

to St. Philip's and St. James' Church, for evening service. Dinner being prolonged rather beyond the usual time, they had to run pretty sharp, and even then were too late to get a seat. They accordingly began to retrace their steps, determining on future occasions, when they meant to go to either of the parish churches, to make their dinner at lunch-time, and "take their names off Hall"—*i.e.*, remove their names from the list of those for whom dinner in Hall was provided—and have supper in their rooms on their return from service.

As they were walking on, they were suddenly stopped by a man having the appearance of a policeman in plain clothes, who said—

"The Proctor wants to speak to you, gentlemen."

The next moment they saw a gentleman in black gown and large velvet sleeves, who with formal politeness raised his cap and said—

"Are you members of this University?"

Frank and his friend murmured that they were.

"Your names and colleges, if you please."

"Ross, of Paul's."

"Mordaunt, of Paul's."

"Call on me to-morrow morning at nine, if you please."

And the Proctor walked on, leaving Frank and Mordaunt rather bewildered, and totally ignorant where they were to call in the morning—for though they knew they had been "proctorised," they did not know either the Proctor's name or his college.

The marshal (the Proctor's head attendant; the rest being called "bull-dogs") seeing them standing in the road in evident uncertainty, said to them—

"You'd best go back to college, gentlemen;" and then, instinctively gathering that they were freshmen, added—

"Where's your caps and gowns? You'll find the Proctor at Christ-Church, gentlemen," and vanished with his bull-dogs after other unwary undergraduates.

The interview somewhat damped their spirits: not that any fearful punishment was hanging over their heads. Even the statutable fine of five shillings for being without cap and gown would, they believed, be remitted in consideration of their being freshmen. But Frank had hoped to keep out of the way of the Proctors; and this was indeed an early beginning.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

## THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

A CONTRAST.



PRINCESS of the South—the sunny South,  
Decked with the beauty of her country's  
skies:

The archly smiling face, the rich ripe mouth,  
The long dark lashes fringing soft black eyes,  
The pure warm skin on which the sunlight lies!

A Princess of the South, the stormy South,  
When huge black clouds have blotted out the blue:  
A soulless sullen face, a pouting mouth,  
Eyes raining tears, long lashes pearly with dew;  
Such is her second mood—she has but two.

A little maiden of the colder North;  
The land of varying skies from gold to grey;  
The land of mists that stretch huge gaunt arms  
forth,  
And curtain round the cloudless summer day;  
The land of sun and shower, of grave and gay:

A little maiden with a sweet pure face,  
And eyes that smile or weep in sympathy;  
A rose-bud mouth rich with a subtle grace;  
A maiden of a hundred moods is she,  
All very sweet and, oh, how dear to me!

G. WEATHERLY.

## A DEVOTED SISTER: CAROLINE HERSCHEL.



THE second of these names is known by every reader, the first probably by few. Caroline was the sister of that Sir William Herschel who earned undying fame by his achievements in astronomy, and the aunt of that Sir John Herschel who so worthily carried forward the great work which his father's long life only sufficed to begin. Miss Herschel's claim to public notice rests on the extraordinary service which she rendered to her distinguished brother, from 1772, when he was at the turning-point of his great career, to 1822, when he died at the age of eighty-four. A girl of two-and-twenty when her service began, she was an old woman when it ended. Other women certainly have filled in as many years with service as leal, but surely never another sister spent fifty years in devotedly helping a brother after quite the same fashion.

The home of the Herschels, in Hanover, was at least one of virtuous industry: we are not told enough to enable us to say that it was distinguished by piety. The father, Isaac, a bandmaster in the army, spent whatever leisure his military duties allowed him in cultivating music and teaching pupils, struggling bravely thus to maintain his family after his health had been broken by severe campaigning. Of his ten children, six came to maturity. The first, Sophia, was early married. The rest were sons, with the exception of our Caroline, who was born in 1750, and stands eighth in the list. Frederic William, who was to set the family name high beside the names of Galileo and Newton, was her senior by twelve years; and although he was not the eldest son, his remarkable gifts and excellent character had made him the natural head of the family, even before the father's death.

