

Worthington. The letters I referred to were written between the years 1849-1852, and the *Autobiography* in 1855. For the purpose of this paper, which is based on on-going research for my thesis, I am looking to Martineau's 1839 novel *Deerbrook* as an experimental exploration of the diverse ways in which, often subtly, singleness manifests itself as distinct from a married state (or sometimes surprisingly related to it), and of the different kinds of experience and being which come under the social category 'spinster' or 'single'. This diversity in the manifestations of singleness offers a challenge to the Victorian social ideal of marriage as equating to automatic happiness while spinsterhood was a fate to be avoided at all costs. Martineau described the writing of *Deerbrook* as having an almost cathartic effect, claiming she found in it 'a relief to many pent up sufferings, feelings and convictions.'<sup>2</sup> I wish to argue that it was a first staging post in the literary journey which resulted in her proclaiming herself 'the happiest single woman in England.'

In his book *Strange Stories and other Explorations in Victorian Fiction* Robert Lee Wolff makes a clear connection between Harriet and her fictional characters.

Three of the women in the novel - the jealous Hester, the submissive Margaret, the detached Maria Young - we may safely regard as different aspects of Harriet Martineau herself. The wild jealousy that Hester feels in the story for her sister Margaret, Harriet herself tells us that she felt in real life for *her* sister Rachel... Sick with the aggression she cannot hide, prone to inexplicable bursts of bad temper, disillusioned with marriage though ostensibly deeply and passionately in love with her husband, Hester displays a mixture of characteristics all of which Harriet Martineau knew she shared, declared to be her own, and was in *Deerbrook* striving to portray (p. 84)

I agree that these characters can all be described as depicting aspects of Harriet, but I feel that rather than a clear cut attempt to portray these 'selves', Harriet aspires to a continuous investigation of selfhood and *Deerbrook* becomes a text of 'what ifs', an exploratory means of coming to terms with the position of being a woman alone, and the many levels or modes of experience that that state may hold within itself.

There are three main characters in *Deerbrook* that engage with the concept of singleness; the two Ibbotson sisters Hester and Margaret and the invalid governess Maria Young. Here I will be concentrating on the two women who remain unmarried throughout the novel, Maria Young and Margaret Ibbotson. My main purpose is to demonstrate by contrasting the thought processes and syntax which emerge from these fictional representations of an unmarried state, that singlehood as it emerges in *Deerbrook* is NOT a single thing or reducible to a single category or mode of being.

I agree with Erica Wright, who, in a conference paper delivered last year at UCL, described Maria as,

central to [Deerbrook's] telling... Her removal from one important role (the heroine in the romance) makes way for her new position as philosopher and moral overseer.

Maria is allocated a position of privilege, despite never having been married, although we do learn she has suffered the pain of unrequited love in her past. She is ordained to the credible position of theorist and advisor. As exhibited in Maria's early internal monologue, her objective approach to her unenviable role as an unmarriageable woman reinforces the place of trustworthiness that she is accorded throughout the novel.

I am out of the game, and why should not I look upon its chances? I am quite alone, and why should I not watch for others? Every situation has its privileges, and its obligations. - What is it to be alone, and to be let alone as I am? It is to be put into a post of observation on others: but the knowledge so gained is anything but a good if it stops at mere knowledge, if it does not make me feel and act. Women who have what I am not to have, - a home, an intimate, a perpetual call out of themselves, may go on more safely, perhaps, without any thought for themselves than I with all my best consideration: but I, with the blessing of a peremptory vocation, which is to stand me in stead of sympathy, ties and spontaneous action, - I may find that it is my proper business to keep an intent eye upon the possible events of other people's lives, that I may use slight occasions of action which might otherwise pass me by. If one were thoroughly wise and good, this would be a sort of divine lot. (pp. 46/47)

