

FIG. 16.



MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY
at the age of 76.

MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY,
 NOVELIST AND POET,
 A LITTLE-KNOWN LANCASHIRE AUTHORESS.

By Henry Peet, M.A., F.S.A.

I DO not intend to enter into any criticism or review of her writings, except an occasional reference here and there, in order to explain and make clear some incident in her career which otherwise would be obscure. My object is to give a brief account of her romantic experiences, and that of one or more members of her family; to tell something of her early vicissitudes, of the few years when she mixed in the highest society, of her long struggle with poverty, and finally of her old age when she had peace of mind and lived in the enjoyment of modest prosperity.

Her principal works, in order of publication, were as follows :

- 1827. A small volume of Poems, published by Lutz.
- 1840. *The Priest of the Nile*, 2 vols., published by Whittaker & Co.
- 1847. A small volume of Poems, entitled *Lays for the Thoughtful and the Solitary*, published by Brook & Co.
- 1853. "Ellaby Grange," appeared in serial form in the *Family Herald*.
- 1853. *Margaret*, 2 vols., published by Richard Bentley.
- 1854. "Eunice," appeared in serial form in the *Family Herald*.
- 1854. *Women as They Are*, 2 vols., published by Richard Bentley.
- 1855. "The Heiress of Darren Court," appeared in serial form in the *Family Herald*. This story had previously appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, under the title of "Storm and Sunshine."

1858. *The Cruelest Wrong of All*, 1 vol., published by Smith, Elder & Co.
1858. *Fellow Travellers*, 3 vols., published by Hurst & Blackett.
1858. "Rising in the World," appeared in serial form in the *Family Herald*.
1864. *Darkest before Dawn*, 3 vols., published by Smith, Elder & Co.
1866. "The Two Misses Wyngate," appeared in the *Young Englishwoman's Magazine*,

and many short stories in the *Monthly Chronicle*, *Metropolitan Magazine*, the *People's Journal*, the *Press*, *Literary Gazette*, and other now defunct periodicals. Many of these are difficult to trace, having been written anonymously.

The numerous works of fiction from her pen, published by firms of the highest repute, all more or less, bear the impress of genius.

An authoress with this output to her credit should not be altogether forgotten, and I earnestly hope that in the not distant future some writer of eminence will come forward and give to the world an expanded history of her life and writings. Much of the material for such a life is in my possession, but I shrink from the task myself for the simple and cogent reason that I have not the ability to do justice to it. In her lifetime she gave me many letters and family papers, and I have all or nearly all her published works. Several hundreds of letters which shortly before her death she had requested should be sent to me, were duly forwarded, but I regret to say that before I received them they had passed through the pruning hand of a member of her family (since deceased) who had entirely suppressed some, and had mutilated others to such an extent that they were almost worthless for biographical purposes.

Fortunately there is much solid material left, and from this I have been able to construct a fairly connected narrative of her life ; the many gaps would in all proba-

bility have been filled in, if the letters and memoranda in the possession of the family at the time of her death had been sent to me in their original state.

As the authoress of *The Priest of the Nile*, Mrs. Charles Tinsley was for many years well and widely known. This remarkable work, her first effort in prose, at once established her fame as a writer of great promise, and was soon followed by a single volume of Poems. It is doubtful, however, whether her name as an authoress would be known or recognised by one in a hundred of the present generation of "run and read" people. *The Priest of the Nile* was published at the end of 1840; reviewed during the latter half of the following year; and Mrs. Tinsley has long passed away from our midst. How many of our contemporary *littérateurs* will be remembered as "household words" forty years hence? Writing in 1871, of her life (then in her 63rd year), she says :

" Inwardly, as well as outwardly, it has been a life of struggle and privation, and as such is monotonously devoid of any striking vicissitude, except to myself. I inherit from my father, as my son Herbert does from me, whatever poetic talent I may possess. My father was a very learned man, and a very kind man. I do not remember ever hearing an angry word pass his lips. He was an amiable, sensitive, feeling man, full of enthusiasm for poetry and art, and between him and me there was the very devotion of love, for I was the one child who sympathised with his aspirations, and looked up to and believed in him. Nobody else did, and it took many years of experience in suffering to convince me that his life had been visionary and purposeless for any practical result, and that his neglect of worldly interests had injured us all."

There is no doubt that in her father's composition there was from an early period a streak of insanity, which was responsible for much of his eccentric and reprehensible conduct, and as the sequel will show, developed as the years went on.

Again, writing in 1871, she says :

" I am not disposed, like Charles Dickens, to feel resentful about the early neglect and the poverty and trouble that darkened my life for a much longer period than his was darkened. I have always loved my father too dearly for that ; but any stranger knowing all the circumstances, would blame him severely—as all our friends did, as my mother did."

Mrs. Charles Tinsley was of good parentage, and was proud of her ancestry. She reminds us of her progenitors, as of her own experiences, in her works, and the following remarks from "*The Heiress of Darren Court*" show her consciousness of former family glory :

" The eighteenth century, an eventful one in English history was for nothing more remarkable than for the utter extinction it witnessed of a numerous list of names once mighty in their localities—an uprooting of the ancient stock of gentry, as if to make way for the clamorous pretensions of another and totally dissimilar race. Perhaps no single county affords more striking proof of this wide-spreading decay on the one part, and rapid advancement on the other, than Lancashire. There the cotton factories raised their hundreds from the lower ranks in a marvellously short period of time, and the ostentatious mansions of the new lords of the soil sprang up like mushrooms on the picturesque sites of the old ancestral houses, sweeping away, by the introduction of different tastes, pursuits and associations, those time-hallowed and haunting memories that elsewhere still cling around the ancient places."

Her family on both sides suffered in the cause of the Stuarts, in 1715. Her father's (maternal) great-grandfather, Mr. Henry Milner, of Longridge Fell, together with many of his friends, and all the retainers on his estate, were amongst those who fought at Preston, under the Earl of Derwentwater. Mr. Milner escaped, but being a suspected man, his house was subsequently searched, and three known rebels being found concealed in it, he and they were taken prisoners and conveyed to Carlisle Castle. He was released after a confinement of eight months.

An ancestor of her mother's, Carruthers of Rammerscale, joined the standard of the Earl of Mar, in Scotland. He is mentioned in one of the Jacobite songs, published in the suppressed edition of "Jacobite Melodies"—

All the lads of Annandale
Were there, their native chiefs to follow ;
Brave Burleigh, Ford and *Rammerscale*
With Wintoun, and the gallant Rollo.

She was born at Preston, Lancashire, under the shadow of Longridge Fell, on the 11th day of January, 1808. She was one of the numerous offspring of a hasty, an early, an ill-assorted, and ill-considered marriage. Mr. Thomas Milner Turner, her father, married a Scottish lady—Miss Carruthers—many years his senior, when he was but eighteen years of age. We have Mrs. Tinsley's own word that her mother was "proud, high-spirited and impetuous, and very zealous for her faith," her faith being new to her, that of Roman Catholicism, which she had recently embraced. The zeal of converts is proverbial, and Mrs. Turner was no exception to the rule. Having complete ascendancy at home, the children were brought up in her new faith, as long as they lived,—but many died ere any faith at all could have power over them.

I can enter into no elaborate details of Mrs. Tinsley's early life, and know but little beyond what is found in a brief autobiographical fragment drawn up for her friend Mr. John Guest,¹ of Rotherham.

