

## FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS.



## THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

FIRST PAPER.



More beautiful love of man for woman is on record than that of Dante for Beatrice. It is not joyous, thoughtless, sensual love; it is a love full of sadness; tormented by the sense of, and the aspiration towards, an ideal it is unable to reach. Far different

from the love which has deserved the name of *l'égoïsme à deux personnes*, a jealous passion which narrows the sphere of our activity, and causes us to forget our duties to others, the love of Dante did not dry up the other affections—rather, it fostered and fertilised them, strengthening the sense of duty, and enlarging the heart. He says in the *Vita Nuova*, "Whensoever she appeared before me, I had no enemy left on earth; the flame of charity, kindled within me, caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me."

Dante seems to have seen Beatrice, whom he met first in 1274, only once or twice, and she probably knew little of him. Nevertheless, when she married he fell seriously ill; and when she died, as she did shortly after, his life was in danger, and he became "a thing wild and savage to look upon." He so far recovered from the shock of his loss that two years afterwards he married. He had seven children, and although he does not mention his wife in the *Divina*

*Commedia*, and although she did not accompany him into exile, there is no reason to suppose that she was other than a good wife, or that the union was otherwise than happy. Dante, however, always felt that the death of Beatrice had imposed new and solemn duties upon him; that he was bound to strive to render himself more worthy of her. In his love of every form of beauty, in his incessant yearning after inward purity, Beatrice was the muse of his intellect, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit sustaining him in exile and in poverty, throughout the cheerless wanderings of a storm-beaten existence. The spiritual Beatrice in Dante's song was a nymph dwelling on the same heights of the Christian Parnassus that were trod by our Milton when he transformed Lady Alice Egerton into an ideal of purity, the Lady in *Comus*, and shaped her innocence into an allegory of man's duty in the using of the gifts of God.

On the 6th of April, 1327, happened the most famous event of Petrarch's history. He saw Laura for the first time. Who Laura was, remains uncertain still. We may, however, reject the sceptical hypothesis that she was a mere figment of the poet's fancy; and, if we accept her personal reality, the poems of her lover demonstrate that she was a married woman, with whom he enjoyed a respectful and not very intimate friendship. Laura died of the plague in 1347, as did also several other friends of Petrarch. These losses were

the turning-point of his inner life. The poems written *In Morte di Madonna Laura* are graver and of a more religious tone. The poet fancied himself in frequent communion with her spirit; he describes her appearing to him in the middle of the night, comforting him, and pointing to heaven as the place of their next meeting. He blesses the memory of her who, by the even tenor of her virtue, had been the means of calming and purifying his heart.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." This maxim is especially true in reference to the choice of a life-partner, as that "judicious" divine, Richard Hooker, discovered from bitter experience when he was injudicious enough to allow Mrs. Churchman to select a wife for him. Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess that, according to Isaac Walton, his biographer, he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her "that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such an one as might prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." The wife she provided was her own daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion, and was like that wife "who is by Solomon compared to a dripping-house." With this "silly, clownish Xantippe" he lived a very uncomfortable life.

When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of a servant. In his house the visitors received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this Mrs. Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle. "Their welcome was so like this that they stayed but next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition. At their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, 'Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied your thoughts in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.'"

John Howard also married out of gratitude for kindness shown to him during the time of sickness. His benefactor was a widow twenty years his senior, who had nursed him during a severe illness. They lived in great harmony until her death, which occurred a few years afterwards. A second union was sundered by death, and then Howard entered upon that career of philanthropy which has rendered his name immortal.

The marriage of Shakespeare at the early age of nineteen with Anne Hathaway, who was more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding.

"As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes."

This is a common consequence of precocious marriages; but we are not, therefore, to conclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakespeare was "turned to folly"—that his "forward bud" was "eaten by the canker"—that "his verdure" was lost "even in the prime" by his marriage. The influence which it must have had upon his destinies was no doubt considerable; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an unhappy influence.

"God and woman are the rocks upon which most men split." This saying of Robertson of Brighton is illustrated certainly as far as women are concerned by the lives of many famous men. Some have been unhappy either through their own selfishness and want of control, or because they had not been fortunate enough to marry wives who were congenial spirits and able to help them in the work of their lives.

This last was the case with Milton. In that time of the year (it was the year 1643) when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, the poet took a sudden journey into the country, "nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation." He was absent for about a month, and when he returned he brought back a wife with him. Her name was Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., J.P. for the county of Oxford. The house of this gentleman, who was a Royalist, was conducted with such careless hospitality that he could not live within his income, which was a fair one, and had borrowed money from—amongst other persons—the Miltons, father and sons.

