

new Parisian whims—is to have your hand carved in ivory, or sculptured in marble, life size, then laid upon a slab of ivory, marble, or onyx. This you present to your wife or betrothed, your son or husband, your nearest and dearest. Ladies obtain these of the most noted sculptors, and the present from a gentleman to a lady is looked upon as equally acceptable if it prove that the sender happens to have handsome hands. The first cause of this fashion arose in the marvelous beauty of the hands of a young Englishman of noble family. A noted sculptor implored him to permit him to model his hands. In gratitude for his consent, he presented him with a beautiful bust. When the statue appeared on which the sculptor had been at work, all Paris recognized the faultless hands. Since this time came up the fashion which the same sculptor introduced—and of which the first origin is Italian—that of marble tables upon which are sculptured three hands, that of the wife, the husband, and the child laid out as if resting lightly upon the table. One of these exquisite tables was made to order for an American lady. The three hands are incorporated with the white marble top. In another the white marble hands and wrists lay upon a surface of black marble. The grace, beauty, and sentiment of the idea cannot be fully appreciated till one of these exquisite tables is seen. The wonderful hands are full of expression.

ROMAN HEADS.—A young Italian of remarkable talent as a sculptor, executed, not long ago, an exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully carved Roman head, upon a cherry-stone. This singular *bijou* being displayed by the lady for whom it was done, and exciting enthusiastic wonder among sculptors, the young man has been overwhelmed with orders, from the first ladies in Paris, to furnish heads of a similar kind, for which they pay cheerfully the most enormous prices. No emerald is costlier, it is said, than have become these "Roman" heads.

MENU-HOLDERS.—New menu-holders are birds' heads, with eyes of precious stones, and form a part of the *châtelaine* ornaments. Eccentric models are grinning heads, between the teeth of which the *menu* is slipped. Cranes, storks, and little fat sparrows are other designs comically arranged so as to admit of the same use. The passion for hanging a vast quantity of fanciful objects to pendant chains about the waist has so gained ground that they now hang, in Paris and London, chains on both sides, and from these a greater number of odd objects than ever before. An eccentric lady startled the guests at a reception by recently appearing with what appeared to be the skull of an infant pendant from her *châtelaine*. It turned out to be that of her pet monkey, properly polished and furnished with nice little crystal eyes. Another lady of fashion wears a gold box or *étui*, in which she has a small powder puff and a little rice powder, also a small mirror. One of her whims is to use these to arrange her complexion "before folks."

WALL-LAID PICTURES.—A foreign fashion of considerable import threatens to invade our peaceful abodes, and bring the house carpenter and plasterer about our devoted walls. In a short time, all owners of purchased residences, in which it is settled that a family has a chance of permanently abiding, will find that "wall-laid" pictures, especially if these should be family portraits, are *de rigueur*. The wall is partly demolished, into it the picture, frame and all, is set, and around the frame is built up plastered surface, to be overlaid with painting or paper, thus incorporating the picture with the wall. It becomes impossible thus to steal a picture, but in case of fire, how is a valuable portrait, an heirloom, to be removed? Whatever may be the course to pursue in such a case, to save the picture, it would not, thus far, appear

to be known to those who are making arrangements to have certain pictures "wall-laid." The most desired are portraits, especially old ones.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PLAQUES.—Plaques upon which are delineated Japanese figures in full costume, present the singular feature of having these groups upon an outlined section, as though a picture distinct in itself were superimposed upon the plaque, the remaining space of which is filled in with oriental flowers. The effect is very beautiful.

Other plaques—and these it is customary to insert in a square frame of black, blue, or dark crimson velvet—have magnificent birds, single or in groups of two, and either about to fly, flying, or having seized upon the moment some insect. Birds, as now chosen for art representation, will invariably be found in an attitude indicating action. A parroquet will be found about to rest; a mackaw extending its head and ruffling its wings in anger at some imagined foe; a dove just taking flight. Mere repose upon a bough is no longer chosen. Two angry swans, or ducks frightened by a fox, two quarreling sparrows, also are favorite subjects. But the theme of plaques is simply inexhaustible, and the beauty of some is unsurpassed, and, it would seem, unsurpassable in subject as in treatment.