It is an item of interest to note that Captain Hardy, in whose arms the gallant Nelson breathed his last on board the *Victory*, meeting with a carriage accident in the neighbourhood, was carried into Mr. Turner's house for

¹ John Guest (1799–1880), Archæologist, Alderman and Man of Affairs, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Author of *Historic Notices of Rotherham*, 1879; *Rotherham Writers in Prose and Verse*, 1872, etc. This latter contains Mrs. Charles Tinsley's fragment of autobiography, which, however, is not free from errors.

relief from his sufferings. The illustrious soldier-sailor remained for three days, receiving at the hands of the family every attention and kindness ; and he never failed to speak in the most grateful terms of the true English hospitality which he experienced, and to which he was much indebted for his speedy recovery.

I have now no choice but to use her own words in dealing with that part of her life which preceded the breaking up of the old home at Preston, and the removal, after two years, to London. She says, writing to Mr. Guest :

" Do you ever remember having heard of Richard Palmer, solicitor, town clerk and coroner, of Preston ? His death occurred whilst we were at Rotherham, and was noticed in several papers, he being said to be the oldest coroner in England. His family and ours had been intimate for some generations, and a great aunt of my father's had been his godmother. I remember him well, looking then in my childish eyes, a very old man, and for many years I thought he was a relation. He never married, he was prosperous and became very rich, and he took great interest in my father. My father had very little to begin life on, and Richard Palmer took him into his office, and wished him to be articled, offering to pay the cost himself ; but my father said then, as he always did, he would not be " tied " to anything. As far as he could and would be helped I am sure Mr. Palmer helped him. For several years my father attended all the inquests, as deputy coroner ; but on these occasions, when riding or driving, he so frequently disappeared for days and weeks together, that I now wonder at Mr. Palmer's forbearance.

" My father sometimes took me with him when he went in a gig, and on one occasion, after holding an inquest at Goosnargh,—I well remember it was on a woman who had been killed by lightning while driving home a cow, and she had a child in her arms, and she only was touched—he whisked me off with him to Liverpool ; I was then not quite seven years old. Of course he had no business in Liverpool. He was very intimate with Mr. Knight, manager of the Liverpool Theatre,¹ and the visit had been to him. My father had quite a passion for theatricals, and our house was always thronged by actors when they came to Preston. They flattered, and helped to ruin, and eat him up."

¹ The old Theatre Royal in Williamson Square.

She is very bitter in her comment on Mr. Young, the actor, who in his struggling days was a frequent visitor at their house. On one occasion he borrowed five shillings and a silk umbrella from her father, promising to return both loans almost immediately, which of course he never did. Many years afterwards when as actor-manager he had become famous in London, he left unanswered a note from her father reminding him (not of the loans but) of old times, and soliciting an order for one night for himself and his daughter. After Mr. Young's death his memoirs were edited by his son, and are interesting,—needless to say the above incident finds no place therein. Continuing her narrative, she says :

"None of my father's friends, all actors or literary men, ever did him a real service. They pleased him by ministering to his tastes, and by encouraging his Bohemian propensities, and if he had been a wealthy man it might not have mattered much. He never did like his best friend, Mr. Palmer. He thought him tyrannical, and he hated the law, and he utterly abhorred holding inquests. Anybody could see that a practical man in my father's place must have got on. He had an idea that he should succeed as an actor, and I was about eight years old when he joined a company at Blackburn, and the home at Preston was broken up. He was still a young man, very sanguine, always very kind in his manner, but always wrong-headed. There were three of us then,—Mary the eldest, myself, and Agnes who was a baby."

Of the children of the marriage two alone have any interest in this narrative—Mary the eldest (afterwards Mrs. Cumberland) and Annie (Mrs. Charles Tinsley). The former was a girl of singular beauty, wild and romantic in temperament, and with a love of daring adventure. Her younger sister was studious, poetical, and sombre, but practical. Despite the difference in their natures there existed between the two a deep and genuine attachment. One event of her childhood particularly impressed her,—a visit paid with her father to Windermere, as it

was the means of her being introduced at an early age to a poet, in the person of Wordsworth.

"I well remember," she writes, "the rapid beating of my heart, the reverential bowing of my spirit in the presence of that, to me, great master of song. The enthusiasm with which I bore away from the garden at Rydal Mount a branch of laurel leaves, preserved carefully for years afterwards; the hearty mortification I endured when on eagerly entering upon the details of this high honour and happiness, to my sister Mary, she stopped me shortly with a very positive assurance that she would not give a fig to see all the poets in Christendom."

This small incident probably explains the difference in temperament of these two sisters better than any detailed description.

Although Mrs. Tinsley was sent early to school, her father appears to have been her chief instructor.

"At the age of twelve," she writes, "I had read largely and with avidity, because books afforded me the only means of gratifying an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an eager interest in human affairs, born with me, I suppose, and sufficiently encouraged by my father."

To the appearance of an uncomplimentary review in the *Athenæum* I am indebted for a very valuable contribution by Mrs. Tinsley herself concerning her life and writings, and as it relates to her childhood, it seems suitable to appear at this juncture. In criticising her Poems, the *Athenæum* writes as follows :

"Mrs. Tinsley is one of those poetesses whom the world owes to Mrs. Hemans; if Mrs. Hemans had never sung, it is probable that neither would Mrs. Tinsley."

Mrs. Tinsley's reply in a letter written to her literary friend Mr. Wm. McQuhae is interesting. "In connection with the above opinion I wish to state a few facts," which she prefaced by a long poem written for the Burns' Anniversary at Sheffield.

She proceeds :

" What these lines state is strictly true. I was familiar with the writings of Burns when most children are in their first schoolbooks. At the age of nine I had read the British Classics from Chaucer to Beattie, whose ' Minstrel ' I could repeat throughout by heart. Before this I had commenced rhyming ; my first attempt written in my eighth year was an epitaph on a Miser. . . . My early love for the poetry of Burns was not displaced by that of the poets who had preceded him, and it was not until I was between ten and eleven that I met with any more poetry. I then read Byron and Scott. From about that age I may date my solitary literary career. In the latter part of 1826, at which period if I mistake not, Mrs. Hemans was comparatively unknown (she was unknown even in name to me), a selected number of my poems, filling a volume of above 200 pages, was published ; and those poems contain the germ of all that I have since written. The work was well spoken of as the production of so young an author (18 years of age) and the sober, mournful tone of thought pervading the volume, was particularly noticed as being unnatural in one that had numbered so few years. I was gently admonished by the critics to give up sentimental sorrows, and adopt a more cheerful style. The ruin and the misery that swept destructively as a simoom of the desert over my family during my childhood—never to be stayed until after many weary years it ended to many of its members in madness and in death, had cast a shadow upon my spirit that it was not, however, in the power of the critics to remove."

During the two years after the break-up of the Preston home when Annie would be but eight years of age, the family had no settled place of abode. Her father never seems to have distinguished himself as an actor on the stage, though he loved the work so well, and so far as I have been able to ascertain, no distinguished parts were given him to play. Such a non-success, apart from the hardships incident to a strolling player's career, found him quite ready to part company with his *quondam* friends on their arrival in London. Accordingly he was free and desirous to accept any means of livelihood which might be placed in his way.

