LITERARY HOUSEHOLDS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART I.

MRS. BARBAULD, DR. JOHN AIKIN, AND LUCY AIKIN.

A LITTLE more than a hundred and twenty years ago a brother and sister, whose joint work was destined, in time, to confer a great benefit and lasting pleasure on the boys and girls of England, wrote their first volume in company. John Aikin, the brother, was then twenty-six years of age. Anna Lætitia Aikin, the sister, was thirty years old. John was a young doctor, Anna Lætitia was his dearly-loved companion and friend. They were the only son and daughter of a learned "Presbyterian" divine who held the posts first of Classical and next of Divinity Tutor in what was then called the Presbyterian Academy in the English town of Warrington. There the brother and sister grew up among highly favourable surroundings. Not only was the north-country town intellectual to a remarkable extent in its day, the renowned Academy attracted to its tutorships and its society generally, many men of science and learning. Such were Priestley, who, in his pursuit of natural philosophy, was one of the first chemists of the time; Roscoe, the accomplished author of *Lorenzo de Medici*; Howard the philanthropist; and Doddridge, the gentle and godly author of the *Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the Soul*. Doddridge was a dear friend of Mrs. Aikin's family, and was a member of the Aikins' household for some years. With all these distinguished men John and Anna Lætitia Aikin were intimately acquainted. Many of the pupils of the Academy, which was supported with great liberality by the rich Dissenters of the period, were notable in after years. The first pupil to arrive at the Academy was Lord Willoughby of Parham, who is described as having been the last of "the old Presbyterian nobility of England."

No atmosphere could have been more stimulating to a clever boy and girl than that of Warrington, and the two Aikins were very clever, with such extraordinary precocity in Anna Lætitia's case, that she is said to have read with ease at three years of age. In her later girlhood she persuaded her father to let her study Latin in addition to the French and Italian in which she was proficient. The study, rare in the women of the last century, did nothing to diminish either her naturally lively spirit or her feminine attractions. She was a little elegant girl with a brilliant complexion, blue eyes, fair hair and fine features—of which there are traces in the medallions and silhouettes of her still in existence. Perhaps Mrs. Aikin—a strict Puritan in principle, neat, punctual and precise to a degree in practice—was right when she declared that a girl brought up in a crowd of boys must be either a hoyden or a prude, and that she should prefer her daughter to be a prude. Accordingly the mother's rule over the daughter was unbending to austerity. Certainly Anna Lætitia was not without capabilities of hoydenishness. When she was between fifteen and sixteen, lovely, witty and showing every promise of her future attainments, a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, a man of mature years, asked her in marriage from her father. The reverend and learned gentleman turned over the suitor without hesitation to the girl herself for an answer. The interview took place in the Aikins' old-fashioned garden—half orchard. The ill-matched couple could not understand each other. Anna Lætitia listened without much patience to the well-meaning, infatuated wooer's prosy arguments, declined the offer with youthful curtness and decision, and when she found the only result was his solemn renewal of his proposal, the situation became intolerable to her. In spite of her mother's lessons in decorum, she cut the audience short in a summary manner which was more boyish than ladylike. The pair were near an apple-tree, into which the little lady suddenly climbed with the greatest agility, looking down through the branches in laughing defiance at the discomfited gentleman standing gaping below. It ought to be said in conclusion that he bore no malice, and in later years was wont to sit surrounded by her books and sound her praises. Possibly he had arrived at the conclusion that, child as she was, she had been the wiser of the two in knowing what was best for both of them.

Fourteen years later, in 1773, when Anna Lætitia Aikin was in full womanhood, earnest, thoughtful and large-minded, with the strong, vital colouring of the community in which she had been reared, she brought out, at the age of twenty-nine, her first volume of poems. Though the book is almost forgotten now, it was hailed with such favour by the reading public of the day, that it passed into four editions within the year. A very gratifying circumstance, not only to the author and her family, but to the whole of the little scholastic world in which she moved a warmly admired and affectionately prized figure, in ranks singularly congenial and sympathetic.

None felt a keener interest in Anna Lætitia's literary success than did her brother John. The study of medicine was apt to be conducted at that time in a rough-and-ready apothecary fashion, but he had followed it in a more orthodox manner as became the son of a learned divine. In addition to other preparations, he had devoted to it the close attendance of two sessions at the Edinburgh University. But it formed no interruption to his life-long devotion to literature, so in the following year, 1774, the brother and sister wrote in company the volume referred to in the beginning of this paper—a collection of fugitive miscellaneous pieces. The pieces had the fervour of youth, together with the generous high-minded aspirations which distinguished everything the couple wrote. But the first joint attempt was not destined to win a tithe of the popularity which was accorded twenty years afterwards to a more modest effort on the part of the pair, to reach and influence the world through its rising generation. The Aikin race were pre-eminently teachers; though the founder of the family, who came south from Kirkcudbright, started in life as a linen-draper, his descendants took to teaching in some form, as to the career for which they were born. John diverged somewhat into the practice of medicine, but his whole soul was still steeped in the calling which enlightens and educates. He had already found leisure to publish, apart from his essays on song-writing, a translation of Tacitus' *Life of Agricola* and *A Treatise on the Manners of the Germans*. John Aikin was a fair surgeon and physician, sufficiently enterprising and ambitious to go as far as Leyden to take his medical degree, but he was still better qualified for ministering to the minds than to the bodies of his patients.

The attached, intellectual brother and sister, made to be comrades and allies, were separated for a time by their respective marriages—by that of John to the Aikins' cousin and Anna Lætitia's life-long friend, and still more by that of Anna Lætitia herself, to a young Frenchman name Rochemont Barbauld, a Nonconformist pastor and a teacher in the Warrington Academy. The last marriage occurred in the same year, 1774, which saw the publication of the young Aikins' joint work. It was an ill-omened interruption to happy studies. Barbauld, though an honourable, conscientious man, was impulsive and passionate beyond all reasonable bounds, in a manner which foreboded in some measure his sad fate. In fact, it is said, that he had already suffered from a fit of insanity, but when the grave objection was laid before the future wife, she yielded to the suggestions of romantic affection, mistaken generosity, and a strained sense of honour. She said she had already given her promise, and could not draw back and sentence an unfortunate man, more speedily and certainly as she might judge, to his doom.

The light in which the brother regarded the marriage is tolerably plain from the comments of his daughter Lucy on the subject many years afterwards. It was in all probability from her father she derived the impression that her aunt's choice was unhappily determined by the effect upon her of her mother's dry matter-of-factness and ultra strictness, and by the glamour of French sentiment, French graces and accomplishments which clung to Barbauld. He was the grandson of a Huguenot who, while a child, had been smuggled in a cask into the ship which conveyed him to England. This eccentrically introduced young *émigré* had eventually secured a share of court patronage, so that when Princess Louisa, daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline, married the Duke of Hesse-Cassel, the elder Barbauld was appointed to the post of English chaplain at Cassel. The younger Barbauld had dissented from the Episcopal Church, and on his marriage with Anna Lætitia Aikin he accepted the pastorate of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave in Suffolk. As was customary with the holders of these small "livings," he combined with his ministerial duties the establishment and maintenance of a boarding-school for boys, an undertaking in which his wife with her natural gifts, and the experience of her life at Warrington, was well fitted to assist him.

No change could have been greater for Mrs. Barbauld than the removal from intellectual, stirring Warrington, with its crowd of kindred spirits, and its Welsh and Scotch mountains not far off—to the rural stagnant solitude and tame—if rich—repose of the Suffolk neighbourhood. But so steadfast were the woman's principles, so eager her energy, so bright her temper, that she would have found ample compensation for what she had left behind in the new interests which awaited her. She would have entered upon them with all the cheerful devotion to which they were entitled, had everything not been over-clouded, from the beginning, by the terrible dread which was to haunt all her married life. As it was she did much, she kept all the school and house accounts. She took entire charge of a class of little boys. She wrote "charming lectures" on history and geography for their use. And for their benefit also, she wrote her *Hymns in Prose for Children*, widely approved of, and a far greater success than her *Poems from the Psalms*, written likewise at this period of her life. Her literary reputation raised the whole standard of the school, and caused it to flourish.

The Barbaulds had no children, but not long after their marriage they adopted Dr. John

Aikin's year-old son Charles, who is spoken of as the delight and solace of Mrs Barbauld's early married life, and the pride and comfort of her age.

When the school at Palgrave was settled on a satisfactory footing, the Barbaulds relieved their labours, and kept themselves on a level with their contemporaries, by an annual visit to London in the winter holidays. From town Mrs. Barbauld wrote lively letters to her brother telling all she was seeing and doing in the great world—describing her suppers with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Chapone—recounting her introduction to Fanny Burney, author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, whom the elder woman found an agreeable, unaffected young lady—remarking how much she was enjoying the poems of "the Scotch ploughman Burns," and pointing out those she liked best, "The Address to the Daisy," that to "The Mouse," "The Cottar's Saturday Night." She also repeated the wonders she had heard of the German astronomer Herschell, the number of stars he had discovered, and how he would sit days and nights polishing, adjusting and fixing his telescope, till his attendants had to force food upon him to prevent his perishing from exhaustion.

In 1784 Mrs. Barbauld had the great pleasure of receiving several members of her family, including her brother John, at Palgrave, though the happiness was speedily darkened by the sorrow which followed hard upon it. It is only necessary to read an account of the journey (which included this visit) to realise how difficult travelling was, even in England, a hundred years ago, and how possible it was for a son or a daughter who happened to be fixed in a more or less remote country district to be largely separated from kindred and friends. It is Lucy Aikin, Dr. John's little daughter, then three years of age, who when woman grown chronicles the hardships of the expedition from Warrington in the north-west, to Yarmouth in mid-east. A post-chaise was packed with Lucy's grandmother, her maid, Lucy's small self and a little brother. The father rode on horseback by the side of the chaise. Of all seasons it was Christmas week, and the snow lay thick on the ground. The journey took six of the short winter days. On the last night the party were met and heartily welcomed by the Barbaulds at Palgrave. There Mrs. Aikin the grandmother was left with her daughter Anna Lætitia, while John Aikin and his little son and daughter proceeded next day to their destination, Yarmouth. Alas! for the long-looked forward to family re-union; the poor old grandmother sank and died, within a few days, from the effects of the exposure to cold and fatigue which she had faced undauntedly. She was the same uncompromising disciplinarian to the last, and just as she had striven to mould her daughter Anna Lætitia on rigid lines, she styled her grand-daughter Lucy "Little Dunce" because she could not read plainly at three years.

The comparative nearness of Palgrave and Yarmouth may have influenced Dr. John in his choice of a locality to settle and practice his profession in. Doubtless the brother and sister looked forward to many meetings during which endless confabulations on ancient and modern literature, and an interesting comparison of notes on what each had achieved in the absence of the other, would have made the days pass quickly, while his presence in or within a day's distance of the scene of her work and cares would have been an unspeakable comfort to the burdened, over-wrought woman. But man proposes and God disposes. In 1785, a year after John Aikin and his family were established at Yarmouth, the Barbaulds gave up their school and his pastorate. The reason alleged was that eleven years of teaching were beginning to tell upon her health. But the real strain proceeded from his increasing eccentricity, in violent outbursts of temper and attacks of moodiness.

The couple were able to travel for nearly a year on the Continent, an immense refreshment and gratification to both husband and wife. They came to London in 1786, and Mr. Barbauld accepted the charge of a dissenting chapel in what was then the quiet little village of Hampstead on the outskirts of London. The Barbaulds' house stood on the high-road at the entrance of the village surrounded by fields, and in it the husband and wife received one or two pupils as boarders. Mrs. Barbauld thought Hampstead the pleasantest village near London. She dwelt with delight on its Mall—"a kind of terrace called 'Prospect Walk,' with views of Middlesex and Berkshire, Harrow and Windsor"—and on the road between Hampstead and Highgate lying along Lord Mansfield's fine woods, and Lord Southampton's fir-tree avenue, and tells what admirable dairy-women Lady Mansfield and Lady Southampton were. She complains a little of the number of widows and spinsters in the village, and of the long tea-drinking afternoons they loved to spend at each other's houses. But there was indemnification in the more inspiring society of Joanna Baillie and her sister, Mr. Hoare, the Carrs, etc. Joanna Baillie was one of the congregation attending Mr. Barbauld's chapel.

In 1792, six years after the Barbaulds took up their quarters at Hampstead, Dr. John Aikin removed with his family from Yarmouth to London. The Aikins' belief was that his prospects were seriously injured by the species of county boycotting he suffered, on account of the sympathy which, in common with many another sanguine spirit, he felt and expressed for the first phases of the French Revolution in its struggles for freedom and in its lofty aspirations. This intensified the offence he gave as a Nonconformist claiming for Dissenters civil privileges equal to those enjoyed by the members of the Church of England. But there was another inducement for the change. London with its publishing enterprises—then regarded as most public-spirited, not to say patriotic, its libraries, book-shops, and literary coteries, with the acknowledged fact that it was in the van of all literary progress, was a certain magnet to a man who had always preferred the pursuit of literature to any other. He had the hope that in London he could combine the practice of his profession with the indulgence of his special bent. He was still in his prime, forty-five years of age, while Mrs. Barbauld was forty-nine years.

