student of Craigenputtock was eventually attracted to London, and issued volume after volume from his house in Cheyne Walk.* Men from the country conduct London newspapers, sit on judges' benches, write books, manage railways, and are at the head of large city concerns. From Whittington's time until now, they have enjoyed a large share of city honors and dignities. Probably more men from the country have risen to be Lord Mayor † than born Londoners, with all their advantages of endowed education, family connection, and guild and city influences. Men from the country—who have come in contact with the soil, and are fresh from the mother earth—are often the greatest lovers of London and city life. They love it for its resources, its scope for merit, its social liberty, and its ever-varying active life. They can return to the country from time to time, to visit it, if not to live there. Younger men have their holidays, and enjoy themselves as volunteers or on their bicycles and tricycles, scouring the country for some sixty miles round the metropolis; thus maintaining an amount of physical health, which, even in the country, can scarcely be surpassed.

*The British Museum, and afterwards the London Library, which Carlyle helped to found, were among his greatest attractions in London. Even Louis Blanc could not write his *French Revolution* without studying the *Affiches* in the British Museum—the only library in which they exist in a complete form.

† See Orridge's *Citizens of London and their Rulers*, pp. 220-257.

CHAPTER IX.

SINGLE AND MARRIED—HELPS-MEET.

Love makes the woman's life
Within doors and without.—Sir S. FERGUSON.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.—SHAKESPEARE.

It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even:
That fall like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots.—W. B. SCOTT.

Shepheard, what's Love I praie thee tell?
Is it that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell?
Is it, perhaps, that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heaven or hell?
And this is Love, as I heare tell.—Sir W. RALEIGH.

IN describing some of the more important characteristics of biography, the relations which exist between men and women cannot be overlooked. Love and marriage influence the minds of most men, bringing help and solace to some, and misery to others. "We love," says Virey, "because we do not live forever: we purchase love at the expense of our life." "Nuptial love," says Lord Bacon, "maketh mankind; Friendly love perfecteth it; but Wanton love corrupteth and debaseth it."

There cannot be a doubt that Christian civilization has greatly elevated the position of woman, and enabled her to preserve that manhood of the soul which acknowledges no sex. It is through her influence that men and women are taught these divine lessons of morality and religion which maintain the reign of civilization. It is at the sanctuary

of the domestic hearth that woman rules the world as much as if she herself possessed the reins of government.

Many men and many women, however, remain single. It has, indeed, been a moot point whether the state of marriage or celibacy is the most favorable for human happiness and culture. The majority, following their natural instincts, marry; while others, like St. Paul, "having no necessity, and having power over their own will," have remained single; the former, accordingly to the apostle, having done "well," but the latter "better." Lord Bacon, himself a married man, though not much of a lover, has said: "He that hath Wife and Children, hath given Hostages to Fortune; for they are Impediments to great enterprises, either of Vertue or Mischiefe. Certainly the best workes, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the Unmarried or Childlesse Men; which, both in Affection and Means, have married and endowed the Publicke."* This statement is, however, too sweeping. The unmarried man is doubtless enabled to devote himself more exclusively to intellectual pursuits. He is freer in his habits and customs; and less trammelled by consideration of the wants and necessities of others. At the same time he deprives himself of that which gives many men strength and comfort in life—rest of brain and peace of spirit, and that sustaining refreshment which he can only find in the affectionate sympathy and counsel of an intelligent help-meet. "What men do in middle life," said Dr. Arnold, "without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people, such as one usually finds them in the world."

Many of the greatest men of genius have doubtless been single men, their passion for knowledge absorbing all other

* Bacon, *Essay of Marriage and Single Men.*

passions. Probably Newton never knew love, nor even the love of fame. It is said that he once went a wooing and began to smoke, and that in his forgetfulness he tried to use the forefinger of the lady as a tobacco-stopper. Their courtship was, of course, brought to a sudden end. It is possible also that Newton's excessive shyness, encouraged by his retired and meditative life, debarred him from enjoying the society of lady companions, the want of which he seems never to have felt. Hobbes purposely avoided marriage, to which he was once inclined, in order that he might devote himself more sedulously to study. Adam Smith lived and died a bachelor. He professed that he was "a beau only in his books." Chamfort, the misanthropist, said: "Were man to consult only his reason, who would marry? For myself I wouldn't marry, for fear of having a son who resembled me."

