

He brought an action against his traducer, was awarded nominal damages, and disappeared from the stage of London life altogether, retiring with his beautiful wife and their little girl, to St. Germain. His only near relative is one Madame Sampiero, also *née* Barbara Rebell, who in a moment of mad impulse married a worthless Corsican. She afterwards met the one love of her life, Lord Bosworth, and her *liaison* with him was winked at by society until she had the audacity to have a child, when people felt obliged to cut her. The story really begins when this Madame Sampiero is a hopelessly paralysed invalid, and has offered a home to the orphan Barbara, who, like herself, in a moment of mad impulse, married the wrong man, and after six years of ill-treatment at his hands, feels she can endure no more.

Madame Sampiero has lost that beloved child for whose sake she had counted the world well lost. She also has rigidly excluded Lord Bosworth from her life, not choosing that he shall look upon her affliction and helplessness. His nephew, James Berwick, is, however, constantly at the house. This man made a worldly marriage, and his wife, who was extremely wealthy, dying young, left him master of a princely fortune, but only on condition of his never marrying. He is consequently, completely tied; and poor Barbara is, of course, still the slave of her terrible West Indian husband. The two—James and Barbara—are thrown together. He falls desperately in love. This has often happened to him before, and he prepares to enjoy it. But he finds out, by the gentlest degrees, that this Barbara is of another quality entirely from the women he has known. She is capable, as indeed, the very pure are often capable—*pace* the modern novelist—of the most intense passion. But to her, dishonour could never be even momentary pleasure or gratification. When at last, the barriers of James's control go down, and he speaks out plainly, the woman who loves him—who loves for the first and only time, perfectly, devotedly—consents to go with him to a tiny shooting lodge which he owns, near Poissy. He hurries thither to prepare all for her arrival, and while he awaits her the whole tragedy of it for her dawns upon him. He sees that she is doing this, not for self-indulgence, but wholly for sacrifice; for his sake, not for her own: that by asking it of her he is about to destroy her peace, to humiliate and abase her in her own eyes, to ask of her something which she gives only because her love is so great that she feels she cannot withhold it.

To my remembrance I have never before read a book in which, at the eleventh hour, the man elects to tell the woman who comes to him voluntarily that he means to spare her. The scene is Mrs. Lowndes's *chef d'œuvre*. The novelist does not live who might not be justly proud of having written such a scene, of having realised so strongly and so clearly the mind of the *femme passionelle*, who is also pure.

G. M. R.

The Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, edited by Dr. E. A. Crane, have an exceptional interest, as they give to the world, during the lifetime of the Princess Eugenie, the history of her escape from the French capital, told by the man who organised it.

Aftermath.

One man gave lavishly of gold
And builded tower and town;
Then smiled content to think his deeds
Should win him great renown.

Another, poor in worldly gain,
Gave all within his ken
Of strength and tenderness and truth,
To help his fellow men.

The record of the rich man's gifts
Lies on a dusty shelf;
The poor man lives in countless hearts,
Because he gave—himself!

—CHARLOTTE BECKER in (New York) *Sunday Magazine*

What to Read.

"The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to 'Adam Bede,' giving the Real Life History of the more Prominent Characters." By William Mottram.

"A Queen of Napoleon's Court: The Life Story of Désirée Bernadotte." By Catherine Bearne.

"The Life of Froude." By Herbert Paul.

"They." By Rudyard Kipling.

"The Thread of Gold." By the Author of "The House of Quiet."

"The Kentuckians: A Novel." By John Fox, Jun.

Coming Events.

December 9th.—Registered Nurses At Home, 431, Oxford Street, 4 to 6.

December 11th.—Special Morning Performance in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Rebuilding Fund, at His Majesty's Theatre, 1.30 p.m. By kind permission of Mr. Tree.

December 12th.—The Duchess of Albany opens a Bazaar in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children, the Athenæum, Muswell Hill (two days).

December 12th.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses, 431, Oxford Street, 4.30 p.m. To consider the Bill for the State Registration of Nurses as amended by the Sub-Committee.

December 14th.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, 6, Suffolk Street, W.

December 16th.—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian opens new buildings of Hampstead General Hospital.

A Word for the Week.

Helen Hay in *Nurses' Journal of the Pacific Coast*:—"Do you realise, that once you have got people to think, every added day, every month, every year, is prolific of the splendid results of that thinking?"

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