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Emily was the loveliest *paisanne* that ever was beheld ; her dress, without losing sight of the character, was infinitely becoming : her beauty never appeared to such advantage.

There was a noble simplicity in her air, which it is impossible to describe.

The easy turn of her shape, the lovely roundness of her arm, the natural elegance of her whole form, the waving ringlets of her beautiful dark hair, carelessly fastened with a ribbon, the unaffected grace of her every motion, all together conveyed more strongly than imagination can paint, the pleasing idea of a wood-nymph, deigning to visit some favored mortal.

Colonel Willmott gazed on her with rapture ; and asked me, if the rural deities had left their verdant abodes to visit Temple-house.

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