

mind to take into consideration artists have in the face of their ignorance of anatomy, given Eves by the score to delight or exasperate posterity. Some have been beautiful, but most have signally and pitifully failed, and seemed to have sinned unmercifully against every law of beauty's lines.

Among modern living artists, Watts has given us an Eve, which can be seen daily, in the Tate Gallery, on the London Embankment. Her dimensions are huge. Her limbs being those of a ploughman with the muscles of a gladiator. Happily only the back of the head is visible, or we might justly expect to see a beard and moustache grace the face.

But in spite of freaks of varied taste and often a conspicuous absence of true inspiration, it is surely an undisputed surmise that from her comes the heritage of beauty. Thus, as time has gone on with its ceaseless waves of varied thought and teaching, there are many types left, which have not deteriorated from the great ideal, but have possibly added to their charm of expression, by the cultivation of intellect and from the common-sense views, based on scientific lines, of treating life which has gradually but surely been instilled into the minds of people.

With a vast leap over the vista of years, we find the strain of beauty strongly developed in the later centuries. The varieties and fripperies of fashion peculiar to each era, entrancing the loveliness due to nature and at the same time hiding the disadvantages which may have existed.

This was certainly the case when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Romney, Cosway the Court painter, Shelley, the miniaturist, (who produced versions in small after Reynolds), Gainsborough, Kneller and other well-known men perpetuated the fair ones' charms, while at the

same time immortalizing their one great work.

In the eighteen century, Henrietta, Countess of Warwick, was an exceptionally lovely woman. The present Earl of Warwick—husband of the present beautiful duchess—possesses the famous portrait of her and two children, painted by Romney. It is acknowledged to be one of his most noted works and one of the finest productions of English art. The group is very graceful. Lady Warwick's little daughter, who was as fair in face as her mother, is gazing at her with a face full of pleading and confident love, while her little brother stands aloof, his diminutive figure clothed in the quaint dignity of white "ducks," cut-away coat adorned with innumerable buttons and a deep white collar below his loosely curling hair. This picture gives an instance of the artist's great gift in delineating children.

Cowper said of him,—

"Romney, expert, infallibly traced on chart or canvas, not the form alone and semblance, but, however faintly shown, the mind's expression, too, on every face with strokes that time ought never to erase."

The Rev. Wm. Hayley wrote of the picture in the verses called "Venus' address to Lady Warwick:"

"Sweet model of my chaster power!
Simplicity and grace thy dower!
Behold! thy finished portrait stand
The master-piece of Romney's hand!
Whom I, with pleasure, taught to trace,
The sweetness of that lovely face;
Whose smile is so beyond divine,
'Tis flattering me to call it mine.

'Twas I—and Romney owns as much—
Who guided every finer touch,
Directing still, with secret hints,
The form, the character, the tints;