"negativism" on religious subjects is a matter of surprise and regret, and his old friend of Barley Wood so deeply felt his defection "from the party of the saints to the party of the Whigs," as Mr Maurice significantly says, that she changed her intention of leaving him her own valuable library, as a testimony of her disapproval.

In 1852, when Macaulay revisited the spot where he had spent so many happy hours, the shrubs, which, when he was eleven, were not as tall as himself, had become masses of foliage, shutting out the prospect beyond; and the "root house," which was his favourite haunt, and where probably many a botany lesson was surreptitiously instilled, had altogether disappeared.

With little outward eventfulness flowed on those next few years, save for the inevitable visits of death, until in 1819 the last blow was struck in the passing away of Patty, whose loving co-operation and care had cheered every step of her career from the time when the little sisters had sung themselves to sleep in the nursery bed at Stapleton.

It was in the autumn of that vear that Mr and Mrs Wilberforce were staying with them at Barley Wood, and Hannah, whose health had never been strong, had left her sister to entertain their visitors.

Until nearly midnight they sat chatting, and almost Patty's last words were of her beloved

sister's achievements—her early days in London, their united struggles against ignorance and sin in the Cheddar Valley.

But "in the flush before the dawning, between the night and morning," the summons came, and it was Hannah who was left, for fourteen years to live alone.

Unfitted by ill-health, temperament, and training to cope with the deceitfulness of servants, she was for many years the dupe of her employees; but when the facts of the case were made clear to her, her course of action was soon taken, albeit reluctantly. At first she so blamed herself for her own lack of perspicacity that she was inclined to remain as she was, and to submit to their wastefulness and ingratitude, as a punishment for her own incompetent housekeeping; but when it was represented to her that she would be condoning sins against which all her lifelong energies had been consistently directed, she determined to move into Clifton, and in a smaller house, with a fresh staff of servants, to begin another chapter of her life. One can imagine that at eighty-three years of age the wrench must have been most painful, but when once the step was taken she never regretted it Her many friends never allowed her to be dull, and the views on either side of the Windsor Terrace house were compensation in part for the country beauty of Wrington.

Three days a-week, from twelve to three o'clock, were set apart for the reception of visitors, and when remonstrated with for thus fatiguing herself, the unselfish old lady had always four reasons ready, which she considered unanswerable—If old, she saw them "out of respect; if young, hoping to do them good; if from a distance, because they had come from far; if from near home, because neighbours would be naturally aggrieved at being excluded when she was open to receiving strangers."

As her strength for earthly journeyings declined, her thoughts centred more and more on the "land of far distances," and she realised fully that the time of her departure was at hand. Her final illness lasted for eleven months—long enough for a whole treasury of dying sayings; but the "gayety" of which she spoke in her seventy-first year never forsook her, and is not one of the least charming traits in the character of this quiet reformer.

On the 7th of September the end came, and after lying in a semi-delirious state for many hours, she passed away, murmuring as her last conscious words, "Patty—joy."

There is a deep pathos in the association of the words. One could almost believe that a glimpse of that beloved sister who had shared in so much of her earthly happiness was vouchsafed to her,

waiting perhaps to welcome her within the golden gates of that beautiful country wherein is "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

On the 13th of September 1833, every church in Bristol rang a muffled peal, and the tired body of Hannah More was laid to rest in Wrington churchyard, amid every manifestation of respectful mourning.

There lie the five More sisters, of whom Johnson had said, "I love you all!" and of her, the last of the devoted band, it might be said, as of her friend Wilberforce, though in a less degree, that it was her portion to "go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor,"

Judged by the present pyrotechnic style of literary composition, the success of her work seems phenomenal; but in her day books were not so much a matter of daily outputting as now, and for a publisher to be delivered into the hands of a woman was a welcome novelty.

Phrases, too, which to us seem "stilted" almost to absurdity, were then only the courtesies of everyday life—so much is the standard of politeness in its decadence.

But it is not too much to say that Hannah More will always be remembered with respectful admiration, even by men of more literary culture than William Wilberforce, who said that he would "rather appear in Heaven as the author of 'The

Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' than as the author of 'Peveril of the Peak.'"

Such men as the shepherd doubtless still exist, though their conditions may be different; and among the many new editions that are continually cropping up, perhaps "Coelebs" and "Will Chip" may yet appear with their wholesome influences, to the displacement of some of our modern writers and the benefit of the next generation.

The facsimile letter here given has no literary value, but as the study of handwriting is so old as to be almost new, it seemed likely that the opinion of an expert thereon might be interesting.

The name and address of the writer were carefully obscured, and for more than an hour the writing was submitted to a searching analysis absolutely unbiassed by any knowledge of the writer's identity.

"A mass of contradictions" was the final verdict, "with Enthusiasm, Philanthropy, and Straightforwardness as its predominant features; especially conspicuous in the Capital letters.

"Probably written by a man not extraordinarily original or intellectual, but with a marked individuality, combining cultured and refined tastes with an artistic sympathetic sensitiveness which would make literary society and pursuits a delight.

"Intuitive continuity of thought combined with a certain prompt deductiveness are shown respect-

*A* FACSIMILE 0F AN ORIGINAL LETTER WRITTEN BY HANNAH MORE.

ively in the joining together of some of the words and the division of some of the letters.

