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LIVES

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Lessons from Women's Lives.—*Frontispiece.*

LESSONS
FROM WOMEN'S LIVES.

BY

SARAH J. HALE,

AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN'S RECORD," ETC.

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JOAN OF ARC.

OAN OF ARC, "Maid of Orleans," was born in 1410, at the little village of Domremy, in Lorraine. Her father was named Jacques d'Arc, and his wife, Isabella Romee. She was piously brought up by her mother, and was often accustomed to nurse the sick, assist the poor, receive travellers, and take care of her father's flock of sheep; but she was generally employed in sewing or spinning. She also spent a great deal of time in a chestnut grove near her father's cottage. She was noted, even when a child, for the sweetness of her temper, her prudence, her industry, and her devotion.

During that period of anarchy in France when the supreme power, which had fallen from the hands of a monarch deprived of his reason, was disputed for by the rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the con-

tending parties carried on war more by murder and massacre than by regular battles. When an army was wanted, both had recourse to the English, and these conquering strangers made the unfortunate French feel still deeper the horrors and ravages of war. At first the popular feeling was undecided; but when, on the death of Charles VI., the crown fell to a young prince who adopted the Armagnac side, whilst the house of Burgundy had sworn allegiance to a foreigner (Henry V.) as king of France, then, indeed, the wishes and interests of all the French were in favour of the Armagnacs, or the truly patriotic party. Remote as was the village of Domremy, it was still interested in the issue of the struggle. It was decidedly Armagnac, and was strengthened in this sentiment by the rivalry of a neighbouring village which adopted Burgundian colours.

Political and party interests were thus forced upon the enthusiastic mind of Joan, and mingled with the pious legends which she had caught from the traditions of the Virgin. A prophecy was current that a virgin should rid France of its enemies, and this prediction seems to have been realised by its effect upon the mind of Joan. The girl, by her own account, was about thirteen when a supernatural vision first appeared to her. She describes it as a great light, accompanied by a voice telling her to be devout and good, and

promising her the protection of Heaven. Joan responded by a vow of eternal chastity. In this there appears nothing beyond the effect of imagination. From that time, the voice or voices continued to haunt Joan, and to echo the enthusiastic and restless wishes of her own heart. We shall not lay much stress on her declarations made before those who were appointed by the king to inquire into the credibility of her mission. Her own simple and *early* account was, that "voices" were her visitors and advisers; and that they prompted her to quit her native place, take up arms, drive the foe before her, and procure for the young king his coronation at Rheims. These voices, however, had not influence enough to induce her to set out upon the hazardous mission, until a band of Burgundians, traversing and plundering the country, had compelled Joan, together with her parents, to take refuge in a neighbouring town. When they returned to their village, after the departure of the marauders, they found the church of Domremy in ashes. Such incidents were well calculated to arouse the indignation and excite the enthusiasm of Joan. Her voices returned, and incessantly directed her to set out for France; but to commence by making application to De Baudricourt, commander at Vaucouleurs. Her parents, who were acquainted with Joan's martial propensities, attempted to force her into a marriage; but

she contrived to avoid this by paying a visit to an uncle, in whose company she made her appearance before the governor of Vaucouleurs, in May 1428. De Baudricourt at first refused to see her, and, upon granting an interview, treated her pretensions with contempt. She then returned to her uncle's abode, where she continued to announce her project, and to insist that the prophecy, that "France, lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria), should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine," alluded to her. She it was, she asserted, who could save France, and not "either kings, or dukes, nor yet the King of Scotland's daughter,"—an expression which proves how well informed she was as to the political events and rumours of the day.

The fortunes of the Dauphin Charles at this time had sunk to the lowest ebb; Orleans, almost his last bulwark, was besieged and closely pressed, and the loss of the "Battle of Herrings" seemed to take away all hope of saving the city from the English. In this crisis, when all human support seemed unavailing, Baudricourt no longer despised the supernatural aid promised by the damsel of Domremy, and gave permission to John of Metz and Bertram of Poulengy, two gentlemen who had become converts to the truth of her divine mission, to conduct Joan of Arc to the dauphin. They purchased a horse for her,

and, at her own desire, furnished her with male habits, and other necessary equipments. Thus provided, and accompanied by a respectable escort, Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on the 13th of February 1429. Her progress, through regions attached to the Burgundian interest, was perilous, but she safely arrived at Fierbois, a place within five or six leagues of Chinon, where the dauphin then held his court. At Fierbois was a celebrated church, dedicated to St Catherine, and here she spent her time in devotion, whilst a messenger was despatched to the dauphin to announce her approach. She was commanded to proceed, and reached Chinon on the eleventh day after her departure from Vaucouleurs.

Charles, though he desired, still feared to accept the proffered aid, because he knew that the instant cry of his enemies would be, that he had put his faith in sorcery, and had leagued himself with the infernal powers. In consequence of this, Joan encountered every species of distrust. She was not even admitted to the dauphin's presence without difficulty, and was required to recognise Charles amidst all his court. This Joan, happily, was able to do, as well as to gain the good opinion of the young monarch by the simplicity of her demeanour. Nevertheless, the prince proceeded to take every precaution before he openly trusted her. He first handed her over to a commis-

sion of ecclesiastics, to be examined; then sent her for the same purpose to Poictiers, a great law-school, that the doctors of both Faculties might solemnly decide whether Joan's mission was from heaven or from the devil; for none believed it to be merely human. The greatest guarantee against sorcery was considered to be the chastity of the young girl, it being an axiom that the devil would not or could not take part with a virgin; and no pains were spared to ascertain her true character in this respect. In short, the utmost incredulity could not have laboured harder to find out imposture than did the credulity of that day to establish its grounds of belief. Joan was frequently asked to do miracles; but her only reply was, "Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims."

They at length granted her request, and she received the rank of a military commander. A suit of armour was made for her, and she sent to Fierbois for a sword, which, she said, would be found buried in a certain spot within the church. It was found there, and conveyed to her. The circumstance became afterwards one of the alleged proofs of her sorcery or imposture. Her having passed some time at Fierbois amongst the ecclesiastics of the place must have led, in some way or other, to her knowledge of the deposit. Strong

in the conviction of her mission, it was Joan's desire to enter Orleans from the north, and through all the fortifications of the English. Dunois, however, and the other leaders, at length overruled her, and induced her to abandon the little company of pious companions which she had raised, and to enter the beleaguered city by water, as the least perilous path. She succeeded in carrying with her a convoy of provisions to the besieged. The entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, at the end of April, was itself a triumph. The hearts of the besieged were raised from despair to a fanatical confidence of success; and the English, who in every encounter had defeated the French, felt their courage paralysed by the coming of this simple girl. Joan announced her arrival to the foe by a herald, bearing a summons to the English generals to be gone from the land, or she, the Pucelle, would slay them. The indignation of the English was increased by their terror; they detained the herald, and threatened to burn him, as a specimen of the treatment which they reserved for his mistress. But in the meantime the English, either from being under the influence of terror, or through some unaccountable want of precaution, allowed the armed force raised and left behind by Joan to reach Orleans unmolested, traversing their intrenchments. Such being the state of feeling on both sides, Joan's ardour impelled her

to take advantage of it. Under her banner, and cheered by her presence, the besieged marched to the attack of the English forts one after another. The first carried was that of St Loup, to the east of Orleans. It was valiantly defended by the English, who, when attacked, fought desperately; but the soldiers of the Pucelle were invincible. On the following day, the 6th of May, Joan, after another summons to the English, signed "Jhesus Maria and Jehanne la Pucelle," renewed the attack upon the other forts. The French being compelled to make a momentary retreat, the English took courage, and pursued their enemies; whereupon Joan, throwing herself into a boat, crossed the river, and her appearance was sufficient to frighten the English from the open field. Behind their ramparts they were still, however, formidable; and the attack led by Joan against the works to the south of the city is the most memorable achievement of the siege. After cheering on her people for some time, she had seized a scaling-ladder, when an English arrow struck her between the breast and shoulder, and threw her into the fosse. When her followers took her aside, she showed at first some feminine weakness, and wept; but seeing that her standard was in danger, she forgot her wound, and ran back to seize it. The French at the same time pressed hard upon the enemy, whose stronghold was carried

by assault. The English commander, Gladesdall, or Glacidas, as Joan called him, perished with his bravest soldiers in the Loire. The English now determined to raise the siege; and Sunday being the day of their departure, Joan forbade her soldiers to molest their retreat. Thus in one week from her arrival at Orleans was the beleaguered city relieved of its dreadful foe, and the Pucelle, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, had redeemed the most incredible and important of her promises.

No sooner was Orleans freed from the enemy than Joan returned to the court, to entreat Charles to place forces at her disposal, that she might reduce the towns between the Loire and Rheims, where she proposed to have him speedily crowned. Her projects were opposed by the ministers and warriors of the court, who considered it more politic to drive the English from Normandy than to harass the Burgundians, or to make sacrifices for the idle ceremony of a coronation; but her earnest solicitations prevailed, and early in June she attacked the English at Jargeau. They made a desperate resistance, and drove the French before them, till the appearance of Joan chilled the stout hearts of the English soldiers. One of the Poles was killed, and another, with Suffolk, the commander of the town, was taken prisoner. This success was followed by a victory at Patay, in which the English

were beaten by a charge of Joan, and the gallant Talbot himself taken prisoner. No force seemed able to withstand the Maid of Orleans. The strong town of Troyes, which might have repulsed the weak and starving army of the French, was terrified into surrender by the sight of her banner; and Rheims itself followed the example. In the middle of July, only three months after Joan had come to the relief of the sinking party of Charles, this prince was crowned in the cathedral consecrated to this ceremony, in the midst of the dominions of his enemies. Well might an age even more advanced than the fifteenth century believe that superhuman interference manifested itself in the deeds of Joan.

Some historians relate that, immediately after the coronation, the Maid of Orleans expressed to the king her wish to retire to her family at Domremy; but there is little proof of such a resolution on her part. In September of the same year, we find her holding a command in the royal army, which had taken possession of St Denis, where she hung up her arms in the cathedral. Soon after, the French generals compelled her to join in an attack upon Paris, in which they were repulsed with great loss, and Joan herself was pierced through the thigh with an arrow. It was the first time that a force in which she served had suffered defeat. Charles immediately retired once

more to the Loire, and there are few records of Joan's exploits during the winter. About this time a royal edict was issued ennobling her family, and the district of Domremy was declared free from all tax or tribute. In the ensuing spring, the English and Burgundians formed the siege of Compiegne, and Joan threw herself into the town to preserve it, as she had before saved Orleans, from their assaults. She had not been many hours in it when she headed a sally against the Burgundian quarters, in which she was taken by some officers, who gave her up to the Burgundian commander, John of Luxemburg. Her capture appears, from the records of the Parisian Parliament, to have taken place on the 23d of May 1430.

As soon as Joan was conveyed to John of Luxemburg's fortress at Beaurevoir, near Cambray, cries of vengeance were heard among the Anglican partisans in France. The English themselves were not foremost in this unworthy zeal. Joan, after having made a vain attempt to escape by leaping from the top of the donjon at Beaurevoir, was at length handed over to the English partisans, and conducted to Rouen. The University of Paris called loudly for the trial of Joan, and several letters are extant in which that body reproaches the Bishop of Beauvais and the English with their tardiness in delivering up the Pucelle to justice.

The zeal of the University was at length satisfied by letters patent from the King of England and France, authorising the trial of the Pucelle, but stating in plain terms that it was at the demand of public opinion, and at the especial request of the Bishop of Beauvais and of the University of Paris—expressions which, taken in connection with the delay in issuing the letters, sufficiently prove the reluctance of the English Council to sanction the extreme measure of vengeance. After several months' interrogatories, the judges who conducted the trial drew from her confessions the articles of accusation. These asserted that Joan pretended to have had visions from the time when she was thirteen years old: to have been visited by the archangels Gabriel and Michael, the saints Catharine and Margaret, and to have been accompanied by these celestial beings to the presence of the Dauphin Charles; that she pretended to know St Michael from St Gabriel, and St Catharine from St Margaret; that she pretended to reveal the future; and had assumed male attire by the order of God. Upon these charges her accusers wished to convict her of sorcery. Moreover, they drew from her answers that she declined to submit to the ordinances of the Church whenever her voices told her the contrary. This was declared to be heresy and schism, and to merit the punishment of fire.

These articles were despatched to the University of Paris, and all the Faculties agreed in condemning such acts and opinions as impious, diabolical, and heretical. This judgment came back to Rouen; but it appears that many of the assessors were unwilling that Joan should be condemned; and even the English in authority seemed to think imprisonment a sufficient punishment. The truth is, that Joan was threatened with the stake unless she submitted to the Church, as the phrase then was—that is, acknowledged her visions to be false, foreswore male habits and arms, and owned herself to have been wrong. Every means were used to induce her to submit, but in vain. At length she was brought forth on a public scaffold at Rouen, and the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to read the sentence of condemnation, which was to be followed by burning at the stake. Whilst it was reading, every exhortation was used, and, Joan's courage for once failing, she gave utterance to words of contrition, and expressed her willingness to submit, and save herself from the flames. A written form of confession was instantly produced and read to her, and Joan, not knowing how to write, signed it with a cross. Her sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment, "to the bread of grief and the water of anguish." She was borne back from the scaffold to prison; whilst those who had come to see the sight displayed the

usual disappointment of unfeeling crowds, and even threw stones in their anger.

When brought back to her prison, Joan submitted to all that had been required of her, and assumed her female dress; but when two days had elapsed, and when, in the solitude of her prison, the young heroine recalled this last scene of weakness, forming such a contrast with the glorious feats of her life, remorse and shame took possession of her, and her religious enthusiasm returned in all its ancient force. She heard her "voices" reproaching her; and under this impulse she seized the male attire, which had been perfidiously left within her reach, put it on, and avowed her altered mind, her resumed belief, her late visions, and her resolve no longer to belie the powerful impulses under which she had acted. "What I resolved," said she, "I resolved against truth. Let me suffer my sentence at once, rather than endure what I suffer in prison."

The Bishop of Beauvais knew that if Joan were once out of the power of the court that tried her, the Chapter of Rouen, who were somewhat favourably disposed, would not again give her up to punishment; and fears were entertained that she might ultimately be released, and gain new converts. It was resolved, therefore, to make away with her at once, and the crime of relapse was considered sufficient. A pile of

wood was prepared in the old market at Rouen, and scaffolds placed round it for the judges and ecclesiastics. Joan was brought out on the last day of May 1431; she wept piteously, and showed the same weakness as when she first beheld the stake. But now no mercy was shown. They placed on her head the cap used to mark the victims of the Inquisition, and the fire soon consumed the unfortunate Joan of Arc. When the pile had burned out, all the ashes were gathered and thrown into the Seine.

It is difficult to say to what party most disgrace attaches on account of this barbarous murder; whether to the Burgundians, who sold the Maid of Orleans; the English, who permitted her execution; the French, of that party who brought it about and perpetrated it; or the French, of the opposite side, who made so few efforts to rescue her to whom they owed their liberation and their national existence. The story of the Maid of Orleans is, throughout, disgraceful to every one, friend and foe; it forms one of the greatest blots and one of the most curious enigmas in historic record. It has sometimes been suggested that she was merely a tool in the hands of the priests; but this supposition will hardly satisfy those who read with attention the history of Joan of Arc.

No scrutiny has ever detected imposture or artifice in her. Enthusiasm possessed her, yet it was the

lofty sentiment of patriotic zeal; not a particle of selfish ambition shadowed her bright path of victory and fame. She seemed totally devoid of vanity, and showed in all her actions as much good sense, prudence, firmness, and resolution, as exalted religious zeal and knowledge of the art of war. Her purity of life and manners was never doubted. During all the time she was with the army, she retired, as soon as night came, to the part of the camp allotted to females. She confessed and communed often, and would never allow a profane word to be uttered in her presence. She always tried to avoid the great deference paid to her; and when, at one time, a crowd of women pressed around her, offering her different objects to touch and bless, she said laughingly to them, "Touch them yourselves; it will do just as well." And yet she would never allow the slightest familiarity from any one. Not the least remarkable part of her character was the influence she invariably acquired over all with whom she was brought into contact.

ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN, or, more properly, Bullen, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, the representative of an ancient and noble family in Norfolk. Anne was born in 1507, and in 1514 was carried to France by Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England, when she went to marry Louis XII. After the death of Louis, Mary returned to England; but Anne remained in France, in the service of Claude, wife of Francis I., and, after her death, with the Duchess of Alençon. The beauty and accomplishments of Anne, even at that early age, attracted great admiration in the French court.

She returned to England, and, about 1526, became maid of honour to Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII. Here she was receiving the addresses of Lord Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland,

when the king fell violently in love with her. But Anne resolutely resisted his passion, either from principle or policy; and at length the king's impatience induced him to set on foot the divorce of Catherine, which was executed with great solemnity. The Pope, however, would not consent to this proceeding; so Henry disowned his authority and threw off his yoke.

He married Anne privately, on the 14th of November 1532. The marriage was made public on Easter-Eve, 1533, and Anne was crowned the 1st of June. Her daughter Elizabeth, afterwards queen, was born on the 7th of the following September. Anne continued to be much beloved by the king till 1536, when the disappointment caused by the birth of a still-born son, and the charms of one of her maids of honour, Jane Seymour, alienated his affections, and turned his love to hatred.

He caused her, on very slight grounds, to be indicted for high treason; and she was taken to the Tower, from which she addressed the following touching letter to the king:—

"SIR,—Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me, willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour, by such an one whom

I know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault when not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace,

ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicions therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I

doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

This pathetic and eloquent address failed to touch the heart of the tyrant, whom licentious and selfish gratification had steeled against her.

Four gentlemen, Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeton, who were accused with her, were brought to trial; but no legal evidence could be produced against them, nor were they confronted by the queen. Smeton, by a vain hope of life, was induced to confess his guilt; but even her enemies despaired of gaining any advantage from this confession, and he was imme-

diately executed, together with Weston and Brereton. Norris, a favourite of the king, was offered his life if he would criminate Anne; but he replied that, rather than calumniate an innocent person, he would die a thousand deaths.