Shortly after Dr. John Aikin's migration to London the brother and sister set about their well-known work, *Evenings at Home*. Many a ride and drive, in time to appear a privileged guest at early dinners and late suppers, in London or out at Hampstead, many a special messenger, many a call for extraordinary services from the post were the result. The idea, whether due to the brother or the sister, was a good one. It was that of engaging boys and girls in an interested investigation of the objects of nature (the trees, the plants, the animal kingdom), of the first steps of science, and of the pure ethics fitted for the comprehension of such young students, in a set of bright entertaining studies—excellent in moral tone, with an occasional admission of graceful allegory and quaint fiction into the scheme—the whole supposed to occupy the evenings at home of a happy, intelligent family circle. The plan of the book may sound simplicity itself to the uninitiated reader, but to carry it out with the perfection of good sense, tact, and taste, as it was done in *Evenings at Home*, was no small feat of its kind. Mrs. Barbauld's home with its abiding shadow, and with only the presence of young Charles Aikin to represent the young life of the generation, could not furnish an example of such a circle. But Dr. John's household was the exact model of what he sought to picture. His sons were fine, clever lads, who lived to be honourable, diligent, and useful men, more or less distinguished, like their father. His only daughter Lucy—the "Little Dunce" in her severe grandmother's estimation, followed closely, to her father's extreme satisfaction, in the steps of her Aunt Anna Lætitia, though with all Lucy Aikin's spirit, intelligence, and industry she just missed the spark of genius which lent a special fascination to the elder woman. At six, rosy-cheeked, chattering Lucy had refreshed her father's memory when she heard him wondering at the dinner-table whether Cadmus lived before or after the Trojan war, by joining in the conversation, and telling what she had heard her brother read in Pope's Homer's Iliad. Lucy was now a girl of eleven, and was being carefully trained, as her aunt had been, in good French, Italian and Latin, in addition to her English studies in history and literature.

In 1797 Lucy Aikin, who must have appeared to her aunt a curiously interesting, half-amusing reproduction of herself, made her first literary venture while still only in her seventeenth year, in a translation of the *Adventures of Rolando*.

In the following year, 1798, six years after he had settled in London, Dr. John Aikin took up his residence at Stoke Newington. It was then a village as rural and almost as pretty as Hampstead. Lucy Aikin calls it the Elysian Fields of the Nonconformists, for the names of Isaac Watts and Daniel Defoe, who had in turn made it their sanctuary, were closely associated with it.

John Aikin and Anna Lætitia Barbauld, now well advanced in middle life, had a great desire to end their days, as they had begun them, in near neighbourhood and constant companionship. He expresses the longing very tenderly in a poem which contains the following four lines:—

> "Yet one dear wish still struggles in my
> breast,
> And points one darling object unpossessed.
> * * * *
> When evening bids each busy task be o'er,
> Once let us meet again to part no more."

Accordingly four years afterwards, in 1802, the brother and sister were reunited, and their re-union lasted for twenty more years. The Aikins and Barbaulds occupied houses in Stoke Newington in close proximity to each other, with adjoining gardens. Mr. Barbauld was still sufficiently well and sufficiently fit for ministerial duties to be able to exchange his pastorate at Hampstead for a similar charge at Newington Green.

Dark days were coming for poor Mrs. Barbauld; Rochemont Barbauld's long smouldering malady came to a crisis and ended in acute and incurable mania. He was placed under restraint, from which he escaped only for his body to be found in the New River. So in 1808 Mrs. Barbauld was left a widow after more than thirty years of married life. Her critical essays, and editorial work, and her longest, most elaborate poem, called "1811," are forgotten, but her share in *Evenings at Home* and her lovely poem "Life" will save her name from oblivion.

Dr. John Aikin died at Stoke Newington in 1822 at the age of seventy-five. His sister survived him two years, living to be eighty-one years of age; she was buried beside her brother in his family vault. Lucy Aikin, the last survivor of the literary group, died at Hampstead in 1864 in her eighty-third year. Her best work is the *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*.

My voice is unmanageable. No one but Amy would endure it for a moment."

"Oh, well," said she, absently, "he enjoys singing, you know, Miss Ruth, but come upstairs. The dog does not like it, but really we can't consider his feelings, and my nerves are so strong——"

She babbled on quite unconscious of the unflattering picture her words conveyed, and then opened a door at the head of the stairs and ushered Ruth into a charming little room under the eaves, where she begged her to rest a little, while she excused herself under plea of having to look after the small maid who was setting the dinner.

Ruth seated herself by the window, pushing aside the intrusive roses in order to look out at the village street. But it must be confessed that she saw nothing of the view, for she was struggling to collect her thoughts, and master the depression which followed Dr. Seth's dispassionate view of her "future Eldorado."

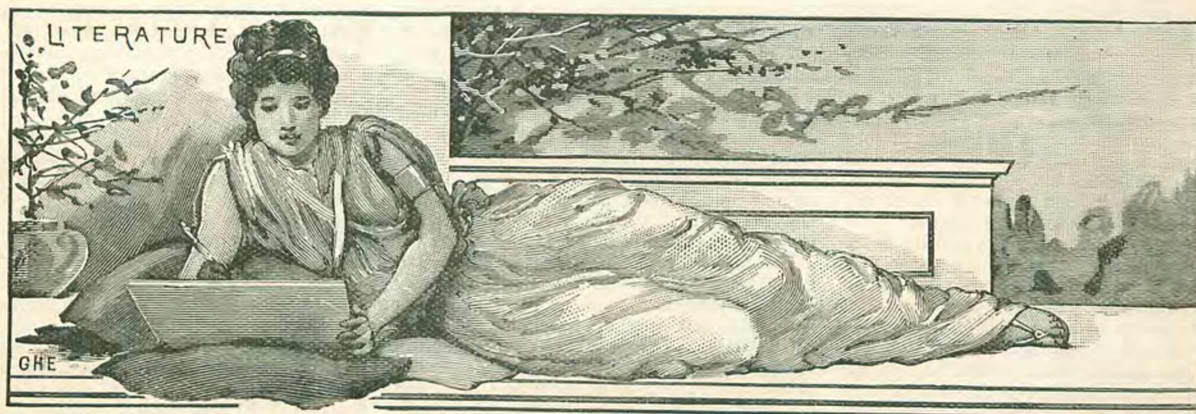
"If he decides the Marsh is not worth enclosing, what then?" she asked herself.

Downstairs Dr. Seth was burrowing in his library, and emerged with a pile of pamphlets in his hands. Some of these he brought to the dinner-table, reading extracts for the benefit of Ruth as he absorbed his mid-day meal. From these paragraphs Ruth took courage; what had been done successfully elsewhere might surely be done here, but the sage would not allow even so much as a premise.

"Everything depends on the cost," said he, "and only experiment will determine that point. Surmise on the subject is absolutely useless."

He then disappeared, leaving Ruth to his sister, who took the visitor into the garden, and being a rabid horticulturist, enlarged upon her own methods of procedure to modest Ruth, sending her home with a store of new ideas, which, worked out, helped to swell the slender purse of the Marphell family in the near future.

(*To be continued.*)



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PART II.

JANE PORTER, ANNA MARIA PORTER, AND SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

The two distinguished sisters and the better-known of their brothers were all born at Durham—Robert in 1775, Jane in 1776, and Anna Maria, five years her sister's junior, in 1781, only a few months before the death of their father. He was a surgeon in a dragoon regiment, a cadet of an old family which included among its members a Porter who fought at Agincourt. The surgeon married a Durham lady named Adamson. By her husband's death Mrs. Porter, a beautiful and admirable woman, was left in reduced circumstances. Her elder sons (one of whom died in childhood, while the other studied medicine like his father, and settled in Bristol) were adopted by her relatives, and she went to Edinburgh for the better and cheaper education of her three younger children, possibly also to be near influential Scotch connections of the family.

The Porters dwelt close to the meadows, where the children played. The school to which they were sent was in Niddry Wynd, and was kept by a Mr. Fulton, of dictionary celebrity. There Anna Maria, who seems to have been a charming child in more respects than in the facility with which she learnt anything that came within her reach, flourished as an infant phenomenon. She went to school at four years of age, and at five years read Shakespeare, not only with correctness, but with expression and point. On the memorable occasion of an examination which the small prodigy attended, she was declared the dux of a class—most heterogeneous as to age, to the extreme mortification of some of her class-mates, girls of sixteen years. This early promotion was a dangerous test, and though it did not injure the sweet, lovable nature of the child, it bore its evil fruits in time to come, by causing the girl's premature appearance in print, which the woman inevitably deplored, and probably by helping to confirm her life-long delicate health.

Mrs. Porter, who was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's mother, used to take her little girl to the Scotts' house in George Square. Young Walter Scott was then a big boy of fourteen or fifteen, a university student, and articled to his father, the Writer to the Signet. The future novelist was high-spirited and mischievous, besides being remarkably vigorous, in spite of his lameness. After the manner of such boys he was a terror to the small child from his practice of figuring as an ogre, pursuing her with out-spread hands, clutching her by the slim ankles, and swinging her up to a seat upon his shoulder. She was always slight and fragile, and must have been the tiniest of sylphs when the great boy, Walter, gave her these rough tokens of his regard. The experience was recalled and dwelt upon with much amusement long afterwards when the man and woman were both famous, though on widely different heights, in the world of letters. After all, the little girl's fright was, doubtless, largely composed of the half fictitious, fascinated alarm which highly imaginative children enjoy in the middle of their screaming protest. For, notwithstanding the chronic feud on one point, the lad and child were fast friends on all others, with a curious amount of common interests. When the romping play was over, she sat on his knee while he told her (lucky little Anna Maria!) choice stories of warlocks and fairies, or such piteous tragedies as those of the little son of the Laird of Towie, smothered in the reek of the burning of Towie by the cruel Edom o' Gordon, or of the bonnie boy, Hugh of Lincoln, enticed from his play by the Jew's false daughter, that he might be offered up as a sacrifice in room of the paschal lamb.

The Porters went to London in 1790, when Robert was fifteen, Jane fourteen, and Anna Maria nine years of age; but before settling down in their new quarters, they paid a visit to their father's kindred in Ireland, and they stayed for some months in a cathedral town (apparently Durham) in the North of England. There they were on friendly terms with a venerable bishop, to whose library the clever trio—still little more than children—had free access. Robert copied the illuminations in such missals, and the engravings in such illustrated books as he could find. Jane and Anna Maria pored over old chronicles, which they delighted in, mastering for their sake the difficulties of black letter.* There too, the youthful students found a still more congenial study in "The Fairy Queen," with which they then made their first acquaintance. The little group amidst the picturesque surroundings of their favourite resort must have formed a pretty picture in themselves.

* It is strange that, having gone so early to the quaint and homely if somewhat fantastic fountain-head of history, they should have shown themselves so destitute of realism and of fidelity to human nature in their historical novels.

Northcote the painter—afterwards a friend of the family—thought so, for he executed a fancy sketch of a Gothic chamber with its huge tomes, and the three absorbed young people for its occupants.

In London Robert was placed, according to the royal and aristocratic proclivities of the Porters, in the studio of the American, Benjamin West. He held the post of court-painter, and in 1792 was elected president of the Royal Academy in the room of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who died the same year. After West—an upright and kindly man—who painted history by the yard for the palaces, the contemporary painter most likely to have influenced the lad was another American, Copley, whose "Death of Major Pierson" formed a pendant to West's "Death of Wolfe."

Robert was a diligent and only too faithful pupil of the master whose gifts as a painter were limited. The two men resembled each other in many respects. Both were dutiful, upright and amiable, but unfortunately young Porter lacked the patience and prudence which, crowned by George III.'s favour, raised West to eminence in his profession. However, the little household of women to which Robert belonged, in which he was the kindest of sons and brothers, naturally endowed him with every quality which he did not possess, entertained the highest hopes for him, and took the deepest interest in his success.

The wonderful but ominous precocity of the young Porters was still in the ascendant. In 1792, while Robert was yet in Benjamin West's studio, and not more than seventeen years of age, his talents and modesty were so conspicuous as to procure for him, with the aid of the friendly interest exercised on his behalf, the gratifying if perilous commission to paint "Moses and Aaron" for Shoreditch Church. In 1793, when Anna Maria was thirteen years of age, the first of two volumes written by her, and called with reason *Artless Tales* was published. In the following year, 1794, the daring young painter presented to the Roman Catholic Church at Portsea an altar-piece representing "Christ Stilling the Storm."

In 1795, a second volume of *Artless Tales* by Anna Maria Porter was published. In 1797 Robert painted and presented to St. John's College, Cambridge, his "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," and began his huge undertaking, "The Storming of Seringapatam," the canvas for which was a hundred and twenty feet in length.

To do him justice, the picture was not executed as has been said with the arrogant and reckless rapidity of a six weeks' task. It occupied over two years, and he was twenty-five when it was completed and publicly exhibited in the Lyceum great room, an event of supreme importance to the painter and his family. The exhibition proved a failure, but the indefatigable young painter was not easily daunted. He painted four more battle pictures, some of them on the same colossal scale. "The Siege of Acre," "The Battle of Agincourt," "The Battle of Alexandria," and the "Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie." But alas! there were no more commissions like that of the "Moses and Aaron." For lack of a purchaser "Agincourt" was presented by the painter to the City of London, and the picture was hung in the Guildhall, where it remained for some time. "Seringapatam," the object of so many soaring hopes and loving anticipations, was accidentally burnt in a friend's warehouse where it had been deposited. Perhaps to the person most concerned, grown older and wiser, thus to get rid summarily and effectually, by no act of his own, of his hundred yards of spoiled canvas was not without a consolatory sense of relief; but the women of the household, with their affectionate constancy, were not likely to regard the destruction in the same philosophic light.