It is interesting that Maria refers to her exemption from the marriage market as meaning she is 'out of the game', which, while it may appear that she is trivialising the institution, highlights the insignificance and loss of centrality of marriage to the self when it is no longer the focus of a young woman's life. Maria is coming to terms with what I have described in my thesis as being non-actively single. Although she has had the normative way of life taken away from her, this does not signify that life as a whole has ended for her; there is hope for a future emotional, if not romantic, life. Maria's 'why should not I' throws a heavy emphasis on the 'I'. The 'should not' seems almost to resist a societal 'should not', the 'I' boldly asserting its own individual right to have a role in the game *somewhere* and implicitly staking the same claim for other 'I's who, like her, are alone and habitual observers of life. As with the first section of the first sentence, the beginning of the second sentence 'I am quite alone' is a self-confirmation of singleness, and the second move of the sentence proposes a purpose for a future single self. The re-positioning the subject pronoun from 'why should not I?' to 'why should I not watch for others?', seems to take this sentence closer to a more personal level of introspection, and a making sense of her individual role in the world.

So too, with Maria's final question 'What is it to be alone, and to be let alone as I am?' The first 'alone' in this sentence asks about its place in a generalised way: 'alone' is at first a static concept now suddenly liberated into individual possibility in the formulation 'let alone as I am'. The second 'alone' is apparently offered as one of the personal 'privileges' of Maria's social situation – 'Every situation,' she says, 'has its privileges and its obligations'. Yet the syntax of these personal reflections is still rhetorical. Maria is attempting to find, or to persuade herself of, the potential good in aloneness; and the strenuous effort involved in this attempt is measured in relation to the difficulty of the task she faces. For instance, as Maria goes on to make a comparison between herself and married women, she asserts that they have many benefits which as she puts it 'I am not to have': Maria notably does not use the term 'never' to have, her language thereby resisting the crushing of all such future prospects in blunt finality. Yet, her reflections on the privileges of the single woman's situation seem to gather more than merely rhetorical conviction as her syntax leaves rhetorical questioning behind. For these benefits relate not to conventional notions of married happiness but to a relative loss of ego which marriage confers or exacts: 'Women who have... a home, an intimate, a perpetual call out of themselves, may go on more safely, perhaps, without any thought for themselves than I with all my best consideration'. Unlike married women who appear to have a future and role established for them as wives, Maria has had consciously to find a demanding station in life. Interestingly and impressively this improvised role is, on the one hand, acknowledged as being a compensatory replacement to the life she is excluded from – it is, she says, 'to stand me in stead of sympathy, ties, and spontaneous action'. Her 'peremptory' vocation, as Maria calls it, is subconsciously set against the supposedly 'natural' vocation of wifedom. On the other hand, and simultaneously, this vocation is conceived of as a 'blessing', a form of service that is also a form of salvation, so long as, and this is crucial, she exercises the privilege it confers (of observing others) in the 'proper' way. Mere observation would not only serve to highlight her very isolation from society if she did not become involved for the benefit of those others; this post is, of its nature (rightly conceived) a human version of God's own work or secret and invisible mode of seeing, 'keep[ing] an intent eye upon the possible events of other people's lives, that I may use slight occasions of action which might otherwise pass me by'.

By the close of the passage, Maria has transformed a second-best life situation not merely into a neighbourhood duty, but into a kind of divine ambition. If there is a danger of Maria's mission taking on a tone of zealous religiosity, the final two sentences reinforce the human ordinariness of her expectations of the future. It is a 'business' not a calling and Maria totally extricates herself from any charge of foreseeing herself as some sort of moral guardian angel by confronting that very possibility. 'If one were thoroughly wise and good, this would be a sort of divine lot.' The 'if' that sets up this final sentence distances what Maria is from what she is not. Maria makes no claim to be 'thoroughly wise and good.' The opportunity that Maria has appropriated because of her, albeit rueful, acceptance of her singleness allows her to consider a positive future that combines both

emotional investment and practical demands; the imperative to 'feel' and 'act' is a crucial element in her conception of her role. Maria begins to challenge the stereotypical image of alone equating to lonely, and finds a level of comfort and hope in reinventing a future self that remains permanently single.

