

But behold a more charming object than nature herself! the sweet, the young, the blooming lady Julia, who is this instant stepping into her post chaise with lady Anne Wilmot. How unspeakably lovely! she looks up to the window, she smiles; I understand that smile, she permits me to have the honour of following her: I'll order my horses, and whilst they are getting ready, endeavour to describe this most angelic of woman kind.

Lady Julia then, who wants only three months of nineteen, is exactly what a poet or painter would wish to copy who intended to personify the idea of female softness. Her whole form is delicate and feminine to the utmost degree: her complexion is fair, enlivened by the bloom of youth, and often diversified by blushes more beautiful than those of the morning: her features are regular, her mouth and teeth particularly