Music was the profession to which Isaac bred all his sons, their natural gifts in that direction being as great as his own. William had early become proficient as a musician ; but at the same time his bent

time and strength were required for the duties of the scullery, and knitting stockings for her manly brothers. She remembered, when an old woman, that "the first pair for Alexander touched the floor when she stood upright finishing the front." Her literary labours were limited to the writing of frequent letters for her mother and other soldiers' wives when their husbands were absent. When her father and William were at home, the little drudge kept herself awake to listen to their discussions on philosophy ; but when Jacob came to dine, the mother was put out of humour by his fastidious criticisms of her beef-steaks, "and poor I got many a whipping for being awkward at supplying the place of footman or waiter."

And so the years wore on, Caroline having no higher ambition than to make herself fit, by certain clandestine acquirements in the way of fancy needlework, to earn her living some day as governess in a family where French might not be required. William came over on a brief visit when she was fourteen, and made her happy by his praise of the new gown in which she was setting forth to be confirmed, but made her miserable also by driving off in the Hamburger post-wagon, "the postillion giving a smattering blast on his horn" just as she was entering the church for her first communion. Old Isaac died when she was seventeen, and Caroline gave herself up more fully than ever to the daily round by which she could help her mother.

At length William, who was thriving in Bath as organist and conductor, sent word that his little sister (she was always little) should be prepared for taking part in his concerts. Jacob sneered, the mother doubted, and for two years Caroline was divided be-



"COPYING LEARNED PAPERS" (A. 114).

towards natural philosophy was manifest, and met with hearty encouragement from his father. Speaking of these early days, Caroline says : "Had my brother William not then been interrupted in his philosophical pursuits, we should have had much earlier proofs of his inventive genius. My father was a great admirer of astronomy, and had some knowledge of that science ; for I remember his taking me on a clear frosty night into the street, to make me acquainted with several of the most beautiful constellations, after we had been gazing at a comet which was then visible. And I well remember with what delight he used to assist my brother William in his various contrivances in the pursuit of his philosophical studies, among which was a neatly turned four-inch globe, upon which the equator and ecliptic were engraved by my brother."

When the Hanoverian army returned from England in 1756, Jacob, the eldest son, brought with him only specimens of English tailoring, but William had spent all his spare cash on a copy of "Locke on the Human Understanding." He was now eighteen, growing fast, and showing signs of delicacy ; so his parents helped him to escape from the army, and during the next fifteen years he earned a livelihood in England by his musical skill.

Meanwhile the child Caroline was being trained by her mother as a domestic help, not to say servant, so thoroughly and so exclusively that "all my father could do for me was to indulge me (and please himself) sometimes with a short lesson on the violin, when my mother was either in good humour or out of the way." She was sent to the garrison school long enough to learn to read and write ; after that, all her



"A SHORT LESSON ON THE VIOLIN."

tween her conscientious desire to do her duty at home, and the wild hope of perhaps going to be beside her brother William. England in itself seems to have had

little attraction : to be with the brother whom she so passionately loved was the great desire. — So she knitted ruffles which were to be Jacob's if she went, but William's if she stayed, and a supply of cotton stockings which would in either case last her mother and Dietrich for two years—stilling her eager heart with duty.

In 1772, William came and carried away the little woman. The ostensible reason was that she might take part in his concerts, which she did for a time ; but William's genius must, we think, have discerned in Caroline's strong intellect, trained diligence, and unusual force of character, qualities which would make her very useful to him in other ways, even should she fail as a musician. At any rate, such was the event. For ten years Caroline worked harder in Bath than she had ever done in Hanover. She did not fail as a musician, but rose to be prima donna. She became her brother's housekeeper, having her honest, thrifty soul vexed by one worthless Betty after another, and all the while she was learning other work of a very different sort.