Although Margaret remains an unmarried woman throughout *Deerbrook*, she could not be described as being alone or emotionally unattached. I would suggest that Margaret's form of singleness could be described as 'partnered' single. Margaret does not acknowledge any problem with being unmarried, but increasingly views with trepidation the prospect of being alone as Maria is. From the outset of the novel Margaret identifies herself as belonging to, or at least in relation to, another. At the beginning of Chapter 2, Margaret reminds Hester that 'the real truth is that you and I are alone, to be each other's only friend.' (p. 21). Margaret displays a need to restate and reinforce the exclusive closeness and permanency of this relationship, where they are alone, together, such that the sibling relationship appears almost a prototype of marital union.

Margaret's emerging fears of a future alone are first briefly expressed after the marriage of Hester and Edward, but take on a much fuller reality as her own romantic relationship with Philip Enderby appears to be failing. In an almost Shakespearian twist, Philip and Margaret are driven apart by misunderstanding and rumour. Although betrothed at this point, Philip has made a sudden and unexpected visit to Deerbrook, and subsequently rejects Margaret. Unbeknown to Margaret, Philip is under the belief that he was not her first romantic attachment.

Her lot was far easier now than it had been in the winter. She had been his; and she believed she still occupied his whole soul. She was not now the solitary, self-despising being she had felt herself before. Though cut off from intercourse with him as if the grave lay between them, she knew that sympathy with her heart and mind existed. She experienced the struggles, the moaning efforts, of affections doomed to solitude and silence; the shrinking from a whole long life of self reliance, of exclusion from domestic life; the occasional horror of contemplating the waste and withering of some of the noblest parts of the immortal nature, - a waste and withering which are almost certain consequence of violence done to its instincts and its law. From these pains and terrors she suffered; and from some of smaller account, - from the petty insults or speculations of the more coarse-minded of her neighbours, and the being too suddenly reminded by passing circumstances of the change which had come over her expectations and prospects: but her love, her forgiveness, her conviction of being beloved, bore her through all these, and saved her from that fever of the heart, in the paroxysms of which she had, in her former and severer trial, longed for death, even for non-existence. (pp.488-9)

Margaret makes a conscious comparison between this dilemma, and the first under which she had suffered the year previously, when she had had to face the possibility of her love for Philip remaining unrequited when rumours of his alleged engagement had been circulated by his sister. Margaret finds a form of comfort and consolation in her present situation, in part because 'now' can be compared with 'before', where solitude seemed absolute – unsupported by secret knowledge of reciprocated love.

As is quite frequently the case in this novel, in relation to both Margaret and Maria, a quasi-religious, or at least High Romantic discourse substitutes for a conventionally romantic one: 'She believed she still occupied his whole soul': 'Though cut off from intercourse with him as if the grave lay between them, she knew that sympathy with her heart and mind existed'. Margaret Ibbotson seems momentarily to become Catherine Earnshaw here. Yet, the very next sentence – in a move which is closer in this to Middlemarch than Wuthering Heights – the efforts, the waste and, in the next knock-on sentence, the 'petty' indignities of a single woman's life are as powerful at a social and psychological level as the blessing of loving affinity is at an existential one. The fact remains that as long as her love affair with Philip as a consummated event is in a state of uncertainty, so long must Margaret prepare herself for a life alone. -The hellish expectations of a single life, 'doomed' affections, 'exclusion' from the domestic, and the 'horror' of a dying of self is nightmarish. Margaret's internal fears cause her far greater pain than outer upsets. Yet these social happenings of 'petty insults' from neighbours because of her status of a rejected woman cannot be seen as separate from the events of her imagination. They provide a 'too' sudden reminder of the grim reality of her changed 'expectations and prospects' which in turn must insidiously feed her fears and instigate their continual returns. Even the internal supports which bear her up and 'save' her from the sense of insult and trial – 'her love', 'her forgiveness' - are dependent upon 'her conviction of being beloved'. Only this potential for hope of a future that is *not* alone makes the consideration of being alone less threatening and desperate. Her solitude and silence must, in Margaret, exist in relation to another, in order to be tolerable. What she says initially to Hester, 'the real truth is that you and I are alone, to be each other's only friend' might readily be transposed here to her relationship with Philip.

