary, after deducting the expense of washing, amounted to only £16; moreover, the career of a governess was to Miss Brontë a perpetual attempt to force her faculties into a direction for which her previous life had unfitted them. So at Christmas she left this situation.

Several attempts to open a school at the parsonage having proved futile, with the view of better qualifying themselves for the task of teaching, Miss Brontë and her sister Emily went to Brussels in 1842, and took up their abode in Madame Héger's *pensionnat*. Towards the close of the year, word came from England that her aunt, Miss Branwell, was very ill. Before they got home, the funeral was over, and Mr. Brontë and Anne were sitting together in quiet grief for one who had done her part well in the household for nearly twenty years. About the end of January, 1843, Miss Brontë returned to Brussels alone for another six months.

In returning to England, in 1844, Miss Brontë determined to commence a school, and to facilitate her success in this plan, M. Héger, gave her a kind of diploma, sealed with the Athenée Royal, of which he was a professor. But no pupils made their appearance, and consequently the sisters abandoned the idea of

school-keeping, and turned their thoughts to literature. Their volume of poems was published in 1846; their names being veiled under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, but it met with little or no attention. It is possible that the names of Emily and Anne may not survive the present generation; but certainly Charlotte's writings have placed her in the highest rank of lady novelists.

The winter of 1848 was a dark one at Haworth. Her only brother, and the sister she so intensely loved, and whose genius she ever delighted to exalt above her own, died within a few weeks of each other. Miss Brontë was prostrate with fever; and Anne, always delicate, grew rapidly worse. The two went together to Scarborough the following spring. There the younger sister died, and the elder was left alone with her aged father in that dreary deserted home among the graves. In June, 1850, she visited London, saw her old hero the Duke of Wellington, at the Chapel Royal, had an interview with Lewes, and dined with Thackeray. The same summer she went on to Edinburgh to join the friends with whom she had been staying in town. In a letter to a correspondent, she says: "Do not think that I blaspheme, when I tell you that your great London, as compared to Dunedin, '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 Scottish national character; and it is that grand character after all which gives the land its true charm, its true greatness."

The three following years pass over. One of the deepest interests of her life centres round the 29th of June, 1854. On that day many old and humble friends saw her come out of Haworth church, leaning on the arm of "one of the best gentlemen in the county," and looking "like a snowdrop." We almost smile as we think of the merciless derider of weak and insipid suitors finding a lord and a master—of the hand which drew the three solemn ecclesiastics, Malone, Donne, and Sweeting, locked at the altar in that of her father's curate, and learning from experience,—

“That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.”

Mr. Nicholls loved Miss Brontë as his own soul, and she loved him, and every day her love grew stronger. In the last letter she ever wrote, we find the following sentence: “No kinder, better husband than mine, it seems to me, there can be in the world.” Home joys are only dependent, in a small degree, on external circumstances.

Nine months followed of calm happiness—months of respite and rest. During the next winter she was confined to a sick bed, from which she never rose. The doctor assured her that all would soon be right. Martha tenderly waited on her mistress, and from time to time had tried to cheer her with the thoughts of the baby that was coming. But she died on the 31st March, 1855, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, after a long and weary illness, bravely as she had lived, and left her widowed husband and childless father sitting desolate and alone in the old grey parsonage.

One member out of most of the families of the parish was bidden to the funeral, and those who were excluded from the formal train of mourners thronged the church and churchyard. Two mourners deserve special notice. The one was a village girl that had been betrayed, seduced, and cast away. In Mrs. Nicholls she had found a holy sister, who ministered to her needs in her time of trial. Bitter was the grief of this young woman, and sincere her mourning. The other was a blind girl living some four miles from Haworth, who loved the deceased so dearly that she implored those about her to lead her along the roads, and over the moors, that she might listen to the solemn words, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

## *MERITS AS A NOVELIST.*

In the real distinguished from the ideal school of fiction, Mrs. Nicholls, known to the literary world as Currer Bell, attained immediate and lasting popularity. We purpose to notice a few of her leading characteristics, and to define briefly but articulately, the worth of her teaching. An eminent and genial critic justly remarks: “Currer Bell professed to be no idle entertainer. She did not, indeed, tag on a moral to the end of her book—else it had been little worth; or even blazon it on its surface. But she professed to write truly, to show living

men and women meeting the exigencies, grappling with the problems, of real existence; to point out how the battle goes, in the circles of English middle life, between pretension and reality, between falsehood and truth. If we were content to listen to her as a historian, she relinquished with a smile the laurel of the romancer." Her plots possess the merit of rare interest; her characters, however eccentric, stand out as unmistakable realities. True, the plot in the "Professor," her first prose work, which met with so many refusals, and was not published till after her death, is of no great interest. Although she has never surpassed two or three portraits there sketched, it will not bear comparison with her other works.

The style of Currer Bell is one which will reward study for its own sake. Its tone may be somewhat too uniform, its balance and cadence too unvaried. Perhaps, also, there is too much of the abruptness of passion. It is certainly inferior to many styles, so far as the crimson and gold of literature are concerned. But there is no writer with whom we are acquainted, more deserving of praise for clearness, pointedness, and force. Would that any word of ours could recall the numerous admirers of morbid magnificence and barbarous dissonance, affected jargon and fantastic verbiage, laboured antithesis and false brilliance, and induce them to read night and day the novels of Currer Bell, for the sake of their style. In "Jane Eyre," her most powerful work, published in October, 1847, it must be admitted that female delicacy is somewhat outraged; but its specimens of picturesque, resolute, straightforward writing, enable this tale to take a high place in the field of romantic literature.

Currer Bell's love of nature was remarkable. A Yorkshire moor is for the most part wild and grotesque, but her eye brims with a "purple light," intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset smile of June. We might quote in illustration of these remarks, pictures of nature, so detailed, definite, and fresh, that they give us an assurance as of eyesight. Take the following bit of woodland painting from "Shirley," published in October, 1849: "I know all the pleasantest spots: I know where we could get nuts in nutting time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain lonely, quite untrodden glades, carpeted with strange mosses, some yellow as if gilded, some sober grey, some gem green. I know groups of trees that ravish the eye with their perfect picture-like effects: rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast; and ash trees stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood giants clad in bright shrouds of ivy." Many similar, and even superior passages might be cited from this brilliant novel.

Works of fiction belong to the province of imagination; and this faculty was largely developed in Currer Bell, and has spread the unmistakable splendour of its embellishment over her pages. There are passages in her works, not only

distinct from their general texture, but from anything we know in English literature. The personification of nature in “Shirley” is perhaps the finest. “I saw —I now see—a woman Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing, a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like the horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. The steady eyes I cannot picture. They are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro’ Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it, so kneeling, face to face she speaks with God.” Apostrophic bursts are common enough in all our more imaginative prose writers; but the chiselling of the entire figure from the flameless marble, and the leaving it for ever in the loveliness of its beauty, is peculiar to the prose of Currer Bell.

In the delineation of one absorbing and tyrannizing passion, Currer Bell, is altogether *sui generis*. With a bold and steady hand she depicts passion in all its stages; we may weep and tremble, but her nerves do not quiver, neither do her eyes film. “Villette,” commenced in the autumn of 1850, and brought to a conclusion in November, 1851, is a tale of the affections. A burning heart glows throughout its pages, and so true to nature is the delineation, that it is impossible to doubt that living hearts have actually throbbed with like passion. The eloquence and graphic description which mark the closing scenes of this tale, the authoress has not equalled elsewhere.

There is much that is stirring and healthful in the works of Currer Bell. The idea of Johnson was that marriages might well enough be arranged by the chancellor! But although the Christian world very generally seems to be of the same opinion, she taught the sacredness of the natural affections in the formation of the marriage relationship—the absolute necessity of love. Poltroonery, pretentious feebleness, and cowardly falsehood, are crowned with the diadem of scorn; and all the stalwart virtues are signally honoured.

### *CHARACTER OF MRS. NICHOLLS.*

The following personal description is from her Life by Mrs. Gaskell. “In 1831, she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—‘stunted’ was the word she applied to herself; but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight

a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description as they appeared to me in later life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish brown; but if the iris were closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact; for the eyes and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

There are different classes of great minds. Some are great in collecting, others in creating. The former is talent, the latter is genius. Some have the power of absorbing what they see and hear in the external world: they "gather honey all the day from every opening flower;" but they add no new thoughts. Others are characterized by originality of thought; they investigate new subjects, form new worlds, and spin new creations out of their own minds. Currer Bell belonged to this class. Some are capable of receiving much knowledge, but are unable to turn it to any purpose; they have read the standard authors, and have plenty of facts, but they know not how to use them. Currer Bell could form a system, she knew how to write a book.

Through the whole of her life she had a sacred regard for the rules of morality. One of her school-fellows informs us that she could get on with those who had bumps at the top of their heads. An intelligent old man living at Haworth, said to her biographer:—"Charlotte would sit and inquire about our circumstances so kindly and feelingly!... Though I am a poor working man (which I never felt to be any degradation), I could talk with her with the utmost freedom. I always felt quite at home with her. Though I never had any school education, I never felt the want of it in her company."

# CHAPTER VI.

## Scientific Women.

## *SECTION I.—CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.*

"Prior to her demise, hope had long become certainty, and prophecy passed into truth; and assemblies of the learned, through means of just though unusual tributes to herself, had recognised the immortality of the name she bore!"

J. P. NICHOL, LL.D.

### *ASTRONOMY.*

In most other sciences, the mind is so often lost in details, that it is difficult to stand where you may gaze freely out upon the unknown. In astronomy, however, you are brought almost at once to stand face to face with the Infinite. A wonderful study are these old heavens. They have excited the curiosity, and called forth the discoveries of both male and female students. What an immensity of sublime magnificence God has crowded into a few yards of sky. There is truth in the well-known lines:—

"When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws."

But if science has torn from the heavens the false lustre of fiction, it has supplied the clear light of fact. From points, the stars have magnified into worlds, and from thousands they have multiplied into millions.

"Come forth, O man, yon azure round survey,
And view those lamps that yield eternal day;
Bring forth your glasses; clear thy wondering eyes,
Millions beyond the former millions rise;
Look farther—millions more blaze from remoter skies."

Sir William Herschel assuming that the instrument which he used could enable him to penetrate 497 times farther than Sirius, reckoned 116,000 stars to pass in a quarter of an hour, over the field of view, which subtended an angle of only 15′. If from such a narrow zone we compute, the whole celestial vault must display, within the range of telescopic vision, the stupendous number of more

than five billions of stars. If each of these be the sun to a system similar to ours, and if the same number of planets revolve round it, then the whole planets in the universe will be more than fifty-five billions, not reckoning the satellites, which may be even more numerous. That part of the science which gives a description of the motions, figures, periods of revolution, and other phenomena of the celestial bodies, is called *descriptive astronomy*; that part which determines the motions, figures, periodical revolutions, distances, etc., of these orbs, is called *practical astronomy*; and that part which explains the causes of their motions, and demonstrates the laws by which those causes operate, is termed *physical astronomy*.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

On the 16th of March, 1750, Caroline Lucretia Herschel was born. Her birthplace was Hanover. She was the fourth daughter of Isaac Herschel, and Ann Ilse Moritzen, his wife. Her parents had also six sons. The childhood of this distinguished woman is to us a blank. Till her twenty-second year, she lived in her native place; and her father and mother seem to have been anxious about her education, but their means were limited; and moreover, Hanover, during the latter end of the last century, did not possess the facilities for the acquirement of literature, science, and art, that it does now. Since 1837, when it became a royal residence, many changes have taken place, and numerous improvements continue to be made. We may therefore consistently affirm, that among the female examples of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, few deserve a higher place than Miss Herschel.

In 1772, she came to England to live with her brother William, who had been appointed organist to the Octagon chapel, at Bath. When he changed his profession for astronomical labours, she became his helpmate. “From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits,” says an authority, who writes from intimate knowledge, “her attendance on both his daily labours and nightly watches was put in requisition, and was found so useful, that on his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough, she performed the whole of the arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant—not only reading the clock and noting down all the observations from dictation as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available for the purposes of science, as well as a multitude of others relative to the various objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry in which, during a long and active career, he was at any

time engaged.” For these important services, His Majesty King George III. was graciously pleased to place her in receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Her brother was knighted by George III., and made a D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. During the whole of his distinguished career, Miss Herschel remained by his side, aiding him and modestly sharing the reflection of his fame.

After Sir William’s death in 1822, Miss Herschel returned to Hanover, which she never afterwards left; passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose, enjoying the society and cherished by the regard of her remaining relatives and friends, and gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers. The Astronomical Society of London, very much to its honour, voted her a gold medal for her reduction of the nebulæ discovered by her renowned brother. She was afterwards chosen an honorary member of that Society, and also a member of the Royal Irish Academy: very unusual honours to be conferred upon a woman. Is it not matter both for wonder and for lamentation, that the guardians of learning, the patrons of literature, and the princes of science, have been so indifferent to the intellectual claims of the female sex? Surely sages and philosophers should not be the last to rescue woman from the neglect of ignorance and the contempt of frivolity; to lift her up to her proper elevation in the sight of the world; and enhance their own dignity by associating her with themselves. There can be no doubt but that the universities would have conferred their most honourable diplomas upon Miss Herschel, had she not been a woman.

In her last days, she was not idle. She had known the pleasures of science, and been thrilled as she heard her illustrious brother detail the steps by which he had made his discoveries,—had actually stood by the great philosopher as he fixed his delighted and reverent eye on the stupendous wonders of the firmament so thickly and Divinely studded with worlds, and seen him lay the deep and broad foundations of his imperishable fame; and had been stimulated to seek like noble rewards, by a diligent and irreproachable use of her own fine natural talents. As a woman of intellectual height and strength, and with a field of inexhaustible material over which to expatiate, she laboured with corresponding success; laid open the secrets of nature, and explained her deeper mysteries; enlarged the domain of knowledge; awakened the spirit of inquiry; breathed fresh life into philosophy, and gave to the world the promise of ever-accumulating truth. Her favourite study we hesitate not to place first. No science “so perfectly illustrates the gradual growth and development of human genius, as Astronomy: the movement of the mind has been constantly onward; its highest energies have ever been called into requisition; and there never has been a time when Astronomy did not present problems, not only equal to all that man could do, but

passing beyond the limits of his greatest intellectual vigour; and hence in all ages and countries, the absolute strength of human genius may be measured by its reach to unfold the mysteries of the stars."

On the 16th of March, 1847, the press announced that Miss Herschel had celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birthday. A letter from Hanover informs us that the king on that occasion, "sent to compliment her; the prince and princess royal paid her a visit, and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair, the back of which had been embroidered by her royal highness; and the minister of Prussia, in the name of his sovereign, remitted to her the gold medal awarded for the extension of the sciences." The labours of Miss Herschel had shed a glory over her country, and the trump of fame now gave her name to the world as a woman of unrivalled attainments. Governments are slow to learn; and certainly they are not the first to appreciate the fruits of genius. The liberal expenditure of the national means for the advancement of science, would shed real glory over every country and every age; and it therefore reflects infinite honour on these German sovereigns, that they took her under their immediate and special patronage. There are truths yet to be searched out and declared, which shall equal, it may be surpass, the most stupendous announcements which have yet been made. Surely "such truths are things quite as worthy of struggles and sacrifices as many of the objects for which nations contend and exhaust their physical and moral energies and resources: they are gems of real and durable glory in the diadems of princes; conquests which, while they leave no tears behind them, continue for ever inalienable."

Soon after the event referred to, her distinguished nephew, Sir John F. W. Herschel, wrote a letter to the *Athenæum*, in which he stated that notwithstanding her advanced age and bodily infirmities, Miss Herschel was still in the possession of all her faculties.

But although she was not called to die when she had just begun to live, nor to quit her investigations for ever when she had just begun to learn how to study; the hour of her departure was at hand. Gold cannot bribe death. Human power and grandeur cannot save from the grave. Genius cannot elude the king of terrors. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the wise and the foolish, meet together here:—

"Their golden cordials cannot ease
  Their painèd hearts or aching heads;
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
  From glittering roofs and downy beds.

The lingering, the unwilling soul,
   The dismal summons must obey;
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
   To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

Hence they are huddled to the grave,
   Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
   Amongst the heap of meaner bones."

Miss Herschel died on the 9th of January, 1848, in the ninety-eighth year of her age. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering—a simple cessation of life.

It seems to be a law of human nature that however long we may have been abroad, and however comfortable our foreign residence may have been, we are yet drawn by old affection to our native country, there to spend the evening of our life. Graciously has Providence implanted within us this desire of returning to the place of our childhood; that being thereby made to feel how valueless this world is in itself, and to yearn after those dear ones who have gone before us, our own preparation for going hence may be advanced. Such, doubtless, were the feelings of Miss Herschel when returning to her native Hanover after many years of activity spent in various other places. Her funeral took place on the 18th of January; the coffin was adorned with palm branches, by order of the Princess Royal, and followed by a royal carriage. A long and useful life had been beautifully closed; and her body was committed to the earth, in the sure and certain hope that her soul was in heaven. Soundly she slumbers in a German tomb: and although the place that once knew her knows her no more, she is not forgotten, but her memory is sweet and fragrant still.

## *ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.*

Though sitting up all night, especially in winter, doing all the duties of an assistant astronomer to her brother, she found time for a series of independent observations with a small Newtonian telescope, made for her by Sir William. With this instrument she swept the heavens, and discovered eight new comets, in regard to five of which she was the first discoverer. These discoveries were made on August 1st, 1786; December 21st, 1788; January 9th, 1790; April 17th, 1790; December 15th, 1791; October 7th, 1793; November 7th, 1795; and August 6th, 1797. The following account of a new comet was addressed to Charles Blagden, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., and read before the Royal Society, November the 9th, 1786.

“Sir,—In consequence of the friendship which I know to exist between you and my brother, I venture to trouble you in his absence with the following imperfect account of a comet.

“The employment of writing down my observations, when my brother uses the 20 feet reflector, does not often allow me time to look at the heavens; but as he is now on a visit to Germany, I have taken the opportunity to *sweep*, in his absence, in the neighbourhood of the sun, in search of comets. And last night, the 1st of August, about ten o’clock, I found an object resembling in colour and brightness the twenty-seventh nebula of the *Connoissance des Temps*, with the difference, however, of being round. I suspect it to be a comet; but a haziness coming on, it was not possible entirely to satisfy myself as to its motion till this evening. I made several drawings of the stars in the field of view with it, and have inclosed a copy of them, with my observations annexed, that you may compare them together.

“August 1, 1786, 9h. 50′. The object in the centre is like a star out of focus, while the rest are perfectly distinct, and I suspect it to be a comet. Tab. 1., fig. 1.

“10h. 33′, fig. 2. The suspected comet makes now a perfect isosceles triangle with the two stars, A and B.

“11h. 8′. I think the situation of the comet is now as in fig. 3; but it is so hazy that I cannot sufficiently see the small star to be assured of the motion.

“By the naked eye the comet is between the 54th and 53rd Ursæ Majoris, and the 14th, 15th, and 16th Comæ Berenices, and makes an obtuse triangle with them, the vertex of which is turned towards the south.

“August 2, 10h. 9′. The comet is now, with respect to the stars A and B, situated as in fig. 4. Therefore the motion since last night is evident.

“10h. 30′. Another considerable star, C, may be taken into the field with it, by placing A in the centre; when the comet and the other star will both appear in the circumference, as in fig. 5.

“These observations were made with a Newtonian sweeper of 27 inches focal length, and power of about 20. The field of view is 2° 12′. I cannot find the stars A and C in any catalogue, but I suppose they may easily be traced in the heavens; whence the situation of the comet, as it was last night at 10h. 33′, may be pretty nearly ascertained.

“You will do me the favour of communicating these observations to my brother’s astronomical friends.

“I have the honour to be, etc.,

“Caroline Herschel.

"SLOUGH, NEAR WINDSOR, *August 2, 1786*."

Many also of the nebulæ contained in Sir W. Herschel's catalogues were detected by her. Indeed the unconquerable industry of the sister challenges our admiration quite as much as the intellectual power of the brother.

## *WORKS ON ASTRONOMY.*

We shall not attempt fully to discuss Miss Herschel's astronomical works. Indeed her labours are so intimately connected with, and are generally so dependent upon, those of her illustrious brother, that an investigation of the latter is absolutely necessary before we can form the most remote idea of the extent of the former. In 1798 she completed "A catalogue of 561 Stars from Flamsteed's Observations," contained in the "Historia Cælestis," but which had escaped the notice of those who framed the "British Catalogue." For this valuable work which was published, together with a general index of reference to every observation of every star inserted in the "British Catalogue," at the expense of the Royal Society, in one volume, her brother wrote an introduction. To the utility of these volumes in subsequent researches, Mr. Baily, in the life of Flamsteed, bears ample testimony.

She moreover finished, in 1828, the reduction and arrangement of 2500 nebulæ to the 1st of January, 1800, presenting in one view the results of all Sir William Herschel's observations on those bodies; and thus bringing to a close half a century spent in astronomical labour, probably unparalleled either in magnitude or importance. But to deliver an eulogy upon her memory is not our purpose. Suffice it to say that her name will live even when the time comes that the astronomical celebrity of a woman will not by the mere circumstance of sex excite the slightest remark.