There is no evidence that the bride was handsome, but she had youth and country freshness; her "unliveliness and natural sloth, unfit for conversation," passed as "the bashful muteness of a virgin;" and if a doubt intruded that he was being too hasty, Milton may have thought that a girl of seventeen could be moulded at pleasure. He was undeceived, however, even before the honeymoon had ended. He found that he had mated himself to a clod of earth, who not only was not now, but had not the capacity of becoming, a helpmeet for him. He ought to have known better than, with his Puritanical connections, to have taken to wife a daughter of a Cavalier house, to have brought her from a roystering home to the philosophical retirement of a recluse student, and to have looked for sympathy and response for his speculations from an uneducated and frivolous girl.

Still the breach did not come from the husband's side. The young Mrs. Milton not only wished it, but incited her family to write and beg that she might be allowed to go home to stay the remainder of the

summer. To this Milton agreed, stipulating, however, that she should return at Michaelmas. She did not do so for two years, which so enraged her husband that he composed his four pamphlets on the subject of divorce. Different reasons have been assigned for the surrender of the young wife to her husband. The Royal cause had declined, and Milton may have seemed to his wife's friends at this time to be worth conciliating. A conspiracy of the friends of both parties contrived to bring Mr. and Mrs. Milton together at the house of a friend. The poor young thing, now two years older and wiser, but still only nineteen, pleaded, truly or falsely, that her mother "had been all along the chief promoter of her frowardness." Milton, with a "noble leonine clemency" which became him, assured her that he was willing to forgive the past. Four children were born, three of whom were daughters, who lived to grow up. Mary Milton herself died after the birth of the fourth child, in her twenty-sixth year, having been married to Milton nine years.

Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. Who has not heard of Stella (Esther Johnson), of Swift's "little language," of the "only a woman's hair" incident? Esther Johnson was the daughter of a merchant who died young. Her mother was known to the attached sister of Sir William Temple, and this is how Mrs. Johnson, in the capacity of housekeeper, came to live with her daughter at Moor Park, Temple's place. The girl was a little over eight when Swift first came to Temple. She grew to be a beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young woman. "Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in 'perfection.'" Nor was her character less admirable, if we may trust the tutor who taught her to write, guided her education, and came to regard her with an affection which was at once the happiness and the misery of his life.

Years passed, and another character enters the drama. Abelard wins the affections of another Héloïse. Her name was Hester, the daughter of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, with whom Swift was on terms of such intimacy that when he was in London he kept his best "gown and periwig" at her house, and frequently dined there, "out of mere listlessness," as he wrote to Stella. A full account of the relations between Miss Vanhomrigh and Swift is given in the remarkable love-poem called "Cadenus (which means of course *Decanus*) and Vanessa." Vanessa, Swift tells us, united masculine accomplishments to feminine grace. The fashionable fops who tried to entertain her with the tattle of the day had no charm for her. Swift behaved to Vanessa as a father might behave to a daughter. He was flattered, however, that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, "sighed for a gown of forty-four," and he did not stop to weigh the consequences.

The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, partly no doubt to be near Swift, as Stella had gone before—her irre-

pressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only relieved by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

It does not appear that Swift encouraged Vanessa. Indeed, her ardour was exceedingly inconvenient. He was grieved and perplexed that she should continue to write passionate letters to him. His letters imply embarrassment, and, for the most part, take a lighter tone; he suggests his universal panacea of exercise, tells her to read diverting books, and generally gives advice more judicious than comforting.

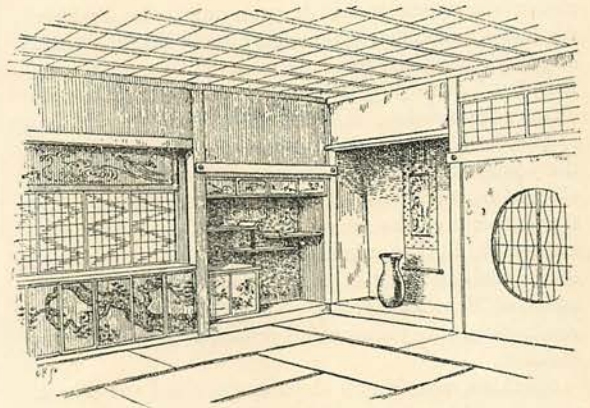
At last the collision between Swift's two slaves, which he greatly dreaded, came about in this way. Vanessa wrote, it is said, a letter to Stella, and asked whether she was his wife. Stella replied that she was, and forwarded Vanessa's letter to Swift. He instantly rode to the residence of the unhappy Vanessa; entered her room, "silent, but awful in his looks;" threw down her letter on the table, and rode back to Dublin. He had struck Vanessa's death-blow. She died soon afterwards, her death no doubt being hastened by her hopes being disappointed, and by the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. The story of the last fatal interview has been denied, but, whatever be the facts, Swift had reasons enough for bitter regret, if not for deep remorse.

