

'Twas I, among his pencils placed,
 One with superior virtue graced,
 Made of soft down with Cupid's
 feather,
 Which all the Graces tied together.

'Twas I upon his canvas spread,
 The bloom of my celestial red,
 And fearing time the tints might
 tarnish
 Glazed it with that immortal var-
 nish,
 Which I so sacred still have kept
 That tho' the Graces prayed and
 wept,
 They could not tempt me to reveal
 it,
 Nor for their favorite Reynold's
 steal it."

About this period Mrs. West's name ranks on the list of noted beauties; but whether she possessed many natural charms, or whether she was idealized by her husband's facile brush at the time when he was president of the Royal Academy, is possibly an open question, as there is nothing worth recording of Mrs. West to make her name famous. She is posed after one of Raphael's Madonna's in oriental drapery, holding her child closely to her face. The picture is very lovely! The memory of it lingers as "a joy forever."

There have been, from time to time, many children noted for their beauty, but unhappily all have not fulfilled, in after life, the promise of their early youth. In many cases it has been most disappointing to see the daintiness grow to coarseness, and delicacy of feature pine away to "characterless neutrality." This, however, was not the case with Elizabeth Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, for it is recorded that "from the days when a child of nine she stood with her little basket at the pumping-room door, timidly offering the tickets for her father's benefit concerts; to those when in her teens she was the belle of the

Bath assemblies, none could resist her witching grace." And she evidently retained the same fascination of beauty through life. A wistful sadness rested in her large dreamy eyes and in the curves of her faultless mouth. She was irresistible alike when young, as when singing in her fresh sympathetic voice in Oxford to the delight of Dons, or when in London to the enchantment of the King. Reynolds painted a wonderful picture of her when she was Mrs. Sheridan as "St. Cecilia," but there is a still more lovely portrait painted by Gainsborough in the possession of Lord Sackville which does not disappoint in one tiny detail. The entire figure of this richly dowered woman being full of grace. In the Dulwich Gallery there is another picture of her, standing in voluminous blue drapery by the side of her sister, Mrs. Tickell.

Lady Maria Waldegrave, afterwards H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, was also one who ranked foremost amongst the handsomest women of her day. There is a beautiful miniature of her in the possession of Lord Waldegrave, being a reduction after the magnificent painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing her in the garb of a widow. C. R. Leslie has said of it, that—"The painting is indeed worthy of its lovely origin, whom Sir Joshua seems to have painted with peculiar consolation and strength; she is in mourning with a black veil over her head." She was the second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole and niece to Horace, who was supposed to have arranged the marriage in 1759 with James, the second Earl of Waldegrave, natural descendant of the Royal Stuarts, who was Governor to the Prince of Wales (George III) and the Duke of York. "Her complexion was of the "nutte browne maide" type. She had fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth and possessed infinite wit and vivacity, making in