

drawings which have a curiously modern air compared to the pictures by the same great painters. The study for the *Figure of Poetry* (No. 268), by Raphael, lent by the Queen; No. 267, *Hercules and Antheus*, by Luca Signorelli; the *Studies of Heads* (No. 272), by Leonardo da Vinci, are all masterly examples of exact and delicate drawing—drawing which has not been surpassed in all the centuries that have gone by since Da Vinci lived.

A Book of the Week.

THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES.*

THAT this book is a popular one there can be no doubt from the run upon it at the libraries. The story of two good and clever women placed amid great surroundings, and told with sympathy and insight as it has been by Mr. Hare, could not fail to be interesting. The two Noble Lives are those of Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, daughters of Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Ros-say, and of Elizabeth, daughter of the third Lord Hardwicke. The elder sister—Charlotte married in 1835 Lord Canning, the only surviving son of the great minister who was Postmaster General in the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, and afterwards Governor-General of India, which office he held during all the terrible crisis of the Indian Mutiny. Louisa, the younger daughter, married in 1842 the Marquis of Waterford, well remembered by the oldest Etonians for having swooped down on his old school, broken open the doors, and carried off the block on which so many boys had suffered during the headmastership of the terrible Keat; which block was afterwards hung up at Crockford's with two birches crossed above it. For such daring deeds the late marquis enjoyed a certain celebrity; but he was not regarded by the family as the most suitable husband for Louisa. In the end, however, all difficulties were overcome, and this apparently ill-assorted couple certainly succeeded in being very happy together.

Both the daughters were familiar in their early life with the great world of London; but both the two noble lives were somewhat lonely lives in their later experience. Lady Canning was curiously alone in the great world of Calcutta, and Lady Waterford was alone in her voluntary retirement during the greater part of her widowhood to the distant solitude of Ford Castle. Both sisters were devoted to drawing, but Lady Waterford was the greater artist.

Vol. I. is almost entirely taken up with the doings of the mother and grandmother, whose brilliant letters are well worth reading, especially the very amusing sketches of Dublin Society, given by Lady Hardwick whose husband was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

In Vol. II., we hear most about Lady Canning. Regarding her solitude in India, she says:—

"All the people here seem so afraid of me! and look alarmed when I go and sit by them, and no one man has voluntarily spoken to me since I came to India!!"

* "The Story of Two Noble Lives, being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford." By Aug. J. S. Hare. Three volumes. (London: George Allen.)

All that occurred before her eyes in the Indian Mutiny is described with the minutest details, though she hardly possesses the power of vivid description which we meet with in the grandmother's letters. She evidently reflected and sympathised with her husband's feelings during the mutiny:—There is a spirit of revenge abroad," she says, "which is dreadful"; and again, "the blood-thirsty feeling of Europeans is most distressing, I believe all sense of justice is gone from many." It was these sentiments, and the acting upon them, that redounded so much to the honour of her husband—though it set him in opposition to the great majority of people in India—procuring for him the title, intended to be opprobrious, of "Clemency Canning. Of the two great Lawrence brothers, she had the greatest admiration for Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir John, afterwards Lord Lawrence, she hardly alludes to except in the way of depreciating the credit he was generally and most deservedly receiving for his efforts in providing for the relief of Delhi. It was after all only a little wifely jealousy for the honour of her husband who she thought was making equally successful efforts from his side of India. Sad to relate, while full of hopes in regard to her return home after a long exile, she was carried off by a malarial fever, and her grave is beside the river which flows past Rarrach-pore, the cemetery residence of the Governor-General, where she died. Her broken-hearted husband lived but a short time longer, only just surviving the return to his native land. When his sister, Lady Clanricarde, said to him on his death-bed, "You are going to Char.," "his whole countenance," we are told, "brightened up."

Vol. III. tells the story of Lady Waterford's life at Ford Castle. Her husband had met his death from a fall in the hunting field in 1859, and in this solitary old border castle Lady Waterford continued to reside during the greater part of her widowhood, until her death in 1891—devoted to her art and to the care of the poor. The book, in spite of the title (which somehow rather grates upon one's sense of the appropriate), is interesting, though, like most biographies, it is too long for the general reader, and too full of details that have lost their importance with the lapse of time.

Letters to the Editor.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

Madam,—As Superintendents of Nursing Institutions in Dublin, we have read with surprise the letter of your correspondent, Mr. S. T. Adair, with regard to Probationers in Ireland, in which he styles them "White female slaves, undergoing penal servitude with hard labour," and "mere money-making machines."

With regard to the first of these statements, if your correspondent were aware of the number of applicants daily seeking admission to our Hospitals as Probationers, he would know that the work, far from being considered a slavery, is an occupation much sought for by candidates mainly drawn from a class whose social circumstances exclude the idea of "forced labour."

As to the assertion that they are "money-making machines" worked for the benefit of either the Hospital or Institution to which they are attached *we entirely repudiate it.*

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