

she safely might, the fortunes of war?

To set this question at rest, I will briefly relate the main points in my own life, which will serve to show the difference between us.

My mother was an Italian, an only child, and the last of her race, one branch of the Veronis, of Rome. When quite young she married my father, the second son of Sir Edward St. Alban—English on his father's side, French on his mother's. My father and one other son were the only children of this house, and he was dependent solely on his mother's dower, which had been settled on him, while the estates came to his brother, being entailed upon the eldest son.

In marrying out of England, my father grievously disappointed his family. The consequence was an estrangement, which deeply hurt my mother, whose gentle blood made her an equal for any man. Her pride served to retard a reconciliation in a measure, and when I was about eighteen months old my parents sailed for America, hoping the season of anger would pass ere their return. Fancy led them to West Virginia, and there, in less than a year, my father was killed by being thrown from his horse. Two months later my mother was laid beside him. On her death-bed she implored her foster sister to care for me, and never suffer me to go back to my English relations. That foster sister had accompanied her from England, and had married a southern gentleman of fine talents feeling and wealth: and they became not only my guardians, but my beloved parents. I was legally adopted by the noble-hearted ones, and so carefully reared as never to know any other name than theirs, until after I was twelve years of

age. My childhood was a season of loveliness, where no shadows flitted across the sunny pathways of youth. And when I married, although lifted above the necessity of the kindness extended to me, I shared with my foster father's children, as if I had been born one of them.

I married at fifteen: my birthday coming the first day of December, my wedding day on the third of April following. This was in 1856. Before the close of that year, death had swept away my beloved guardian, his wife—my more than mother—and a darling little sister, the pride of my heart. Swiftly upon this, came the news that my only foster brother had perished at sea. Two foster sisters, wedded and living at a distance, were little known to me, and I seemed almost desolate.—Only my husband was left me then. In the interval between '57 and '59, nothing of special interest occurred. In October, '59, I lost my husband; and my eldest son, then nearly three years and a half old, followed in February. In November of '60, my other child, a sweet boy of two years of age, was laid in the grave. Then the desolation of the widowed wife—the childless mother—fell upon me. I was absolutely in despair, and felt as if nothing were left to live for. In this time of affliction, I went west to visit my husband's brother, whose family had long resided there; and it was in the Spring of 1862, that I a second time married, and took up my life again, as having been given me for the work of my Father in Heaven.

Here my story ends. You will see a suffering that could easily soften my heart to sympathy with the suffering; and also a necessarily

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