

the way. My aunt's life had been full of domestic care, and she had not been happy in her marriage—a misfortune always difficult to explain, and still more so when the minor facts which make incompatibility of temper insupportable have faded out of recollection; and I (the only member of her family likely to undertake the work) had been so entirely brought up under her shadow, that I feared my own power of making any impartial portrait of her, or even being able to attain to the necessary perspective of a picture, in which there should exist just poise and proportion of the different events and elements in life. The subject was brought again, however, very vividly to my mind by hearing some time ago from a friend (Dr. Steele, of Rome) of an article then just published in the current number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in which a very flattering allusion was made to a paper written by my aunt in 1853 on the painter Haydon, and published in that periodical. Out of the way of English periodicals as I was in Rome, some little time elapsed before I saw this notice, and in the meantime the surprise I had frequently heard expressed that no memorial of Mrs. JAMESON had ever been published, and even that several interesting contributions to periodical literature had never been reprinted, dwelt much in my mind, and prompted me to consult Mrs. JAMESON's only surviving sister, Mrs. Sherwin, my dear and