

ing can be said on the matter worth listening to. And who are we that we should lightly judge such a woman as "George Eliot?"

In some favoured children of genius, a beautiful person is combined with a beautiful soul, but it was not so with "George Eliot," and we are told that her consciousness of her plainness made her object to have her likeness taken. However, in the private office of Messrs. Blackwood, her publishers, her portrait hangs in company with the portraits of Scott, Lockhart, John Wilson, and the Ettrick Shepherd. It is described as being of life size, the features almost masculine in strength and with a strangely sad expression on the countenance. She is said to have borne a striking likeness to the portrait of Savonarola at Florence, painted by Fra Bartolommeo. She has described the great Florentine Reformer in *Romola*, from this picture of course. "In the act of bending the cowl was pushed back and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was the high arched nose, the prominent under lip, the coronet of thick hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-gray eyes shining mildly under auburn eyelashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness."

A writer in the *London World* gives a description of her as she appeared at her Sunday evening receptions. A slight presence, of middle height, as the height of women goes; a face somewhat long, whose every feature tells of intellectual power, lightened by a perpetual play of changing expression; a voice of most sympathetic compass and richness; a

manner full of a grave sweetness, uniformly gentle, and intensely womanly, which proclaim the depth of the interest taken in ordinary and obscure things and people; conversation which lends itself as readily to topics trivial as to topics profound, and which, like her writings, is full of a humour redeemed from sarcasm by its ever present sympathy." To this we add another description of her appearance and manner by one who had seen her in her own house for the first time. "A slender woman, with an oval face, abundant hair, once apparently fair, now turning gray, brought low down on the broad forehead, and simply coiled behind under some lace worn on the head; appealing gray eyes, and a smile that illuminated her face as if with light from within. She wore a high, black velvet dress, with lace at the throat, fastened by a cameo and pearl brooch, and lace at the sleeves falling back from the graceful hands. Her talk was most charming; without a trace of exaggeration, with a clear and wonderfully swift discernment of every point involved, and, when you least looked for it, an odd, quaint turn that produced the effect of wit. While her opinions on all the subjects she spoke of were definite and decided, there was at the same time such a sincere deference to those of others, that you were drawn on to talk in spite of yourself."

In conclusion, let us take one more glimpse of her as she was seen at the first opening of the Grosvenor Gallery. "She was quiet and gentle, dressed in black, with a white cashmere shawl thrown square over her shoulders. Beside her stood her husband, George Henry Lewes, who wears the worst of soft hats on the cleverest of heads, and whose conversation is simply delightful."