

return, that I may stand some chance of getting a littlerest and quiet among them.

We now slept into our hack, but without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the stones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door by our friendly Israelite, with a smiling welcome, and conducted by him up stair, to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the mistress of the house, an elderly decent matron, who presented us to Mrs. Goodison, the mother of Constantia, in whose countenance though pale and overcast with melancholy, beauty and modest dignity still kept their native seat.

Honest Ned made his first approach with a bow, which Vestris perhaps could have mended, though it was of nature's workmanship: and this he stoutly followed up with a kiss to each lady, after the custom of the country, that loudly spoke it's own good report.

Whilst these ancient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and presented to our eye—a wonder! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itself; it was a form of modesty to have awed the passions of licentious youth; it was in one word Constantia herself, and till our reigning beauties shall equal charms add equal humility, and present themselves like her to the beholder's eye without one conscious glance of exultation at their triumphs, she must remain no other wise described than as that name bespeaks the unrivalled model of her sex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himself so dexterously with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office; neither voice nor motion remained with them, and astonishment would not even suffer them to close—

*Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.*

And what after all were the mighty ingredients, by which these effects were produced? Harken, *O Tavistock-Street*, and believe it if you can! The simplest dress, which modesty could clothe itself with, was all the armour, which this conqueror had put on; a plain white cotton vest with a close head-dress, (such as your very windows would have blushed to have exhibited) filleted with a black silk ribband, were all the aids, which Nature borrowed to attire her matchless piece of work.

Thus she stood before us and there she might have stood for us till now, if the compassionate Israelite had not again stepped in to her rescue: He led her to a

chair, and, taking his seat, set the conversation afloat by telling her of his visit to the worthy gentleman then present (as his body indeed might witness, but for his senses they were elsewhere) spoke handsomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with saying he had now the honor to introduce the owner of that hospitable mansion to her acquaintance, and he flattered himself he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The answer, which Constantia made to this elaborate harangue, would in vain be sought for in the academy of compliments, for it confined simply in the eloquence of two expressive eyes, which she directed upon the speechless trunk of poor Ned, somewhere as I should guess about the region of his heart, for I am persuaded her emissaries never stopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to stammer out a few sentences, by which, if Constantia did not understand more than was expressed, she could not be much the wiser for the information he gave her; he was glad and sorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and presumed to say—just nothing at all; when in a moment the word supper! announced through the nose of a snuffling Hebrew servant, came, as if it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his distress. The manna in the wilderness was hardly more welcome to the famished Jews, than were now the bloodless viands, that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I should have said rather than to the appetite of Drowsy.

Ecce I know can do more in the way of metamorphosis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to say the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling test of his art; for it was in fact no less a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury: Good fellowship however can do something in the same way, and the hospitable festivity of the honest Israelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and set it to work: Youth soon catches the social sympathy, but even age and sorrow now threw aside their gloom, and paid their subscription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whose countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely dispelled that air of lassitude, which had so long disarmed an interesting set of features of their natural vivacity and spirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and

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