

tal silence, leaning upon her hand, and, apparently, looking out through the window; so that, if I except the modest and embarrassed glance of her eye as I entered the room, I had yet beheld none of the native beauties of her charming little form, but the redundant flowing of her chestnut locks, and the easy tapering of her graceful wattle. I know not how it was: whether that we, involuntarily and unconsciously, allow to the easy simplicity of nature that indulgence and exemption from forms, which, from tutor'd vanity, we both expect and exact: whether I was prepossessed by the favourable sketch given by Arifor, who, perhaps, never spoke favourably of any one before; or whether there are some favoured forms, around whom, like guardian Sylphs, the partial Graces for ever hover, and give to their every action a fascinating charm; but, certain it is, her pensive reclamation, and apparent neglect of the company (which from any other person would, in all probability, have disgusted me) gave me, in the present instance, no kind of offence. They are plunged in a controversy, said I, to myself; that awakens no interest in her bosom:—why should not her thoughts retire from a society which contributes nothing to her enjoyment?

But I soon discovered another cause for her attitude. As I laid my hand on her's, and repeated my enquiry, she turned round with gentle reluctance, and with a tender smile beaming through a cloud of tears, lifted her timid eyes to mine; and then dropped them again on a book she held before her. I was preparing to solicit her confidence, that, by knowing the cause, I might participate in her sorrows; but, whether from curiosity, or from chance, or from the reality of that magnetism, which some have asserted to exist in the eye, my glance followed her's, and I beheld the little narrative of *The Elopement* bathed with her tears.

THE TRANSPORT.

Ye powers of love and vanity attend! dispute and wrangle for this moment's transport, and tell me which (if either) seized at this instant the dominion of my heart! Or was it Sympathy—the pure Platonic sympathy of the soul, that snatched her hand from the tear-dew'd book, and clasp'd between both my own, pressed it involuntarily to my lips?

Enchanting girl, said I to myself, dear artless child of simplicity and nature! how irresistibly interesting is this tenderness of thy soul! Daughters of Vanity quit your wanton lures! ye light co-

quets, would ye ensnare our hearts, look at Simplicia and reform your own! Ye ostentatious pretenders to refinement! quit your proud arts, and know the charm of nature! Prate, prate no more the idle cant of artificial sentiment,—forego your novel-taught ejaculations, and if ye still have a nerve for aught but vanity, learn—learn to feel the genuine throb of pity!

Ruffic! and *Simpleton!*—what mean these terms? The curve of Flirtilla's lip, were she to pronounce them, would lead us, perhaps, to suppose them epithets of contemptuous reproach. Yet are genuine Sensibility, Innocence, and Truth, the fosterlings of RURAL NATURE; and tho' at times they may be wounded by the coarseness of clownish jocularity, or awhile suppressed by the weariness of assiduous labour, heaven pours around its variegated bounties with too free a hand to suffer them to languish; and contemplation, thro' each shadowy glade, breathes with a voice too audible to suffer thought to languish, or the heart, which once has felt, to become callous or indifferent. But how is it in this fantastic scene? Boasted refinement is but another term for the gross selfishness of Pride, whose florid imbecility, whose unfeeling licentiousness of mind, and affected excess of exterior delicacy, form the complete antithesis of fashionable folly!"

THE LOVERS.

I had, during this reverie, still kept hold of the reluctant hand of the blushing Simplicia: but the sigh which now stole from her bosom, and the mournful look with which she languished on the agitated countenance of Melville (or, as Arifor had called him, the gentle Zephyr) fluttered with painful agitation at my heart, and I relinquished the unwilling bliss:—Nor will I pain, said I, two tender hearts.

She flew immediately to the perturbed youth, and seating herself by his side, reclined, as if by instinct, on his shoulder, fixing her moist and anxious eye on his—as tho' they would at once probe his heart and pour the soothing balm of tenderness into the wound. The glance of Melville was more ardent: his soul darted through the crystal portals of intelligence, entered the secret recesses of her heart; and, drinking the sweet draught of tender confidence, was cherred as with nectar from the stream of life.

THE PORTRAIT.

I know not how it is, but my wisdom seems to have forsaken me during this scene;