## *CHARACTER OF MISS HERSCHEL.*

The physical constitution of Miss Herschel was good. At Slough her exertions seem to have been overpowering. Instead of passing the night in repose, she was constantly with her illustrious brother, participating in his toils, braving with him the inclemency of the weather, and co-operating towards his triumphs. According to the best of authorities she took down notes of the observations as they fell from his lips; conveyed the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day; and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the subsequent

morning. One would have said that such toils would have shortened her life, but she lived to be very old, and till within a short period of her death, her health continued uninterrupted.

Her intellect was of a supreme order. The physico-perceptive faculties were immensely developed, and these, combined with a strong and active temperament, delight and excel in natural science, see and survey nature in all her operations, and confer a talent for acquiring scientific knowledge. Causality was amply developed in Miss Herschel, and her talents form an excellent sample of the cast of mind it imparts. She will be remembered as long as astronomical records of the last and present century are preserved.

The moral feelings were strong in Miss Herschel. She disapproved of all violence, irreverence, and injustice. None knew better than she that love is the just debt due to every human being, and the discipline which God has ordained to prepare us for heaven. Hence she was civil and obliging, free from jealousy, dissimulation, and envy. In a word, she possessed a noble disposition.

## *SECTION II.—JANE ANN TAYLOR* [*JANET TAYLOR*].

“We believe that she was as gentle and simple in herself, as she was deeply versed in the abstruse science which she professed. Perhaps some surviving relative or friend may be able to throw light on the life and labours of one who was as extraordinary from her acquirements of knowledge as from her social reticence.”

Y.L.Y., in *The Athenæum*.

### *NAVIGATION.*

It is remarkable that women have, in a great number of instances, been distinguished by merits the most opposite to their imaginary and conventional character. The first use of ships as distinguished from boats appears to have been by the early Egyptians, who are believed to have reached the western coast of India, besides navigating the Mediterranean. But whatever may have been their prowess upon the waves, they were soon eclipsed by the citizens of Tyre, who, to compensate for the unproductiveness of their small territory, laid the sea under tribute, and made their city the great emporium of Eastern and European trade. The Greek states gradually developed the art of navigation, and at the time of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians seem to have been skilful conductors of vessels at sea. Rome next manifested maritime daring. Time rolled on and the Saxon, Jutish, and Norse prows began to roam the ocean in every direction. The Norsemen extended their voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and Newfoundland. The sea had no terrors for these hardy rovers. The introduction of the mariner’s compass made the sailor independent of sun and stars; and the discovery of the variation of the compass rendered navigation more secure. The two first treatises on systematic navigation appeared in Spain, one by Pedro de Medina, the other by Martin Cortes. These were speedily translated into French, Dutch, English, etc., and for many years served as the text-books of practical navigation. It would be tedious to enumerate the successive improvements in the science of navigation; suffice it to say, that for its present high perfection, it is under some obligation to female intellect.

### *BIOGRAPHY.*

Jane Ann Jonn, was born on the 13th of May, 1804, at Wolsingham, a market town and parish in the county of Durham, and about thirteen miles from that ancient and celebrated city. She was the fourth daughter of the Rev. Peter Jonn and Jane Deighton, his wife. Her father was curate of Wolsingham, and head master of the grammar school.

When about ten years of age, she got an appointment to Queen Charlotte's school, at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, a small town pleasantly situated, partly upon, and partly between two gentle acclivities, forty miles from London. The establishment being very select, and the other girls much older, she became a great favourite with them, and learned much from them. When the very plain, but rigidly virtuous queen, died at Kew, on the 17th of November, 1818, Miss Jonn, was sent by her father to a boarding-school conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Stables, at Hendon, near the village of Hampstead, Middlesex. Here she assisted in teaching, as well as received lessons from various masters; and whilst a certain amount of seclusion was secured by a suburban residence, London was close at hand: the working London with its inspiring life.

However well this boarding-school was carried on, we have no reason to believe that it made Miss Jonn a learned woman. Female education then, and sometimes even now, is simply a little outside polish. It does not teach to think; it does not develope mind; it does not confer power; it does not form character; it does not do anything to mould girls into the noblest types of womanhood.

After leaving the quiet retreat at Hendon, she was many years a governess in the family of the Rev. Mr. Huntly, of Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire. This employment no doubt has recommendations, it certainly has serious drawbacks; among those that are inevitable is the effect of a lonely life on the governess. A great effort may be made to treat her as one of the family, but she does not really belong to it; and must spend the greater part of her time with young and immature minds, only varied by unequal association with the parents or grown-up brothers and sisters of her pupils. The society of her equals in age and position is entirely wanting, and the natural tendency of such mental solitude is to produce childishness, angularity, and narrow-mindedness. It must be a strong character indeed which can do without such wholesome trituration and the expansive influence of equal companionship, and this is just what a governess cannot have. She is moreover, always a bird of passage, and in this respect her position is worse than that of a domestic servant, who, besides being better remunerated and having the companionship of fellow-servants, may look forward to remaining in one family for life.

About the year 1829, Miss Jonn left Kimbolton and went to London to keep the house of one of her brothers. Soon after she went on a visit to a sister at

Antwerp. Without attempting to detail her impressions concerning the numerous churches, convents, magnificent public buildings, elaborate and extensive fortifications, and stately antique-looking houses which line the older thoroughfares of that exceedingly picturesque city; we may say that during that journey Mr. George Taylor met her, and on the 1st of Feb., 1830, they were married at the British Ambassador's chapel, at the Hague. On their return to London, Mrs. Taylor commenced teaching navigation, at 104, Minories. In consequence of her singular abilities in that branch of science, she gained the confidence and approval of the Board of Admiralty and the Trinity Brethren, as well as several foreign powers. Her husband meanwhile, was a manager for Sir Henry Meux, the well-known brewer, which situation he held till his death in 1859. Instead of being a burden to her five sons and one daughter, by means of her establishment in the Minories she more than provided for her own wants.

The English nation may be slow in perceiving merit, but when perceived, none appreciate it more highly. There is not an honour which we have to bestow, which is not designed to be awarded to those who have proved their title to it by steady worth. Mrs. Taylor began life with no wealth and with no patronage from powerful friends. She was dependent on her own efforts. When she enlarged her acquaintance beyond the limits of her girlhood and youth, she did not encounter a cold and unfriendly world, or find that those who had not before known her were disposed to impede her progress, or to throw embarrassments in her path. She came to London with but little experience, and with no such reputation as to make success certain. But by a diligent and irreproachable use of fine natural talents, she constructed her own greatness, and manufactured her own fortune. It is a good thing that even a woman may find many fields of usefulness, before which there is not the tiniest wicket-gate; and we rejoice to know that many women pursue in peace those paths to glory and gain that are already open to them.

Mrs. Taylor had the honour of being presented to King William and Queen Adelaide, whose amiable disposition and habitual beneficence made her a great favourite with the British nation. She had also the offer of a situation as reader to our present queen. But as the salary was small, and the attendance on her majesty was likely to interfere with her family and scientific arrangements, it was declined. In this decision, Edward Maltby, D.D., then Bishop of Durham concurred, and at the first meeting of the British Association held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1838, made honourable mention of her. At the world's great assembly in 1851, she exhibited an ingeniously contrived little instrument—a quadrant and sextant—which the queen graciously accepted for the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Taylor received a medal from the King of the Netherlands, also in

1860 a very complimentary letter from the present pope, Pius IX., with a medal.

On the accession of Queen Victoria, £1200 was intrusted to her Majesty for the payment of pensions to persons who have just claims on the royal beneficence, or who, by their personal services to the crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science, and attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their sovereign and the gratitude of their country. In consequence of her valuable services in the fields of science, Mrs. Taylor's name was added to the civil list, and in 1862, she disposed of her business at 104, Minories, and retired to Camberwell Grove, on a pension of £50 per annum. Those who desolate nations, stay the progress of arts, manufactures, knowledge, civilization, benevolence, and religion; and sweep myriads of their fellow-creatures, unprepared, into eternity, we load with titles and treasures; and those who by their self-denying devotedness to the investigation of truth, have conferred benefits upon mankind, and thus deserved imperishable monuments, we reward with a pension of £50!

Though life with Mrs. Taylor was real and earnest, it was still in the review like a dream, and she was brought somewhat suddenly to the point where things seen lose all their importance, and things unseen become the only realities. She spent the evening of life—an evening worthy of the day, and beaming with the mild radiance that gave promise of a glorious morning of immortality—in visiting her relatives and friends. On the 15th of January, 1870, she went to Bishop-Aukland, a small town in the middle of her native county of Durham, pleasantly situated on an eminence, nearly 140 feet above the level of the plain; to spend a few days with her brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Chester, at the vicarage of St. Helen's. The following week she was seized with bronchitis, and gradually sank until she died on Wednesday morning, January the 26th, in the sixty-sixth year of her age.

The death of Mrs. Taylor excited a degree of sympathy throughout the north of England, in London, and indeed in many other parts of the kingdom, that indicated how high and general was the esteem in which she was held. The funeral took place on the Saturday. A select body of relatives and friends assembled at the vicarage, St. Helen's. As they approached the vault of her brother-in-law, the company bared their heads, while the body was committed to the ground, in the beautiful language of the English ritual; and then bade reluctantly a long adieu to one of the most distinguished of women.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?”

## *PUBLICATIONS ON NAVIGATION.*

The question *cui bono?* to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend? is one which the truly scientific mind can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. There is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in such pursuits which ought to exempt them from such questioning. Endowed with great capacity and relish for intellectual pursuits, Mrs. Taylor never made such an inquiry.

In 1846, her first work—“Directions for using the Planisphere of the Stars, with Illustrative, and Explanatory Problems”—appeared, accompanied by “A Planisphere of the Fixed Stars.” The *Morning Post* said, “Though this work only professes to guide the learner to the positions of the fixed stars, it is calculated to impart a good deal of knowledge of astronomy, in a very simple and intelligible manner, and in a very short time.” A second edition was published in 1847. “Diurnal Register for Barometer, Sympresometer, Thermometer and Hygrometer; with a few brief Remarks on the Instruments,” was issued about this time, and dedicated by permission to Col. Sir William Reid, K.C.B., F.R.S., governor of Malta; a name that must ever be revered by those whose “path is in the sea,” and whose associations and wanderings lead them to cross the bosom of the mighty waters. This volume enables mariners and others to mark the exact derivation and variation of the barometer, etc., at any hour, by a single dot, and contains a brief description of the different instruments, and the principles on which they are constructed. It was characterised by the *Athenæum*, as “A useful work with excellent directions,” and reached seven editions, or more. In 1851, the ninth edition of “An Epitome of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, with improved Lunar Tables,” was presented to the world. This work is dedicated with heartfelt gratitude to the Hon. the Elder Brethren of the Corporation of Trinity House, London. In this book the tables familiar to the mariner are presented in a very much improved shape; and the rules by which the young sailor is directed in the attainment of that knowledge, which is indispensable to success in his future career, are clearly laid down, and under each rule examples are given. The organs of the day expressed their opinions in terms of the highest eulogy. The *Liverpool Mail* said, “Mrs. Taylor indeed merits high praise, and we add national gratitude; she has removed the chief difficulties which obscured the science of navigation. We have no hesitation in saying, that here is the most complete treatise on navigation which has ever been published.” In 1854, the

seventh edition of “Lunar and Horary Tables: with the shortest method of finding the Longitude and the Time,” appeared. This work was highly recommended by gentlemen well qualified to test its merits, and who could not be affected by mere partialities. It gives a very simple, easy, and accurate method of working the lunar problem. These learned and laudable volumes were deposited in the library of the Vatican, in 1860.

The above are not all the writings of Mrs. Taylor, but they are amply sufficient to prove that she was a mathematician of the first class. Her logarithmic tables are correct and complete in no ordinary degree. Such rare knowledge she did not gain from merely attending lectures on the various subjects which her own taste led her to cultivate, or which fell within her reach. Neither did she furnish her mind by the mere reading of books. In both ways, or in either, it is true, much information may be acquired; but still it may be knowledge only imposed upon the mind, not received within it. Knowledge, to be useful, must be attained by young and old, through an exercise of the reasoning power which very quickly leads to a conviction that the learner is treading upon firm ground. Between a woman who tests and tries every opinion and principle subjected to her notice, and one who does not, there are no points of comparison; the one may adopt false sentiments, but the other cannot be said to have any sentiments at all, only a collection of prejudices and predilections in their place.

## *NAUTICAL AND MATHEMATICAL ACADEMY.*

In comparing the achievements of the sexes, we must not forget that the mind which has most dazzled or benefited the nations has received its first instructions from a mother’s, and probably its last from a wife’s lips. “Though the sinewy sex achieves enterprises on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. Everywhere man executes the performance, but woman trains the man.” Mrs. Taylor exercised not only the influence of a wife and a mother, but also that of a very efficient professional teacher of male pupils. The conduct of a large academy for sailors may seem to many an unsuitable employment for a woman; likely to injure, and to a great extent destroy her beautiful nature. But it is certain that Mrs. Taylor’s mind lost none of its refinement by the rude associations with which it was brought into contact, while her great administrative power enabled her to manage the establishment in an admirable manner. There is a certain chivalry amongst the most uncultivated men, when they know that they cannot be compelled to do a thing by force, which will often make them yield. We have known a class of

unruly lads in a ragged school, utterly unamenable to the discipline of a man, yield implicit obedience to a young woman, as a bad-tempered horse is sometimes most easily guided by a female hand that is both skilful and light.

Mrs. Taylor's Nautical and Mathematical Academy, was under the patronage of the Admiralty, Trinity House, East India House, and Kings of Holland and Prussia. The upper schoolrooms were under the direction of a highly qualified master, and devoted to the preparation of masters and mates in the navy and merchant service; and the lower schoolrooms were superintended by a mathematical master, and every care was taken that the junior pupils should be progressively fitted for the highest grade of examinations. She also undertook to place those pupils who had no relations in town, under the care and superintendence of families, where they received every domestic comfort and attention, when not engaged in the academy. Terms, to be paid on entrance. A complete course of navigation, including trigonometry, and its application to navigation, £6 6*s.*; a general course of navigation, £4 4*s.*; algebra, £2 2*s.*; geometry, £2 2*s.*; a course of algebra and geometry, £3 3*s.*; a practical course of astronomy, specially in relation to navigation, £2 2*s.*; physical geography, etc., £2 2*s.*; mechanics, etc., £2 2*s.* Also a general course, including the whole of the above, on moderate terms. Nor was this all. Lectures illustrative of these subjects were delivered in the upper schoolroom to those studying in the academy, each of whom was at liberty to introduce a friend.

### *CHARACTER OF MRS. TAYLOR.*

The fall, in a physiological sense, whatever may be said of the theological dogma so termed, is no myth. The general lack of vigour, especially in the female sex, might be quoted in evidence of its truth. Miss Catherine E. Beecher, in her "Letters to the People," says: "I am not able to recall, in my immense circle of friends and acquaintances all over the Union, so many as ten married ladies, born in this century and in this country, who are perfectly sound, healthy, and vigorous." Mrs. Taylor was rather tall, somewhat slender, and a little defective in muscular development. For many years she was subject to a disease of very common occurrence in Great Britain. Her head was large, and in perfect harmony with all its component parts. The brow broad, smooth, and high, gave the face a pyriform appearance, which diminished gradually as it descended, till it terminated in the delicate outline of the chin.

Intellect was the constitutional guide of her entire being. An active temperament and strong and evenly-balanced mental powers enabled her to

awaken the minds of her pupils, and to write what was worth perusal and re-perusal. She spent much time and money and care on science. Her quick perceptive faculties ranged the heavens, explored the earth, and fathomed the sea, in search of facts, which her prominent reflective powers enabled her to explain and apply, so as to accomplish innumerable ends otherwise unattainable. A more quiet and singular union of rare powers in a woman, than hers, does not occur to us.

Mrs. Taylor had not only a well-cultivated head, but what was better, a healthy, affectionate, and loving heart. She had a lively moral sense for perceiving right and wrong. Perhaps the greatest of her moral attributes was charity. Enjoying only a moderate competence, and obliged to make a decent appearance in life, she nevertheless gave large sums to those from whom lover and friend were put far away, whose harp was turned into mourning, and their organ into the voice of them that weep.

# CHAPTER VII.

## Holy Women.

## *SECTION I.—SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.*

"She stands, indeed, so connected with almost all which was good in the last century, that the character of the age, so far as religion is concerned, was in some measure her own. It is not insinuated that she alone impressed that character on the Church, but that she entirely sympathised with it, and was not a whit behind the foremost in affection for souls and zeal for God, in spirituality of mind and fervour of devotion, in contrivance and energy for the extension of the gospel, in a large and disinterested soul."

J. K. FOSTER.

### *RELIGION NOT A THING OF SEX.*

Christianity breathes a spirit of the most diffusive charity and goodwill; and wherever its power is felt, it moulds the character into the image of benevolence. The great principles of the religion of Jesus secure to woman, as an unquestionable right, that elevation and high position in society, which His conduct and that of His followers conferred. Immorality trembles, domestic tyranny retires abashed, before the majesty of religion, and peace pervades that dwelling where power was law and woman a slave. The gospel belongs to neither sex, but to both. It wears no party badge, but as by a zone of love, elastic enough to be stretched round the globe, seeks to bind the whole race together. The most effectual method of degrading woman is to barbarize man, and the surest means of dignifying her is to Christianize him. A council in the fifth century, we believe, discussed the question whether woman was included in the redemption; but it is now only, we think, among the Jews of Tunis that any such belief is maintained. Happily, too, we are past the time when good old Coverdale, the celebrated translator of the Bible, could write with some kind of real or affected surprise, "He maketh even women to be declarers of His resurrection!" It is now a matter of extreme surprise that the half of the human race should at any time, in civilized lands, have had their share in Christ's atonement for the world disputed.

### *BIOGRAPHY.*

Lady Selina Shirley, the second daughter of Washington Shirley, was born at

Stanton Harold, long the seat of the Shirley family, on the 24th August, 1707. The mansion was situated in a fine park of one hundred and fifty acres, well wooded, and diversified by hill and dale. It stood near the ancient town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The grounds were laid out with great taste, and a spacious lake of ornamental water reflected a handsome stone bridge, which was thrown across it. She inherited the talents and benevolent disposition of her father, and from a very early age sought Divine direction in all that she did. When only nine years old, she saw a corpse about her own age carried to its last resting place. She followed it to the grave, and with many tears cried earnestly to God on the spot, that whenever He should be pleased to take her away, He would deliver her from all fears, and give her a happy departure. She often afterwards visited the grave, and always preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

She received an education which successfully drew out the talents of her mind, the disposition of her heart, and the graceful deportment of her manners. Her acquirements were much beyond the ordinary standard of the age in which she lived. When she grew up, and was introduced into the world, and made her appearance at court, she manifested no inclination to follow the example of her companions in the gaieties of fashionable life. The habitual realization of Divine things preserved her amid scenes of great danger.

Lady Selina Shirley often prayed that she might marry into a serious family, and on June 3rd, 1728, she was united in matrimony to Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon. None kept up more the ancient dignity and heraldic glory than the house of Huntingdon; but the strict decorum and outward propriety which she observed were far more grateful to her than riches or renown. Mary Queen of Scots was for some time confided to the keeping of the Earl of Huntingdon; and King James the First and his consort were often visitors at the famous castle of Ashby. Lady Huntingdon maintained, in this high estate, a peculiar seriousness of conduct. Though sometimes at court, she took no pleasure in the fashionable follies of the great. At Donnington Park she was known as the *Lady Bountiful* by her neighbours and dependants. Often might she have been seen standing over the sick and dying, administering to their temporal wants, and reading the Scriptures to them.

Her heart was now truly engaged to God, so she laid her coronet at the Redeemer’s feet, and resolved, according to her ability, to lay herself out to do good. In 1738, when John and Charles Wesley preached in the neighbourhood of Donnington Park, she sent a kind message to them, acknowledging that she was one at heart with them, bidding them good speed in the name of the Lord, and assuring them of her determination to live for Him who had died for her. The oratory of the Methodists was fervid and powerful; and the spiritual fire which

glowed within, animated their discourses, and attracted many to the standard of the cross. The number of ordained ministers was insufficient to meet the demands for their services. But a new agency was now springing up: holy and gifted laymen began to preach, and their labours were crowned with greater success than those of the most illustrious men sent from colleges and universities. It should never be forgotten that we owe all the blessings which the world has received from lay preachers chiefly to the good sense and spiritual discernment of Lady Huntingdon.

In the summer of 1743, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, with the Ladies Hastings, visited Yorkshire, where the work of the Lord was making great progress. Soon after her return she was called upon to endure severe domestic trials. Two of her beloved sons died within a short period of each other, one aged thirteen, and the other aged ten years. In April, 1746, Lady Huntingdon was attacked by a serious illness; but by the skill of her medical attendants, and the blessing of God, she was restored to health and strength. Scarcely had she recovered from the loss of her children, and her own illness, before she was bereaved of her husband, Lord Huntingdon, who died at his house in Downing Street, Westminster, October 13th, 1746. But these and subsequent personal and family afflictions only awakened her mind toward religious concernments, and caused her to be more energetic in the diffusion of Christian principles. Lord Huntingdon left his widow in uncontrolled command of an income amply sufficient for maintaining her position, with her surviving children, in the style which befitted her rank; but confining her expenditure within narrow limits, she regarded her fortune as a trust which it was her happiness to administer in furtherance of the highest purposes.

