"Mates, friends—dear old neighbours," said Paul, again facing the crowd, "I be going, for the last thing I say among ye in Capel, and to my fellow-workers, to ask a grace of ye, that ye may give me an ye like?"

"What is it, Paul? Ef ye could eat and drink gold, we'd gi'e it 'ee," answered a spokesman, amidst applause from the rest.

"I do believe, mates," responded Paul, "that you would, free-handed and free-hearted as ye be. But the grace I crave will cost ye nowt. List, friends, to the last sermon ye'll hear from Paul. Would ye pleasure me? Why, then, if ye be in doubt, and don't know whether to do what's wrong, and seems pleasant, or not, think o' me, and do what's right. And, when you see a man ye dinna braid to, or a woman, or a wean, in distress, or see a dumb thing put to pain for nothing useful, just remember Paul Knox, and do what would make Paul Knox glad, t'other side of the world, if he did but know it. And now, the Lord bless you, old and young—good-bye!"

And then broke forth the thunder of cheering, of cheering such as never election knew, when the most triumphant candidate went up to Parliament on the strength of bribes and beer, for now every hurrah came, unbought, from the heart of the cheerer. And so, amidst a mighty roar of British applause, the train rolled out of Capel Station; and the crowd, rushing to embankment and railing, watched it, and watched the waving of Paul's hand and hat in acknowledgment of their parting huzzas, until all faded away in the dim distance. And thus finishes the story of Paul Knox, Pitman.

THE END.

WOMEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

"RISEN," not "from the ranks" merely, just to hold the position of gentlewomen, having achieved the task of benefiting self, but women of any class who have risen to a place of honour above their sisters by the employment of their talents, intellectual attainments, and physical energies, for the benefit of others, rather than for their own elevation in society. But a difficulty meets me at first starting, for their name is legion, and one after another, of all ages of the world, and under every clime, I see them rising before the mind's eye, like the long shadowy line of successive generations before the despairing gaze of Macbeth. Where shall I begin, or end, without injustice to those unmentioned? Thus, England must limit their nationality, and the last hundred years their birth. Two scientific authors, two poets, two historians, two writers for the young, and two or three philanthropists, will give me a theme sufficiently extensive.

I begin with a name as illustrious as any that was ever recorded in history—Mary Somerville. In addition to her own genius in grasping scientific truths, she possessed the power of placing them within that of feebler and less cultivated intellects, and her works have thus been adopted as class-books in our universities. Her first work was undertaken at the suggestion of Lord Brougham—a summary of the "Méchanique Céleste" of Laplace, a volume of more than 600 pages. But there are two points worthy of note in reference to this great woman: first, that with her Christianity remained paramount, and philosophy its handmaid, and she did perhaps more than any living author, it has been well observed, to "Christianise the sciences." The second point is that her masculine intellect and high attainments did not detract in the slightest degree from her feminine delicacy of character. As a daughter, wife, and mother, she was a pattern of gentleness, carefulness, and fidelity. She was made a member of many philosophical societies, and for some years before her death resided at Naples, surrounded by her daughters, and still pursuing her scientific studies; and not long before her noble career was ended I received a kindly letter from her, written in a small, clear, and well-formed hand. She was the daughter of Admiral Sir William Fairfax, was born at Jedburgh, December, 1780, and beyond reading, she had been taught nothing till she was nine years old. She married a Mr. Greig, commander in the Russian navy, a man who could not appreciate her genius, and "objected to literary women;" thus, till his death, within three years after their marriage, she was deprived of the advantage of procuring books for study. She then married her cousin, Dr. William Somerville, who fully realised and valued the prize he had won.