A great triumph was awaiting the family though it did not come from the boy-painter, or the child-author, but through the least precocious of Mrs. Porter's children, Jane, who was twenty-six years of age when she brought out her famous novel *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. She has herself given an account, in one of the prefaces to the innumerable editions into which it has passed, of the influence under which it was written.

The exciting contemporary events of the French Revolution, the fall of Poland and the English victories in Egypt were constantly discussed in the family. The sisters could not go for their daily walk in St. James's Park without encountering refugees of various nationalities, forcible and pathetic signs of the great historical dramas which were being enacted all around them. One figure made an indelible impression on Jane's imagination. It was that of an elderly man in a thread-bare Polish uniform, his whole aspect, to her mind, full of dignity and resignation. The book suited the temper of the times; besides, in spite of many and great defects, its romantic exaggeration, high-flown language, total absence of local colouring, and what is still more serious its lack of ordinary human nature, it is really a novel of considerable interest and pathos, not to say of elevated morality. The book was not only a success, it was a success immediate and complete.

Presently Robert's clouded fortunes began to brighten. He was invited by the Emperor of all the Russias to repair to St. Petersburgh with the prospect of becoming historical court-painter. Russia was a remote country in those days, and the flattering request threatened a break-up of the little family, and a separation between the women and the only man of their household; but the mother and sisters soon had the delight of hearing that Robert was engaged in painting in the Admiralty Hall of St. Petersburgh, "Peter the Great planning the port of Cronstadt." Further, that he had wooed and won the heart of no humbler maiden than Princess Marie, daughter of the Russian Prince Theodore Sherbotoff, and that not only the prince—the emperor himself had consented to the marriage.

When Robert left them, about 1804, Mrs. Porter and her daughters had quitted the town for the country, which they preferred. The neighbourhood of London held still many quiet rural villages, and the Porters' choice, no doubt influenced by their historical and romantic tastes, fell on Thames Ditton,* opposite Hampton Court.

In 1807 Anna Maria, stimulated by her sister's achievement, dug nearer the historic vein which Jane had struck, and worked it also with profit and honour. She brought out *The Hungarian Brothers*, the first of her novels which approached Jane's in merit and success.

In the same year Robert was created a knight of the order of St. Joachim of Wurtemburg, and Jane was elected a canoness of the Teutonic order, and had its gold cross sent to her.† She had already received a letter of thanks from Kosciusko for her championship of his country and cause, and from one of his followers she had the gift of his portrait.

The unwonted brightness of Robert's fortunes was soon overclouded. "Ministerial differences," it was said in solemnly big words, as if he had been a prince of the blood at least, caused him to resign or to be requested to resign his post, while his marriage was broken off. He returned to England in 1808, his sole gain from his stay abroad being the materials for his first essay in authorship. Like his sisters, he had been early accustomed to write, but unlike them, he seemed to have no special literary bent. His qualifications for the task he undertook were principally his acquaintance with countries little known then, and his power of illustrating his travels by his sketches. His first book, *Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden*, was well received, and its favourable reception confirmed him both in his love of travel and in his new vocation of authorship. In the same year Robert in the character of a volunteer accompanied Sir John Moore's expedition to Spain. It is not difficult to imagine how the kind hearts in the peaceful home at Thames Ditton ached and quaked when the first dismal rumours of the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and the death of Moore reached London. But Robert returned in safety, and made practical use of his share in the expedition, by publishing, anonymously, a few of his eagerly watched for letters, written from Spain to the members of his family in England.

Neither Jane nor Anna Maria had been idle during his absence. They had soothed their anxiety by writing books which added to their reputation and largely increased the modest income of the household. In 1809, when Jane was thirty-four and Anna Maria twenty-nine years of age, the elder sister brought out *The Scottish Chiefs*, and the younger, *Don Sebastian*. *The Scottish Chiefs* had all the worst defects of its predecessor. There was an entire misrepresentation of the social life of the period; the most exaggerated sentimentality with heroes and villains in dazzling light and deepest darkness, withal, there were enough dramatic situations treated with sufficient high-flown eloquence to make the book extremely acceptable to the numerous admirers of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. Anna Maria Porter's novel of *Don Sebastian* was reckoned her best piece of work, and has been described as having a well-conceived plot and being full of interest. It is one of the three books out of the fifty she is reported to have written, of which some pleasant recollection survives.

In 1801, when Robert Ker Porter was thirty-six years of age, another gleam of sunshine lit up his chequered career. An account of it is preserved in a letter of Jane Porter's which is still extant. She writes she thanked Heaven that he had received the most gracious of all passports from the Emperor Alexander, "to take him immediately to the feet of his illustrious bride." He had hastened to obey the summons, and when peace was established between the two countries, his sister trusted that England would be the home of the newly-wedded pair. This hope was never fulfilled. Robert was back in England two years afterwards in the year succeeding the great Peninsular victories, when he published an account of the Russian campaign, and received from the Prince-Regent the honour of knighthood; but there is no sign that the Princess Marie accompanied her husband, or for that matter that she ever made the acquaintance of his mother and sisters. A daughter, brought up by her mother in Russia, was the only child of this marriage. In the course of the next six or seven years, Sir Robert set out on his second course of travel which carried him as far as Persia. His journal, enriched with many graphic sketches of sculpture, people and costumes, was published in 1822, and was a valuable contribution to the knowledge of countries then little visited.

The Porters removed from Thames Ditton to Esher with the hope of benefiting the

* The house the little family occupied was still in existence lately and was pointed out to visitors. It was the most unpretentious of cottages, wonderfully small according to modern needs.

† She was afterwards painted by her brother Robert in the dress of the Order.

health of Mrs. Porter and her younger daughter, and another decade of peaceful, prosperous industry was spent by them there. The only literary failures of the sisters were in poetry, and in a tragedy called *Switzerland* which Jane wrote. It saw the light at Drury Lane, with Charles Kean in the chief character, but was at once condemned.

None of the later books written by Jane and Anna Maria Porter attained the popularity of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Hungarian Brothers*, and *Don Sebastian*. Not even royal patronage in the case of Jane's novel, *Duke Christian of Luneburgh*, for which George IV., an admirer of her work, supplied the materials from family papers, could persuade the public to place the book in the rank of their earlier favourites.

One more worthy feat of authorship remained to each sister. In 1831 Jane was fifty-five, Anna Maria fifty years of age and in very feeble health. Sir Robert with his warm domestic affections, and quick intellectual sympathies was undergoing his fifteen years of exile as British Consul at Venezuela. Mrs. Porter was far advanced in age and near her end, yet the pair of indefatigable authors made a new departure in literature with fresh ability and zest. Jane, under the disguise of an editress, published *Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea, etc., etc., from the years* 1733 *to* 1749. In complete contrast to her former practice she kept up the style of the time, and copied the history and manners of the period with sufficient closeness to bewilder critics, until they had recourse to the desperate expedient of searching the Admiralty records and charts to discover whether, after all, the narrative might not be genuine, and Miss Porter in earnest in her office of editress.

In the same year, Anna Maria brought out her first mature attempt at a novel of domestic and social life, with the period just a little removed from her own. In this book, *Honor O'Hara*, the author showed unsuspected powers of delicate character-drawing and gentle humour.

Mrs. Porter died of influenza in the summer of 1831. Her tombstone at Esher bears the brief but pregnant inscription, "Here lies Jane Porter, a Christian widow." In the following summer of 1832 the sisters went to Bristol, where their brother, Dr. William Porter, had settled. There Anna Maria was seized with typhus fever, of which she died. Her death only preceded by a few months that of her old playfellow and life-long friend, Sir Walter Scott.

The loss of her sister was a grievous blow to Jane Porter. She did not take up house again, but became, as she said pathetically, "a wanderer," paying long visits to her many friends. Though she survived Anna Maria nearly twenty years, she never resumed what had been their life work. The pen of the busy novelist was thenceforth idle.

In 1841 Sir Robert Ker Porter, then sixty-six years of age, got leave of absence from his post in order to re-visit Europe. He is said to have gone first to Russia to see his daughter, and then to have taken his passage in a steamer to England. But on his return from attending Court to pay his respects to the Emperor, he was seized with apoplexy of which he died in the course of a few hours.

Jane Porter spent her last years in Bristol in the house of her brother William. She died in March, 1850, when she was seventy-four years of age.

Jane and Anna Maria Porter were gifted women who cultivated their gifts sedulously, while the owners of the gifts came in contact with most of the famous persons and with much of the highest intelligence of the generation. The pair were good, kind, and religious, modest in success and patient in defeat. Robert Ker Porter was neither soured nor driven desperate by trying reverses and heavy misfortunes. He was as truly manly as his sisters were womanly. In a life of risk, exposure, and protracted exile he shared their reverent spirit and their dutifulness, while he retained the same gentle dignity, sweetness, and cheerfulness of temper.

THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING.

A VOCALIST'S COMPLAINT.

How is it that a good amateur accompanist is found so rarely at the ordinary provincial concert. And would not this want be avoided if only some of those who do undertake this oftentimes ungrateful task, would try to find out a little of what is expected from them, and make a further study of what is really a most important branch of the art of music?

It is essential to the comfort of the vocalist to be perfectly at home with his accompanist and what more trying to his nerves than when he feels the man at the piano is unequal to his task and may at any moment do something that will upset the equilibrium of his song.

Firstly, many amateur accompanists have that irritating, though perhaps well-intentioned habit of giving the note. This is kindly meant, no doubt, and done with the idea of inspiring a little confidence and encouragement in the start, but a humiliation almost pathetic to an experienced vocalist not requiring such help. A little discrimination so far might be adopted with tact.

Then he frequently objects to following the vocalist, much preferring to take the lead himself, and appears both surprised and injured if the singer is irritated because his accompanist is half a bar ahead or behind him, or when he will play chords in the wrong place, to say nothing of wrong notes, or an unexpected transition into a fresh key unindicated by composer, and far from any desire of the vocalist. If a passage is distinctly marked *piano*, he will play it *forte*, and the double *piano* bars, where the vocalist had cherished a fond hope of creating an impression with his *mezza voce* singing, are characterised by a rising *crescendo*.

He is equally oblivious to such directions as *Ad lib.*, *colla voce*, *animato* or *accelerando*, invariably keeping up when not necessary a conscientious well-marked *tempo*, thus circumventing any intention the singer may have indulged in of expression or dramatic effect.

But even when the common rules are observed, and there is not so much to grumble at, how few people are perfectly satisfactory as accompanists; and surely this will remain so as long as the majority of people will regard this most important branch as a subordinate item, and imagine when the mere mechanical difficulties of an accompaniment are mastered, that all is done.

There is plenty of scope for display in the beautiful accompaniments of many songs, especially those by Schubert, Schumann, etc., in which singer and pianist have equally important parts; but the vocalist must have the sympathy of his accompanist, and if he is not in sympathy with vocal music, and too indifferent to interest himself in the singer's part as well as his own, it remains impossible to get that good understanding which must exist between each performer to enable them to arrive at a perfect *ensemble*.

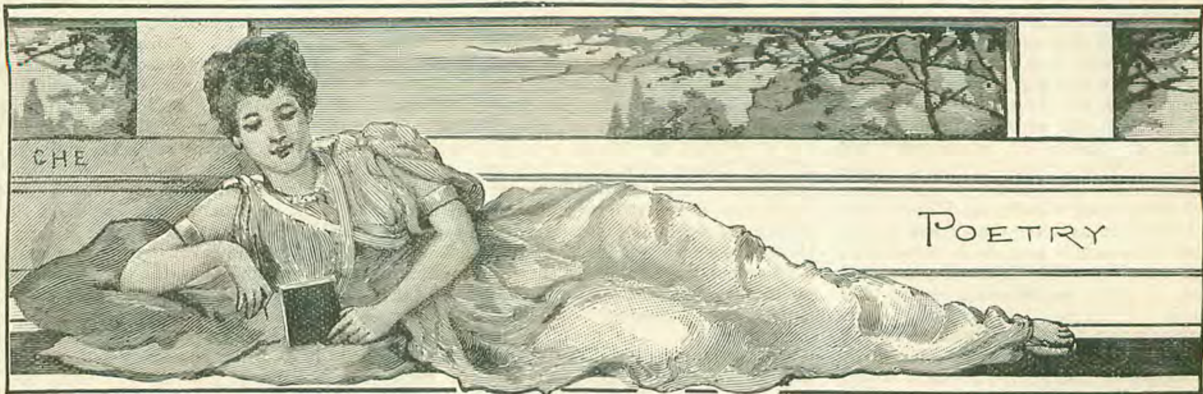
Accompanying is an art of itself, and must be cultivated as such, but it evidently comes much easier to some than to others, who are perhaps to the manner born and possess the gift like any other talent. It is a natural instinct which enables them to distinguish quickly individuality of style in another, and with a ready artistic sympathy possess themselves of it, so that they can at once comprehend what is required of them towards conveying the desired impression to the audience.

A good accompanist should be possessed of a light, firm, and sympathetic touch and have his nerves under perfect control, as if he wishes to succeed it is an indispensable qualification not to be a dreamer, but be ever ready and on the alert for any emergency that may occur; for not unfrequently very strange things do happen on a public platform, which a clever accompanist can prevent being made noticeable to the audience if he has the ready wit at his command.

It is necessary for a thoroughly reliable accompanist to be a quick reader at sight, to be able to transpose and have some knowledge of modulation; in the former instance, especially, he may constantly be called upon to alter the key of a song when a piano is found either too low or too high for a singer, and it is much safer in any case to transpose from a given copy than to play from a very imperfectly written out one.