Lady Huntingdon now became the open and avowed patroness of all the zealous ministers of Christ, especially of those who were suffering for the testimony of Jesus. In the spring of 1758 she threw open her house in London for the preaching of the gospel. Many of the distinguished nobility attended the services; among whom were the Duchess of Bedford, Grafton, Hamilton, and Richmond; Lords Weymouth, Tavistock, Trafford, Northampton, Lyttleton, Dacre, and Hertford; Ladies Dacre, Jane Scott, Anne Cronnolly, Elizabeth Kepple, Coventry, Hertford, Northumberland, etc., etc. She was far in advance of her times in catholicity of spirit and liberality of sentiment, and frequently stimulated the great leaders of Methodism to extend their operations, when they were inclined to restrict them to certain modes of action. She loved all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and formed an acquaintance with many pious and distinguished Dissenters.

Hitherto, her Ladyship had confined her exertions to England, Ireland,

Scotland, and Wales; but in 1772, in consequence of becoming proprietrix of possessions in the province of Georgia, she organized a mission to North America. On the 27th of October, the missionaries embarked, and after a passage of only six weeks, reached the place of their destination, without having experienced one day of real bad weather. Their labours were crowned with singular success.

Her labours increased with her years. She saw the spiritual darkness which was overclouding the people; was thoroughly acquainted with the character of the agency already in existence, and knew how insufficient it was to reach the mass of the people. But instead of being honoured for endeavouring to bring the sound of the gospel within the hearing of the people, her labours were denounced as irregular, and her name was blackened with reproach. Towards the close of 1781, her mind was greatly distressed by unpleasant differences which sprang up in her congregation at Reading. Still it was evident that God was blessing her labours, that the fields were white unto the harvest. The Countess, therefore, determined to appoint four of her most distinguished clergymen to itinerate through England, and blow the gospel trumpet. Many were converted to the Lord, and small congregations were gathered, which grew into important churches.

It had always been the earnest desire of Lady Huntingdon that neither she nor her Connection should sever the tie that bound them to the Church of England. But in consequence of processes instituted in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the law laid down on the subject, no alternative was left them. Accordingly, in 1783, they reluctantly assumed the position of Dissenters, at the same time retaining the liturgy with some modifications, the forms and even the vestments of the Church of England, without its Episcopacy. A confession of faith was drawn up, and a declaration was set forth, that “some things in the liturgy, and many things in the discipline and government of the Established Church, being contrary to Holy Scripture, they have felt it necessary to secede.” Hitherto the great burden of conducting the affairs of her Connection had mainly devolved upon the Countess herself; but now feeling the infirmities of age, she bequeathed by her will, dated January 11th, 1790, all her churches and residences to trustees. Her family confirmed this disposition of her property, and the trustees strictly carried out the intentions of the testatrix.

Now, almost at the close of her long and arduous course, the venerable Countess truly experienced the blessedness of those who die in the Lord, and whose works do follow them. Sometimes she appeared to catch a glimpse of the celestial mansions, and then her weather-beaten features were lighted up with a heavenly glory. The bursting of a blood-vessel was the commencement of her

last illness. She manifested the greatest patience and resignation, and said to Lady Ann Erskine, “All the little ruffles and difficulties which surrounded me, and all the pains I am exercised with in this poor body, through mercy affect not the settled peace and joy of my soul.” On the 12th of June, 1791, a change passed over the Countess which afforded apprehensions of approaching death. A little before she died, she frequently said, “I shall go to my Father to-night;” and musingly repeated, “Can He forget to be gracious? Is there any end of His loving-kindness?” Her physician visited her, and shortly after her strength failed, and she appeared to sink into a sleep. A friend took her hand, it was cold and clammy; he felt her pulse, it was ceasing to beat; and as he leaned over her, she breathed her last and fell asleep in Jesus. She died at her house in Spa Fields, June 17th, 1791, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

The news of her decease plunged the Christian world into grief and sadness. She was interred in the family vault at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Her principal places of worship were hung in black; and not only her own ministers, but many in the Establishment and among the nonconformists, preached a funeral sermon to testify to her worth. Many tears were shed at the mention of her name; a medal was struck off as a memento of her death; and her well-known features were embalmed in the hearts of her people.

## *CONVERSION.*

According to some, only the scum and offscourings of society need to be born again. We believe that the purest, gentlest, loveliest, must undergo this change before they enter the kingdom of God. It is a radical reform, great in its character and lasting in its consequences. Lady Huntingdon’s outward conduct was always blameless, and she had moreover a zeal of God, yet for many years she was an utter stranger to the spiritual nature of the gospel of Christ. She saw not the depravity of the human heart; she knew nothing of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and of the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. She entertained high opinions respecting the dignity of human nature; and aspired to reach, by her own works, the lofty standard she had placed before her. Liberal in her sentiments, prudent in her conduct, courteous in her deportment, and profuse in her charities, she surpassed her equals by birth, and the multitudes around her. But the Countess was far from enjoying the happiness which she anticipated would result from her endeavours to recommend herself to the favour of Heaven. Her sister-in-law Lady Margaret Hastings had been awakened to see the value of religious truth, and often conversed with her respecting the concerns of her soul.

Her experience formed a contrast to the state of Lady Huntingdon's mind. A severe illness soon laid the Countess low, and brought her to the confines of the grave. She looked back to her past life, but the piety, virtue, and morality in which she had trusted, appeared to be tainted with sin. The report of the earnest preaching of certain clergymen, who were called Methodists, reached Donnington Park; the truth impressed some members of the Hastings family; and through them Lady Huntingdon was directed to the truth as it is in Jesus, and obtained lasting peace. The change in her heart exerted a beneficial influence on her body; her disorder took a favourable turn; she was restored to perfect health; and she solemnly dedicated herself to God as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to the Lord.

## *THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

Full salvation through full trust in Jesus is at once the provision and the demand of the gospel, and is, of course, the privilege and duty of all. But the truth that the Lord Jesus is the righteousness of the believer, in the sense of sanctification as well as in the sense of justification, many are slow to perceive. Yet Scripture and the lives of the great and good abundantly prove, that in both senses Christ is complete to the believer, and in both, the believer is complete in Christ. The Countess of Huntingdon is a true and noble type of the real, whole-souled Christian. Religion took a strong hold upon her inner nature, and her apprehension of Christ in His fulness was so clear, that she was filled with heavenly consolations. The language of her heart, as well as of her lips, was beautifully expressed by her friend Dr. Watts:—

"*Were the whole realm of nature mine,*
*That were a present far too small;*
*Love so amazing, so divine,*
*Demands my soul, my life, my all!*"

The fashionable circle in which she moved was astonished; and unable to comprehend the spiritual darkness through which she had passed, and the spiritual light she now enjoyed, ridiculed her as a fanatic. Some nobles even wished Lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority; but he refused to interfere with her religious opinions. Dr. Southey, unblushingly asserted that the religious feelings of Lady Huntingdon originated in a decided insanity in her family; and adds that all the arguments of Bishop Benson failed in bringing her to a more rational sense of devotion. "Such a statement," remarks her latest biographer,

“would not have deserved notice, were it not that the talents and reputation of the poet laureate might be regarded by many as a guarantee for its validity.” When the rupture took place between the Prince of Wales and his father, George II., and the Prince set up his own court at Kew, Lady Huntingdon attended it occasionally; but her frequent absence was noticed, and provoked sarcasm. One day the Prince of Wales inquired of Lady Charlotte Edwin where Lady Huntingdon was that she so seldom visited the circle. Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, “I suppose praying with her beggars.” The Prince shook his head, and, turning to her Ladyship, said, “Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon’s mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven.”

## *HER CHAPLAINS.*

The religious sentiments and the glowing eloquence of the most remarkable evangelist of modern times soon attracted the attention of the Countess of Huntingdon, and, in 1748, she made George Whitefield one of her chaplains. She then, and for many years afterwards, thought that, as a peeress of the realm, she had a right to employ the clergymen of the Church whom she had appointed as her chaplains in openly proclaiming the everlasting gospel. Whitefield often preached in the drawing-rooms of the Countess to large numbers of the most highly distinguished nobility. Gifted by nature in an unusual degree as a public speaker, her chaplain, despite the vilest aspersions, spoke as one who had received a commission from on high to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ; and this mission he fulfilled with unabated ardour and success for nearly forty years. In the New World as well as the Old, Whitefield had his trophies, and was listened to with great delight by the princes of intellect and the beggars in understanding. If souls would hear the gospel only under a ceiled roof, he preached it there. If only in a church or a field, he proclaimed it there. In temples made with hands, the parliament of letters, of fashion, of theology, of statesmanship,—such men as Hume, Walpole, Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Warburton, and Chesterfield, acknowledged the power of the preacher. On Moorfields, Kennington Common, and Blackheath, vast crowds were powerfully impressed, and cried out for salvation. He preached at Kingswood, and the miners came out of their coal-pits in swarms—thousands on thousands flocked from Bristol, till about twenty or thirty thousand persons were present. The singing could be heard for two miles off, and the clear, rich, and powerful voice of Whitefield could be distinctly heard for about a mile. This is his own

world; he loves, he says, to “mount his field throne.” These colliers are as ignorant of religion as the inhabitants of negro-land—as hardened as the islanders of Madagascar—without feeling or education, profligate, abandoned, ferocious. He addresses them, and what is the result? Tears flow from eyes which perhaps never shed them before. Those white streaks which contrast so strongly with the dark ground on which they are interlined, tell of the emotion that is going on within. This celebrated preacher, in his letters speaks of Lady Huntingdon in very flattering terms. He says, “She shines brighter and brighter every day, and will yet I trust be spared for a nursing mother to our Israel.”

A few years afterwards, the Countess took under her protection William Romaine, by appointing him one of her chaplains. He had for a long time occupied an important position in London, where he published several popular treatises, and a great number of separate discourses. But the preaching of the gospel was his enthusiastic work, and the Calvinistic aspects of truth were put and kept in uniform prominence by him. He was a man of fervent piety,—and to shelter him from persecution, Lady Huntingdon secured his services to preach to the nobility in her drawing-rooms, the poor in her kitchen, and to all classes in her various places of worship.

About 1764, she added to the number of her chaplains the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, rector of Loughrea, in Ireland. His connexion with her ladyship raised a violent storm of persecution against him in his own county. But his heart was too deeply impressed with the truth to allow his tongue to be silent. He became a warm and devoted labourer in the various churches erected by the Countess. Thomas Haweis, LL.B., was also chaplain to the Countess. Mr. Haweis took a prominent part in the formation of the London Missionary Society, published many sermons, a commentary on the Bible, and other works. He was a man of great zeal and piety, and highly respected.

## *THE FOUNDRESS OF A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.*

At the time when the two leaders of Methodism, Wesley and Whitefield, took adverse positions on points of theology—the former, zealous for what was termed the Arminian; the latter, for the Calvinistic, mode of holding and proclaiming the one Christian truth, which gives all glory to God, and leaves human responsibility unimpugned; Lady Huntingdon warmly professed her approval of Calvinistic doctrine, and gave the whole of her influence to that side of Methodism. Whitefield conscious of his want of ability to govern a community, wisely abstained from the attempt to found a denomination, and

gave his powerful aid to his noble patroness in her wide-spread endeavours to maintain and spread Calvinistic Methodism. It was in this way that her ladyship became the head of what was termed “the Countess of Huntingdon’s Connexion.” This costly movement included the erection of many spacious churches, the support of ministers, and the founding and endowing of a college at Trevecca, in Wales, for the education of young men, who were left at liberty, when their studies were completed, to serve in the ministry of the gospel either in the Countess’s Connexion, in the Established Church, or in any other of the Churches of Christ. In 1792, the college was removed from Trevecca to Cheshunt, where it still exists in a state of efficiency and usefulness. Her pecuniary resources were not large, yet she devoted upwards of £100,000 towards the spread of evangelical religion. Although the term “Connexion” is still applied to the body, they do not exist in the form of a federal ecclesiastical union. The congregational form of Church government is practically in operation among them, and several of the congregations have joined that communion.

### *CHARACTER OF THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.*

She was not what is usually termed beautiful, yet there was a grace and sweetness about her features which fully compensated for more perishable charms. Her figure was noble and commanding; her eyes were large and lustrous; her nose slightly acquiline; her lips well-formed and expressive; her forehead bold and intellectual. Her head-dress was plain and quite unfashionable; her bonnet unpretending; and her gown invariably black silk.

Lady Huntingdon possessed great natural talents. This is vouched for, not so much by her letters as by her actual administrative performances, by what she did in governing so long a large association, and in directing and controlling the minds of many educated clergy and uneducated lay-preachers. The leading and most noted public men, such as Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and several of the bishops, listened with enthusiasm to her conversation. The celebrated ladies who ruled the court, and drew the flower of the nobility to their feet, were powerfully influenced by her Ladyship. Her conversational powers were remarkable. There was scarcely a subject on which she could not talk with freedom.

The Countess sympathised with human misery in all its forms, and to the utmost of her ability relieved it. Her nature was exceedingly generous. One of her ministers once called on her Ladyship with a wealthy person from the country. When they left, he exclaimed, “What a lesson! Can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in such a house, so meanly

furnished; and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance! From this moment, I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God and so much in folly." Religion with her was not a creed, nor an ecclesiastical position, but a living power. She admired consistency, and exemplified it in her life. It must not be supposed that she was perfect. She had her frailties, which she was aware of, and mourned over. But her private virtues and her public acts have ranked her among the most illustrious reformers of the Christian Church.

## *SECTION II.—ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF GORDON.*

"The Church of Christ has often been indebted to ladies in high station whose hearts the Lord touched, who devoted themselves with singular ardour to the extension of His kingdom; using the graciousness of their rank and breeding to strengthen His ministers, and win favour for His holy cause; and who in so doing had a peculiar heavy cross of self-denial and reproach to bear. Had we lived in days when the gracious dead were canonized, and supposed to be helpful in heaven as they had been on earth, we should doubtless have had a Scottish Saint Elizabeth, in the last Duchess of Gordon."

ANDREW CRICHTON.

### *RELIGION IN HIGH LIFE.*

Christians have generally sprung from humble life. We love to see piety anywhere; but the histories of those who have come from the ranks always lay deepest hold of the Christian mind. When the poor woman in the almshouse takes her bread and her water, and blesses God for both; when the homeless wanderer, who has not where to lay her head, lifts her eye and says, "My Father will provide," it is like the glow-worm in the dark, leaving a spark the more conspicuous because of the blackness around it. The evangelization of the poor is a sure sign of Christ's gospel. But let us rejoice, that though it hath been hitherto, we are afraid, incontestably the rule, that not many of the wise, mighty, and noble have been called, yet there have been many splendid exceptions. There have always been some Christians of noble birth and rank and wealth. Not only is the gospel translatable into every tongue, and suitable to all the varying phases of human intellect; but it can descend to the lowliest cottages, and rise to the most gorgeous palaces and gild their very pinnacles with celestial light. Philosophy has wept at the recital of the story of the Cross; wealth has offered its houses for the Saviour who had for His home the cold mountain wet with the evening dew; science has cast her brightest crowns at the bleeding feet of Emmanuel; and art has entreated the rejected Redeemer to call her most fashionable temples His own. We could produce a long catalogue of illustrious names to prove that religion can command the homage of genius, taste, and rank. The religion of Jesus is not the monopoly of the poor; it is designed for those who are surrounded with objects which flatter their vanity, which minister to

their pride, and which throw them into the circle of alluring and tempting pleasures. It places all on the same level in regard to salvation. There is no royal road to heaven. All are saved in the same way. In our own times there are not wanting some who have laid rank and wealth on the altar of God.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Elizabeth Brodie, was born in London, on the 20th of June, 1794. There had been Brodies of Brodie for many generations. The most noted of her ancestors was her grandfather Alexander, commonly called Lord Brodie, who lived in the days of the Covenant, and was one of the judges of the Court of Session. Her father was Alexander Brodie; who having acquired a large fortune in India, returned home, purchased the estates of Arnhall and the Burn, in Kincardineshire, and became member of parliament for Elgin. Her grandmother was Lady Betty Wemyss, one of the Sutherland family; and her mother was Miss Elizabeth Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, a grand-daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. Her progenitors were not only illustrious, but virtuous. Grace is not of blood, but of God; yet in the heritage which the righteous leave to their children, a moral resemblance may often be traced even through intervening generations.

The first six years of her life were spent at Leslie House, in Fifeshire, and were rendered memorable by the death of her mother. In what she called “her mother’s box,” were found reminiscences of that parent and of her own infant days. She stayed for some time with her maiden aunts at Elgin, which she always regarded with affection as the home of her early years. At the age of eight she was sent to a boarding-school in London. Here she had, with immense difficulty, to unlearn her native Scotch, and acquire a command of English words and English pronunciation. Her education was thorough in all the ordinary branches, and she was imbued with a taste for intellectual and scientific pursuits. Before seventeen, Miss Brodie came out into society at the Fife Hunt, in Cupar, with her cousin, the beautiful Miss Wemyss, afterwards Countess of Rosslyn.

In the reign of the first Charles, Lord Lewis Gordon, afterwards Marquis of Huntly, rushed over the possessions of the gentle Lord Brodie, burnt his mansion and laid waste his lands. But in the times of the third George, another Marquis of Huntly came to Brodie on a different errand. The Rev. A. Moody Stuart pleasantly says, “Unlike his wayward ancestor, he ran no warlike raid through the plains of Moray, and brought back no forceful prey to adorn his castle at Huntly. But the gallant soldier made a better conquest. In the ever strange circling of events he sought and won the hand of the young and beautiful

Elizabeth Brodie, and conducted his bride with festive rejoicings to his home in Strathbogie. There she shone a far nobler treasure than the spoil of her father's house; for in due time she was called to inherit the untold riches of that Father's grace, and so to shed a brighter lustre on the coronet of Gordon than it had ever worn before, illuminating it with a heavenly radiance ere it was buried in her tomb." At the age of nineteen, the Marquis of Huntly was Miss Brodie's accepted suitor, and on the 11th of December, 1813, they were married at Bath. Her husband, as colonel of the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders, had seen hard service, and could show his wounds. They had one great trial in common to bear: their childless wedlock sealed the fate of the house of Gordon. After their marriage they went abroad. On the 16th of June, 1815, they drew near Brussels, ignorant of what was happening in the immediate neighbourhood. The Duchess of Richmond had given her famous ball, and now all was confusion and dismay. Troubled minds were set at rest by the British squares at Waterloo.

The Marchioness of Huntly spent the first few years of her married life, in much the same way as ladies of her rank generally do. She drank freely of the pleasures of the world, and God was not in all her thoughts. In the autumn of 1815, she returned to Scotland, and Lord Huntly determined to give her a festive reception on her coming home to Strathbogie; and because the winter was not suitable, he deferred it till her birthday in June. The place of meeting was the castle park; the people danced on the greensward, and Lady Huntly distributed small silver coins to the children with that large-hearted love for the young so remarkable in her after career. She took still greater pleasure in a festive tour which followed a few years after. On this occasion the spirit of the old highland clanship was revived; fiery crosses blazed from hill to hill; and Lady Huntly passed in true Celtic style over the Gordon estates, receiving the homage of her vassals. In 1819, Lord Huntly resolved to give a highland welcome worthy of his rank, to Prince Leopold, at the beautiful lodge of Kinrara. With the ardent loyalty of the highlands, the clansmen held themselves ready to honour their own chief and to welcome his royal guest. With his highland bonnet, and kilted in the dark tartan of his clan, Huntly invited the prince to ascend the hill of Tor Alvie, which commanded a fine view of the lofty mountains, and the noble Spey. There they found the marchioness and her party waiting to receive them. But the tartaned highlanders were nowhere to be seen. Their chieftain stood with eagle plume:—

"But they with mantles folded round
Were crouched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie;

So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark, and brackens green.
The mountaineer then whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows.
And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife;
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Short space he stood, then raised his hand
To his brave clansmen's eager band;
Then SHOUT of WELCOME, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and brake and fell
Three times gave back the martial yell."

"Ah," exclaimed the Prince, surprised and delighted, "we've got Roderick Dhu here!"

In the summer of 1827, the old Duke died, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly became the Duke and Duchess of Gordon. The hereditary influence of the Gordon family in other days was scarcely less than regal in the north of Scotland; and even at the time to which we refer, retained a strong element of clanship added to that of wealth and rank. Amidst the enthusiastic rejoicings of the numerous tenantry, the Duke and Duchess took possession of the noble castle. It had been called a "castle of felicity," and nothing was wanting to make it so, if the good things of this life could satisfy the soul. The Duchess had learned how poor earth's highest joys are in themselves. She therefore identified herself more with the people and cause of Christ. No balls were given at Gordon Castle during the nine years she was its mistress. In May, 1830, William IV. came to the throne, and his queen, the sainted Adelaide, selected the Duchess of Gordon as Mistress of the Robes at the coronation, and honoured her ever afterwards with her special friendship. This was a strong temptation to return to the world, and become a leader of fashion; but into the court, as into the ducal palace, she carried a simple, fervent exhibition of Christian principle. Most of her time, however, was spent at Gordon Castle, where she presided with queenly grace over the numerous and noble company always sure to be there. All things were ordered according to her own high spiritual ideal.