Anne and her brother were tried by a jury of peers, of which their uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, one of Anne's most inveterate enemies, was president. The sittings of this commission were secret, and all records of its proceedings were immediately destroyed. None of the ladies of the queen's household were examined, and the queen was unassisted by legal advisers; but, notwithstanding the indecent impatience of the president, she defended herself with so much clearness and presence of mind, that she was unanimously believed guiltless. Judgment was, however, passed against her and her brother, and she was sentenced to be burned or beheaded, according to the king's pleasure. Not satisfied with annulling the marriage, Henry had her daughter Elizabeth declared illegitimate.

The queen, hopeless of redress, prepared to submit without repining. In her last message to the king, she acknowledged obligation to him for having advanced her from a private gentlewoman, first to the dignity of a marchioness, and afterwards to the throne; and now, since he could raise her no higher in this

world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She earnestly recommended her daughter to his care, and renewed her protestations of innocence and fidelity. She made the same declarations to all who approached her, and behaved not only with serenity, but with her usual cheerfulness.

"The executioner," said she to the lieutenant of the Tower, "is, I hear, very expert; and my neck (grasping it with her hand, and laughing heartily) is very slender."

When brought to the scaffold she assumed a more humble tone, recollecting the obstinacy of her predecessor, and its effects upon her daughter Mary: maternal love triumphed over the just indignation of the sufferer. She said she came to die, as she was sentenced by the law; that she would accuse no one, nor advert to the ground upon which she was judged. She prayed fervently for the king, calling him a most merciful and gentle prince, and acknowledging that he had been to her a good and gracious sovereign. She added, that if any one should think proper to canvass her cause, she desired him to judge the best. She was beheaded by the executioner of Calais, who was brought over for the purpose, as being particularly expert. Her body was thrown into a common elm chest, made to hold arrows, and buried in the Tower.

The innocence of Anne Boleyn can hardly be questioned. The tyrant himself knew not whom to accuse as her lover; and no proof was brought against any of the persons named. An occasional levity and condescension, unbecoming the rank to which she was elevated, is all that can be charged against her. Henry's marriage to Jane Seymour, the very day after Anne's execution, shows clearly his object in obtaining her death.

It was through the influence of Anne Boleyn that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned by Henry VIII. Her own private copy of Tindal's translation is still in existence. She was a woman of a highly cultivated mind; and there are still extant some verses composed by her shortly before her execution, which are touching, from the grief and desolation they express. The following is an extract from them:—

"O Dethe! rocke me on sleepe,
  Bringe me on quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltlesse goste
  Out of my carefull breste.
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ringe out the doleful knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,
      For I must dye,
      There is no remedy,
      For now I dye.

* * * * *

"Farewell my pleasures past,
  Welcum my present payne!
I fele my torments so increse
  That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sounde my dethe doth tell;
    Dethe doth draw nye,
    Sounde my end dolefully;
    For now I dye."

QUEEN ELIZABETH

AS the daughter of Henry VIII. by his second wife, Anne Boleyn, and born September 7, 1533. Upon the king's marriage with Jane Seymour, in 1535, she was declared illegitimate, with her half-sister Mary; and the succession to the crown established on the king's issue by his third wife. Her mother, at her death, had earnestly recommended her to the care of Dr Parker, a great Reformer, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who had the charge of her education, and instructed her carefully in the principles of the Christian religion. She spent her youth in the manner of a private person, and was unmolested; but, when her sister Mary ascended the throne, she was imprisoned on suspicion of being concerned in Lady Jane Grey's promotion, and, in March 1557, committed to the Tower. She came near losing her

life, for Bishop Gardiner was against her, supposing Popery but half re-established while she lived. But Philip of Spain, Mary's husband, interceded for her, and saved her. For as Philip and Mary had no children, he considered that, if Elizabeth were removed, the crown of England, after Mary's death, would pass to Mary of Scotland, who had just married the dauphin of France; and his hatred of France proved stronger than his zeal for his religion. Nevertheless, Elizabeth underwent great sufferings and ill treatment during her sister's reign.

Elizabeth began to reign in 1558. She was then twenty-five, and highly accomplished. Her person was graceful, her carriage noble and majestic; and though her features were not regular, yet her fair complexion, her lustrous eyes, and intelligent, animated expression, hardly suffered smaller imperfections to be observed. She was endowed with great talents, enlarged, cultivated, and refined by education. She wrote letters in English and Italian at thirteen; and, before she was seventeen, was perfect in the Latin, Greek, and French, and not unacquainted with other European languages. She also studied philosophy, rhetoric, history, divinity, poetry and music, and everything that could improve or adorn her mind.

Her first object, after her accession, was to restore the Protestant religion; to this she was led by interest

as well as principle. For the Pope treated her in such a manner that she clearly perceived, if she professed Popery, she must allow her father's divorce from Catherine of Arragon to be void, and consequently herself illegitimate; and this would have annulled her pretensions to the crown. She has been strongly suspected by some of an inclination to the Roman Catholic religion; but there is no proof of this. Indeed she was the real foundress of the English Episcopal Church, as it now exists. True, she was greatly assisted by her counsellor, Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh; still Elizabeth herself always held the reins of government over the Church, as well as over the State; and what she founded and upheld steadily for fifty years must have been conformable to her own faith.

The queen, while she was princess, had a private proposal of marriage from the King of Sweden; but she declared "she could not change her condition," though it was then very disagreeable. Upon her becoming queen, Philip of Spain, her late sister's husband, made an offer of himself to her, which she declined. In the first parliament of her reign, the House of Commons addressed her, and represented to her how necessary it was, for the happiness of the nation, that she should think of marrying. She replied:

"That, by the ceremony of her inauguration, she was married to her people, and her subjects were to her instead of children; that they should not want a successor when she died; and that, for her part, she should be very well contented to have her tomb-stone tell posterity, 'Here lies a queen, who reigned so long, and lived and died a virgin.'"

Several matches were afterwards proposed to her by her people, and many distinguished personages were desirous of uniting themselves to this illustrious princess; but she maintained her celibacy.

It was not long before Elizabeth, by the advice of her council, began to interfere in the affairs of Scotland. Mary, the young queen of that country, was the next heir in blood to the crown of England; and as the zealous Romanists considered the birth of Elizabeth illegitimate, and her succession as rendered invalid by the papal excommunication she had undergone, they regarded Mary as the true sovereign of England. In accordance with this idea, when Queen Mary died, Mary of Scotland and her husband, the dauphin of France, openly assumed the arms and title of English royalty. This act of hostility Elizabeth never forgot. When Mary returned to Scotland, some ineffectual attempts were made to induce Elizabeth to recognise her as presumptive successor to the English throne; but Elizabeth then, as ever

afterwards, displayed the greatest aversion to the nomination of a successor. The matter was suffered to rest, and the two queens lived in apparent amity. The Queen of England always evinced a weak jealousy of Mary's superior personal charms, and attempted a rivalry in that respect, as mean as it was hopeless. Another weakness of hers was a propensity to adopt court favourites, whom she selected rather on account of their external accomplishments than their merit. This foible was sometimes detrimental to her state affairs; though she generally gave her ministers and counsellors, who were chosen for their real merit, a due superiority in business affairs over her favourites.

One of the most conspicuous of these, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who obtained a great ascendency over her, aspired to her hand; but she checked his presumption, and proposed him as a husband to the Queen of Scotland, whom she had thwarted in every attempt she made to ally herself to a foreign potentate. But when Mary seemed disposed to listen favourably to this proposal, Elizabeth interfered and prevented her rival from taking away her favourite. Elizabeth and her ministers had also fomented those political dissentions which gave Mary so much disquiet.

In 1568, Mary fled from Scotland, and took refuge in England; having previously informed Elizabeth of

her determination. The English queen resolved to detain her rival in perpetual imprisonment, in consequence of which two or three rebellions were excited by the Catholics of England; but these were soon quelled by the prompt measures of Elizabeth.

The Puritan party began at this time to give the queen some uneasiness; for, with a haughty and arbitrary temper, and a high idea of her prerogative, she was greatly offended by the spirit of civil liberty which, from their earliest rise, marked the Puritans. Elizabeth, however, understood so well the art of making concessions, and at the same time of supporting her dignity, that, though she ruled her people with a rigorous hand, she always retained their confidence and affection. Her wise frugality prevented her from being burdensome to the nation; and she is a singular instance of a sovereign who returned a portion of the people's grants. The principal pecuniary cause of complaint in her reign arose from her custom of rewarding her courtiers with monopolies.

One of the most singular instances of contention between the feminine weakness and the political prudence of Elizabeth, was her conduct with respect to her suitor, the Duke d'Anjou, youngest brother of Charles IX. of France. This prince, about twenty-five years younger than herself, had been encouraged

to come over to England, and prosecute his courtship in person. The negotiations for the marriage were nearly completed; and the queen was seen, in public, to take a ring from her own finger and put it on his, as a pledge of their union. At length, perhaps in consequence of the great dislike of the nation to the match, she suddenly broke off the affair, and sent back the enraged prince to his government of the Netherlands.

In 1585, Elizabeth openly defied the hostility of Spain, by entering into a treaty with the revolted Low Countries, by which she bound herself to assist them with a considerable force, on condition of having some ports in her hands for her security. She refused the offer, which was twice made, of the sovereignty of these provinces, but stipulated for the admission of her general into the Council of the States. The person she chose for this high trust was the Earl of Leicester, who did little honour to her choice. She at the same time sent a powerful armament against the Spanish settlement of the West Indies, under Sir Francis Drake. She likewise made a league of mutual defence with James, King of Scotland, whose friendship she courted, while she kept his mother imprisoned.

In 1586, a conspiracy was formed against the life of Elizabeth, the detection of which had very important consequences. Ballard, a Catholic priest, induced

Anthony Babington, a Derbyshire gentleman of fortune, to undertake the queen's assassination. He was acting in the service of the Queen of Scots, but it is doubtful whether Mary was aware of the intended murder of Elizabeth. The plot was discovered, and letters of Mary found, which rendered her participation in it, to a certain extent, a matter of judicial proof. Fourteen of the principal conspirators were executed, and Mary was tried and condemned to death. Elizabeth, though consenting to her execution, practised all the artifice and dissimulation which belonged to her character, to avoid as much as possible the odium of putting to death a queen and a near kinswoman. She wept and lamented as though she had lost a dear friend; she stormed at her council, and inflicted on her secretary, Davison, who had sent off the warrant, a ruinous fine.

The next great event of this reign was the expedition sent against England by the Spaniards. A large fleet, the Invincible Armada, as it was called, set sail in the summer of 1588, and presented a more formidable spectacle in the English Channel than had been witnessed for many centuries. Elizabeth exerted all her energy to infuse confidence in her subjects. She rode on horseback through the camp at Tilbury, with a cheerful and undaunted demeanour, and addressed the troops with the true spirit of a hero.

Happily the English fleet, aided by the winds, conquered the *invincible* armada before it reached the coast. Elizabeth also assisted Henry IV. of Navarre in obtaining possession of the throne of France.

In these enterprises by land and sea, the gallant Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, distinguished himself very much. On the death of Leicester, he had succeeded to his place in the estimation of the queen; and his splendid qualities and heroic valour seemed to justify her partiality. Her partiality, however, did not prevent her from asserting her own dignity; and once, when in the heat of debate he had turned his back upon her, she resented the affront by a sound box on his ear. She afterwards mollified his deeply-injured pride, and sent him over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. Through his mismanagement the expedition failed. Upon his unpermitted return to justify himself, she at first received him graciously; but, after a few hours of reflection, her conduct changed so towards him that he became really ill. This roused the pity of the queen, who sent her physicians to him with kind messages. After his recovery he again lost her favour, and, urged by his enemies and his own impetuous temper, Essex broke out in open rebellion against his sovereign. Elizabeth, after a long delay, signed his death-warrant with the most painful reluctance. He was executed in 1600.

In 1601, Elizabeth held a conference with Sully, who came from Henry IV. of France, concerning the establishment of a new system of European power, which was to produce a lasting peace. Sully returned much impressed by the solidity and enlargement of her views. She never was more respected abroad, or more beloved and cherished by her subjects, than just at the termination of her reign. But the last scene was darkened by a deep melancholy, and she died in a most deplorable state of despondency.

An incident relative to the unfortunate Essex has been suggested as the cause of her grief. She had given him a ring as a pledge of her affection, promising him at sight of it a favourable hearing, with whatever offences he might be charged. After his condemnation, Essex had sent this ring to the queen by the Countess of Nottingham, who had been persuaded by her husband, an enemy of the Earl, to retain the pledge. On her death-bed, the countess sent for the queen, and revealed the secret to her, entreating her pardon. The queen, in a violent rage, shook the dying countess in her bed, exclaiming—

"That God might pardon her, but she never could!"

From this time she rejected all consolation, refused food, and, throwing herself on the floor, passed days and nights without changing her place. Nature at length began to sink, and as her end drew near she

was urged to declare her successor. She said she had held a regal sceptre, and would have none but a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? She died March 24, 1602, in the seventieth year of her age.

Elizabeth was rather noble as a queen than amiable as a woman. Pope Sixtus V., who highly admired her, gave her a place among the only three persons then living who deserved to reign—the other two were himself and Henry IV. The character of this great queen has been misunderstood, because she has been judged as a woman rather than as a sovereign. It should never be forgotten that she voluntarily relinquished the enjoyment of domestic life, where woman's nature is most truly and beautifully displayed, in order to devote herself to the cares of state and the happiness of her people. She should therefore be judged as a ruler; only it should ever be borne in mind that a higher degree of moral power ought to be found in the character of woman, in whatever station she occupies, than is manifested by man. It was this moral sense, in which Elizabeth excelled all the kings of England, from the time of Alfred to her own day, that made her power and her glory. This intuitive wisdom guided her in the choice of able counsellors, kept her true to the best interests of her subjects, and inspired her to preserve the manners

of her court in that chastity which is the atmosphere of the highest genius as well as the purest patriotism. Thus it was from her wise rule that the English nation prospered; and, as an eloquent writer admits—

"The kingdom under her government acquired and maintained a higher and more influential place among the states of Europe, principally by policy, than it had ever been raised to by the most successful military exertions of former ages. Commerce flourished and made great advances, and wealth was much more extensively and more rapidly diffused among the body of the people than at any former period. It is the feeling of progress, rather than any degree of actual attainment, that keeps a nation in spirits; and this feeling everything conspired to keep alive in the hearts of the English in the age of Elizabeth; even the remembrance of the stormy times of their fathers, from which they had escaped, lending its aid to heighten the charm of the present calm. To these happy circumstances of the national condition was owing, above all, and destined to survive all their other products, the rich native literature, more especially in poetry and the drama, which now rushed up, as if from the tillage of a virgin soil, covering the land with its perennial fruit and flowers. Spenser and Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Raleigh

and Bacon, and many other distinguished names, gained their earliest celebrity in the Elizabethan age."

Elizabeth was herself fond of learning, and no mean scholar in her attainments. She was well skilled in Greek, and translated from that language into Latin a dialogue of Xenophon, two orations of Isocrates, and a play of Euripides; she also wrote a "Commentary on Plato." From the Latin she translated Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," Sallust's "Jugurthian War," and a part of Horace's "Art of Poetry." In the "Royal and Noble Authors" of Lord Orford may be found a catalogue of translations from the French, prayers, meditations, speeches in parliament, and letters, which testify sufficiently to the learning and general capacity of Elizabeth. She was also skilled in the art of poetry. Being pressed by a Catholic priest, during the life of her sister Mary, while she was undergoing great persecution, to declare her opinion concerning the real presence of Christ in the wafer, she answered in the following impromptu:—

> "Christ was the Word that spake it;
> He took the bread and brake it;
> And what that Word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

When she was a prisoner at Woodstock, she com-

posed the following verses, and wrote them with charcoal on a shutter:—

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.
ELIZABETH, PRISONER."

But more to be praised than her poetry is the encouragement she gave to the design of printing in English the large folio edition of the Holy Scriptures, known as "The Bishop's Bible." This was the best translation of the sacred book which had then appeared. It was printed in 1568, and the version made by order of King James I. differs little from the Bible used by Elizabeth.

That she did not conform her own spirit to the Gospel requirements, but allowed pride, vanity, a violent temper, and selfishness frequently to obscure her many great qualities, is to be regretted; but, compared with the kings her successors, she rises so high above their standard of character that we almost

forget to record her faults. To quote the remarks of a learned historian, "The page of history has seldom to record a reign more honourable to the intellect and capacity of the person presiding over it than that of Elizabeth of England."

POCAHONTAS.

POCAHONTAS, the daughter of Powhatan, a celebrated Indian chief of Virginia, was born about the year 1594. According to a custom common among the Indians of bestowing upon their children several symbolic names, she was sometimes called Matoaka. When the well-known and adventurous Captain John Smith went to America for the purpose of promoting its settlement by the English, while exploring the James River, he was taken prisoner by some of the warriors of the tribes under Powhatan, and brought before this powerful chief to be disposed of. The fame and exploits of Smith had reached Powhatan, and he was considered too dangerous an enemy to be permitted to live. A council was called, and his fate decided; he was condemned to be bound and placed upon the earth, with his head upon a stone, and his brains beaten out with clubs. Pocahontas, though but a child of twelve or

thirteen years, was present at this council, and heard the sentence; but when it was about to be executed, yielding to the generous impulses of her nature, she flung herself upon the body of Smith, beneath her father's uplifted club, and protected his life at the risk of her own. Touched by this act of heroism, the savages released their prisoner, and he became an inmate of the wigwam of Powhatan, who, soon after, gave him his liberty.

About two years later, the Indians, alarmed at the extraordinary feats of Smith, and fearing his increasing influence, began to prepare for hostilities, and laid a plan for entrapping him. When on the eve of effecting their object, while Smith was on a visit to Powhatan for the purpose of procuring provisions, he was preserved from this fate by the watchful care of Pocahontas, who ventured through the woods more than nine miles, at midnight, to apprise him of his danger. For this service Smith offered her some trinkets, which, to one of her age, sex, and nation, must have been strongly tempting; but she refused to accept anything, or to partake of any refreshment, and hurriedly retraced her steps, that she might not be missed by her father or his wives.