"Determined and quick-tempered, but too affectionate and large-hearted to be easily offended.

"Rapid in thought and action, there is a lack of dogged determination evidenced in the general 'attitude' of the letter, which begins with much flow and smoothness, but gradually droops to the signature.

"A certain tenacity, however, shows itself in the strong downward strokes of some of the final endings; and while aggressiveness is also apparent, the writer is not naturally critical, and, if given at all, the criticisms would be conscientious and kindly.

"Invariably successful, because all undertakings would be carried through, and other people carried along, by the hopeful energy and enthusiasm of their originator, rather than by any real intellectual superiority.

"Not careful or troubled about little things," says our graphologist, "as shown by the undotted i's and entire lack of punctuation — the details of a scheme would invariably be left to others.

"Ambitious, but with too much self-respect to have any false pride.

"Innate simplicity of character, combined with a keen observation and much versatility,—shown clearly by the varied formation of the same letters, —would make a delightful conversationalist.

"In any circle the presence of the writer would speedily make itself felt, by an almost unconscious self-assertiveness and a lively sagacity.

"Generous to a fault, but not extravagant, because common-sense would generally govern generosity and prevent squandering; though an impulsive kindliness would always turn the scale when a question arose between mere business and a higher and broader outlook.

"The dominance of some of the characteristics has been subdued by years of experience, as the writing is evidently that of an old person."

So much for graphology! The veracity of this delineation the preceding pages will either demonstrate or impugn.

It is Carlyle who says, "Curious to consider the institution of the Right Hand among universal mankind, probably the very oldest human institution that exists"; and again. "Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, and governing classes in the world at present, there is no class comparable for its importance to the priesthood of the writers of books."

Of Hannah More it may safely be asserted, that during the strenuous years of her long life that right hand of hers wielded the pen unceasingly in the cause of all that goes towards making the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and never through all those years did it lose its cunning.

I fancy that the left hand knew very well what

its fellow was doing, and felt a sort of wifely pride in the same; but, after all, is that so very unusual that we can afford to cavil at it?

The ideal helpmate's special function is to be a loyal admirer, even if the only one!

Anyhow, she was fortunate enough to possess a heart so big that the world itself could never fill it, and neither the flatteries of a "miscellaneous society," nor the intellectual pleasures which she so thoroughly appreciated in London, were able to undermine or supersede the innate piety which always distinguished her.

She "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and appraising at their proper values the glories of this world and the next, the lesson is driven home—to the hilt, as it were—by Garrick's sudden death in 1779, shortly before the production of "The Fatal Falsehood," which he had been revising for the stage.

Her large-heartedness is conspicuously evidenced in her life-long friendship with Mrs Garrick—*nee* Eva Veigel—"La Violetta" of the Viennese ballet. The fact of a staunch Evangelical and a loyal Romanist being able to spend twenty winters together on terms of closest intimacy speaks for itself, though it is quite likely that in these days when the Italian Mission is becoming more and more realised as a proselytising agency, such an unfettered intercourse would be almost impossible, or at any rate impracticable.

Hannah More says candidly, "We dispute like a couple of Jesuits"; but it is clear that the love on either side was in no way affected, nor the possibility of compromise entertained.

Mrs Garrick's death ante-dated that of her friend by eleven years, and the little old lady with her gold-headed cane, who for forty-three years wore deep widow's mourning, and at ninety-seven talked continually of her "dear Davy," now lies by his side, buried in their wedding sheets, within the sheltering walls of Westminster Abbey. Strange to think of!

The versatility which shows itself in Hannah More's handwriting is manifested by the readiness with which she devoted the ambitions, which had been fostered under Garrick's guidance, to other interests; and what dramatic powers she possessed were quickly overshadowed by the characteristic enthusiasm with which she threw herself into religious and philanthropic reforms.

This divine enthusiasm, however, never waned, as her last book on 'The Spirit of Prayer' clearly shows. It proclaims, in tones as distinct, though less forcible, Carlyle's solemn message to the world—

"No prayer, no *religion*, or at least only a *dumb* and lamed one! Prayer is and remains always a native and deepest impulse of the soul of man; and, correctly gone about, is of the very highest benefit (nay, one might say indispens-

ability) to every man aiming morally high in this world. Prayer is a turning of one's soul in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and *endeavour*, towards the Highest, the All Excellent, Omnipotent, Supreme."

The "sanctified common-sense" which would prevent generosity from bursting into extravagance would inevitably be able to weigh well the *advantages* of discriminating charity, and to assess deliberately the *pros* and *cons* of a sound judgment.

She was not infallible, however, and suffered much from the ingratitude of Anne Yearsley, the Bristol Milk woman, whose poems she edited in 1784, and on whose behalf she wrote hundreds of letters and collected hundreds of pounds.

This woman was hardworking and deserving until notoriety overtook her and it became the fashion to patronise Hannah More's *protegee*—"Lactilla."

To rise from scavenging and milk-selling — a curious combination, by the way—to the dignity of a Poetess must have been most upsetting; and Mrs Yearsley, being a very ordinary human being inflated with Success, forgot or ignored everything and everybody except *it* and herself

That her "Poems" had probably less to do with it than anything, would, of course, never occur to her; but we can see here a verification of the graphologist's dictum that Mrs More's energetic enthusiasm would carry success into every undertaking.