Entirely aptly, the novel ends with conversation between Margaret and Maria, two women with apparently very different approaches to a life alone, and with different futures in store for them - seemingly polar opposites. Margaret is on the verge of starting a married life with all the potential and expectations of happiness that that state might contain. There is a certain naivety explored as Margaret expresses her past concerns for Hester, and her future concerns for Maria - yet no vocally recognised concerns for her own future. Margaret's is possibly the most unstable ending, and this final exchange between the two women could be seen as a subconscious drawing of comfort by Margaret from Maria, for a future that should not be hers but still could be. It is worth quoting this powerful exchange at some length.

'But are you sure, quite sure, that you can stand the discipline? That your nerves, as well as your soul can endure?' 'Far from sure: but my peril is less than it was; and I have, therefore, every hope of victory at last. In my wilderness, some tempter or another comes, at times when my heart is hungry, and my faith is fainting, and shows me such a lot as yours, - all the sunny kingdoms of love and hope given into your hand, - and then the desert of my lot looks dreary enough for the moment; but then arises the very reasonable question, why we should demand that one lot should, in this exceedingly small section of our immortality, be as happy as another; why we cannot each husband our own life and means without wanting to be all equal. Let us bless heaven for your lot, by all means; but why, in the name of Providence, should mine be like it? Nay, Margaret, why these tears? For their sake I will tell you - and then we shall have talked quite enough about me - that you are no fair judge of my lot. You see me often, generally, in the midst of annoyance, and you do not (because no one can) look with the eye of my mind upon the future. If you could, for one day and night, feel with my feelings, and see through my eyes...'

'O that I could! I should be the holier ever after!'

'Nay, nay! But if you could do this, you would know, from henceforth, that there are glimpses of heaven for me in solitude, as for you in love; and that it is almost as good to look forward without fear of chance or change, as with such a flutter of hope as is stirring in you now.' (pp 598-9)

Although it is the societal superior Margaret who instigates this exchange, and by this I mean that as a prospective wife Margaret would culturally be viewed as enjoying a higher status, it is Maria who dominates. Margaret appears quite desperate for a guarantee on one level, that Maria will be able to face her future alone, but as this discussion develops one is almost left with the feeling that Maria has taken the braver option by having the courage to face a life of emotional self sufficiency. If Margaret sees Maria as a pioneer to a future she felt was too much of a challenge for herself, her view that temporarily to become Maria would somehow make her 'holier', exemplifies (in another illustration of separated togetherness) how little Margaret understands the nature of the discipline in which Maria has schooled herself - resoundingly rejecting, as we saw in the first passage I looked at, the task of a divine moral being in order to live a useful and humanly connected life. Margaret wants assurances that a life alone can be lived without the destruction of body and soul, yet Maria is courageous enough not to placate either Margaret or the reader with words of comfort, nor does her final speech sink to a diatribe extolling the virtues of singledom but is an honest summary of her own experiences.

Margaret's fears of a lonely, stale life alone may possibly have at times been fears shared by Maria for her own future, fears for Maria that may still exist. Maria makes a clear distinction between her own life at present, and Margaret's oppositeness in her happiness, and shows that this static way of pigeon-holing a

whole life as one thing is seen as unstable and judgemental. Margaret's life cannot always be lived within 'the sunny kingdoms of love and hope', any more than Maria will live her whole life in a 'wilderness'. There is also here an argument that Maria finds a sense of conviction that married life may not have held all that she might have expected from it. It is as impossible for Margaret or Hester to find a 'perfect sympathy' (p. 147) or 'mutual insight' (p. 478) with their loves, as it is impossible for Margaret to 'become' Maria, to 'look with the eye of my mind' upon this future. And Maria finds a potentially more secure future than Margaret. Margaret may be experiencing 'a flutter of hope' at the moment, but that very word 'flutter' confers upon this state the status of something temporal and insubstantial. Ironically it appears that Maria can look forward to a future without fear. The 'hope' she bases her future on is in many ways less tangible than Maria's. Maria's may be a future 'without' any great changes but Margaret's future holds possibilities of both happiness and misery.