A successful accompanist is generally a born artiste, and should be honoured as such, and considered as one of the most important personages in the arrangement of a concert, as he certainly is, for, is he not the pivot upon which the general success revolves, and his hands the wheels without which the machine cannot be made to go?

K. G.



LITERARY HOUSEHOLDS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, AND THOMAS DAY.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, whose life and letters * have just been given to the public, was a bright, benevolent little Irishwoman, whose vivacity, shrewdness and common-sense, in their quintessence, reached the fine point of genius. She was born in 1767 (a hundred and twenty-eight years ago) at Black Bourton, the house of her Oxfordshire grandfather. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was the squire of Edgeworthstown in Longford, Ireland. He was a remarkably clever, ingenious and public-spirited man, full of schemes for the good of his fellow-creatures. He was the friend and correspondent of most of the great inventors, literary men, and philanthropists of his time. He married four times—Maria having been one of the four children of his first wife. He was the father of twenty-two children in all, eight of whom, however, died before him.

The big, hospitable country house of Edgeworthstown, with its fine lawn and old avenue, was always brimming over with children at all stages, kindred in a remote degree, friends and retainers. The fourth Mrs. Edgeworth was Maria's contemporary and friend, and the clever illustrator of some of her books. Maria was thirty-one at the date of the marriage. Frances Beaufort, daughter of the Vicar of Collen, who was destined to be the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth, was somewhat her step-daughter's junior. Mr. Edgeworth was Miss Beaufort's father's friend, and had been present, in the character of a grown-up man, at the baptism, in babyhood, of his future wife. With every probability against domestic happiness, except what might be drawn from the excellent principles, loyal tempers, and kind hearts of the two women, the singular harmony of what was already a great household continued undisturbed. Nothing could exceed Maria Edgeworth's esteem and affection for her young step-mother, whose six children formed one of the chief sources of interest and pleasure in their maiden sister's later years. Maria's tender regard for Mrs. Edgeworth is constantly expressed in her letters, while her last wish for herself was that she might die at home, and that her step-mother might be still near her.

The little Maria was at school near Derby, at Bath, and finally (in 1780), when she was thirteen, in London, where she had good masters. There she first began to exercise her talents in fiction, not only by inventing stories for the amusement of her companions, but by writing, at her much-loved father's prompting, little stories which she submitted to him for criticism and correction. Maria had another affectionate tutor in her father's friend Thomas Day, at whose country house she spent many of her holidays. Thomas Day deserves a special notice as Maria Edgeworth's worthy discriminating guide, second only to her father, in deciding the peculiar bent which her literary faculties took. Still, as in the case of Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. John Aikin, the education of children formed, with reason, an object of the deepest solicitude to the more intellectual minds of the day. The impetus given by Rousseau and Madame de Genlis had not exhausted itself. The Edgeworths, father and daughter, and their friend Thomas Day aspired to nothing higher than to the development and training of the dawning faculties of the generation which was to succeed theirs. In time Maria extended her horizon, and addressed her efforts to the moral and mental instruction and satisfaction of a more mature audience, but she never for a moment undervalued or placed on a lower level her writings for the young. Thomas Day also contributed to the good work. He wrote his *Sandford and Merton* for the benefit of boys. The book is didactic in the extreme. It is the fashion to call its characters the priggiest of prigs; but their cheerful interest in everyday things, their carefully inculcated habit of close observation applied to the work-a-day world around them, were traits which were in themselves invaluable. When it comes to a question of "Eyes and no eyes," of pleased intelligent acquaintance with the history of every familiar object, the way-side weed, the pebble in the brook, the bird in the hedge-row, the cloud in the sky, it is more than doubtful whether the modern boy careering along on his bicycle, full of the last thrilling volume of Henty or of Ballantyne transporting him to the North Pole, or the islands of the Pacific, the wars of the Middle Ages, or the Zulu Campaign, can match with his humble predecessor as he trudged along muddy cart-tracks, bent on mastering the fauna and flora of his native fields.

The happy life of the family at Edgeworthstown was varied by long visits of many months' duration to England, when Mr. Edgeworth rented houses chiefly in the neighbourhood of Clifton.

At not more than fifteen years of age, Maria was entrusted with the arduous task of taking the whole brood of young brothers and sisters across St. George's Channel to join their parents. Already she had "mothered" the juvenile party in the absence of the father and mother from Edgeworthstown. True, her inexperience had the support of the two maiden aunts, "Mistress Mary," and "Mistress Charlotte Sneyd," who were members of the huge family, and were as truly "Aunt Mary" and "Aunt Charlotte" to the children of Anna Maria Ellers and Frances Beaufort, as they were to those of Honoria and Elizabeth Sneyd. But it was only Maria who could keep the small crowd in order by writing out and reading aloud, for their benefit, stories which were destined to be widely known.

As Maria Edgeworth grew up, she presented herself to the world in the shape of a little woman with tiny hands and feet. She was thin and pale, and by no means beautiful; she regarded herself as very plain. But her irregular features (and I believe also her swarthy complexion) were lost sight of in the constant play of mind and heart in her eager, interested, winning face. As a talker she was unrivalled in natural eloquence and the gift of witty repartee. Her habits as an author were simple and easy, she sought no retirement. Like her famous contemporary, Jane Austen, she wrote in the family sitting-room, the library in this instance, in the middle of all that was going on in the household. Her solitary attempt at privacy, was that she had her own little table and desk, made for her by her father, placed by the fire in winter, and in a window or in some other favourite corner, in summer.

Maria Edgeworth's first published piece of work was, *Letters to Literary Ladies*, an anticipation of all the later efforts for the higher education of women. The little book came out in 1795, when Maria was twenty-eight years of age. There was no attempt either to parade or to conceal the authorship. Maria Edgeworth wrote much as the bird sings, to express a necessity of her being, to do good and to please her father. Nothing could exceed her admiration of his talents and her reverence for his judgment. To the last of their life together she submitted, in outline, every tale she wrote (unless when she sought to provide him with a welcome surprise) to his literary taste, and deferred implicitly to his opinion. If his corrections and emendations were not always an improvement, she never saw it.

The *Letters*, etc., etc., were soon followed by the *Parents' Assistant*, with which she incorporated her earlier stories to the edification and delight of innumerable nurseries and school-rooms. To this day, old ladies' eyes will brighten at the mention of *Frank and Rosamond, Harry and Lucy, The Purple Jar, Lazy Laurence, Simple Susan*."

In *Practical Education*, which came after the *Parents' Assistant*, Maria Edgeworth

* *Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare.

worked along with her father, a union in authorship which she declared with fervour was the "joy and pride of her life."

Apart from their high moral standard, a marked feature in Maria Edgeworth's writings for young people, was the prominence given—as in Mrs. Barbauld, and Dr. John Aikin's *Evenings at Home*—to mechanics and chemistry. It was strongly illustrative of the habitual life in the Irish country house, where physical science and mechanical inventions proved irresistible attractions to old and young. Sometimes the family bent took a ludicrous shape, as when one of the Aunt Sneyds pasted a version of the constellations inside her umbrella!

A variety in the devotion to books, scientific instruments, and chemicals, was created by the production of small plays, of which Maria was usually the author, in which the great household, from its head to its youngest member, played their parts with unaffected spirit and keen enjoyment.

An alarming interruption to the peace and prosperity of Edgeworthstown was occasioned by the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when Maria was a little over thirty years of age. The rebels with their French allies were so near Edgeworthstown—which they threatened to attack and plunder, since Mr. Edgeworth, as a matter of course, was on the side of the government and order—that the family had to take refuge in the nearest friendly inn, in a friendly town, where regular troops were quartered; but soon afterwards the insurgents were defeated, and the storm blew over. A stranded gun, a dead horse or two, and one slain man were all that the women of the family saw of civil war.

I would call attention here to a peculiarity of the Edgeworths which belonged to the generation. In their frankness and friendliness they were in direct contrast to their successors, curiously reticent with regard to their deeper feelings. In the letters before us—animated and familiar as they are—written, many of them, to various members of the family, we are always sensible that it is little more than the surface of life which is offered to us. Dignified self-respect and modest delicacy, as the restraint would have been called then, forbade the pen to deal with deeper subjects where personal feelings were in question. The absence of nearly every direct reference to religion as a ruling principle in life, has been commented on and condemned in the verdict on Maria Edgeworth's work, yet she never wrote of what she conceived to be real religion, or of its sincere professors, without expressing herself with the greatest respect and approbation. Almost the same fault may be found with Jane Austen's stories, while she was a clergyman's daughter, known to be a reverent Christian, and a faithful member of her church. She, too, abstained rigorously from handling the deeper springs of human nature, and from approaching the ruling influences of the soul. She has made the world richer in wit and wisdom, and in much innocent laughter, but I do not know that a single tear has been shed over the books which enchanted Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay, Archbishop Whateley, and Archbishop Tait. The many bereavements, which, in the course of years, inevitably cut down the Edgeworth family, included every pathetic loss which humanity could encounter: loving mothers in their youth and maturity, little children, young men in their early manhood, and their prime, the charming girl, Honoria, aged fifteen, the beautiful young woman, Charlotte, the dearly held head of the house. Yet these deaths are briefly alluded to, never dwelt upon, and rarely recalled in speech or writing.

"Irish bulls," as well as "practical education" belonged to both father and daughter, while Maria went on to write, on her own account, *Moral Tales*, *Belinda*, *Castle Rack-Rent*, etc., etc. In all these stories the tone was pure and honest. They were distinguished by much thoughtfulness and considerable brilliance, while those which like *Castle Rack-Rent*, *The Absentee*, etc., dealt with the Irish life she knew so well, were full of Irish drollery.

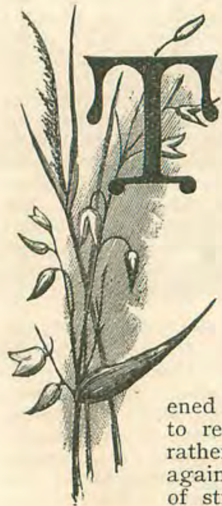
(*To be continued.*)

HER OWN WAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "Aldyth's Inheritance," "The Studio Mariano," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

SALOME FINDS A WELCOME.



The following day was oppressively hot, and Juliet felt no inclination to go abroad. Her room, being immediately below the roof, grew like an oven as the heat of the day increased; her head throbbed, the odours which rose from the kitchen sickened her, but she chose to remain in her room rather than encounter again the curious gaze of strangers. Adolphe waited upon her at mealtimes, and showed himself prompt and eager in serving her; but her appetite failed in the stifling atmosphere, and the dishes he set out with such care were left almost untasted.

How the leaden hours passed Juliet hardly knew. She could not read, she could hardly think connectedly. A kind of stupor possessed her as she lay back in the crimson-velvet chair; but every now and then sharp, clear visions of the past would cross her mind, stinging her into bitter consciousness of her sin and folly. Sometimes the face of the lady who had looked at her so kindly and spoken so gently would come back to her and she would ask herself where she had seen her before, or of whom it could be that the stranger reminded her.

Juliet was resting with her eyes closed when a loud, plaintive "mew" made her start, and looking up she saw a cat standing at her open window regarding her with beseeching eyes. It was a tabby, very prettily marked but thin and miserable-looking, which, forlornly wandering across the roofs, had lighted on Juliet's open window.

"Puss, puss, puss!" she called gently, fearing to frighten it. The cat looked at her doubtfully, mistrusting perhaps the foreign accents.

"*Minon, minon!*" Juliet tried next in her most ingratiating manner. The cat uttered another imploring mew.

Juliet turned to the luncheon-tray which still stood on her table, hastily put together on a plate the most appetising scraps she could find, and placed the plate on the floor just below the window. The cat hesitated only for a moment; then, apparently convinced of Juliet's kind intentions, she leaped from the window to the floor and began hungrily to devour the feast. When she had licked the plate quite clean, she proceeded to wash herself daintily. Then she sat still and looked at Juliet with such friendly eyes that the girl ventured to draw near and gently stroke pussy's head. Madame la Chatte graciously permitted the caress, and even condescended to purr. Juliet, delighted to have gained such a companion, fondled her rapturously; but when she lifted her into her lap puss resented the familiarity, struggled to get free, and as soon as she was at liberty walked to the crimson-velvet couch, leapt on to it and ensconced herself comfortably in its most remote corner. No matter. Juliet followed, seated herself by the cat's side and continued to stroke her soft head. It was wonderful how much less lonely she felt now that this feline wanderer had cast herself on her hospitality.

A little later Madame, fresh from her toilette with her hair crisply curled and coiled, and her corset tightly laced, came to pay her daily visit. She smiled as she saw the cat, and watched the interest which Juliet displayed in her. It struck her that the girl was very young and child-like, far too young to be staying without a guardian in Paris. She was devoured with curiosity concerning her, and began to question Juliet eagerly.

"Monsieur does not come, it seems," she said, "and mademoiselle has not heard from him, is it not so? Is it that he knows where mademoiselle may be found? Mademoiselle will perhaps like to write to him? Shall I bring mademoiselle the ink, and the paper and the pen?"

Juliet curtly declined the offer. Madame found her curiosity baffled at every turn. Her questions and insinuations alike failed to extract information.

"See here," said Madame at last, laying on the table a newspaper she had brought in her hand, "Mademoiselle can perhaps amuse herself with this. You see it is an English journal of yesterday. An Englishman who slept here last night left it behind him."