As from the private character in question, so from that of another extraordinary example of genius, we shall be able to take a lesson. I refer to Caroline Lucretia Herschel, a Hanoverian-born British subject, who, for many years of scientific labour, made England her adopted country. In giving a brief sketch of what this lady accomplished, I wish to give prominence to the great motive-power which led to the development and utilisation of her genius. This irresistible influence was, not the mere attractions presented by her natural gifts and vocation, stimulating her exertions almost *malgré soi,* and not the meaner passion of ambition—which is but a phase of self-pleasing—but that most beautiful of all virtues, natural affection. She was a remarkable example of what the All-wise primarily intended woman to be, viz., a "help meet for man." She lost all thought of herself in the one great object of her life—to lighten her brother's labours both by day and by night, in the cold of the long-enduring darkness of winter, in fasting and in weariness, to accomplish *his* aspirations, to realise *his* world-wide fame. The period of his existence bounded that of her labours, when she retired to Hanover; and it is pleasant for her sake to know that the development of her favourite nephew's genius as an astronomer, brought up under her care and direction, was a great comfort to her declining years. But some of my younger readers may say, "What did this worthy lady accomplish, with all her devoted exertions?" Her first work was to construct a seleno-graphical globe, in relief, of the moon; and while residing first at Slough, and afterwards at Datchet, she executed the whole of the extensive numerical calculations, the reading of the clocks, &c., for her brother's assistance in his astronomical labours. With a small "Newtonian Sweeper" she searched the heavens for comets, and on eight several occasions discovered them, on five of which her claim to the first discovery was admitted and recorded in the "Philosophical Transactions" of London. Remarkable nebulæ and stars, before unobserved, which the lack of space forbids me to enumerate, were discovered by her. She wrote three astronomical works: one, a "Catalogue of 561 Stars, observed by Flamsteed, but overlooked in the British Catalogue;" another, a "General Index of Reference to every Star inserted in the British Catalogue" (both works were published in one volume by the Royal Society); and thirdly, a "Zone Catalogue" of all the clusters and nebulæ noticed by her brother, Sir William; for which she received the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of London, who elected her to be an honorary member, and his Majesty George III. also awarded her a salary sufficient for her maintenance. She was born March 16th, 1750, and died January 9th, 1848, having the previous year attained her ninety-seventh birthday; on that occasion she received royal presents and felicitations, and amongst them the gold medal awarded for "the Extension of the Sciences," by the (now) Emperor of Germany.

Two names now occur to me—not those made eminent by first-class scientific attainments, and yet assuredly so in their own sphere of usefulness. I refer to the daughters of Dr. George Butt, D.D., Chaplain to George III., Rector of Stanford, Worcestershire, and Vicar of Kidderminster—Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Cameron; and as I write I feel my sense of gratitude waxes warm within me, and probably thousands will sympathise with me, and bear their own testimony to the fact that, without exception, the good impressions produced by the reading of their beautiful stories for children, were more powerful and more lasting than any others which they had ever received. Mary Martha Butt married her cousin, an officer in the 53rd Regiment of Foot, and lived many years in India, devoting herself to the good of the wives and children of the soldiers. As a widow she settled in the South of England, and gave up her time to the education of her children, and to literary work, more especially for the benefit of the young. Her first book was "Little Henry and his Bearer;" then followed "The Fairchild Family," and a very large number of smaller books, all of a highly religious character, as distinguished from the merely moral, exhibiting great versatility of imagination, and a style most attractive and poetical. This excellent woman died two or three years ago, and assuredly of her it may be said that "her works do follow her."

In the same charming style, and with the same end in view, are the stories for children, by her sister, Mrs. Cameron. I may not dwell longer on these admirable writers for the young, but proceed to select two ladies for notice from amongst our poets.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, whose maiden name was Browne, was born at Liverpool, 1794. She married young, and so unhappily, that a separation from her husband was, after some six years, the result. She published seven volumes of poems, and died in May, 1835, leaving five sons. She was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Heber, Campbell, and Archbishop Whately. Of all her works, it may be truly said that they were thoroughly Christian in their tendency, full of delicacy of feeling, and most poetical in character; if not to be described as very powerful in diction, nor remarkable for originality, it may at least be said that they compare very fairly with those of Heber. Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Procter, Letitia Landon, and many other sweet singers might afford a pleasant theme for my present article, but one remarkably gifted woman must occupy my remaining niche for the poets.

Like the stately cedar amongst the flowering shrubs around stands, unrivalled, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The classics, science, and philosophy were all deeply studied by her; at an early age she contributed to various periodicals, and amongst these papers a series of articles on the Greek Christian poets. Her translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus appeared in 1833, and in 1838 her "Seraphim, and other Poems." At about this time a terrible catastrophe occurred in her family, of which she was an eye-witness from her own windows—the upset of a sailing-boat, and the drowning of a favourite brother, on the south coast of England. The shock to her health, already constitutionally delicate, which was very severe, and the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs—which had occurred the previous year—obliged her to live in complete seclusion for some time. Her health being restored, she married the poet Robert Browning in the year 1846, when they made their residence in Italy. Her collected works were published in 1850; "Casa Guidi Windows" (or, the Struggle of the Tuscans for Freedom in 1849) appeared in 1851; her magnificent poem, "Aurora Leigh," unsurpassed in imaginative and descriptive power, in 1856; and "Poems before Congress" in 1860. Another volume of miscellaneous poems appeared later. Her affection for her adopted country was, like that of her husband, enthusiastic. If I may attempt to describe her genius in the composition of poetry, by drawing a parallel to that exhibited by the great masters of the sister art of painting, I should say she combined the beauty, the delicacy of touch, and the refined and elevated imagination of a Fra Angelico, in her poems of a sacred character, of the affections, and her descriptions of nature; with the extremes of light and shade, the powerful and vivid contrasts in colouring of a Rembrandt, in her surpassing powers of description of the grand and the terrible.