Harriet closed her section on 'Single Life' in her *Autobiography* with these words.

I long ago came to the conclusion that, without meddling with the case of the wives and mothers, I am probably the happiest single woman in England. Who could have believed, in that awful year 1826, that such would be my conclusion a quarter of a century afterwards! (2:133)

In *Deerbrook*, we see the beginnings of this belief. *Deerbrook* is not a manifesto for singleness as a vocation. It allowed Harriet the opportunity of self-revelatory discovery, to tentatively and subtly explore the possibility of happiness in marriage, but more bravely, to begin to unpick the stereotypical expectations of single life as something more than a life of making do.

1 Mrs F Fenwick Miller, *Harriet Martineau* p. 54

2 *Autobiography* Volume 2 p. 11

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### **Extract from 'Harriet Martineau at Home'**

**Barbara Todd**

After moving into her self-designed home, "The Knoll" at Ambleside in the spring of 1846 (built during the previous autumn and winter), it became clear to her, that something must urgently be done to alleviate the sufferings of her rural neighbours. That year her *Forest and Game Law Tales* written in support of the repeal of the Corn Laws, (which kept the poor hungry at a time when a starving man could be jailed or deported for poaching a hare to keep his family from

starvation), had been published and by the following year, after an eight month revelatory journey to the Middle East, she settled back into "The Knoll" again, to begin writing the description of her travels, *Eastern Life, Present and Past*. Nevertheless, she had no intention of ignoring the present situation much closer to home.

"Our duties lie before our eyes and close to our hands; and our business is what we know, and have it in our charge to do, and not all with a future which is, of its own nature, impenetrable" she wrote.

It was a period of intense activity. She built a snug little farmhouse on the flat land at the foot of the Knoll, imported a farmer and his wife from Norfolk to live in it and was soon to begin her 'building society' - the first one in the North of England.

The original manuscript of the following extract from this important letter, dated 15th June 1848, addressed to Lord Morpeth, (at that time M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, who introduced the first Public Health Act to the House of Commons and, on the death of his father, became the 7th Earl of Carlisle), is at the Armit Museum in Ambleside and so exactly demonstrates, I think, Harriet's absolute passion for social reform and her unquenchable spirit: -

"Dear Lord Morpeth,

First, this letter requires no answer. I know you are too busy. I do not know which of my friends on your Sanitary Commission I am indebted for your Reports. I wish, not only to thank the sender, but to say that the gift is not lost, & I shall be very thankful for the rest as they come out... To show you why, I will tell you of a great enterprise which fastens more and more upon my mind... Our condition in Ambleside is this. We are blessed with a site for a town as perfect as Nature could give us. It is made up of slopes, rocks and running streams. Yet the town is abominable in all sanitary respects. The people live in stinking holes; scrofula and consumption abound; whole families huddle together in single rooms. In consequence, the profligacy of the place is awful. There is scarcely a girl who is not a mother before she is a wife; and the young men, finding their homes disgusting, go to the public house. Yet everybody earns good wages. We have no pauperism except through sottishness. The people are willing and eager to pay good rents but no new dwellings for labourers are built, while large homes are rising in all directions. Ambleside is so famous for its builders, that they are sent for to Liverpool and even London; yet our own people cannot get decently housed. We are cursed with the worst set of landed proprietors I know anywhere - and they use this paucity of dwellings as a means of civil and religious oppression. If a poor man (in one case a reformed drunkard) goes to the chapel, he is threatened with being turned out of his cottage, his landlord a mighty gentleman, w'd rather see him reeling in the road, and nominally belonging to the church, than soberly attending the chapel... These gentry are utterly hopeless: inane, stupid, talking solemnly of Puseyism & blind to the plainest duties of their position. What I do must be done without them; & therefore most prudently. In the