" My mother," writes Mrs. Tinsley, " at least found the strolling life very hard, and I think my father was getting tired of it."

A turning-point in the family's career was now reached. Some of Mrs. Turner's connexions, who were in fairly affluent circumstances, naturally viewed with alarm and disapproval the life into which their relative had been dragged by her eccentric husband, and on Mr. Turner's arrival in town steps were at once taken to find some employment for him. Through a certain Lady Davy, a connexion by marriage of the Carruthers family, an introduction was obtained to Mr. William Plasted,¹ of Chelsea College. This gentleman held an influential position in that Institution, and through him Mr. Turner obtained a clerkship in the College, and enjoyed a salary sufficient to enable him to keep his young family in comfort. Mr. Plasted also introduced them shortly afterwards to Lady Chambers of Putney, whose town house was at No. 30, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park. Between these two friends it seemed as if brighter days were dawning, but it was not long before more trouble came.

The beauty of the girls, or their hitherto painful history at once attracted to them the kindly interest of Lady Chambers, and for some years her practical friendship. She was " a character," and would doubtless do such a thing without any reason to give, except that it suited her to do it. She so far made herself *persona grata* in the Turner household that on her offering to take the eldest girl to live with her, no objection was raised, and Mary made her home permanently with Lady Chambers.

¹ Mr. Plasted was born in 1745, and from 1760 to 1794 was a clerk in the Audit Office of Chelsea College, and afterwards in the office of the Deputy Treasurer. After that, from 1800 to 1822, he was chief clerk in the office of the Agent of Chelsea Hospital, his salary being £650 per annum. He retired on a pension of £400 a year in 1822, then in his 77th year. He did not occupy any official residence in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the name by which the Institution is now known. A hundred years ago it was commonly described both as Chelsea Hospital and Chelsea College.

The house of this lady was the resort of the *literati* of the day. At this time she is in a green old age, but with as great a love of excitement as when she is referred to by the irrepressible Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*. Says the Doctor to his biographer, "Chambers¹ is either married or almost married to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has with his lawyer's tongue persuaded to take her chance with him in the East."

So having been a beauty herself she appreciated it and its power in others—thus it came to pass she first possessed herself of Mary Turner, and having seen her disposed of, took her sister, Annie Turner, to live with her.

I must once more tell the story in Mrs. Tinsley's own words. She says :

"At Putney, at the house of Lady Chambers, my sister met with Captain Richard Cumberland,² of the Guards, who admired

¹ Sir Robert Chambers, a lawyer and Oriental scholar, had a distinguished career at Oxford. He was appointed Chief Justice of Bengal, and on the 8th of March, 1774, married Fanny Wilton, only daughter of Joseph Wilton, a celebrated sculptor, and one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy. She was then in her 16th year, and as Dr. Johnson says, in a letter to Boswell, "exquisitely beautiful." His taste is corroborated by the testimony of Mrs. Thrale, who adds that she "stood for Hebe at the Royal Academy." Sir Robert Chambers returned to England in 1799, when a peerage was offered to him, which he declined. His health was undermined by the Indian climate, and he died near Paris on the 9th of May, 1803. He was buried in the benchers' vault in the Temple Church, and there is a monument by Nollekens to his memory in the triforium gallery. There is also a tablet on the south wall of the chapel in University College, Oxford, and a portrait by Robert Home, which now hangs on the north wall of the Hall. Curiously enough there is a mistake on both the tablet and the portrait. The tablet gives the date of birth as 1735, instead of 1737. The portrait is ascribed to Horne, but Lady Chambers in her memoir of her husband states definitely that it was by Robert Home. The friendship of Johnson with Chambers was established in 1766, and lasted unimpaired until he sailed for India. Sir Philip Francis stood godfather to his son, who was lost in the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, in 1782. There is a long account of Chambers' distinguished career in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

² Captain Richard Cumberland was the grandson of Richard Cumberland, the Dramatist, who was the great-grandson of Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough. The Dramatist was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Garrick and Johnson. Charles Dickens was buried in the grave next to that of the Dramatist. Captain Cumberland's father—another Richard Cumberland—was an officer in the army, and married Lady Albinia,

her greatly, and it was certainly with Lady Chambers' sanction that he so often met my sister. Lady Chambers thought it would be an excellent match, and she wrote to Captain Cumberland, saying that if his intentions were honourable he must come and speak to her. Neither my father nor my mother had heard anything of this affair when one day my sister was missing, the Captain being also missing, and nothing was heard of them for some months, till at length my sister wrote from Edinburgh saying she was married according to the law of Scotland, and that she was received in the best society as Captain Cumberland's wife, and that she was very happy. But Lady Chambers in the meantime had a sad life of it, between my father and mother, and Lady Albinia Cumberland, all of them blaming her, and the latter saying she had ruined her son."

On the return of the young runaways¹ from Scotland, they were re-united in an orthodox manner, the ceremony being duly performed with becoming grandeur at the fashionable Saint George's Church, Hanover Square, on the 17th day of December, 1827, Lady Ripon's half-brother, Sir Henry Ellis, giving the bride-wife away. He also signed the register as one of the witnesses.

It was at Lady Albinia Cumberland's particular desire that this second marriage was solemnised, resisted by Mary for a long time, because she believed (and truly so) that she was already married.

When Mr. Turner had been two years at the College, he and two other clerks were dismissed. Lady Chambers always said that the enraged Lady Cumberland had procured his dismissal, and she used her influence to get him

eldest daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Lady Albinia was one of the ladies of Queen Charlotte's suite, and her son Richard became a page of honour. In 1809 he was appointed an ensign in the 3rd Foot Guards, and Captain in the same regiment in 1814. He was *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Wellington in the principal actions in the Peninsular War, in 1812-1814; was wounded at the repulse of the French sortie from Bayonne, and at his death in 1870, at the age of 87, was one of the last survivors of the personal staff of Wellington. He was one of the many and varied distinguished people who always found a welcome at the house of Lady Chambers. There is a brief reference to his military career in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

¹ She was 20. He was over 40.

replaced, but without effect, but such a petty spite is hard to believe even in an offended woman. From what has been already said, and what is known of his unstable character, it is more than probable his dismissal was owing to some failing of his own. In one of the old books still preserved at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, under date 9th October, 1819, there is this entry :

"Three supernumerary clerks, including Thomas Turner, were dismissed per order of the Right Hon. Charles Long, His Majesty's Paymaster General, and Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Hospital." ¹

Once more thrown upon his own slender resources which were fast melting away, he fell into a despondent state, and became troubled with delusions ; his mind, never fit to battle with great trouble, grew feebler day by day, until at length it was deemed necessary to place him under restraint. His letters written about this time reveal him as a man of culture and education, but they are sad reading, and if they were not pathetic, they would be comic. It was only too apparent that he was suffering from delusions of persecution, a common form of insanity. He is unsparing in his denunciation of the politicians of the time, and of others, whom he thought were conspiring to work his ruin.

An offer was made by Mrs. Turner's family to give her a certain yearly sum, on condition that Captain Cumberland would give a like sum. This he declared with truth he could not do, and not believing him, the others would do nothing. The Captain was very needy and in debt, his mother was not rich, and he had to sell his commission in order to live. "It soon became apparent," writes Mrs. Tinsley, "that my sister's great match was not

¹ I am greatly indebted to W. H. Willcox, Esq., the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, for the laborious search he has so kindly made for me amongst the ancient archives, and for the information he has supplied regarding both Mr. Turner and Mr. Plasted.

worth much. I can truly say that this connection never benefited us."