She died in the year 1861, and a marble tablet is inserted in the wall of her residence in Florence, by the Italians themselves, in memory of the friend they have lost, and the genius which they so fully appreciate.

But space would fail if I lingered long over the lady-writers of the past hundred years—writers on political economy and morals, of fiction, and on various branches of art. Hannah More, the daughter of the village schoolmaster; Grace Aguilar, the Jewess; "Charlotte Elizabeth," the blind authoress; Richmal Mangnal, Julia Kavanagh, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Shelley, Miss Mitford, and the three Brontës, whose works must last while the English language is spoken—of all these, and many more, I can record but the names. Three of our greatest philanthropists must follow next in my brief record of women who have risen.

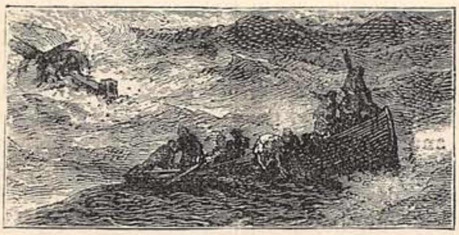
Who has not heard of worthy Mrs. Fry, the Quakeress, who led the van in the noble work of reforming both prisoners and prisons?—a work so ably carried on by Mary Carpenter, who extended her philanthropic efforts to India, in the interests of education and prison discipline. Elizabeth Fry, surnamed "the Female Howard," was a daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham, and sister to Joseph John Gurney and Lady Buxton. She began to preach in 1810, and three years later commenced her work as a prison reformer. She effected much improvement in Newgate, and in all parts of the United Kingdom, and then she proceeded on a mission to the Continent, which occupied her during several years. There was a charming picture in last year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, representing her on the occasion of one of her missions of love to Newgate. She died at Ramsgate in 1855, having been the mother of a large family.

Mary Carpenter comes next on our list—the friend of the miserable and outcast—who laboured not only for their reform in this country, but, as we have remarked, in India likewise. Three times she visited that country, and on her return after her first visit, in 1866, she published two volumes on the subject. She took part in the conferences at Birmingham in 1851–52–53, and was called upon to give evidence to the committee of the House of Commons which, in 1852–53, inquired into the condition of criminal and destitute children. Miss Carpenter was born in 1807 at Exeter, the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and died on the 15th of June last. Her decease took place in the "Red Lodge Reformatory," which she had herself instituted, and where she had laboured for many years.

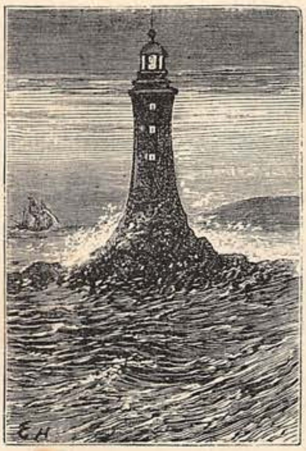
The third great female philanthropist was Caroline Chisholm, the daughter of a well-to-do yeoman in Northamptonshire, a good and actively benevolent man. Her mother, early a widow, gave her an exceptionally thorough education, turned well to account in after-life. Having married Captain Chisholm, of Her Majesty's Indian Army, she went out to Madras, where she founded the "School of Industry" for the daughters of soldiers; in which rudimentary instruction of many kinds is still being given, including those of the various duties connected with the household. She was little more than twenty when she opened the school, and in 1839 she and her husband removed to Australia and settled at Sydney. There she established a home for the protection of young girls, whose peril was great on landing in a new and very rough country—as it was some thirty or forty years ago. Expeditions into the country were then undertaken by this brave and generous woman, for the purpose of escorting sometimes as many as eighty young women, to be left here and there in the scattered farm-houses, paying all expenses herself. On one occasion she took in charge the whole emigrant importation from one ship, consisting of sixty-four girls, possessing but fourteen shillings between them. Paying for all, she took them up the country, and in two years they were nearly all married, and, thanks to her selection of homes, all had preserved good characters. But her work did not end here; she opened a money-market for immigrants at Sydney, and advanced no less than £10,000, of which she lost but £10 in return for her generous confidence. At last, after much up-hill labour, the colonists began to subscribe to her work. Through the Colonial Secretary, she induced the English Government to send out the wives and families of "ticket-of-leave" convicts. One shipful, collected from most of the unions in the country, she brought out in person. She also effected important reforms in the regulations of emigrant ships.