"CARYATID" BIRDS.—A feature entirely novel, and of which the source is Parisian, is the introduction of very life-like and beautiful birds of the larger kinds—owls, eagles, storks, pelicans, cranes, and peacocks—at the sides of the mantelpiece, serving as caryatides. These birds are of wood, carved so exquisitely and with such faithfulness of expression and detail, that every eye is at first deceived. Eyes of crystal are introduced, and, though the material chosen be merely wood, let it not be supposed that these singular mantel supports are either a low style of art or the work of inferior artists. On the contrary, the subject being life, they would, if given to artists of any low grade, be failures as birds; while, on the contrary, their success is such that the idea has straightway taken hold of public fancy, and bids fair to be largely introduced where the purse admits of the gratification of that desire for change, that feverish restlessness, which has so much to do with the success of all that is new in art. Prepare, therefore, to meet the owls of Pallas Athene, the eagle of Jupiter, and Juno's splendid peacock, for, if Paris has them for a year or so, America will bring them over, even as "Sir Charles Coldstream" proposed to "bring over St. Paul's."

TAPER-SUPPORTS.—Entirely novel taper-supports, in which the ornamented tapers are displayed to excellent effect, are oriental figures of *terra-cotta*. These offer many different subjects, being in pairs, as, for instance, a couple of Moorish slaves with garments elaborately decorated with gold filigree, and poised as if about to run forward. They hold in their hands sockets, in which the wax taper being lit, it has the effect of a torch. Other styles represent Syrian women bearing the taper, like a water-jar, upon their heads above their turbans. Still another style of these *terra-cotta* figures is that which gives Japanese and Chinese females and males with full robes and holding up both arms, making each taper-support double. This style requires four candles. Then again there are figures in antique costume, and others in armor colored to resemble bronze.

Another style of taper-support is a cluster of five figures embracing one another, the arms being wreathed about the waists. The tapers, in this instance, rest upon the heads of the different figures. Another style has all the figures in china and the candle is of china also, provided with a wick. Oil, perfumed and very costly, is used in these supports.

Women of Yesterday and To-day.

BY L. P. L.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was descended from an old Huguenot family who settled in England on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and was born in Norwich, June 12th, 1802. In early childhood, sight, hearing, and touch were perfectly good, but the sense of taste was very defective, and that of smell was altogether wanting.

Though as a child, shy to painfulness of every human creature, she was never afraid of God, and she was constantly longing for Heaven, a place she fancied to be gay with yellow and lilac crocuses. She was early taught to sew, and long before she was fully grown, made all the clothes she wore except her stays and shoes, so that she was saved from being a literary lady who could not sew; indeed, for some months she earned her livelihood by her needle.

When seven years of age, she was detained from church one Sunday afternoon by some slight ailment. As the house door closed on the chapel goers, she turned to look at the books on the table. The ugliest-looking one, a plain, clumsy, calf-bound volume of *Paradise Lost*, was turned down open. For months after, that book was never to be found except by asking Harriet for it, and there soon came to be scarcely a line in it to which she could not instantly turn. She would crow herself to sleep, repeating passages from it, and its descriptions of heavenly light rushed into her mind when her curtains were drawn back in the early morning.

Amid the restrictions of her early youth, Miss Martineau was most fortunate in one regard. Her strong, intellectual powers were committed to the training of a school-master who was a scholar, and in companionship with his boy pupils. These circumstances insured her the inestimable advantage of a thorough classical and mathematical groundwork of education, freed from the mistake that there is a special female road to knowledge. Studies not usually permitted to women at that period, either in England or the United States, were planned for and encouraged by Mrs. Martineau. Her own superior mind bore to her unmistakable inward witness that the education good for her sons must be no less beneficial to her daughters, and Harriet profited by that conviction to the utmost, while cultivating to the highest degree every household accomplishment and fulfilling every domestic duty.

Her health, always poor, became very bad as she grew into girlhood; and her mind, sympathizing with her body, was ill at ease. The great calamity of her deafness was opening upon her, besides which constant indigestion, languor and muscular weakness made life a burden. Her best loved hour of the day, during that period, was when the cloth was removed after dinner, and she stole away from the dessert to read Shakespeare by the drawing-room firelight, a breach of good table manners which her mother, usually so rigid in her requirements, overlooked.

