

make this doll, a lady who works for charitable purposes will furnish designs or make up the doll.

We have now to mention a very different kind of rag-doll, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of our American cousins. This is a doll whose shape is printed upon a sheet of calico, and that requires sewing together and stuffing. We give an example of this doll in Fig. 2. The back and the front of the doll are provided, and a line is traced round the outer edges of the printed creature to indicate the exact parts that are to be cut out, and where they join when sewn together. The face of the doll, its hands, feet, boots and under-garments are all indicated and printed in colours, and the worker has nothing to do but cut out the two pieces that make up the doll, face them so that the right side of the colouring is inside, and sew the two together leaving an opening at the waist. The linen shape is then turned so that its right side is outwards, and the stuffing commenced. The head is the first part stuffed, either with cotton wool or with finely-shredded crevel and Berlin wools, in fact with anything that is at hand and that is soft and pliable. When stuffing the head some regard to the shape of a head is necessary, as also are a few stitches through the head to keep the nose, eyes, and mouth together and shapable. The junction of neck and head is a little wide in

the printed design, and cannot be altered, as the head is stuffed through it; it therefore requires to be slightly drawn together with a thread; this thread narrows the neck and gives support to the head.

Having stuffed the neck and head, fill the arms and legs with wadding and keep them as little cumbersome as possible, and yet stuff them full, as unless well-stuffed they become limp and out of shape. When the body is well filled up and no wrinkles are visible at the joins of any of the limbs, the space through which the stuffing is introduced is sewn up, and the doll is ready for dressing.

The under-garments, boots, and stockings being already indicated on the printed linen, a dress is all that is necessary, and a pretty pink or blue silk frock trimmed with white lace makes a good garment to complete one of the cheapest rag-dolls in existence, as the sheet of coloured linen that forms the foundation is sold for sixpence.

This rag-doll is only taken as an illustration of the numerous coloured sheets of linen procurable that make up into various shapes; one very good sheet represents a black baby. This baby is made of three pieces, the front of the child, the back, and an oval-shaped piece, sewn in after the stuffing is finished, and forming a stand which makes the baby seem standing on its feet. The black doll is dressed in a long pink garment, and holds a blue hat

in one black hand. The queer one with its white eyeballs showing out of the dusky face, its solemn look and the novelty of the article renders this black baby highly appreciated by the youngsters. Being already clothed, it needs no more trouble expended on it than being cut out and sewn together, well-stuffed, and the third piece lined with cardboard and sewn round the bottom of the skirt to form a stand.

Animals are not forgotten, sheets of coloured linen being procurable that represent elephants, lions, retriever and spaniel dogs, severe-looking seated cats, frisky kittens, etc. These animals are not standing on their four legs (with the exception of the elephant), and they are mostly intended to serve two purposes, *i.e.*, that of a plaything for baby, and for gigantic pincushions. This is managed by dividing their printed parts into three pieces, one for back of animal, a second for the front, and a third, as in the black baby, as a base. These parts are sewn together as described in the black baby, and allow of the animal supporting itself in an upright position.

Another printed sheet is one of the terrestrial globe, coloured, and showing the chief continents, seas, and towns of the world. This sheet is divided into eight parts, and requires careful cutting, sewing together and stuffing. It makes a very good ball, beside providing instruction for the young.

BLANCHE C. SAWARD.

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

INTRODUCTION.



HOPE to write a series of pleasantly interesting papers on some famous women artists of every age and country, not with the ambitious aim of studying the fine arts in connection with the fair sex, but with the simpler and more sympathetic purpose of revealing

my chosen heroines as they lived and laboured amongst the contemporaries who largely influenced both their lives and works, and of showing the sources of their inspiration, the special hindrances which retarded them in their careers, the patron friends they had, and the effects produced on their art, as on their characters, by certain manners and customs peculiar to their lands or to their localities.

But even this fairly modest scheme of work presents many difficulties to be overcome, and a few snares to be avoided. And the manner in which I purpose to carry it out needs certainly a little explanation. So, for brevity's sake, and for the sake of clearness, I will write down my intentions in separate brief paragraphs.

