

of right belongs in some other channel, there is no cause for complaint. But in the strength that is employed, and the work that is done, the welfare of the whole body, its interests, its dignity, its honor, should be of the first importance, for it is from it that the strength is derived by which the offshoots flourish. There should be a noble ambition therefore in each committee to surpass the other, in work which would tend to the enlargement, the consolidation, the glory of the whole.

There is no necessity either for adhering to strict, rigid, or arbitrary lines. No person or set of persons can lay down absolute rules for the government of one who is equally a free agent with the rest; the only thing that is necessary is recognition of the fundamental principles of Unity, Honor, Loyalty, and subordination to self-imposed law and the will of the majority, upon which permanence and growth in associative movements depend. Suppose a Musical Committee conceived the project of a great musical conservatory, free to girls, as the one thing needful in the city of New York. Suppose at the same time our Committee on Education wished to open free classes for instruction in mathematics; the Committee on Science to institute a course of lectures: the Committee on Philanthropy to found a "Home" for something or other; the Committee on the Drama, to get up a school of dramatic art; the Committee on Art, free classes for teaching decorative and industrial art, and so on—these things could not be done; for to do any one of them would tax the strength and resources of the club in such a way, that to the carrying out of the plan it would have to devote all its energies. Suppose the will-power and influence in one direction sufficient to do this, the associative body would be no longer a club, but a society for the advancement of one specific and limited object, always making desperate efforts to get together small resources for accomplishing an undertaking that was probably being much better done in some other and more self-reliant way.

The work then of Club Committees, while broad as the universe, must be limited by the strength, by the equal and harmonious direction of rights and privileges and by the desire on the part of each one to do what is done for the benefit of the whole. There is no reason however, why the capacities of each one should not be enlarged, or why they should be limited to the showing to which time or circumstance confine it in the club. The point is simply this, that the work done in committees should be subordinated, to a certain extent, to its club work, and planned to render its club work more compact, more distinctive, more thorough, and more reliable.

From a Committee on Music, for example, may be obtained not only much of the pleasure of social meetings, but solid information in regard to musical culture, voice development, music as a profession for women, its physical, mental and moral essentials, statistics in regard to vocalists, the percentage of success, and how it compares with other arts and professions. There is also an interesting question in the difference between the singing voice of different nations, and what effect the physical and

climatic variations have to do in producing these differences.

Take next "House and Home" Committee, which deals with household matters generally; ventilation, the modern apartment house, as compared with the isolated dwelling, of country houses, as compared with city houses, of boarding, as compared with a family home, of sanitary requisites, of improved methods, of the intelligence needed in using them, of household government and expenses, the care and management of children, and direction of servants, and the whole system of architecture, as relating to family wants and convenience, is open, and offers a field, in addition to others which have been more or less trodden, from which much that is of importance to our daily lives may be gathered.

Is there one active element, indeed, that a Club can afford to lose? The work of the Committee on Philanthropy, though it may not be of a kind to be trumpeted through the newspapers, is a perpetual benediction on the rest of the doings, and, though the occasional donations dispensed through its means are a less important part of its work than the wider knowledge that is gained of what can be best and most usefully done to alleviate seemingly inevitable woes, still it is a part that the majority most readily appreciate; for we all know how much easier it is to excite sympathy than to act justly—how prone the world is to generalize from the single facts of individual experience, and become filled up with small attempts to cure great evils, while the broad, universal principles, upon which the universe is founded, are ignorantly disregarded. Knowing all this, we may well wait a little, as well as work; give time and thought to social problems, and weigh carefully all that comes to us before attempting a remedy for what we only partially understand.

More than by any other agency, Sorosis has been built up by the admirable work done in its Committees of Art, Education, Science, Literature, and the rest; and if the belief is expressed that more united, systematic, and earnest effort—a better understanding of the possibilities contained in them—would produce still more satisfactory results, it is only giving voice to the universal law of growth, which springs from order, obedience, and honest, patient endeavor.

Women of Italy.

NAPLES, ITALY.



OMAN is making for herself so wide a breach in the ancient walls of prejudice that surround her—her importance as a factor in the world's sum of happiness or misery is being so clearly demonstrated, and so intimately felt—that it is with a certain sense of curiosity one hears advanced, in this year of our Lord 1878, the theories of the dark ages concerning her condition and capabilities: a sort of antiquarian curiosity, which may be further gratified

by comparing the old with the new opinions of the country; for, even in this ancient land, the new leaven is at work. Nations live by periods. Italy—though now sadly in the background—was, in former ages, the cradle of female development. In times when writers in other countries doubted the existence of a soul in woman, Gaetana Agnesi occupied a professorial chair in the University of Pavia, and taught physics and mathematics. Laura Bassi, at Bologna, discussed publicly the planetary system, and Di Yele, at the age of sixteen, published a treatise on differential calculus which confounded mathematicians. Later, Vittoria Colonna, Gaspara Stampa, Giustina Micheli, Isabella Albrizzi, moved the world with the profundity and versatility of their genius.