On the occasion of her leaving, the colonists presented their benefactor with a purse of money and an address; and her invaluable work was publicly acknowledged both by Lord Derby and Mr. Lowe. The valuable life of this exemplary woman terminated March 25th, 1877.

One lady-historian of the first class, Agnes Strickland, and a highly erudite art-critic, and writer on all subjects of ancient ecclesiastical lore in particular, Mrs. Anna Jameson, wife of the Vice-Chancellor of Canada, must both have a passing notice in conclusion. The former peculiarly inspires the confidence of her readers from the fact that she freely quotes from the statements of authors adverse to her own views, as well as from those who regard history from her own standpoint, that they may be able to judge for themselves, and so extract the truth from a comparison of data given on both sides. Her "Queens of England" bears testimony to this fact. Mrs. Jameson published five works exhibiting the deepest research: and, dying in March, 1860, she left her last and most elaborate work almost finished; but the little unaccomplished was supplied, and the book edited, by Lady Eastlake. S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



WHY THE LIGHT WENT OUT.



It is a Saturday afternoon; the glass is falling fast, and the wind is rising gently. I am bound down into Kent, whither I have a running invitation for Sundays always, and am crossing London Bridge as the wind meets me. The river is rough, I can see, and I think of the far-off ocean. I am fond of the sea at all times, but my favourite visiting hours are those when I can watch it in its fury. I accost a stray mariner who is gazing over the parapet of the bridge, regarding the loading of a steamer.

"A nasty night outside," I say hesitatingly.

"You may say that," he replies gruffly. "It'll blow hard thereaway afore morning."

"Thereaway" appears to indicate the south-west. I note it, and glance at the clouds. Mares' tails in plenty, and a flying scud veils the delicate white and blue of the upper strata.

"Gale up from S.S.W.," I venture to predict.

"You're right. We'll have many good hands at the pumps afore Monday night, mate;" and the speaker walks away.

This is enough for me. I return hastily to my lodgings—write a note to my sister excusing myself that week. I pack up a bag, and then after a hasty meal I set out on my expedition "in search of the sea."

I am in a mail train at nine o'clock. My fellow travellers chat, and smoke, and laugh. Their destination is far short of mine. At four in the morning I am alone in the carriage. There is no lamp; the wind has extinguished it; and now the angry gusts come tugging at the ventilator to get in upon me, and rattle the windows bravely. There is the hissing of rain. We plunge into the deeper darkness of a roaring tunnel. Again we emerge, but the roaring continues. I open the window and look out; rain dashes in my face in great drops, but the drops are salted drops, and the roar is the roar of the breakers. We plunge into more tunnels. I sleep, and when I wake it is broad daylight, and the now shortened train is crossing a wooden viaduct in the teeth of the gale, which threatens every moment to overturn our lightly-freighted carriages.

Sunday morning. How it blows, and how the train rocks up here upon the cliff! The lamp clashes wildly, and even the sturdy locomotive shakes its head at the prospect of climbing yonder hill in the face of such a storm. The steam is violently wrenched out of the chimney and safety-valves as we go panting up the incline at a walking pace. The guard is on the line now, and is speaking to the engine-driver. He stands upon the step for safety. We stop. I get out. Anything wrong? We all get out.

"We can't go no further without another engine up them 'banks' with this wind." Thus the guard.

"The wind may lull a bit," suggests a passenger.

"Lull!" not a bit of it. It has caught the mail train in a deep cutting this Sunday morning, and no further shall the letters go. There are only ten passengers—a young woman and a tiny baby, of course, amongst them; one young lady, in deep mourning; two gentlemen, three sea-faring men, a navvy, a country-woman, and myself. We all got out, but could scarcely stand against the wind. Fortunately there was no rain.

"I say, guard, what's to be done?"