For three or four years after this, Pocahontas continued to assist the settlers in their distresses, and to shield them from the effects of her father's animosity.

Although a great favourite with her father, he was so incensed against her for favouring the whites that he sent her away to a chief of a neighbouring tribe, Jopazaws, chief of Potowmac, for safe keeping; or, as some suppose, to avert the anger of her own tribe, who might be tempted to revenge themselves upon her for her friendship to the English. Here she remained some time, when Captain Argall, who ascended the Potomac on a trading expedition, tempted the chief by the offer of a large copper kettle, of which he had become enamoured as the biggest trinket he had ever seen, to deliver her to him as a prisoner; Argall believing that by having her in his possession as a hostage, he could bring Powhatan to terms of peace. But Powhatan refused to ransom his daughter upon the terms proposed; he offered five hundred bushels of corn for her, but it was not accepted.

Pocahontas was well treated while a prisoner, and Mr Thomas Rolfe, a pious young man and a brave officer, who had undertaken to instruct her in English, became attached to her, and offered her his hand. The offer was communicated to Powhatan, who gave his consent to the union, and she was married to Rolfe after the form of the Church of England, in presence of her uncle and two brothers. This event relieved the colony from the enmity of Powhatan, and preserved peace between them for many years.

In the year 1616, Pocahontas accompanied her husband to England, where she was presented at court, and became an object of curiosity and interest to all classes, her title of Princess causing her to receive much attention. Though the period of her conversion is disputed, it is generally believed that she was baptised during this visit to England, when she received the name of Rebecca. In London, she was visited by Captain Smith, whom, for some unknown purpose, she had been taught to believe was dead. When she first beheld him, she was overcome with emotion, and, turning from him, hid her face in her hands. Many surmises have been hazarded upon the emotion exhibited by Pocahontas in this interview. The solution of the mystery, however, is obvious. The dusky maiden had no doubt learned to love the gallant soldier whom she had so deeply benefited; and, upon his abandonment of the country, both the colonists and her own people, aware of her feelings, and having some alliance in view for her to the furthering of their own interests, had imposed upon her the tale of his death. Admitting this to be the case, what could be more natural than her conduct, and what more touching than the picture which this interview presents to the imagination?

Captain Smith wrote a memorial to the queen in her behalf, setting forth the services which the Indian

Princess had rendered to himself and the colony, which secured her the friendship of the queen. Pocahontas survived but little more than a year after her arrival in England. She died in 1617, at Gravesend, when about to embark for her native land, at the age of twenty-two or three. She left one son, who was educated in England by his uncle, and afterwards returned to Virginia, where he became a wealthy and distinguished character, from whom has descended several well-known families of that state.

Pocahontas has been the heroine of fiction and of song; but the simple truth of her story is more interesting than any ideal description. She is another proof of the intuitive moral sense of woman, and the importance of her aid in carrying forward the progress of human improvement.

Pocahontas was the first heathen who became converted to Christianity by the English settlers. The religion of the Gospel seemed congenial to her nature. She was like a guardian angel to the white strangers who had come to the land of the Red Men. By her the races were united; thus proving the unity of the human family through the spiritual nature of the woman; ever, in its highest development, seeking the good and at enmity with the evil: the preserver, the inspirer, the exemplar of the noblest virtues of humanity.

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

UCY HUTCHINSON was the daughter of Sir Allan Aspley, and was born in 1624. At the age of eighteen she was married to Colonel John Hutchinson, who distinguished himself as one of the most efficient among the Puritan leaders in the war between Charles I. and the Parliament. Their courtship was a very romantic one, as it is given by the lady in her "Memoir" of her husband. She says—"Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous: he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high, obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections." That it was "not her face he loved," but "her honour and her virtue were his mistresses," he

abundantly proved; for, "on the day fixed for the marriage, when the friends of both parties were assembled, and all were waiting the appearance of the bride, she was suddenly seized with an illness, at that time often the most fatal to life and beauty. She was taken ill of smallpox; was for some time in imminent danger; and, at last, when her recovery was assured, the return of her personal attractions was considered more than doubtful." She says, indeed, herself, that her illness made her, for a long time after she had regained her health, "the most deformed person that could be seen." But Mr Hutchinson's affection was as strong as his honour. He neither doubted nor delayed to prosecute his suit; but, thankful to God for her preservation, he claimed her hand as soon as she was able to quit her chamber, and when the clergyman who performed the service, and the friends who witnessed it, were afraid to look at the wreck of her beauty. He was rewarded; for her features were restored, unblemished as before; and her form, when he presented her as his wife, justified his taste as much as her more intrinsic qualities did his judgment. They were united to each other on the 3d of July 1638.

Their union was an example of the happiness which marriage confers on those who fulfil its duties in holy truth and faithful love. In the perils of war

Mrs Hutchinson was an attendant on her beloved husband; and when, after the restoration of Charles II., Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned in the Tower, she followed him, and never ceased her exertions and importunities till she was permitted to visit him. When her husband was removed to Sandown Castle, in Kent, she, with some of her children, went also, and used every entreaty to be permitted to reside in the castle with him. This was refused; but she took lodgings in Deal, and walked every day to Sandown to see and cheer the prisoner. All that could be done to obtain his pardon or liberation, she did; but as Colonel Hutchinson was a Puritan and a Republican on principle, and would not disclaim his opinions, though he would promise to live in quiet, his enemies listened to no pleadings for mercy. What was to have been his ultimate punishment will never be known. The damp and miserable apartment in which he was confined brought on an illness which ended his life, September 11, 1664, leaving his wife, with eight children and an embarrassed estate, to mourn his irreparable loss. Mrs Hutchinson was not with him at his death; she had gone to their home to obtain supplies, and bring away the children left there. His death-scene shows the estimation in which he held her. So long as he was able to sit up, he read much in the Bible; and on looking over some notes

on the Epistle to the Romans he said, " When my wife returns, I will no more observe their cross humours; but when her children are all near, I will have her in the chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms. During the winter evenings she shall collect together the observations I have made on this Epistle since I have been in prison."

As he grew worse, the doctor feared delirium, and advised his brother and daughter not to defer anything they wished to say to him. Being informed of his condition, he replied, with much composure, " The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then gave directions concerning the disposal of his fortune, and left strict injunctions that his children should be guided in all things by their mother. " And tell her," said he, " that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds."

Faithfully she fulfilled these injunctions; evincing her sorrow and her love, not by useless repinings, but by training up her children to be like their father, and employing her talents in constructing a monument to his fame. For this purpose she undertook her great work, " The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his Widow, Lucy." This book has been often republished, and the *Edinburgh Review*, some years ago, thus closed a notice of the work:—

"Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

We should do injustice to the worth of female genius if we omitted to give an extract from this work of Mrs Hutchinson. "An Address to her Children" forms the introduction to the Memoir. Thus she writes :—

"I, who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can find out none more just to your dear father, or more consoling to myself, than the preservation of his memory, which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers equally give to the truly and the nominally

honourable. An undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men. To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another. His example was more instructive than the best rules of the moralists; for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the Word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of His Spirit. He had a noble method of government, whether in civil, military, or domestic administration, which forced love and reverence even from unwilling subjects, and greatly endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck awe into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love."

* * * * *

"His affection for his wife was such, that whoever would form rules of kindness, honour, and religion, to to be practised in that state, need no more but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honourable esteem for woman; yet he was not uxorious, and never remitted that just rule which it was her honour to obey; but he managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight

in such honourable and advantageous subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on; for she was but a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories upon him. When she ceased to be young and lovely, he showed her the most tenderness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love any man could have, was bounded by a superior feeling; he regarded her, not as his idol, but as his fellow-creature in the Lord, and proved that such a feeling exceeds all the irregularities in the world."

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and of Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, was born December 18, 1626. Her father was very fond of her, and carried her about with him in all his journeys. When she was about two years old, she was taken to Calmar, the governor of which hesitated, on her account, whether to give the king the usual salute; but Gustavus exclaimed, "Fire! the girl is a soldier's daughter, and should be accustomed to it betimes." The noise delighted the princess, who clapped her hands, and, in her infantile language, cried, "More, more!" showing thus early her peculiarly bold and masculine turn of mind.

Her father died in 1633, and Christina, a girl of seven years old, was placed upon the throne, and

even at that early age she appeared to be conscious of her high destiny, and in all trying circumstances conducted herself with great firmness and dignity.

The queen-mother was a woman of weak judgment and capricious temper, and her injudicious management of the young Christina was doubtless the first cause of her dislike for her own sex, which was further increased by the manner of her education. She early displayed an "antipathy," to use her own words, "to all that women do and say;" but she was an excellent classical scholar, admired the Greeks and Romans, and all the heroes of antiquity, particularly Homer and Alexander the Great. At the age of fourteen she read Thucydides in the original; she rode and hunted, and harangued the senate, and dictated to her ministers; but in the gentler graces and virtues of her own sex she was deficient. She grew up self-willed, arrogant, and impatient, and yet was flattered because she was a queen. She understood this, and observes that "princes are flattered even in their cradles; men fear their memory as well as their power; they handle them timidly, as they do young lions, who can only scratch now, but may hereafter bite and devour."

Her character, at the time she assumed the reins of government, promised extraordinary excellence. Mrs Jameson, in her elegant work, "Memoirs of

Celebrated Female Sovereigns," thus sketches, with singular felicity, the portrait of this youthful sovereign :—

"Christina had been born to the throne, cradled, as she says, amid laurels and trophies of victory, assumed a sceptre which was hers by the double right of hereditary claims and the free consent of the States-General. She was in the bloom of youth, full of health, vigour, and activity; the natural cheerfulness of her spirits had been preserved by constant exercise of body and mind; and although she was proud, passionate, and capricious, she was also gay, frank, and generous. She entertained, at this time, a lofty and even sublime idea of the high destiny to which she was called, and of the multiplied duties and tremendous responsibility it imposed on her. All her resolutions and intentions appear to have been right and just; and, to put the intentions into practice, she had youthful enthusiasm, surpassing talents, a strong constitution, and the prospect of a long life and reign before her. Though learned beyond most of her sex, the vanity of learning had not yet seized her, and literature was to her, what it ought always to have been, an amusement, not a pursuit. She understood most of the languages of Europe. Latin, French, German, Italian, she wrote and spoke as fluently as her native tongue. Her proficiency in Greek has already been

mentioned. At this time she seems to have preferred the French language, and it was spoken almost habitually in her court. She would have no prime minister; and from the very commencement of her reign (dating it from the dissolution of the regency) she received and read all the despatches, dictated the replies to her secretaries, which she afterwards looked over and corrected herself; and, while the regal power had all the gloss of novelty, she certainly wore it with dignity and grace. Her indefatigable attention to the business of state excited the astonishment of the foreign ministers and the admiration of her people; she constantly attended all the deliberations of her council, and, by the force of her character and her resolute temper, she exercised the most unbounded influence over the senate, who yielded to her more than they would have accorded to a monarch of their own sex. It is asserted that she was at this time more despotic than any Swedish sovereign from the time of Eric XIV. to the change of the constitution under Gustavus III.

" In person she was not handsome; her figure was below the middle size, but well formed, with the exception of a slight deformity in one of her shoulders, caused by a fall in her infancy; it was, however, scarcely perceptible, and her deportment and all her movements were remarkable for dignity, ease, and

freedom. Her features were rather large and striking in proportion to her figure, and her whole countenance, unless controlled for especial purposes, was singular for its mobility and vivacity. Her eyes were of a brilliant hazel, quick and penetrating; her nose aquiline; her mouth too wide, and, when at rest, not agreeable in its expression; her smile, however, was bright and pleasing, and her teeth fine, though she took little care of them. She had a profusion of light brown hair, which she seldom combed; and a man's fur-cap or a knot of riband was in general her only coiffure, till, later in life, she exchanged these for a periwig. She was extremely negligent in her dress, and never allowed herself more than a quarter of an hour at her morning toilet. Except upon state occasions, her attire was very simple and uniform; it consisted of a suit of plain grey stuff or cloth, shorter than was usually worn, for the convenience of walking and riding, with a black scarf round her neck, and rarely a single ornament. She was temperate, and even abstemious in eating, apparently quite indifferent as to what was placed before her, and was never heard to praise or dispraise any dish at table."

When Christina had assumed the reins of government in 1644, many of the most distinguished kings and princes of Europe aspired to her hand; but she

uniformly rejected all their proposals, and caused one of her suitors, her cousin Charles Gustavus, to be appointed her successor. Her love of independence and impatience of control had exhibited themselves from childhood in a distaste to marriage. "Do not," said she to the States, "compel me to make a choice; should I bear a son, it is equally probable that he might prove a Nero as an Augustus."

Christina had an opportunity to display her magnanimity in the early part of her reign. While she was engaged in her devotions in the chapel of the castle at Stockholm, a lunatic rushed through the crowd, and attempted to stab her with a knife. He was seized, and Christina calmly continued her devotions. Learning that the man was insane, she merely had him put under restraint.

One of the most important events of Christina's reign was the peace of Westphalia, to which her influence greatly contributed. It was settled October 1648, and by this treaty Sweden was confirmed in the possession of many important countries. The services of Salvius, one of her plenipotentiaries on this occasion, were rewarded by the dignity of senator, a prerogative which had till then belonged to birth, but to which the queen thought merit had a better claim.

During the remainder of her reign, a wise adminis-

tration and a profound peace reflect upon Christina a higher praise than can be derived from subtle negotiations or successful wars. She enjoyed the entire confidence and love of her people. All persons distinguished for their genius or talents were attracted by her liberality to the Swedish court; and although her favour was sometimes controlled by her partialities or prejudices, and withheld from the deserving, while it was lavished on those who flattered her foibles, yet she soon discovered and repaired such mistakes.

She at length began to feel her rank, and the duties it devolved upon her, a burden, and to sigh for freedom and leisure. In 1652, she communicated to the Senate her resolution of abdicating the throne; but the remonstrances of the whole people, in which Charles Gustavus, her successor, joined, induced her to wear the crown for two years longer, when she resumed her purpose and carried it into effect, to the great grief of the whole nation.

In leaving the scene of her regal power, she appeared to rejoice as though she had escaped from imprisonment. Having arrived at a small brook which separated Sweden from Denmark, she alighted from her carriage, and, leaping over it, exclaimed, "At length I am free, and out of Sweden, whither I hope never to return!" Dismissing with her women the

habit of her sex, she assumed male attire. "I would become a man," said she; "but it is not that I love men because they are men, but merely that they are not women."

On her arrival at Brussels she publicly and solemnly abjured the Lutheran faith, in which she was educated, and joined the Roman Catholic communion. From Brussels she went to Rome, which she entered with great pomp. She was received with splendid hospitality by the Pope, and the Jesuits affirmed that she ought to be placed by the Church among the saints. "I had rather," said Christina, "be placed among the sages."

She then went to France, where she was received with royal honours, which she never forgot to claim, by Louis XIV. But she disturbed the quiet of all the places which she visited by her passion for interfering and controlling, not only political affairs, but the petty cabals of the court. She also disgusted the people by her violation of all the decencies and proprieties of life, by her continuing to wear the dress of the other sex, and by her open contempt for her own. But the act that roused the horror and indignation of Louis XIV. and his whole court, and obliged Christina to leave France, was the murder of Monaldeschi, an Italian, and her master of the horse, who is supposed to have been her lover, and to have betrayed the

intrigue, though the fault for which he suffered was never disclosed by Christina. This event occurred in November 1657, while she was residing in the royal palace of Fontainebleau. Monaldeschi, after having been allowed only about two hours from the time when the queen had made known to him her discovery of his perfidy, was put to death, by her orders, in the gallery *aux Cerfs* of the palace, by three men.

Louis XIV. was highly indignant at this violation of justice in his dominions; but Christina sustained her act, and stated that she had reserved supreme power over her suite, and that wherever she went she was still a queen. She was, however, obliged to return to Rome, where she soon involved herself in a quarrel with the Pope, Alexander VII. She then went to Sweden; but she was not well received there, and soon left for Hamburg, and from thence to Rome. She again returned to Sweden, but met with a still colder reception than before. It is said that her journeys to Sweden were undertaken for the purpose of resuming the crown, as Charles Gustavus had died in 1660. But this can hardly be true, as her adopted religion, to which she always remained constant, would be an insuperable obstacle, by the laws and constitution of Sweden, to her reassuming the government.

After many wanderings, Christina died at Rome, April 15, 1689, aged sixty-three. She was interred in the Church of St Peter, and the Pope erected a monument to her, with a long inscription, although she had requested that these words, "*Vixit Christina annos* LXIII.," should be the only inscription on her tomb. Her principal heir was her intendant, Cardinal Azzolini. Her library was bought by the Pope, who placed nine hundred manuscripts of this collection in the Vatican, and gave the rest of the books to his family.

A traveller, who saw her at Rome when she was about sixty, thus describes her dress and appearance: "She was usually habited in a coat, or vest, of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this, a very short petticoat. Her own light brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short, and combed up so as to stand on end, without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, her features, and complexion, were completely masculine, and had ceased to be in any respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliancy, and her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes. Her manners, whenever she chose, were winning." Such was the disagreeable, unhonoured age of a woman who despised the manners, duties, and decorums of her sex. Yet,

in a letter written about this time to Mademoiselle de Scuderi, the poor, mistaken Christina shows that she could not divest herself of all feminine feelings. "You must know," she writes, "that, since you saw me some years ago, I am not grown handsomer—far from it; and, to confess the truth, I am still, in spite of flattery, as ill satisfied with my own person as ever I was. I envy not those who possess fortune, dominions, treasures; I raise myself above all mortals by wisdom and virtue; and that is what makes me discontented. *Au reste,* I am in good health, which will last as long as it pleases God. I have naturally an extreme aversion to grow old, and I hardly know how I can get used to the idea. If I had had my choice between old age and death, I think I should have chosen the latter without hesitation. But since we are not consulted on this point, I shall resign myself to live on with as much pleasure as I can. Death, which I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear."