Juliet thanked her, and when Madame had gone she took up the paper and glanced over its columns with indifferent eyes. Suddenly she saw words which startled her, and leaning forward eagerly read the following paragraph.

managed to crawl here. He has barely an hour to live!" said the Captain. "If we are saved we shall owe our lives to his devotion, for had we left our journey but a few hours we might have been too late."

"Is there danger of our Sepoys here rising?" cried Isabel.

"There is no doubt about it; even the Colonel sees it now. I have his orders to take the European contingent at once to Nynee Tal; the bearers wait."

"It seems like an awful, awful dream," cried Elise. "I can't believe it. I will not. Captain Alwyn, tell me you are joking——"

"My dear child"—tears stood in the Captain's eyes—"it is thought best that I should go on with the party now waiting in the dusk by the gate," said he. "Our movements have been so quiet that no suspicion is aroused in the native quarters of our flight. The Colonel himself undertakes to bring you with his company an hour hence. Will my girls be brave and hear what I have to say as my farewell words?"

With strained eyes they gazed at him. He took out two revolvers from a case and gave one to each.

"I have seen to it," said he, "that you have become familiar with this weapon since you came out to India. You can handle it as well as a man. Take one, each of you, and promise me——" He paused as though the words choked him. "If at any time you fall into the hands of the Sepoys, promise me you will shoot first any helpless women and children with you, and then yourselves. Promise me!"

"It is promised," said they, as they took the revolvers and hid them in their dresses, never once taking their eyes from his face.

"Little Charley is to come with you, the Colonel will take him in his charge," said the Captain. "Now farewell, and God be with my dear children," he murmured, as he stepped out into the darkness to see to his wife's palanquin.

As in a dream the girls bid the invalid and baby good-bye. Then the bearers carried their precious burden out into the darkness, and all silently a long dark train of people moved towards the jungle.

"The Colonel will be here in an hour's time," said Dr. Pritchard, "had you not better put a few things together—your jewels for instance!"

"Shall we not dress little Charley," said Isabel; "it takes so long to wake him when he is dead asleep?"

"Do what you like about that, but do not let him talk above a whisper. If one of you could only play the piano as usual, to keep off any suspicion of a contemplated flight——"

"I will," said Elise, whose eyes burned fiercely and whose cheeks glowed with fire. She went to the piano and played wildly galops, waltzes, quadrilles. To the last day of her life Isabel could never hear dance music without a vivid remembrance of this hour of horror which seemed to turn her to stone. For it was an hour of horror to them all. Dr. Pritchard administering restoratives to the dying man, hoping to be able to take him with him to Nynee Tal even yet, occasionally went to the windows to stare blankly, aimlessly into the night.

He was consumed by an agony of fear, all the worse to bear because he could not govern it by appeal to his reason. He threw back the blinds; the intense quiet of night shamed his unrest; surely they were safe for one hour. Then this very stillness became unbearable as covering a coming horror; the awful calm preluding storm. In the sky the lowering clouds drove on before the wind, the upper boughs of the peepul quivered, the fireflies still lingered. Was it wind in the tree? Again the unreasonable spirit of fear overcame his judgment. What was this the darkness veiled from sight?

Looking out again into the night fancy depicted a sinister face, whose murderous eyes flashed on a level with his own—for one moment, the next it was gone. Could it have been fancy? He went the round of the windows which opened on to the verandah, looking to the fastenings. As he went a stealthy step kept pace with his, at one point outstepped him, and again the face rose to sight, dropping back into the darkness, as he gazed piercingly into the night.

Dr. Pritchard went back to his charges; a glance at Pat showed that he was unconscious, Elise was still at the piano, and Isabel moving softly had managed to awaken and dress her little brother.

"Dr. Pritchard," cried Elise, calling from the parlour; "the clock struck the hour some time ago."

What can have become of the Colonel?" murmured he; "I must go and see." He stepped softly on to the verandah and out into the street, it seemed to him that there was a stir in the native quarter. He walked stealthily onwards, recalled by screams of horror from the bungalow he had so lately left. Weak from long illness, his trembling limbs scarcely enabled him to reach the spot, so overpowered was he with fear for his charges, but by the time he entered the house all was again silent.

"Isabel! Elise!" he cried, frantic with horror.

There was no answer; but where was Pat, whom he had left unconscious? A groan from Charley's room caused him to rush thither; there on the ground lay a Thug, with his head fairly cloven in two parts, and Pat at the foot of the child's bed lay dying. His grand eyes looked beseechingly at the Doctor; he had something to say that must be said before the death angel sealed his lips.

"Where are they?" asked the Doctor, quick at understanding what sick people wanted to say; "you saved them, and told them to hide, but where?"

"In the jungle," came from the mutilated lips, and the eyes smiled as the brave spirit passed—— The Doctor was alone.

He staggered out of the bungalow, making every effort to command his faculties, but the fever came back upon him, and he fell unconscious not a hundred yards away. Here at dawn a Hindoo woman found him, one whom he had one day benefited. She knew the cruel work that was going on, and the fate of the Colonel and his household, and she dragged the Doctor into the bushes and hid him until consciousness returned. It was then day; and Isabel and Elise, where were they?

(To be concluded.)

LITERARY HOUSEHOLDS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART III.—*Continued.*

MARIA EDGEWORTH, RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, AND THOMAS DAY.*

R. EDGEWORTH was in the habit of making what were very like literary progresses in the company of his wife, Maria, and sometimes a younger daughter. Having crossed the sea to England, they travelled post to London, stopping not only to rest but to be entertained by, and to entertain, all the eminent persons on their way. He knew and was in friendly correspondence with everybody of note, from James Watt to Lindley Murray. In time Maria acquired the same wide circle of congenial friends, from Madame de Staël to Mrs. Inchbald. When the Edgeworths found themselves in the neighbourhood of any kindred spirits with whom, for a wonder, they were unacquainted, the travellers simply drove up to the doors of the houses occupied by these notable people and handed in the Edgeworths' cards, when the owners of the cards were received with open arms.

Possibly the happiest episode of Maria Edgeworth's life was her visit along with her father, her stepmother, and her beautiful sister Charlotte, to Paris, in 1802, during Napoleon's consulate. Mr. Edgeworth had resided for some time at Lyons, in his youth, but France, from the date of the Revolution, was largely forbidden to the English, and was, of course, entirely new to Maria. There was an element of adventure and a spice of danger in the expedition which lent it additional zest. At one time, during the visit, Mr. Edgeworth was peremptorily ordered to quit Paris, from a mistaken impression that he was the brother instead of the cousin—several times removed of the Abbé Edgeworth, who stood by Louis XVI. on the scaffold. There were also rumours of war between France and England. These hurried the Edgeworths home, not too soon, after they had been warned by various delightfully mysterious signs which passed between them and their French friends. Mr. Edgeworth wrote to prevent his second son, Lovell, from quitting Geneva, in order to join the family party in Paris. But the letter arrived too late. Young Edgeworth, like many another innocent victim of Napoleon's cruel policy, was arrested on his way through France, and detained prisoner in the country for eleven years, till peace was again proclaimed. Even this heavy misfortune did not greatly disturb the serenity of the Edgeworths, or spoil their pleasant recollections of their visit to France. They accepted the situation as they accepted every other cross in their lot, with silent resignation which, after all, was true wisdom.

In Paris Maria attended many literary and scientific *réunions*, at which she was herself a lioness. She was received into such *salons* of the old *noblesse* as still survived, and was enchanted with them. She was introduced to many celebrities, including beautiful Madame Récamier, witty Madame de Genlis, the

* *Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, edited by Augustus Hare.

patriot Kosciusko, M. Montmorenci, the Abbé Sicard, etc. But she had only a passing glimpse of Napoleon reviewing his troops. She describes him as a little thin man, pale, and with a woe-begone expression.

In Paris occurred what seems to have been the one romance of Maria Edgeworth's life. She was then thirty-five years of age, of low stature, with a *bizarre* face lit up by genius, and rendered thoroughly agreeable by the woman's unaffected humility and inexhaustible good-nature. Her conversation was charming, from the *abandon* of her enthusiasm and from her quickness of repartee.

A M. Edelcranz, Secretary to the King of Sweden, was resident for the time in Paris, as he was engaged in statesmanlike service to his sovereign, in the department of national education. He was, as might be supposed from the confidence reposed in him, a man of worth, judgment, and culture. He was presented to Maria Edgeworth, who forgot to notice his hard-featured face in the flash of his fine eyes, and the charm of his eloquent tongue, a tongue as eloquent as her own.

Presently he applied to her father for her hand in marriage. Left to decide for herself, Maria Edgeworth weighed the circumstances carefully, and gave her verdict against the suitor. She did not believe herself qualified for a court-life, and he held a post at the Swedish court. She recurred to her lack of personal beauty, and distrusted her power of retaining the passionate love she had inspired. Above all, she shrank unconquerably from breaking all her strong and tender family ties in order to go with a husband into what would have been exile to her. He, on his part, vowed that he would sacrifice everything in the world for her, save his king and country, since he conceived, rightly, that duty and honour bound him to them.

The affair came therefore to an end. Maria wrote of it to one of her aunts in the most reasonable and calm terms. Nowhere in her subsequent letters can one find the slightest sign of dissatisfaction with her life, or regret for her determination. She was always the same, bright, sensible, the reverse of preoccupied. She was the last woman in the world to pose as a love-sick damsel. But her stepmother, who knew her best, declared that Maria's affections had been really engaged where the Swede was concerned, and that it was a long time before she was quite like herself after the rupture. She wrote her novel, *Leonora*, on lines which she had reason to believe would please his taste; and to the last she could never even mention Sweden without showing herself affected by the allusion.

Mr. Edgeworth died at Edgworthstown, in 1817, when he was in his seventy-second year, to the inexpressible grief of his eldest daughter, who was then in her fifty-fourth year. She not only waited on him during his last illness with loving devotion, she wrung her own heart, nearly ruined her health, and injured her eyesight, by making a desperate effort to comply with a request of his to write her story, *Ormonde*, so that it might be read aloud to lighten the tedium of the sick-room.

Her father's death was the great blow dealt to Maria Edgeworth's happy life. It shattered her for a time. She had to leave Edgworthstown, with all its manifold cherished associations, and submit to be nursed and treated as an invalid by her attached aunt and cousins, the Ruxtons, of Black Castle.

Edgworthstown was inherited by Mr. Edgeworth's second son, Lovell, who was unmarried. He insisted on its continuing the home of his stepmother, and of his many brothers and sisters.

As soon as Maria Edgeworth's health would permit, she complied with her father's wish that she should complete his autobiography. When her task, which she executed with the utmost filial reverence, was ended, she paid a second visit to Paris, eighteen years after the first, in 1820, during the restoration of the Bourbons. She renewed many of her old intimacies, and entered into new acquaintanceships, which interested her. She had a good deal of pleasant intercourse with the Orleans family, the heads of which were destined to be the future King Louis Philippe and Queen Amélie.

But Maria Edgeworth's personal distinction and intelligent enjoyment of the scenes around her afforded her less satisfaction than did her introduction into society, after they had received the polish of travel, of her two girl-sisters, Harriet and Fanny. They went afterwards to Switzerland, and she shared their delight in the grand scenery of the Alps. She had the gratification of taking her young relatives with her on a much-prized visit to the son and daughter of Madame de Staël at Coppet.

But better than all the fine sights and famous persons was the honest, affectionate record that the Edgeworths, old and young, were very thankful, in the midst of their happy excitement, to think they were "as a family so fond of each other," and that no attractions of foreign travel, or of the brilliant men and women to whom they were introduced, who united in making much of Maria Edgeworth and her sisters, could compete with the simple charms of home and the kind familiar faces the women would find awaiting them there.

In 1823, Maria Edgeworth, in company with her sisters, Harriet and Sophia, visited Scotland, which Maria had seen once before. They had the gratification of meeting Sir Walter Scott, and of spending a fortnight with him and his family at Abbotsford. The mutual regard felt before they saw each other by the host and the principal guest ripened speedily into a cordial and lasting friendship. Never were two people better suited for a fast friendship from their simplicity, generosity, and large-heartedness, apart from the genius which they shared in common.

Sir Walter Scott returned the visit two years afterwards, when he went to Ireland with several members of his family. They stayed some days at Edgworthstown, then Maria and one of her sisters accompanied the party to Killarney.

Many more useful and happy years were still in store for Maria Edgeworth. The family chronicle went on till Fanny, Harriet, the second Sophia, Lucy, and the second Honoria had each in turn followed the example of their elder sisters Anna and Emmeline in marrying and taking flight from the old mansion-house. Several of the brothers also married and settled elsewhere. Death too continued to do its work, till the second William and Francis had passed away like Richard and Henry, cut off in their prime.

The young wives and mothers died in their turn. A host of nephews and nieces replaced the earlier generation.

Maria Edgeworth lived to see her books, those for the young especially, pass through innumerable editions. She worked at them in sequels and revisals to the end. Her latest novel, *Helen*, was published at a considerable interval after her other novels in 1833, when its author was in her sixty-seventh year. It appeared with all the prestige which attends on a new work by a successful author. Its reception, together with the judgment passed on it by the critics, showed that neither Maria Edgeworth's literary skill nor her popularity had declined. In addition to the satisfaction she derived from the knowledge of the benefits she had conferred on young people and on literature, her books brought her a substantial return in fame and fortune.

