

say, that no one should ever be sensible of her necessities, were they at the last extremity. She was generally lamented, and in life had been greatly esteemed for courteous and genteel behaviour, and good sense. She was buried in a decent manner in the abbey church, in the grave of her honest brave old father—a gentleman who had experienced some undeserved hardships in life; but who might be said to have been thus far happy, that he lived not to see or hear of so tragical a catastrophe of his beloved daughter. The following verses were written by her on her window:—

"O, death! thou pleasing end to human woe!  
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!  
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave!  
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."

Mr. Wood, who wrote "an Essay towards a Description of Bath," speaks of many circumstances which unite to prove that Fanny Braddock had long meditated self-destruction. In a book entitled *New Court Tales*, she is called "the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia," which Wood says, "she was not very improperly styled, having been a tenant under my roof during the last thirteen months of her life; and at the time of her unhappy death, her debt of two-and-fifty pounds three shillings and fourpence for rent, &c., entitled me to the sole possession of all her papers and other effects, which I seized on Monday, the 13th of September, 1731." Though Wood probably knew better how to draw up an inventory, and make an appraisement, than a syllogism, yet at the end of five months the creditors drew "a new inventory" of what was in his possession, and made a new appraisement. "The goods were then sold," says Wood, "and people striving for something to preserve the memory of the poor deceased lady, the price of every thing was so advanced that the creditors were all paid, and an overplus remained for the nearest relation; though it ought to have come to me, as a consideration towards the damages I sustained on the score of Sylvia's untimely death."

Whatever was Wood's estimation of his unhappy tenant when alive, he could afford to praise her dead. "Nothing can be more deplorable than the fate of this unfortunate young woman; a fate that I have heard hundreds in high life lament their not suspecting, that they might have endeavoured to prevent it, though it should have been at half the expense of their estates; and yet many of those people, when common fame every where sounded Sylvia's running out of her fortune, would endeavour to draw her into play to win her money, and accept of whatever was offered them from her generous hand!" She was ensnared by a woman named Lindsey, who kept a house for high play. "When I came down to Bath," says Wood, "in the year 1727, Sylvia was entirely at the dame's command, whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at her house. Dame Lindsey's wit and humour, with the appearance of sanctity in a sister that lived with her, strongly captivated the youth of both sexes, and engaged them in her interest." The reputation of this "dame Lindsey" was at a low ebb; but Wood observes, "in the course of three years I could never, by the strictest observations, perceive Sylvia to be tainted with any other vice than that of suffering herself to be deceived to the gaming-table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. I was, therefore, not long in complying with a proposal she made to me in the summer of the year 1728, for renting part of a house I then lived in, in Queen-square; her behaviour was such as manifested nothing but virtue, regularity, and good nature. She was ready to accept of trifling marks of friendship, to give her a pretence of making great returns; and she was no sooner seated in my house than ladies of the highest distinction, and of the most unblemished characters, were her constant visitors; her levee looked more like that of a minister of state than of a private young lady. Her endowments seemed to have had a power of attraction among her own sex, even stronger than

that of all the riches of a court among the gentlemen that are allured by them."

The last night of her life she spent in Mr. Wood's study, where she took her supper, and dandled two of his children on her knees till the hour of retiring. She then went to the nursery, and taking leave of a sleeping infant in its cradle, praised the innocence of its looks. Passing to her own room, she undressed and went to bed, and, as her servant left the room, bade her good night; she had never done so before. It is probable that at that moment she thought on her fatal purpose, and some passages in Harrington's translation of "*Orlando Furioso*," are supposed to have strengthened it. It was found that after she had arisen she had been reading in it; the book lay open at pp. 74 and 75, the story of Olympia, who, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, was ruined.

#### THE FLOATING BEACON.

Why art thou thus, thou lonely bark,  
The last on the darkling sea?  
Why are thy sails to the night-wind spread,  
And why shines that light on thee?

Why art thou here, thou lonely bark,  
When the other ships are gone?  
I deem'd thee away, with those to-day—  
But still thou art sailing alone.

There came a voice from the lonely bark,  
Or mine own thoughts answered to me:  
Spread is my sail to the midnight gale,  
And my light shines lone on the sea:

For my watch is by the shoal and the sand,  
And the rock that is hidden by night,  
And many a mariner kneels at home,  
And blesses the beacon light.

Is not my light like that holier light  
That heaven sheds over life's path—  
Thought not of, prized not, in stillness and shine,  
But welcomed in darkness and wrath.

#### LEGAL RECREATIONS.

"To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite:—1. A good deal of money—2. A good deal of patience—3. A good cause—4. A good attorney—5. Good counsel—6. Good evidence—7. A good jury—8. A good judge—and lastly, good luck."

"Reason is the life of the law, nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason."

If a man says of a counsellor of law, *Thou art a daff-down-dilly*, an action lies. So adjudged in *Seaccario*, and agreed *per totam curiam*.—1 Vin. Abb. 445.

*He hath no more law than Mr. C.'s bull.* These words being spoken of an attorney, the court inclined that they were actionable, and that the plaintiff should have judgment, though it was objected that the plaintiff had not declared that C. had a bull.—*Siderfin*, 327, pl. 8. Pasch. 19, Car. II., *Baker v. Morfue*. The chief justice was of opinion, that if C. had no bull, the scandal was the greater. And it was pronounced *per curiam* in the same case, that to say of a lawyer, that *he has no more law than a goose*, has been adjudged actionable.—*Sid.* 127, pl. 8. There is quare added as to the saying, *He hath no more law than the man in the moon*.—(1b. 2 Kib. 209)—the law, doubtless, contemplating the possibility of there being a man in the moon, and of his being a good lawyer.