Christina wrote a great deal; but her "Maxims and Sentences," and "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Alexander the Great," are all that have been preserved. She had good business talents, and a wonderful firmness of purpose. The great defects of her character, and the errors of her life, may be traced to

her injudicious education, including the dislike she felt for women and her contempt of feminine virtues and pursuits. She should be a warning to all those aspiring females who would put off the dignity, delicacy, and dress of their own sex, in the vain hope that, by masculine freedom of deportment and attire, they should gain strength, wisdom, and enjoyment. We give a few fragments from her works:—

Fools are more to be feared than the wicked.

Whatever is false is ridiculous.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others which is reserved for great minds alone.

We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil. (This was a maxim which she was continually violating in her own person: she appears to have been the greatest egotist extant, for a female.)

To suffer for having acted well is itself a species of recompense.

We read for instruction, for correction, and for consolation.

There is a star above us which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and of cowardice.

To speak truth and to do good is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

WAS the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690. She early gave such evidence of genius that her father placed her under the same preceptors as her brother, and she acquired a singular proficiency in classical studies. Brought up in great seclusion, she was enabled to cultivate her mind to a degree rarely seen in women of that period. In 1712 she became the wife of Edward Wortley Montagu, and continued to live in retirement until her husband's appointment, on the accession of George I., to a seat in the treasury, which brought her to London. Introduced at court, her wit and beauty called forth universal admiration, and she became familiarly acquainted with Pope, Addison, and other distinguished

writers. In 1716, Mr Wortley was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him. Here began that correspondence which has procured her such wide-spread celebrity, and placed her among the first of female writers in our tongue; and here, too, her bold, unprejudiced mind led her to that important step which has made her one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. While dwelling at Belgrade, during the summer months, Lady Mary observed a singular custom prevalent among the Turks—that of engrafting, or, as it is now called, inoculating, with variolus matter, to produce a mild form of smallpox, and stay the ravages of that loathsome disease. She examined the process with philosophical curiosity; and, becoming convinced of its efficacy, did not hesitate to apply it to her own son, a child of three years old. On her return home, she introduced the art into England by means of the medical attendant of the embassy; but its expediency being questioned among scientific men, an experiment, by order of the Government, was made upon five persons under sentence of death, which proved highly successful. What an arduous and thankless enterprise Lady Mary's was, no one, at the present day, can form an idea. She lived in an age obstinately opposed to all innovations and improvements; and she says herself, "that if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and

even the obloquy which it brought upon her, she would never have attempted it." The clamours raised against it were beyond belief. The medical faculty rose up in arms, to a man; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence; thus exhibiting more narrowness than the Turks, whose obstinate faith in predestination would have naturally led them to this conclusion. Lady Mary, however, soon gained many supporters among the enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales, afterwards queen of George II.; and truth, as it always does, finally prevailed. She gave much of her time to advice and superintendence in the families where inoculation was adopted, constantly carrying her little daughter with her into the sick room, to prove her security from infection.

The present age, which has benefited so widely by this art and its improvements, can form but a faint estimate of the ravages of that fearful scourge before the introduction of inoculation, when either a loathsome disease, a painful death, or disfigured features awaited nearly every being born. This may account, in some measure, for the absence of that active gratitude which services such as hers should have called forth. Had Lady Mary Wortley lived in the days of heathen Greece or Rome, her name would have been enrolled among the deities who have benefited man-

kind. But in Christian England, her native land, on which she bestowed so dear a blessing, and, through it, to all the nations of the earth, what has been her recompense? We read of colossal endowments by the British Government upon great generals; of titles conferred and pensions granted, through several generations, to those who have served their country; of monuments erected by the British people to statesmen and warriors, and even to weak and vicious princes; but where is the monument to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu? Where is recorded the pension, the dignity, bestowed upon her line, as a sign to future generations that she was a benefactor to the human race, and that her country acknowledged it? In the page of history, and in the annals of medicine, her name must find its place; but there alone is the deed recorded, which, beneath every roof in Christendom, from the palace to the pauper's hut, has carried a blessing!

On her return to England, Lady Mary Wortley took up her residence, at the solicitation of Pope, at Twickenham; but their friendship did not continue long after. Pope, it is asserted, made a violent declaration of love to her, which she, treating with ridicule, so offended him that he never forgave her. A paper war ensued between them, little creditable to either party. Lady Mary continued to exercise con-

siderable influence in society till 1739, when, her health declining, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the milder climate of Italy. She was not accompanied by her husband, which has given rise to many surmises; but as he always corresponded with her, and gave repeated proofs of his confidence in her, there is no ground for believing that there was any objectionable reason for her conduct. Lady Mary's correspondence during this period of her life is marked by the same wit, vivacity, and talents as that of her earlier years, and is published with her collected writings. The following extract from one of her letters to her daughter will serve to show how she passed her time:—

"I generally rise at six, and, as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needlewomen, and work till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have at present two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books. I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at picquet or whist till it is time to go out. One

evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishing of this part of the river belongs to me, and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge." She adds, "I confess I sometimes long for a little conversation;" though, as she observes, "quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be expected at my age; for my health is so often impaired that I begin to be as weary of it as mending old lace: when it is patched in one place, it breaks out in another."

This once brilliant court beauty was now become so indifferent to her personal appearance that, speaking of her looks, she says, "I know nothing of the matter, as it is now eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable that I resolved to spare myself the mortification for the future."

After an absence of twenty-two years, Lady Mary returned to England; but she did not long survive the removal: she died in less than a year after, at the age of seventy-two. Of her two children, both of whom survived her, one was the eccentric and profligate Edward Wortley Montagu, who was a source of continual unhappiness to her through life; the other became the wife of the Marquis of Bute, a distin-

guished nobleman, and was the mother of a large family.

Lady Montagu's letters were first printed, surreptitiously, in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published, in five volumes, in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. The letters from Constantinople and France have been often reprinted. An eminent British critic* thus graphically describes her works:—

"The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style,—easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip,—the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays, enlivened

* Robert Chambers, LL.D.

by formal compliment and elaborate wit, like the correspondence of Pope."

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS.

To E. W. Montagu, Esq.—In prospect of Marriage.

One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised!

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of

good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *degout* given by satiety.

To the same.—On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal.

You object against living in London. I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You

will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupte*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are.

To Mr Pope.—Eastern Manners and Language.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O.S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose,

all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen, the butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your "Homer" here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never

see half-a-dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often), with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances—at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somerset-

shire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, sultana!—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu!—I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life!—fair light of my eyes!
My sultana!—my princess!

I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!

Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

To Mrs S. C.—Inoculation for the Smallpox.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O.S., 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately

rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the Cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which, I don't doubt, is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well

satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, etc.

LINES WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

While thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame
In every age is every woman's aim;
With courtship pleased, of silly trifles proud,
Fond of a train and happy in a crowd;
On each proud fop bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquettes affect to be pursued,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd:
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part she is to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied.

EXPERIENCE LATE.

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears;
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away.

Should some remain in a rich generous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.

MRS BARBAULD.

MRS ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, to whom the cause of rational education is much indebted, was the eldest child, and only daughter, of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D. She was born on the 20th of June 1743, at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, where her father was at that time master of a boys' school. From her childhood, she manifested great quickness of intellect, and her education was conducted with much care by her parents. In 1773, she was induced to publish a volume of her poems, and within the year four editions of the work were called for. And in the same year she published, in conjunction with her brother, Dr Aikin, a volume called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose." In 1774, Miss Aikin married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a

Dissenting minister, descended from a family of French Protestants. He had charge, at that time, of a congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where he also opened a boarding-school for boys, the success of which is, in a great measure, to be attributed to Mrs Barbauld's exertions. She took several very young boys as her own entire charge, among whom were Lord Denman, afterwards Chief Justice of England, and Sir William Gell. It was for these boys that she composed her "Hymns in Prose for Children."

In 1786, after a tour on the Continent, Mr and Mrs Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all of which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled "Evenings at Home," a volume which has since become one of the most famous in the English language; and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1802, Mr Barbauld became pastor of the congregation at Newington Green, in the vicinity of London; and, quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the suburb of Stoke-Newington.

In 1803, Mrs Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and, in the

following year, she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote an interesting and elegant life of the novelist. Her husband died in 1808, and Mrs Barbauld has recorded her feelings on this melancholy event in a poetical dirge to his memory, and also in her poem of "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." Seeking relief in literary occupation, she also edited a collection of the British Novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. After a gradual decay, this accomplished and excellent woman died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of the lyrical pieces of Mrs Barbauld are flowing and harmonious, and her "Ode to Spring" is a happy imitation of Collins. She wrote also several poems in blank verse, characterised by a serious tenderness and elevation of thought. "Her earliest pieces," says her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin, "as well as her more recent ones, exhibit, in their imagery and allusions, the fruits of extensive and varied reading. In youth, the power of her imagination was counterbalanced by the activity of her intellect, which exercised itself in rapid but not unprofitable excursions over almost every field of knowledge. In age, when this activity abated, imagination appeared to exert over her an undiminished sway." Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best

of her compositions, being generally artificial and unimpassioned in their character.

Her works show great powers of mind, an ardent love of civil and religious liberty, and that genuine and practical piety which ever distinguished her character.

In many a bosom has Mrs Barbauld, "by deep, strong, and permanent association, laid a foundation for practical devotion" in after life. In her highly poetical language, only inferior to that of Holy Writ, when "the winter is over and gone, and buds come out on the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout," what heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of Nature, and "on every hill, and in every green field, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise!"

With each revolving year, the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the beautiful succession of nature, and think, "How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshalled in order: each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank."

"The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh they say, Here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months."

Who can observe all this, and not exclaim with her, "Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

"Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind.

"They all speak of Him who made them; they all tell us He is very good."

Such sentiments, instilled into the hearts of children, have power, with the blessing of God, to preserve the moral feelings pure and holy; and also to keep the love of nature and the memories of early life among the sweetest pleasures of mature life.

In a memoir written by Miss Lucy Aikin, the niece of Mrs Barbauld, and kindred in genius as well as in blood, we find this beautiful and just description of the subject of our sketch :—

"To claim for Mrs Barbauld the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connections, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer, commendation to add, that no one ever better loved 'a sister's praise,' even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed fre-

quently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence: she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

"In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love,—not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family,—will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is said, a single friend."

Some of her prose articles are of extraordinary merit; the one which we here insert has rarely been

excelled for originality of thought and vigour of expression. Its sentiments will never become obsolete, nor its truths lose their value.

ON EDUCATION.

The other day I paid a visit to a gentleman with whom, though greatly my superior in fortune, I have long been in habits of an easy intimacy. He rose in the world by honourable industry, and married, rather late in life, a lady to whom he had been long attached, and in whom centred the wealth of several expiring families. Their earnest wish for children was not immediately gratified. At length they were made happy by a son, who, from the moment he was born, engrossed all their care and attention. My friend received me in his library, where I found him busied in turning over books of education, of which he had collected all that were worthy notice, from Xenophon to Locke, and from Locke to Catherine Macaulay. As he knows I have been engaged in the business of instruction, he did me the honour to consult me on the subject of his researches, hoping, he said, that, out of all the systems before him, we should be able to form a plan equally complete and comprehensive; it being the determination of both himself and his lady to choose the best that could be had, and to spare neither pains nor expense in making

their child all that was great and good. I gave him my thoughts with the utmost freedom, and, after I returned home, threw upon paper the observations which had occurred to me.

The first thing to be considered, with respect to education, is the object of it. This appears to me to have been generally misunderstood. Education, in its largest sense, is a thing of great scope and extent. It includes the whole process by which a human being is formed to be what he is, in habits, principles, and cultivation of every kind. But of this, a very small part is in the power even of the parent himself; a smaller still can be directed by purchased tuition of any kind. You engage for your child masters and tutors at large salaries; and you do well, for they are competent to instruct him: they will give him the means, at least, of acquiring science and accomplishments; but in the business of education, properly so called, they can do little for you. Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate him;—the society you live in will educate him; your domestics will educate him; above all, your rank and situation in life, your house, your table, your pleasure-grounds, your hounds and your stables will educate him. It

is not in your power to withdraw him from the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. You speak of *beginning* the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea his education was already begun; the education of circumstances—insensible education—which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent. This education goes on at every instant of time! It goes on like time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be. Maxims and documents are good precisely till they are tried, and no longer; they will teach him to talk, and nothing more. The *circumstances* in which your son is placed will be even more prevalent than your example; and you have no right to expect him to become what you yourself are but by the same means. You, that have toiled during youth, to set your son upon higher ground, and to enable him to begin where you left off, do not expect that son to be what you were,—diligent, modest, active, simple in his tastes, fertile in resources. You have put him under quite a different master. Poverty educated you; wealth will educate him. You cannot suppose the result will be the same. You must not even expect

that he will be what you now are; for though relaxed perhaps from the severity of your frugal habits, you still derive advantage from having formed them; and, in your heart, you like plain dinners, and early hours, and old friends, whenever your fortune will permit you to enjoy them. But it will not be so with your son: his tastes will be formed by your present situation, and in no degree by your former one. But I take great care, you will say, to counteract these tendencies, and to bring him up in hardy and simple manners; I know their value, and am resolved that he shall acquire no other. Yes, you make him hardy; that is to say, you take a counting-house in a good air, and make him run, well clothed and carefully attended, for, it may be, an hour in a clear frosty winter's day upon your gravelled terrace; or, perhaps, you take the puny shivering infant from his warm bed, and dip him in an icy cold bath,—and you think you have done great matters. And so you have; you have done all you can. But you were suffered to run abroad half the day on a bleak heath, in weather fit and unfit, wading barefoot through dirty ponds, sometimes losing your way benighted, scrambling over hedges, climbing trees, in perils every hour both of life and limb. Your life was of very little consequence to any one; even your parents, encumbered with a numerous family, had little time to indulge the soft-

nesses of affection, or the solicitude of anxiety; and to every one else it was of no consequence at all. It is not possible for you, it would not even be right for you, in your present situation, to pay no more attention to your child than was paid to you. In these mimic experiments of education, there is always something which distinguishes them from reality; some weak part left unfortified, for the arrows of misfortune to find their way into. Achilles was a young nobleman, *dios Achilleus*, and therefore, though he had Chiron for his tutor, there was one foot left undipped. You may throw by Rousseau: your parents practised without having read it; you may read, but imperious circumstances forbid you the practice of it.

You are sensible of the advantages of simplicity of diet; and you make a point of restricting that of your child to the plainest food, for you are resolved that he shall not be nice. But this plain food is of the choicest quality, prepared by your own cook; his fruit is ripened from your walls; his cloth, his glasses, all the accompaniments of the table, are such as are only met with in families of opulence; the very servants who attend him are neat, well dressed, and have a certain air of fashion. You may call this simplicity, but I say he will be nice, for it is a kind of simplicity which only wealth can attain to, and which will subject him to be disgusted at all common tables.

Besides, he will, from time to time, partake of those delicacies which your table abounds with; you yourself will give him of them occasionally—you would be unkind if you did not; your servants, if good-natured, will do the same. Do you think you can keep the full stream of luxury running by his lips, and he not taste of it? Vain imagination!

I would not be understood to inveigh against wealth, or against the enjoyments of it,—they are real enjoyments, and allied to many elegancies in manners and in taste; I only wish to prevent unprofitable pains and inconsistent expectations.

You are sensible of the benefit of early rising, and you may, if you please, make it a point that your daughter shall retire with her governess, and your son with his tutor, at the hour when you are preparing to see company; but their sleep, in the first place, will not be so sweet and undisturbed amidst the rattle of carriages, and the glare of tapers glancing through the rooms, as that of the village child in his quiet cottage, protected by silence and darkness; and, moreover, you may depend upon it that, as the coercive power of education is laid aside, they will, in a few months, slide into the habitudes of the rest of the family, whose hours are determined by their company and situation in life. You have, however, done good, as far as it goes; it is something gained,

to defer pernicious habits, if we cannot prevent them.

There is nothing which has so little share in education as direct precept. To be convinced of this, we need only reflect that there is no one point we labour more to establish with children than that of their speaking truth, and there is not any in which we succeed worse. And why? Because children readily see we have an interest in it. Their speaking truth is used by us as an engine of government. "Tell me, my dear child, when you have broken anything, and I will not be angry with you." "Thank you for nothing," says the child; "if I prevent you from finding it out, I am sure you will not be angry;" and nine times out of ten he can prevent it. He knows that, in the common intercourses of life, you tell a thousand falsehoods. But these are necessary lies, on important occasions.

Your child is the best judge how much occasion he has to tell a lie; he may have as great occasion for it as you have to conceal a bad piece of news from a sick friend, or to hide your vexation from an unwelcome visitor. That authority which extends its claims over every action, and even every thought, which insists upon an answer to every interrogation, however indiscreet or oppressive to the feelings, will, in young or old, produce falsehood; or, if in some few in-

stances the deeply imbibed fear of future and unknown punishment should restrain from direct falsehood, it will produce a habit of dissimulation, which is still worse. The child, the slave, or the subject, who, on proper occasions, may not say, "I do not choose to tell," will certainly, by the circumstances in which you place him, be driven to have recourse to deceit, even should he not be countenanced by your example.

I do not mean to assert that sentiments inculcated in education have no influence—they have much, though not the most; but it is the sentiments we let drop occasionally, the conversation they overhear when playing unnoticed in a corner of the room, which has an effect upon children, and not what is addressed directly to them in the tone of exhortation. If you would know precisely the effect these set discourses have upon your child, be pleased to reflect upon that which a discourse from the pulpit, which you have reason to think merely professional, has upon you. Children have almost an intuitive discernment between the maxims you bring forward for their use, and those by which you direct your own conduct. Be as cunning as you will, they are always more cunning than you. Every child knows whom his father and mother love and see with pleasure, and whom they dislike; for whom they think themselves obliged to set out their best plate and china; whom they think

it an honour to visit, and upon whom they confer honour by admitting them to their company. "Respect nothing so much as virtue," says Eugenio to his son; "virtue and talents are the only grounds of distinction." The child presently has occasion to inquire why his father pulls off his hat to some people and not to others; he is told that outward respect must be proportioned to different stations in life. This is a little difficult of comprehension; however, by dint of explanation, he gets over it tolerably well. But he sees his father's house in the bustle and hurry of preparation—common business laid aside, everybody in movement, an unusual anxiety to please and to shine. Nobody is at leisure to receive his caresses or attend to his questions; his lessons are interrupted, his hours deranged. At length a guest arrives: it is my Lord ——, whom he has heard you speak of twenty times as one of the most worthless characters upon earth. Your child, Eugenio, has received a lesson of education. Resume, if you will, your systems of morality on the morrow, you will in vain attempt to eradicate it. "You expect company, mamma; must I be dressed to-day?" "No, it is only good Mrs Such-a-one." Your child has received a lesson of education, one which he well understands and will long remember. You have sent your child to a public school; but to secure his morals against

the vice which you too justly apprehend abounds there, you have given him a private tutor, a man of strict morals and religion. He may help him to prepare his tasks; but do you imagine it will be in his power to form his mind? His schoolfellows, the allowance you give him, the manners of the age and of the place, will do that, and not the lectures which he is obliged to hear. If these are different from what you yourself experienced, you must not be surprised to see him gradually recede from the principles, civil and religious, which you hold, and break off from your connections, and adopt manners different from your own. This is remarkably exemplified amongst those of the Dissenters who have risen to wealth and consequence. I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of families who, for three generations, have kept their carriage and continued Dissenters.