winter, I told my friend, Mrs Davy, that I thought the children needed stirring up; and that I had half a mind to tell them of my travels in the East... she caught at it...A young lady made a capital set of drawings from the prints I have, and they invited me to meet the best of the children in the National School house, weekly, for a talk. After the first lecture, the clergyman complained that it would be considered a scandal for a dissenter to have set foot in their school house, - though he cordially approved the plan. It was not my doing that that place was chosen; and I was quite willing to go to any other; - my own kithchen, or any place. - however, the Wesleyans heartily lent us their school house and presently, some brothers, fathers and mothers of the children begged to come; and the thing extended to a regular course of lectures. Then came a petition from the adults for a regular course of lectures for themselves: and there I am, every Monday evg, lecturing to a large body of working men and women, domestic servants, master builders etc., - so many, that now we have to throw open the doors from the school room into the chapel, and they listen so intensely, that I am heard to the furtherend. We lock the outer doors to exclude strangers and gentry; for I don't want the matter to look odd or get stared at. Already the people are telling each other that I have been in America, and perhaps I may tell them about that. - But I have something else in view.. We have forty house carpenters in Ambleside, besides the related crafts: & I have quite a friendship with the builder and carpenter who built my house; and some acquaintance with their men. Some of these men have been overheard saying that coming to my lecture is "better than goin a fishin". Now, here we have the very audience for a Sanitary course; and I mean to propose one for the winter, - if the interest keeps up, - and if (what I fear much more) the gentry who complain of the people being "over-instructed" do not interfere to intimidate my hearers...But they may let us alone; for they are very civil to me. I know this civility is all because of my reputation of the friends who come to see me: but it may be valuable if it respects my liberty...

Oh! I sh'd like to rouse the ambition of our builders to make Ambleside, already famous in the craft, a pattern place, in course of time about Sanitary matters; & then, - so many workmen as go forth from hence, - the good would be widely diffused. The place is so small and manageable that I might live to see this. And if I have any success at all, I might set people to work in some villages and small towns, in like manner, and so hasten your work... Dear Mrs Arnold is almost aghast at the extent of my scheme: but she will help me, - seeing no harm can be done; and that my effort is worthwhile, if we only kindle one builder, or ventilate and drain one house. - I really don't think it is quite a wild notion; and at any rate, I mean to try whether it is or not." ...

In December, 1848, she issued the Prospectus of the 'Windermere Permanent Land, Building and Investment Association' the first paragraph of which reads: "The object of this Association is to place within the reach of every member the means of securing a comfortable existence in old age"...

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As I write now, in 2010, from the comfortable house that Harriet built 165 years

ago - and where she died in 1876 - her memory and aspirations live on but, sadly, are never quite lived up to by even very few of us, I suspect! Her Building Society no longer exists, although the cottages built by it are still proudly standing, facing due south, very well drained (!), with sloping gardens and lovely views in front of them. They are all privately owned (often by 2nd home owners, who rent them out as expensive holiday cottages), and the indigenous local workingclass people, are still finding it very difficult indeed to get 'decently housed'.

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### **Harriet Martineau's favourite hymn**

#### **Alan Middleton**

I set out to find the chronology of Harriet's journey in religion and the second part of the paper does that but is not included here. This part recalls her early preference for particular hymns.

When she was young and attending services at the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, we know from the *Autobiography*<sup>1</sup> that she was happy on the religious side if nowhere else, and she says, 'on the whole... religion was a great comfort and pleasure to me' (1:34). She mentions three hymns which were framed in her memory: Milton's simple children's hymn, 'Let us with a gladsome mind...', then the German Evening hymn, and the one which 'never failed to raise my whole being', '*Awake my soul; stretch every nerve*'.

What is the rest of the hymn 'which raised her whole being' and what is the tune, *Artaxerxes*? Valerie Sanders raised the question of the Committee in the year 2000. I made this my homework at the time and I passed the information which I gleaned to Valerie; I report now my findings for general consumption.