The Turners continued to reside in London for some time, and then went into the north country, but how they managed to exist I am not able to say. Mrs. Tinsley herself says "that for many years (in the 'twenties) there was a struggle for bare life." They had a good and kind relative in Lady Davy, and possibly the Carruthers family *did* help, certainly after Mr. Turner's death, a yearly allowance was made by them to his widow, and continued until her death on 1st August, 1852. She was interred in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Masboro'. The incidents of this arduous struggle, though veiled and adapted to the purpose of fiction, will be found recorded in *Margaret*, of which work Mrs. Tinsley confesses that it

"contains nothing so bitter as the recollection of her own hardly tasked and joyless youth, and nothing half so cruel as her own experience of life."

Unfortunately only portions of the many letters which refer to these years exist and they are of very little assistance to the biographer.

To continue with the Cumberlands, who will then disappear from this narrative. The Captain's influential friends procured him a Government clerkship of £300 a year, and he and his young family (in 1834 there were seven children) lived for some time at the Exchequer, and for a further period in the Tower of London. Lady Cumberland took their eldest child and kept her till they went to Malta in 1832, Captain Cumberland being appointed Governor of Gozo, an adjoining island, but being a confirmed gambler and spendthrift he was always in debt. On their return from Malta they went to live at the Royal Mint, and this was the Captain's residence until his death in 1870.

"My brother-in-law," writes Mrs. Tinsley, "died poor to the

last, leaving his daughters slenderly provided for, but they have an annuity from the family, on his mother's side."

His young wife, never very strong in intellect, a weakness inherited from her father, must have had a sad period of married life, as her letters to her sister abundantly testify, and must often have wished for her single blissfulness of ease at Lady Chambers'. As in life she had been accustomed to ills of all kinds and one form or another of tragedy, so in death were she and tragedy not divided, for it was while walking alone on the cliffs near Brighton, that unconscious of whither she stepped, she fell over the edge and was dashed to pieces. I have not been able to ascertain the exact date of this sad affair, but it would be about 1841.

As I have already hinted, Mrs. Tinsley was eventually taken into the household of Lady Chambers on the same footing as her elder sister had been, and for quite three years preceding her marriage had her permanent residence there. Before speaking of this event, however, it must be mentioned that in 1827 her first published volume of poetry appeared under the title of *The Children of the Mist, and other Poems*. It was a small book of about 200 pages, and contained forty-two poems of various sizes, ranging from the sonnet to the larger work extending over eighty pages. The title-page was faced by a beautiful steel engraving by C. Rich; it was published by Lutz of Foley Street, in the West End of London. This proved to be an unfortunate step for the young girl of only eighteen years of age, as the little book never paid for publication, and some awkward complications resulted. It seems a pity that she had no one strong-minded or sternly kind enough to dissuade her from printing; but what young author ever receives such advice, or adopts it, if given? The Poems met with the usual reception given to such efforts;—praised by injudicious friends,

passed over in silence by contemptuous strangers, harshly dealt with by professional critics,—and he would have been a brave, if not a rash, prophet who ventured to predict from this little work any ultimate literary success for the writer. The result, however, of the issue of the work was romantic, since by devious ways, it led to her meeting with him who eventually became her husband. As I have mentioned, the volume of poems was not a financial success, and with a degree of harshness which grates upon our humanitarian age, this young, talented, and beautiful girl was arrested for debt in her father's house, taken off to a common "sponging house," and only at the last moment saved from entering the old Fleet Prison. The arrest was, in fact, illegal, she being under age, but that went for very little in those days.

A young man then serving his time with a firm of London solicitors (the solicitors to the Chambers family) was introduced to her with a view to rendering such assistance as he could to obtain her freedom. Mr. Tinsley then saw his future wife for the first time at this "sponging house" on the very evening of her incarceration there, and had an interview with her again on the following morning. He paid all the costs and got her out. When he first saw her, she wore a poke bonnet, and he could not see her face, but the next day she had no bonnet, and was beautifully dressed. He was attracted chiefly by her voice, which was remarkably sweet and clear, and by her being a clever woman. I can hardly imagine that there is any exaggeration in Mr. Tinsley's own account of these proceedings, for in plain words they are romantic enough. "He asked me," says Mrs. Tinsley, "if I would wait for him until the completion of his articles." Mr. Tinsley did not woo in vain. No obstacle was raised to the proposed marriage. The last three years of her single life she lived entirely with Lady Chambers, who was a

second mother to her. Tinsley was, of course, a frequent visitor at Putney, and at the town house in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park. Sometime after he had completed his articles their union took place at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, on the 1st August, 1833, Lady Chambers playing the part of mother; she gave her away, the wedding breakfast was served at her house, and she signed the marriage register as one of the witnesses. The young couple settled down at Boston (Lincolnshire, November 1833) under the shadow of the grand old church tower, facing the slimy Witham; Tinsley having duly qualified for an attorney, he commenced practice, taking over the business of an old established and well-known firm—Tuxfords. The married life promised to this young authoress that which hitherto had been so marked by its absence, a comfortable home of independence, and a cheerful noon of glorious sunshine.

But alas! the bright prospect thus held out was soon to be darkened, and many years of genteel poverty followed. The day of real comfort, of a time free from all financial anxiety and of modest prosperity, dawned only when advancing years had begun to throw a shadow on her chequered career.

I must now say a word about the Tinsleys. They claim descent from a collateral branch of an old Yorkshire family long settled at the village of Tinsley. This may or may not be correct; all I can say is that I have been unable to find any evidence which will support this claim. The first authentic record is in 1730 when one John Tinsley is found at Rippingale in Lincolnshire, and in the Registers of that parish there are several entries relating to these Tinsleys. Some of them were without doubt most respectable and substantial yeomen. John Tinsley was twice married, and the home happiness does not appear to have been increased by his second venture.

And for this reason the youngest child of his first marriage, Coley Henry, determined to leave his home. He removed to the parish of Holbeach, some sixteen miles distant, and rented a small farm at Penny Hill, about a mile from Holbeach town. By care and industry he succeeded in becoming the owner of the freehold. Acre by acre and field by field he added from time to time, till eventually he was well known as a successful agriculturalist and a considerable landowner. He married Miss Catherine Cash, by whom he had seven children—three daughters and four sons. There is no doubt he greatly prospered. At his death in 1819 at the early age of 57, the property he had amassed when divided amongst his family was sufficient to enable his three eldest sons—William, Henry and George—with their respective shares to establish themselves in large farms in the Marsh and Fen districts of South Lincolnshire. They in turn were all prosperous men, and became successful agriculturalists and landowners. William, the eldest, who died without issue, became a wealthy man. Charles, the youngest of the family, as has already been seen, chose the legal profession, having no taste for agriculture.

And now let me resume the story of Mrs. Tinsley. Her married life started somewhat inauspiciously, for her husband became entrapped in a breach of promise case, as trumpery and unwarranted as can well be imagined.