In the long period of intellectual and political slavery that followed, Italy lost her place in the vanguard of female progress, and it is only of late, under the fostering influences of liberty and unity, that mental activity among women again manifests itself. Marchesa Colombi (*nom de plume* of the wife of one of our well-known journalists) has recently published a novel with the title "*In the Rice-fields*," in which the customs of the peasants of Lombardy—the prejudices, hates, loves, sufferings of a life passed in the miasms of the rice-fields, are described with a power that recalls the rural stories of George Sand. Neera, Virginia Mulazzi, many others whom I might name, have risen of late to celebrity. But I will mention only a name beloved, not only for rare attainments, but for philanthropy—Erminia Fusinato, who died recently in Rome. A powerful thinker and graceful writer, she dedicated her life to the advancement of knowledge, organized in Rome—stronghold of papal ignorance—the common schools of the municipality, and was so great a benefactress that it was proposed to create a decoration expressly in her favor.

All of which is *apropos* of the lecture on *Literary Women*, delivered by Professor Dalbono of the Royal University, before the Philologic Club of Naples, some time since. This club, as the name indicates, is an organization primarily for the culture of languages, and secondly of thought. English, French, Italian, Russian, and Modern Greek, are taught in classes, accompanied by *conversazione* intended to put the knowledge gained to a practical use. Weekly *conferenze* or lectures are given by (more or less) able professors. The subject chosen by Professor Dalbono proved unusually attractive, and sufficed to fill the pleasant hall of the club with a throng of eager listeners, mostly ladies—Madame De Sanctis, wife of the Minister of Public Industry, Baroness Nicotera, and other celebrities were present.

Instead of a review of those grand writers whose works have illumined the last two centuries and made life richer and nobler, Professor Dalbono regaled us with a dissertation on the Inferiority of Woman, which, however unexpected, was not devoid of interest, such as the study of any "fossil remains" might awaken.

Beginning with the obsolete Latin grammar of the universities, he quoted one of its first

rules. "The male gender is nobler than the female," adding, however, that the ladies must not be inconsolable, since—quoting—"the female gender is nobler than the neuter!"

Next came a selection of old-time proverbs—"Two things are tiresome, yea three, mosquitoes, tight shoes, and learned women!" "Suffice it that a woman knows enough of geography to follow the round of her own house, enough of chemistry to make the pot boil!"

With generous tolerance the worthy professor admitted that these views were rather extreme. He even acknowledged that some women had risen to deserved eminence in the world of letters, affirming, however, that these were *exceptions* (as if the Stuart Mills, the Taines, the Longfellows, the Tennysons, were not also exceptions)! He deplored the fact that in the presence of these eminent women he felt no emotion save that of reverence, and declared woman's high mission to be the awakening of a far different feeling (as if man in the presence of woman is to be an amorous sultan, and woman an indiscriminate Messalina). The lecturer concluded, on the whole, that the female mind was incapable of rising, except temporarily and spasmodically, to those heights whereon the male intellect dwells in serene comfort!

It may be said, at least, that the obtuseness was distinctively masculine which could calmly deliver this discourse to a largely feminine and quietly derisive audience.

I am conscious of the incredibility of my statement, yet I am obliged to say that these sentiments, hoary with the respectable must of ages, met with the approval of a certain portion of the hearers. True, that portion was composed of elegant young gentlemen, who had evidently spent much anxious thought on the arrangement of a faultless toilet, and who felt the necessity of restricting woman's advancement, lest they should lose the pleasure of looking down on something.

But there were men of older heads and larger wisdom, whose just instincts condemned as heartily as the others applauded. Palesciano, the first surgeon of Italy, who declared that it was no longer possible to exclude from the university and the clinique students who surpassed their male competitors in examination; Lauria, Judge of the Court of Appeals, who affirmed that in spite of the restrictions thrown around young women in Italy, their culture, as a class, is in advance of that of the young men of the country; Uda, critic of the *Pungolo*, who inquired whether the quotations cited were intended to make us forget that Eliot, Ghistenbrand, Stowe are women, and that women also were George Sand, Agnesi, De Stael, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom Taine, the philosopher, historian, and critic, has declared the "*greatest and most profound of contemporaneous thinkers!*"

Indeed the *conferenza* would have hardly been worth noting were it not an echo of the irrepressible conflict between the old and new thought of Italy. Naples, so long wrapped in sleepy ignorance, feels beneath her heart the throbs of something besides Vesuvian lava, which may at any time prove eruptive. Al-

though repressed by the iron crust of prejudice, woman has, even here, from time to time affirmed her splendid possibilities, and been accepted as an "exception;" but the deep and wide connection that now exists is no longer individual.

