

venerable aunt Camilla, as to the possibility of finding material enough to give a fair account of her life, and of the manner in which her mind was led towards those fields of art in which she had always been most at home, without transgressing her own rule against indiscriminate publicity. Mrs. Sherwin, reluctant at first, at last began to yield, like myself, to the wish of thus raising a little memorial to one whose kind and (to us) commanding presence had taken a central place in a great part of her life, as in all the early days of mine. By dint of thinking and writing on this subject, we soon ventured to entertain a hope that she might be able to furnish, and I to set before the public, some such sketch of so beloved an image as would make the author of the 'Sacred and Legendary Art' known to her many readers.

This hope, however, was stimulated, I am obliged to add for truth's sake, into much more vivid desire and determination on my part to do whatever it might lie in my power to do, when I read some time later the Autobiography of Miss Martineau, in which my aunt, as one of the members of the literary society with which that lady was conversant, is made the subject of various depreciatory animadversions. I have been assured that I felt these remarks much too deeply, and that all, or almost all, of Harriet Martineau's friends fared