

public notoriety, but principally from her own unaffected and pathetic narration.

I am, etc.

(to be continued.)

The following lines were written on a torn paper which formed a wrapper to some of the letters; they appear to have been an effusion of S—— previous to Louisa's arrival.

Though from Louisa far-I wander,
 Fond love by absence still grows fonder,
 In fadeless tints remembrance traces
 Her witching charms, enchanting graces;
 All other beauties at the best,
 To her's but serve to give a zest,
 When various charmers meet my view,
 I thus comparison pursue:
 This eye, though brilliant, her's is brighter,
 This skin; though fair, her's is yet lighter,
 This cheek, though deck'd with blooming roses,
 Compared to her's its beauty loses;
 And who amongst the gay and fair,
 Like her can boast such silken hair,
 A down her ivory neck rich flowing,
 And there contrasted beauties shewing?
 Beat slow, my pulse, yet slower—slower
 Nor, thou remembrance, riot lower;
 Dare not to sing her blue-vein'd breast,
 Half hidden by her happy vest,
 For there must love-fraught frenzy dwell,
 Where strawberries tip each gentle swell;
 But sing those archetypes of blisses
 Her dewy lips, provoking kisses:
 Memory record, with fondest zeal,
 That day when last 't was mine to seal
 Two balmy kisses on her mouth,
 Melting and mutual were they both.
 O might my flattering fancy rear
 A golden beam of hope to cheer,