

just resentments—Here their lamentations were poured out at the tomb of departed excellence, and here did they mingle their tears with the tears of their undoer. And indeed the history of all ages have represented those benevolent islanders as a people zealous to bear testimony to superior merit, wherever they have found it—whether amongst adversaries, or friends—in the camp of the enemy, or the *laurels of a competitor*.—On this event they lamented, that so much virtue had *departed*—that so little had been *left behind*.

Though this was matter of sincere concern to Sancho's heart, it however became a new circumstance of his power to his administration.—The first station in female pre-eminence was now unoccupied; and there was a vacancy, as it were, in the first office under the Governor—even a participation of the *throne of viceregency*.

As this was the *first office* open to female ambition, it is not to be wondered at that the Countess Loftonzo was the first to aspire at it.—She communicated the phrenzy of this sentiment to the Count—adding, in an extacy of grandeur, “that the world should
“ see her niece, Donna Dorothea del Mon-
“ roso, raise her head above the proudest fa-
“ milies of the island—that she would sus-
“ tain with *dignity*, and embellish by her *ac-*
“ *complishments*, the vacant chair in the cham-
“ ber of Carousals.”—And, thus far in-