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occurred to me the first moment I saw you.

Do you know, my dear Fitzgerald, that, if your little syren had not anticipated my purpose, I had designs upon you for my sister?

Through that careless, inattentive look of yours, I saw so much right sense, and so affectionate a heart, that I wished nothing so much as that she might have attached you; and had laid a scheme to bring you acquainted, hoping the rest from the merit so conspicuous in you both.

Both are, however, so happily disposed of elsewhere, that I have no reason to regret my scheme did not succeed.

There is something in your person, as well as manner, which I am convinced must be particularly pleasing

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