

in publick splendor and exalted station, you will carry with you humility and moderation——if inauspicious destiny sink you to the rank of humble condition, your beauties will adorn, and your virtues dignify your retreat!

Sancho some time after his arrival in Barataria, sustained an heavy affliction, which was attended by one notable peculiarity—that of being the single instance, wherein the sentiments of the Baratarians and their Governor had been united or similar.—Death had deprived him of the Baroness Feraro his consort—a lady of high birth and fortune, adorned by the most eminent virtues and amiable manners.—Wherever her influence could extend, it was the influence of benefaction—and where her power could not *gratify*, her affability *conciliated*. To her Lord she left every thing to lament—she was the splendor of his station; she was the solace of his *hours of sobriety*——and if any thing like refinement grew about his palace or his person, it was the hand of the Baroness that planted it there.

And here must we give the praises which are due to the generosity and candour of the people of Barataria. At this time, though they saw that the constitution of their country had been invaded, their commerce destroyed, and their condition desperate——yet did they here forget *themselves*, and cast away from their minds all sense of *their injuries*.—Here, generous Compassion suspended their
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