

even mental expression, as I had ever contemplated—

Quid non possit amor?

Madam, says he, directing his discourse to Mrs. Goodison, it is not to the honour of human nature, that I should wholly credit what our worthy host has told me: I won't believe there are half so many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reason to a man that will always argue him out of his obstinacy; it is not such a fellow as myself, no, nor even so good a pleader as my friend here, (pointing to Abrahams) who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come across a certain father, that shall be nameless, and let me be properly prepared to encounter him, and I will wager all I am worth, I will bring him round in a twinkling: Only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you see, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodison, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the most powerful, said Ned, that nature ever set her hand to; the irresistible eyes of this young lady; might I only say—This angel—is a supplicant to you, the heart that would not melt must be of marble. Constantia blushed, every body seemed delighted with the unexpected turn of Ned's reply, whilst Mrs. Goodison answered, that she feared even that experiment would disappoint him; upon which he eagerly rejoined, Then I have a recourse against the worst that can befall us: There is a comfortable little mansion stands without-side of my park; it is furnished and in complete repair, there is a pleasant garden to it; Mr. Abrahams has seen it, and if you will be my tenant, you shall not find me so hard a landlord as some you have had to deal with. As Ned spoke these words, Mrs. Goodison turned her eyes full upon him with so intelligent and scrutinizing an expression, as to cause a short stop in his speech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me! the last inhabitant of this beloved little place was my excellent mother; she passed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myself; I wish I had been more worthy of such society and more capable of improving by it; but I was sadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the best (God forbid I should reproach him!) and put me under the care of Parson Beetle, the curate of our parish, an honest and well-meaning man, but alas! I was a dull lazy blockhead and he did not keep me to my book. However such as I am, I know

my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honesty and sincerity is not amongst the number. Nobody can suspect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned; I am afraid Mrs. Goodison is not thoroughly convinced of it; surely, Madam, you will not suppose I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in your's, Sir, answered she, and expect to hear one; it is your unmerited generosity that stops my tongue. After all, resumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generosity as any one present, for as you have never once mentioned the name of Constantia in this proposal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the same time. 'Tis because I have not the presumption to hope, answered Ned, that I have any thing to offer, which such excellence would condescend to take: I could wish to tender her the best mansion I possess, but there is an incumbrance goes with it; which I despair of reconciling to so elegant a taste as her's.—O love, said I within myself, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric! I glanced my eye round the table; Ned did the very reverse of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the close of such a speech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addressed; the fine countenance of Constantia assumed a hue, which I suspect our dealers in Circassian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to shift so suddenly; for whilst my eye was pausing over it, her cheek underwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who purchase blushing, are not subject to: The whole was conducted by those most genuine masters and best colourists of the human countenance, modesty and sensibility, under the direction of nature, and though I am told the ingenious President of our Royal Academy has attempted something in art, which resembles it, yet I am hard to believe, that his carnations, however volatile, can quite keep pace with the changes of Constantia's cheek.

Wife and discreet young ladies, who are taught to know the world by education and experience, have a better method of concealing their thoughts and a better reason for concealing them; in short they manage this matter with more address, and do not, like poor Constantia—

—*Wear their hearts upon their sleeve
For Darts to pick at.*

When a fashionable lover assails his mistress with all that energy of action as well as utterance, which accompanies polite declarations of passion, it would be highly

indifferent