When sixteen, the state of her health and temper made a change desirable, and she was sent to Bristol to school. The domestic rule of Miss Martineau's mother was stern and unsympathetic, and so many causes of unhappiness had arisen, and her temper was so thoroughly ajar, that nothing else would have done any effectual good. Be-

fore she went to Bristol she was a prey to three annoyances, her bad handwriting, her deafness, and the state of her hair. She wrote a cramped, untidy scrawl till past twenty, until authorship made her forget manner in matter, and gave freedom and legibility to her hand. From her deafness, she obtained no relief; but her third misery was cured by the advice of a friend who assured her that her hair would do well if she would be content with less combing and give it more brushing. So ended one of those trifles "which make up the sum of human life."

She returned to Norwich in 1819, just before the marriage of her elder sister, after which she was naturally more of a companion to her mother, who became more cordial and sympathetic, as her daughter's mind opened and her deafness increased. At that time it was not thought proper for young ladies to study conspicuously, even Jane Austen being compelled, whenever visitors appeared, to cover up her manuscripts with a large piece of muslin kept on the table for that purpose. The rule in Mrs. Martineau's house was that the daughters of the family should appear at the work-table immediately after breakfast; that they should go out walking before dinner in winter, and after tea in summer, so that any time for special objects must be taken from either the early morning or after bed-time in the evening. She had, in those days, a passion for translating, which proved a good preparation for the subsequent work of her life. She also studied the Bible incessantly, both by daily readings and by aid of all the commentaries and works of elucidation she could lay her hands on.

In 1821, she made her first appearance in print. She had had early aspirations after authorship, which had been checked by a jest of her elder sister. But when her brother James, then her idolized companion, found how wretched she was during his absence at college, he advised her to take up some new pursuit, desiring her to write something and send it to the "*Monthly Repository*," a small, insignificant periodical, then struggling for existence. James's word was her law, so the bright September morning of his departure found her at her desk, beginning an article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity," taking the letter V as her signature.

Her heart beat prodigiously to find her article in the place of honor in the next issue of the magazine, with a request to "V, of Norwich," to write again. There is something peculiar in the sensation of seeing one's self in print for the first time. The lines burn themselves in upon the brain in black in a way of which ink is incapable in any other mode. All day long Miss Martineau went about with her secret on her heart. Her eldest brother, whom she greatly revered, was just married, and he asked her to go home with him after chapel. (It was Sunday.) After tea he said, "We have had enough talk, let me read you something now," taking up the *Repository* as he spoke. Glancing over it he said, "They have a new hand at work. I have not seen anything so good for a long time. Listen!" Miss Martineau sat mute while he read, but upon his exclaiming, "What a fine sentence!" two or three times, and receiving no response, he said, "What is the matter, Harriet? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before." She then replied in utter shamefacedness, "The truth is, I wrote that paper."

Her brother said nothing, but read on in silence till she arose to go away. Then laying his hand on her shoulder he said, gravely, "My dear" (it was the first time he had ever called her dear), "leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings. Do you devote yourself to this!"

She walked home in a sort of dream, the squares of stone pavement seeming to float before her eyes, and the whole earth transfigured before her.

In 1826 her father died, leaving his business affairs much complicated and depressed by the troubles then brooding over the whole nation. Shortly after, while rumors were afloat that the family was ruined pecuniarily, a friend who had been too generous to ask one whom he supposed to be rich, to become a poor man's wife, offered her his home and name. While she was luxuriating in the beauty of his goodness and devotion, he suddenly became insane, and after months of illness of mind and body, died.

Miss Martineau's first story was called *The Rioters*, and was sold for five pounds. It met with such marked success that some hosiers and lace-makers of Nottingham sent a request that she should write a tale on the subject of wages, which she did. A copy of Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Political Economy* falling into her hands, she was greatly surprised to find she had been teaching it unawares in her stories upon wages and machinery.

In 1829, Miss Martineau, her mother, and sisters, lost nearly all they had in the world by the failure of the firm which held their money—Miss Martineau, in fact, being left with exactly one shilling in her purse. But the effect of this calamity was almost enjoyable upon her, for there was scope in it for action, whereas in the long, dreary series of preceding trials nothing had been possible but endurance. Many times, in after years, she and her sisters congratulated themselves upon being thus thrown upon their own resources, for by it they had gained friends, reputation, and independence; had seen the world at home and abroad—lived, in short, instead of vegetated!