Among other distinguished celibates were Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Kant, Isaac Barrow, Bishop Butler, Bayle, Leibnitz, Boyle, Cavendish, Black, and Dalton. Not only was the sexual instinct wholly wanting in Cavendish, but he entertained a morbid antipathy to women. To avoid the female servants in his house he ordered a back staircase to be built, and if he encountered one of them in passing from one room to another she was instantly dismissed.* His shyness amounted to a disease. He would never have his portrait taken. If looked at, he was embarrassed. He shrank from strangers, and could scarcely enter a room which contained them without a shudder. Withal, he was an excessively cold,

* "One evening, at the Royal Society, we observed a very pretty girl looking out from an upper window on the opposite side of the street watching the philosophers at dinner. She attracted notice, and one by one we got up and mustered round the window to admire the fair one. Cavendish, who thought we were looking at the moon, hustled up to us in his odd way and when he saw the real object of our study, turned away with intense disgust, and blurted out *Pshaw?*"—G. Wilson, *Life of Cavendish*, p. 170.

passive man, apparently without feeling of any sort. He died as impassively as he had lived. His biographer says of him: "He did not love; he did not hate; he did not hope; he did not fear. . . . He was almost passionless—a scientific anchorite." Surely this man, however scientific, would have been all the better for being redeemed from inhumanity by the society of an affectionate help-meet. "Certainly," said Lord Bacon, in the Essay above quoted, "Wife and Children are a kinde of Discipline of Humanity."

Most of the great historians have remained unmarried —Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Thirlwall, Buckle, and others. Camden was so absorbed by his researches that he declined marriage in order to devote himself more exclusively to study. To be an accomplished historian requires a devotion so complete as to shut out every other kind of devotion, and to leave no room for family or domestic enjoyments. Hume's biographer quotes some verses said to have been written by him, in order to prove that he was susceptible of love; but there is no evidence to prove that he was ever touched by the passion. On the contrary, he discusses the subject in his *Essays* with as much indifference as some problem in Euclid.

Gibbon was, however, at one period of his life unquestionably in love, with no other than Mademoiselle Curchod, daughter of the Protestant pastor of Crassay, afterwards wife of the financier Necker, and mother of the famous Madame de Staël. Gibbon was a young man at the time, residing at Lausanne, in Switzerland; where the wit and the erudition of the young lady were the theme of general admiration. "The report of such a prodigy," says Gibbon, "awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. . . . She permitted me to make two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement, the vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart." When Gibbon, then only about twenty, mentioned the subject of his engagement to his father on his return to England, the latter was so much opposed to it that Gibbon at once resigned the lady; from which it may be inferred that his love was not of an ardent character. "After a painful struggle," he says, "I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son."

Jeremy Bentham never married; yet in his early life he formed an attachment to which he remained true till death. Even when an old man, Dr. Bowring saw the tears roll down his face when he spoke of his early love affair at Bowood. At sixty, he met the lady again, and renewed his addresses, but the love was all on one side, and she refused —both remaining single. As Bentham grew older, his one affection seemed to take stronger possession of him, and in his old age he addressed the lady in a touching letter. "I am alive," he wrote, "more than two months advanced in my 80th year—more lively than when you presented me, in ceremony, with the flower in the green lane. Since that day not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. . . . I have still the pianoforte harpsichord on which you played at Bowood: as an instrument, though no longer useful, it is still curious; as an article of furniture, not unhandsome; as a legacy, will you accept it? I have a ring, with some of my snow-white hair in it, and my profile, which everybody says is like. At my death you will have such another; should you come to want, it will be worth a good sovereign to you. You will not, I hope, be ashamed of me. . . Oh, what an old fool am I after all, not to leave off, since I can,

till the paper will hold no more." Perhaps the lady did think Bentham the "old fool" he described himself, for his letter drew forth no response. Yet one cannot but think more kindly of the benevolent old peripatetic of Queen Square Place, on reading this revelation of his inner heart, while occupied in the development of his system of political philosophy, which Wordsworth the poet described as "cold-blooded, calculating and selfish."