In May, 1836, George, last Duke of Gordon, was suddenly taken from her side

in London. The blow was heavy, but her sorrow was assuaged by the assurance that he slept in Jesus. So little was his death expected, that the Duchess had turned an ugly quarry into a beautiful garden, and was looking forward to the pleasure of driving her invalid husband thither, and winning a smile from his sick and weary face. But alas! he was carried past her blooming paradise in his coffin.

The first year of the Duchess' widowhood was spent on the Continent; after which she returned to Huntly Lodge, where she had spent her married youth. It now became a serious question how far she should continue to maintain the style and living of a Duchess. To have lived on a thousand a year instead of ten thousand would have saved her from many temptations, and spared her much money for the Church's treasury. But having been numbered by the Lord in the rank of the "not many noble" that are called, she decided to abide therein with God. We think she was right. The light that shines through the cottage window will cheer and guide the lonely wanderer who happens to come within its narrow range; but the lamp on the lighthouse is seen far and wide, and directs thousands to the sheltering harbour.

The Scotch are a devout and fervent people. But in some localities the inhabitants were religious only in name. Strathbogie was chequered by bright lights and dark shadows—the latter, alas! by far the more numerous. The ministers preached that it was good to be good, bad to be bad, and wise to eschew fanaticism; and the communicants deemed family worship an excellent thing in the stanzas of the "Cottar's Saturday Night." In answer to prayer, mighty apostles visited the dark land. With every movement which seemed to bring life to the spiritually dead district, the Duchess identified herself; and, therefore, although she did not till long afterwards sympathise with the position taken up by the party headed by Dr. Chalmers, she opened her house to him and the other eminent men who came to preach the gospel in Strathbogie.

In 1847, after a severe struggle, she became a member of the Free Church of Scotland; and in August partook of the Lord's supper for the first time along with the people at Huntly, as a member of their own communion. Chiefly through her instrumentality the popular mind suddenly awoke to the importance of religion; clergymen became deeply fervent, and the morals of a large portion of the people rose at once to the high Christian level. In 1859, a young man who had been long halting between two opinions, was overheard disputing in a byre with an old self-righteous man, and saying, "Na, na that'll no do; if ye dinna get Christ *first*, ye can do naething."

The end is soon told. She spent the winter of 1862-3 in London. A conference of ministers was held at Huntly Lodge on the 13th of January, 1864, and another

was appointed for the 10th of February; but between those dates the unexpected summons of death arrived. She fell asleep at half-past seven on Sabbath evening, the 31st of January, in her seventieth year.

On the 9th of February her Grace was buried. The spectacle was deeply affecting as the procession passed through Huntly; and in the midst of deep silence, respect, and universal regard, the corpse was carried through Elgin to the vault of the noble Dukes of Gordon. The coffin was placed beside her husband's, in the only remaining space for the deceased wearers of the ducal coronet and their children. Till the last trumpet shall sound, that tomb shall remain closed on the last and the best of an illustrious race.

## *NEW LIFE.*

In 1821, the Marchioness of Huntly began to feel anxious about her soul. God can break the hardest rock with the feeblest rod, and from the mouth of a babe ordain strength. A highland servant whom the Duchess Jane had left at Kinrara, with all reverence for the chieftain's lady, ventured to drop a quiet remark which sank into her heart and was never altogether forgotten. Lady Huntly was discovered in the act of reading the Bible by one of the leaders of aristocratic gaiety, and the incident was declared to be the best joke they had heard of for many a day. They thought, however, that a little clever quizzing would soon make her return to her old ways. But they were mistaken! They called her "Methodist," and she said within herself, "If for so little I am called a Methodist, let me have something more worthy of the name;" and set herself to read the Bible still more earnestly. In her new course of Bible reading she came to the passage, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" The words arrested her, and from that time she began to pray for the Holy Spirit. In 1822, she accompanied Lord Huntly to Geneva, and there found an enlightened friend in Madame Vernet, whom she afterwards looked upon as her spiritual mother. From Geneva she went to Paris, and, while travelling, read Erskine's "Internal Evidences," which she found very profitable to her soul. In Paris she found counsel and help in the house of Lady Olivia Sparrow; and at length, during a visit at Kimbolton Castle, the residence of the Duke of Manchester, she was brought to believe savingly on the Lord Jesus Christ.

## *DEEPENING OF THE LORD'S WORK.*

The commencement of the year 1827 forms an epoch in the spiritual history of Lady Huntly. She and her husband were on the Continent with two nieces, when one of them died suddenly at Naples. The bereavement was keenly felt, but greatly sanctified. About this time she read Leighton on Peter, to which she attributed a great deepening of the work of grace; and she afterwards wrote —"Pray keep Leighton for my sake, for I have a particular value for that copy. I truly rejoice to find that you can read Leighton with pleasure. I know by experience it is a test of the state of the mind."

When placed in a situation which required the heart to be hot like a furnace, and the lip to be burning like a live coal, she found that grace was proportioned to duty. To the first period of her Christian life she thus refers: "In my own case, I believe that for two years I was a saved sinner, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet that during all that time I did not see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. I believed in a general way that I was a sinner who deserved the punishment of a righteous God; I believed that whosoever came to Jesus Christ should be saved; but I had no deep sense of sin,—of my sin. Since then, I believe I have passed through almost every phase of Christian experience that I have ever read or heard of; and now I have such a sense of my utter vileness and unworthiness, that I feel that the great and holy God might well set His heel on me, so to speak, and crush me into nothing." So marked was the growth of grace at this time that she used to talk of it as a second conversion. For several years she had apprehended Christ as her title to heaven; but she now saw that He was also her meetness for heaven, and was filled with peace and joy.

At her departure from Huntly Lodge, to Gordon Castle, she received what we must call a token from God. With some other ladies, she paid a visit to the old castle at Huntly, on the banks of the Deveron, and within the fair demesne which she was to leave for a time. In an ancient hall, with carved escutcheons on its walls, they were attracted by an inscription on a scroll high above them, which neither the Duchess nor her visitors could decipher. They moved on, but she remained gazing at the carved figures. Suddenly the sun burst out from behind a cloud, and she read in the light of its rays these words:

TO . THAES . THAT . LOVE . GOD . AL . THINGIS . VIRKIS .
TO . THE . BEST .

It was as if a voice from heaven had spoken. She had gotten a motto for her future life; and ever after, Romans viii. 28, was one of the pillars that upheld the temple of God in her heart—one of the elements that leavened her spiritual life.

*OPEN-AIR SERVICES.*

On the Saturday before her first communion as a Presbyterian, it was evident that the church would be too small on the following Lord's-day. The Duchess therefore immediately placed the broad green area of what had been the old castle court at the service of the congregation. A naval captain with two or three visitors set up some military tents, and the ancient fortress was turned into a temple. The soldiers' tents, with their white canvas and scarlet mountings, had a very picturesque appearance. On the Sabbath morning a large congregation assembled under the blue vault of heaven.

“Then did we worship in that fane
By God to mankind given;
Whose lamp is the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven.

“Whose roof is the cerulean sky;
Whose floor the earth so fair;
Whose walls are vast immensity:
All nature worships there.”

Before the close of that service more than one was constrained to say, “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” In 1859, she wrote in reference to evangelistic efforts: “There were eight thousand tracts given away at the feeing-market yesterday.” In the summer of 1860, many thousands assembled in the castle park, at the invitation of the Duchess, to listen to the silver trumpet of the gospel sounding the year of jubilee. Similar gatherings were held during the three following years. On some of these occasions it was computed that seven thousand persons were present; on others, ten thousand. The Lord’s people were refreshed, and many careless ones were awakened. In 1863, the Duchess writes: “I cannot but wonder to see the meetings increasing in numbers and interest every year; not as a rendezvous for a pleasant day in the country, but really very solemn meetings, where the presence of the Lord is felt and the power of His Spirit manifested.” Clergymen of a certain school may sneer at lay evangelists; she could not join them in their sneers. It may be that these men are not always prudent—that their zeal sometimes outruns their discretion. Well, what then? Would we have the sentinel to walk with measured military step, who is on his way to trample out the lighted match which has been set to a train of gunpowder? If not human lives, are human souls to be sacrificed to the martinetism of the excessively prudent? If we are to contend against a thing merely because of its abuse, then all preaching must come to an end, clerical as well as lay.

### *GOOD WORKS.*

A firm believer in the doctrine of a free salvation through the mercy of God and the merits of Christ the Duchess of Gordon ever echoed the exhortation of the apostle, “Be careful to maintain good works.” So far from holding good

works cheap, she believed that by them God was glorified, and by them on the great day she would be judged. “The tree is known by its fruit.” “Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.” At Gordon Castle a room was fitted up as a little chapel for morning and family prayers, and where, aided by the tones of an organ, the Sabbath evenings might be rendered profitable to the visitors. She had always some benevolent scheme on hand, but was frequently hampered as to the means. When anxious to build a chapel and infant school, she took a gold vase worth £1200 to London in the hope of getting it sold. But as she had difficulty in finding a purchaser, she writes, “The Duchess of Beaufort, hearing of my vase, thought of her diamond ear-rings, which she got me to dispose of for a chapel in Wales, and her diamonds made me think of my jewels; and as the Duke has always been most anxious for the chapel, he agreed with me that stones were much prettier in a chapel wall than round one’s neck; and so he allowed me to sell £600 worth, or rather, what brought that, for they cost more than double.” The Sabbath was pre-eminently honoured. No departures or arrivals took place on that day. To those who think that the gratuitous and instant forgiveness of the gospel must be fatal to future obedience, it might be sufficient to remark, that the noblest patterns of piety, and the most finished specimens of personal worth, are those who counted their own excellence the merest dross, and yet felt assured that for another’s sake they were precious in God’s sight. But the gospel itself assures us that the faith which receives the Saviour is the first step of new obedience—that it is only when God’s righteousness is accepted, that morality begins.

## *CHARACTER OF THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.*

From the pages of her accomplished biographer, we learn that in her youth she had a robust physical frame; and H. P. Willis, Esq., the American traveller, tells us, that she was a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness. Peculiarly attractive in her manner, her expression, which in old age was quite heavenly, so lighted up all her features as to convey the impression that she must have been very beautiful when young. But it was not her handsome features which called forth admiration so much, as her tall and graceful form, added to which was a countenance beautified by intelligence and life and winning gentleness.

Her intellect was as vigorous as her body was robust. She availed herself of the power of invigorating her mental faculties, of acquiring knowledge from experience, of pursuing knowledge for its own sake, of deriving knowledge from

the past, and of rendering the possession of knowledge an enjoyment. Thus she wanted less than most girls a mother's arm to lean upon; and needed less than most wives a husband's intellect to guide. She seems to have arrived at her conclusions slowly; but having arrived at them, she held them firmly.

Kind words and good deeds will be legible, when sculptured inscriptions are illegible. These speak when the granite and the marble are silent. The benevolence of the Duchess was world-wide. Perhaps her lavish hospitality was sometimes taken advantage of; but the keenest cavillers must admit that her own eye and heart were single. Her aim seemed to be to convince her guests that the house and all that was in it was their own. The day after the funeral, an aged man, with moistened eyes made these remarks. "This is the greatest calamity that ever befel this district; of a' the Dukes that ever reigned here, there was never one like her; there's nane in this neighbourhood, high or low, but was under some obligation to her; for she made it her study to benefit her fellow-men; and what crowds o' puir craturs she helped every day!" A soldier who had been in the Crimea, said: "You know that I have seen much to render my heart callous, but I never was unmanned till now; I never knew before how tenderly I loved that honoured lady." She had a strong feeling of nationality, and a great love for everything Scotch, such as the Jacobite songs. But when she received new life, these were exchanged for the songs of Zion. Her spirit was most catholic, and she longed to see conflicting sentiments blended into brotherhood, and to hear the grand text repeated throughout all lands: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

## *SECTION III.—MARY JANE GRAHAM.*

"Her pursuits were only valuable in proportion as they were consecrated. In everything 'to her to live was Christ.' Nothing else seemed worthy of the name of Christ."

REV. CHARLES BRIDGES, M.A.

### *PIETY AND CIRCUMSTANCE.*

In dealing with many who avow themselves unbelievers in Christianity, we not unfrequently meet with an objection by the help of which they attempt to construct an argument against our religion. The tendencies of the mind we are told, are entirely dependent on the development of the brain, and the external influences operating upon these, make up together the sum of the influences concerned in the production of the faiths of the world. These sceptical reasoners tell us that it is just as irrational to expect Christianity to spring up in the universal mind, as to expect to paint the whole globe with one particular flower. The soil has laws which determine its products; and the mind has laws which determine its beliefs. How shall we meet this? We might deny that the faith that worketh by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world, is the product of suggestion, which is multiform; and assert it to be the judgment of reason, which is one and the same over all the world, in every mind and age. But we prefer appealing to the practical refutation afforded us by experience. It is a fact that our Christian religion has already traversed the globe, rooting itself in every soil, and bearing fruit in every climate. When civilization has done her utmost, Christianity can out-dazzle her sublimest triumphs. In the clime where philosophy holds court with refinement—where poor vulgarity cannot breathe, we challenge the world to point out a single instance in which the gospel was unable to accommodate itself to the peculiar requirements of the people. What has been its effects in the land of terror, upon the savagest of human beings. It has lifted the cannibal from his pool of blood, and led him like a little child to the altar of consecration. The door of the world has been thrown open, and the Lord's servants have been commanded to enter in. India has been made accessible to the missionaries of every Church. The gospel is advancing rapidly among the teeming millions of the celestial empire. In Africa, degraded Fingoes, stupid Hottentots, and warlike Kaffirs, have had their understandings

enlightened, and their hearts softened, by Divine truth and grace.

“Sound the timbrel, strike the lyre,
Wake the trumpet’s blast of fire!”

for piety is independent of circumstance.

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Mary Jane Graham, was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1803, where her father was engaged in a respectable business. She was the subject of early religious convictions. At the age of seven, her habits of secret prayer evidenced the influence of Divine grace upon her soul. During the greater part of her childhood, and the commencement of her riper years, she was enabled to walk with God in sincerity, and without any considerable declension.

Her school career began before she was eight years old. She was, however, shortly removed, because of ill health, and when about the age of ten was sent to a different kind of school. As far as it was lawful she always screened the faults of her companions, and was ever ready and willing to plead for them when in disgrace; and so powerful was her advocacy, that her preceptress was constrained to remove out of her way when her judgment compelled her to persevere in her discipline.

At the age of twelve her delicate health again occasioned her removal from school. Her illness lasted about two months, and during that time, when confined upon a sofa, she committed to memory the whole Book of Psalms. She was delighted with Milton’s “Paradise Lost,” and for many successive mornings repeated three hundred lines. After her recovery she spent several months by the seaside. About the age of sixteen she was brought to the ordinance of confirmation, and publicly joined herself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant never to be broken.

About the age of seventeen, Miss Graham fell, for a few months, from the heavenly atmosphere of communion with God, into the dark and dismal shades of infidelity. The metaphysical structure of her mind, combined with a defective apprehension of her sad state by nature, induced a spirit of self-dependence; which led to backsliding from God. In the frivolities of the world she sought in vain for that priceless boon, a quiet conscience. Wearied at length, she turned to religion for comfort, but found that she had no religion; she had refused to give glory to God, and now her feet were stumbling upon the dark mountains. The Divinity of Christ had often been to her an occasion of perplexity. Repeated

examination had fully convinced her that it was a scriptural doctrine; yet so repulsive was it to her proud heart, that she was led from thence to doubt the truth of the Bible itself. After a few months' conflict, she was brought, to the light and liberty of truth, and the once abhorred doctrine became exceedingly precious. "From that time," to use her own words, "I have continued to sit at the feet of Jesus, and to hear His word, taking Him for my teacher and guide, in things temporal as well as spiritual."

Miss Graham continued to reside in London, and to devote herself more unreservedly to various studies and active labours in the service of God her Saviour. During her residence in the metropolis, the ministry of the Rev. Watts Wilkinson, and a deep study of the sacred volume, were the means of advancing her knowledge and experience of scriptural truth. Adorned by God with high intellect, which she cultivated with care, and sanctified for her Master's service, she thirsted for knowledge, and relished its acquisition with peculiar delight. She wrote a treatise on the intellectual, moral, and religious uses of mathematical science, which abounds with wise and judicious observations on the objects and motives of the worldly and Christian student.

But her studies were not confined to the severer branches of knowledge. In some of her more lively exercises of mind she took up the subject of chemistry. She wrote a short but accurate development of the principles of music. Botany also attracted her attention. She had prosecuted, as one of her chiefest studies, the noble literature and tongue of Britain. The best writers on the philosophy of mind were familiar to her. With the principles of Locke she was thoroughly acquainted. She had profited much by Stewart. "Butler's Analogy" was also upon her first shelf. She had cultivated an acquaintance with the classics of ancient Greece and Rome, and was perfectly familiar with the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. In order to improve herself in the knowledge of the languages, she made considerable use of them in mutual correspondence with her young friends.

Her peculiar singleness of aim stimulated her to apply her literary acquisitions to valuable practical purposes. The discovery of a strong tincture of infidelity among the Spanish refugees, combined with the recollection of her own fall, excited a compassionate, earnest, and sympathetic concern on their behalf. The following extract from a letter written in September, 1825, gives a touching view of her feelings towards these unhappy men. "I have read one part of 'Las Ruinas,' and in reading it I was struck with the reflection that the best answer would be a continual reference to the word of God. I thought therefore of placing my observations on the blank pages, and of filling the margin of the printed paper with references. I beseech you to pray, that if I be not a fit instrument for

the conversion of the souls of these poor Spanish exiles, the Holy Spirit would be pleased to raise up some other."

Upon her removal from London to Stoke Fleming, near Dartmouth, Devon, which took place in consequence of protracted indisposition; her energies were still employed in the service of her Redeemer, and of His Church. During the first summer of her country residence, she regularly attended the parish workhouse at seven o'clock, to explain the Scriptures to the poor previous to the commencement of their daily labour. The children of the parish were the objects of her constant solicitude. She drew out questions upon the parables and miracles as helps for Sunday-school teachers; and, when prevented by illness from attending the school, she assembled the children at her own house for instruction. The young women also in the parish occupied a large share of her anxious thoughts, and she appropriated a separate evening for their instruction. She was a constant cottage visitor. The following passage from her mathematical manuscript is beautiful, and shows clearly the high and consecrated spirit with which she connected this humble ministration with her intellectual pleasures. "Do you ever experience this proud internal consciousness of superior genius or learning? God has placed a ready antidote within your reach. The abode of learned leisure is seldom far from the humble dwelling of some unlettered Christian. Thither let your steps be directed. 'Take sweet counsel' with your poor uneducated brother. There you will find the man, whom our 'King delighteth to honour.' His mean chamber, graced with one well-worn book, is as 'the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.' Observe how far the very simplicity of his faith, and the fervour of his love, exceed anything you can find in your own experience, cankered as it is with intellectual pride. God has taught him many lessons, of which all your learning has left you ignorant. Make him your instructor in spiritual things. He is a stranger to the names of your favourite poets and orators; but he is very familiar with the sweet psalmist of Israel. He can give you rich portions of the eloquence of one who 'spake as never man spake.' He can neither 'tell you the number of the stars, nor call them by their names;' but he will discourse excellently concerning the Star of Bethlehem. He is unable to attempt the solution of a difficult problem; but he can enter into some of those deep things of God's law, which to an unhumbled heart are dark and mysterious. He will not talk to you 'in words which man's wisdom teacheth;' but oh! what sweet and simple expressions of Divine love are those 'which the Holy Ghost has taught him'! He 'knows nothing but Christ crucified;' but this is the excellent knowledge, to which all other knowledge is foolishness. He has 'the fear of the Lord; that is wisdom. He departs from evil; that is understanding.' When your soul is refreshed by this simple and lovely

communion with one of the meanest of God's saints, return to your learned retirement. Look over your intellectual possessions. Choose out the brightest jewel in your literary cabinet. Place it by the side of 'the meek and quiet spirit' of this obscure Christian. Determine which is the ornament of greater price. Compare the boasted treasures of your mind with the spiritual riches of your illiterate brother. Run over the whole catalogue. Let not one be omitted; the depth of your understanding and the strength of your reasonings, the brilliancy of your fancy, the fire of your eloquence. Be proud of them. Glory in them. You cannot. They dwindle into insignificance."

About a year after her settlement in Devon, she became a decided invalid, and except in the year 1827, she never moved beyond the garden, and only two or three times ventured into the outward air. For the last two years she was entirely confined to her room, and unable to be dressed. During the whole of that period she was watched over by her mother, and surrounded by books. Her beloved Bible was always under her pillow, the first thing in her hand in the morning and the last at night. For a short time before her death, the enemy was permitted to harass her soul, and her lively apprehensions of the gospel were occasionally obscured. Her bodily sufferings were most severe, arising from a complication of diseases. Life terminated at last by a rapid mortification in one of her legs. The last words she was heard to utter, were: "I am come into deep waters; O God, my rock. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." The next morning, Friday, December 10th, 1830, without a sign or struggle, she entered into her eternal rest. Her lungs, which had been supposed to be sound, were discovered after death to have been fatally diseased. Her heart also was found to be enlarged.