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, died without any public recognition of the tie; they were married, it is said, in secrecy, in the garden of the deanery, when, on her part, all but life had departed. A story is told (on slight evidence) that Delany went to Archbishop King's library about the time of the supposed marriage. As he entered, Swift rushed out with distracted countenance. King was in tears, and said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." We, too, may refrain from asking questions about the love-affairs of one who seems to have been constitutionally incapable of being happy himself, or of making another happy; for not one of the theories on the subject quite explains the facts.

When death removed Stella from Swift, and he was left alone to think of what he had lost, he described her as "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." The tenderness of which his attachment to Stella had been the strongest symptom, deeply as it had struck its roots into his nature, withered into cynicism. But a lock of Stella's hair is said to have been found in Swift's desk when his own fight was ended, and on the paper in which it was wrapped were written words that have become proverbial for the burden of pathos that their forced brevity seems to hide—"Only a woman's hair." It is for each reader to read his own meaning into them.

which candles can be placed, and mounds intended to represent hills, which, in large gardens, are sometimes thirty or forty feet high. In the neighbourhood of Tokio, the capital, it is sometimes contrived that the artificial hill shall command a view of a very real hill, the great mountain Fuji-san, dear to all Japanese, whose form is represented, not to say exaggerated, on thousands of paper screens, lacquer trays, and other ornaments. One of our illustrations is a representation from a Japanese work of the garden of a Daimio. Every possible artifice seems to have been employed to increase the apparent space, reminding us in this respect of some of the tiny, trim little plots to be met with in out-of-the-way corners of some of the old Flemish cities.

Japan possesses in some of her temples and old castles buildings more pretentious than those here described. As to the latter, though they often display the exquisite taste in decoration which their inhabitants possess, no very high architectural rank can be claimed for buildings made of materials so flimsy and so little durable. They ought not, however, to be despised by the modern English, who continue, year



GUEST-ROOM, WITH RECESSES IN CORNER.

after year, to erect thousands of houses so mean and hideous that the only pleasant thing to be said about them is that they are not durable either.

\* \* \* The Illustrations to this paper are reproduced from cuts in Morse's "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings," by special permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Limited.

## THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

## SECOND PAPER.



WHEN the Sheridans lived at Bath, there was another family there, called "a nest of nightingales"—the family of Linley, the composer, who had been for years at the head of musical enterprise in the district. The voice of Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was as lovely as her face, and she was the *prima donna* of her father's concerts. The young men were all at her feet, and not only the young men, as was natural, but the elder and less innocent members of society. Among these last was a Captain Matthews, who, though a married man, tormented the young lady with his attentions.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, becoming known to Miss Linley through his sister, who was her devoted friend, assumed the position of the young lady's secret guardian. He made friends with Matthews, and discovered the villainous designs which he entertained. At length the poor girl was so persecuted that she tried to take poison—searching for, and finding in Miss Sheridan's room, a small phial of laudanum, which fortunately was too small to do any great harm. After this evidence of her miserable state, Sheridan disclosed the full turpitude of Matthew's intentions, and showed her a letter in which the villain announced that he had determined to carry her off by force. What was to be done? The poor girl seems to have had no confidence in her father's power of protecting her, and probably knew

the inexpediency of embroiling him with his patrons. Sheridan proposed that she should fly to France and take refuge there till the danger should be over. He would go with her to protect her, and after he had seen her settled he would return to England and place her conduct in such a light that the world would applaud, and not condemn her.

Such was the wonderful expedient by which the difficulties of this terrible crisis were surmounted. Miss Linley's mother was ill, and the house in great disorder, and under cover of the accidental commotion the persecuted fair one and her gallant young deliverer posted off to London.

She did eventually reach her destination, whither she was attended with punctilious respect. In the following Lent, Miss Linley came to London to sing in the oratorios, and it is said that young Sheridan resorted to the most romantic expedients to see her. He disguised himself as a hackney coachman, and drove her home on several occasions. But love conquered in the long run, as an honest and honourable sentiment, if it lasts and can wait, is pretty sure to do. About a year from the time of Miss Linley's journey to Calais she was married to her gallant escort. Mrs. Sheridan was a devoted wife, forming for the nineteen years of her married life no small item in the success, as well as in the happiness, of her brilliant husband.