Education, it is often observed, is an expensive thing. It is so; but the paying for lessons is the smallest part of the cost. If you would go to the price of having your son a worthy man, you must be so yourself; your friends, your servants, your company must be all of that stamp. Suppose this to be the case, much is done; but there will remain circumstances which perhaps you cannot alter, that will still have their effect. Do you wish him to love simplicity? Would you be content to lay down your

coach, to drop your title? Where is the parent who would do this to educate his son? You carry him to the workshops of artisans, and show him different machines and fabrics, to awaken his ingenuity. The necessity of getting his bread would awaken it much more effectually. The single circumstance of having a fortune to get, or a fortune to spend, will probably operate more strongly upon his mind, not only than your precepts, but even than your example. You wish your child to be modest and unassuming; you are so, perhaps, yourself,—and you pay liberally a preceptor for giving him lessons of humility. You do not perceive, that the very circumstance of having a man of letters and accomplishments retained about his person, for his sole advantage, tends more forcibly to inspire him with an idea of self-consequence, than all the lessons he can give him to repress it. "Why do not you look sad, you rascal?" says the undertaker to his man in the play of "The Funeral;" "I give you I know not how much money for looking sad, and the more I give you, the gladder I think you are." So will it be with the wealthy heir. The lectures that are given him on condescension and affability, only prove to him upon how much higher ground he stands than those about him; and the very pains that are taken with his moral character will make him proud, by showing him how much he is the

object of attention. You cannot help these things. Your servants, out of respect to you, will bear with his petulance; your company, out of respect to you, will forbear to check his impatience; and you yourself, if he is clever, will repeat his observations.

In the exploded doctrine of sympathies, you are directed, if you have cut your finger, to let that alone and put your plaster upon the knife. This is very bad doctrine, I must confess, in philosophy, but very good in morals. Is a man luxurious, self-indulgent? do not apply your *physic of the soul* to him, but cure his fortune. Is he haughty? cure his rank, his title. Is he vulgar? cure his company. Is he diffident or mean-spirited? cure his poverty, give him consequence. But these prescriptions go far beyond the family recipes of education.

What, then, is the result? In the first place, that we should contract our ideas of education, and expect no more from it than it is able to perform. It can give instruction. There will always be an essential difference between a human being cultivated and uncultivated. Education can provide proper instructors in the various arts and sciences, and portion out to the best advantage those precious hours of youth which never will return. It can likewise give, in a great degree, personal habits; and even if these should afterwards give way under the influence of contrary

circumstances, your child will feel the good effects of them, for the later and the less will he go into what is wrong. Let us also be assured that the business of education, properly so called, is not transferable. You may engage masters to instruct your child in this or the other accomplishment, but you must educate him yourself. You not only ought to do it, but you must do it, whether you intend it or no. As education is a thing necessary for all—for the poor and for the rich, for the illiterate as well as for the learned—Providence has not made it dependent upon systems uncertain, operose, and difficult of investigation. It is not necessary, with Rousseau or Madame Genlis, to devote to the education of one child the talents and the time of a number of grown men; to surround him with an artificial world, and to counteract by maxims the natural tendencies of the situation he is placed in in society. Every one has time to educate his child: the poor man educates him while working in his cottage; the man of business, while employed in his counting-house.

Do we see a father who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well-informed, intelligent people; a mother whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple,

about the moral education of your offspring! Do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems, or fancy that you must retire from the world to devote yourselves to their improvement. In your world they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them: they will imbibe affection from your caresses, taste from your conversation, urbanity from the commerce of your society, and mutual love from your example. Do not regret that you are not rich enough to provide tutors and governors, to watch their steps with sedulous and servile anxiety, and furnish them with maxims it is morally impossible they should act upon when grown up. Do not you see how seldom this over-culture produces its effect, and how many shining and excellent characters start up every day from the bosom of obscurity, with scarcely any care at all?

Are children, then, to be neglected? Surely not; but having given them the instruction and accomplishments which their situation in life requires, let us reject superfluous solicitude, and trust that their characters will form themselves from the spontaneous influence of good examples, and circumstances which impel them to useful action.

But the education of your house, important as it is, is only a part of a more comprehensive system. Provi-

dence takes your child where you leave him. Providence continues his education upon a larger scale, and by a process which includes means far more efficacious. Has your son entered the world at eighteen, opinionated, haughty, rash, inclined to dissipation? Do not despair; he may yet be cured of these faults, if it pleases Heaven. There are remedies which you could not persuade yourself to use, if they were in your power, and which are specific in cases of this kind. How often do we see the presumptuous, giddy youth, changed into the wise counsellor, the considerate, steady friend! How often the thoughtless, gay girl, into the sober wife, the affectionate mother! Faded beauty, humbled self-consequence, disappointed ambition, loss of fortune—this is the rough physic provided by Providence to meliorate the temper, to correct the offensive petulances of youth, and bring out all the energies of the finished character. Afflictions soften the proud; difficulties push forward the ingenious; successful industry gives consequence and credit, and developes a thousand latent good qualities. There is no malady of the mind so inveterate which this education of events is not calculated to cure, if life were long enough; and shall we not hope that He, in whose hand are all the remedial processes of nature, will renew the discipline in another state, and finish the imperfect man?

States are educated as individuals — by circumstances: the prophet may cry aloud, and spare not; the philosopher may descant on morals; eloquence may exhaust itself in invective against the vices of the age: these vices will certainly follow certain states of poverty or riches, ignorance or high civilisation. But what these gentle alteratives fail of doing may be accomplished by an unsuccessful war, a loss of trade, or any of those great calamities by which it pleases Providence to speak to a nation in such language as *will* be heard. If, as a nation, we would be cured of pride, it must be by mortification; if of luxury, by a national bankruptcy, perhaps; if of injustice, or the spirit of domination, by a loss of national consequence. In comparison of these strong remedies, a fast, or a sermon, is a prescription of very little efficacy.

We do not consider the poetry of Mrs Barbauld equal to her prose writings; but there is a benignity, mingled with vivacity, in some of her poetical productions which make them always pleasant, as the face of a cheerful friend.

WASHING-DAY.

The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on

Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon;—for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort;—ere the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour—an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatch'd,
Uninterrupted save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd short—and linen-horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,

Or usual 'tendance ;—ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious : should'st thou try
The 'custom'd garden-walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse check'd apron—with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend : or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged them forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites !
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding :—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious :—the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from them ;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences ; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly suppers, and set by
For me, their petted one ; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale
Of ghost or witch, or murder—so I went

And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire :
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm.
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
One less indulgent.—
At intervals, my mother's voice was heard
Urging despatch : briskly the work went on,
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe, amused, we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles ; little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS lady, distinguished for her talents and the noble manner in which she exerted them, was the fourth daughter of Mr Jacob More, and was born February 2, 1745, at Stapleton, Gloucestershire. Mr More was a schoolmaster, and gave his daughters the rudiments of a classical education; but he had a narrow mind, and was so fearful they would become learned women, that he tried by precepts to counteract the effect of his lessons. The elder daughters opened, at Bristol, a boarding-school for girls, which was for a long time very flourishing, and at this school Hannah obtained the best advantages of education she ever enjoyed.

In 1761 Hannah More wrote a pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness." She was then sixteen; and though this production was not published till many years afterwards, yet she may be said to have

then commenced her literary career, which, till 1824, when her last work, "Spirit of Prayer," was issued, was steadily pursued for sixty-three years. The next important event of her life is thus related by Mrs Elwood :—

"When about twenty-two years of age, she received and accepted an offer of marriage from a Mr Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, but considerably her senior. Their acquaintance had commenced in consequence of some young relations of Mr Turner's being at the Misses More's school, who generally spent their holidays at their cousin's beautiful residence at Belmont, near Bristol, whither they were permitted to invite some of their young friends, and Hannah and Patty More being near their own age, were generally among those invited. The affair was so far advanced that the wedding-day was actually fixed, and Hannah, having given up her share in her sister's establishment, had gone to considerable expense in making her preparations, when Mr Turner, who appears to have been of eccentric temper, was induced to postpone the completion of his engagement; and as this was done more than once, her friends at length interfered, and prevailed on her to relinquish the marriage altogether, though this was against the wishes of the capricious gentleman.

"To make some amends for his thus trifling with her

affections, Mr Turner insisted upon being allowed to settle an annuity upon her, which she at first rejected; but subsequently, through the medium of her friend, Dr Stonehouse, who consented to be the agent and trustee, she was at length prevailed on to allow a sum to be settled upon her, which should enable her hereafter to devote herself to the pursuits of literature.

"She had soon after another opportunity of marrying, which was declined; and from this time she seems to have formed the resolution, to which she ever afterwards adhered, of remaining single."

In 1774, she became acquainted with the great tragedian, David Garrick. He and his wife soon formed a warm attachment for the young authoress, invited her to their house in London, and introduced her to the literary and fashionable world. She was there presented to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and Dr Johnson; how highly she prized the privilege of such acquaintances may be gathered from her letters. She constantly wrote to her sisters in Bristol, describing, in a style of easy elegance, whatever interested her in London.

Speaking of letter-writing, she used to say, "When I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them much better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common-sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying

and doing." She added, "That letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

Her first acquaintance with that much-abused class, the publishers, is thus narrated by Mrs Elwood:—

"Hannah More again visited London in 1775, and in the course of this year the eulogiums and attentions she had received induced her, as she observed to her sisters, to try her real value, by writing a small poem and offering it to Cadell. The legendary tale of 'Sir Eldred of the Bower' was accordingly composed, in a fortnight's time; to which she added, 'The Bleeding Rock,' which had been written some years previously. Cadell offered her a handsome sum for these poems, telling her if he could discover what Goldsmith received for the 'Deserted Village,' he would make up the deficiency, whatever it might be.

"Thus commenced Hannah More's acquaintance with Mr Cadell, who was, by a singular coincidence, a native of the same village with herself; and her connection with his establishment was carried on for forty years."

In 1782, Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas" was published, with a poem, entitled "Sensibility."

All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of female versifiers. The poetry

of Hannah More is now forgotten, but "Percy" is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786 she published another volume of verse, "Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies," and "The Bas Bleu, or Conversation." The latter (which Johnson complimented as a great performance) was an elaborate eulogy on the *Bas Bleu Club*, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's.

The following couplets have been quoted as terse and pointed :—

> "In men this blunder still you find,
> All think their little set—mankind."

> "Small habits, well pursued, betimes
> May reach the dignity of crimes."

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms; and, having published her "Bas Bleu," she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first prose publication was "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society," produced in 1788. This was followed, in 1791, by an "Esti-

mate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly, under the title of "The Cheap Repository," which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories (as "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain") are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. Her other principal works are—"Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," 1799; "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess," 1805; "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals," two volumes, 1809; "Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life," two volumes, 1811; "Christian Morals," two volumes, 1812; "Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul," two volumes, 1815; and "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer," 1819. The work entitled, "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess," was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte. Of "Cœlebs," we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remark-

able proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted; but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel readers. It has not inaptly been styled "a dramatic sermon." Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, "it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' the 'Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes." In her latter days there was, perhaps, a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation, from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense

charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. "From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country, some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day." These exertions were ultimately so successful that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry (also established by them), after attending church service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors.

Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000.

In 1834, "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More," by William Roberts, Esq., was published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

From this Memoir we select the estimate of Hannah More's moral character :—

"Her love of her country, and her love of her species, were without any alloy of party feelings or prejudices. To her sound and correct understanding, liberty presented itself as including among its essential constituents loyalty, allegiance, security, and duty. Patriotism, in this view of it, should be placed in the front of her character, since it really took the lead of every other *temporal* object. All the powers of her mind were devoted to the solid improvement of society. Her aims were all practical; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name a writer who has laid before the public so copious a variety of original thoughts and reasonings, without any admixture of speculation or hypothesis. To keep within this tangible barrier, without contracting the range of her imagination, or denying to truth any advantage, to which it is fairly entitled, of illustration or entertainment, is a secret in the art of composition with which few, if any, have been so well acquainted. Her indefatigable pen was ever at work, kept in motion by a

principle of incessant activity; never to stop but with her pulse, never to need the refreshment of change, and never to be weary in well-doing. Thus, to do good and to distribute was no less the work of her head than of her hand, and the rich and the great were among the objects of her charity. The specific relief of which they stood in need she was ever forward to supply; and as she had passed so many of her earliest years among them, she knew well their wants, and how to administer to them. She was a woman of business in all the concerns of humanity, refined or common, special or general, and had a sort of righteous cunning in dealing with different cases; exposing without irritating, reproving without discouraging, probing without wounding; always placing duty upon its right motives, and showing the perversity of error by bringing it into close comparison with the loveliest forms of truth and godliness."

As the writings of this excellent woman are not so widely known at present as they ought to be, we shall give a few extracts from her prose works; but there was one event of her life which should never be forgotten,—we allude to the persecution she met with when she attempted to instruct the poor. Miss More says, in a letter, writing of one of her schools, "It is a parish, the largest in our county or diocese, in a state of great depravity and ignorance. The opposition I

have met with in endeavouring to establish an institution for the religious instruction of these people would excite your astonishment. The principal adversary is a farmer of £1000 a-year, who says the lower class are *fated* to be wicked and ignorant, and that, as wise as I am, I cannot alter what is *decreed*."

She surmounted this opposition; but then began the persecutions instituted against her by the clergy. These were so vindictive that Miss More appealed to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in whose diocese she was labouring in this mission of charity. We insert a portion of her letter, which, for its masterly exposition of the subject, and firm yet gentle tone of remonstrance against injustice to the poor, as well as to herself, deserves to be studied. We are compelled to omit the greater part.

* * * * *

"When I settled in this country thirteen years ago, I found the poor in many of the villages sunk in a deplorable state of ignorance and vice. There were, I think, no Sunday-schools in the whole district, except one in my own parish, which had been established by our respectable rector, and another in the adjoining parish of Churchill. This drew me to the more neglected villages, which, being distant, made it very laborious. Not one school here did I ever attempt to establish without the hearty concurrence of

the clergyman of the parish. My plan of instruction is extremely simple and limited. They learn, on week days, such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety. I knew no way of teaching morals but by teaching principles; nor of inculcating Christian principles without a good knowledge of Scripture. I own I have laboured this point diligently. My sisters and I always teach them ourselves every Sunday, except during our absence in winter. By being out about thirteen hours, we have generally contrived to visit two schools the same day, and carry them to their respective churches. When we had more schools, we commonly visited them on a Sunday. The only books we use in teaching are two little tracts, called 'Questions for the Mendip Schools' (to be had of Hatchard); 'The Church Catechism' (these are framed, and half a dozen hung up in the room). The Catechism, broken into short questions; Spelling-books, Psalter, Common Prayer, Testament, Bible. The little ones repeat 'Watts' Hymns.' The Collect is learned every Sunday. They generally learn the Sermon on the Mount, with many other chapters and psalms. Finding that what the children learned at school they commonly lost at home by the profaneness and ignorance of their parents, it occurred

to me, in some of the larger parishes, to invite the latter to come at six on the Sunday evening for an hour to the school, together with the elder scholars. A plain printed sermon and a printed prayer are read to them, and a psalm is sung. I am not bribed by my taste, for, unluckily, I do not delight in music; but, observing that singing is a help to devotion in others, I thought it right to allow the practice.

"For many years I have given away, annually, nearly two hundred Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and Testaments. To teach the poor to read without providing them with *safe* books has always appeared to me an improper measure, and this consideration induced me to enter upon the laborious undertaking of the 'Cheap Repository Tracts.'

"In some parishes, where the poor are numerous, such as Cheddar and the distressed mining villages of Shipham and Rowbarrow, I have instituted, with considerable expense to myself, friendly benefit societies for poor women, which have proved a great relief to the sick and lying-in, especially in the late seasons of scarcity. We have in one parish *only* a saving of between two and three hundred pounds (the others in proportion); this I have placed out in the Funds. The late Lady of the Manor at Cheddar, in addition to her kindness to my institutions there during her life, left, at her death, a legacy for the club, and another

for the school, as a testimony to her opinion of the utility of both. We have two little annual festivities for the children and poor women of these clubs, which are always attended by a large concourse of gentry and clergy.

"At one of these public meetings, Mr Bere declared that, since the institution of the schools, he could now dine in peace; for that, where he used to issue ten warrants, he was not now called on for two.

* * * * *

"My schools were always honoured with the full sanction of the late bishop, of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr Bere, ever saw them.

* * * * *

"I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate, when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the Bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of Jacobinism on the other, appears

so unlikely that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

"I do not vindicate enthusiasm; I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism?

"In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.* In most of them, it is affirmed that my principles and actions are corrupt and mischievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed, yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind as to look for praise by a means so little calculated to obtain it; though, perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished. If hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared

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with which all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation shrinks into nothing.

"And now, my lord, I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request to know what is your lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination. I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in Church or State. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom, next to Him, I am bound to obey."

But, notwithstanding this Christian appeal, Hannah More was compelled to give up her schools.

FROM "HINTS FOR FORMING THE CHARACTER OF A YOUNG PRINCESS."