1. In all essays on artistic things it is considered absolutely necessary to supply a dogmatic criticism of art, partly to influence the public mind, but mainly, one believes, to create among the simple minded, a profound impression of extensive reading, and uncommon natural cleverness. Now there can be no doubt that written criticisms of art, however excellent of their kind, are treacherous guides to the young, and to all in fact who have but little technical acquaintance with painting and with sculpture; for they babble pretty constantly of such showy-green theories as are eminently fitted to mislead the unwary; they distress the untrained mind by exacting far too much from it; and they excite the imagination to no

purpose with their swift-coming passages of clever word-painting. The truth of it is, that any really good dissertation on art appeals necessarily to the well-educated in art, being an outcome, a result, compressed into little space, of years and years of careful reading, varied experience and brooding thought. Nor is it less certain that even the best word-painting fails utterly in its intended mission, for it brings before the mind's eye nothing more than a bewildering jumble of beautiful parts, such as no imagination can unite into an image harmonious and satisfying. Upon this fact, as perhaps you are aware, Gotthold Lessing dwells at length in his *Laocoon* (which you ought to read), and you may all prove that it really is a fact, by merely studying a few musical descriptions in poetry and in poetic prose. Homer, describing Helen, whose loveliness is the basis of his whole poem, only tells us that she had a godlike beauty. But is not that enough? Does it not rouse our imaginations to create Helens of their own? And should we not reverence the divine poet for respecting the limits of his most wondrous art? why, a more modern poet would have made merit of defying the impossible in fifty lines at least! But I am forgetting that word-painting is not the only enemy to be met with in written criticisms of art. Of the mischief-making of the others I will speak to you out of my own personal experiences. Sixteen years ago, when first I began to study painting, a friend of whom I thought very highly, advised me to read everything I could about the noblest pictures, the most famous gems in marble; and even now I have abundant cause to regret that I followed his advice. As for the effect of my reading at the time, it was mischievous beyond conception. Enslaving me to my memory, it prevented me, in fact, from appreciating great works of art in my own modest manner. No sooner had I stationed myself before a masterpiece whereof I had been reading, than a small library of dogmatic treatises on art would seem to interpose itself between the picture and myself, and such arid pleasure as I did experience was entirely borrowed, and entirely self-con-

scious. Yes, my thoughts and my feelings were harmful plagiarisms, and I soon began to wonder why the damaging charge of literary theft had never been brought against such stolen harms! In these little essays, therefore, you must not expect to come upon serious criticisms, and if it is your wish to extend your knowledge of the pleasing technicalities of art, with the just conviction that only those can judge rightly who know the "tricks" of a craft or a trade, then I am quite sure that you cannot listen often enough to the inimitable studio talks of good painters and good sculptors. In such delightful gossip on art the power of thought displayed is not intense, but discursive; is not fatiguing, but stimulating to the mind; and for this reason you would receive benefit from every scrappy new addition to slowly increasing store of useful information.

2. As the notable women artists of whom history speaks in detail may be reckoned up by hundreds, it would be impossible, in a series of short papers, to speak worthily even of ten in every fifty. So I shall select only those who were most famous in their age and generation, bearing always in mind the fact that those whose lives were chequered will supply me with the best copy.

3. I hesitated at first how to handle my subject, but after reflection it seems to me best to say a few words in the first essay about the fair painters of classical antiquity; then to introduce you to all my chosen Italian heroines, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present day; afterwards to treat of the Flemish ones, beginning with Marguerite van Eyck, and ending with Madame Ronner; to come next to those of Luther's country, then to those of Washington's, and to conclude with our own fair disciples of the pencil, the brush, and the chisel. Thus we shall avoid the irritating mental exercise of passing rapidly and constantly from land to land, and you really need not think that I shall be so stupidly unpatriotic as to give undue prominence to foreign talent and foreign genius. No! The Union Jack shall fly in these pages every whit as long as any other parti-coloured standard!