Two or three years after the death of his first wife Sheridan married again. He had met one evening,

so the story goes, a foolish, pretty girl, who, disliking his looks, exclaimed on seeing him, "Fright! horrid creature!" and the like. He was at this time forty-four, but he was piqued into making so frank a critic change her opinion, and letting her know that a man of middle age and unhandsome aspect may yet outdo the youngest and most attractive. No very long time elapsed before he was completely successful in gaining the consent of the young lady, and, what was even more difficult, that of her father also. Moore describes the immediate result of the new marriage as the renewal of Sheridan's youth. To reclaim him, however, was beyond the young wife's power, as it was beyond his own.

Sheridan, winning by his eloquence and the attractiveness of his manners the hand of a lady who had a short time before recoiled from him as a "fright," reminds us of the famous Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day. "I am," he said, "the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest." He married a woman ten years his senior.

Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said, "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" His de-

scription of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of it. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape; "she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but by sagacity. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge. She has a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject. It is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever; and the first hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the lapse of years. As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises: for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition and the evenness of her virtue."

Lord Beaconsfield described his wife as "the severest of critics, but a perfect wife." She was the widow of his friend, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and twenty years his elder. The great affection which Disraeli entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She was in the habit of travelling with him on almost all occasions. At a dinner party a friend of the earl had no better taste than to expostulate with him for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B——, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever, in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

On the 3rd of April, 1872, Disraeli made a great speech in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. In a box at the end of the hall, opposite the platform, sat several ladies, conspicuous among others being Lady Beaconsfield. We



"HE MADE FRIENDS WITH MATTHEWS" (p. 655).

are told by one who was on the platform that "next in interest to the great speech of the evening were the sympathetic face of the orator's wife and the way in which, from time to time, the orator lifted his head, as if to ask for her approval. When all was over, Mr. Disraeli waited in the retiring-room for a short time, and was then driven rapidly to the house of his host (Mr. Romaine Callender), in Victoria Park. There Lady Beaconsfield was awaiting him, and no sooner were the carriage-wheels heard grinding upon the gravel than she hurried from the drawing-room to the hall, rushed into the arms of her husband, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy! this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!'"

Washington and Franklin both married widows. Franklin's case was rather peculiar. During his early life in Philadelphia he paid attention to a Miss Read, but soon afterwards went to London, where he remained several years. During the separation he neglected Miss Read in a manner which he himself afterwards condemned. On his return he found that she had married and become a widow. Franklin's early love revived, and he asked her forgiveness and a renewal of her affections, which were readily enough granted. He remarks of this union, which continued for nearly forty years, "We prospered together, and it was our mutual study to render each other happy. Thus I corrected, as well as I could, the error of my youth."

At the age of twenty-six Dr. Johnson married a widow twenty years older than himself. Johnson and his bride travelled on horseback from Birmingham to Derby, at which last place they were to be married. The bride complained that Johnson rode too fast, and when he slackened his pace she passed him and scolded him for lagging behind. Johnson then pushed on till he was out of sight, and when the bride at length came up with him she was in tears. He was not "to be made the slave of caprice," and resolved to begin as he meant to end. Johnson attributed this conduct of hers to the reading of old romances, where she had imbibed the idea that a woman of spirit should treat her lover like a dog.

A quarrel on the way to church is not a happy beginning of wedded life; but Johnson proved a good husband, and had great confidence in his wife's judgment. He read his *Rambler* to her, and she, wife-like, told him that she had not imagined he could write anything so good. Some men would not have cared for this; but Johnson was much delighted, and said that praise from a wife comes home to a man's own bosom.

A considerable time after Mrs. Johnson's death her husband said that ever since the sad event he seemed to himself broken off from mankind, a kind of solitary wanderer in the wild of life, without any direction or fixed point of view, a gloomy gazer on the world, to which he had little relation. After recording some



"THIS GENEROSITY OVERPOWERED ME" (p. 658).

good resolution in his journal he was in the habit, since her death, of writing after it his wife's name—"Tetty." It is only a word; but how eloquent it is! When a certain Mr. Edwards asked him if he had ever known what it was to have a wife, Johnson replied, "Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and" (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) "I have known what it was to lose a wife. I had almost broken my heart." Nor did he allow himself to forget this experience. To New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Day, and his own birthday, which he set apart as sacred days, dedicated to solemn thought and high communion with his own soul, he added *the day of his wife's death*.

Recently we have seen a contrast drawn between the domestic virtues of Johnson and the supposed absence of them in the case of one who in some respects resembled Johnson—Thomas Carlyle.

Since the publication of "The Life of Carlyle" and of the letters and memorials of his wife, the public has been much concerned about the domestic affairs of these remarkable people. Mr. Froude, "coming to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," has involved the matter in a cloud of misrepresentation prejudicial to Carlyle and his wife, which, however, has been to a great degree blown away by Professor Norton, the editor of Carlyle's early correspondence. In reading Mrs. Carlyle's letters about the irritability and negative unkindness of her husband we must bear in mind that

she, like him, spoke direct from her nerves, and had a Titanesque power of making mountains out of mole-hills. There were, as in most cases, faults on both sides. She was not more easy to live with than was he, as even her own mother had discovered. Charming, witty, brilliant, affectionately playful as she naturally was, she had "a hot temper and a tongue, when she was angry, like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch."