One of the first lessons that should be inculcated on the great is, that God has not sent us into this world to give us consummate happiness, but to train us to those habits which lead to it. High rank lays the mind open to strong temptations; the highest rank to the strongest. The seducing images of luxury and pleasure, of splendour and of homage, of power and independence, are only to be counteracted by a religious education. The world is too generally entered upon as a scene of pleasure instead of trial. The high-born are taught to enjoy the world at an age when they should be learning to know it, and to grasp the prize when they should be exercising themselves for the combat. They look for the sweets of victory when they should be enduring the hardness of the conflict. The exalted station of the young princess, by separating her from miscellaneous society, becomes her protection from many of its maxims and practices. From the dangers of her own peculiar situation she should be guarded, by being early taught to consider power and influence, not as exempting her from the difficulties of life, or ensuring to her a larger portion of its pleasures, but as engaging her in a peculiarly extended sphere of duties, and infinitely increasing the demands on her fortitude and vigilance.

FROM "FLORIO."

Exhausted Florio, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent hope her schemes pursue,
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already, to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But Florio knew the world; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the world to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the *town.*
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—mankind.
Though high renown the youth hath gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life hath stain'd;
Though known among *a certain set,*
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.
His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he liked to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait,
And still, by system, came too late;

Yet 'twas a hopeful indication
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferr'd
Than one who always broke his word?

FROM "PLAYS OF THE PASSIONS."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A tender mother lives
In many lives; through many a nerve she feels;
From child to child the quick affections spread,
For ever wandering, yet for ever fixed.
Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change
With changing circumstance; rise or fall,
Dependent on their object; claim returns;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise, the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation,
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown—
To hear the still small voice of Conscience speak
Its whisper'd plaudit to the silent soul!

FAVOUR IS FLEETING.

Dost thou not know
That of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
Favour is most deceitful? 'Tis a beam,
Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment!
The faint, precarious, fickle shine of power,
Given without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
No trifle is so small as what obtains,
Save that which loses favour; 'tis a breath,
Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
A frown, the air-built tower of Fortune shakes,
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls!

FAITH.

O, Faith! thou wonder-working principle,
Eternal substance of our present hope,
Thou evidence of things invisible!
What cannot man sustain, by thee sustained!

WISDOM.

Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace!
Wisdom! that bright intelligence, which sat
Supreme when, with his golden compasses,
Th' Eternal planned the fabric of the world,
Produced his fair idea into light,
And said that all was good! Wisdom, blest beam!
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the power of God!
The reflex image of the all-perfect Mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite—a cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch nor sin pollute
Her unstained purity. Not Ophir's gold,

Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price!
The ruby of the mine is pale before her;
And, like the oil Elisha's bounty blessed,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use
And multiply by spending. She contains
Within herself the sum of excellence.
If riches are desired, wisdom is wealth;
If prudence, where shall keen Invention find
Artificer more cunning? If renown,
In her right hand it comes! If piety,
Are not her labours virtues? If the lore
Which sage Experience teaches, lo! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future, not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean sorcery,
But from the piercing ken of deep Foreknowledge.
From her sure science of the human heart,
She weighs effects with causes, ends with means,
Resolving all into the sovereign will.

TRUST IN GOD.

Know, God is everywhere,
Through all the vast infinitude of space.
At His command the furious tempests rise;
He tells the world of waters where to soar,
And, at his bidding, winds and waves are calm
In Him, not in an arm of flesh, I trust;
In Him, whose promise never yet has failed,
I place my confidence.

MADAME DE STAËL

WAS born, April 22, 1766, at Paris. She was the daughter of the well-known French financier, Necker. Her parents being Protestants, instead of receiving her education, like most young ladies of the period, in the seclusion of a convent, she was reared at home, and allowed to mingle freely with the talented guests who assembled in her mother's drawing-room. Naturally a precocious child, this produced in her a premature development of intellect. Some of the gravest men who visited Madame Necker, when her daughter had scarcely emerged from childhood, discerned her intellectual power, and found pleasure in conversing with her, the acuteness of her judgment already revealing what she would one day become. From her mother she imbibed a strong religious feeling, which never abandoned her; Necker imparted to her his

ambitious love of political popularity; and the society in which she was brought up strengthened her passion for literature and fed the burning flame of her genius. Her life and writings bear deep traces of these three powerful principles. As a talker, she has never, perhaps, been surpassed. Clear, comprehensive, and vigorous, like that of man, her language was also full of womanly passion and tenderness. Her affection for her father was enthusiastic, and her respect for him bordered upon veneration. The closest and most unreserved friendship marked their intercourse through life. Mademoiselle Necker was heir to immense wealth; and at the age of twenty, through the interposition of Marie Antoinette, a marriage was brought about between her and the Baron de Staël Holstein, then Swedish ambassador at the court of France. M. de Staël was young, handsome, and cultivated; he had no fortune, but he was a Lutheran; and as M. Necker had no inclination to see his fortune pass into the hands of a Catholic, his consent was easily obtained.

Neither the disposition nor situation of Madame de Staël would allow her to remain indifferent to the general agitation which prevailed in France. Enthusiastic in her love of liberty, she gave all the weight of her influence to the cause. Her father's banishment in 1787, and his triumphant return in 1788,

deeply affected her; and when he was obliged to retire from public life, it was a source of deep grief and disappointment to her. During Robespierre's ascendency, she exerted herself, at the hazard of her life, to save his victims, and she published a powerful and eloquent defence of the queen. On the 2d of September, when the tocsin called the populace to riot and murder, she fled from Paris, with great difficulty, and took refuge, with her father, at Coppet. When Sweden recognised the French Republic, she returned to Paris with her husband, who was again appointed Swedish ambassador. Her influence—social, literary, and political—was widely extended. On Talleyrand's return from America, in 1796, she obtained, through Barras, his appointment to the ministry of foreign affairs. To this period also belongs two political pamphlets, containing her views respecting the situation of France in 1795, which express the remarkable opinion that France could arrive at limited monarchy only through military despotism.

In 1798, M. de Staël died. Her connection with her husband had not been a happy one. When she became desirous of saving her children's property from the effects of his lavish expenditure, a separation took place; but when his infirmities required the kind offices of friends, she returned to him, and was with him when he died.

Madame de Staël first saw Napoleon in 1797. His brilliant reputation excited her admiration, but this sentiment soon gave way to fear and aversion. Her opposition offended Napoleon, and she was banished from Paris. She resided with her father at Coppet, where she devoted herself to literature. After the death of her father, in 1803, she visited Italy and Germany, which visits produced her two most remarkable works, "Corinne" and "Germany." The latter, when printed in Paris, was seized and destroyed by the minister of police; and her exile from Paris was extended to banishment from France. During her residence on her father's estate, Madame de Staël contracted a marriage with a young officer, in delicate health, by the name of de Rocca, which continued a secret till her death. Notwithstanding she was twice the age of her husband, this marriage was very happy. M. de Rocca loved her with romantic enthusiasm; and she realised, in his affection, some of the dreams of her youth. He survived her only six months. Banished from France, Madame de Staël wandered over Europe; her sufferings she has embodied in her "Ten Years of Exile." In 1814, she returned to Paris, and was treated with great distinction by the allied princes. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, she retired to Coppet. It is said that he invited her to return to Paris, and that she refused to

do so. After the Restoration, she received from the government two millions of francs, the sum which her father had left in the royal treasury. Surrounded by a happy domestic circle, esteemed and courted by the most eminent men of the capital, Madame de Staël resided in Paris till her death, which took place in July 1817. Madame de Staël has been called the greatest female writer of all ages and countries. She was certainly the most distinguished for talents among the women of her age. Since Rousseau and Voltaire, no French writer has displayed equal power. Her works are numerous—"Corinne," "Delphine," "Germany," "Ten Years of Exile," and "Considerations on the French Revolution," are the most noted. In making selections from this distinguished writer, we have chosen that which we consider her greatest work. Its moral tone elevates its philosophy, while the religious sentiment adds a refinement to the speculations which might otherwise be thought too bold for a woman.

FROM "GERMANY."

WOMAN.

Nature and society give to woman a habit of endurance; and I think it can hardly be denied that, in our days, they are generally worthier of moral esteem than the men. At an epoch when selfishness

is the prevailing evil, the men, to whom all positive interests have relation, must necessarily have less generosity, less sensibility, than the women. These last are attached to life only by the ties of the heart; and even when they lose themselves, it is by sentiment that they are led away. Their selfishness is extended to a double object, while that of man has himself only for its end. Homage is rendered to them according to the affections which they inspire, but those which they bestow are almost always sacrifices. The most beautiful of virtues, self-devotion, is their enjoyment and their destiny; no happiness can exist for them but by the reflection of another's glory and prosperity; in short, to live independently of self, whether by ideas or by sentiments, or, above all, by virtues, gives to the soul an habitual feeling of elevation.

In those countries where men are called upon, by political institutions, to the exercise of all the military and civil virtues which are inspired by patriotism, they recover the superiority which belongs to them; they reassume, with dignity, their rights, as masters of the world; but when they are condemned, in whatever measure, to idleness or to slavery, they fall so much the lower as they ought to rise more high. The destiny of women always remains the same; it is their soul alone which creates it; political circum-

stances have no influence upon it. When men are either ignorant or incapable of the means of employing their lives with dignity or propriety, Nature revenges herself upon them for the very gifts which they have received from her: the activity of the body contributes only to the sloth of the mind; the strength of soul degenerates into coarseness; and the day is consumed in vulgar sports and exercises, horses, the chase, or entertainments which might be suitable enough in the way of relaxation, but seem merely degrading as occupations. Women, the while, cultivate their understanding; and sentiment and reflection preserve in their souls the image of all that is free and generous.

CONVERSATION.

It seems to me an acknowledged fact that Paris is, of all cities of the world, that in which the spirit and taste for conversation are most generally diffused; and that disorder which they call the *mal du pays*, that undefinable longing for our native land, which exists independently even of the friends we have left behind there, applies particularly to the pleasure of conversation, which Frenchmen find nowhere else in the same degree as at home. Volney relates that some French emigrants began, during the Revolution, to establish a colony and clear some lands in America;

but they were continually quitting their work to go and talk, as they said, in town, and this town, New Orleans, was distant six hundred leagues from their place of residence. The necessity of conversation is felt by all classes of people in France. Speech is not there, as elsewhere, merely the means of communicating, from one to another, ideas, sentiments, and transactions; but it is an instrument on which they are fond of playing, and which animates the spirits, like music among some people and strong liquors among others.

That sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation; the ideas and knowledge which it developes do not form its principal interest; it is a certain manner of acting upon one another—of giving mutual and instantaneous delight—of speaking the moment one thinks—of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment—of receiving applause without labour—of displaying the understanding in all its shades, by accent, gesture, look—of eliciting, in short, at will, the electric sparks which relieve many by the very excess of their vivacity, and serve to awaken others out of a state of painful apathy.

The spirit of conversation is sometimes attended with the inconvenience of impairing the sincerity of character; it is not a combined, but an unpremeditated

deception. The French have admitted into it a gaiety which renders them amiable; but it is not the less certain that all that is most sacred in this world has been shaken to its centre by grace, at least by that sort of grace that attaches importance to nothing, and turns all things into ridicule.

EDUCATION.

Education, conducted by way of amusement, dissipates the reasoning powers. Pain, in all the concerns of life, is one of the great secrets of nature: the understanding of the child should accustom itself to the efforts of study, as our soul accustoms itself to suffering. It is a labour which leads to the perfection of our earlier, as grief to that of our later, age. It is to be wished, no doubt, that our parents, like our destiny, may not too much abuse this double secret; but there is nothing important in any stage of life but that which acts upon the very central point of existence, and we are too apt to consider the moral being in detail. You may teach your child a number of things with pictures and cards, but you will not teach him to learn; and the habit of amusing himself, which you direct to the acquirement of knowledge, will soon follow another course when the child is no longer under your guidance.

POETRY.

The gift of revealing by speech the internal feelings of the heart is very rare; there is, however, a poetical spirit in all beings who are capable of strong and lively affections: expression is wanting to those who have not exerted themselves to find it. It may be said that the poet only disengages the sentiment that was imprisoned in his soul. Poetic genius is an internal disposition, of the same nature with that which renders us capable of a generous sacrifice. The composition of a fine ode is a heroic trance. If genius were not versatile, it would as often inspire fine actions as affecting expressions, for they both equally spring from a consciousness of the beautiful that is felt within us.

TASTE.

Those who think themselves in possession of taste are more proud of it than those who believe that they possess genius. Taste is, in literature, what the *bon ton* is in society. We consider it as a proof of fortune and of birth, or, at least, of the habits which are found in connection with them; while genius may spring from the head of an artisan who has never had any intercourse with good company. In every country where there is vanity, taste will be placed in the highest rank of qualifications, because it separates

different classes, and serves as a rallying point to all the individuals of the first class. In every country where the power of ridicule is felt, taste will be reckoned as one of the first advantages; for, above all things, it teaches us what we ought to avoid.

But taste, in its application to the fine arts, differs extremely from taste as applied to the relations of social life. When the object is to force men to grant us a reputation, ephemeral as our own lives, what we omit doing is at least as necessary as what we do; for the higher orders of society are naturally so hostile to all pretensions, that very extraordinary advantages are requisite to compensate that of not giving occasion to the world to speak about us. Taste in poetry depends on nature, and, like nature, should be creative. The principles of this taste are, therefore, quite different from those which depend on our social relations.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, descended from a respectable Irish family, was born in Oxfordshire, England, January 1, 1767. Her father was Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who, succeeding to an estate in Ireland, removed thither when Maria was about four years old. The family residence was at Edgeworthstown, county Longford; and here the subject of our sketch passed her long and most useful life, leaving an example of literary excellence and beneficent goodness rarely surpassed in the annals of woman.

Mr Edgeworth was a man of talent, who devoted his original and very active mind chiefly to subjects of practical utility. Mechanics and general literature were his pursuits, in so far as he could make these subservient to his theories of education and improvement; but his heart was centred in his home, and

his eldest child, Maria, was his pride. She early manifested a decided taste for literary pursuits, and it appears to have been one of her father's greatest pleasures to direct her studies and develop her genius. This sympathy and assistance were of invaluable advantage to her at the beginning of her literary career, and sweetly did she repay these attentions when her own ripened talents outstripped his more methodical but less gifted intellect.

The father and daughter wrote, at first, together, and several works were their joint productions. The earliest book thus written in partnership was "Practical Education;" the second bore the title of "An Essay on Irish Bulls," which does not sound significantly of a young lady's agency, yet the book was very popular, because, with much wit, there was deep sympathy with the peculiar virtues of the Irish character, and pathetic touches in the stories illustrating Irish life, which warmed and won the heart of the reader. Miss Edgeworth was an earnest philanthropist, and herein lay the secret strength of her literary power. She felt for the wants and weaknesses of humanity; but, as she saw human nature chiefly in Irish nature, her thoughts were directed towards the improvement of her adopted country, rather more, we suspect, from propinquity than patriotism. Be this as it may, her best novels are those in which Irish

character is portrayed; but her best books are those written for the young, because in these her genuine philanthropy is most freely unfolded.

From the beginning of the century, 1800, when Miss Edgeworth commenced her literary career, till 1825, almost every year was the herald of a new work from the pen of this distinguished lady. "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Leonora," "Popular Tales," "Tales of Fashionable Life," "Patronage," "Vivian," "Harrington and Ormond," followed each other rapidly, and all were welcomed and approved by the public voice. In 1817, Mr Edgeworth died, and Maria's profound sorrow for his loss suspended for some time her career of authorship. She did not resume her tales of fiction until she had given expression to her filial affection and gratitude to her father for his precious care in training her mind and encouraging her talents, and also to her deep and tender grief for his loss, by completing the "Memoir" he had commenced of his own life. This was published in 1820. Then she resumed her course of moral instruction for the young, and published that work which so many children, in America as well as Great Britain, have been happier and better for reading, namely, "Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons." In 1825, "Harriet and Lucy," a continuation of the "Early Lessons," was issued.

In 1823, Miss Edgeworth visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. "Never," says Mr Lockhart, "did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, 'Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!' The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety. Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyments of life.

"'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched (for, as Pope says, 'the finest minds,

like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest'); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, 'You see how it is. Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord; Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do.'"

In 1834, Miss Edgeworth made her last appearance as a novelist, with the exquisite story of "Helen." It is her best work of fiction, combining with truth and nature more of the warmth of fancy and pathos of feeling than she displayed in her earlier writings; as though the last beams from the sun of her genius had, like the departing rays of a long unclouded day, become softer in their brightness and beauty, while stealing away from the world they had blessed.

As everything pertaining to the private life of a woman whose intellect has had such wide-spread and happy influence on the risen and rising generations of the Saxon race, is of incalculable importance to the literary character of her sex, we will give a sketch of Miss Edgeworth at home, from the pen of one who knew her well, and has most charmingly described her. Mrs S. C. Hall, in the "Art-Journal," thus delineates the domestic life of her revered friend, whom she visited in 1842:—

"The entrance-hall at Edgeworthstown was an admirable preface to the house and family. It was

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spacious, hung with portraits; here, a case of stuffed birds; there, another of curiosities; specimens of various kinds, models of various things, all well arranged and well kept, all capable of affording amusement or instruction; an excellent place it was for children to play in, for at every pause in their games their little minds would be led to question what they saw; a charming waiting-room, it might have been, were it not that, at Edgeworthstown, no one was ever kept waiting, everything was as well-timed as at a railway-station. Many of this numerous family at that period had passed from time to eternity; others were absent, but there still remained a large family party. Among them were two of Miss Edgeworth's sisters, and Mr and Mrs Francis Edgeworth, and their children.

"The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the stately, solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well-stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the 'suggestive.' It is also picturesque, having been added to, and supported by pillars, so as to increase its breadth; and the beautiful lawn, seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family

who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working, while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point, that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her, sat in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: her desk—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland—placed before her on a little quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness and yet power of attention to what was going on—the one not seeming to interfere with the other—puzzled me exceedingly. In that same corner, and upon that table, she had written nearly *all* that has enlightened and delighted the world,—the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott 'to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland'—the works in which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge, and virtue, and care, and order, the playthings and companions of the nursery; in that spot—and while the multitudinous family were moving about and talking of the ordinary and everyday things of life—she remained, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing, by a sort of instinct, when she was really wanted in the conversation; and then, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she would, by a

judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and illustrate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She had the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations—informing, while entertaining, and that without embarrassing.