Neither Pitt nor Fox, the political rivals, ever married. Pitt, though supposed to be a man of icy nature, was at heart tender and affectionate. His domestic life was blameless: the tone of his mind was singularly pure and elevated. His private intercourse was full of little humanities. We have already seen that one of his chief delights was playing and romping with children. He could also fall in love, deeply and ardently. The object of his affections was Lady Eleanor Eden, a lady of a lofty style of beauty, quite dazzling from the grandeur of her forehead. It nearly broke his heart to give her up; but he did so from a conviction that the ties of domestic life were incompatible with the engrossing claims of public affairs. The sacrifice was dictated by a fine sense of duty and honor.

Among the great artists who remained single were Leonardi da Vinci, Raphael and Michael Angelo. The latter said of his art: "Painting is a jealous mistress that suffers no rival. I have espoused my art, and it occasions me sufficient domestic cares; my works shall be my children." Reynolds seemed to be of the same opinion, for he remained single from choice. When he heard that Flaxman had got married, he said: "I tell you, Flaxman, you are ruined for an artist." Yet Flaxman eventually proved that marriage had done him good rather than harm.*

* See *Self-Help*, p. 176. H. Crabb Robinson says in his *Diary* (ii. p. 158), 6th February 1820: "Mrs. Flaxman died. A woman of great merit, and an irreparable loss to her husband. He, a genius of the first rank, is a very child in the concerns of life. She was a woman of strong sense, and a woman of business too—the very wife for an artist. Without her he would not have been able to manage his household affairs early in life."

Turner and Etty were single, yet both were lovers. Turner's disappointment in love threw a shadow over his life, and his real affections were never after fairly drawn forth. Etty, on the other hand, was the subject of numerous evanescent attachments. "One of my prevailing weaknesses," he said, "was a propensity to fall in love." Yet he never committed himself to the extent of marrying.

Handel, Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have been among the bachelors in music. Handel's love was entirely merged in his art; yet Beethoven, while he loved his art, hungered all his life for a feminine love which he never found. While but a youth, before he left Bonn, he was smitten by the charms of Mademoiselle Howrath; but she jilted him for an Austrian officer, whom she married. Yet again and again he opened his heart to the same tender influence. On the third occasion he fell in love with a charming lady who occupied a higher social position than his own. He had the "faint heart" which, it is said, "will never win a fair lady." To her, however, he ventured to dedicate his Sonata in C, composed in 1806-in which he depicted in musical accents the hopelessness, and, at the same time, the rapture of his love. This lady, the Countess Giulia Guicciardi, shortly after married the Count de Gallenberg, to Beethoven's unutterable despair. He became hopeless and morose, and from that time for, ward abjured all other loves but music, and devoted himself to the composition of those works through which his name has become so famous.

Such are a few of the famous men who have remained unmarried. There are many more single women than single men. Man has strength and power; he acts, moves,

thinks, and works alone. He looks ahead, and sees consolation in the future. But the woman stays at home, for joy or for sorrow. To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself,—is not this the sum of woman's life? Yet her character is often full of beauties. She may have formed some early attachment, and been disappointed; probably she desires to remain unmarried and independent; or possessing the power of self-occupation, she may desire to follow some special pursuit of her own, perhaps the pursuit of knowledge and literature, for the elevation and welfare of humanity. There are many single women animated by the most beautiful of motives, and associated with the noblest and most honorable members of society. Need we mention the names of Florence Nightingale, Catherine Stanley, and Sister Dora?