But it was a serious question as to how she should gain her livelihood, for she was altogether precluded from teaching by her deafness. The sale of a ball dress brought her three pounds, and she could earn a trifle by fancy work, in which she was very expert. She wrote to the editor of the *Repository*, telling him that her changed circumstances would compel her to render less gratuitous service for his paper than formerly. Mr. Fox replied by apologetically placing at her disposal the sum of fifteen pounds a year, for which she was to do as much reviewing as she thought fit. This proposal delighted her; but many times during that winter both heart and bodily forces were near sinking. All day long she was bending over fine fancy work, only going to her literary work after tea; then writing steadily till two or three in the morning, yet never failing to obey the rule of the house to be present at the breakfast-table as the clock struck eight. Many a time she was in such a state of nervous exhaustion as to be scarcely able to put on paper the last half sentence of an essay or review.

In the spring of 1830, the Central Unitarian Association offered three prizes for essays presenting Unitarianism to the notice of Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans. All three prizes were won by Miss Martineau, and it was a great event in her history, for she discovered by that success that she could really write, and concluded that she might rationally believe authorship to be her legitimate career.

She now began to lay plans for her Political Economy Series, and she wrote to several publishers placing her scheme before them, but all declined to have anything to do with it, on the ground of the disturbed state of the public mind. The condition of England was at that time a frightful enigma. Bloodshed and famine in the East Indies and slavery in the West; 25,000,000 people shut up to starve in the British Isles; exhausted by war, and taxed up to war point after the peace; dying from want of bread, while hindered alike from producing and from importing grain, as well as from going to live where it grew. Manufacturers were compelled to witness the destruction of property by

starving workmen, when they attempted to economize by means of machinery. Class wrought against class, and every man's hand was against his brother. In this crisis, Miss Martineau thought it possible all might be led to feel for each other as brothers, so she set herself to the task of bringing out the noble, holy, and heroic principles which she felt sure had not yet died out in British hearts.

After manifold rebuffs from publishers, one Charles Fox, a young bookseller, offered to print the series, but under most unreasonable stipulations. It was a time of great perplexity and sore distress, especially when, after all arrangements were concluded, as she had supposed, Fox made still further demands. She then took into her confidence an old uncle, who, upon hearing the case, said in a gracious and gentle manner: "You are a better judge of this scheme than I, but I know your industry and energy are the pride of us all, and ought to have our support," subscribing for fourteen copies of the series on the spot, and slipping a package of bank-notes and gold into her hand as advance payment. These kind words and substantial sympathy were more soothing to her worn and wearied frame than any medicine. And she records in her journal how she slept through the whole of that night, awaking a new creature the next morning.

Demarara, the first of the series, was a brilliant success. Her publisher wrote her, sending a copy of the first edition, asking her to make all the speed she could with any corrections she might have to make; adding, that the demand led him to propose they should print two thousand copies. A postscript said that, since he had written the above, he found they would need three thousand; a second postscript proposed four thousand, and a third five thousand. From that hour Miss Martineau never had any other anxiety about employment than what to choose, nor any real care about money. The wise and benevolent felt they were comprehended by a master spirit; leaders of parties struggled to get possession of the new influence. Members of Parliament sent her blue books through the mail till the postmaster sent word she must send for her share of the mail, as it could not be carried without a wheelbarrow, an announcement which, spreading through the town, caused her to be much stared at as she walked the streets.

She now found it would be necessary for her to remove to London permanently, and she took lodgings in Conduit Street. But this arrangement lasted but a little while, for, in 1829, her mother and aunt joined her, and they hired a house together in Fluyder Street, Westminster, where she passed the remainder of her London life. No situation could have suited her better, it being in the midst of the people and libraries desirable for her to have close at hand, and on the verge of St. James' Park, which served as a place of exercise. Her society was sought by people of all conditions, and she made a profound impression on every one she met. One busy mother of a dozen children, cumbered with much serving, and with whom she had been taking tea one evening, followed her to the door when she took leave, and said: "I am so sorry—so very sorry—you came; for I cannot bear to have you go." An amusing instance, too, of her reputation as a philanthropist we must give. She received a letter one day, scribbled all over in the way lost letters are. It was addressed: "To the Queen of Modern Philanthropists." And the post-office had put in one corner, "Try Miss Martineau."