Thus upheld by the good hope of the gospel, this blessed sufferer, ransomed sinner, and victorious believer, fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour and her God. With hearts clad in the habiliments of sorrow, relatives and friends followed all that could die of Miss Graham to the lonely graveyard. The Christian has always a garden around the sepulchre. To such death is not the penalty of sin, but the gracious summons of the Saviour—the introduction to that world where the pure earth, unsmitten by a curse, shall never be broken for a grave.

## *THE GREAT CHANGE.*

From her own history we learn that Miss Graham was converted to God when only seven years old. Yet it must be admitted that instability marked her early course in the ways of religion. The general tone, however, of her spiritual feeling

manifested the habitual operation of a high measure of Divine influence; while her occasional depressions seem not to have sunk her below the ordinary level, and were doubtless connected with those exercises of humiliation described in her correspondence which will find an echo in the hearts of all generous Christians. A deep sense of her own unworthiness was a prominent feature of her life. In all her natural loveliness, with all her gentle and amiable attractions, she lay down before God profoundly in the dust, and poured out from the very bottom of her heart the often repeated cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” The Holy Spirit had taught her, that the Searcher of hearts sees guilt in the fairest characters; and that to be saved she must be Divinely renewed, and to see the kingdom of God she must be born again. While Miss Graham was, in the estimation of her parents and of all the members of the household, all that their hearts could wish, she felt her need of an entire and implicit dependence on Jesus Christ for salvation. She was also deeply anxious to bring others to the Saviour, that His Cross might be covered with trophies, and His crown blaze with jewels. If she heard of any that were awakened to a sense of their state and condition in the sight of God, it was always with great delight. Often has she been known on such occasions to shed tears of joy. While her love for the ministers and ordinances of God are worthy of special remark, we must not forget to mention her love to the brethren—these are conscious and unequivocal marks of vital Christianity.

### *THEOLOGICAL ATTAINMENTS.*

The fine, powerful, and spiritual mind of Miss Graham, is abundantly illustrated in her writings and correspondence. For sound divinity, clear reasoning, and fervent piety, there is probably no book in the English language superior to her “Test of Truth.” Scott’s “Force of Truth,” though a valuable work, will bear no comparison with it. In a posthumous work, “The Freeness and Sovereignty of God’s Justifying and Electing Grace,” she furnishes us with a full, clear, and scriptural statement on the humbling doctrine of original sin. “It is the very first lesson in the school of Christ: and it is only by being well rooted and grounded in these first principles that we can hope to go on to perfection. The doctrine is written in Scripture as with a sunbeam. If we do not feel some conviction of it in our own hearts, it affords a sad proof that we still belong to that ‘generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness.’” After adducing most convincing Scriptural evidence, she forcibly illustrates the subject by the case of infants, and appeals to the sacred records of

Christian experience. To the doctrine of the total depravity of man, she thus applies the *reductio ad absurdum* method of proof: “If man be not utterly depraved, he must be in one of these two states—either perfectly good, without any mixture of sin; or good, with some mixture of evil and imperfection. The first of these suppositions carries its own absurdity upon the face of it. The second is plausible, and more generally received. Yet it is not difficult to prove, that if man had any remaining good in him, that is—towards God—he could not be the creature he now is. There could not be that carelessness about his eternal welfare, that deadness to spiritual things, which we perceive in every individual whose heart has not been renewed by Divine grace.” Thus she finds that the doctrine of man’s partial depravity involves absurd consequences—conclusions wholly at variance with fact. The utter helplessness of man she adduced with great clearness and power, to prove that the work of grace is all of God. Then having proven her statement by Scripture, she proceeds to exhibit in connection with it, the perfect freeness of Divine grace. Miss Graham must not be confounded with those exclusive writers who address the free invitations of the gospel to the elect only. The freeness of Divine mercy—not the secret decree of the Divine will—was the ground and rule of her procedure.

On subjects of theological discussion she is as much at home as on the great doctrines of the gospel. She thus concludes a discussion on the consistency of conditional promises with free salvation: “The great question then about the promises seems to be, not so much whether they are conditional, as whether God looks to Christ, or us, for the performance of those conditions. If to Christ, the burden is laid upon one that is mighty: if to us, then we are undone: ‘for the condition of man after the fall is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works.’” This is strong and uncompromising; yet it is neither unguarded, unscriptural, nor discouraging. Her views of the personality of the Holy Spirit were remarkably clear. She was accustomed, as her “Prayer before Study,” plainly proves, to address Him in direct, and probably frequent supplication. In reference to the deceitful and superficial arguments of infidelity, she observes, “Let us disentangle the artful confusion of words and ideas. Let us set apart each argument for separate and minute scrutiny. Let us analyse the boasted reasonings of the infidel philosophy. We shall find that they may be classed under two heads: assertions which are true, but no way to the purpose; and assertions which are to the purpose, but they are not true.” Her remarks upon the millennium are interesting, but to attempt an analysis of these views, is foreign to our purpose.

On the way of salvation, Miss Graham’s correspondence is highly interesting and instructive. It is delightful to observe in all her letters, not only extensive and

accurate views of science and sound theological opinions, but unostentatious piety, glowing love to the Saviour, and a tender, earnest longing for the salvation of souls. No service is more valuable to the sincere but intelligent inquirer, than to enter into his case with tenderness and forbearance. In these letters there are no vague and ill-defined directions—no deficiency of spiritual understanding. They are rich in evangelical sentiment. Pardoning grace is proclaimed to the guilty; melting and subduing grace to the hard-hearted; and sanctifying grace to the unholy; grace to live and grace to die.

## *PRACTICAL RELIGION.*

It is a truth endorsed by universal Christendom, that the more we are disentangled from speculative inquiries, and occupied in the pursuit of practical realities, the more settled will be our conviction of the genuineness of the testimony, and our consequent enjoyment of its privileges. Miss Graham was naturally open to the temptation of a cavilling spirit. She was prone to begin with the speculative instead of the practical truths of revelation, and to insist upon a solution of its difficulties as a prerequisite to the acknowledgment of its authority, and personal application of its truths. To this we trace her painful, though temporary apostasy. The following passage, written about two months before her death, gives an interesting view of her own search after truth, and indicates a practical apprehension of the gospel: “I am grieved that you should for a moment imagine that I think our dear —— must be lost, because she does not subscribe to the doctrines of Calvin. I do not so much as know what all Calvin’s doctrines are, or whether I should subscribe to them myself. I have read one book of Calvin’s, many parts of which pleased me much: I mean his ‘Institutes,’ which Bishop Horsley says ought to be in every clergyman’s library. Further than this I know nothing of Calvin or his opinions. I certainly did not form one single opinion from his book, for I had formed all my opinions long before from the Bible. You may remember my telling you some years ago I declined greatly, almost entirely (inwardly) from the ways of God, and in my breast was an infidel, a disbeliever in the truths of the Bible. When the Lord brought me out of that dreadful state, and established my faith in His word, I determined to take that word *alone* for my guide. I read nothing else for between three and four months, and the Lord helped me to pray over every word that I read. At that time, and from that reading, all my religious opinions were formed, and I have not changed one of them since. I knew nothing then of Calvin. I have said so much, dear ——, because I think it a very wicked thing to do, as you

seem to think I do, to call Calvin or any man ‘master on earth,’ or to make any human writer our guide in spiritual things.” Miss Graham’s religion consisted in receiving the whole Bible without partiality or gainsaying, loving God, and doing good to man.

## *PROGRESS AND POWER.*

The source of all progress and power to the child of God is union, an abiding union with Jesus. Miss Graham felt this for years, and longed for it as the one thing needful to satisfy the cravings of her own soul, and increase her usefulness to others. The abiding graces of the Christian life, faith,—hope, and charity—are also its abiding forces. Christians should learn to live, as well as learn to die. The twofold significance of the text, “The just shall live by faith,” struck deep into the generous soil of her ardent heart and active mind. The just shall be *made alive* first, and *afterwards learn to live* by faith. The just shall be *justified before God first*, and afterwards learn the way *to become just also in heart and life* by faith. “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love: even as I have kept my Father’s commandments, and abide in His love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.” Simply to abide in Jesus is the whole philosophy of progress and power.

## *CHARACTER OF MISS GRAHAM.*

The biographer of Miss Graham, has been constrained to compensate for the paucity of incident—furnished by her life, to introduce large extracts from her writings and correspondence. From these extracts, and a portrait taken four years before her death, we learn that her physical constitution was rather too finely strung. Bred delicately in a great city, shut up in a nursery in childhood, and in a school through youth—never accustomed to air or exercise, her beauty faded quickly, and she was cut off in the midst of life. To preserve health it is not necessary to visit some distant clime, nor to do some great thing, but simply to obey her laws.

A striking feature of her intellectual character, was a total concentration of every power of thought and feeling in the object of pursuit immediately before

her. In youthful games she engaged with the same ardour which she afterwards applied to languages and sciences. Indeed, she followed Solomon's advice in everything she undertook: "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!" It was impossible to divert her mind from the object that was engaging her attention to any other employment or recreation. To subjects of taste, she brought a glow of feeling and imagination; matters of a graver cast, are drawn out with the sober accuracy of a reflecting and discriminating judgment.

One of our poets glowingly exclaims,—

"O Thou bleeding Lamb!
The true morality is love of Thee."

Miss Graham's love to her Saviour was one of her most prominent characteristics. Those parts of Scripture that brought her into closer contact with the subject nearest her heart. Every evening she devoted an hour to intercessory prayer. She also set apart special times for secret dedication and communion with God. The sacred book was her constant food and study. Her love for the ordinances of God deserves special remark. Messengers of the gospel she loved for their work's sake, and for their Master's sake. "Pray before, as well as after your visit" was her solemn entreaty to her own beloved minister.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast For-ever,
One grand, sweet song."

## *SECTION IV.—FIDELIA FISKE.*

"In the structure and working of her whole nature, she seemed to me the nearest approach I ever saw, in man or woman, to my ideal of our blessed Saviour as He appeared on the earth."

DR. ANDERSON.

### *CHRISTIANITY AND HUMAN NATURE.*

The peculiarities of Christianity form a most important and powerful argument in favour at once of its truth and of its Divine origin. A comparison of Christianity with other religions not only proclaims it to be the only religion worthy of God and suitable for human nature; but proclaims at the same time, and with equal power and effect, the utter futility of the infidel maxim,—that all religions are alike. A false religion, whether recorded in the pages of the Koran or the Shaster, may contain many important truths; but the fact that it is a *human* instead of a *Divine*, a *false* instead of a *true* religion, indelibly stamps it as unacceptable in the sight of Him who is "Holy in all in His works;" and unadapted to meet the wants of sinful creatures. There is only one religion in entire accord with all the phases, aspects, and transitions of the human mind; and that is the religion of the Bible. Christianity is adapted to you as an intellectual being—it records a history—it reveals a theology—it unfolds a philosophy—it affords scope for reasoning—it appeals to the imagination. Christianity is in harmony with your moral nature. Truly and beautifully has Sir Thomas Browne said, "There is no felicity in what the world adores—that wherein God Himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, and in whose defect the devils are unhappy —that dare I call happiness." Your character is entirely sinful and depraved. Christianity presents to you the ideal of your original rectitude, and would win you to the love of holiness, as a thing of beauty and majesty. Christianity is adapted to you as an emotional being. The facility in shedding tears at the remembrance of sin, or at the cross, is no evidence of repentance; joy in the belief that sins are forgiven is no proof of conversion. Yet weeping is a mighty thing. Our Saviour never fell into sentimentalism or affectation, but His great soul ran over His eyes when on earth; and it would do the same if He dwelt with us now. Christianity excites the deepest emotion, and wakes up all the tumultuous feelings of the soul. Christianity is in harmony with your social

nature. It takes your state under its auspices; and its tendency is, by its laws and influences, directly or indirectly, to etherealize the affections of the family, to ennoble the love of country, and to inflame all the enthusiasms which point to the good and glory of the race. Christianity is adapted to you as a suffering being. Trials are ill to bear. They are not “joyous, but grievous.” Yet he who believes that all things work together for good, will thank God for medicine as well as for food; and for the winter that kills the weeds, as well as for the summer that ripens the fields. Christianity is in harmony with your immortal nature. You are full of “thoughts that wander through eternity;” and Christianity establishes the truth of a future state—secures its glory—prepares for its enjoyment. It makes the hope of heaven a guiding principle in life, adapting its disclosures and descriptions of the future inheritance to the varied circumstances of the present. What a religion this!—it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God. “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

## *BIOGRAPHY.*

Fidelia Fiske was born on the 1st May, 1816, at Shelburne; a decayed town in Nova Scotia. Her father, a man of noble form, benignant face, and saintly character, who lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-two; was descended of ancestors who had emigrated from England to America. Her mother was a woman of great activity and equability; a native of Taunton, Massachusetts. This colony took its name from the circumstance that it was founded by a number of Christian men and women, who went forth from St. Mary Magdalene church, Taunton, Somerset, in the days of Archbishop Laud. The home of her childhood was a plain one-storey farmhouse, the large family room of which served as kitchen, nursery, dining and sitting room. In that mountain-home life was quiet and simple, yet by no means dull and monotonous. Around the blazing fire the little circle gathered every evening, while sewing, knitting, reading, and story-telling filled up the swift hours; till at length the great Bible was brought forth, a chapter read, and a fervent prayer offered. At early dawn they renewed their peaceful pursuits, amid the ceaseless and ever-varying voices of nature. As a child, Fidelia was unusually thoughtful and observing. She always weighed consequences, and nothing could escape her notice.

When about four years of age, she began to attend the district school near her father’s house. Here for some ten or twelve years she pursued the studies usually taught in country schools. Though by no means a prodigy, she had next to no labour in acquiring the art of reading; and easily outstripped others of the same

age, and won the place of honour in her class. On the 12th of July, 1831, Fidelia made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and became a member of the Congregational church at Shelburne. In 1839, Miss Fiske entered the middle class in Mount Holyoke seminary. This institution enjoyed a high reputation for its educational and religious tone. Miss Lyon, who presided over it, was a most gifted, fascinating, and holy woman. Early impressed by religious truth, Fidelia here found herself in a thoroughly congenial element. The diligence and thoroughness of study required suited her mental habits; while the prominence given to religious instruction and religious duties met the wants of her rapidly-developing religious life. As might have been expected, she soon formed an attachment for Miss Lyon, which was reciprocated, and which time only intensified. At the close of her first year, a malignant form of typhoid fever appeared in the academy. Miss Fiske returned home to her parents. Two days after, she was seized with the disorder, and for many days lay at the gate of death. During that season of sickness she learned, for the first time, the real feelings of the sick and dying, and how to care for them. Nor were these the only lessons she learnt. The malady passed from her to her father, who went through the gate that seemed to have opened for his daughter. Her younger sister also, who had been converted in answer to her prayers, followed her father into the land of the immortals. The autumn of the following year found her again at Mount Holyoke, a member of the senior class. After graduating, she became a teacher. Although high culture marked in a distinguishing degree this seminary, it was unlike many of the schools in England for ladies, where the tinsel of accomplishments is preferred to the ennobling influence of piety.

We have now reached the great crisis in her history. At the meeting of the American Board at Norwich, Connecticut, in the autumn of 1842, Miss Lyon was very anxious that her seminary should be more thoroughly pervaded with the missionary spirit. Calling a meeting of such as were present, she told them that the institution had been founded to advance the missionary cause, and that she “sometimes felt that its walls had been built from the funds of missionary boards.” Miss Fiske little knew how much that meeting would cost her. While she and others were earnestly pleading for the heathen, the Lord’s messenger was approaching her with a call to become a missionary herself. Dr. Perkins came to Mount Holyoke, and made a request for a young lady to go with him to Persia. Miss Fiske sent a note to him with these brief words, “If counted worthy, I should be willing to go.” On her decision becoming known at the seminary, Miss Lyon said, “If such are your feelings, we will go and see your mother and sisters;” and in an hour they were on their way. A thirty miles’ ride, on a cold wintry Saturday, through snow-drifts in which they were several times upset,

brought them to the Shelburne hills. The family were aroused from their slumbers to receive unexpected guests, and to hold an unexpected consultation. Prayers and tears mingled with the solemn and tender discussions of the hour. Before the Sabbath closed, her mother was enabled cheerfully to say, "*Go, my child, go*." Other friends could not withhold their consent, and the great question was definitely decided.

On Wednesday, March 1st, 1843, Miss Fiske, with others destined for the same general field, embarked on board the *Emma Isadora*. At half-past four o'clock p.m. the barque left her wharf, and moving down the harbour was soon out of sight. The voyage was pleasant. A storm overtook them, but no fear disturbed Miss Fiske; despite the anxious countenance of the captain, and the need for vigilance on the part of the crew, she writes: "I look out from my cabin window to trace a Father's hand in this wild commotion." She did not wait until she arrived in Persia, but began her ministry of love by taking under her special care the young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, guiding her studies and leading her to the Saviour. On the 8th of April, the ship anchored before Smyrna. After a week's rest the Austrian steamer left, and in thirty-eight hours reached Constantinople. The perils and hardships of the sea were past, but seven or eight hundred miles still lay between our missionary friends and their Persian home. However, under the skilful guidance of Dr. Perkins, they passed safely to Urumiyah, their destined field of labour.

According to English gazetteers, Urumiyah is a walled town, and contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, of whom about 10,000 are Nestorians, 2000 Jews, and the rest Mohammedans. It claims to be the birthplace of Zoroaster, and in the vicinity are several mounds supposed to be the hills of the ancient fire-worshippers. The Nestorians derive their name from Nestorius, a heretic of the fifth century, who taught that Christ was divided into two persons. Nestorius acquired so much distinction by his learning, pulpit eloquence, and purity of life, that, in 428, he was elevated to the patriarchate of Constantinople. But fourteen centuries had wrought terrible degradation in Persia. There was little of Christianity, except the name, when the American Board of Commissioners established a mission and educational agency in 1834. The language of the Nestorians contained no words corresponding to home and wife, the nearest approach to them being house and woman. To a person of refinement and delicacy, like Miss Fiske, it must have been shocking to see women treated by men as drudges and slaves: wives beaten often and severely by their husband; yea, a whole village of these coarse and passionate creatures engaged in a quarrel among themselves, their hair all loose and flying in the wind. Miss Fiske's chief solicitudes were given to the educational agency. By great tact she

effected considerable reformation in the schools, and corrected the prevalent habits of lying and stealing among her pupils. She also found time to visit the Nestorian women, to pray with them, and read the Scriptures. In 1844, her labours and plans were suddenly interrupted by a storm of persecution which burst upon the mission. When the missionaries had most reason to fear expulsion, Miss Fiske thus wrote:—"I knew not before that my affections had become so closely entwined around this poor people, nor how severely I should feel a removal from them." In the providence of God their enemies were thwarted; and they were permitted to remain and go on with their work, though not without great opposition. Towards the end of the year, Miss Fiske resumed her duties. How hard she laboured; with what holy fire her bosom burned; how earnestly she longed for a brighter day to dawn on the wretched Persian women; with what success she enforced upon mothers as well as pupils their relative duties; how brilliantly she illustrated the text, "Dying, and behold we live; unknown, and yet well known; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things"! In 1849, the first public examination of the school was held, and about two hundred guests listened with unabated interest to the exercises till the sun went down. The pupils were examined in ancient and modern Syriac, Bible history, geography, and natural philosophy. The following year opened upon them in a new, large, and convenient building. In the autumn of 1856, the Persian government again tried to break up the educational agency. Askar Khan visited the seminary, and explored every part of it. He questioned one of the girls who could speak Turkish, but was baffled by the discreet replies of the pupil; yet in a decided manner he condemned female education, and told the girls that their former condition was the only proper one for them.

When we think of the physical labour, the mental effort, the practical wisdom, the ready discernment of character, the unconquerable perseverance, and the devoted piety necessary for discharging the functions of a female missionary; we do not wonder that sixteen years produced a wearing and exhausting effect upon Miss Fiske's health. The time had come when change was imperatively demanded; and as Dr. Perkins and Mrs. Stoddard were expecting to leave for America the following summer, it was decided that she should accompany them. During the intervening months she received ample evidence of the permanency of the work of grace that had been wrought in the land of her adoption. On the morning of her departure, about seventy former pupils gathered about her, and asked the privilege of one more prayer—meeting with her in her room, "the little Bethel," as they called it. Six prayers were offered, all tender and comforting—one particularly so; and this one she had frequent occasion to remember in the course of her long journey, and always felt comforted and encouraged by it.

The population of Nova Scotia is now chiefly composed of a native race, sprung directly or indirectly from the three great families of the United Kingdom. They are situated on the confines of a frozen ocean, but their hearts are not chilled, nor their friendships blunted by its influence. Miss Fiske soon recognised many in the group which surrounded her at the old sanctuary on the first Sunday after her return. During 1860, she visited Boston, to say farewell to a band of missionaries destined for the Nestorian field. Although glad that labourers were being sent forth, she could not repress a pang of regret that she could not go with them. Most extensive and blessed was the work she carried on during her sojourn in America; but amid it all the noble woman turned her face to the East and longed to be among the daughters of Persia. Feebler and fainter, however, became that hope; and soon it was certain that no journey but that to the "beautiful land" lay before Miss Fiske.