Single women are in many cases the best comforters, the best sympathizers, the best nurses, the best companions. A great deal of the best work of the world is done in secret and in silence; it makes no noise, and seeks no approbation. There is no record made of the constant, watchful, daily service of the patient woman who keeps her home healthy and peaceful. Even in the humblest classes, single women do more than their fair share of useful and honorable work, often in the face of trials, difficulties, and temptations. How much have we to learn from the poor—of sufferings nobly endured, of burdens bravely borne. The poor are more generous to each other than the rich. They are often ready to share their last crust of bread with others more poor than themselves, and this without the least hope of reward. How many thousands are there of an undefeated legion of single women who work their fingers to the bone, perhaps on a dry crust or a sip of tea, rather than lose an atom of their self-respect, or suffer a breath of suspicion to dim their spotless shields!

Here is the reason why the Hospital for the Paralyzed

and Epileptic was founded. Two maiden sisters, orphans, were waiting for the return of their grandmother, who had reared them. They had waited for her long. She had left them cheerful and active. A knock was heard at the door! They opened, but could scarcely recognize the burden which the men carried in. It was their grandmother, helpless and paralyzed. The old women died, but the sisters conceived the idea of founding a charity for the special benefit of those similarly afflicted. They were not rich. They knew that the wealthy and benevolent were besieged with applications for help. Yet they persevered. They gathered together £200 as their offering to the charity. At length kind hearts took up the cause; they associated themselves together; and at last the Hospital was founded. The younger sister did not live to see the success of the institution. With her dying breath she blessed it, and entered into her rest.

No wonder that there is a general desire on the part of women to cultivate their intellectual faculties, as a means of emancipating themselves from their lonely condition, and advancing themselves in the world as men do. Hence the demands for higher education. for competitive examinations, and those struggles to reach professional advancement in which men have heretofore held the highest rank. There is no doubt that, for the comfort and support of women generally, it is necessary that their faculties should be cultivated and developed, so far as is consistent with their healthy and womanly conditions. If competition and brain-struggle applied only to the strong-minded and strong bodied among women, little harm would be done by their struggle to achieve professional distinction; but, applied to women generally, the evils of over brain-work would be great and irremediable, and would lead in the end to the physical degeneration of the human race.

Mr. H. Crabb Robinson relates that a young lady, the

daughter of a country clergyman, was so powerfully affected by the perusal of *Corinne* and *Delphine*, that when Madame de Staël, the authoress of these works came to London, the young lady called upon her, threw herself at her feet, and prayed to serve her as an attendant or amanuensis. The Baroness very kindly but decidedly remonstrated with her on the folly of her conduct: "You may think," she said, "that it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe, and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world; but the joys of home are more solid; domestic life affords more permanent happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father: I have none. You have a home: I was led to travel because I was driven from mine. Be content with your lot; if you knew mine you would not desire it."* It is gratifying to add that the young lady went home cured; she became steady and industrious, and lived a life of respectability and usefulness.

If young ladies were convinced that to be intelligent, agreeable, and happy,—that nothing is a trifle which can increase the sunshine of home life,—that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,—we shall be much less likely to hear a repetition of the pathetic cry recorded in the pages of *Punch* some years ago; "The world is hollow, and my doll is stuffed with bran, and I want to go into a convent!" Even an intelligent woman, married or single, can make her life useful to her family, and work for the scientific advantage of the world at large. Such was the case, as we have already seen, with Mrs Somerville, who may, however, have been a woman of exceptional mental capacity.

We have spoken of single men and women; but it is more important to speak of the married, for that is the condition to which both sexes usually tend. Men and women enter the married state with different views and

* H. Crabb Robinson, *Memoirs and Correspondence*, ii. p. 155.

feelings. Some marry for love, some for beauty, some for money, some for rank, some for comfort. Some are led by their instincts only, others by their imaginations; while a few hold their feelings under control, and are mainly influenced by judgment. Though marriage is perhaps the gravest event in a man's or woman's life,—leading to the greatest earthly happiness on the one hand, or the greatest misery on the other,—there are perhaps few events which occasion less thoughtful consideration than the contract between two human beings to hold to each other "for better for worse, until death do them part." This arises perhaps from the general impression which has so long prevailed, that love is a passion over which we have no control; that it is not so much an act of the will, as an act of the instinct; that it is an impulse to be followed, rather than to be governed and guided. Hence the sayings that "marriage is a lottery," and that "marriages are made in heaven"; though the results too often show that, without the guidance of reason, they might as well have been made "in another place."