After the completion of the Political Economy Series, Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction in France, established a new periodical for the promotion of education. He directed that each number should open with a biographical sketch,

and he ordered that of Harriet Martineau to be first; she affording, he said, the only instance on record of a woman having substantially affected legislation otherwise than through some clever man.

For some time all went well in her home, and then busybodies began to make her mother discontented with the lowliness of their home, suggesting that Miss Martineau should have a larger house and live in better style. The only way in which the change could be made was by her providing more money, and that she felt she could not conscientiously do. She considered it a duty to lay by for times of sickness and adversity, so she steadily refused to change the plan of life which had been settled with thought and deliberation. To all remonstrances her unvarying reply was: "If my acquaintances care for me they will come to see me in a small house and narrow street, and those who object to either may stay away."

Her acquaintance with Sidney Smith commenced in a somewhat whimsical way. They were both at a large musical party, where rooms and staircases were a continuous throng. During the evening the lady who had conveyed Miss Martineau there fought her way to her seat next the piano, to say that Sidney Smith had passed a message up the stairs to say that he understood they desired each other's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He inquired if, as Miss Martineau was thin and he stout, could she not get down to him easier than he could get up to her? and that he would wait for her answer five minutes. She could not think of leaving her seat and Malibran, so Mr. Smith sent her a "good night," saying he would call on her. And he did, making her jump at the first sound of his immense voice.

In August, 1834, Miss Martineau sailed for America, where she spent two years, traveling as far south as New Orleans and west as St. Louis, receiving everywhere the greatest possible attention even from those diametrically opposed to her in thought. While here, some one told her that the abolitionists were unsexing women, so that good men found it necessary to republish good little English books on her appropriate moral sphere.

"But what is her appropriate moral sphere?" was Miss Martineau's natural inquiry.

"Certainly a special and different one from that of man."

"But, if so, she would have had a special and different Christ," urged Miss Martineau.

"But is it possible you think women have the same rights and duties as men?"

"I think their abilities ought to settle that question," was the final reply.

She wrote two books on her American travels, one entitled *Society in America*, the other, *A Retrospect of Western Travels*. The latter is the more popular book of the two, since there is more in it to amuse, and less of politics, than in the former. Her chapter on Washington has a capital heading, worthy to be remembered:

"He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than
Honorably good."

In 1838 she was engaged to explore the topography of Shakespeare's plays, in order to annotate Knight's edition; so she went into Italy, walking Padua through and through, for the sake of the shrewish Katherine and the delectable Portia; seeking for Juliet at Verona; exploring the Jews' quarter at Venice, fixing on the very house whence Jessica eloped, and seeing, at the Arsenal, what Othello meant by his business at the Sagittary.

She also went to Scotland to trace out the haunts of Macbeth, examining Cawdor Castle, lingering on the Witch's Heath, and going to Iona to see Macbeth's grave in the line of old Scottish kings.

In the latter part of the same year she started on another Continental tour with an invalid cousin, but was taken so ill as to be obliged to return to London by the most direct route. She remained there, however, but a day or two, before going to Newcastle to consult her brother-in-law, a physician. His verdict was the necessity of complete rest and quietness, and she took lodgings at Tyne-mouth, where she remained six years.

During the first three years of her illness she wrote much, filling in the chinks of time with fancy work. Much of this she sent to the United States for the benefit of the National Anti-Slavery Society. One remarkable piece was a table cover on which was wrought the four seasons in wool, which sold for one hundred dollars. *Deerbrook*, her only novel, was written during this "passive period," as she termed it; *The Hour and the Man*, *Feats on the Fiord*, a Service Series, one of which, *The Maid of all Work*, showed such a thorough understanding of the subject that it was currently reported and believed by many to be the actual experience of the author; but, during the whole six years of her illness, comforts and luxuries were so lavishly bestowed that it seemed almost as if the donors must have believed Sidney Smith's promise, when he said: "Whoever sends Miss Martineau game, or fruit, or flowers, will be sure of Heaven, providing they pay punctually the dues of the Church of England."

After her recovery she took lodgings in the Lake Country, where she was speedily indoctrinated into the morality of the lake dwellers, the first principle of which, so they told her, was never to work except in bad weather.