About the year 1835, when Maria Edgeworth was between sixty and seventy years of age, she spent her literary earnings and whatever worldly means she had inherited, in buying from her unmarried brother Lovell, the estate and house of Edgworthstown, which the debt he had contracted rendered him unable to retain. But mindful of his position as the head of the family, and of his generous adoption of its many younger members as his charge, on the death of their father, Lovell Edgeworth continued, by his sister Maria's express desire, ostensibly the master of the place for the few years which were left to him. In the same manner their step-mother, Mrs. Edgeworth, remained as much the mistress of the house as during her husband's lifetime. Maria was more than content to be the much-loved good fairy in the background.

Maria Edgeworth's last story, *Orlandino*, a book for young people, was written in the year of the disastrous outbreak of the potato-disease. The little volume was planned in aid of the Irish Famine Fund, to which the sum of money paid for it was a welcome contribution. The writer was then in her eightieth year.

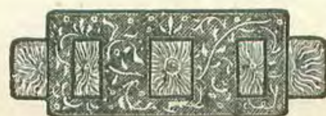
One day at the close of the month of May 1849, when Maria Edgeworth was in her eighty-third year, she went out for a drive in her usual health, but on her return she was seized with a sudden illness, and in the course of the day died as she had wished, at home, in the arms of her dear friend and step-mother who survived her sixteen years.

When Maria Edgeworth's life thus came to an end in the fulness of years and honours, one of the brightest, most generous and kindliest of women went to her rest.

Edgworthstown, with all its associations, became the property of the next surviving brother, Sneyd Edgeworth, and on his death without children, it passed to his nephew Antonio Erolis Edgeworth, son of Francis Edgeworth and a wife of foreign extraction, Rosa Florentina Erolis.

It is forty-six years since Maria Edgeworth died, and this spring of 1895 is about to see a fresh edition—what may be called an *édition de luxe*—of her novels *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, which Sir Walter Scott stated, in a preface to *Waverley*, first inspired him with the desire to do for Scotland what their author had done for Ireland.

(To be continued.)



"George and I said at once that as you seemed, for some reason or other, to have taken a dislike to the seaside——"

"It is not that I have 'taken a dislike' to it, but only that I am tired of it."

"Well, that as you are tired of it—although I must say, Vera, that I do think it is rather extraordinary, and rather ungrateful of you too, when George takes such pains to make it pleasant for both of us, and his friends come down, and we have such nice, merry teas, and all go out together afterwards—and the fireworks in Devonshire Park, too—and you know he always will pay for everybody—and then, for you to go and say you are tired of it all!"

Vera left the window and came and put her hand on her sister's shoulder. Her expression was soft and tender now, all the flash and satire had died out of it.

"I am so sorry, dear; I wish I could make you understand, Minnie. I am not ungrateful. I am not unkind and discontented as you think. But oh, if you only knew the longing, the craving"—her lips trembled—"to get away from it all"—her voice sank away to a whisper—"to get into the real solitude of mountain, sea, and sky; to look into some of the beautiful sights of which I read in books, and try to picture for myself, and dream about at nights——"

"And you thought, poor girl, your dream had really come to pass." Minnie's warm little heart was melted at once. "I do feel for you," she continued, with genuine compassion. "And we told everyone you were going to Scotland, and it sounded so grand. I said to Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox only last night, 'Vera is going to Scotland.' And Carrie Wilcox said at once, 'Is she indeed? I wish we were!' And this morning when the letter came to say that the whole plan had been abandoned, I felt as vexed as possible—you know I did. It was only afterwards I could not help remembering how nice it would be to have you again with us after all. And as George went out of the house, what do you think he said? Why, this. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good'—meaning that though you were disappointed, we should have the good of it. And I must say, Vera, though George is my husband, that I don't think there are many brothers-in-law who would have put it so nicely."

The door opened, and Vera was saved the necessity of replying. The interruption was caused by the entrance of a pretty little fair-haired girl, who by a natural instinct darted across the room straight towards the pink-silk frock already mentioned in these pages.

"It is a beauty! And Aunt Vera will see it on too, won't she?" cried the little one as, observant of former injunctions, she held her hands tightly clasped, to prevent even the tips of inquisitive fingers from handling the dainty fabric.

"Aunt Vera, aren't you glad you're going with us? You didn't ever really want to go to that nasty old Scotland, did you? Nurse says she can't think you ever really wanted to; and she doesn't believe they have bands, or niggers, or even bathing-machines in Scotland! She has never heard of it if they have, Nurse says. And they do wear such funny clothes! The men wear little short frocks just like us children! And they dance; Nurse says she has often seen them dancing in the streets! She thinks very likely some Scotch dancing-men may come to Eastbourne, and if they do, she has promised Bobby and me that we shall see them. Aunt Vera, you shall see them too; and that will be a great deal better than going to Scotland." Aunt Vera hurriedly left the room.

"Now, Minnie, I can't have you saying that again," said Minnie's mother, with a serious face, and proceeded to explain. But to herself she added, "I do hope Vera will have got over her disappointment before we start; at any rate that she won't let George suspect anything; George would be really mortified, poor fellow. He and Vera don't always hit it off, but still he thinks the world of her opinion. We must let Walter Burnley know too," mused the young wife, contentedly; "Poor Walter did look so very blank when he heard of the Scotch plan. And I must say I thought Vera need not have treated him to such a rhapsody about mountains and lakes; nor have looked at him with such contempt when he asked if they weren't 'a bit dull,' and owned he did like a 'lively place with lots going on.' Afterwards, when we told him that Vera was only romantic, it seemed to ease his mind; and he has chaffed her about being 'romantic' ever since. Walter has such spirits. No, I don't know," pondered she afresh, "whether, after all, this having to give up her Scotch trip may not be a good thing for Vera; for if she could only settle down comfortably with Walter, as I have done with George, and have a nice little house near, and go with us every year to the sea—dear me what is that?"

It was a sound, almost a cry, from the lower regions; and the cry was followed by a rush like a whirlwind into the little room. Vera, a new Vera, an illumined, irradiated creature, stammering, and almost sobbing with excitement, flung herself on her knees besides her sister's chair, and held before her eyes a telegram, exclaiming between each panting breath, "Oh, Minnie, it's true, it's true! Read it. See for yourself,"—reading, "Arranged matters, and start to night at eight. Can you go?"

"Can I go?" proceeded poor Vera, weeping, kissing, and hugging for very joy at one and the same time. "Can I go, indeed! I'm off to pack now; and within an hour a hansom will be at the door; and—and—oh, Minnie, it has come at last; my dream is to be fulfilled!"

(To be continued.)

LITERARY HOUSEHOLDS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART IV.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR WITH THEIR BROTHER ISAAC.*

THE Taylors of Ongar belonged to an artistic and literary race. Their grandfather, son of a brass-founder in Worcester, showed a talent for engraving. His sons followed his lead, while one of them was a distinguished scholar in his generation: Isaac the father of Ann, Jane and a more famous Isaac who was trained to be an engraver. At the same time he cultivated his mind with a sedulousness, stoical in its contempt for hardships and for relaxation of any kind. He married at twenty-two, and set up housekeeping in London at Islington, where his two elder children Ann, and Jane, were born in 1782 and 1783.

In 1786, Isaac Taylor's wife's delicate health induced him, though at considerable loss and inconvenience in his calling as an engraver, to settle in the country. He chose a roomy house with a large garden in the village of Lavenham, Suffolk. For the house and garden he had to pay the modest rent of six pounds a year. The communication with the outer world was by a post-cart once a day from Sudbury, and a London waggon, which passed through the village once a week.

In that very delightful book *The Autobiography of Ann Gilbert*, there is a charming description of the primitive English village-life of a century ago, and of the unpretending, intellectual household, with its literary tastes and Puritan habits.

As a matter of course, the children were taught by their parents, the mother instructing girls and boys in reading and the catechism, and the girls in needle-work; the father, while standing at his high desk prosecuting his work as an engraver, carrying on the education to a more advanced stage. Although he was a man to whom discipline was dear, he was not above catering for the amusement of the little ones, in whom he inspired a warm and lasting affection. He made ingenious toys for them. Ann could recall a cottage constructed of cork, with moss for grass and a bit of glass for a pond, which, no doubt, was a marvel to juvenile eyes. A farthing a week each was the pocket-money allowed to the sisters. Jane, a particularly sprightly child, was the village pet; she used to be hoisted up to the baking-board of the baker's shop in order "to speak a piece" (repeat a poem) to an admiring audience, probably not without a substantial reward in the shape of a biscuit or a bun. One can see with the mind's eye the two small maidens, Ann and Jane, in their long-skirted, short-waisted, low-necked frocks, with hair cut straight across the forehead and falling down in little rings and curls on the temples and at the back of the head. The little girls were a trifle prim and self-conscious with the innocent complacency of children, at the same time they were full of spirit and fun in the games the players inaugurated for themselves, which one of them remembered faithfully long afterwards; that piece of acting in which imaginary twin sisters, the "Miss Parks," figured, and that still livelier performance in which little Ann was "Moll," and Jane was "Bet," an aunt and a niece, two homely working women struggling hard to earn a livelihood. How the funny pretences and innate mimicries come home to grown-up children of to-day!

Isaac Taylor, the third son, five years Ann's junior, was born in 1787.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had a large family, but death was early busy among the children. The baby brothers and sisters passing away in their infancy, together with the delicate health of the house-mother, lent a serious strain to the household.

Ann "scribbled" as soon as she could write. Among compositions undertaken before she was seven years of age were the following: *Verses*, on an illness of her mother, *A Poetic and Moral History of Master Head-*

* *Autobiography of Ann Gilbert*, *Memorials of Jane Taylor*, by Isaac Taylor, etc.

strong, A Poem Meant to be Antecedent to the Iliad, A New Version of the Psalms, and an argumentative reply to *Winchester on Future Punishment.*

Ann and Jane went with their mother to London, saw George III. go to St. Paul's to return thanks for his recovery from madness, and had a glimpse of the great illumination on the occasion.

Times were bad in consequence of the war with France, and the fine-art of engraving languished. The head of the house, with his increasing family, was fain to add to his resources. Apart from this obligation he had always been a deeply religious man, it was therefore in no mere worldly spirit that he prepared to enter the Nonconformist ministry, and accepted a call to a pastorate in Colchester. This old town, as a refuge of the French Huguenots and of the Dutch Reformers in the time of Alva, included a strong dissenting element in what would otherwise have been the hostile atmosphere of a gay garrison-town.

Ann and Jane were fourteen and thirteen at the date of the removal, and keenly enjoyed, like other healthy-minded girls, the stir and bustle and increased sociability of a town of considerable size, with its greater choice of suitable companions for the younger members of the family.

The house was less rural, but it still had a garden with flowers and fruit-trees, lilac- and laburnum-bushes, a white garden-seat, and a vine-covered arbour.

Isaac Taylor the elder, who was before his day in many respects, was already maturing his wise purpose, and instructing his daughters as well as his sons in the process of engraving, so that they might be qualified, if necessary, to maintain themselves. With this instruction he still combined the teaching of the branches of a solid education. He was willing, in the depressed state of every craft which had not to do with the continued wars, to receive pupils from various families in his congregation to teach along with his children, so that his avocations were threefold—the diligent and careful practice of engraving, lessons to his pupils, and the preparation and delivery of his sermons and lectures on Sundays and meeting-nights, besides the preservation of the intimate relations of a dissenting pastor with his flock. He had likewise a couple of apprentices who, in the old style, lived in the family as members of the household.

Ann gives an animated description of the workroom and schoolroom in one, with her father, as usual, at the high desk in the window, where the light fell on his work, and running down the room several tables, round which the pupils sat with their books, copy-books and slates. She gives also a bright account of the workroom when it was confined to its proper use, when her father and her brothers Isaac, Martin and Jeffreys, with Ann and Jane by turns, drew, engraved, and studied there from morning till night. The working-hours were long, from half-past eight in the morning till eight in the evening, with only an hour allowed for dinner and half-an-hour for tea. Mrs. Taylor took breakfast and tea beforehand, in order to read aloud to the family while they ate, and so prevent waste of time in idle conversation. Ann, with her sound sense and her experience as a wife and mother in after years, saw the disadvantages which more than counterbalanced the advantages of the practice. It prevented the young people, who were brought up as all children were then, with a respectful distance maintained between them and their parents, from acquiring any ease in conversation with their elders, or before them. It tended to encourage quick eating, and consequent indigestion. It must have fostered, though Ann does not say so, a certain shy diffidence and reserve, bordering on morbidness and eccentricity, which seems to have appeared later in the family.

Ann retails the glee with which she would put on her brown-holland apron, bib and sleeves, to protect her frock from the result of a succession of days spent in steel or copper engraving, drawing with a sharp instrument on a copper-plate smeared with wax, the lines of the subject to be engraved being deepened to produce effects of light and shade by "biting" them in, that is, by introducing aquafortis to corrode the metal. She will hardly admit that any weariness, sufficient to stimulate a youthful instinct of revolt, followed on the incessant drudgery. But then Ann was a contented, healthy, happy-tempered creature. Jane, with a more delicate and sensitive physique, both mental and bodily, suffered more from the monotonous toil. But Jane's, too, was a bright, whimsical spirit in daily life, able to join in the airy fancy which invented the names "Supra" and "Infra," refined versions of "Moll" and "Bet," and applied them respectively to the sister who happened to be working under her father, and to the sister who was assisting her mother in cooking, washing up dishes, and doing all the finer laundry-work and mending for the family.