Carlyle's faults (which in his late remorse he exaggerated, as men of noblest natures are most apt to do), his impatience, his irritability, his singular melancholy (which made him at times distressing as a companion), were the effects of temperament first, and of a peculiarly sensitive organisation; and, secondly, of absorption in his work, and of his determination to do that work as well as it could possibly be done. Mrs. Carlyle suffered perhaps more than her husband from colds, and pains, and sleeplessness; when he was dilating upon his own sorrows, he often forgot hers, or made them worse by worry. It was her experience that "when the wife has influenza, it is a slight cold—when the man has it, it is," &c. &c. Even when at heart he was really grateful for the thoughtful care of his wife, Carlyle's acknowledgments were limited; he was shy of showing feeling, and even those who knew him best, and understood his ways, were often hurt by his apparent indifference.

All this is true, but if Carlyle, in spite of his good resolutions, was occasionally "a little ill-haired," we must remember that he was engaged in work into which he was throwing his entire heart and soul. His wife, instead of allowing her mind to be "churned to froth," might, understanding all as she did, have been

more ready to pardon, and might have seen in the deliberate expression of his feeling the affectionate loyalty of his heart.

Very touching was Carlyle's remorse for the want of consideration towards his wife, for which he blamed himself. "For many years after she had left him," writes Mr. Froude, "when he passed the spot where she was last seen alive, he would bare his grey head in the wind and rain—his features wrung with unavailing sorrow. 'Oh!' he often said to me, 'if I could but see her for five minutes, to assure her that I had really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it!'"

Whatever may be thought of Carlyle as a husband, there is no doubt that the next celebrated man about whose love-affairs we shall speak was deficient in domestic virtues. How Sterne, whose own journey through life was a truly sentimental one, wooed and won his wife, was related by himself to his daughter in the following words:—"At York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years. She owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in Staffordshire, and I wrote to her often. I believe that she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption, and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laury, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and we were married in 1741."

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FORTY YEARS AGO.

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COMES a dream of a quaint old town,  
 Oft my waking eyes to fill;  
 Through its dear streets, up and down,  
 In fancy I wander still.  
 Ah, the merry times that I had—  
 That I never again shall know—  
 When I was a careless lad,  
 Just forty years ago.

I remember the seat by the beach,  
 And the castle washed by the tide;  
 And I list to the prattling speech  
 Of a dear one at my side.  
 For a young face made me glad,  
 And set my heart in a glow;  
 When I was a lad—a lad,  
 Just forty years ago.

But at length came a weary day,  
 When the farewell words were said,  
 And I snatched, ere I sailed away,  
 A kiss from the lips so red;  
 When the fair young face grew sad,  
 And its roses forgot to blow,  
 For love of a sailor-lad,  
 Just forty years ago.

And the dreams of bliss, alack!  
 That was never to take its flight—  
 They are here, for they *will* come back,  
 In the silent hours of the night;  
 And tears—well, well! am I mad,  
 That I babble of trifles so?  
 Ah, me! for the lass and the lad,  
 Just forty years ago.

MATTHIAS BARR.



came quiet to his eye, red blood to his veins, and in two months he was jogging along at his work as steadily as if he had never been ill. The winter (1887—88) was a hard one, but my patient bore it well. He is away somewhere this year, but not at a gay, noisy place.

Well, then, lay your plans to get well ; but do not think too much. Live by rule for a time. Do not commence even the simplest tonics until you have acquired perfect steadiness of mind and nerve, and have a free, well-regulated system. For a month or two, if you *can* take it, try cod-liver oil with malt extract. If the oil should not suit, do not press it. A week's trial will prove if it can be assimilated ; if it cannot, the malt alone with every meal will do good.

The unction of cod-liver oil at night all over the breast and stomach does good. A warm wash all over, followed by the cold or tepid sponge bath, will be needed next morning, and if you do this you will never feel cold and never take cold.

Take plenty of *recreative* exercise in the open air. I wish you to be in the open air as much as possible, so as to harden off, as gardeners call it, for the winter.

Do not err in clothing ; *all wool* but *all light* is the rule for health. Exercise and a very well ventilated bed-room will give refreshing sleep, and this latter will speedily restore even the most debilitated system. But, remember, it must be natural sleep *versus* that produced by narcotics.