For six weeks she was confined almost entirely to her bed. She was able, however, to write many letters of counsel and comfort. One written May 26th, 1864, and addressed to Dr. Wright, on his leaving America for Persia, indicated her never-failing interest in the work to which she had consecrated the best years of her life. The disease, which at first was supposed to be cancerous, proved to be a general inflammation of the lymphatic vessels. For two or three nights she was obliged to remain in a sitting posture. Her last loving message to the teachers and pupils of Mount Holyoke, closed with the words, "*Live for Christ*; in so doing we shall be blessed in time and in eternity." On the Sabbath morning she asked to have a number of the tracts entitled "Immanuel's Land" laid upon her table, so that every person visiting her might carry away one. The Rev. E. Y. Swift called to see her on Tuesday, July 26th. She held out her hand to welcome him, and feebly said, "Will you pray." These were her last words. As the prayer ascended, her spirit was caught up to learn the strains of the everlasting song of praise.

Not in the land of the Persian, but in her native country—the soil from which spring the children of freedom, the hearts of honesty, and the arms of bravery—was the body let down to the grave, in the full assurance that the soul was in heaven. At the funeral, one who knew her well, said: "God sent her to benighted Persia, that those poor people might have there an image of Jesus, and learn what He was like; not by cold theories, but by a living example. He brought her back to us, that we might see what sanctified human nature can become, and might gain a new view of the power of His grace." Some old grey heads, more becoming grey, and many bright in manhood and womanhood, breathed the prayer:—

“Then farewell, pure spirit! and oh that on all
Thy mantle of love and devotion might fall!
Like thee may we toil, that with thee we may rest,
With our Saviour above, in the home of the blest!”

### *SECOND AND BETTER BIRTH.*

Miss Fiske could neither remember the time when she was unimpressed by religious truth, nor the precise period at which she was born again. To her father she was indebted for that remarkable acquaintance with the Bible, which often surprised and delighted her friends. Fond of general reading, he took a special pleasure in consulting the lively oracles. He honoured the Bible in the family. When his children manifested a distaste for their lessons in the catechism, he permitted them to substitute the inspired for the uninspired word. He believed that it was quite as safe to drink at the fountain-head as at the stream. When thirteen years of age, her Sabbath-school teacher—a daughter of her pastor—one day faithfully addressed her class on the subject of personal religion. That night Fidelia lay on her bed wakeful and tearful. At length her anxiety became too great to be concealed. Her mother suspecting the true state of the case, and alluding to the fact that something seemed to be troubling her, one day kindly said, “What is it, my child?” The full heart instantly overflowed with the long pent-up feeling, as she answered, “Mother, I am a lost sinner.” She had a wise counsellor, who led her to look well into the grounds of her hope; and the result was a Christian profession, not only free from palpable defect, but unusually enriched with the fruits of the Spirit. When an infant leaves the womb, although the same, it may be said to be a new creature. Now, just because the change wrought on the soul in conversion is also great, it is called a birth. That is the first; this is the second, and better birth. Better! because in that a daughter of man is born but for the grave; whereas in this a daughter of God is born for glory.

### *JUVENILE HABIT OF DOING GOOD.*

She soon began to take a deep and active interest in the spiritual welfare of others. Her heart went forth most tenderly towards the poor of Christ’s flock, amongst whom she spent a large portion of her time, seeking not only to comfort them, but to improve her own piety by listening to their simple records of Divine

goodness. She loved the Lord's poor intensely; and could not bear to hear their infirmities too freely animadverted upon. She delighted unbidden to soothe the sorrows of those who were in distress, no matter how bad their previous conduct may have been. To activity in her kind offices she joined perseverance. Her charity was an evergreen, preserving its verdure at all seasons.

The Sabbath-school was to her a most congenial sphere of usefulness, and to its labours she gave herself with full purpose of heart. She had a high idea of the importance of this work; spent much time in preparation for her class; and was an example of punctuality, regularity, kindness, and devotion. Her interest in her pupils was not confined to the hour spent with them on the Sabbath. She sought, in various ways, to win them to Christ, often calling the pen to her aid. Verily she believed that the whole Church was formed of individual members, and the whole tide of Christian exertion made up of single acts; just as the ocean is formed of drops, the globe of particles, and the nocturnal glory of single stars. Her sentiments were in harmony with the following inspiring verses:—

"Go up and watch the new-born rill,
Just bursting from its mossy bed;
Streaking the heath-clad hill,
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou its bold career foretell,
What rock it may o'erleap or rend;
How far in ocean swell,
Its freshening billows send?

Perchance that little rill may flow
The bulwark of some mighty realm—
Bear navies to and fro,
With monarchs at their helm.

A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the tiny plant,
May warp the giant oak for ever."

## *MISSIONARY LIFE.*

Miss Fiske had the spirit of a missionary, before she had the most distant

conception of ever being engaged in the work. Her missionary life would not suffer by comparison with that of the most devoted agents who ever entered the field. At Seir, the Lord gave her an earnest of the blessing He was about to bestow on her self-renouncing labours in Persia. When the intelligence was received by her of sixty young ladies who were unconverted at the time she left Mount Holyoke, and all but six of whom were now rejoicing in hope, she burst into a flood of grateful tears.

When the American missionaries went to Persia, there was but a single Nestorian female who could read. She was Helena, the sister of the Patriarch, whose superior rank secured her this accomplishment. The rest were not only ignorant, but content to remain so. In addition to this, the poor Nestorians groaned under the bondage of a Mohammedan yoke, whose rule was capricious and tyrannical. In entering on her missionary duties, Miss Fiske writes: “Soon after our arrival, one of the elder members of our circle remarked that he did not know of five in the whole Nestorian nation whom he could look upon as true Christians.” The female seminary, which has done so much for the social, intellectual, and spiritual improvement of woman in Persia, was, during the first five years of its existence, simply a day-school: the pupils boarding at home, and spending only a few hours daily with their teachers in the school-room. From the first, she was very desirous of changing the character of the school, making it a boarding-school, in which pupils might remain several years, and be under the exclusive care and training of the teachers. The very idea of such a school was so repugnant to all the hereditary views of social propriety among the Nestorians, as to seem almost chimerical. Most of the girls were betrothed before they were twelve years of age; and the parents were afraid to give up those who were not, lest they should lose some favourable opportunity of marriage. They were also apprehensive that if their daughters were put to a boarding-school, they would not be able to carry heavy burdens, nor wield the spade so successfully as their companions who had never learned to read. But notwithstanding these difficulties, Miss Fiske succeeded in establishing a flourishing school conformed to her own ideal.

Her efforts to interest the women in the Bible were sometimes amusing. After reading the history of the creation, she asked, “Who was the first man?” They answered, “What do we know? we are women.” Then she told them that Adam was the first man, and made them repeat the name till they remembered it. The next question was, “What does it mean?” Here too they could give no answer; but were delighted to find that the first man was called *red earth*, because he was made of it. This was enough for one lesson. It woke up faculties previously dormant. She was not content with the few women who came to receive

religious instruction at the seminary; but visited them at their homes, going from house to house, where filth and vermin would have repelled any woman of refinement whose heart did not glow with love to Christ, and love to perishing souls for whom He died.

### *RESULT OF A CONSECRATED LIFE.*

The great study of Miss Fiske was to be Christ-like. She lived but for one object—the glory of the Redeemer in connection with the salvation of immortal souls. Hence, she carried with her a kind of hallowing influence into every company into which she entered; and her friends were accustomed to feel as if all were well when their measures met with the sanction and approval of the young missionary. In January, 1846, the work of the Holy Spirit became deep and general. The first Monday of the new year was observed by the mission as a day of fasting and prayer. "We had spoken," writes Miss Fiske, "of passing that day in wrestling for souls. But we had only begun to *seek*, not to *wrestle*, when we learned that souls were pleading for themselves." The intellects of the girls seemed greatly quickened by the grace in their hearts; thus illustrating the power of the gospel, to elevate and improve the whole character and life. The conversion of Deacon Gewergis, one of the vilest of the Nestorians; and his subsequent devotion to Christ, is too beautiful and of too profound significance to be omitted. After much faithful and affectionate conversation, Miss Fiske said to him, "When we stand at the bar of God, and when you are found on the *left hand*, as you certainly will be if you go on in your present course, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe that, on this 22nd day of February, 1846, you were told your danger." She could say no more; her heart was full. He burst into tears, and said, "My sister, I need this salvation." On the 12th March, 1856, he died in the Lord. The year 1849 witnessed one of the most interesting and extensive revivals that ever occurred in connection with the Nestorian mission. All the girls in the female seminary over twelve years of age, were hopefully converted, and many of them were, from that time, bright and shining lights in that dark land. The secret of these conversions may surely be said to be the spirit of entire dependence upon God. The imagination was not appealed to by terrors. There were no dramatic scenes to awaken fear. There was no mere got-up excitement. It was as if flowers that had been in darkness were persuaded to crave the blessed sunlight.

### *CHARACTER OF MISS FISKE.*

Some of our great writers portray the physique of their heroes and heroines so minutely that they start into life before our eyes. Height, size, complexion, conformation of features, to a gauntlet or ribbon, all are on the graphic page. But the excellent memoir recently published in England, gives us no account of the *personnel* of Fidelia Fiske. Judging from her portrait, she was about the middle size, finely formed features, rather delicate, loving eye, mild face, naturally diffident, yet cheerful, trustful, and hopeful.

She was a singularly gifted woman, and could accomplish with comparative ease what would be quite impracticable, or very difficult, to others. There was the quick comprehension, and the executive tact, which hardly ever made a failure, or put forth an inefficient effort. Every stroke and every touch from her always told in every undertaking. There was not the slightest bluster nor pretension about her. So quiet and unostentatious were her movements, that they would not have been observed, but for their marvellous results. If endowed with genius; it was unaccompanied by eccentricity or folly.

We need scarcely add that she was a noble specimen of true Christian womanhood. With the testimony of Dr. Kirk, the eminent Congregationalist minister of Boston, we close our pleasant task. “I wish to speak carefully; but I am sure I can say I never saw one who came nearer to Jesus in self-sacrifice. If ever there should be an extension of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, I think the name of Fidelia Fiske would stand there. That is a list of those who either had remarkable faith, or who suffered for the truth. She was a martyr. She made the greatest sacrifice. *She had given up her will*; and when you have done that, the rest is easy. To burn at the stake for awhile, to be torn on the rack, to be devoured by wild beasts, is as nothing when you have torn out your own will, and laid it upon God’s altar.”

# CHAPTER VIII.

## Formation of Female Character.

"The foundation of all great character must be laid in a change wrought upon the heart by Divine influence. We say a change of the heart, because the qualities which we bring with us into the world can never be so improved and polished as to lead us to act in the manner which the Divine law requires. Some of the evil propensities of our nature may be checked, the force of some passions may be weakened, and that of others guided into a new direction; but in the change of which we speak, and which we affirm to be the foundation of all true character, these passions are extirpated altogether, and the virtues of patience, self-denial, and fortitude, are implanted in their room."

JAMES A. WYLIE, LL.D.

### *VALUE AND INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER.*

It would not be easy to name a question of more vital interest than the importance of character to the individual and the world. The subject is peculiarly interesting at present, when, as we apprehend, a new era is opening on society, in which character shall be more than ever necessary. By character we mean qualities of soul; as these are noble or ignoble, so is your character, and so shall be the influence of your life. When we see a young woman entering upon a career of sin, it is not the amount of wrong that alarms us most; it is the fact that she is forming a character which will pursue her through life, and urge her forward in her evil ways, till rushing headlong down the paths of vice, she falls at last into hopeless dishonour here and misery hereafter. When, on the other hand, we see a young woman giving herself to the cultivation of right dispositions and good principles,—when we see her consistently subjecting the inferior principles of her nature to reason, and her lusts and passions to her conscience, and all her powers to the control of religion and the fear of God,—it is not this or that particular good thing that pleases us most; it is the fact that she is forming a character which will become to her like a guardian angel, bearing

her up in the rough places of life, and at last enabling her to dwell in the purer and happier atmosphere of heaven itself. To all, as individuals, as parents, as members of a family, and as members of society in general, there is something of solemn importance in the fact that none can stand neutral: all must take one of two courses of life,—the right or the wrong,—the good or the bad,—the true or the false.

The end of Providence, as a system of moral discipline, is the formation of character. The ultimate design of all the trials and disappointments and sorrows, the afflictions bodily and mental, personal and relative, to which all are subject, and from which none are exempt, is the restoration of that character which sin has destroyed. Heaven, as to its substance, consists in the perfection of character. Mental philosophy renders it a matter of certainty that the soul possesses an inherent capacity of receiving happiness or enduring misery to an extent at present wholly inconceivable. Generally speaking, the powers of your inner nature are asleep during life; but no sooner shall death have loosed the fetters that now confine them, than they will awake, never more to slumber or sleep: they will start up like the fiery whirlwind, and begin their sweep along their mighty orbit, rendering the path of the spirit one of eternal blackness and desolation; or they will then move on without let or hindrance in their path of light and joy, like the white-robed planet of the heavens around the great source of gravitation.

All those great revolutions by which the world has been extensively and permanently benefited have been brought about mainly by the influence of character. Genius has discovered the sciences and perfected the arts, and these have given us almost unlimited dominion over the world on which we dwell. So many and so substantial have been the benefits genius has conferred, that it may seem at first sight as if she had been the great benefactress of the world. But it is not difficult to show that the progress of art or science, unless their application be regulated by sound moral principle, is even dangerous to the world: they must be either a blessing or a curse, according as they are used or abused. From a variety of causes, the planting of Christianity in the world was the hardest task ever assigned to any of the human race. Alas! mere genius could have done little in that great work. Her vocation is to shine, and the promulgation of Christianity required suffering. The first Christians were not distinguished for their learning or eloquence, but they were endowed with power from on high to proclaim faithfully and courageously the great facts of which they had been the eye-witnesses. How manifest it is that we owe the spread of Christianity, not to *talent*, but to *character*. In the contest which resulted in the glorious Reformation, mere genius would soon have been foiled; heroic hardihood of

soul, unbounded homage for truth, and unmeasured contempt for error, were necessary to burst the fetters of superstition. Talent could detect the errors of the Romish system, lash the vices of the clergy, and consign the Pope to ever-burning fires; but character was needed to accomplish the more difficult task of emancipating Europe. That character is superior to talent is evident from the maxim, now become trite, that example is better than precept. It is also more valuable than rank. You may be proud of your pedigree, and point with imperial gusto to the family crest; but remember that rank is an accident over which you have no control, and titles will be felt to be empty things when you lie pining on a bed of sickness. In the present state of the world, reputation may rank higher than character, but it should be borne in mind that the former is merely the symbol of the latter. Maintain your character, be not over-anxious about your reputation. Character is the woman—reputation is only what the woman is said to be.

## *ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION.*

It has been thought by some that all human minds are originally constituted alike: that as you can move eastward or westward, according as you choose to set your face in the one direction or the other; so it depends entirely on the determination of the will in what department of effort you shall excel. But we need scarcely remark that all children are not alike precocious, and all adults are not alike capable of learning and teaching. Original constitution, out of which women as well as men are made, is infinitely varied. As from a few elements the endless forms of matter are built up, so out of different proportions of mental and moral qualities the endless diversities of human character are formed. In the world of matter, an almost infinitesimally small portion of foreign substance may quite alter the chemical character of a compound; and in the world of mind, the smallest excess or defect in any given faculty or feeling may make all the difference between the best and the worst, the dullest and the brightest, of mankind. Some seem to have all the most characteristic elements of greatness heaped upon their heads, or intensified in their constitutions; and so they become wonders to the world. Others have minds so obtuse that none but the plainest elements of knowledge are attainable by them, and souls so torpid that they are never able to originate a poetic thought.

If we turn to external nature, we behold endless diversity. How various the forms of animal life, whether considered in existing species, or traced back through endless ages to the first dawn of time! In the mineral kingdom, what

forms and hues may we trace, from the diamonds of royal crowns down to the rocks of the everlasting hills! So in the vegetable domain. The weed flourishes in the bed of the sea—the moss on the summits of our highland hills—the lichen amidst the ice and snow of Nova Zembla—the palm in India—the cedar in Lebanon—and the pine in Norway. Shall not God's resources find their amplest illustration in His last and noblest work—humanity? It is contrary to all analogy to expect uniformity of faculty or temperament among the human species. Be it observed, also, that as in the animal kingdom, structure necessitates function and habit; that as in the mineral kingdom there are fixed laws which we cannot alter; and that as in the vegetable kingdom nature determines her own growths: so in the world of mind, in the formation of character, while God permits moral agency, he asserts His own sovereignty. We do not believe that you are children of circumstances, as socialists and fatalists affirm, so that your character is formed for you, and not by you; still it would be the utmost folly to deny that circumstances exercise a mighty influence. As the storms affect the flight of the eagle and the speed of the steam-ship, but do not determine their course: so your original constitution influences you, but does not necessarily determine your character.

## *FAMILY CIRCLE.*

The discussions which have of late occupied the public mind regarding the polemics of education, have, we fear, had an injurious influence on the real progress of education amongst us. Some tell us that it is the bounden duty of the State to educate the democracy; and others inform us that the Church of the country is the proper instructress of the people. Without attempting to expose by facts, or assail in abstractions, the reasoning of these different classes, we would remark, that in the world children have to toil, to struggle, to resist, to endure—to labour long, and to wait patiently for a distant and even, to a certain extent, precarious result; and the school for the kind of lore which fits for that is around the domestic hearth.

A powerful influence is exerted by the family circle, in the formation of character. While all real formation must be self-formation, we cannot deny the moulding agencies of home life. Indeed the plastic power of home is so great as to be almost appalling. Home society works on the very foundations of character, and at no stage of life is social influence so strong as in youth; and no influence is so powerful as that of a mother over a daughter. Whence issues that moral influence which, to the tender mind, is paramount over all formal teaching?

Primarily and supremely from the mother. The histories of all who have risen above the level of their compeers, shows that the largest and most potent share of influence lies with the mother. God's plan of reforming communities is to train families. When an architect was asked how he built one of the lofty chimneys which stud some parts of Lancashire, he replied, "I built it up from within." Nations are built up in the same manner. The future mothers of a people are the best protectresses of a state from moral deteriorations. When every cottage in our land shall be blest with a well educated female, bearing the noble distinctions of wife, mother, and Christian! we may hope that the vilest wanderer will be reclaimed to the sweet bonds of household allegiance.

"How pleasing," says Dr. Winter Hamilton, "are the touches of domestic tenderness and order, which some incidental passage, in a classical author unfolds, as marking the Roman common life. We are accustomed to think of it only in its severer forms. We call up before our minds unrelenting sternness and stoicism. But the parental character was not despoiled of its nature. It was beheld in the most ardent desire to train offspring for all social duties. While it assiduously prepared them for the state, it resigned not that business to it. Thus in the Adelphi of Terence, the wit of Syrus does not hide from us the paternal influence in education. '*Ut quisque suum vult esse, ita est.*' Nor does the weakness of Demea conceal the indefatigable earnestness of that influence:—

'Nil prætermitto: consuefacio: denique,
Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque exallis sumere exemplum sibi.'

An education not provided in this manner, an apparatus set up independently of a popular choice and control, can never be valued as it must be to be availing."

We gladly turn from the institutes of man to the ordinances of God. In the laws of that religion by which Jehovah reigned before His ancient people gloriously, there is no enactment which dissolves parental responsibility in the education of children; and none which transfers it. He spake of the great ancestor of that people the encomium which contained the germ of their government: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the law, to do justice and judgment." This was to be the rule of transmission. "Teach them thy sons and thy sons' sons." "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house." "He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: that the generation to come might know them, even the children

which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children." Not less tender, distinct, and authoritative is the Christian law: "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." No one can doubt that the Bible enjoins on parents the duty of carefully training up their children, and of making it the grand purpose of this life to prepare them for heaven.

By a beautiful provision for keeping up the healthy interaction of the social forces, when the period of adolescence is reached, the sympathies burst the boundary of the domestic circle, and, through delicate and often inscrutable affinities, seek objects of attachment in the outer world. The upper, the middle, and the lower classes, for various reasons must go out into society. That principles of character can be imparted is one of the plainest doctrines of the Bible, as well as one of the commonest facts of human experience. For this express purpose, all the educative agencies of home, the school, the platform, the press, and the pulpit, have been instituted, are kept in operation. The Christian Church was formed by its Divine Head that all those to whom His words are spirit and life, should impart them to others. Christianity is a propagandist system, and is designed to revolutionize not the opinions so much as the ideas and motives of humanity. When we look at hundreds of girls, in pairs and triads, engaged in incessant and animated conversation; when we think of the influences under which their characters are forming, and remember that these characters, in all probability, will last through life,—we almost shrink back from the reflection, that here are the mothers of the next generation! If there is contamination here, the consequences are more disastrous than we are able to compute. Mutual influence is a law that embraces all worlds, pervades all the kingdoms of nature, and reaches its climax in humanity. All the elements and laws of the lower kingdom are summed up here; and magnetism, affinity, and gravitation find their spiritual archetypes in the influence of mind on mind. The character is like a piece of potter's clay, which when fresh and new, is easily fashioned according to the will of those into whose hands it falls; but its form once given, and hardened, either by the slow drying of time, or by its passage through the ardent furnace of the world, any one may break it to atoms, but never bend it again to another mould.