This industrious life did not prevent the Taylors from having a host of young friends in Colchester, though, as Ann put it comically, "morning calls" had to be deferred till after eight in the evening before the family supper, which was at half-past nine at the latest. Ann, who was rapidly growing up, was decidedly popular in the set in which she moved, and is said to have received more than one eligible offer of marriage while at Colchester. One was from an old apprentice of her father's, who knew her and her family well. In the likenesses which have been preserved of her she has a comely, intelligent, kindly face, with a droop of the head to one side, which was more a lackadaisical fashion of the period than the natural characteristic of a girl and woman so energetic as Ann Taylor was.

Jane Taylor, with a slight figure and delicately defined features, had more grace and regular beauty than Ann possessed, but gentle as Jane was (except where her principles were concerned), she seems to have been a more difficult person to deal with, and less easy to please than Ann.

In 1777, Ann at sixteen (after burning her earlier MSS.) made her first appearance in print with a song on a local election. For with all her other engagements, and the sober gaieties open to a dissenting minister's daughter, neither Ann, nor for that matter her sister, had forgotten their first attempts at writing. Ann and Jane were prominent members of a literary society of Colchester girls to which Mr. Taylor gave the name, "The Umbelliferous Society." The girls met once a month at each other's houses; every girl came furnished with an original "production" in prose or verse, and all were to supply answers to questions given out at the previous meeting, and to join in the study of standard books.

To make time for these and similar pursuits, not a moment of the day could be lost sight of. The fortnights in spring and autumn of each year, when the daylight lasted till seven o'clock in the evening and it was not worth while to have candles in the workroom for a single hour, were gaily called "seven o'clocking" by the ardent students, who eagerly availed themselves of the spare hour. Another mode of making time was to rise at half-past five in the morning and improve the shining hours in a different manner from the run abroad, for all the regular exercise the girls and boys took. It needed Mrs. Taylor's urgent remonstrances with her husband, on the plea of family health, to induce him to yield a little time in the middle of the day in which the girls might take a short walk; though the fire was not lit in the workroom till the eight o'clock breakfast, the indefatigable young people would wrap themselves in warm clothes, and in quaint phraseology, not then obsolete, "woo the Muse."

The sisters' first start in the peculiar literary line they made their own occurred, like everything else they did, in a primitive, fresh, sweet way.

In 1798, Ann a girl in her seventeenth year, receiving wages from her father in order to encourage her in her work as an engraver, and therefore better supplied with pocket-money than in the old farthing-a-week days, bought for herself a pocket-book called the Minor Pocket-Book, which, along with its blank leaves, contained a little useful information, together with a page or two of poetic enigmas, and an intimation that prizes would be awarded to young readers sending the best poetic solutions of the riddles or other contributions in verse.

Oh, happy Minor Pocket-Book to fall into such eager hands, and happy young Ann to find such an outlet for her budding ambition! She competed under the signature "Juvenilia," and then waited with what patience she could summon up for the decision. Her first opportunity of learning it was on the publication of the next year's Minor Pocket-Book, and then she read that she had gained the first prize of six Pocket-Books. From that day she became a regular contributor to the Pocket-Book, of which she was eventually, for a time, the editor. It is hardly necessary to say that her family burned to walk in her footsteps, Jane naturally coming close behind her, and her brother Isaac in the year 1800, when he was a boy of thirteen, making his first *début* in print as the solver of similar riddles to those Ann had disposed of in her maiden venture. Big events to the actors in them spring from small beginnings. That Pocket-Book prize opened a way to the Taylors' long and prosperous connection with the publishers, Messrs. Darton and Harvey, who supplied the sisters with the work for children which, alike in its poetic vein and its usefulness, was congenial to them, by which they won competence and an honourable name. Ann and Jane Taylor not only wrote *Original Poems for Infant Minds* and many little books of the same kind (to one of them named *The Associate Minstrels,* intended for older readers, young Isaac and other friends contributed), the sisters were employed to execute the engravings for many of the illustrations of their work.

What shall we say of the simple songs and tender lyrics with their reverence, their healthy tone, their half playful, half earnest jesting? That they were admirable and perfect in their way, for they were, with few exceptions, entirely suited to the children for whom they were intended. Soon they were lisped and sung in every nursery and infant schoolroom in the kingdom. Presently they were translated into most European and not a few Eastern tongues; they even passed into the stately periods of Greece and Rome. Of the most popular, "Twinkle, twinkle little Star" was Jane's; "My Mother" was Ann's, "Come into my Parlour" was also Ann's.

Praise and congratulation flowed in on the gratified and grateful sisters from all quarters, and from the highest authorities—from Sir Walter Scott, from Archbishop Whately and Dr. Arnold, and none wrote a kinder and more appreciative letter to the labourers in her own field than Maria Edgeworth wrote. In 1807, when Ann visited London, she had the pleasure of being introduced to other kindred spirits, to Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aiken.

During the years the Taylors spent at Colchester, Decimus, their youngest brother, died

of scarlet fever, which attacked well-nigh the whole of the family, and nearly carried off Ann. At Colchester also was born Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's eleventh child, Ann and Jane's dearly loved younger sister.

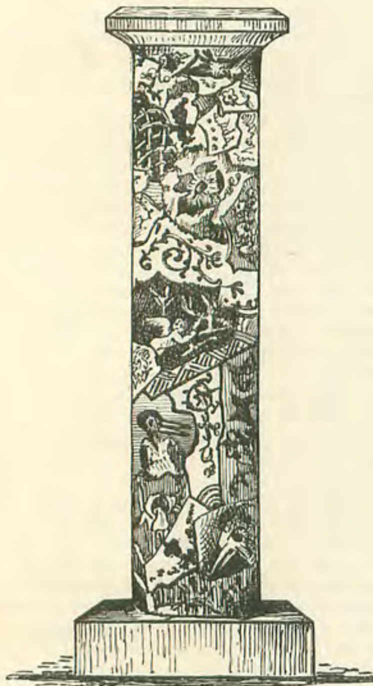
In 1812 the elder Isaac Taylor received and accepted a call to the country pastorate of Ongar, in Essex. Accordingly he and his family removed to the pleasant rural home in the vicinity of Epping Forest, which is most identified with them. They were now in circumstances* which rendered it possible for them to occupy a pleasant country-house, the front covered with a vine. "Castle House" owed its name to having been built on the site of an Essex castle, to which Queen Elizabeth is said to have paid a visit; a picturesque relic of antiquity was close by, in the shape of a mound crowned with fine old trees and surrounded by a moat.

(To be continued.)

* The sums paid for Ann and Jane Taylor's books rose with their popularity. For the "Original Poems, etc.," five pounds, to which five more were added, were given. For the second volume, fifteen pounds. For "Hymns for the Nursery" twenty pounds, and when the sisters published for themselves, the poems, etc., brought them in a hundred and fifty pounds the first year.

"CRAZY CHINA," WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



COLUMN OF CRAZY CHINA.

THE fancy for sticking broken bits of china on drain-pipes, flower-pots, or even large dishes has been one of the most prevalent of our crazes of late in England; nor was the fancy unknown in America, though nobody was so keen upon it, apparently, as here. The materials sound both cheap and easily obtainable; only some putty—quantities of it—and any amount of broken scraps of china, coloured and white, to arrange in a kaleidoscopic vision of rainbow hues on the surface of the drain-pipe. The last example I have seen was, I suppose, an excellent one, as it was made by an artist in the business, who had been taught by the experience of some months of work. It was an odd-looking production, yet not at all ugly, and my hostess told me it was considered quite "Renaissance." The worker was an invalid lady, and there was no doubt that she had brought great taste to bear on her work, but its appearance to me at least was more that of an Eastern idea, or perhaps Moorish; and I am told that the conception of the work does really originate with the last-named people. My artist friend has illustrated the pillar-like stand for my readers to see and judge of for themselves, as one really needs to have an idea how to reproduce the work.

The materials consist, as before said, of broken bits of crockery and china, much putty, gold paint, and, if not a drain-pipe, anything else you like to ornament. Besides these, you will need a mallet, or a small hammer, to break the already broken pieces, if they prove too big, and a proper putty, or even a palette knife, to spread the putty, and prepare it for the mosaic of china. It is fortunate, for this purpose, that our servants are generally great destroyers of the material chiefly needed, and any household can furnish only too much from its own breakages. The unfortunate mistress and master probably look at it from another point of view, and would not hail the production of "crazy china," as in any way supplying the place of the "fair pieces" they lament. The "crazy china" maniac takes a small basket with her on her walks, and hunts over all kinds of rubbish, in order to procure materials for her occupation, and every one will guess that she is at times very successful, especially if it be in the neighbourhood of a large house in the country, where the rubbish is made into a heap in the garden.

While we were talking over the "crazy china" mania, the other evening, I came upon the following funny paragraph in *The Globe*, and, as prophecy is quite the fashion now, if we may judge from its indulgence in our daily papers, I subjoin the quotation, which is taken from some published statistics, with a comment at the end of it, which is both witty and comical:—

"In England the amount of breakage per head is twenty-three bushels of fragments per annum. . . . It has been calculated that on the steamer *Etruria* a little more than 3000 articles of glass and china are broken during the voyage. . . . It may be briefly asserted that at the present rate of breakage, the entire civilised part of the earth will be covered, at the end of about two and a-half million of years hence with broken crockery to a uniform depth of 74 feet."

On which *The Globe* comments:

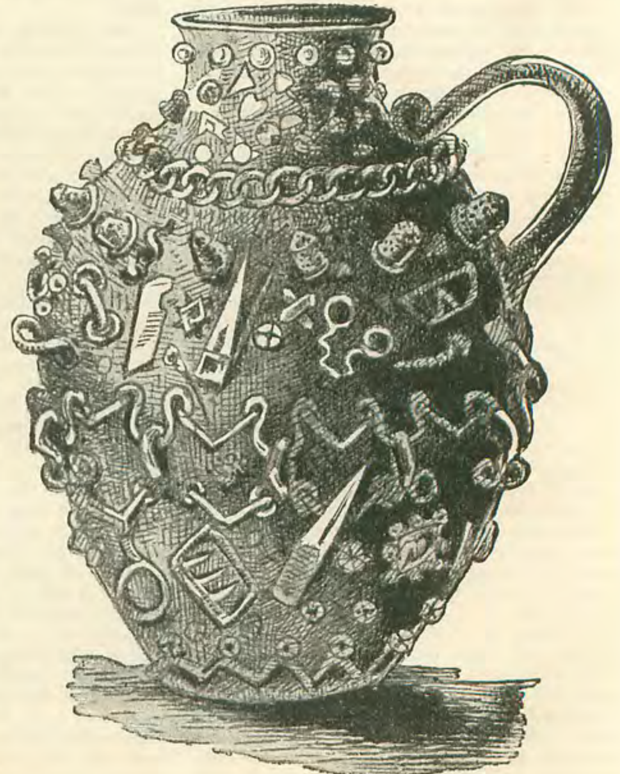
"In the neighbourhood of summer hotels, where the amount of broken crockery charged in the bill is always abnormal, the deposit will probably be five or six hundred feet thick. And yet men of science, overlooking this imminent danger, try to alarm us with prospects of the return of a glacial epoch. The broken-glassial epoch is what we have to fear."

Walking through the streets of a Canadian city one day last year, I saw the subject, in a shop window, of my second illustration, which is quite a different form of the crazy scrap mania; and one, it seems to me, with perhaps more justification, and certainly the materials would be more come-at-able; for they are so various and peculiar, and range from bottles, to old keys, and from half a walnut-shell to old thimbles, and corkscrews that are no longer useful.

I subjoin a list of the articles used for a jug:

Round-top pins, bit of brass chain, half thimbles, half a sleeve link, buckle (dress), half a small pair of scissors, old knife blade, small glove-hook, pen, beads, screws, bit of corkscrew, hairpins, penny jewelry, buttons of all kinds, black hooks and eyes, bits of tin to join same to make a design, bits of scissors, watch-key.

The material of the jug is earthenware, and if the top of it be small, an addition is made by means of either very stiff millboard or tin. The weight of the model that I saw was very great, about nine pounds, I was told. The



NOVELTY JUG.

Kathleen had been cruelly taunted, and her husband's words would never be forgotten. On the other hand, she remembered her own fits of passion, but she could say, "I have tried to conquer them, for my child's sake especially. And John is so much older. Besides, he was quite cool, and his taunts, softly uttered and with a smile, maddened me." Then love pleaded. "He is my husband, my baby's father. I have to live with him. He was sorry before he left home." Kathleen wept, thought, prayed, and at last forgot her trouble in sleep.

The following day passed without Mr. Torrance. Then came a telegram. He would be home the next afternoon, and a carriage was to meet him at the station.

Kathleen usually met her husband, but hesitated about doing so now. Yet if the concession would bring about a better understanding, it might be well to make it, she thought.

After all, Mr. Torrance came by an earlier train. Hearing a footstep as she was sitting in the grounds she turned and saw her husband, but could not utter a word.

His face wore its pleasantest expression. His trip had proved fortunate. A debt had been paid to him, and he had gained more money by another's loss, so he was in high good humour.

"I startled you, Kitty," he said; "you might have seen a ghost. Did you get my kiss, and did Geraldine come to you?"

Kathleen's white lips moved, but no sound came, and her husband was shocked at her looks.

"You are quite unnerved, Kitty; surely not by my jesting words? I never meant to grieve you by my nonsense. I was worried by a number of things at the time. Forget and forgive, like the dear girl you are."

He drew her close to him, and kissed her repeatedly, but Kathleen only gasped out from quivering lips, "I wish I could forget."

