"Oh! no pen can trace,"
"No words can show the beauty of her face!"
"There all the little shades and graces meet"
"And every thing that is soft, and every thing that's sweet!"

Her age I will not mention, she is in the full perfection of beauty.
Her eyes sparkled with life and good humour. Her cheek glowed
with the freshness of the morning rose; her hand and arms
were of the most polished whiteness.

"For she was fair beyond the brightest bloom!"
"Fair as the form that rose in fancy's room!"
"Fled in light vision round the poet's head!"

A celestial smile irradiated her whole countenance; her voice
is ever music to my ear, and whose smile had power to soothe and distill

to rest all my pains. She was educated in the lap of affluence and
luxury; her language was impressive, bold and energetic, light,
gay and elegant, so full of point and adorning wit, according
to the subject on which she conversed. If I could have my army
entwined around her most beautiful neck and could imprint
on her vermilion lips the index of affection, by Heaven! I would
think it an easy task to place bright honor from the pale face now
their temper was remarkably sweet. But her lasting beauty proportion
to her heart.