4. Some critics are of opinion that "a certain natural incapacity" will always prevent your sex from rivalling mine in the gracious arts. Well, one dissents altogether from that opinion, not only because it is both rude and crude, but also because one knows that such futile comparisons between men and women have already been productive of widespread ill-feeling. But let me give you an illustration of my meaning. When many German critics were fiercely quarrelling over Goethe and Schiller, just in order to decide, for ever and a day, which of the noble two was the nobler poet, Goethe himself remarked one evening to Eckermann, his Boswell, with useful humour: "Surely we ought to be glad that there are two fellows about whom such persons can dispute!" This apt remark, cannot we apply it to those fiery lady writers who declaim to us so naggingly about "woman's superiority!" and also to those wee men who scoff at genuinely gifted women, and thereby belittle themselves unnecessarily? Ought we not in fact to rejoice and even be devoutly thankful, that each sex has been invested, no less nobly than becomingly, with such attributes of heart and mind as are peculiar to it alone? And, consequently, should we not avoid all wrangling on the fancied "superiority" of man or of woman? For the both sexes are divine masterpieces, and each loses its distinctive charm by aping the other, and those who wrangle merely prove, one thinks, that their Prince Prigio intelligence is little likely to render them illustrious in themselves and helpful to others.

5. Of art-study, its pleasures, its advantages, and its dangers, little can be said here. That it is intellectually more useful than a course, let us say, of fancy needlework, few thoughtful persons will venture to deny. And I myself hold that it teaches children to appreciate the beauty of nature, increasing their pleasures while purifying their feelings and ennobling their thoughts. Then again, the artist's accurate observation, and his habits of comparison, cannot but be valuable to us in daily life. Yes, I know it is a fashion of the day to regard art very differently—even to limit it in paintings to mere accuracy of form and colour, and to advocate its practice, among girls, as a mere idle, pretty kind of entertainment. There are girls who tell music-masters that "they don't want to learn music, but merely to play or sing a few simple taking things," presumably to endow their friends with the patience of Job, while others say, "We don't want to understand anatomy, perspective, and composition, but merely how to paint pretty pictures." Paint pretty flower-pots and drain-pipes! You see I am not one of those who assure you that reading and writing come wholly by nature, or that artists should paint only what they see, never what they merely remember. It is to a belief in earnest study, and in constant practice, that I would wish you gladly to give yourselves up, for I am convinced that insincerity in any occupation soever augurs insincerity of character. "All that a man does is physiognomical of him," says Carlyle, the greatest English poet this century has produced. "You may see how a man would fight by the way in which he sings, his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is one, and preaches the same self abroad in all these ways." And the essential truth of this is applicable to girls as well as to men. So remember what I said about insincerity in work being a sign whereby we know the workers' characters. In short, never cease mistrusting those who show themselves frivolous minded, that is to say, wanting in a sense of the dignity and sacredness of serious things.

But the study of art, let me tell you, must

be conducted wisely, or it is apt to shatter the nerves like drunkenness. The artistic sense, it is true, is an inestimable gift to man, but let it be over-cultivated, and it becomes a perpetual misery to its possessors, and a danger to the state. Of the art-students known to me, I could mention dozens who would jump with the jerky nimbleness of grasshoppers, if near to them a coster happened to let fall a few disregarded "h's." And by men and women so actively sensitive, how in the world can a widespread empire like ours be held together?

In brief, like all good things, art-study must not be abused.

A last word. I hope sincerely that nothing which I may say during the course of these papers will encourage any of my poor readers to enlist in the debt-ridden rank and file of our vast painting army. A studio indeed is a source of such endless expense, and the small purchasing public, for pictures, is now so intolerant of all but the best work, that only those lucky young folk who have private means, and those whose parents could start them in life with an income of at least £200, should ever be encouraged, by any self-respecting person, to paint professionally. "God and Mammon are not the only two masters who cannot be served together."

THE WOMEN ARTISTS OF ANTIQUITY.