"It was quite charming to see how Mr Francis Edgeworth's children enjoyed the freedom of the library without abusing it. To set these little people right when they were wrong, to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to run up the high steps and find a volume that escaped all eyes but her own; and having done all this, in less space of time than I have taken to write it, to hunt out the exact passage wanted or referred to,—were the hourly employments of this unspoiled and admirable woman. She would then resume her pen, and continue writing, pausing sometimes to read a passage from an article or letter that pleased herself, and would please her still more if it excited the sympathy of those she loved. I expressed my astonishment at this to Mrs Edgeworth, who said that 'Maria was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.' Perhaps to this habit, however, may be traced a want of closeness in

her arguments; indeed, neither on paper nor in conversation was she argumentative. She would rush at a thing at once, rendering it sparkling and interesting by her playfulness, and informing by anecdote or illustration, and then start another subject. She spoke in eloquent sentences, and felt so truly what she said that she made others instantly feel also.

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"I regretted that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind and attention were given to local matters; but the pleasure she herself derived from the improvement of every living thing around her was delightful to witness. I thought myself particularly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning, but, early at it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded me; and a table, heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves, too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers: she liked to grow them and to give them. One of the most loved and cherished of my garden's rose-bushes is a gift from Miss Edgeworth. There was a rose, or a little bouquet of her arranging, always by each plate on the breakfast-table; and, if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this from Maria Edgeworth — then between seventy and eighty!—to me!! These small atten-

tions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded, perhaps, like great mountains—distant, and cold, and ungenial. I linger over what I write, and yet feel I cannot portray her at all as I desire to do.

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"Her whole life was a lesson of truth, and yet her truths never offended, she took the rough edge off an opinion with so tender and skilful a hand; she was so much fonder of wiling you into a virtue than exciting terror at a vice; so steadfast, yet so gentle, that, whenever she left the room, there was something wanting, a joy departed, a light gone out.

"She had a vivid perception of the ridiculous, but that was kept in admirable order by her benevolence. Her eyes and mouth would often smile when she restrained an observation, which, if it had found words, would have amused us, while it perhaps pained others; and yet she had the happiest manner of saying things, drawing a picture with a few words, as a great artist produces a likeness with a few touches of his pencil. I remember Cuvier excited my admiration very much during one of our visits to Paris; I saw him frequently in society, and his magnificent head captivated my imagination. 'Yes,' said Miss Edgeworth, 'he is indeed a wonder; but he has been an example of the folly of literary and scientific men

being taken out of their sphere. Cuvier was more vain of his bad speeches in the Chamber of Peers than he was of his vast reputation as a naturalist.'

"I never knew any one so ready to give information; her mind was generous in every sense of the word, in small things as well as in large. She gave away all the duplicates of her shells. 'One is enough,' she would say; 'I must keep *that* out of compliment to the giver.' She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labours, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself; she never seemed to be *in her own head*, as it were, much less *in her own heart:* she loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know everything connected with her habits of thought and writing, I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness. I told her I observed that she spoke to children as she wrote for them, and she said it was so; and she believed that having been so much with children, had taught her to think for them. I have no doubt that the succession of children in the Edgeworth family kept alive her interest in childhood. Those who withdraw from the society of youth, when they themselves are no longer young, turn away from

the greenness and freshness of existence; it is as if winter made no preparation for, and had no desire to be succeeded by, spring.

"While seeing the little weaknesses of humanity, clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain. 'People,' she said, 'see matters so differently that the very thing I should be most proud of makes others blush with shame. Wedgwood carried the "hod" of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being stated in "Harry and Lucy."'

"I once asked her how long she took to write a novel. She replied she had generally taken ample time. She had written 'Ormond' in three months; 'but that,' she added, 'was at my father's command. I read to him at night what I wrote by day, and I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it, after his death, until my sister, two years after, read it me; then it was quite forgotten.' She had a great veneration for Father Matthew, and said Mr Hall did himself honour by being the first Protestant, and the first Conservative, who advocated his cause *in print*. 'What authors *say* goes for nothing,' she observed; 'it is what they *write* they should be judged by.'

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"I remember saying to her, how happy it was for Ireland that she had overcome every religious prejudice.

"'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I never had religious prejudices to overcome, so I deserve no praise for being without them.' Miss Edgeworth never wrote that other people might practise, but she wrote what she and hers practised daily. It was evident, from the children being constantly with the family, that they still held by the opinion that intercourse between children and servants is injurious to the former. 'We believe in it,' said Miss Edgeworth; 'but I have long learned how very impossible it is for others to practise it. My father made it easy; for not only his wife, but his children, knew all his affairs. Whatever business he had to do was done in the midst of his family, usually in the common sitting-room; so that we were intimately acquainted, not only with his general principles of conduct, but with the most minute details of their everyday application.'

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"Some of the 'unco good' have complained of what they call the want of *religious*, but what I should rather call *sectarian*, instruction, in Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works. 'We wrote,' she said to me, 'for every sect, and did not, nor do I now, think it right to introduce the awful idea of God's superintendence upon puerile occasions. I hold religion in a more exalted view than as a subject of perpetual outward exhibition. Many dignitaries of the Established

Church honoured my father by their esteem and private friendship; this could not have been, had they believed him to be either an open or concealed enemy to *Christianity*.' Certainly, as a magistrate, as a member of the Board of Education, as a member of Parliament, Mr Edgeworth had public opportunities of recording his opinions; and there is no trace, that I could ever discover, of his desiring to found a system of morality exclusive of religion. Unfortunately, in Ireland, if you are not—I do not like the word, but I can find no other—*bigoted*, to one or the other party, you are marked and stigmatised as irreligious, or worse, by both.

"I do not design to write a panegyric. Miss Edgeworth's own works will suffice for that; they are imperishable monuments of her usefulness and her 'good will,' especially towards the country of her adoption and towards children. But even after a visit to Edgeworthstown, where a natural habit of observation, as well as a desire to read her rightly, made me more than usually awake to every word and every passing incident—bright days of rambling and sunshine, and dark days of rain and conversation with her and hers—seeing her thus away from the meretricious glare and false lights of London society, where I had first met her—in the trying seclusion of a country-house, in the midst of a most mingled

family, where her father's last wife was many years younger than herself, and the half-foreign children and foreign wife of her youngest brother rendered the mingling still more extraordinary—recalling all seen and known of other families, where children of the same parents too seldom live together in unity,—I remember nothing that, at this distance of time, does not excite my admiration and increase my affection for this admirable woman, combining in her small self whatever we believe to be most deserving of praise in her sex. She was a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy—a very sunbeam of light, in a home rendered historic by her genius—a perfect woman in her attention to those little offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life—a patriot, but not a politician—the champion of a country's virtues, without being blind either to its follies or its crimes. Honoured wherever her name was heard during half a century of literary industry—idolised by a family composed, as I have said, of many members under one roof, yet tuned into matchless harmony by admirable management and right affection,—this woman, so loved, so honoured, so cherished to the very last, was entirely unselfish."

The true feminine beauty and excellence of Miss Edgeworth's character seem to rise palpably before us as we read these delineations by one who knew her

so intimately and loved her so well. And these reminiscences gain enhanced value from the circumstance that Miss Edgeworth left positive orders her private correspondence should not be published; we cannot, therefore, hope for a more intimate knowledge of this estimable woman than Mrs Hall has given. One more trait from this reminiscence, a *written portrait* of Miss Edgeworth.

"In person she was very small, smaller than Hannah More, and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin; her features irregular, they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that you never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—*very blue*—eyes, made of value every word she uttered; her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me

the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

"Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that I must require them '*pour une jeune demoiselle*.'

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"We have chosen the first work of Miss Edgeworth from which to make our extracts, partly because it is less read than her novels, but chiefly because the sentiments are those which actuated her own life and form the moral of all she wrote. In the 'Practical Education' is contained the soul, so to speak, of her genius. She wrought out her materials of thought into many forms, and coloured these with the rainbow tinting of her fancy, and ornamented them with the polished beauty of benevolent feeling; but the precious gold of truth, which she first essayed in this elementary book, makes the sterling worth of all her books. And what a number she has written! The term of her life was long, but, measured by what she accomplished, seems to comprise the two centuries in which she lived. So quiet and easy was her death, it seemed but a sweet sleep, after only a

half-hour's illness, May 21, 1849. She died in her eighty-third year, ripe in good works, and in the 'charity which never faileth,' for the kingdom of love and peace."

FROM "PRACTICAL EDUCATION."

ONLY CHILDREN.

An only child runs a dreadful chance of being spoiled. He is born a person of consequence; he soon discovers his innate merit; every eye is turned upon him the moment he enters the room; his looks, his dress, his appetite, are all matters of daily concern to a whole family; his wishes are divined; his wants are prevented; his witty sayings are repeated in his presence; his smiles are courted; his caresses excite jealousy; and he soon learns how to avail himself of his central situation. His father and mother make him alternately their idol and their plaything; they do not think of educating, they only think of admiring him: they imagine that he is unlike all other children in the universe; and that his genius and his temper are independent of all cultivation. But when this little paragon of perfection has two or three brothers and sisters, the scene changes; the man of consequence dwindles into an insignificant little boy.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

Long before children can understand reasoning, they can feel sympathy; during this early period of their education, example and habit, slight external circumstances, and the propensity to imitation, govern their thoughts and actions. Imitation is the involuntary effect of sympathy in children; hence, those who have the most sympathy are most liable to be improved or injured by early examples. Examples of the malevolent passions should therefore be most carefully excluded from the sight of those who have yet no choice in their sympathy; expressions of kindness and affection in the countenance, the voice, the actions, of all who approach, and of all who have the care of infants, are not only immediately and evidently agreeable to children, but ought also to be used as the best possible means of exciting benevolent sympathies in their minds. Children who habitually meet with kindness, habitually feel complacency; that species of instinctive, or rather of associated, affection, which always rises in the mind from the recollection of past pleasures, is immediately excited in such children by the sight of their parents. By an easy transition of ideas, they expect the same benevolence, even from strangers, which they have experienced from their friends, and their sympathy naturally prepares them

to wish for society; this wish is often improperly indulged.

At the age when children begin to unfold their ideas, and to express their thoughts in words, they are such interesting and entertaining companions that they attract a large portion of our daily attention. We listen eagerly to their simple observations; we enter into their young astonishment at every new object; we are delighted to watch all their emotions; we help them with words to express their ideas; we anxiously endeavour to understand their imperfect reasonings; and are pleased to find, or put, them in the right. This season of universal smiles and courtesy is delightful to children while it lasts; but it soon passes away. They soon speak without exciting any astonishment; and, instead of meeting with admiration for every attempt to express an idea, they are soon repulsed for troublesome volubility; even when they talk sense, they are suffered to talk unheard, or else they are checked for unbecoming presumption. Children feel this change in public opinion and manners most severely; they are not sensible of any change in themselves, except, perhaps, they are conscious of having improved both in sense and language.

MUSIC AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Out of the prodigious number of young women who

learn music and drawing, for instance, how many are there who, after they have become mistresses of their own time, and after they have the choice of their own amusements, continue to practise these accomplishments for the pure pleasure of occupation? As soon as a young lady is married, does she not frequently discover that "she really has not *leisure* to cultivate talents which take up so much time?" Does she not complain of the labour of practising four or five hours a-day, to keep up her musical character? What motive has she for perseverance? She is, perhaps, already tired of playing to all her acquaintance. She may really take pleasure in hearing good music, but her own performance will not then please her ear so much as that of many others. She will prefer the more indolent pleasure of hearing the best music that can be heard for money at public concerts. She will then, of course, leave off playing, but continue very fond of music. How often is the labour of years thus lost for ever!

THE BEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

We must further observe, that the habit of pursuing any occupation which requires no mental exertion induces an indolence or incapacity of intellect. Mere artists are commonly as stupid as mere artificers, and these are little more than machines.

The length of time which is required to obtain practical skill and dexterity in certain accomplishments, is one reason why there are so few people who obtain anything more than mechanical excellence. They become the slaves of custom, and they become proud of their slavery. At first, they might have considered custom as a tyrant; but when they have obeyed her for a certain time, they do her voluntary homage ever after, as to a sovereign by divine right. To prevent this species of intellectual degradation, we must, in education, be careful to rank mere mechanical talents below the exercise of the mental powers. Thus the ambition of young people will be directed to high objects, and all inferior qualifications may be attained without contracting the understanding. Praise children for patience, for perseverance, for industry; encourage them to reason and to invent upon all subjects, and you may direct their attention afterwards as you think proper; but if you applaud children merely for drawing a flower neatly, or copying a landscape, without exciting their ambition to anything higher, you will never create superior talents, or a superior character. The proficiency that is made in any particular accomplishment, at any given age, should not be considered so much, even by those who highly value accomplishments, as the power, the energy, that is excited in the pupil's mind, from which

future progress is insured. The writing and drawing automaton performs its advertised wonders to the satisfaction of the spectators, but the machine is not "instinct with spirit;" you cannot expect from its pencil the sketch of a Raphael, or from its pen the thoughts of a Shakspeare. It is easy to guide the hand, but who can transfuse a soul into the image?

LITERARY EDUCATION.

It will be sufficient to profess the distinct opinion, which a longer consideration of the subject has yet more fully confirmed, that it will tend to the happiness of society in general, that women should have their understandings cultivated and enlarged as much as possible; that the happiness of domestic life, the virtues and the powers of pleasing in the female sex, the yet more desirable power of attaching those worthy of their love and esteem, will be increased by the judicious cultivation of the female understanding more than by all that modern gallantry or ancient chivalry could devise in favour of the sex. Much prudence and ability are requisite to conduct properly a young woman's literary education. Her imagination must not be raised above the taste for necessary occupations, or the numerous small, but not trifling, pleasures of domestic life; her mind must be enlarged, yet the delicacy of her manners must be preserved;

her knowledge must be various, and her powers of reasoning unawed by authority; yet she must *habitually* feel that nice sense of propriety which is at once the guard and the charm of every feminine virtue. By early caution—unremitting, scrupulous caution—in the choice of the books which are put into the hands of girls, a mother, or a preceptress, may fully occupy and entertain her pupils, and excite in their minds a *taste* for propriety, as well as a taste for literature. It cannot be necessary to add more than this general idea, that a mother ought to be answerable to her daughter's husband for the books her daughter had read, as well as for the company she had kept.

ON PRUDENCE.

In the education of girls we must teach them much more caution than is necessary to boys. Their prudence must be more the result of reasoning than of experiment; they *must* trust to the experience of others. They cannot always have recourse to what *ought to be;* they must adapt themselves to what is. They cannot rectify the material mistakes in their conduct. Timidity, a certain tardiness of decision, and reluctance to act in public situations, are not considered as defects in a woman's character. Her pausing prudence does not, to a man of discernment,

denote imbecility, but appears to him the graceful, auspicious characteristic of female virtue. There is always more probability that women should endanger their own happiness by precipitation than by forbearance. Promptitude of choice is seldom expected from the female sex; they should avail themselves of the leisure that is permitted to them from reflection. "Begin nothing of which you have not considered the end," was the piece of advice for which the Eastern sultan paid a purse of gold, the price set upon it by a sage. The monarch did not repent of his purchase. This maxim should be engraved upon the memory of our female pupils, by the repeated lessons of education. We should, even in trifles, avoid every circumstance which can tend to make girls venturesome—which can encourage them to trust their good fortune, instead of relying on their own prudence.

ECONOMY.

Economy in women is an essential domestic virtue. Some women have a foolish love of expensive baubles, a taste which a very little care, probably, in their early education might have prevented. We are told that when a collection of three hundred and fifty pounds was made for the celebrated Cuzzona, to save her from absolute want, she immediately laid out two hundred pounds of the money in the purchase of a

shell-cap, which was then in fashion. Prudent mothers will avoid showing any admiration of pretty trinkets before their young daughters; and they will oppose the ideas of utility and durability to the mere caprice of fashion, which creates a taste for beauty, as it were, by proclamation. "Such a thing is pretty, but it is of no use. Such a thing is pretty, but it will soon wear out"—a mother may say; and she should prove the truth of her assertions to her pupils.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

MARIA-ANNE CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT was one of the last descendants of a noble Norman family; she numbered among her ancestors the great tragedian Corneille, and Fontenelle was a near relation.

Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint Saturnin des Lignerets; and that, in the register of the parish church where she was baptised,

on the 28th of July 1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques François of Corday, Esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble Dame Marie Charlotte-Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh in energetic terms against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young, and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighbouring town of Caen.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday—to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the Revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of her wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent-portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity;

her hands, arms, and shoulders were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterised her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a grey so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance. Her nose was straight and well formed; her mouth serious, but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity, enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterised her dress of sombre hue; and the low and becoming lace-cap which she habitually wore is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that, notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was one of respect, blended with involuntary admiration for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville, an old Royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the

progress of the Revolution. The feelings of her father were similarly engrossed. He wrote several pamphlets in favour of the revolutionary principles, and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, overpowering strength which those opinions acquired in her soul during the long hours she daily devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed—more stern and fearful in one so gentle—had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterised this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life. Her enthusiasm was not external, but inward. She listened to the discussions which were carried on around her, without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel, instinctively, that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude—that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed took little heed of the substance of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterwards became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction; and there was something so touching in her

youthful and almost childlike utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears those who heard her, on her trial, calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying, with the same low, sweet tones, in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caen, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Péthion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed, with a smile, "So the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans!" "Citizen Péthion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come when you shall learn who I am." With Barbaroux Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists, of Madame Roland, and Marat.