"My darling, you are too sensitive, or you would think nothing of such trifles. You said some pretty sharp things too, but I just put them out of mind, as the wisest way."

"You forget more easily than I can, John, but I will try."

"There's a sweet Kitty," he replied cheerfully. "Now let us have the boy down. What a splendid fellow he is growing."

The child was brought, praised and caressed, and Mr. Torrance was so devotedly kind to Kathleen, that she began to feel as if the events of the last two days were only an idle dream, from which she had happily awakened. But she was soon to know that such dreams often recur.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY HOUSEHOLDS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART IV. (*Continued.*)

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR WITH THEIR BROTHER ISAAC.

THE enjoyment of the Taylors in their new home, and the satisfaction of Ann in having been asked to furnish the lighter notices of current books for the *Eclectic Review*, the great organ of the Nonconformists, were shadowed by the delicate health of young Isaac Taylor, who was supposed to have shown signs of consumption. He went to Devonshire for the winter, accompanied by his elder sisters, Ann and Jane. The three consoled themselves with the reflection that he could carry his pencil, and the young women could carry their pens wherever they went.

The party spent several months at Ilfracombe, delighting in the fine scenery and the mild climate, which served to re-establish Isaac's health. It was during the Taylors' stay in Devonshire that the romantic circumstances attendant on Ann's introduction to her future husband took place. He was the Rev. Josiah Gilbert, a young widower, a Nonconformist minister, and one of the classical tutors in the Nonconformist Theological College at Rotherham, Yorkshire. Ann was in her thirtieth year, he could have been little older. An enthusiast in intellect, morals, and religion, he was struck by one of her articles in the *Eclectic Review*. Having ascertained the address of the author, he found he had no personal acquaintance with her, and that there was not even a mutual friend who could act as a go-between. With a comical mixture of prudence and boldness he wrote to her to express his admiration of her talents and worth, to plead his sympathy with her sentiments, and to ask if any serious objection existed to his coming south, with the express purpose of introducing himself to her, and making her an offer of marriage.

Ann was considerably taken aback, and inclined to resent the strange wooing, but, woman-like, when one of her brothers agreed with her without reservation, probably with a lively sense of the ridiculous in the situation, she turned round, took the part of the suitor, and wrote to him a letter which was not altogether hostile.

In the meantime the family at Ongar had heard the highest testimony to the gentleman's merits and attainments. When he visited them, as in duty bound, on his way to Devonshire, he won golden opinions from them, and started with their cordial support. Mrs. Taylor, in writing to her daughter with something like girlish excitement and pleasure, while she constantly declares that she does not wish to influence Ann's momentous decision, makes no secret of the favourable impression Mr. Gilbert had made at Ongar. She describes the attraction of the man as a species of fascination, and even dwells, half in earnest half in jest, on the lover-like ardour with which he was pursuing his object. When he could not secure an inside seat in the coach, he could not wait, but went the long journey on the top in "the bitter winter weather." He was "so deep in love and learning" that he forgot his travelling-cap, and had it not been for his future father-in-law would have forgotten his overalls.

It is not difficult to imagine the agitation and awkwardness of the first meeting between the principals at Ilfracombe, with Jane and Isaac Taylor trying to appear uninformed and uninterested spectators. It appeared that trying as the interview must have been, neither the gentleman nor the lady was disappointed in its result. He, in fact, was in a hurry to settle the business, but Ann the first time he mentioned the subject refused with dignity to listen to such proposals from a total stranger. The next time he spoke on what was nearest his heart she went so far as to arrange "the preliminaries." She told him there was to be no engagement, and no reference to his wishes till the two were better acquainted. The better acquaintance progressed and stood the hard test of a comparison between the wooer and Ann's thoughtful and accomplished brother Isaac, with his not less well-endowed friend, Mr. Gunn. Even in such select company Mr. Gilbert's conversation and manners did not come out badly.

When the gentleman returned north to his duties, a correspondence began between him and Ann Taylor. Presently her friendly heart was touched by Gilbert's single-hearted distress, on the death of a friend and colleague, whom he succeeded as Principal of Rotherham College. But it was not till the following summer, on the occasion of Mr. Gilbert's second visit to Ongar, that the lady of his affections gave him a definite answer. It is briefly recorded in her pocket-book, with a certain coy coquettishness which testifies to the truth that the English Puritan maiden, with her authorship to boot, was neither more nor less than a sweetly arch and wayward woman. "Walked in the afternoon, *oui*."

The marriage took place at Ongar, on the day before Christmas, 1813. The one drawback to the family happiness was the absence of Jane and Isaac Taylor. His health had again given way, and his devoted friend and sister had gone with him to pass a second winter in Devonshire. It was an old-fashioned marriage, in which the whole company drove in two chaises to church, and afterwards accompanied the bride and bridegroom on the first stage of their journey. According to the fashion of the time, Ann travelled in a cloth riding-habit, the material for which had been bought by a friend in London, and when the haberdasher who sold the stuff was told that his customer was Ann Taylor, joint author of *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, etc., he insisted on making her a marriage present of the four guineas' worth of cloth. Surely admiration for literature and virtue was more

widely diffused in those days, and the hearts of haberdashers were more enthusiastic and generous.

With Ann Taylor's happy marriage, her authorship, in the light of a profession, came to an end. Old Isaac Taylor had once said he did not wish any daughter of his to be an author. Certainly he need not have feared that either Jane or Ann would have neglected any primary duty for the prosecution of authorship as a career. Ann, with the highest conception of the obligations of a wife and mother, and the help-meet of a pastor, would not allow any other interest to interfere with these claims.

Mr. Gilbert's house had been kept previous to his marriage by an orphan niece of his first wife's, whose home was with him. She was a pretty, quick-tongued, sarcastic girl of eighteen, and Ann had looked forward to their intimate relations with some apprehension, but it never entered into her head, not even after the two women were fast friends, to depute to her niece, Salome, those household cares which were in Ann's way in her calling as an author. Nothing broke the tender friendship so honourable to both the elder and the younger woman, not even what followed on Salome's marriage with one of Mr. Gilbert's pupils, Richard Cecil. He, too, was a minister, and was appointed co-pastor with his former master, when dissensions arose in the congregation, and the relations of the two men were painfully strained, but the women continued true friends.

During Jane Taylor's second visit to Ilfracombe and her stay with her brother in Cornwall, she wrote her life-like tale *Display*, long remembered with pleasure and profit by readers of a former generation. She also began her excellent contributions to *The Youth's Magazine*. In these her mother sometimes joined her. Mrs. Taylor took the mother's part in *Letters Between a Mother at Home and a Daughter at School*, Jane representing the daughter. It is agreeable to know that Mrs. Taylor, after her many family cares were happily ended, gratified her natural taste for literature of the kind in which her daughters had been successful, but though she wrote pleasingly, as one of the circle, she did not rival her children. Jane latterly wrote under the signature "Q. Q.," with more of poetic imagination than Ann possessed; it was oddly enough in prose that Jane surpassed her sister. The fanciful chronicle of the months of the year, as so many boys and girls, men and women, and the striking paper, *How it Strikes a Stranger*, deserve special mention.

Isaac Taylor in his *Memorials* of his sister Jane, describes her method of working. She would take a solitary walk in the morning, to get up what she considered the necessary excitement or enthusiasm. Then she would write for two or three hours, till the impulse passed away, rarely resuming her work till the following day, when the same process was gone through.

During the Taylors' stay in Cornwall, at Marazion, in the vicinity of the fine scenery or St. Michael's Mount, Jane formed an interesting friendship with Lydia Grenfel, the woman whom the pioneer of Indian missionaries, the heroic and saintly Henry Martyn, loved dearly, who would have accompanied him on his precarious expedition, had she not been forbidden by her mother to take a step which, in that generation, was regarded as wildly hazardous. Hitherto Jane had mixed chiefly in social and religious intercourse with Congregationalists, but at Marazion there was no Congregational church; she therefore worshipped either with the Episcopalians or the Methodists, and taught all except the catechism in the English church Sunday school.

Not very long after Jane Taylor's return to Ongar she showed symptoms of the heart-disease of which she died. For the next six or seven years she had to struggle with failing health and gradually increasing weakness. She bore her ailments patiently, but no doubt this cast a shadow over a spirit which had from the first a strain of pensiveness contending with its gaiety. It is a baffling mystery to find that not only a sensitive spirit, like Jane Taylor's, but also a tranquil, sunny-tempered nature like Ann's, held the awe with which they approached all sacred questions, so tinged with personal doubts and fears that the sisters never, according to their own conception, attained the joy and peace in believings vouchsafed to many Christian souls. Yet Ann and Jane Taylor were reared in a Godly home, they were more or less personally devout from their youth upwards; they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, good to all with whom they came in contact. One would have thought that if ever perfect love of the divine could have cast out fear, it would have been so with the sisters. What came between, and dimmed if it did not darken the fair prospects? Was it the effect of some early teaching never shaken off? Did the extent of these privileges increase in proportion their sense of responsibility? Were the pair like those angels who veil their faces and shrink from treading on holy ground, where fools rush in dauntless and unabashed? Was Ann and Jane Taylor's standard of faith and assurance raised too high to be within the reach of mortals?

As it was, the light which flickered did not fail, and it burned more clearly towards the end. Jane would still join the family circle, and contribute to its cheerfulness, though she had to be carried to it in her brother Isaac's arms. In April, 1824, she left her room for the last time. She was no longer able to sit up and write, but, supported by her brother, she addressed a few lines to absent friends, counselling them to make the preparation for death the business of their lives. Ann had been sent for, and was on the way, but did not arrive in time. In the last silence of the sick-room, Jane's voice arose once more, quoting, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." *

She died in her forty-second year.

A year afterwards Isaac Taylor, who had lost his life-long cherished companion, married, when he was thirty-six years of age, young Elizabeth Medland, Jane's friend and his. The couple settled for life in a quiet country-house, with a large garden, amidst pleasant fields, at Stanford Rivers, a village within two miles' distance of Ongar. There he dwelt and studied Christian philosophy, bringing out in succession his famous books, *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, long projected and worked at, and at last published in 1829, five years after Jane's death. With the reserve which was a feature in his character, he brought out the book anonymously, declining to acknowledge the authorship even to his father. *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* was followed by the companion volumes, *Fanaticism, Spiritual Despotism, The Process of Historical Proof, The Restoration of Belief*. He was indifferent to contemporary fame. It was only in 1836, seven years after the publication of his first and best-known book, when persuaded to stand for the chair of logic in the University of Edinburgh, a candidature in which he failed, that he consented to admit his claim to the different volumes he had laid before the world. Nevertheless, "thinkers" from England, Scotland, and America found him out in his retirement. As an interlude, where his graver work was concerned, he entertained himself on one occasion by writing an extraordinary romance, called *The Temple of Malikartha*, in which it was believed he painted his wife as the heroine "Aia."

The elder Isaac Taylor and his wife died well-advanced in life, with only a short interval between the deaths.

Ann Gilbert cheerfully went with her husband in accordance with the various ministerial calls he received from Rotherham to Hull, and from Hull to Nottingham, where husband and wife tarried longest. Like her mother, Ann Gilbert had a large family, and experienced in full both the joys and sorrows of motherhood. In reference to a baby more restless than was wont, she wrote that it caused her to lead a gay life, for in its service she had to dance all day and sing all night. She was happy in the well-being of her children, and she had to mourn more than one of them who departed for the silent land, leaving her wistfully watching on the strand they had left behind.

In 1852, after forty years of happy married life, Josiah Gilbert entered on his rest, his aged widow surviving him for fourteen more years. A year later she received the sorrowful tidings that her brother Isaac, at the age of sixty-six years, had breathed his last on a June day in 1853, while sitting on a couch in what had been his first and was his last study at Stanford Rivers. Still Ann had her children, and had friends of a younger generation round her. They lavished all tenderness upon her, and in the mellow sunset of her long life, the clouds seemed to fall away from the eternity which was drawing nearer and nearer. "A little lame and a little deaf," she owned, but full of blessings and privileges which she thankfully acknowledged, and with as keen an interest in, and as lively a sense of pleasure from, what was happening around her as was experienced by the youngest of her descendants. When she was more than eighty years of age, her children planned and carried out for her a journey to Scotland, about the scenery and history of which she must have read and thought much. Another expedition was back to Devonshire, where she had gone with Jane and Isaac, and where she had held her first romantic interview with Josiah Gilbert. She also revisited the well-remembered village of Lavenham, where she had spent her happy childhood.

The end came very gently, at Nottingham, the town in which her Gilbert had ministered to his flock for five-and-twenty years. She continued to stay there in her widowhood; she was fond of the fine old market-place and the castle, never alluding to them without satisfaction.

On an evening in December, 1866, she wrote in her diary, according to her custom, and read Froude's history, in which she was much interested. When one of her daughters helped her mother to arrange her hair for the night, the elder woman kissed the younger twice, with the kindly, playful words, "That's for 'thank you,' and that's for 'good-night.'" She never spoke again. She was found in the morning sleeping quietly, but it was a sleep from which she could not be awakened. She slept on, even more soundly, with failing pulse and fluttering breath, throughout the following day and night, and died in the grey dawn of the next morning, at the age of eighty-four.

She was the last of a goodly group, who did wise and beneficent work in their day, and bequeathed fragrant members to their kindred and countrymen. The artistic and literary faculties of the Taylors have descended in a marked manner, in at least one branch of the family.

* As an instance of the solemn state with which Jane Taylor invested death, she addressed a request to the female friends around her, among her last words, "Put me on a clean night-cap for I am going to die."