It is about two thousand five hundred years ago since an extremely notable artist-potter, Butades by name, dwelt and worked in the venerable town of Sicyon, that lusty, militant, and art-loving capital of rich and populous Sicyonia, a kingdom celebrated in classic history as being not only the most ancient, but also the most eminent of Grecian monarchies. And this man Butades was likewise notable throughout Peloponnesus, that is to say, the mulberry-bearing Morea of to-day, on account of a treasure which, to him, was even more precious than his admirable genius, to whose liberal magic he owed his home, his lasting honour among men, and I know not how many rapid days of cheerful toil. That this treasure was a daughter, beautiful and good, youthful and loving; her name was Cora, and by us I think she may be regarded as an only daughter just because no one makes mention of another.

Now, the great deep love Butades cherished for her in his heart of hearts was not due entirely to her native unconscious grace and beauty, her goodness and dear daughterly affection. For his genius had been inherited by her, and day after day that good and faithful magician used to bring them both at once into such rapt sympathy with nature's silencing wonders, that each heightened by sharing the other's mute, exquisite happiness, and was indeed to the other a perpetual source of the sweetest solace and delight.

Yes, I think you may honestly believe what I say, for is not Horatio right when he remarks that all human pleasures and convictions gain infinitely the moment another soul will share them believingly? You, for instance, do you not love those most dearly that love what you love? Does not their happiness encourage you to give yourself up more trustingly to your own? The truth of it is, their happiness is a playmate happiness, and there is no truth, alas! more disregarded nowadays than this, namely, that thoughts without playmates are like lonely little children, inasmuch as they are apt to grow old-fashioned, and weakly, and "stuck-up!"

Well, as there is nothing to warrant one supposing that Cora and Butades yearned upon such believing playmate sympathy less ardently than we do, I think we may venture to consider them as having been altogether supremely happy in each other. Their old biographers, it is true, do not say so in plain words. But then, recollect it is only study, only that most fascinating and healthful art of

reading much in very little, that can make the dim past really healthful and amusing to us, all full of varied life and entertaining lessons. Even in a pet name, or (as more frequently) in a nickname, one comes at times upon the genesis of a little pleasing character-sketch, not by any means to be accounted as wholly untrustworthy, and it is surprising how much one may read in a few happily chosen adjectives.

This means that I myself have been trying in a humble stumbling fashion to make Cora and Butades something more to you than mere pleasant-sounding names, partly by seizing upon every suggestive word in Pliny and in Athenagoras, and partly by making use of what I know and feel of human nature, which has ever been essentially the same the wide world over. Were I, you know, to write pretty perfunctory articles, lacking even in earnest effort, I should certainly outrage your intelligence and give my own away unheard. So I propose to continue my course fearlessly, yet discreetly, and write down my thoughts as they were developed in me.

Casual observers, as no doubt you have noticed, are very apt to hunt inquisitively for faults of character. It seems to me indeed, that a dachshund searching for truffles is scarcely less naturally industrious. That the casual observers of ancient Greece were painstakingly inquisitive in their scrutiny of maiden conduct, is a fact generally known and admitted. It seems to me, therefore, that Cora's pet name, "The Virgin of Corinth," may be to us as a little history that commemorates her guilelessness, her innocence, her lowliness, her humility. Even the most sceptical will admit, one fancies, if pressed closely, that Cora, to the people of Peloponnesus, was very different from all other excellent fair maids. And this once admitted by the sceptical, the true believing need not hesitate to give their fancies charitable fairplay.

And in yet another thing I plainly discern no little evidence of the popular love awakened by, and bestowed upon, my heroine. In a word, what she did for art had so strong a grasp on the sympathies of the Peloponnesians, that it seems to have become a favourite household story. In any case it was passed down the centuries, from generation to generation, and in a great measure by word of mouth, till at last the scientific Pliny, who was stifled by the sulphurous vapours of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, wrote it down once more, but so unsympathetically, and so incompletely, that Athenagoras inherited from him a legacy of joyous copy. Now to me, in this long treasuring of a single story of art and love, there is something moving, gladdening, instructive and very great. I read in it, as in a book written lovingly, the character of a people as childlike as they were wise; whose round-eyed reverence for everything that appealed to their fiery hearts, to their earnest simple faiths, to their ever-busy imaginations, did again and again for real genius what the printing-press has often failed to do, namely, it kept fresh and lasting in the public mind, during many hundreds of years, a devout admiration for simple, moving stories—stories brimming with artless sincerity and with genuine passion, and with unsummoned poetic feeling. So let us all give ourselves up freely, even reverently, to our impressions! And earnestly from our hearts let us only give expression to what we feel most keenly and believe most firmly. These, I take it, are the greatest lessons taught us by those grand old Pagan Greeks.

