"'I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here.'

"There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little then. Rude voices answer, 'You have not got far to go.' She too is led to the hell-gate—a manifest Queen's Friend. She shivers back at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return! Onwards! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe, the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments, with indignities and obscene horrors of moustachio *grands levres* which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves, 'O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman! Why was not I there, and some Sword Balmung or Thor's Hammer in my hand?' Her head is fixed on a pike, paraded under the windows of the Temple, that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see."

Luridly realistic as this description reads in 1906, the effect of the news upon the household at Slough in 1792 must have been startlingly intensified by the so recent visit of the unfortunate victim—one bit of special personal interest and regret in the tragedies of great seething Paris,

which had its army of martyrs in the Revolution as surely as had, and has, and will have, the Church militant here on earth.

Another aristocratic visitor who may be mentioned was the Prince of Orange, who, not finding any one at home, left a quaint note to inquire whether it were true that Mr Herschel had discovered a new star whose light was not as that of common stars, but with swallow-tails! The reply may be guessed, as also the amusement caused in the scientific *menage* by the ingenuous inquiry.

But the happy days of *solitude a deux*, as the French prettily call it, were now drawing to a close, and it was another woman's hand that was destined for many a long day to darken the happiness of the devoted little sister.

On the 8th of May 1788 William Herschel married Mary, only child of James Baldwin, and widow of Mr John Pitt.

For sixteen years Caroline had devoted herself to him with an identity of interest and a supreme self-sacrifice, unique even among the histories of unselfish women; and we can almost see the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering fingers with which she made the last entry in her Journal of that year, "I gave up my place as housekeeper."

We cannot doubt that expostulations ensued, and that propositions were made that she should

continue to live at Collingwood; but she was no longer *needed*,—there lay the sting. Through evil report and good report she had never thought but of him, and now another was to enter into her kingdom. That the bride was gentle and amiable, and that she brought with her a jointure which enabled her husband to experiment still more unfetteredly, did not make the blow any less hard for Caroline to bear; and, in the destruction of all her personal papers from 1788 to 1798, we can see plainly that she thought it best to destroy what in the very anguish of her soul she had written. In after years she learned to love and esteem her sister-in-law, for her own sake as well as for the sake of him whom both loved so dearly.

As we read of the lonely vigils of Caroline Herschel in the poor cottage of Spratt, the workman, and the unwritten story of her aching heart, we think irresistibly of Mrs Carlyle and her less reasonable, but somewhat similar, sorrow. As Mrs Ireland touchingly says, "She had clung to her husband through long weary years of obscurity and struggle, having given lavishly of her own health and strength to make his path smooth for him, and now she began to feel as if, after all, it were not she who reaped the golden harvest of his rapidly-growing success, but this other lady, whom she could not feel to be her intellectual superior, and who knew none of the dark, terrible, sunless hours spent in

the Chelsea home. Poverty had been hard, loneliness had been hard; but these she could bear—the other she could *not* bear."

"Get up and work," said Mazzini to Mrs Carlyle, in answer to her letter on the subject; but this she was unable to do with any real buoyancy of interest, while to Caroline Herschel these sad years were some of the busiest in her busy life. In hard work she tried to live down the soreness—natural, but which she felt to be unworthy—caused by her brother's marriage, and *succeeded.*

But Caroline had a more sunny nature than had the noble but passionate Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the masculine elements in both tragedies were totally different, so that it does not do to follow the analogy too closely, for the differences are as striking as the similarities. Both women lived down their sorrow, though the scars of it were never effaced; but one rose triumphantly above it, while the other only "crushed down her own dissatisfaction" with a stoicism that was quite foreign, and proportionately painful, to her proud and independent spirit.

"I gave up my place as housekeeper"—the sorrowful undertone is in every word of the brief entry—but she reserved to herself the right of access at all times to the roof of her brother's house, the observatory, and the workroom. Hither she came daily, returning for her meals to the

Spratt *menage.* When the family were away she used to go and stay in the house, looking after the interests of him whom she loved so well; but there is a profound melancholy in an entry in her Journal made on one of these occasions, "All came home; and I went to my solitude again."

Her "Book of work done" shows no decrease of mental or physical activity, but the contrast between her own small lodging and the happy home-life so near, from which, rightly or wrongly, she felt herself debarred, must often have been very bitter. Within a stone's-throw was all that she most cared for, brother and nephew—the little John Herschel, born in 1792, who in after years inherited the love which she had lavished upon his father, and the genius which enabled him to sweep the southern hemisphere, from his observatory at Feldhausen, with the same earnest assiduity which had characterised his father and his aunt in their northern surveys.

Of this South African Expedition she exclaimed in her vigorous Anglo-German, "Ja, if I was thirty or forty years younger and could go too! In Gottes Namen!"

"Bills and receipts for my Comets" is the quaint way in which she docketed her memoranda relative to these erratic phenomena, for five of which, at least, she could claim undisputed priority of discovery. The most laborious of her undertakings,

however, was a catalogue of all the star-clusters and nebulae observed by her brother, and it was for this that the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was voted to her in 1828, followed by the extraordinary distinction of an honorary membership. This catalogue was the outcome of many years of labour, but it was a labour of love, as being the corner-stone in the temple of his fame.