To borrow the language of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*: "However difficult it may be to account philosophically for what is called *national character*—to explain precisely in what it consists, or how exactly it is formed—no one will venture to deny that there is such a thing; some secret influence of climate and soil, combining with the still more inexplicable peculiarities of the

races of men, and which seems to a considerable degree independent even of education or individual qualities. The *steady English*, the *wary Scotch*, the *testy Welsh*, the *volatile French*, the *phlegmatic Dutch*, the *artistic Italian*, the *solemn Spaniard*,—all these are crowded into so small a space of the earth's surface as some twenty degrees of latitude and longitude; and having most of the essential circumstances of social influence common to all, yet are each marked with a national stamp, indelible in natives, and still frequently distinguishable for two or three generations in families that have migrated into other countries." But although in each of the great national circles of society, we find characteristics which mark it out socially and morally from others, we must not judge individuals nationally. All the English are not freighted to the water with stability; nor are all the Scotch remarkably cautious; nor are the tempers of all the Welsh like touchwood or tinder; nor are all the French frivolous; nor are all the Dutch lazy; nor are all the Italians painters; nor are all the Spaniards distinguished for gravity. Still nations, *as such*, have their idiosyncrasies, as attested by well authenticated history and by present facts.

If we narrow the social circle, we find that where association is closer, characteristics are more distinct. Every religious denomination has its own features clearly marked and firmly set. In every province, city, and town, we see the influence of association in the formation of character. It is illustrated in every circle, from the kitchen of the maid-servant to the throne of the British queen.

### *IMPARTATIVE AND RECEPTIVE ELEMENTS.*

All are conscious of a desire to imbue others with their sentiments. This ambition is always strong in a mind of high intensity. It is the natural yearning of active powers for appropriate activity—the mind's impulse to develope its energies and extend its dominion. Minds that burn with the fire of genius, or the nobler fires of zeal and love, cannot repress their energies; but seek to distinguish themselves, and to influence those with whom they come in contact. There are magnetic souls that penetrate with their looks, and inspire with their ideas. In all ages and countries the gentler sex afford illustrations of a desire to impart themselves and mould others.

What then are those elements,—those sources of power and strength which are the vital mainsprings in the formation of your character?

Imitation plays an important part in this great work. The same passion that impels you to seek society, impels you to take part with your companions in their interests and inclinations. Insensibly you fall into their customs and manners,

adopt their sentiments, their passions, and even their foibles. This principle is especially active in children; hence they love to mimic whatever strikes the organ of sense; and soon as the young idea begins to shoot, and the embryo of the character to appear, they form themselves unconsciously after the similitude of those with whom they converse. But for this their progress would be very slow, and their conformity to persons and things around them very slight. With this faculty spontaneously active, how soon they learn to talk, to adopt the peculiarities of others, and copy the mechanical and other inventions! Now, women are but children of larger growth, and are mightily influenced by imitation. Follow, therefore, the example of good women. As the moral virtues constitute the highest order of human excellence and endowment, copy them wherever you find them. Theatricals are the legitimate product of imitation. Shall they be patronized? Undoubtedly they might be so conducted as to become a great public blessing; but as they are at present managed, they are undoubtedly a great curse. Still, those who deplore the influence of the theatre should labour to correct it, rather than seek to demolish it altogether; for it is founded on a natural element of the human mind, and must live as long as humanity exists. Destroyed it can never be, any more than hunger or any other natural or legitimate product of any other faculty. All that remains is to sanctify and rightly wield its mighty power for good. Nevertheless, we must express our unequivocal disapproval of the theatre as now conducted, and warn you especially against it.

There is in human nature a strong tendency to sympathise with others in their modes of thought and feeling. All know something about the readiness with which the act of yawning is induced in a company if a single person begins to yawn; the facility with which hysterical convulsions are induced in a female hospital ward by a single case; the fascination of its prey by the serpent, apparently by the power of the eyes; the similar power exerted by so-called electro-biologists and mesmerists, and by which some can control even the fiercest carnivora. Sympathy is a mighty power, and may aid you mightily in the formation of your character. In no country is it more deeply felt than our own, where a free press, free speech, and free association, are in full operation. Just as matter has a tendency to conform to the temperature of surrounding matter, so mind has a tendency to cool or kindle with surrounding minds. An effort to benefit others operates beneficially upon those who put it forth; thus proving that people cannot be made a blessing to others without enjoying an enlarged blessing themselves. The great events of life, which stir the deepest feelings of the human heart—birth, marriage, death—occur in every household, lighting up with a common joy, or involving in the shadow of a common gloom, the palace and the cottage alike. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” How

near does our beloved queen seem to be to the poorest widow in the land, now that, amid all the pomp of her royalty and the splendour of her unrivalled station, she is suffering from the painful sense of her great bereavement. Moreover, the heart of the country at once thrills with sympathy when tidings are heard of some great disaster, that has brought death to many, and desolation and misery to more; though they may be the poorest of the poor, and dwellers in some far-off land. It is not more true, however, that we weep with those who weep, than that we rejoice with those who rejoice. There is a charm in general gladness that steals upon us without our perceiving it; and if we have no cause of sorrow, it is sufficient for our momentary happiness that we be in the company of the happy.

We would now direct your attention to habit—one of the most obvious and important elements in the formation of character. Its influence is felt in every sphere of your activity, its power extends to every faculty of your nature, and affects your personal, social, civil, and religious thought, feeling, and conduct. The nature of habit may be considered in two lights: first, an ease and excellence in doing a thing from having done it frequently; and secondly, a disposition to perform certain actions in the same way as you have done them before. Habit is thus the specific law of repetition. Dr. Reid explains the law of association by that of habit, and thus ascribes the effect of habit to a peculiar ultimate principle of the mind. He says, “That the trains of thinking, which, by frequent repetition, have become familiar, should spontaneously offer themselves to our fancy, seems to require no other original quality but the power of habit.” To this error, which others have fallen into, Sir W. Hamilton’s reply is unanswerable: “We can as well explain habit by association, as association by habit.” The first form of the influence of habit, then, which we have to consider, is that by which it occasions greater facility and skill in the performance of particular actions. In the lower animals, habits arise from the force of mere instinct, and, properly speaking, are not acquired by repetition. The bee builds its first cell, and gathers honey from the first flower, as easily and as well as at any future period. The bird selects the same material for its first nest that it selects for its last, and constructs it in the same sort of place, and of the same shape; and all as perfectly and easily the first time as ever afterwards. The beaver fells his first tree, and makes his first dam, with as little difficulty and as much skill as in any after period of his life. You have much more of reason than of instinct, and consequently acquire habits by repetition. Having chosen a certain course of action, you find that as you proceed you get on better, and that what was at first difficult, in course of time becomes easy. The pianist, sweeping the keys of her instrument, and emitting melodious notes and melting harmony; the rope-dancer, performing her wondrous feats, and keeping the exact point of equilibrium and

graceful attitude, are illustrations—not so much of native talent, as of the degree to which habit may be developed. The second kind of influence which habit exercises, is a tendency to repeat the same actions under the same circumstances. Dr. Brown thus illustrates the power of indulged habit: “In the corruption of a great city, it is scarcely possible to look around, without perceiving some warning example of that blasting and deadening influence, before which, everything that was generous and benevolent in the heart has withered, while everything which was noxious has flourished with more rapid maturity; like those plants which can extend their roots, indeed, even in pure soil, and fling out a few leaves amid balmy airs and odours, but which burst out in all their luxuriance only from a soil that is fed with constant putrescency, and in an atmosphere which it is poison to inhale. It is not vice—not cold and insensible and contented vice, that has never known any better feelings—which we view with melancholy regret. It is virtue—at least what was once virtue—that has yielded progressively and silently to an influence, scarcely perceived, till it has become the very thing it abhorred. Nothing can be more just than the picture of this sad progress described in the well-known lines of Pope:

‘Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.’

“In the slow progress of some insidious disease, which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety as it plays over that very bloom, which is not the freshness of health, but the flushing of approaching mortality; amid studies, perhaps, just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes and plans of generous ambition that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it to behold that equally insidious and far more desolating progress with which guilty passion steals upon the heart, when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its bitter moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back.

‘Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was *accident*, at last is *fate*:
The unhappy servant sinks into a slave,

And virtue’s last sad strugglings cannot save.’

“We must not conceive, however, that habit is powerful only in strengthening what is *evil*—though it is this sort of operation which, of course, forces itself more upon our observation and memory, like the noontide darkness of the tempest, that is remembered when the calm and the sunshine and the gentle shower are forgotten. There can be no question that the same principle which confirms and aggravates what is evil, strengthens and cherishes also what is good. The virtuous, indeed, do not require the influence of habitual benevolence or devotion to force them, as it were, to new acts of kindness to man, or to new sentiments of gratitude to God. But the temptations to which even virtue might sometimes be in danger of yielding, in the commencement of its delightful progress, become powerless and free from peril when that progress is more advanced. There are spirits which, even on earth, are elevated above that little scene of mortal ambition with which their benevolent wishes for the sufferers there are the single tie that connects them still. All with them is serenity; the darkness and the storm are beneath them. They have only to look down with generous sympathy on those who have not yet risen so high; and to look up with gratitude to that heaven which is above their head, and which is almost opening to receive them.” You must form habits of one kind or another; but you can choose what your habits are to be. We rejoice that at the present time there is much to cheer and encourage. Reformatories, the extension of education among the lower classes, Sunday schools, cheap and healthy literature, interesting lectures on instructive themes addressed to the million—all these are centres whence radiate powerful aids to the formation of great and noble character.

## *TWOFOLD OPERATION OF MIND.*

The incontestable, although inexplicable, deliverance of consciousness is, that there are two great movements which take place within the mind—the one spontaneous, and the other reflex; the one movement prompted only by the native activity of the mind itself, and the other the movement of the will. Now, those who push their phrenology into materialism, having discovered that the tendencies to peculiar modes of thought and peculiar modes of action are to some extent dependent upon bodily organization, are not slow to tell us that their characters are formed for them, not by them. But this reasoning completely overlooks the fact that they have got a rational will, armed with complete power to control and regulate these tendencies; therefore it is altogether illogical. Even were we to admit that the mental spontaneity is directly influenced by the bodily

organization, the asserted consequence would by no means follow. For just as the farmer can plough and sow and harrow, and thus subordinate the spontaneity of nature, and direct that power into the useful channel of producing food, instead of the useless channel of producing briers and thorns, so you can modify, control, and regulate the spontaneity of the mind. Experience teaches you that you can break the threads of the web of thought, arrest the procession of the grand and beautiful, and throw discord into harmony: and where power exists, there exists responsibility.

We say, then, that in the concession we have made of a spontaneity directly influenced by material organization, there is no proof whatever that you are not accountable both for your belief and your actions; because consciousness teaches you that above and beyond every such influence there presides reason, and there exists a will. This important subject is most admirably discussed in a small pamphlet by Professor Martin, of Aberdeen, entitled, “Creed and Circumstance.” To adopt the well-chosen words of the professor: “May the day soon come when it shall be deemed of as great importance to the wellbeing of society that the laws of that chemistry, of which the human mind is the laboratory, shall be the subject of instruction, as the laws of that other chemistry whose laboratory is the world. Enough, however, is it for us at present, that in the domain, both of the material and the mental, there is ample scope for the highest energies and the most enlightened reason.”

It is peculiarly desirable that this subject be insisted upon. The work of individual self-formation is a duty not only to yourselves and your immediate relations, but to your fellow-creatures at large. On the use you make of your early energies; the conduct of your intellect, when it is capable of the most vigorous action; the discipline of your heart, when it is susceptible of the most lively impressions, will mainly depend what you shall henceforth be. This will involve much sacrifice, yea, lifelong struggle; yet we venture to press the demand. Should you never rise higher in society, you have already gained an honoured and holy position. You carry with you a blessed charm to lighten toil, to assuage affliction, to purify attachment, to conquer death. Yon have trained yourself in the way in which you should go, and when you are old you will not depart from it. Sisters, have you courage for the conflict? For in the Divine order, fighting precedes victory, and labour goes before reward.

“’Tis first the true, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful, and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool;
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

’Tis first the good, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful, and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, and the branching wood.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful;
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full—
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

’Tis first the fight, and then the victory;
Not first the victory, and then the fight;
The long dark night, and then the dawning day,
Which ushers in the everlasting light.”

# CHAPTER IX.

## Natural Equality of the Sexes.

"Without intending a silly compliment, I think I may say, if you look at the two sexes and ask which is the best product, and does the most credit to its own training, he would be a bold person who would say it was the male sex."

PROFESSOR SEELEY.

### *DIFFERENCE AND SIMILARITY.*

Whether woman's powers are equal to those of man seems to us hardly to admit of discussion. The proper question is not one of equality but of adaptation. In the very nature of things, between the two sexes there is a difference as well as a similarity. It was not good for man to be alone, therefore God provided an help meet for him. The one sex is the compliment of the other. "Man and woman," to adopt the language of Dr. Craik, "are fitted the one for the other as much by their difference as by their similarity. The parts which they have to act, the spheres in which they have to move, are as distinct in some respects as they are identical. Of all false social philosophies, that is the blindest and shallowest which overlooks or denies this, and would seek to improve the character or elevate the condition of women by making them, as far as possible, exchange their own proper character for that of the other sex." The functions, the occupations, and consequent duties of man and woman grow out of their bodily and mental structures. Each sex is perfect for its purpose; and when the one encroaches on the other, inferiority, incongruity, and antagonism is the result. What so odious as a masculine woman? What so contemptible as a feminine man? Alas! both are frequently met in the world.

Woman's claim to entire equality with man cannot on any pretence be made to rest on the word of God. Some writers beg the question, and insist that woman should be treated by man as she is by God: in all respects equal. But the Scriptures do not teach that the sexes are in all respects equal; nor from the earliest ages, down to the hour when John laid by the pen, and closed the book,

is there the slightest intimation that the two sexes may not have peculiar privileges and duties. By declaring the essential unity of the sexes, the Bible bestows supreme honour upon woman, while shedding a dew, tender as the blessing of God upon her affectional nature. In matters of conscience there is no sex; consequently in the discharge of the duties of piety each is equally capacitated, and therefore equally responsible. Love on the part of husbands is made as binding as obedience on the part of wives; and where love rules, instead of heartless ministrations, there are affectionate assiduities, ingenious anticipation of wishes, and noble self-sacrifices.

Woman is certainly not inferior to man, but the difference between them is as evident as the similarity; and only by carrying out their joint action in accordance with their inherent powers and susceptibilities can the human race really be benefited. It is only a waste of time to tell us that woman can do many things quite as well as man can,—that there are many public occupations which she could fill as well as he,—that were she properly educated, it would be seen that man had no natural superiority over her except in physical strength. All that may be true. Our argument is, that while woman, in consequence of her more pliable nature, may be able to do man's work as well as he can, it is certain that he cannot do her work so well as she can; and therefore the body politic would suffer loss were the sexes generally to exchange places.

## *POLITICAL EQUALITY.*

The question of the proper position of woman in regard to politics has become one of general interest. It lies in our way, and demands to be dealt with. We cannot now ridicule the idea of putting legal power into her hands, and as little can we discuss it superficially, for that were all the same as to discuss it unfaithfully. It is therefore matter of congratulation that John Stuart Mill, one of the intellectual *élite*, alike as a metaphysician, a logician, a moralist, and a politician, has taken up this subject, and carried his inquiry into somewhat wider and deeper relations than men in general, or even women, with a few exceptions, have been accustomed to regard it as involving. Several years ago, when acknowledging a vote of thanks from the reformers of York, Mr. Mill, M.P., took the opportunity of showing them the legitimate consequences of one of the principles which they had laid down in public resolutions. "It is unjust," they had maintained, "that the great bulk of the nation should be held amenable to laws in the making of which they had no voice." Mark the inference of the great thinker from this proposition. "It cannot stop at residential manhood suffrage; but

requires that the suffrage be extended to women also:" and then he adds, "I earnestly hope that the working men of England will show the sincerity of their principles by being willing to carry them out, when urged, in favour of others besides themselves." This logical deduction reminds us of Ann Knight's retort upon the late Joseph Sturge. Happening to meet that excellent man at a time when his name was prominently before the public in connection with the demand for "complete suffrage," she thus accosted him: "Friend Joseph, art thou aware of thine inconsistency? Thou talkest of complete suffrage. Canst thou be thinking of what the words imply? Dost thou not know that women are more numerous in our nation than men?" "Yes, friend Ann," he answered; "I believe thou art right." "Well, then, friend Joseph," she replied, "how can the suffrage be complete when withheld from the larger portion of the community?" Friend Joseph was obliged to own himself beaten; and this amusing colloquy led to the substitution of "manhood" for "complete" in the suffrage programme of Mr. Sturge and the Reform party which he then led.

In asking, in sober form and phrase, for the enfranchisement of women, the late member for Westminster, is quite aware of the difficulties of his position. In every respect the burden is hard on those who attack an old and deeply rooted opinion. The common rules of evidence will not benefit them. In his recent work on the "Subjection of Women," Mr. Mill says:—"It is useless for me to say that those who maintain the doctrine that men have a right to command, and women are under an obligation to obey; or that men are fit for government and women unfit; are on the affirmative side of the question, and that they are bound to show positive evidence for the assertions, or submit to their rejection. It is equally unavailing for me to say that those who deny to women any freedom or privilege rightly allowed to men, having the double presumption against them that they are opposing freedom and recommending partiality, must be held to the strictest proof of their case; and unless their success be such as to exclude all doubt, the judgment ought to be against them. These would be thought good pleas in any common case, but they will not be thought so in this instance. Before I could hope to make any impression, I should be expected not only to answer all that has ever been said by those who take the other side of the question, but to imagine all that could be said by them—to find them in reasons, as well as answer all I find; and besides refuting all arguments for the affirmative, I shall be called upon for invincible positive arguments to prove a negative." Many views expressed in this volume lie far apart from the thinking of ordinary intellects, but they must become familiar before life can be purified at its fountain. Is it creditable to English justice that women should be classed for electoral purposes with idiots, lunatics, and criminals? Nay, women are placed lower than the latter;

for the House of Commons has deliberately resolved not to disfranchise felons permanently, on the ground that a citizen ought not to bear for life the brand of political disqualification. The principle which we so often hear enunciated in the epigrammatic form “that taxation and representation should be co-extensive,” logically covers the claim of women to be represented. All history teaches that women must have votes, in order to protect their own interests. In the words of Lord Macaulay: “Even in those countries where they are best treated, the laws are generally unfavourable to them, with respect to almost all the points in which they are the most deeply interested.” Lord Brougham said: “There must be a total reconstruction of the law, before women can have justice.” But we are told that the worst evils from which women suffer cannot be cured by legislation. Government can certainly give them the equal heritage, protection, and bequest of property; it can give them a Christian marriage law, instead of visiting matrimony with the same punishment as high treason—namely, confiscation; it can throw open to them the existing universities, or endow others to give them the high education that men value; it can restore to them the schools and institutions destined by their founders for girls as well as boys, but which are now used for boys only; it can distribute the public funds equally for the good of both sexes; it can make restrictions on the productiveness of female labour illegal. Concerning the evils which legislation cannot cure, women are making no public complaint.

The objections to female suffrage are various. In an article in the *Times*, it is said: “There exists, as it were, a tacit concordat guaranteeing to the weaker sex the protection and deference of the stronger, upon one condition only: that condition is the political dependence of women.” Now, we admit that women have no physical power to enforce the suffrage; and if the state is to be measured by might, they will occupy the bottom of the scale. But the rights of women do not depend upon their physical strength, but flow from the prevailing sense of justice; and justice means that the interests of women be consulted with as much impartiality as the interests of men. Another objection to the enfranchisement of women is, that politics would withdraw them from their proper duties. This apprehension is not well founded. It is quite possible to unite an interest in politics with attention to a family. In our free churches women vote equally with men, and this privilege has largely contributed to the success of the voluntary system. Moreover, women, if they have the same qualifications as men, have votes at municipal elections. We are almost ashamed to refer to the stock arguments upon this subject. They are about as weighty as those recently employed against the enfranchisement of the working classes. Women, in general, may know less of politics than men; but educated women are surely not

far behind many of the new voters in political knowledge. We all know hundreds of women who are far more competent to exercise the franchise than thousands already on the register. Those who oppose the concession of the suffrage to women, are astonishingly inconsistent. In one sentence they speak of the difference of sex as something which ought to exclude them from any share in the political workings of the world—something affecting all their thoughts and impulses and actions, and making it right to keep votes from them simply on the ground that they are women. In another sentence we are told that this accident of sex affects the female nature and career so lightly, that if they were permitted to go to the polling booth they would become unsexed. Now, whether either or neither of these positions be tenable, we submit that it is impossible to sustain them both, and we believe that neither is true. It is said that the claim of political action argues capacity for civil duty, ability to serve the state in the jury-box, in the police, in the camp, in the battle-fields, in port-surveys and defences, and in a routine of official duties that suffer no intermission. But the state does not compel *men* to fulfil personally its demands on civil organization; it hires men for these purposes, and women contribute as well as men to the exchequer for their payment.

