

arms of her attendants. Frances clasped her hand, and in her eager joy, would have uttered something; but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a swoon.

Isabella was immediately put into bed, and received every assistance that could be procured; but her strength and spirits were so far exhausted, by the terror and fatigue, which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining so many hours in water, that she lived but till the evening of the following day.

Frances, though still sinking from the shock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her sister, her own sufferings. She never stirred from her bedside, and often accused herself, as being the fatal cause of all that had befallen her, by suffering her attendance in this expedition. Isabella chid her for thinking so, declaring, it was the will of heaven, to which she patiently submitted. 'Though we came into the world together, says she, yet as we were not destined to perish together, a time must inevitably have come, when death would have dissolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the survivor. I die, where I have ever wished to live, in the arms of the most beloved of sisters. Pray for the repose of my soul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to your own, that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart.'

The loss of Isabella plunged the Lady Abbess into that deep distress, which minds, formed like hers, with the noblest sentiments of tenderness and benevolence, must, on such a trial, inevitably feel. She caused the body of her unfortunate sister to be transported in solemnity, to their convent; where, after it had been exposed with accustomed rights, it was deposited, with every mark of respect, in a vault, on one side of the shrine of St. Benedict, bedewed with tears of the most heart-felt sorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the sisterhood.

When time and reflection had somewhat calmed her affliction, Frances failed not to transmit, by the hands of her confessor, (her uncle, the abbot, having been sometime dead) her intended offering to

the Virgin of Broad-stairs, accompanied by a donation of twelve masses, to be said for the repose of Isabella's soul. And soon after, to perpetuate the memory of her sister, as well as to direct mariners in their course, that they might escape the sad calamity herself had so fatally experienced, she caused a very ancient church, that stood on a rising ground just above the village of Reculver, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be restored, and much enlarged, and at one end thereof erected two Towers with lofty spires upon them, the which she directed should be called *The Sisters*; and to this day it retains the name, and is a sea-mark of great utility.

In less than seven years, the whole church was completed; which she endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune; and ordained, that there should be celebrated one solemn mass, on the first day of every month (the wreck having happened on the first of May) and that a perpetual litany should be sung, for the eternal peace of the departed Isabella.

She lived to see this her will executed, as well as, to bestow many other charitable donations, not only on the convent over which she presided, but on several other religious institutions; and was, from her amiable character, and pious example, beloved, and respected to the last hour of her life.

She survived Isabella eleven years, and died most sincerely, and deservedly lamented, toward the end of the year 1512.

Her remains, pursuant to her own desire, were deposited by the side of those of her sister, with all that solemnity due to her high rank and office. A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a cross, and beneath it, a plate of brass, recording their unshaken friendship.

Faithful congenial spirits! In whatsoever world ye reside, peace be your lot! as virtue was your portion here! Long, long may this memorial of your love remain! to guide the dubious vessel in its course, and make your names blest by the wanderers of the deep!

TRANSLATION of a LETTER of Dr. COTUGNO to the CHEV. VIVENZO, from NAPLES.

SIR,

THE particulars relative to the observation which I mentioned to you a few days ago, when we were talking of

electrical animals, and when I said that the mouse was, in my opinion, one of that sort, are the following:

Towards