Her nephew's career was a source of infinite interest to her, and, in 1813, when he obtained the Senior Wranglership, her pride in his success may be imagined.

The Royal Family showed much attention to the clever Herschels, and there are several entries in her Diary as to days at Frogmore and dinners with the Queen.

She was under some anxiety at this time as to her eyes, but the oculist having reassured her, she continued her work with unabated interest. Her constitution must have been extraordinarily good, for though the strain upon it for many years must have been excessive, she never spent a day in bed from 1761 to 1821. She is but another illustration of the truth of Bacon's aphorism—"One of the rewards of philosophy is long life." That her brother should die before her does not seem to have entered into her calculations, and, with a view to her death, she made all arrangements for simplifying matters for her survivors; but the love of living

was still strong in Caroline when, in 1822, the tie of more than fifty years was for ever broken, and William Herschel, full of age, wisdom and honour, saw the sun set for the last time on earth, and woke to find himself beyond the stars. It was when stupefied with grief that Caroline took the fatal step of making over herself and all her little capital to the care of Dietrich. What was at the root of her action we can only guess. Possibly she had some sort of craving to take up once more a place in the home of her childhood, and hoped to bury her sorrow in associations that would be both old and new.

"Distance lends enchantment," and she forgot that she had been steadily moving and progressing, while Hanover had been comparatively standing still. At seventy-two the "knitting up" of old friendships was an impossibility, and there was nothing to compensate for, nothing to reconcile her to, the dull commonplaceness of the life to which she had condemned herself.

"A few books and my sweeper" is the pathetically brief inventory of her possessions at this time; and her only capital, £500—the savings of fifty years of toil—she transferred to Dietrich, thus giving herself no possibility of retracting her determination of leaving England for ever and settling in Hanover with him. Little did she expect that twenty-five years more of life would

be given her, in which to chafe against the narrow interests of that small German town. After the width and wisdom which she had enjoyed in "happy England" the monotonous flatness of her life was almost unbearable. Her nephew's advice had been all against her going, and deeply did she regret her hasty action, as the long years passed uneventfully by. But she had "burned her boats," and retreat was impossible. Dietrich, who knew his own inferiority, despised the sister whose perspicacity had not been equal to seeing it also. She made up her mind to endure, thinking that she must soon die; but Death—who claims so many unwilling followers—seemed to have forgotten her, and home-sick, lonely, and sad, she rusted there for another quarter of a century. Her books and telescope she sent back to England shortly after her arrival in Hanover, as she soon had reason to fear that Dietrich's extravagant habits might induce him to sell them after her death. She found it very difficult even to remain mistress of her own actions and opinions,—and this must have been especially galling to one who, for so many years, had been in constant sympathy and fellowship with such men as William and John Herschel, of whom it might have been said, literally, that their conversation was in the heavens.

Till 1827 she lived with, and nursed, this fractious and ill-conditioned mortal—of whom she says,

"I hardly ever knew a man of his age labouring under more infirmities, nor bearing them with less patience." Then her patience and his impatience alike ended, and he went to his own place.

That Caroline Herschel was merry as well as wise, we have ample proofs in her quaint observations upon men and things.

After Dietrich's death she removed to 376 Braunschweiger Strasse, where, with her confidential servant Betty, she lived for fifteen years in an eventide that had in it some faint after-glow of the days that were gone.

The sparseness of her belongings seems to have been a source of amusement to her rather than of chagrin, as witness the following items in her household inventory:—

"Plate. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

"Requisites for self and servant, mostly bought at fairs.

"Cane-bottomed chairs, each valued at eighteenpence" (of which she says proudly, "after seven years' use, *like new*").

"About fifty books, and a few tea-things."

Little tea-parties would seem sometimes to have ensnared her in their giddy vortex, for we observe that she had twelve tea-spoons; but pudding, vegetables, and salt must have been "unconsidered trifles," for each of which she had but one spoon.

On her nephew's forty-first birthday, she being

then eighty-eight, she and Betty jingled their glasses together, and the old astronomer and the faithful Abigail together cried in quaint German custom, "Es lebe Sir John! Hoch!"

At this age, in one of her merry moods, she put her foot behind her back, and scratched her ear with it! This astounding acrobatic feat beats the record as far as we are aware! But apparently it created no great surprise, for Sir John Herschel says of her only a year or two earlier, "In the morning she is dull and weary, but as the day advances she gains life, and is quite fresh and funny at 10 P.M., and sings hymns, nay, even dances, to the great delight of all who see her."

This is really most discouraging to female scientists. Glycero-phosphate of sodium may have splendid rejuvenating properties, but, so far, nothing short of discovering eight comets has enabled an octogenarian to scratch her ear with her foot.

It is evident that the not unnatural and not wholly unworthy pride which the rest of his family took in Sir William Herschel, Astronomer-Royal to his Majesty George II., was very repugnant to her, because it was a *selfish* pride, and partook in no sense of the reverent and loving identification with his life and work which she herself had always felt

Her sister's husband—Griesbach—had never