It was a charming season when she went there. The woods were full of sorrel, and anemones, and blue-bells. The meadows were emerald green, the oaks just exchanging their May golden hue for their pale green, and the sycamores growing somber in their massive foliage. Her lodgings stood at the head of the lake. The view from her window was wondrously beautiful, one feature being a prominent rock crowned with firs, which so projected into the lake as to be precisely reflected into the crimson, orange, and purple waters when the pine crest rose black into the crimson, orange, and purple sky at sunset.

Finding, after a few months, that though the outer world grew more charming day by day, yet her lodgings had no space for her bookcases, and that she needed her library; that the winter was at hand, yet she could not have a fire in her room without keeping a window open, so dreadfully did the chimneys smoke; that, lovely as was the young moon's dainty crescent, reflected in the dark waters of the lake, still it did not prevent the old house from swarming with rats—she decided to build a home of her own. And a fortunate resolve it proved to be. Strangers and friends agreed in saying, when, after a few years, the gabled, bay-windowed house was covered with ivy, roses, and passion-flowers, and the porch a bower of honeysuckles, that "The Knoll" was the prettiest dwelling in the valley. "It was," says Wordsworth, "the wisest step in her life, for"—his hearers all thought he was going to speak of comfort and respectability, of an elderly woman having such a retreat; but not so—"for the value of the property will be doubled in ten years."

Almost every object of art, picture, and piece of furniture in "The Knoll" was a token of family remembrance or of loving friendship. In the drawing-room was the collection of lighter and contemporary literature, mostly the gift of the authors. Across the hall was her study, two sides

of which were lined with the more useful of her books, from three to four thousand, consisting of books of reference, biography, art, general literature, geography, history, theology, and political economy. In the garden was a sun-dial in the form of an antique font, with the exquisite device: "Come, Light, visit me!" also a gift from a life-long friend. Miss Martineau's household management was admirable. All interests were harmonious and welded into one, for she could not help treating her servants as if they were her children, and their deferential duty was truly filial.

For some months she was kept awake at night by odd sensations about her heart, by hurried and difficult breathing, and once she had been surprised while reading to find herself unable to see more than the upper half of the letters or words she was looking at. These symptoms growing more frequent, she went to London to consult a physician who frankly told her that her heart was much enlarged, and too feeble for its work, and that she was liable to die any moment.

Quite undisturbed by this verdict, she set herself to make ready for her final journey, arranging her affairs in the most minute manner to save trouble to those who were to follow after her. But twenty-one years of busy life were still before her—years of constant toil and thought for others. The work of this period of her life is so various as to be classified with difficulty. The Harriet Martineau Cottages at Ambleside stand as a witness of the movement she initiated for the creation of comfortable, economical homes for the working class. She gave several winter courses of free lectures for working men and their families, and they were so carefully prepared and so effectively delivered, that they furnish still a subject for conversation and grateful remembrance to the country about Ambleside. She also attempted farming on a small scale, and put her experiences in a small book, entitled *My Farm of Two Acres*. An old peasant in the neighborhood, who watched this experiment with great interest, said, "I should ha' liked she for my good woman, for she would ha' plowed."

During these twenty-one years, too, of "waiting," she wrote much—a *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, a condensation of Le Comte's *Philosophy*, and sixteen hundred articles of value and depth for the *London Daily News*, contributing six leaders each week, for some years. She also did a quantity of fancy work, which excited a smile in many who wondered how the great authoress could endure such a frivolous occupation. [But it was not merely for rest and amusement, these clusters of flowers, and fruit, and forest leaves were wrought. They each represented a gift of solid money value to some worthy charity, in this country as well as in England. She also aided by word and pen, by purse and busy fingers, the effort making in Edinburgh, to secure complete medical education for women, after the persecution to which the lady students had been subjected there.]

Though for a long time unable to leave her two rooms, she was up and dressed every day until two or three before her death. She kept her household books, and gave orders for the direction of the household to the last, enjoying everything, even to the woolen-lined basket of young ducklings taken to her bedside with a comic quatrain in their bills.

June 27th, 1876, she died as the sinking sun glistened the Westmoreland hills, aged 74, in full possession of all her mental powers. During that last night while she lay at the Knoll, her coffin was heaped with flowers by unknown hands, as if to symbolize the multiplied blessings with which she had filled the valley. She lies buried in the old cemetery at Birmingham, in the midst of her kindred, the north wind softly singing a lullaby over her ashes.