I searched the various hymnbooks that I have at home - I have nine from different denominations, and a friend kindly searched the various editions of 'Hymns Ancient & Modern'- and Harriet's 'rouser' was in none of them. So, what was the next move? At Harris Manchester College, Oxford, I had a look in James Martineau's compilation of hymns, *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*<sup>2</sup>, and I found six hymns with first lines beginning, 'Awake my soul...'

Fortunately, Harriet had provided the second half in the *Auto*, 'stretch every nerve', which pointed to number 460, [and I record it at the end of the paper for

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<sup>1</sup> *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*. 3 vols. (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1877)

<sup>2</sup> *Hymns for the Christian Church and Home*,

Collected and edited by James Martineau. (London: Chapman, 1846)

reference]: it is a Common Metre hymn by Philip Doddridge entitled, *The Christian Race*. The author, Philip Doddridge, started a dissenting academy in Northampton in 1730. [If you are not familiar with the meaning of the word 'dissenting' in this context, there is much to be learned from the web under 'dissenting academies'.]

Now, remember it was James who had collected the hymns, published in 1846, and he has included one hymn by Harriet (aged 44 in 1846 and when it is known that her beliefs had changed (*Auto* 2:280) 'I had no desire to conceal...my total relinquishment of theology...' such that it is surprising that she allowed the hymn to be used.). Harriet, of course, had earlier written many other hymns, as for instance, in her *Addresses: with Prayers and Original Hymns*<sup>3</sup> published in 1838. [Incidentally, also in James's collection, there are 17 hymns by Mrs Barbauld (Anna Laetitia, nee Aikin) whom you may recall is mentioned by Harriet in her *Auto*. Mrs Barbauld's father, John Aikin, was a student of Philip Doddridge at Northampton. John Aikin went on to be one of the first lecturers (1758) at Warrington Academy, the fore-runner of Manchester Academy, which in turn became Manchester College, Oxford, and is now Harris Manchester College, Oxford.]

The other item that Harriet mentioned with regard to her Doddridge rouser hymn was the tune to which it was sung, *Artaxerxes*. Now, I also have many hymnbooks-with-tunes but none of them has that particular tune. However, with the help of the British Library, I found it.<sup>4</sup> It was composed by Dr Thomas Arne (1710-1778), who, according to the DNB, was a Roman Catholic, a composer and musical performer mainly at Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres. A copy of the tune is shown at the end of the paper.

At this stage of the proceedings a choir, hastily assembled during the previous day, gave a rendition of the hymn in four-part harmony. So, here was a very life-like reminder of Harriet's favorite hymn.

Strangely enough, although I could not find *Artaxerxes* elsewhere, I discovered, quite by accident, that the tune did, in effect, exist in the *Methodist Hymn Book with Tunes*. But it was named Arlington, No 372, although it is essentially the same with just two minor embellishments missing.

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<sup>3</sup> *Addresses; with Prayers and Original Hymns for the use of Families and Schools*, by Harriet Martineau (London, C.Fox, 1838)

<sup>4</sup> 'Artaxerxes' in *A Collection of Psalm Tunes* by Samuel Webbe; 3rd edn.[ Shelf Mark of the British Library, B.1177aa.]

The image shows a page of musical notation for two hymns. The first hymn, 'ST. MARY C.M.' by Dr. Craft, has the lyrics 'The Lord has... all the world is his'. The second hymn, 'ANTWERP C.M.' by Dr. Arne, has the lyrics 'A - wake my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on! A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.' The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a common time signature, and various musical notes and rests.

460 CM. *The Christian race*. By Philip Doddridge.

Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on!  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:-

That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,  
Shall blend in common dust.

"Harriet Martineau's favorite hymn" is an abridged version of a paper presented at the Martineau Society Conference, Manchester, 2008

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*"Traces abound of an unorganized religion sleeping or struggling in men's hearts beyond the circle of the organized. The most powerful literature of our age, even when heretical and rebellious, merciless to parsons and disrespectful of creeds, is in its essence any thing but irreligious; its hold on the time is not through the bitterness and scorns, but through the wonder, the veracities, and the tenderness of our nature." James Martineau, Essays, 11, ix.*