It seems that his brother Henry had been paying some attention to a young lady, without entertaining any serious idea of marrying her. No promise had been made, but fearing an action on the part of Miss Pullen, the young lady in question, he consulted his brother Charles on the subject, and requested him to do his best to get his letters from her, and to smooth matters over. Mr. Tinsley seems to have had no difficulty in the matter. But the young solicitor little dreamed what was the real

cause of her sudden change of front. It was not his skill as a diplomatist alone, as he soon found to his cost. His marriage with Miss Turner was no sooner announced than he found himself defendant in an action for breach of promise, having the said Miss Pullen as plaintiff ! The verdict went against the defendant, but his was the moral victory, the fair and designing plaintiff's blighted feelings being valued by a London jury at one farthing. The action, however, cost Mr. Tinsley £200, a sum which at that time, after paying for his newly acquired practice, and furnishing his new abode, was raised with difficulty. Such an event was not calculated to cement more closely the bonds of matrimony into which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tinsley had but recently entered, and one can well imagine that few young (or for that matter older) wives would readily or easily forget that such a thing had been. I can, however, positively state, that as far as is known, and as far as can be gathered from correspondence and other sources, no difference whatever was made by the talented young wife. She showed herself all through her married life a devoted wife, loving her husband most affectionately in weal and in woe.

They resided in Boston about four years. It is unpleasant to have to record the failure of Mr. Tinsley to make anything out of the once remunerative country practice he acquired. One reason assigned is that on the death of old Mr. Tuxford, which had occurred three years previously, his practice had been left in the hands of clerks and much impoverished. This was doubtless true to a certain extent ; but I fear it must be acknowledged that the temperament of Mr. Tinsley had also not a little to do with his failure to succeed. His whole life may be said to have been one long failure, not through any fault of his own, beyond having committed the mistake of choosing a wrong path to begin with, against the advice of his plodding and prosperous elder brother. I cannot do

better than give Mrs. Tinsley's own description of her husband. She writes :

" He was not an idle man, he loved work ; he had no expensive tastes, and never yielded to dissipation in any form ; he was an earnest man, anxious to perform every duty to the best of his ability, and eager to raise himself and those belonging to him ; but industry, rectitude and worthiest purpose availed him nothing, because of one fatal obstacle—incapacity. He was not fit for the profession he had chosen in the unconsidered confidence of youth. The high standard of mental culture exacted from professional men was beyond his power of attainment. He had a defective memory, a somewhat limited grasp of thought ; all mental processes were hard to him, and he had no readiness of speech. He was not the sort of man to make friends, consequently he failed to secure any of those lucrative public appointments, by which so many country attorneys augment their incomes. There was no push in him ; none of the assurance that will often cover defects and command success even where abler men have failed. What practice he had was chiefly amongst the poorer sort of clients, who paid badly, often not at all. He was one of the kindest of men, a ready sympathiser with the wronged and the indigent, and could put his heart into a cause that touched him without seeking reward."

In the main this is a fair description of Tinsley, and I can find little fault with it.

Such, then, was the man who now found his responsibilities increasing, and his practice as rapidly declining. Debts of necessity accumulated, and after a residence of four years it became necessary for the still young couple to leave Boston. Something had to be done, and Mr. Tinsley obtained a position in Rotherham, as managing clerk to a solicitor, named Hoyle, at a commencing salary of £100 per annum. He took up his duties there in November 1837, and remained there for eighteen years, till 1855 when he went to Sheffield, and occupied a similar position for six years under the same firm of solicitors.

The Rotherham Period, as I may call it, of Mrs. Tins-

ley's life, while barren in events of a domestic character, was the most fruitful of all her literary career. The larger portion of her works appear to be connected with this period of her chequered life. It was during these years that she wrote and wrote for dear life.

To quote Dr. Johnson : "Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed." Poverty was a lifelong curse to Mrs. Charles Tinsley ; whatever faults real or imaginary, of plot, or character, or dialogue, may be discovered in her writings, the reader should bear in mind under what unprecedented trials she wrote. In this connexion an extract from a letter written to me by one of her old friends, and dated from Rotherham on 2 September 1885, is illuminating :

"When they left this neighbourhood, I and my sisters lost sight of them until about six years ago Mrs. Tinsley visited friends in this town, when both she and we were glad to renew our friendship. We saw a great deal of her when she resided here. . . . She was a highly gifted woman, most tender-hearted, cheerful in disposition, and a true sympathiser with the afflicted and the sorrowful. She had, too, a keen sense of humour. She had many hardships to endure, a family of six children, and her husband had only a very small income, and when he had an illness and became unable to attend to his duties, she worked diligently with her pen and kept her family with the proceeds of her labours."

During these long years, as I have already mentioned, nothing in their domestic routine occurred to vary the monotony of a struggling life except the always to be expected addition to the family. It would be with mingled feelings that the careworn young mother would welcome these tiny messengers from the unseen world, bringing new heritage of labour, of trouble and anxiety. "Had it not been for my children, I would rather have died," she herself says, "than work at the work I was compelled to do to save my household."

I give now a lengthy extract from a letter she wrote to

me on 2nd July 1884, telling in her own words better than anyone else could do the state of affairs in this Rotherham period of her life :

"The wonder is," she writes, "not that my books are so unsatisfactory"—this was in reply to some mild criticism I had made—"but that they were written at all under the depressing conditions, that I was driven to the work and did not like it, that I had to write surrounded by young children, all the house-work on my mind and hands with small help at any time, often with none, and that my husband was always in debt and relying altogether on me for help ; that I was made so nervous by the importunity of creditors, that for months together I dared not go out for fear of being waylaid by duns, as I often have been ; that I had for many years no society, and no books, and that I had a husband who did not, could not comprehend the many ways in which I suffered. A weaker mind than mine would have broken down, and, as it was, mine was hopelessly shattered. You are right in supposing my books were written and sent to press hurriedly, for the simple reason that money was needed. I never made two copies of a work, and never revised one,—I had no time. I never submitted a manuscript to anybody, and could not have imagined that any literary friend would have been willing to read one. Literary people are always busy with their own work. It has always been a surprise to myself that I never failed to find a purchaser for my books ; but in the absence of an adviser I acted unwisely in some cases in selling copyrights. . . . No criticism of my books could be fair that left out of account the harassed state of my mind while writing them, and no life of me could be worth anything that ignored altogether the tragic side of it. It would be Hamlet with the Prince left out. . . . My own relations said it would have been better for me if I had not been able to write, that leaning on me made my husband careless about earning or spending. His relations, (some of them) said that it was wicked to write novels. If I had not written them we could not have kept up a house, nor could I have given any education to my children. Men may be very superior beings, but in one way or another they have failed me—first my father, then my husband, two men as unlike as possible except in being kind-hearted and exceedingly thoughtless. The one who fully understood, and whose one wish and aim in life was to help and bring me comfort [her son Herbert] was taken away. I commenced life with the one ambition of

being some day recognised as a poet, but my married life soon knocked the poetry out of me."

From another letter she wrote to me dated 8th May 1884, I cull sufficient to illustrate another trial of a different kind, which may have influenced her writings to some extent. She says :

" Please take *Margaret* with a pinch of salt. There is a sneer at the Roman Catholic faith in it which I now greatly regret. I was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and none of my early friends tried to convert me. When I married Mr. Tinsley, my dear second mother, Lady Chambers, who for many years had sole care of me, insisted that I should be allowed to practise my own faith, and he promised that I should. But he really greatly disliked it, and objected to his children being brought up in it. None of the people he introduced me to—Protestants, Unitarians and Methodists—were at all scrupulous about abusing it. One of the books given to me, professing to be written by a runaway nun, made a great impression on me. I wrote *Margaret* whilst under that impression, but it did not last, I could find no rest in the Protestant Church, nor could my children, though they were brought up in it; and my husband has at length to acknowledge that the only real help his children have ever had, has been found amongst the Catholics."

