

much better, but then Miss North had the opportunity of cultivating her beautiful voice under the tuition of Ceccarelli, the chief singer of the King's chapel.

The charm of music would seem to have been the only thing in which father and daughter could not sympathise—all music being to him "a horrid noise which must be submitted to for the sake of those who like it." It is curious to notice that the father's hatred for music was in the daughter transmuted into a hatred for poetry, which she considered to be "sense worrited, and often worrit without the sense."

Miss North was able to take every advantage that came in her way, and on her return to England she developed a contralto voice which was beautiful enough to win the rare praise of Miss Sainton, afterwards Madame Sainton-Dolby. It was in England, too, that she gained that knowledge of flower-painting which was to be such a real joy to her in the lonely after-days.

In 1855 Mrs North died, and the old home at Hastings was again for a time broken up. As Mr North quaintly and pathetically expressed it in his diary, "The leader is cut off from the main trunk of our home. No branches, no summer shoots, can take its place, and I feel myself just an old pollard tree."

But the "tree" bore transplanting to West-

minster, and there, in the haunts of busy London, plans were made for extended journeys. Several of these came to pass; and in Miss North's autobiography there are hints of delightful visits to Hungary, Switzerland, Egypt, and Spain, which the two daughters and their now venerable father enjoyed to the full. It was at Murren that the love-story of John Addington Symonds and Catherine North began, which came to its happy conclusion on the 10th of November 1864, when they were married in St Clement's Church, Hastings.

In thirty years the constituents of Hastings had largely increased, and in the election of 1865 Mr North lost his seat by nine votes, which afforded him—albeit unwillingly—a leisure time. During many months the devoted father and daughter travelled about—in Europe, Syria, and Egypt,—returning to Hastings in 1867.

They then gave all their attention to the improvement of the "Weedery," which, by their combined efforts, was soon made to blossom as the rose. Loving flowers as she did, it was no wonder that they grew well, and it was her great delight to make colour pictures in unexpected corners, and to watch the gradual development of a quaint old-world garden, where shady nooks were hidden away behind the great bay-trees, and rare orchids bloomed—a careful joy—in the glass-house which her father built for their reception.

In 1869 came the last journey which they were to make together; and then, on the 29th of October, for him began another and a fairer experience, and for her the twenty years of lonely pilgrimage which ended at Alderley in 1890.

To visit the Tropics had often been the desire of both father and daughter; and, though that desire was not able to be realised, we can well imagine that, when invited to the States in the summer of 1871, Miss North gladly availed herself of the opportunity thus afforded.

To paint tropical vegetation in the tropics had been a day-dream of long standing, but the precious legacy of her father's constant companionship, left to her by her dying mother, had been too lovingly and loyally guarded for her ever to have thought of accepting any invitation, however tempting, while that dear presence was with her upon earth. But all was changed when he was gone; and, though she had "schooled herself into cheerfulness" for the sake of others, there was now no binding tie to England.

To Canada, therefore, she bent her steps, and after a delightful visit and many experiences, she set sail for the West Indies, where the mango-trees, giant ferns, bignonias, and the tangle of flowers in all their beautiful colourings, filled her with ecstasy. She says in her charming, naive way, "I hardly knew what to paint first.' The rich grouping of