## THE LOVE-AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

### THIRD PAPER.



NEVER was poet now or of yore who was not tremulous with love-lore." The Ettrick Shepherd says that he "always liked women better than men," and his sweetest songs echo his own experience. He gave a happy and playful turn

to this admiration when he wrote :—

" Could this ill world ha'e been contrived  
To stand without mischievous woman,  
How peacefu' bodies might ha'e lived,  
Released frae a' the arts sae common !  
But since it is the woefu' case  
That man maun ha'e this teasing crony,  
Why sic a sweet bewitching face ?  
Oh, had she no' been made sae bonny ! "

He himself was fortunate in drawing a prize in the matrimonial lottery, his wife being a handsome and estimable woman, much above his original rank in life, and he showed his appreciation of a happy fireside by being a faithful and devoted husband. If it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had fewer of the greater poet's failings to reproach himself with.

One Sunday, young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recorded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between

the young people. Probably it was pride which led him to engage himself, within a year, to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter, as she was usually called, the daughter of a French royalist who had died early in the Revolution. She made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by Scott from every care, and not one to share his deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams. Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Lady, then Mrs. Scott, behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English as he took his leave :—" Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

Though Lady Scott's character was not a very deep one, she had a kind and true heart. Ten days before her death, Scott entered in his diary :—" Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better." In her last illness she would always reproach her husband and children for their melancholy faces, even when that melancholy was, as she well knew, due to the approaching shadow of her own death.

A detailed account of the love-affairs of some of the poets, such as Goethe, Shelley, and Byron, would not be exactly suitable to our pages or profitable to our readers, so we shall pass them by to speak of Longfellow's marriage in 1831, in his twenty-fourth year, to a beautiful girl named Mary Storer Potter. Two years before,





"YOUNG WALTER SCOTT OFFERED HIS UMBRELLA" (p. 723).

after an extended sojourn in Europe, Bowdoin College had, on his return to America, appointed him Professor of Modern Languages, and now he was to enjoy four perfect years—years of scholarly labour in a congenial position, carried forward in a happy home, with a refined and affectionate wife always watching beside him. In 1834 the authorities of Harvard University offered him the position of Smith Professor of Modern Languages, as successor to Mr. Ticknor, suggesting that he might take a year in Europe to make himself still more intimately acquainted with German thought and books. Longfellow gratefully accepted this chance and set out immediately, with his wife, on his travels. A delightful six months was spent, and then, in Rotterdam, Mrs. Longfellow fell ill and died there, peacefully,

but after much suffering. This bereavement was one of the two great shocks which made ravages in the poet's inner happiness, and the extent of which he concealed, even from his most intimate friends, by a resolute reticence. We all know, however, how he endeared the memory of Mary, his wife, to all the world, in "Footsteps of Angels."

"Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only,  
Such as these have lived and died."

After enduring the loneliness of nine years of widowerhood, the poet married Miss Appleton, who is supposed to have been the original of his sketch of Mary Ashburton, in the prose romance "Hyperion."

"Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. And what a soul! A temple dedicated to heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above." Mr. Nathan Appleton did not allow his lovely daughter to pass from him undowered, and from this time Longfellow had no more cares about money.

Seventeen years of the greatest domestic happiness followed. The wine of life was tremblingly full in the cup of the poet in and before his fifty-fourth year, when his wife was burnt to death before his eyes. To amuse her younger children, Mrs. Longfellow had been making seals: a lighted drop of wax fell into her lap, and her skirts of gauze at once enveloped her in flames. Hearing his wife scream, the poet rushed from his study in time to snatch a rug and throw it round her, ere she fell mortally injured. She was buried July 12th, 1861; and she never looked fairer than on that day—the anniversary of her marriage. Terribly as the fire had burnt her, it had spared one side of her beautiful head.

"In the days when Miles Standish first strode about New England, the graves of the English dead were hid from the Indians by being covered with waving corn. The grave that held his beloved in his heart, Longfellow hid from his friends. Hardly once was he heard to allude to his wife after the first shock was over. His diary remained for long after that terrible day a complete blank: it was noticed that from that same day he aged rapidly; his heart was full of his secret—full, but silent as the grave always is; and above this grave the strong man sowed his thoughts, and they ripened like the corn in autumn."

It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon the latter part of the nineteenth century, Lord Tennyson has been the most fortunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died; but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble, and earth's new wine."

"If music be the food of love," it need not surprise us that few, if any other, of our great musical composers were like Handel, who throughout life was so wedded to his art, that he cared nothing for the delights of woman's love.

Haydn married a hair-dresser's daughter, who had a dismal, mischievous, sullen nature, a venomous tongue, and a savage temper. So intolerable did she at last become, that he had to separate from her.