For "William Herschel was fast becoming famous as a writer, a discoverer, and possessor and inventor of instruments of unheard-of power." Music was no longer with him an end, but the means by which he could obtain money for the purchase and manufacture of expensive instruments. Every hour that could be spared from playing the organ in the Octagon Chapel, conducting concerts, or giving lessons to ladies of quality, was spent in the eager pursuit of science, and in perfecting apparatus for investigating the wonders of the heavens, which his genius had invented. Thus it came about that his sister, besides learning the English language and keeping domestic accounts and practising music, had to copy learned papers, and to master the higher mathematics, and to stand by her brother in his work-room, sometimes literally putting food in his mouth that his polishing might not be interrupted, and to spend the night beside him when he was observing, watching the clock, and registering his observations.

In 1782 genius won its way ; music was finally abandoned ; and William Herschel went from Bath to Datchet, at the age of forty-four, to become Royal Astronomer on £200 a year. The only friend to whom he named the sum exclaimed, "Never bought monarch honour so cheap !"

The record of the next forty years is scarcely more than one unvarying round of polishing seven, ten, or twenty foot mirrors, "sweeping," not common floors, but the floor of heaven, registering nebulae, copying learned papers, making catalogues of stars by the thousand, and generally "minding the heavens."

Her brother's marriage in 1788 was a trial to her faithful heart ; but it made no change in her service : the time saved from house-keeping was given to keeping her brother's voluminous papers in order. The ink sometimes froze in her bottle on bitter nights, but on went the indefatigable little woman, her brain working at high pressure, her habits of order and method saving the eager genius whole years of life,

and no satellite of Saturn diverting her mind from the necessary cup of coffee.

One would have thought that, when she saw the snows of four-score whiten on her brother, a woman of so strong common sense would have begun to lay her account with the inevitable parting ; but that was far from being the case. She watched and waited on him to the end with an undiminished enthusiasm of love, reading the newspapers to him and often assuming an air of cheerfulness when her heart was very sore ; but when the end did come she behaved like one who had been grievously ill-used. She made haste to forsake England for ever ; was with difficulty persuaded to accept a very modest annuity ; went to the house of her younger brother, Dietrich, in Hanover ; and began, after a worldly fashion, to prepare for her grave.

But that rest was yet six-and-twenty years distant, for Caroline Herschel lived to be ninety-eight. Although she never ceased to lament her passionate haste in leaving England, and in committing herself to a brother in whom she was utterly disappointed, these long, tedious years were not without certain alleviations. When her nephew, Sir John Herschel, began to enter on his father's work she took the most earnest interest in all he did. The "Recollections" from which this little sketch is taken were written, after she was eighty, in order that the son might know under what difficulties the father had prosecuted his noble labours. In 1832, when Sir John set forth for the Cape of Good Hope, her exclamation was "Ja ! if I was only thirty years younger to go with you !"

In 1834 she suddenly remembered that her brother had once, "after a long, awful silence," cried out, "Hier ist wahrhaftig ein Loch in Himmel !" and wrote to Sir John bidding him search for the hole in the body of Scorpio or thereabout. On his reporting that he found "beautiful globular clusters of stars" in it, she was not satisfied, and he had at last to report, with mathematical precision, five blank places. The Royal Society made her a Fellow, and gave her its gold medal within a few days of her eighty-fifth birthday. And so year after year slipped away, the power of skipping up and down-stairs, and reading, and receiving visitors, and going to the play or to concerts, gradually failing her as she got beyond her ninety-fifth year.

These last years are undeniably melancholy. Not only was her "occupation gone," but the comforts of religion do not seem to have been enjoyed in any considerable degree. Perhaps, however, reticence has been used in this matter ; and large allowance is to be made for so singular a training and life. Her last letters do make allusions to prayer, and the inscription on her tomb, written by her own hand, speaks of her as "glorified ;" but that may be no more than an idiom.

Caroline Herschel deserves to be held in remembrance as a splendid example of how much a woman can do when she thoroughly devotes herself to helping one whose aims are worthy and noble, if not as a wife, then as a sister or a friend.

A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.