On submitting this letter to Tinsley, some years after the death of his wife, he very frankly wrote to me as follows :

" I never preferred the Roman Catholic faith, and as certainly never interfered with my poor wife's enjoyment of it. I went with her once only to the Roman Catholic Chapel, and proposed to go on other occasions, but we did not go again together, and I believe she never went without me. We became acquainted with the Copelands (Unitarians) through their calling upon us as new comers to Rotherham. Mr. Brettell, the then Unitarian Minister, lived within two doors of us. He was a fine classical scholar and a pleasant companion, and gained some repute as a writer. My wife was very friendly with him, and we frequently went to his chapel and became acquainted with other ministers who occasionally preached there. By none of her particular friends, nor any other of our acquaintances, was the Roman

Catholic religion ever in my presence spoken of or alluded to offensively, or otherwise."

I have two observations to make on her two letters from which I have quoted. One on her not altogether fair or just strictures on her husband ; and the other on her reference, made late in life, to her religion. She says nothing of her own early failings and shortcomings, or of her unsuitability to become the wife of a young solicitor, by no means well endowed with this world's goods. Remembering her upbringing, her lack of all domestic training, her early poverty, and then her sudden leap into the gaiety and luxury of a fashionable London house, and her constant intercourse with those accustomed to high Society ; remembering also her life, for at least three years before her marriage, when she was surrounded with everything that could make life happy, is it to be wondered that as the wife of a country solicitor, in a home where money from the first was not plentiful, she was not really a help-mate, that she failed to economise, and to adapt herself to an environment so totally different from that immediately preceding her marriage ? Tinsley had his failings (I do not dispute it), but in his many letters he never fails to speak of his wife with admiration, with great respect, and always with tenderest affection. I do not recall one instance in which he criticises or condemns anything she ever did. True, he was not financially a success, but he had *character*, and he must have had some gifts, and probably some talent or he would not have retained his situations in the different offices in which he was employed for such a lengthened period.

And then as to her Religion. I cannot trace in all the correspondence that has passed through my hands, or in any of her writings with the single exception of the letter I have quoted, any leanings to the Roman Catholic faith,

until the last few years of her life when two of her daughters were engaged abroad in teaching in Roman Catholic Institutions—the one in Lausanne, the other in Brussels. That her eldest daughter was a strict adherent of the Roman Catholic Church is without question. The other daughter eventually married a Protestant, and troubled the Roman Church no more. Her eldest son who had been estranged from the family for many years, and had been lost sight of, was never in communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and her gifted younger son—Herbert—the apple of her eye, had no religion at all. In fact he openly expressed his contempt for all creeds.

In the anecdotes of the biographer, truth is often as hard to find as amid the conflicting annals of the historian. It is a trite remark that the lives and beliefs of authors, especially of poets, are to be read in their books. They will not, indeed, tell how they dressed, spoke or fed ; what stars danced at their birth, or what portents heralded their eclipse in death. But they show what is alone of lasting importance—their inward moral nature ; so that it is possible for the reader to judge how, amidst the various accidents of human life, they felt and acted. Some authors have furnished in their works fuller materials for an estimate of their personal qualities, as modified by the events of their lives, than others. Of this class is Mrs. Charles Tinsley. Her personal experience pervades all her works. They are the outgrowth of the life she lived and of the sufferings she bore. The woman, as well as the writer, is constantly present with us, and all her writings are stamped with the seal of actual experience. They show a pure and refined mind and delicate womanly feeling. It is impossible to read ten pages of any of her productions, without knowing at once that she was no ordinary woman. There is distinct evidence of a subtle, if not a profound mind, as well as a vigorous and daring imagination, and pervading every page of her prose, and

every line of her poems, will be found a tolerant and truly Christian spirit.

Her earlier books had only a limited circulation. Two of them were published by Bentley who at the same time was publishing Charles Reade's *It's Never Too Late to Mend*. Reade had a dispute, and went to law with his publisher to take the book out of his hands. He won his case, and Bentley had to cease publishing Mrs. Tinsley's books also. She was in frequent correspondence with Reade, who in this instance was a bad adviser. In 1858, Smith & Elder bought the copyright of the *Cruelest Wrong*, which they afterwards sold to Chapman & Hall, who brought out six cheap editions of it in the Standard Authors Series. It was a great success, but the publishers took the profit. She sold *Darkest before Dawn* to Smith & Elder for seven years, and at the end of seven years sold the copyright to Mr. Smith of the Railway Book Stalls, whose publishers are Chapman & Hall. They issued a two shilling edition in Select Library of Fiction. It was popular and ran through several editions, but here again the publishers made the profit. Foolishly, poor lady, in parting with the copyright of these popular books, she thereby killed the goose which was laying golden eggs. But the old, old tale has to be told. Money was sorely wanted, and less of present gold had to suffice, for the more which would have certainly come.

In 1862, Tinsley severed his connexion with Hoyle of Rotherham, and entered into an engagement with Mr. Geo. Saffrey, Solicitor, of Market Rasen, at a slightly increased salary. He remained in this office six years, until 1868. During all these thirty years of his clerkship, his remuneration was never more than £150 per annum, with an occasional bonus of £10 at Christmas. Thence he removed to London, and entered into a partnership with a Mr. Robert Brewster, a property speculator. Tinsley

would be no party to any transaction which he thought savoured of sharp-practice, or underhand dealing, and in less than three years he and Brewster had separated. Early in 1872 he went to Rochdale, to the firm of Roberts & Son, to take up the duties of a junior partner who had been injured in a railway accident. The engagement was for six months. He then went down into Lincolnshire to rest and recuperate, as he had for some time been in indifferent health. He once more renewed his acquaintance with his brothers, whom he had not seen for thirty years. This was a memorable year, as on 11th December 1872, his brother William died at Stamford, and this event immediately occasioned a great change in his circumstances. The reign of poverty was over. Henceforth until her death on 20th January 1885, thirteen years later, Mrs. Charles Tinsley was free from all financial anxiety. Her great delight in this peaceful portion of her life was to keep a ceaseless correspondence with her daughters, as well as with a few particular intimate friends. She was not wholly idle with her pen during this period of retirement. She was known to be engaged on a new work of fiction at the time of her death, and the manuscript is left unfinished. They took a house in St. James's Gardens, Haverstock Hill, within bowshot of Steele's cottage, and remained there until 1880, when they left London, and settled down at Gravesend, in Kent. This out-of-the-way spot was chosen from a desire to be near a married niece of Mr. Tinsley's, who lived there.