Almost equally unfortunate was Weber. He was wont to say—"To be a true artist, you must be a true man." But the beautiful singer, Gretchen, with whom he fell in love at Stuttgart, however she may have consoled his somewhat arid life, was not a beneficial influence, for she led him into many sad extravagances, and an unwholesome taste for playing the cavalier,

The Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of Schubert's romantic passion. His exterior was anything but that of an ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth, and a shambling, awkward figure, were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendour and depth. The inexperienced maiden, belonging to a haughty family, hardly understood the devotion of the humbly-born genius. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate, intensity of tone, Schubert answered—"What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you." This brink of confession seems to have frightened him from any further intercourse with the family, yet he never forgot his beautiful dream, or loved another woman.

More fortunate was Mozart. In his twenty-fifth year he proposed to a beautiful young singer, Aloysia Weber; but she saw nothing attractive in the thin, pale young man, with his long nose, great eyes, and little head; for he was anything but prepossessing. Her younger sister, Constance, however, secretly loved



"SHE SCOLDED HIM IN THE TOWER" (p. 726).

him, and he soon transferred his repelled affections to her. Her family objected, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Upon this he composed an opera, which he always considered as his highest effort, and which immediately silenced the objections of Constance's friends, who now gladly gave her to him. He worked very hard, pouring out symphonies, operas, and sonatas, with astonishing rapidity. He made more money than most musicians, yet was always pursued by the spectre of want. This was not owing to personal indulgence, extravagance, or riotous living, but because he was lavishly generous to those who, in many instances, needed help less than himself. Like many other men of genius and sensibility, he could not say "No" to even the pretence of distress and suffering. He was a good husband, and his wife well deserved his love. His playful tenderness was displayed in many quaint ways. He would, for example, rise long before her to take his horseback exercise, and always kiss her sleeping face, and leave a little note, like the following, resting on her forehead—"Good morning, dear little wife! I hope you have had a good sleep, and pleasant dreams. I shall be back in two hours. Behave yourself like a good little girl, and don't run away from your husband." Speaking of an infant child, our composer would say merrily—"That boy will be a true Mozart, for he always cries in the very key in which I am playing."

Beethoven used to speak in passionate utterances of a certain countess, *Giulietta Guicciardi*, calling her his "immortal beloved," "his angel," "his all," "his life." It was to her that he dedicated his song "Adelaida," which, as an expression of lofty passion, is world-famous. The charming countess, however, preferred rank, wealth, and unruffled ease, to being linked even with a great genius—if, indeed, the affair ever looked in the direction of marriage. She married another, and Beethoven does not seem to have been seriously disturbed. It may be that, like Goethe, he valued the love of woman not for itself or its direct results, but as an art-stimulus which should enrich and fructify his own intellectual life.

Wives have been eyes, hands, mind, and everything to their husbands. The great authority on "Bees"—Huber, a Geneva naturalist—was blind from his seventeenth year, and yet he found means to master a branch of natural history demanding the closest observation and the keenest eyesight. It was through the eyes of his wife that his mind worked as if they had been his own. She encouraged her husband's studies as a means of alleviating his privation, which, at length, he came to forget. We have all read in the biography of the late Professor Fawcett how his wife was eyes to him also. After twenty-eight years' experience, Faraday spoke of his marriage as "an event which more than any other had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind." For forty-six years the union continued unbroken, the love of the old man remaining as fresh, as earnest, and as heart-whole as in the days of his youth. Another man of science, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the

steam-hammer, had a similar happy experience. "Forty-two years of married life," he said, "finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning."

Perhaps authors, more than any other class of famous men, have been indebted to their wives. Tom Hood had such confidence in his wife's judgment that he read, and re-read, and corrected, with her, all he wrote. Many of his articles were first dictated to her, and her ready memory supplied him with references and quotations. Anthony Trollope said that no person but his wife had ever read a line of his manuscript, "to my very great advantage in matters of taste."

The French writer, Alphonse Daudet, had determined to remain a bachelor, because he was afraid that if he made a wrong step in marriage he might dull his imagination; but, on being introduced to *Mademoiselle Julie Allard*, who loved literature, and was a charming writer and critic herself, his fear was removed. The union proved a very happy one, and the picture of the two at work is an attractive bit of biography. "She has been," says his brother, "the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work, and the discreet counsellor of his inspiration. There is not a page that she has not revised, re-touched, and enlivened; and her husband has borne witness to her devotion and indefatigable collaboration in the dedication of 'Nabob;' but she would not allow this dedication to appear." Once, it is related, he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked—"This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

Wives, like Mrs. Carlyle, have assisted their husbands' work by keeping house so well that their indigestions and tempers were not unnecessarily disturbed. Hawthorne acknowledged that the inspiration which produced his imperishable contributions to American classics depended for its undisturbed flow on a serene and happy domestic environment, which his wife alone could supply.