Not many, it is true, marry their first loves. It is better they should wait until their mind, affections, and character have become matured. "The love at first sight," says Madame de Staël, "which is so seldom deep, so seldom lasting, is of especially rare occurrence in the case of two people whose great mutual attraction consists in character." Yet it occasionally does happen; though first loves are rarely based on merit and goodness of heart. Yet first love has its influence. Tennyson has told us, in *Guinevere*, what a subtle master is a boy's "maiden passion for a maid"—though she is generally older than himself—and how strong a guard it is for him through the dawning years of his manhood:

> "Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

"It was doubtless an understanding fellow," said Montaigne, "that said there was no happy marriage but between a blind wife and a deaf husband."* Coleridge took the same view, probably copying from Montaigne. He said: "The most happy marriage I can imagine or picture to myself would be the union of a deaf man to a blind woman."† It would probably have been well if Coleridge's wife had been deaf as well as blind. She was a patient and uncomplaining woman; and was long maintained by her brother-in-law, Southey, at Keswick; while her husband enjoyed himself in monologuing to admirers at Gilman's house on Highgate Hill. Coleridge said another truer thing: "For a man to be happy in marriage, he must have a soul-mate as well as a house or yoke-mate; and for a woman, she must have a husband whom she can conscientiously vow to love, honor, and respect."

With respect to Montaigne, he was never a lover in the highest sense. Perhaps he was incapable of love. He professed that he was indifferent to marriage; and that, had he been left to his own free choice, he would have avoided marrying even Wisdom herself had she been willing. But he married to please his father, and according to "the common usance of life." In fact, his was a *marriage de convenance*, so common in France then and now; and we do not hear that his marriage proved anything but convenient and agreeable.

Some marry for beauty. When beauty represents health—of feature, form, and constitution—it is always attractive; but still more so when it represents beauty of sense and intellect. Beauty has great power in the world; and

* Montaigne's *Essays*. "Upon some Verses of Virgil," book iii. chap. v.

† Alston, *Letters, Conversation, and Recollections of J. T. Coleridge*, ii. p. 7. The *Lowell Citizen* says—"Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet."

the beauty of women still more than that of men. It is one of those endowments which women especially desire, inasmuch as it is one of the chief sources of their position, influence, and power. Even so sensible and strong-minded a lady as Madame de Staël declared that she would cheerfully have given up her intellectual distinction for the single attribute of beauty.

At the same time, it must be confessed that beauty is not essential to happiness in marriage. Unless the soul shines through the features, the prettiest face may cease to give pleasure; as even the finest landscape, seen daily, becomes monotonous. The beauty that is skin-deep, does not last: it passes away like the flowers of May. Perhaps few men, after being a year married, think much of the personal attractions of their wives: "after that, the mind and heart are the chief attractions. After twenty years or more, the virtuous good-hearted woman will charm her husband more than she did even in the full plenitude of her charms. Perhaps the man is safest who selects the woman whom he would have chosen for his bosom friend.

With men, good looks are much less important than in the case of women. "A man's looks," says Montaigne, "is but a feeble warranty, and yet is something considerable too." Montaigne relates that on one occasion he was taken prisoner by a marauding party, and liberated by their captain because of his countenance. Men of good looks and handsome persons, he says, are, other things being equal, the natural leaders of man; and Aristotle says that "the right of command belongs to them." Bacon, also, in his Essay "Of Beauty," notes "that Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasian, Edward the Fourth, Alcibiades, Ishmael of Persia, were all high and great spirits; and the most beautiful men of their times." Plato, the "broad-browed," was great alike as a thinker and a wrestler; and his speech was of such sweetness that it was traditionally