I have before briefly referred to the Tinsley brothers—William, Henry and George. I must now give some further particulars. They were all men of substance, as most of their children and grandchildren are to-day. William, the eldest, married late in life a widow, who predeceased him, and he died without issue. He was by

far the most wealthy of the brothers, and not only was he a very rich man, but also a very eccentric one. His desire was that after his death there should be *one* rich man in the family. He had several nieces and nephews who would have been glad to participate in his wealth, but this would have defeated his conception of the "*one rich man theory.*" His first favourite was his nephew and namesake William Tinsley, the eldest son of his brother Henry, but unhappily for this nephew, and for me,¹ he lost the goodwill of his uncle. He finally decided, in his will, dated 1 Dec. 1863, to devise his property to his nephew Henry Cole Tinsley, the eldest son of his brother George. He could of course have legally entailed his landed estate, but he contented himself (or his solicitor did for him)

" by earnestly requesting that his said nephew should make such a disposition of the said real estate, as will have the effect of continuing the same in the family, and the said nephew shall neither sell nor mortgage the real estate devised to him."

But the succession of his nephew to the property was not to take effect until after the death of his brothers, to whom he left in equal shares the rents and profits during their joint lives and the lives and life of the survivors and survivor. On the death of the survivor, the whole property devolved absolutely to his nephew Henry Cole Tinsley. Thus it came to pass that Mr. Charles Tinsley at once became possessed of a life interest in a third of the income arising from the estate of his deceased brother.

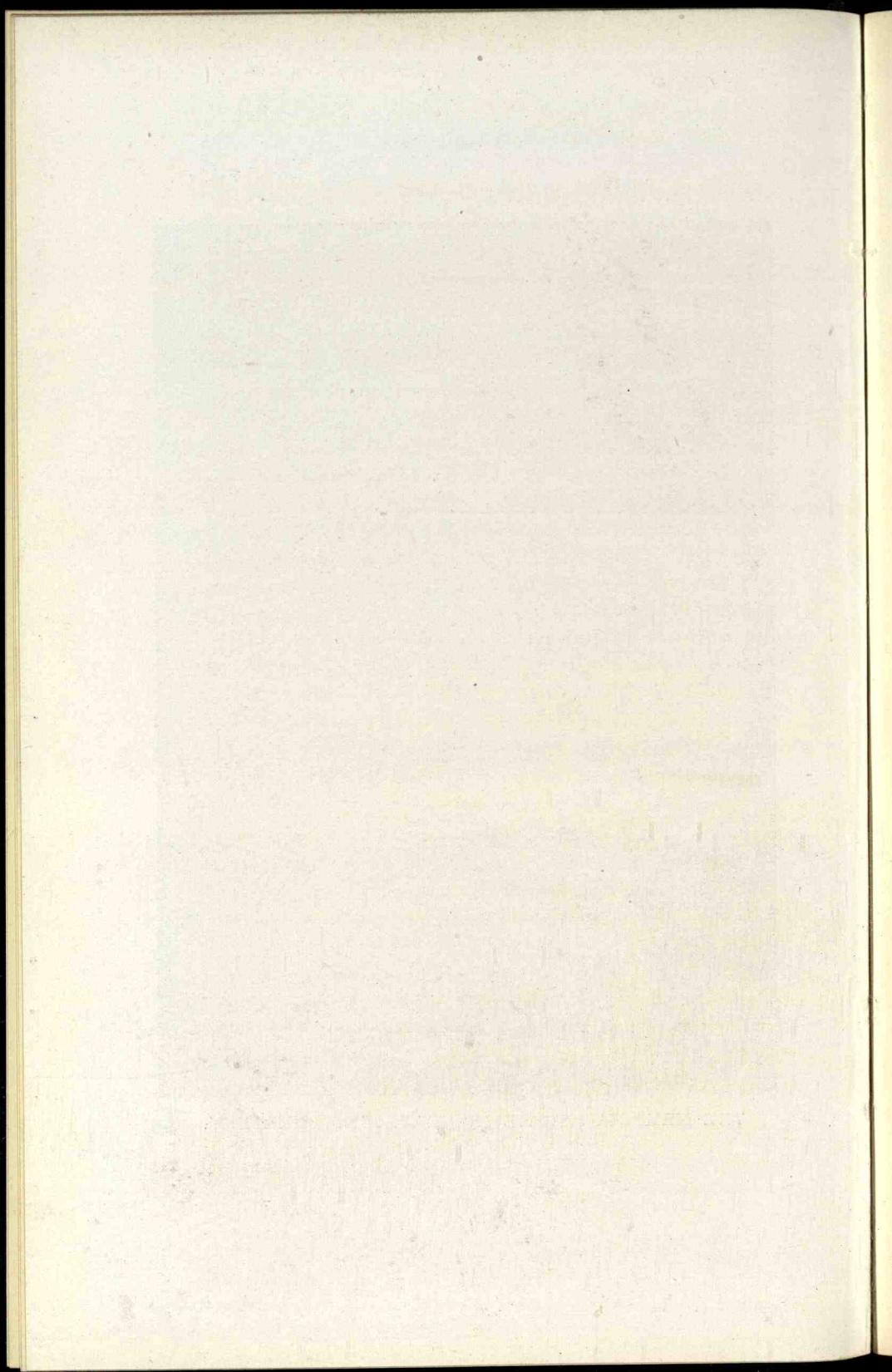
In the 6th verse of the 39th Psalm we read, "he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." This was strangely exemplified in the case of old William Tinsley. Charles, the last surviving brother, lived to be 93, that is twenty-seven years after the death of his

¹ I married William Tinsley's eldest daughter.

FIG. 17.



THE MEMORIAL STONE IN GRAVESEND CEMETERY.



brother. In fact he outlived Henry Cole Tinsley, who thus never inherited the property so carefully willed to him. The result was that on the death of Charles Tinsley in 1899, the property was divided amongst Henry Cole Tinsley's children, and the "one rich man project" ignominiously failed.

Mrs. Tinsley's life at Gravesend was uneventful. Whenever I visited her she was always most entertaining, and to me she appeared in the enjoyment of good health, although she seemed frail, but as I learned afterwards she often had severe pains. After a long life of such terribly earnest work such as hers had been it is not surprising that Nature began to show the struggle had left its traces, but she was ever kind and considerate for others. Her continued cheerfulness raised false hopes in the fond hearts of those to whom her existence was dear—consequently when the end did come the blow seemed the more sudden. She died on Tuesday, 20th January 1885, aged 77, and was buried in the Roman Catholic portion of the Gravesend Cemetery.

Her husband survived her for fourteen years. I visited him more than once. On the last occasion it was the year before his death, when I found him a most jovial host. He had a constitution of iron, and a most retentive memory concerning his early years. With snuff-box in hand he recounted for my entertainment many humorous stories of his youth. He had a vivid recollection of the rejoicings in the Fen country when the news of the victory at Waterloo became known, and the relief experienced when all fear of the press-gang had passed away. He was tolerant of the Roman Catholic Church, and on quite good terms with the priest who visited his daughter. He never made any public confession of the religion that was in him, but his letters to the last conclusively prove that the faith of his fathers—the Evangelical teaching of

the Church in which he was baptised and married—was for him the only orthodox religion.

He died on the 7th April 1899, aged 93, and when request was made that he should be buried in the same grave with his wife, no objection was raised by the authorities.