There is much truth in the saying that a man cannot be greater than his wife will allow him to be. The second wife of Sir Thomas More did all in her power to lower her husband to her own level. When More seemed slow to make the most of himself to the world, the ambitious wife used to exclaim—"Tillie vallie! Tillie vallie! will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother hath often said unto me, it is better to rule than be ruled." To which familiar expostulation, More's usual reply, muttered in the mildest of humorous voices, was—"Now, in truth, that is truly said, good wife; for I never found you yet willing to be ruled." More could never make her accept, or even comprehend, the principles that were to him the first elements of social morality. Instead of encouraging her husband to pursue the martyr's path and win the martyr's crown, she scolded him in the Tower after this fashion:—"I marvel that you, who have hitherto been always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison . . . when you might be abroad at

your liberty, with the favour and goodwill both of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best-learned of this realm have done; and, seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house . . . where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what, in God's name, you mean here thus fondly to tarry."

It is pleasanter, however, to end this paper with the case of a husband who was shown the pathway to heaven, and made great in the sense of being good by his wife's practice of piety. "My mercy," says Bunyan,

"was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were accounted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had, for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died." By reading these and other good books, helped by the kindly influence of his wife, Bunyan was gradually reclaimed from his evil ways, and led gently into the paths of righteousness.

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## HOW TO KNIT A STOCKING.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.



ECONOMY in wear is by no means the only advantage stocking knitters gain. Knitting is very calming work; it quiets the nerves, and helps people to take a philosophical view of life. It is easy to get rid of worry, ruffled temper, and discontent, when we can knit these dis-

agreeable companions into a pair of stockings.

Many people can knit a little, and can even manage to knit with three needles, who yet have never learnt to knit stockings. For the benefit of such people the following directions are given for knitting a pair of women's stockings of ordinary size.

Procure half a pound of fine soft fingering, and also four steel needles. A loose knitter should have fine needles; a tight knitter, thick needles. In order to find out how many stitches ought to be cast on, measure the full width of the doubled-up fist. Usually this will be the length of the foot. The length of the foot will be two-thirds of the measure of the leg above the knee. Measure the fist, therefore; make this length half as long again as it is, and there is the measure for the top of a stocking that is to come quite above the knee. Knit a small piece of knitting with the materials to be used, and count how many stitches go to the inch. See how many inches there are in the measure for the top of the stocking; multiply the number of inches by the number of stitches to the inch, and you will have the number of stitches to be cast on.

If a novice in knitting stockings finds the calculation of measurement rather puzzling, let her cast on 112 stitches: this will be about right for an ordinary-sized woman's stocking. As, however, some women are short, some tall, some stout, and some thin, also as loose knitting stretches more than tight knitting, it is safer to measure.

Cast all the stitches on one needle, and divide them afterwards—thirty-seven on two needles, thirty-eight on the third. The odd stitch on the third needle is intended for the seam stitch, which is to run down the middle of the back of the leg. Knit two plain

rounds, and then make the welt by knitting two purl, two plain, for one inch. Now begin to knit plain all round, and seam the middle stitch of the needle which has thirty-eight on it. This stitch must be seamed from now to the end of the heel, no matter what changes are made elsewhere.

Knit plain all round to the depth of five inches; then increase three times, with four rows between each, in order to provide for the rise in the calf of the leg. Both increases and decreases are made on each side the seam stitch, leaving a plain stitch between. Increases are made by making two stitches out of one. Decreases are made by knitting two together on both sides of the seam stitch, leaving one plain stitch between.

Having increased four times with four rows between each, knit half a dozen plain rounds, then begin to decrease. Make three decreases on each side of the seam, with eight rounds between each; three with seven rounds between each; three with six rounds between; and three with five rounds between. If, when the decreases are finished, the ankle is too wide for the size of the leg, decrease again twice or thrice. It must be remembered, however, that unless the ankle is fairly wide, the heel will not slip over the foot easily. After this, knit three inches plain for the ankle.

For an ordinary heel, divide the stitches into two halves, with the seam stitch in the centre of one half, and the other half on two needles. Leave the stitches on the two needles for awhile, and knit the stitches on the one needle which contains the seam stitch backwards and forwards to make the heel, and in every instance slip the first stitch—do not knit it.

If strong linen thread be put with the fingering when knitting the heel and the toe, the stocking will last twice as long.

There are a good many ways of turning a heel. The following is pretty, and rather uncommon. In dividing the stitches for the heel, take four more stitches than half for the back. Knit thirty-two rows, and preserve the seam stitch in each row. In the thirty-third row, knit to within three of the seam. Knit two together; knit one; purl one; knit one;