

Enkindle kind affection to her memory—
For worth we knew not in her when she lived ;
While some who living, shared her heart, perchance,
May read her sentences with wetted eyes,
And say, "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

The Princess Amelia relieved the indigent friends of three infant females from care, as to their wants, by fostering them at her own expense. She caused them to be educated, and placed them out to businesses, by learning which they might acquire the means of gaining their subsistence in comfort and respectability. They occasionally visited her, and to one of them she was peculiarly attached: her Royal Highness placed her with Mrs. Bingley, her dressmaker, in Piccadilly. In this situation,

"long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,
Until at length the cruel spoiler came,
Pluck'd this fair flow'r and rifled all its sweetness,
Then flung it like a loathsome weed away."

The seduction of this young female deeply afflicted the princess's feelings; and she addressed a letter to her, written throughout by her own hand, which marks her reverence for virtue, and her pity for one who diverged from its prescriptions. It is a public memorial of her worth—the only record of her high principles and affectionate disposition.

(corr.)

The accounts I have received of you, My poor Mary, from Mrs. Bingley, have given me the greatest concern, and have surprised me as well as hurt me; as I had hoped you were worthy of the kindness you experienced from Mrs. Bingley, and were not undeserving of all that had been done for you.

Much as you have erred, I am willing to hope, my poor girl, that those religious principles you possessed are still firm, and that they will, with the goodness of God, show you your faults, and make you to repent, and return to what I hoped you were—a good and virtuous girl. You may depend on my never forsaking you as long as I can be your friend. Nothing but your conduct not being what it ought to be, can make me give you up. Forget you, I never could. Believe me, nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to restore you to what you were; but you must be honest, open and true. Make Mrs. K., who is so sincerely your well-wisher, your friend. Conceal nothing from her; and believe me, much as it may cost you, at the moment, to speak out, you will find relief afterwards, and I trust it may enable us to make you end your days happily.

To Mrs. Bingley, and all with her, you can never sufficiently feel grateful. Her conduct has been that of the kindest mother and friend, and, I trust, such friends you will ever try to preserve; for, if with propriety they can continue their kindness to you, it will be an everlasting blessing for you; but, after all that has happened, my dear Mary, I cannot consent to leaving you there. Though I trust, from all I hear, your conduct now is proper, and will continue so, yet, for the sake of the other young people, it must be wrong; and if you possess that feeling, and repent, as I hope you do, you cannot but think I am right. I trust you feel all your errors, and, with the assistance of God, you will live to make amends; yet your conduct must be made an example of. The misfortune of turning out of the right path, cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all young people. Alas! you now know it from experience. All I say I feel doubly, from wishing you well.

Be open and true, and whatever can be done, to make you happy, will. Truth is one of the most necessary virtues, and whoever deviates from that, runs from one error into another—not to say vice. I have heard you accused Mrs. Bingley of harshness; that I conceive to be utterly impossible; but I attribute your saying so to a mind in the greatest affliction, and not knowing what you were about. I pity

you from my heart, but you have brought this on yourself, and you must now pray to God, for his assistance, to enable you to return to the right path.

Why should you fear me? I do not deserve it, and your feeling the force of your own faults can only occasion it; for I feel I am, and wish to be, a friend to three young people I have the charge of, and to make them fit to gain their own bread, and assist their families. For you I have felt particularly, being an orphan, and I had never had cause to regret the charge I had. Your poor parents have been saved a heavy blow. Conceive what their affliction must have been, had they lived to know of your conduct. I trust my poor Mary may yet live to renew all our feelings of regard for her, and that I shall have the comfort to hear many good accounts of your conduct and health. Unless your mind is at ease you cannot enjoy health.

Be assured I shall be happy to find I have reason, always, to subscribe myself,

Your friend,

AMELIA.

So wrote one of the daughters of England. We hail her a child of the nation by her affiance to virtue, the creator of our moral grandeur, and the preserver of our national dignity. Private virtue is the stability of states.

In the Princess Amelia's letter there is a natural union of powerful sense and exquisite sensibility; it has an easy, common-place air, but a mind that examines the grounds, and searches into the reasons of things, will discover the "root of the matter." Comment upon it is abstained from, that it may be read and studied.

The crime of seduction is fashionable, because hitherto fashion has been criminal with impunity. The selfish destroyer of female innocence can prevail on some wives and mothers by varnish of manner, and forcefulness of wealth, to the degradation of sanctioning his entertainments by their presence. Like the fabled upas-tree of Java, he lives a deadly poison to wither and destroy all within his shadow. Uneasiness from a lash of small cords in a feeble hand, he retaliates by a horsewhip; monstrous sensualists must be punished by scourges of flame from vigorous arms, and be hunted by hue and cry, till they find sanctuary in some remote hiding-place for blood-guiltiness.

TWILIGHT.

The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired,
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired:
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air;
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those down-cast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.