The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the Republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Danton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be counselled," afterwards said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

While this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free; but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamoured, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate; his last request was that her portrait, and a few letters he had formerly received from her, might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought, often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that, on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed. The verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and

fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone. She inquired into the cause of her tears. "They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country." Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed for ever. No personal considerations altered her resolve. She procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caen, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she travelled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage. She playfully evaded his request; but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris, she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days, before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind; she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply. Her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has been often pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her—unwilling to part with her favourite author, even in her last hours,—and probably composed that energetic address to the people which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris:

her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the Convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the Mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly: this Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the Convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the Convention to proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, and who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features; until, like one overpowered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out. A sudden shower of rain, which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais, she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest

concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had business. "Marat is ill; it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger. "I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance. He complied; and, before parting from her, begged to be favoured with her name. She refused; adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled, and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais-Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demo-

lished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter, seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone staircase, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognising the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her. Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat. He immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognised as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly. She allowed Charlotte to enter; and, after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse in folding some numbers of the "Ami du People," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet, where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and ordered his wife to leave them alone. She complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath; a board, likewise placed transversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised horror and disgust, but answered, as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caen, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the names of the Girondists; then added, with a smile of triumph, "Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine." "These words," afterwards said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead in the bath. By an instinctive impulse, Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet and sat down in the neighbouring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow. Her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid on hearing

his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned towards Charlotte, and, with a blow of a chair, felled her to the floor; whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned, with stupor, that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her dishevelled hair, loosely bound by a broad green riband, falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration. "Was she, then, so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterwards to an old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene. "Beautiful!" he echoed, enthusiastically; adding, with the wonted regrets of old age, "Ay; there are none such now!"

The commissary of police began his interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognised the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary.

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. An immense and infuriated crowd had gathered around the door of Marat's house. One of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty. Her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre. On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the Convention. She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness; observing, in conclusion, "I have done my task, let others do theirs." Chabot threatened her with the scaffold; she answered him with a smile of disdain. Her behaviour until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness. She wrote to Barbaroux a charming letter, full of graceful wit and heroic feeling. Her playfulness never degenerated into levity; like that of the illustrious Thomas More, it was the serenity of a mind whom death had no power to daunt. Speaking of her action, she observes, "I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man. He

deserved not so much honour; the hand of a woman was enough. . . . . I have never hated but one being, and him with what intensity I have sufficiently shown; but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him. . . . . I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice in order that he might receive me. In leaving Caen, I thought to sacrifice him on the pinnacle of the 'Mountain;' but he no longer went to it. In Paris they cannot understand how a useless woman, whose longest life could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country. . . . . May peace be as soon established as I desire! A great criminal has been laid low. . . . . The happiness of my country makes mine. A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life; I beseech those who might regret me to consider this, they will then rejoice at my fate." A tenderer tone marks the brief letter she addressed to her father on the eve of her trial and death: "Forgive me, my dear father," she observed, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims. I have warded away many disasters. The people, undeceived, will one day rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavoured to persuade you that I was going to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown. I recognised that this was impossible. I hope you will not be subjected to

annoyance; you have at least defenders at Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontécoulant for mine: it is a mere matter of form. Such a deed allows of no defence. Farewell, my dear father. I beseech of you to forget me; or, rather, to rejoice at my fate. I die for a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Do not forget the line of Corneille:—

'Le crime faite la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'

To-morrow at eight I am to be tried."

On the morning of the 17th she was led before her judges. She was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who killed Marat.

"Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the President.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied; "besides, we do not execute well that which we have not ourselves conceived."

"What, then, did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a Republican long before the Revolution, and had never failed in energy."

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the President.

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practised in crime. "The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation.

This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontécoulant, who had not received her letter, but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the President. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honour. He spoke, and she perceived that her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervour of her conviction, which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved

unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the President, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully. "These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison; as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the Conciergerie, she found an artist, named Hauër, waiting for her to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the Tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance. "What, so soon!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but, rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauër, as the only reward in her power to give. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauër was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden.

"This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the Conciergerie for the Place de la Révolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations at first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude—as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance and the sculptured beauty of her figure became more fully revealed,—pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them. Amongst those who waited its approach was a young German named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Sainte Honoré, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold. He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginative race. A love, unexampled, perhaps, in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul. Not one wandering look of "those beautiful eyes, which revealed a soul as intrepid as it was tender," escaped him. Every earthly grace, so soon to perish

in death—every trace of the lofty and immortal spirit, filled him with bitter and intoxicating emotions unknown till then. "To die for her—to be struck by the same hand—to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte—to be united to her in heroism, freedom, love, and death, was now the only hope and desire of his heart."

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine. She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders; but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring, and the axe came down. One of the assistants immediately stepped forward, and, holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that—as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

A few days after her execution, Adam Luz published a pamphlet in which he enthusiastically praised her deed, and proposed that a statue, with the inscription, "*Greater than Brutus*," should be erected to her memory on the spot where she had perished. He

was arrested and thrown into prison. On entering the Abbaye, he passionately exclaimed, "I am going to die for her!" His wish was fulfilled ere long.

Strange feverish times were those which could rouse a gentle and lovely maiden to avenge freedom by such a deadly deed—which could waken in a human heart a love whose thoughts were not of life or earthly bliss, but of the grave and the scaffold. Let the times, then, explain those natures, where so much evil and heroism are blended that man cannot mark the limits between both. Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent: never was error more sincere. If she could have repented, she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful Royalist lady fell down on her knees and invoked "Saint Charlotte Corday." The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet, André Chéneir—who, before a year had elapsed, followed her on the scaffold—sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: "She kills

us, but she teaches us how to die!" It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honours were paid to his memory; forms of prayer were addressed to him; altars were erected to his honour, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre. A new impulse was given to the Reign of Terror. Such was the "peace" which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

The author of "The Women in France," from whose interesting book we have selected this memoir, thus remarks on the character of this extraordinary woman: "To judge her absolutely lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and—a murderess!" It may be added, that, compared with the men of her time, Charlotte Corday was like a bright star shining through noxious and dark exhalations of selfishness and wickedness. She was not a Christian, for true Christianity had lost its power over the people of France; but she displayed, with the stern strength of a Roman soul, the highest principle of our unregenerate nature—patriotism.

LADY JANE GREY

WAS an illustrious personage of the blood-royal of England by both parents; her grandmother on her father's side, Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, being queen-consort to Edward IV.; and her grandmother on her mother's, Lady Frances Brandon, being daughter to Henry VII. and queen-dowager of France. Lady Jane was born, in 1537, at Bradgate, her father's seat in Leicestershire, and very early gave astonishing proofs of her talents. She was considered superior to Edward VI., who was about the same age, and was thought a prodigy. She embroidered and wrote beautifully, played admirably on various instruments, and accompanied them with a voice exquisitely sweet and well cultivated. These, however, were only inferior ornaments in her character; and, far from priding herself upon them, from her parents' severity

in exacting them, they became a source of grief rather than pleasure.

Her father had himself an inclination to letters, and was a great patron of the learned. He had two chaplains, Harding and Aylmer, both men of distinguished learning, whom he employed as tutors to his daughter, and under whose instructions she made such proficiency as amazed them both. Her own language she spoke and wrote with the utmost accuracy; and she not only understood the French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, but spoke and wrote them with the greatest freedom. She was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and all this while a mere child. She had a sedateness of temper, a quickness of apprehension, and a solidity of judgment, that enabled her to understand the sciences; so that she thought, spoke, and reasoned, upon subjects of the greatest importance, in a manner that surprised all. To these endowments were added the loveliest graces of woman,—mildness, humility, and modesty. Her natural fondness for literature was much increased by the severity of her parents in the feminine part of her education; for, by the gentleness of her tutor, Aylmer, in the fulfilment of his duties, he won her to love what he taught. Her alliance to the crown, and the great esteem in which the Marquis of Dorset, her father, was held both by Henry VIII. and Edward VI.,

unavoidably brought her sometimes to court; and she received many marks of Edward's favour. Yet she generally continued in the country, at Bradgate.

It was there that the famous Roger Ascham was on a visit in August 1550; and, all the rest of the family being out hunting, he went to the apartment of the Lady Jane, and found her reading Plato's Phædon in the original Greek. Astonished at this, he asked her why she lost such pastime as there must needs be in the park. At which she answered, smiling, "I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant."

This naturally leading him to inquire how a lady of her age had attained to such a depth of pleasure, both in the Platonic language and philosophy, she made the following remarkable answer:

"I will tell you, and I will tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits which ever God gave me is, that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways

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(which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and when I am called from him, I fall on weeping; because, whatever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, and that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." Ascham was deeply affected by this speech and interview.

In 1553, she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley; and, shortly afterwards, reluctantly accepted the diadem, which the intrigues of her father and her father-in-law had induced. But ascending the throne was only a step on her way to the scaffold. Nine days only did she wear the crown. The nation acknowledged the right of Mary, eldest daughter of Henry VIII.; and the Lady Jane and her husband were sent to the Tower. They had committed a crime against the State, in accepting the sovereignty which by birth belonged to Mary; but as she had suffered no loss, and the offenders were so young and had been persuaded by others, it was hoped their lives

would be spared. But the boon of mercy was not for them; and, in February 1554, they were brought to the block.

Although the queen, seeming to desire the salvation of her victims, sent the most learned and subtle priests to exhort the Lady Jane to a change of faith, she defended her opinions with ability and resolution; and her part in this conference is highly commended by Bishop Burnet and other ecclesiastical historians. She wrote several letters in her confinement, one to her sister, in Greek, exhorting her to maintain, in every trial, that fortitude and perseverance of which she trusted to give her the example. Another one was addressed to her father's chaplain, Dr Harding, who had apostatised from his religion, imploring him to prefer his conscience to his safety. She also wrote four epistles in Latin, two of them the night before her execution, on the blank leaves of her Greek Testament.

She refused to consent to her husband's entreaties for a last interview, alleging that the tenderness of their parting would overcome their fortitude, and that they should soon meet where no disappointment, misfortune, or death could disturb them.

As she beheld from her window her husband led to execution, having given him a token of her remembrance, she calmly awaited her own fate. On her way

to the scaffold she was met by the cart that bore the lifeless body of Lord Guilford; this forced from her some tears, that were quickly dried by the report of his courage and constancy.

Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, entreated her to give him some token of remembrance, and she presented him with her tablets, in which she had just written three sentences in Greek, Latin, and English, suggested by seeing the dead body of her husband, importing that he, whom human laws had condemned, would be saved by Divine mercy; and that if her own fault deserved punishment, it would, she trusted, be extenuated by her youth and inexperience. At the scaffold, without breathing a complaint against the severity of her punishment, she attested her innocence of intentional wrong. Her crime, she said, had not been ambition, but a want of firmness in resisting the instances of those whom she had been accustomed to revere and obey. She concluded her remarks with a solemn profession of her faith, and devoutly repeated a psalm in English.

The executioner knelt to implore her forgiveness, which she granted readily, adding, "I pray you, despatch me quickly." Then kneeling, and saying, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," she meekly submitted to her fate. She was hardly seventeen at the time of her death.

We are glad to record, for the credit of that age and of humanity, that the cruel fate of this lovely lady was universally pitied, and the memory of her virtues has ever excited the highest admiration.

On the wall of the room in which the Lady Jane was imprisoned in the Tower, she wrote with a pin the following lines:—

"Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt;
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi."

"Think not, O mortal! vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee."

"Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus,
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis,
Post tenebras spero lucem."

"Harmless all malice if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if He his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day."

SARAH MARTIN.

SARAH MARTIN, who has won for herself the fame most desirable for a woman, that of Christian benevolence, unsurpassed in the annals of her sex, was born in 1791. Her father was a poor mechanic in Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, England. She was the only child of her parents, who both died when Sarah was very young. She had then to depend on her grandmother, a poor old widow, whose name was Bonnett, and who deserves to have it recorded for the kind care she took of her granddaughter.

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as the village school afforded. At the age of fourteen she passed a year in learning the business of dressmaking, and then gained her livelihood by going out and working at her trade, by the day, among the families of the village. In the town of Yarmouth was the county

prison, where criminals were confined. Their condition is thus set forth in the work * from which we gather our sketch :—

"Their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restrictions. There was no Divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were underground cells, quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating; but they prefer them for their warmth in winter. Their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."

No person in Yarmouth took thought for these poor, miserable prisoners; no human eye looked with pity on their dreadful condition; and had their reformation been proposed it would, no doubt, have been scouted as an impossibility.

In August 1819, a woman was committed to jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind, and there was one person in the

* *Edinburgh Review.*

neighbourhood of Yarmouth who was deeply moved by it. Sarah Martin was a little woman, of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-labourer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God—how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated; and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt; but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother, so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the

project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and, no doubt, with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger."

"When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me!"

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could

spare from her daily labours. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labour interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking, to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labours. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in a week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that

assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labours, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions; and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words:—"In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported. God was my master, and would not

forsake His servant; He was my father, and could not forget His child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in His sight to try the faith and patience of His servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support—as in the case of Naomi and Ruth, of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah—and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday; and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service by one reading to the rest; . . . . but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shil-

lings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in materials for baby-clothes; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, etc. . . . By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. . . . . The fund of £1, 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas, and, since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw-hats, and, at a later period, bone-spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion, I showed to the prisoners an etching of the

"Chess-player," by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and, being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, etc., they succeeded remarkably well. The "Chess-player" presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, etc., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and, for a year or two afterwards, many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline, moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which

these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit, and, considering the time and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners as a fellow-worshipper on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so, and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular

services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"*Sunday, November* 29, 1835.—Attended Divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England. Two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They

ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended, and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, laboured eloquence which young curates are authorised by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the Middle Ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation. Pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a workhouse, where they

had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.

Noble woman! A faith so firm and so disinterested might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows: "Any one who could not read, I encouraged to learn, whilst others, in my absence, assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always

silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds

and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favour of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendency she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! And thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succour the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labours at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the workhouse; and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old Church of St Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah

Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was upon her; and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which, with her, were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labours were re-

garded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick, active manner, communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connection with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she had left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic

offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long begond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs Fry, and of all other money committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labours. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

In scenes like these Sarah Martin passed her time, never appearing to think of herself; indeed, her own scanty fare was hardly better than that of the poorest prisoner. Yet her soul was triumphant, and the joy of her heart found expression in sacred songs. Nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a lonely chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose, and peace, and love," when speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

> "I seem to lie
> So near the heavenly portals bright,
> I catch the streaming rays that fly
> From eternity's own light."

Thus she cheered her solitary room with strains of Christian praise and gratitude, and entered the dark valley of the shadow of death with hymns of victory and triumph. She died on the 15th of October 1843, aged fifty-two years.

Sarah Martin is one of the noblest of the Christian heroines the nineteenth century has produced. The two predominant qualities of her soul were love, or "the charity which hopeth all things," and moral courage, both eminently feminine endowments. She performed her wonderful works with true womanly discretion. She is, therefore, an example of excellence of whom her sex should be more than proud; they should be thankful for this light of moral loveliness enshrined in a female form. "Her gentle disposition," says one of her biographers, "never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works.

"It is the business of literature to make such a life

stand out from the masses of ordinary existences with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history. Men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind."

GRACE DARLING.

THIS woman, whose name, by an act of heroic daring, has resounded through the civilised world, was born November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, England. She was the seventh child of William Darling, a steady, judicious, and sensible man, who held the responsible office of keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, situated on one of the most distant and exposed of the Fern Islands, a rocky group extending some seven or eight miles beyond this dangerous coast. In this isolated position, where weeks sometimes elapsed without communication with the mainland, the greater part of Grace's existence was passed, with no other companionship than that of her parents and brother, who resided at the lighthouse. She benefited by the advantages of a respectable education, suited to one in her sphere of life, and her time was princi-

pally occupied in assisting her mother in household affairs.

Grace had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which has given her so wide-spread and just a fame. The *Forfarshire* steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the fearful crags of the Fern group, on the night of the 6th of September 1838. The vessel, which subsequent inquiry proved to have been utterly unseaworthy, was broken in two pieces, the after part, with many souls upon it, being swept away instantly, while the fore part remained upon the rock. The captain and his wife were among the number of those who perished. Nine persons survived the horrors of that night upon the remaining fragment of the wreck, exposed, amid rain and profound darkness, to the fury of the waves, and expecting momentarily to be engulfed by the boiling surge.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th, these poor people were discovered from Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance, by means of a glass, clinging to the rocks and remnants of the vessel. Grace, the moment she caught sight of them, perceiving their imminent danger—for the returning tide must wash them off—immediately determined to save them; and no remonstrances of her father, who, in the

furious state of the sea, considered it a desperate and hopeless adventure, had any power in dissuading her. There was no one at the time at the lighthouse but her parents and herself, her brother being absent on the mainland; and she declared, if her father did not accompany her, she would go alone; that, live or die, she would attempt to save the wretched sufferers.

Her father consented to the trial. The boat was launched, with the assistance of the mother, and the father and daughter, each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded; and in no instance has lowly virtue and unobtrusive heroism met with a more prompt acknowledgment or just reward. The highest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Great Britain as the adventure became known, and distant nations responded with hearty sympathy. To reward the bravery and humanity of Grace Darling, a subscription was raised in England, which amounted to £700; and she received besides numberless presents from individuals, some of whom were of distinguished rank. Her portrait was taken and multiplied over the kingdom; the Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate; dramatic pieces were performed representing her exploit; her sea-girt home was invaded by steamboat loads of wonder-seeking admirers, and offers of marriage, not a few, flowed in upon her.

Amid all this tumult of applause, so calculated to unsettle the mind, Grace Darling never for a moment swerved from the modest dignity which belonged to her character. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement in her circumstances, to reside at the lighthouse with her parents, content to dwell in the secluded and humble sphere in which her lot had been cast, proving by her conduct that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling, as is too often the case with the noble and good, was not destined to long life. She survived only a few years to enjoy her well-earned fame. In 1841, symptoms of declining health exhibited themselves; and, on the 20th of October 1842, she died of consumption.

Grace Darling is described as a woman of the middle size, comely, though not handsome, but with an expression of mildness and benevolence most winning. Her disposition was always retiring and reserved, the effect, no doubt, of her solitary mode of life, a life which unquestionably fostered and concentrated the quiet enthusiasm of her character, and made her the heroine of one of the most beautiful episodes that ever adorned the history of woman.