

THE BRUNETTE AND THE POOR BOY.

(See Suppl. No. 50.)

CUI MENS SIT PLACIDA NIHIL NON PLACEBIT.

J. CARELESS.

A contented Mind is a continual Feast, saith SOLOMON; & this happy temper of Mind every Man should endeavor to obtain, were it but for his own sake, saith SELF.

**B**UT You, said I, looking at mine Hostess as I landed from the Stair-Case, are not of that Class\*. There is such a generous Frankness in your Countenance, that I cannot doubt of the Integrity of your Heart; neither can I suspect it entertains a Thought which Delicacy would blush at.

There was, in her Person and Manner, every Thing, that a *widowed Brunette* of twenty-one could have, to create Desire and prevent indecent Advances; and the Weeds which She wore, in Memory of her deceased Spouse, lessened not her Charms; but what gave them additional Lustre and pleased me most was her Conduct to a lovely Boy, whom She held at Arms-Length, awhile, to gaze at---and gaze at him she did with all the eagerness of fondness. Her whole Soul seemed to center in her Eyes, and when their Nerves failed, She pressed him to her Breast with all the Transport of a passionate Lover, when he clasps in his Arms the Mistress of his Heart.

Heavens! said I enraptured, what a delightful Scene!

Her eager Caresses, and the involuntary Sighs and Tears that accompanied them, discovered so much Warmth of Affection for the *dead* as well as the *living*, that they instantly excited, in my Breast, a Variety of pleasurable tender Ideas, which made me so regardless of every Thing else, that I would have stood there, lost in Admiration, to this very Hour, had she not been interrupted. ---I was sorry for it; but Words are cold on such Occasions, so I asked for a Bill

It is very well, said I, casting my Eye carelessly on the Amount, and here is another in Exchange for it.

It is only Paper for Paper, Sir; but this is the most valuable.

Their Difference in Point of Value, Madam, is very trifling; and I hope Fortune will give you an Opportunity of parting with it, with as much Pleasure as I do *now*.

.....The fair Sex are too polite to let a Civility pass unnoticed.---A slight Curtsey and Smile conveyed her Sense of this to me, bet-

ter than the most eloquent Orator could have done in an Hour's Harangue.---

That Smile was worth five hundred such Bills.

.....It was one of those Smiles, with which the Countenance is suffused by a grateful Heart, to express its Feelings. ....Smiles, which give Expression to every Feature, and which never fail to please; but the most enchanting one I have ever seen, of this Kind, was Melissa's; when, plunging into the Torrent after her, I saved her Life at the Hazard of my own. How pleasing was the Solitude which seized me, as I conducted her, pale & trembling, and almost breathless, to the Shore; and when I had placed her in Safety there, how inconceivably delightful was the Reflection of having rescued so much Beauty and Merit from a watery Grave!..and inconceivably delightful will this Reflection be to the very last Period of my Life: neither shall I ever forget that Smile, which, with Sweetness ineffable, returned an enthusiasm of Gratitude, for the Service I had rendered her with so much Pleasure to myself.---

It gives me Pleasure to see a Smile upon any Face; but when a Lady Smiles and I have happily occasioned it, by doing or saying something agreeable. ....the Pleasure I feel can't well be described. A sudden Glow crimsoned her Face most charmingly. It was not the Glow of Anger or of Pain, therefore it pleased me almost as much as the Smile had done.

---Whenever I see a Woman, especially if she has any Thing *feminine* about her besides her mere Form, I feel a Kind of Tenderness and Respect in my Heart, and if I am so unhappily situated that I can only look at her, I do it with all the Avidity of a Miser, (of this my broken Nose is, at least, Proof *circumstantial*, and I think it would be admitted as Proof *positive*, "that brick Pillars are less fragile than Noses," even by that Jury which whilom called *wilful* and *accidental* Actions the same) but with Sensations infinitely superior to his. Your clay-cold Heart may call this a Fault, and so let them call it...I envy them not their *Frigidity* but I thank Nature for giving me a different Cast.---

I wanted Change.---One Bill was too large, and another too small---One was taken up,

\* Of the Class of Pseudoists. i. e. deceitful, false.