



MARIANNE NORTH.

From a photograph by Mrs Julia Cameron, in the possession of Mrs T. Adaington Symonds.

MARIANNE NORTH.

IT is difficult to know from which standpoint to view the subject of our present paper.

The versatility of her talents is somewhat remarkable, and whether as traveller, artist, botanist, or singer, she was equally conspicuous for her strong individuality and thorough knowledge of the subject in hand.

And there was so much of her, too, in every way! Not only mentally but physically, she could give points to nearly every member of a large gathering, and her tall, commanding, yet graceful figure seemed to dominate both the minds and bodies of those with whom she was brought in contact.

Mr North was member for Hastings for many years, and the house was a rendezvous for people of culture and varied interests.

In those days Hastings was only a fishing village, and though one of the Cinque Ports, scarcely seems to have merited the dignity of a

member all to itself, It is strange to read of an "Election" which was settled by the ten "Free-men" of the place, and it must surely have been difficult to get up much excitement under such conditions. For thirty-nine years her father represented that borough almost continuously, and was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the passing of the Reform Bill and to bring about any change which appeared to be for the good of the country at large.

From a village, Hastings has now developed into a fashionable watering-place, and has to pay the usual penalty of popularity by yearly visitations of trippers, and their accompaniments of negro minstrels and weird noises. Musical glasses and banjo solos now mingle with the song of the wild waves; but in 1830 there was more personal acquaintance between the rich and poor than is possible to-day, and "Muster North and his little gal" were viewed with friendly interest by the fisher folk, as they passed along the beach or stood to watch the unlading of the glittering freights when the fishing-boats came in.

Those were happy days, for the father and daughter were everything to each other. He was her "one idol and friend from first to last," and the "little gal" was so brightly observant that she derived fullest benefit from the constant changes with which fortune supplied her.

Of the routine of education she knew little; but the lack of it was more than compensated for by the constant intercourse with her father, who lost no opportunity of improving a mind so ready and willing to improve itself.

A few months at a Norwich boarding-school seemed very long to a girl who had been accustomed to the freedom of home life, and we can well believe that when, in 1847, it was decided that the family should go abroad for three years, the prospect was eagerly welcomed.

Marianne North was seventeen when the whole party—consisting of the parents, the two daughters, an old governess, and the servants—migrated to Heidelberg. Her account of that Christmas in Germany is most fascinating; and though France was in a slate of turmoil, and all Europe was vibrating with the shock of revolution, the happy English family were but little troubled by outside matters, and thoroughly enjoyed the variety which their Continental life daily afforded.

An attack of typhoid at Munich in the following year induced Mr North to move on to Starnberg for a short time, in order that Marianne might recover her strength, and in the country life of that idyllic spot she soon threw off the effects of what might have been a most serious illness.

Starnberg is a sweet village lying at the entrance of the Starnberger (or Wurm) See. In 1848 it

would be even more beautiful than it is now, because more primitive and less easy of access. In these days it is within two hours' railway journey of Munich, and about half-way between that town and the picturesque valley where the "World's Tragedy" is represented every ten years by the poetic peasants of Ober-Ammergau.

It was in this lovely little lake that Ludwig—the mad King of Bavaria—drowned himself in 1886, and to his memory a "Votiv Kapelle" was consecrated on its shores, on the fourteenth anniversary of his "Sterbe Tag" in 1900. Every corner of this dainty lakelet is full of interest, and peak above peak in the near distance rise the Bavarian Alps, with the Zug Spitze and the Ettaler Berge lifting their snow-caps above the rest—even in midsummer.

To-day there are steamers constantly plying from village to village on its banks; but, in 1848, there would seem to have been only little rowing-boats, in which the convalescent could just rest and be thankful, with nothing more exciting than occasional fishing and driving expeditions to break the health-giving monotony of the glorious summer days.

Mr and Mrs North had intended to winter at Vienna, but the Revolution had spread with great rapidity, and it was found impossible to fulfil that part of their programme. At Dresden it was not