The *lavandaga* seeks relief from the abuse of a brutal taskmaster, the high-born lady from the contemptuous protection of holders of the oak-and-vine doctrine. It will be fortunate if the crisis brings only the emancipation of women to the surface, and does not, as it threatens, rock the foundations of society, and level barriers of every description. The triumph of Communism, at least temporarily, is, in the opinion of many thinkers here, only a question of time. The French Revolution affirmed the rights of the third estate—the *bourgeois*—but there is the fourth—the laborer—whose voice will undoubtedly be heard ere long in these crowded lands, where the struggle is for bare existence. And we know the formidable rôle played by women, from the fish-wife to the princess, in the social upheaval of 1793!

The wise and liberal views of the few will hardly save the European world from the self-complacent folly of the many who, like Professor Dalbono, busily engaged in sounding tin horns of praise in each other's ears, fail to hear the distant diapason of the thunder.

ATHOS.

The Bird in the Chapel.

AN INCIDENT AT WEST POINT.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

INTO the chapel at West Point flew
One Sabbath morning in balmy weather,
A tiny bird of gorgeous hue
That every eye from the preacher drew
As fell from her wing a golden feather.

IN mid air poised, but not with fear,
She gazed a moment on wond'ring throng;
A shaft of sunlight lay warm and clear
Above the pulpit, and, floating near,
She filled the house with a gush of song.

AND now the picture that genies planned—
The skillful Weir—on the chapel wall,
By the little messenger's wing is fanned;
Lo! now on that female figure's hand
Would she alight, but deceived, doth fall.

NEXT on the emblem of Peace and Love,
The branch of olive those fingers hold,
Vain would she rest like a weary dove;
Ah! the green twigs seem to move above
When her bright wings softly she would fold!

AGAIN and again, with gushing heart,
God's melody poured for ev'ry ear,
Her feet are placed on that work of art,
Till, dazed and frightened, with sudden dart
She joins her mate in the green grove near.

MURMUR: "How nobly painter wrought."
I heard as I watched the gay bird go—
"Better," perchance, "than he knew," I thought;
Like those who strove in the lists of art
For the victor's wreath, long, long ago.

LEMPSTER, N. H.

A Modern Cupid.



MISS TINA WELLS was not a general pet. She wore her front hair in straight, perpendicular bangs, that concealed her low forehead, and gave a bold, questioning look to her large, blue-gray eyes. Her small, clear-cut nose, and full, pouting lips had also a rather saucy expression, and her manner was independent in the extreme. However, to her face people were always polite and conciliating. When out of hearing, she might be "a dreadful child," "an imp," "an insolent little bore," but when her silk stockings, velvet skirt, and rippling golden hair came in view, the wearer was recognized as the child of a millionaire, and caressed if only for the value of her feathers.

"What is St. Valentine's day for?" she asked her father one morning, having heard the remark, "to-morrow will be St. Valentine's day."

"People send valentines to their sweethearts."

"Oh! and can ladies send them to gentlemen?"

"Why, yes, if they wish; especially such small-sized ladies as yourself."

"Oh, I always send valentines to my friends; I meant could cousin Madge send them to her sweethearts?"

"What! has Madge a sweetheart?" Mr. Wells glanced at a pretty girl who sat at the head of the table, and had looked up, slightly blushing.

"Give me some money, pa. I am going out to buy my valentines this afternoon."

"All right. That will do to waste on pictures; and now, good-bye."

He put a bill in her hand and went into the hall. Tina danced after him, her red legs decidedly prominent. "I'll send you one, pa, you are really my only sweetheart, so you shall have the prettiest; but I like to tease the fellows on the street."

"No doubt," he sighed, as he kissed the pouting lips held up to his; and quickly shut the door lest his darling should take cold. Fortunately, in his eyes, his motherless child was as near perfection as mortals should be.

"Now, cousin Madge, I'm ready!" said Tina, rushing into her cousin's room, some hours afterward. "Thank Heaven! Miss Barnard is gone; I didn't know my lessons, but I told her that I was so busy thinking about valentines that I forgot to look over them."

"Why, Tina! after saying them perfectly to me last night?"

"I know, but indeed, they went right out of my head. Perhaps they'll all come back again after to-morrow. I'm going to have a holiday."

"Tina; what nonsense! So many holidays will keep you back in your studies."

"Well, it is a holiday, and I'm going to keep it."

"You are certainly a spoiled child."

"Pa says that isn't so." Tina walked to the