APPENDIX GEORGE HERBERT TINSLEY

No memoir of Mrs. Charles Tinsley, however meagre, could be considered complete which did not make reference to the youngest member of her family—her son George Herbert. Scarcely had the family entered into the full enjoyment of their new-found fortune, when the news of the sudden death of this gifted son of a gifted mother was announced. Her bitter cup of sorrow had for years been filled to overflowing, the bitterest and deadliest drop had now to be added. Of this she says in a letter to her old friend, Mr. John Guest :

"I have lost the better half of myself. I cannot express in words the desolation of my heart. It was *his* unbounded love and perfect sympathy, continued from his sweet, loving childhood, to the last, that bore me up in my many trials. . . . I never dreamed of so bitter a trial as surviving him ; and in his letters he so frequently, through all the years of separation, expressed a fear lest *I* should die, never thinking of himself. Is not the end of all that earnest, tender solicitude mysterious ? God help me. I am as yet in a dazed state."

George Herbert Tinsley was born on the 27th November 1844, at the Ivy Cottage, in Wellgate, Rotherham, and completed his school education at Whiston School.

His many letters written to his parents and to his sisters do not present him in a very favourable light, and apart from his doting mother, this correspondence would produce on the mind of any impartial reader the opinion that he was a young man of undisciplined and wayward

disposition, and of a foolishly sanguine temperament. At the same time they reveal a unique genius, gifted beyond the average. They show that he was capable of great work, and intended for it. Enthusiastic in all he undertook, he was impulsive to a fault. Like his gifted mother he was an excellent Latin scholar, and he spoke French fluently. The acquisition of languages presented no difficulty to him, and he quickly mastered Spanish and Italian.

After he left school nothing would satisfy his restless nature but a journey to distant parts of the Empire. He would then be in his 17th year. Writing from the Royal Mint on 3rd August 1862, he informs his father that he expected to go on board the next day, which apparently he did, as his cousin Mary Cumberland writes to his mother a day or two later, that she and her father and sisters had seen the vessel sail. He landed at Cape Town and on the 3rd March 1863 he had found his way into Natal, as he writes a long letter home from Pietermaritzburg. He is still there at the end of December. If any reliance is to be placed on his egotistical and extravagant letters, he was for two years leading a wild life, with little prospect of any success. Sometime in 1865 he made his way to Delagoa Bay, whence he took ship and returned to England, with empty pockets. In his letters from Natal he had expressed his determination to go to the United States, if he failed to make headway in South Africa, and there seek the fortune which up to that time had eluded him.

The next year, an opportunity presented itself, of which he at once took advantage, and he is found on 18 May 1866 writing as one of the staff from the office of the *New York Herald*. He took out letters of naturalisation, and became a rabid American, with all his sympathies enlisted on the side of the North. The Republic appealed to him. He was enraptured by American institutions,

and wrote some outrageous libels on his native land. Notwithstanding these tirades he composed some beautiful poetry, and also some clever ribald rhymes. One effusion in particular which was an extravagant and bitter attack on England and on the Southern States, was at that troublous, unsettled time much appreciated by the Yankees, not too friendly with England. It was entitled *Let her Rip*, and the menace was to England. Some of his writings he sent home, requesting his mother to get them, if possible, into some English magazine, and herself take the remuneration. It is somewhat remarkable that these wild and whirling words were the indirect means of his conversion to sanity and common sense. His mother sent them to Mr. Francis Young, then editor of the *Young Englishwoman's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Mr. Young, writing from 248, Strand, W.C., to Mrs. Tinsley, says :

" I fully agree with you that your son will do something in literature one of these days. He is evidently very clever. I will read the story you have sent me and his poems, and write you further on the subject."

Shortly afterwards the business manager writes :

" Respecting the manuscript which you have seen Mr. Young about for publication in one of my serials, I will purchase the copyright for £25. Should this offer be accepted kindly reply by return that the cheque may be ready for you on Saturday."

Then this important letter from Mr. Young, addressed to George Herbert Tinsley himself :

" MY DEAR SIR,—The two poems that you sent me are useless to me. As for America, the United States I mean, I cordially re-echo your sentiment "Let her rip," but in its English meaning, let her rip to pieces, and the sooner the better. My sympathies are with the Southern States, not with the Northern ones. As for American liberty it is simply the dominion of the masses—the mob, the plebs—in full swing. Decidedly let them rip (Anglicé of course), and perhaps the more they are left alone the quicker they'll do it. . . . Two other poems I have reserved

for publication, and they will be paid for, and the money sent on to Mrs. Tinsley. . . . You will eventually succeed in literature, if I am not greatly mistaken, but you must calm down the exuberance of your fancy, and your evident love of word-painting which, combined, lead you into extravagance of expression. Your poems and the tale I read of yours about life at the Cape of Good Hope, show this. Pray take this as kindly as it is meant.

"Let me also advise you not to be led away by the false glitter of American institutions and American notions of liberty, etc. American liberty and the notion of liberty as conceived by [blank] is nothing more than the subjugation of everything that is noble, good, honourable, of ancient date, sensible, etc., to the unbridled will of the masses, the most unconscionable taskmaster that ever existed. A struggle against democracy is preparing here most assuredly, and if the Radicals get the upper hand, then—*væ victis*, England, like America, will be no longer a place for anybody with the feelings of a gentleman to live in.

"Faithfully yours,
"FRANCIS YOUNG."

It is quite evident that this letter greatly impressed Herbert. I think it was really due to Mr. Young's friendly and caustic criticism that he began seriously to think that if he was to succeed in literature, or in anything else, whether in England or America, he must moderate his tone. He is ever ready to attack in strong language anyone who criticises him, but in this instance he is quite sensible, and even meek. Writing to his sister, he says :

"Young has written a very flattering letter to me, acknowledging that according to his opinion I am sure to succeed in literature, and filling up three sheets with some excellent advice."

The one redeeming feature of all his letters is his devotion to his mother, and his solicitude for her well-being and comfort, and his constant desire to do something which would be of financial benefit to her. A more than ordinary love for his gifted and unhappy mother seems to have been the engrossing passion of his soul.

After a residence of two years in New York, he severed his connexion with the office, having had some dispute

with the management. For the first three months of 1871, his letters are dated from Chicago, and in May of that year he is found as editor of the *City Courier*, in Union City, Tennessee, and apparently he occupied that position for about twelve months. He became a member of the local club, and attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Askins, a merchant of that city, who was much impressed by his talent for business. Mr. Askins induced him, after much persuasion, to give up the editorship, and take over the management of his affairs. Writing to Mrs. Tinsley, Askins says :

" I left everything to him, and had no care, for everything prospered in his hands. Many were after him to secure his services, making tempting offers, but he would not leave me. Amongst others the Directors of the Railway had long been wanting him, and they offered him at length so high a position and salary that I thought it too splendid an opportunity to be thrown away, and after consulting together, it was decided that he should go."

This letter was written in May, and in the last letter he wrote to his mother shortly afterwards he says :

" At last, darling mother, at long last, I feel myself on the high road to wealth, and to all that could make it worth anything to me—the power of lifting you, and all of them, out of that old horrible slough of poverty."

But it was not to be. However dear and welcome the work, another's means had already brought to his harassed mother a period of comparative repose. In July 1873, he was at Jackson, sixty miles from Union City, contracting for wood, and there he broke down. It was at first bilious fever. He had every attention and the most tender nursing ; the two first physicians at Jackson did all they could for him, but the fever suddenly changed to typhoid, and he sank rapidly. His powers of resistance gave way, and the fever worked its fatal will. He died at Jackson, 11th August 1873, in his 28th year.