It is said, however, that women have not cared in the past, and do not now care for political equality. Have they ever been consulted? A large number believe that there is historical evidence that women have voted at parliamentary elections, both in counties and boroughs, and are striving to return to the ancient constitutional practice of Great Britain. They have been too wise to keep perpetually dwelling on an inquiry which, until lately, seemed utterly hopeless of redress; and too proud and sensitive to betray the existence of a feeling which only exposed them to the sneers and ridicule of the unthinking. But as soon as the House of Commons showed signs of admitting them within the pale of the constitution, the women of Great Britain began to prove that they did care for their political rights. Recently, a petition from Edinburgh in favour of women’s suffrage was presented by Mr. McLaren, signed by upwards of 800 female householders. A supplementary petition, followed soon after to the same effect, signed by eight university professors, six doctors of law, eighteen clergymen, eight barristers, ten physicians, ten officers in the army and navy, and upwards of 2000 other inhabitants. Colonel Sykes also presented 185 petitions from independent women in Aberdeen. A petition adopted by a public meeting held in Aberdeen, and signed by Professor Bain as chairman, was also transmitted to the Prime Minister, the Lord Advocate, and the members for the city and county of Aberdeen; praying the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom, to pass the bill entitled, “A Bill to Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women.” In

1867, 3000 women of Manchester and the surrounding districts signed a petition asking for the franchise. On the evening of the 14th of April, 1868, a meeting in connection with the National Society for Women's Suffrage, was held in the same city, in the assembly room of the Free-trade Hall, the Mayor of Salford presiding. On the platform were a number of ladies, whose appearance was the signal for loud and repeated applause. Several of the most prominent leaders of the Reform party were similarly welcomed. Letters containing expressions of regret at the inability of the writers to attend the meeting, and of sympathy with its objects, were received from many eminent men and women. A number of women possessing the requisite qualifications have claimed their place on the register; and the question was tried in November, 1868, in banquo, at Westminster, by the Court of Common Pleas. The judges decided against them; but they resolved that in 1869, a petition should be presented from every important town in England and Wales, praying for an alteration of the present law; and Lady Amberley, Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Becker, Miss Faithful, and Miss Taylour, intend to continue their lectures on the electoral disabilities of their sex, till the British people be a nation of free women as well as of free men.

Mr. Mill's motion for the bestowal of the franchise upon women occasioned a good deal of silly giggling:—

"Fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

But it seldom happens that a really able man makes a proposal that is entirely devoid of sense and reason; and we are glad that a minority of seventy-three were found in the House gallant enough to vote for the motion. The member for Westminster did not ask a vote for any woman whose legal personality was even partially merged in that of another. Neither married women, whose husbands are in life, nor domestic servants, would be admitted by him to the franchise. But if a woman is a householder, managing her own affairs, paying her way, liable to every tax, and faultless in every civil capacity; where is the person of intelligence who will dare to pronounce Mr. Mill's proposal absurd? On the 4th of May, 1870, Mr. Jacob Bright moved the second reading of the bill for the enfranchisement of women, and adduced his best arguments to prove that widows and spinsters should have votes. By a majority of thirty-three votes, in a house of 215 members, the women carried the day; and the bill was read a second time amid loud cheers. This in future will be an important subject between constituencies and candidates; and we have little doubt that in the course of a few years the British parliament will know nothing of the distinctions

of strong and weak, male and female, rich and poor. Why should women be excluded by law from doing the very things for which they are peculiarly qualified? Had Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria not inherited the throne, they could not have been entrusted with the smallest political duties! The former was one of the most eminent rulers of mankind; and the vocation of the latter for government has made its way, and become conspicuous. Happy will be the day in our country—happy will be the day throughout the world—when woman stands in this respect, as well as in others, a help meet for man!

## *SOCIAL EQUALITY.*

God has planted in every breast a passion for congenial society, and made its wholesome play essential for the fulness of happiness; but depraved passions have rendered the claims and duties of both sexes ambiguous, and disarranged the harmonies of the first creation. As society becomes corrupt, power assumes authority over weakness; and they who ought to help, begin to hinder. Upon this principle women have been held in a state of social degradation in all countries in which Christianity has been wholly unknown. The Egyptians decreed it to be indecent in women to go abroad without shoes, and threatened with death any one who should make shoes for them. Among Celtic nations, the labours of the field, as well as domestic toil, devolved on the women; which evidently originated in the general impression of their inferiority in the scale of existence. The domestic life of the Greeks exhibit unquestionable evidences of barbarity in the treatment of women. At no time were they entrusted with any knowledge of their husbands' affairs, and they were totally excluded from mixed society. According to the laws of the Romans, the wife was in servitude; though she had in name the rights of a citizen. In savage, superstitious, and Mahometan countries, the condition of females justifies the exclamation of an ancient philosopher, who thanked God that *he was born a man and not a woman*.

It is evident that the social condition of women, destitute of the light of revelation, is inferior to that of men. But under the influence of even a precursory and imperfect system of the true religion, their glory emerges partially to view. Still under the Jewish theocracy, the Levitical law appointed a variety of regulations which evinced their imperfect emancipation from social inferiority. Polygamy and concubinage prevailed even in pious families in these olden times. The doctrine of vows, also, in the case of daughters, wives, and widows, proves the subordination of the female sex. It is Christianity that has raised women above the state of barbaric degradation, Mahometan slavery, and

Jewish subjection, and assigned to them their proper place in society.

While the religion of Jesus elevates women to great consideration in the social scale, it imposes a salutary restraint upon human passions, and checks every approach to the assumption of an unnatural superiority. Its principles allow neither the barbaric treatment of uncivilized nations, nor the follies of the chivalrous ages. The great principles of Christianity secure to women, as an unquestionable right, equality with men. “Let every one of you so love his wife as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.” Paley writes, “The manners of different countries have varied in nothing more than in their domestic constitutions. Less polished and more luxurious nations have either not perceived the bad effects of polygamy; or, if they did perceive them, they who in such countries possessed the power of reforming the laws, have been unwilling to resign their own gratification.” In all Christian countries, polygamy is universally prohibited; and the marriage of a second wife during the lifetime of the first, is ranked with the most dangerous and cruel of those frauds by which a woman is cheated out of her fortune, her person, and her happiness. In the early days of the generation which is fast fading away from among us, as in that which immediately preceded it, we know that the education of women, if bestowed at all, was confined to the shallowest acquirements and the most superficial of accomplishments. In courtly circles, a few external graces, and a sufficient acquaintance with polite phraseology were enough to constitute the woman of refinement. That woman is slowly making her way into freer life is evinced by the fact that professed authorship does not involve loss of caste in society. Many widely known as writers, were placed in the genteel ranks of society by birth; but are universally regarded with increased respect, because they have enlarged their bounds of usefulness, to strengthen and refresh thousands of minds.

## *INTELLECTUAL EQUALITY.*

Phrenologists affirm that the female head does not measure so much round as the male; neither is it so wide, so high, nor so long. On the other hand, many authorities, English and foreign, say that the brains of women are larger than those of men *in proportion* to the size of their bodies, while their temperaments are more nervous and sensitive; hence female mental inferiority would be a hasty generalization; for although the brain is the intellectual organ, size is not the only measure of power. Woman, like man, was created perfect; but the powers of her mind are essentially different from those of man. The male intellect is logical and judicious, while that of the female is instructive and emotional. “They are

one in the warp and woof of their mental nature; but the interwoven threads are in bulk so differently proportioned in the two, that they differ very considerably in superficial colour and finish." The theory that the strong, or male mind, prefers the weak, or female mind, in its hours of leisure, is contradicted by experience. Poets, philosophers, and orators, prefer the fellowship of kindred souls. On the same principle, clever men naturally court the society of clever women. A creature of inferior mental powers would not be a help meet for man.

Who have a better right to speak to this theme than teachers of youth? Their vocation leads them to see boys and girls studying the same subjects, and they are pretty unanimous in their opinion that the memories, perceptions, and understandings of girls are quite equal to those of boys. Plato was of opinion that males had no superiority over females, except in physical strength. Dugald Stewart was of the same opinion, and ascribed the difference in the sexes to education. Several of the school inspectors in England and Scotland report that they found the capabilities of the girls as good in general as those of boys; that although part of the school-day was devoted rightfully to needlework, they made as much progress as lads of the same amount of training when taught by the same masters. Of the six ladies who attended the separate classes for women authorized by the university of Edinburgh, five were found in the prize list—one, Miss Pechey, received a bronze medal, and ought to have been a Hope scholar; Miss Blake, got a first-class certificate of merit; while Mrs. Masson, Mrs. Thorn, and Miss Chaplin, have certificates of merits of second-class. The Aberdeen lady students' classes were organized late last year. The lecturers were Mr. M'Bain, formerly Assistant-Professor of Greek in the university, and Dr. Beveridge—both eminently qualified; and the subjects undertaken, were English Literature and Chemistry, and Experimental Physics. From an address delivered by M. Krueger, we notice that eight ladies attended the first of these classes, and eleven the second, and that the students are highly spoken of alike for attention and ability. The past session, especially seeing it may be regarded as merely experimental, having been thus successful, it is hoped that in future there will be a larger number of students, and that other subjects of study besides those already engaged in may get encouragement. We are informed that at the examination of Mr. M'Bain's class, Miss Sherar obtained the highest certificate. At the examinations of the Metropolitan University, females have demonstrated the possession of acquirements sufficient to procure them high honours at the elder seats of learning on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. These facts ought to make us pause before condemning Sidney Smith for claiming, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, perfect equality in mental endowment for women. "As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both

precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ as one or the other sort of occupation has called this or that talent into action; there is surely, therefore, no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon."

What is there in science, literature, or art, which the genius of woman cannot accomplish? If we have had starry sons of science, we have had starry daughters too. Not only has woman lifted the telescope, but she has lifted the pen, and written treatises of great learning and originality. "The Mechanism of the Heavens" and "The Connection of the Physical Sciences," by Mrs. Somerville, would not have disgraced the pen of Sir Isaac Newton. We have had chemistry represented by Mrs. Marcet, and botany by Mrs. Loudon. Woman has risen to eminence in divinity. Miss Jane Taylor was thoroughly acquainted with that science. Medicine has had its female students. In early times, and also in the middle ages, female physicians and surgeons were as common as male; and sometimes the patient got enamoured of his doctor:—

"No art the poison could withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part;
And while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart."

Miss Garrett, finding that she could be admitted by the Society of Apothecaries to the medical profession, qualified herself for practice. But the society discovering that her example was likely to be contagious, at once shut the door. Miss Garrett is now an M.D. of the University of Paris. Nine ladies in New York and five in Boston have recently graduated at medical colleges as physicians. One of the professors of the New York College stated that there are in America 300 women practising medicine whose professional incomes range at from 10,000 to 20,000 dollars per annum. The thorny science of the law has also been a female study. The Roman Hortensia, seems to have been rather an eloquent pleader than a consummate lawyer; but several Italian women of the middle ages were renowned as jurists. Contrary to expectation, the mechanical

and mathematical sciences are those in which woman has most distinguished herself. The least gallant of critics are now compelled to admit that female authorship has taken up a full and conspicuous place in literature. If three hundred years ago, Ariosto could write with more than poetic truth, his well known stanzas commencing with the words—

“Le donne sono venute in eccellenza,
Di ciascun arte ove hanno posto cura”—

with how much greater truth might the affirmative be repeated amidst the blaze of female talent, by which the present century is signalised! Not to go beyond the limits of our own land, we have had delineations of life worthy of Cervantes and Le Sage, of Fielding and Smollett, but traced with faultless purity, from that great school of writers in which the names of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Oliphant, George Eliot, and Miss Mulock, are only some of the most conspicuous. Joanna Bailey and Miss Mitford have given tragedies to the stage which would have gained a rich harvest of golden opinions in the days of Massinger and Ford. In lyric poetry, we have Miss Landon, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Mary Howitt. Miss Martineau has made the most practical and unimaginative of studies, political economy, as attractive as the most interesting fictions of romance. In art, woman holds a distinguished place. She can dip her pencil in hues borrowed from the rainbow, and transfer her genius to canvas. The master works of Landseer are more than rivalled by Rosa Bonheur; and Mrs. Jameson is the best art-critic England has ever produced. Till recently, women could be Associates of the Royal Academy; but they were distinguishing themselves, and to the burning disgrace of the Academy, the privilege was taken from them. Do the Academicians know of what sex were the Muses and the Graces?

“Woman sister,” says Thomas de Quincey, “there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother man. No, nor never will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant, not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men’s bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?”

This passage *is* not true. Whatever man may perform, woman taken out of his side may equal. Right truly has Ebenezer Elliott, a sincere and energetic, if not

graceful bard, sung:—

“What highest prize hath woman won
  In science or in art?
What mightiest work by woman done
  Boasts city, field, or mart?
‘She hath no Raphael!’ Painting saith;
  ‘No Newton!’ Learning cries.
‘Show us her steamship! her Macbeth!
  Her thought-won victories!’

Wait, boastful man! though worthy are
  Thy deeds, when thou are true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
  Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows
  On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
  He honours her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
  Hath man’s meek angel striven;
But, silent as the growing flower,
  To make of earth a heaven!
And in her garden of the sun,
  Heaven’s brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman’s best is unbegun,
  Her advent yet to come.”

Miss Becker, of Manchester, in a paper on some supposed differences in the minds of men and women, read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in Norwich, August 25, 1868, submits the three following propositions:—“I. That the attribute of sex does not extend to mind: that there is no distinction between the intellects of men and women, corresponding to and dependent on the special organization of their bodies. II. That any broad marks of distinction which may at the present time be observed to exist between the minds of men and women collectively, are fairly traceable to the influence of the different circumstances under which they pass their lives, and cannot be proved to adhere in each class, in virtue of sex. III. That in spite of

the external circumstances which tend to cause divergence in the tone of mind, habits of thought, and opinions of men and women; it is a matter of fact that these do not differ more among persons of opposite sexes than they do among persons of the same; that comparing any one man with any one woman, or any class of men with any class of women, the difference between their mental characteristics will not be greater than may be found between two individuals or classes, compared with others of the same sex."

## *MORAL EQUALITY.*

The capacity for goodness is greater and nobler than the ability to acquire knowledge; and it is almost universally admitted that woman is more largely endowed with the lofty moral sense and the generous affection from which all true greatness springs, than man. Intellectual glory cannot compare with the moral halo that gilds the following picture: "Take a woman who is possessed of a large intellect, say—but intellect well disciplined, well stored—gifted with mind, and graced with its specific piety, whose chief delight it is to do kind deeds to those beloved. Her life is poured out like the fair light of heaven around the bedside of the sick; she becomes like a last sacrament to the dying man, bringing back a reminiscence of the best things of mortal life, and giving a foretasted prophecy of the joys of heaven—her very presence an alabaster box of ointment exceeding precious, filling the house with its balm of a thousand flowers. Her love adorns the path in which she teaches youthful feet to tread, and blooms in amaranthine loveliness above the head laid low in earth. She would feel insulted by gratitude. God can give no greater joy to mortal men than the consciousness whence such a life wells out. Not content with blessing the few whom friendship joins to her, her love enlarges and runs over the side of the private cup, and fills the bowl of many a needy and forsaken one. Oh, in the presence of such affection as this, the intellect of Plato would be abashed, and say,—'Stand back, my soul, for here is something holier than thou. In sight of such excellence, I am ashamed of intellect; I would not look upon the greatest that ever spoke to ages yet unborn.'"

We cannot but feel that the eloquent author was right in making the embodiment of such goodness a woman; for under all conditions, from the lowest barbarism to the highest civilization, her sense of right is conspicuous, and her generous affection is proverbial. Both in Latin and Greek almost every moral excellence is expressed by nouns in the feminine gender. Virtus, Sophia, Fides, Justitia, and Charitas, are examples. Some are of opinion that there was

much philosophy in the mythology of the ancients; but, be this as it may, it is certain that in nearly all languages the virtues, when personified, are spoken of in the feminine gender; intimating that the nature of woman is pre-eminently adapted for their exemplification.

"Perhaps," says William M'Combie, in his "Hours of Thought," "if we would see moral elevation apart, as far as possible, from all earthly excitements, we must leave the halls of riches, and the possessors of high intellectual endowments, and enter the dwelling of the lonely female of threescore years and ten, whose 'acquaintances' have gone down into 'darkness,'—who has outlived all that were dearest to her heart on earth. We shall, perhaps, find her sitting in a corner of her confined apartment, scarcely visible amidst smoke, distressed with disease, or suffering under acute pain, with only the literal 'bread' and 'water,' which the word of God hath made sure. Yet the language of thankfulness is on her tongue, and her countenance brightens with contentment as if lighted by a ray from heaven; the withdrawment of earthly comforts and cares seem to have opened a wider entrance for the heavenly consolation; and her distresses and her pains only impel her forward in her journey to the celestial city. In the want of earthly associates, she enjoys more intimate communion with her God, and the ineffably animating language of the Saviour has become, as it were, an element of her mind." "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

## *RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.*

The capacity for religion is the highest part of human nature, and the qualities which constitute religion, the noblest which it is possible to cultivate. If the choice were possible, that to-morrow every woman and maiden should become worthy of being associated with those splendid intellects, some few score of which have done the main part of the work of thinking for the rest of the world; or else should become unchangeably and fearlessly religious,—would any true and wise lover of his country for a moment hesitate to choose the latter? Can there be any doubt which would contribute most to the happiness, and in the end, to the honour, greatness, and security of the world.

In the most explicit terms, the sacred writers affirm that neither the male nor the female have any peculiar claims or advantages in regard to religion. Both sexes are alike sinners, and are alike saved by grace. Christianity smites pride to the dust, by proclaiming that the human family have a common origin, and

esteems them all to be equal in the matter of salvation. At the foot of the Cross, at the communion table, and in heaven, there is neither male nor female. The personal conduct of the Divine author of Christianity tended to elevate the female sex to a degree of consideration in society unknown before. Jesus was present at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, conversed with the Samaritan woman, and in some of his most illustrious miracles females were personally concerned. He mingled his tears with those of Martha and Mary, restored their brother to their affections, and gave the widow of Nain back her son. The conduct of Christ naturally induced His disciples to imitate His example; and the subsequent admission of women to all the privileges of the Christian Church, tended mightily to confirm their elevation and evince their importance in society. Women ministered to the Saviour in the days of His humiliation; and when one professed friend denied Him, and another betrayed Him, and all forsook Him and fled, their fidelity was never impeached. They were the last at the cross—they were the first at the sepulchre. Through all succeeding ages, they have been conspicuous for their works of charity and their labours of love,—through all the phases of persecution the women have suffered for their religious faith like the men; and it has been remarked that no woman ever put forward her sex as a reason for being spared. The congregations and churches of the present day testify how well women have understood their privileges.

Religion, indeed, in itself is venerable; but it must be attractive in order to be influential; and it is impossible to tell how great might be the benefit to society, if the personal loveliness, versatile powers, and lively fancy so lavishly bestowed upon woman were conscientiously employed on its behalf. Right truly has James Russell Lowell, one of the most original poets America has yet produced, sung:—

“The deep religion of a thankful heart,
  Which rests instinctively in heaven’s law,
With a full peace that never can depart
  From its own steadfastness; a holy awe
For holy things—not those which men call holy,
  But such as are revealed to the eyes
Of a true woman’s soul bent down and lowly
  Before the face of daily mysteries;
A love that blossoms soon, but ripens slowly
  To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,
Enduring with a firmness that defies
  All shallow tricks of circumstance and time;

By a sure insight knowing where to cling,
And where it clingeth never withering.”

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# Transcriber’s Notes

Some presumed printer’s errors have been corrected, including normalizing punctuation. Page number references in the Table of Contents and Index were corrected where errors were found. Further corrections are listed below.

| PAGE | PRINTED TEXT | CORRECTED TEXT |
|---|---|---|
| p. 4 | bodil | bodily |
| p. 11 | mutally | mutually |
| p. 18 | ascendency | ascendancy |
| p. 22 | my lay hold | may lay hold |
| p. 30 | auguments | augments |
| p. 31 | industrous | industrious |
| p. 37 | whereever | wherever |
| p. 45 | stedfast | steadfast |
| p. 69 | seventeeth | seventeenth |
| p. 72 | dressd | dressed |
| p. 74 | neighbourood | neighbourhood |
| p. 88 | minature | miniature |
| p. 96 | degress | degrees |
| p. 98 | suprised | surprised |
| p. 114 | interouse | intercourse |
| p. 114 | villanous | villainous |
| p. 130 | incribed | inscribed |
| p. 154 | concern- | concerning |
| p. 173 | pupularity | popularity |
| p. 181 | glady | gladly |
| p. 206 | everthing | everything |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| p. 207 | other | another |
| p. 229 | situate | situated |
| p. 230 | soltitude | solitude |
| p. 252 | unsual | unusual |
| p. 253 | calvinistic | Calvinistic |
| p. 254 | unimpunged | unimpugned |
| p. 259 | The first six years of her life was spent | The first six years of her life were spent |
| p. 275 | every ready | ever ready |
| p. 285 | geniuneness | genuineness |
| p. 293 | thorougly | thoroughly |
| p. 295 | frem | from |
| p. 295 | Nestorious | Nestorius |
| p. 295 | appproach | approach |
| p. 318 | religous | religious |

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