But what about the story? Well, "it is silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age." And such (to me) is its airy delicacy that I fear narrating it lest my clumsy words, my heavy hand, should be as fatal to it—well, as fatal as a friendly mastiff

might be to a spiteful kitten. But this fear must be mastered, and that promptly, or you might accuse me justly of niggardliness in what I like best. So let me ask you to lend me the assistance of your busy fancies, and permit me also to seek further help from Mrs. E. F. Ellet, a lady who published thirty years ago a really interesting though very ill-arranged little volume on women artists, and who tells Cora's love-story in a manner quite sedative in its effects.

"As she (Cora) went draped in her veil to the market-place, she often met a youth, who afterwards became an assistant to her father in his work. He was skilled in much learning unknown to the secluded girl, and in playing on the reed; and the daily life of father, daughter and lover presented an illustration of Grecian life and beauty. The youth was constrained at length to depart, but before he went the vows of betrothal were exchanged between him and Cora."

There! Haven't we made a calm and good beginning? And yet I cannot help confessing that I am saddened rather by the youth's leaving at length as a body is borne to the grave. Had he been described as going "at long last," and even then very reluctantly, my pleasure would be greater far. For, indeed, the poor fellow felt his departure so becomingly, with such melancholy yearning of heart, that, during the very elastic evening of farewell, he sank all at once into a sighing half-sleep of misery, and Cora, happening by accident to look from his dear face—perhaps a tickling fly, or else a savage mosquito, caused that momentary fickleness of her eyes—from his dear face to the white wall, noticed his handsome profile faithfully drawn in shadow, a blue-grey shadow cast by a steady-burning torch of pine-wood. Instantly she sprang to her feet, and quickly she ran to the hearth, where burned a brazier full of crackling, fiery, serpent-like small boughs; here she selected (need I say how carefully?) a piece of cold charcoal, needle-fine and strong, then she sped back, very quickly and without noise, to the magnetic shadow, and with infinite tenderness drew a fine firm outline round it. And now let him depart, let him go *en voyage*, that lucky young lover, and let him go proudly and happily withal, since Cora's good genius would not suffer him to leave—whole!

Butades, upon seeing that simple outline which indicated a form, which represented a man's profile, whistled (probably) with delight. He at all events was greatly struck. And was it not a happy idea of his carefully to fill in the outline with moist clay, and then to submit the medallion he had formed to the baking, perpetuating influence of fire? And the fire did its work exceedingly well, for this the first portrait in bas-relief was piously preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth, until this city of pleasure and of elegant refinement—this dainty boudoir in the history of Greece—was not only stormed successfully by Mummius, the Roman consul, but also robbed sacrilegiously of all its inestimable art treasures. It was thus, at one stroke, and by a miracle of love, that two noble arts were discovered, *i.e.* the art of drawing portraits, and the art of making portraits in bas-relief. But the inventive old Egyptians would make us believe that they were skilled draughtsmen hundreds and hundreds of years before Butades' birth, and that they taught the Greeks how to draw. A critic, however, wisely reminds us that, in the rudest periods of existence, "the love of imitation seems to have been inherent in the nature of man," as it is to-day in the nature of savages; "and the variety of colours and of forms appears to have been amongst the primitive sources of his enjoyments. This desire of imitating naturally led him to trace coarsely the objects which most interested his observation. Hence, instead of attempting to

attribute the origin of design to any particular nation, it may be more reasonably presumed to have been indigenous in every country, where human reason has in any degree developed itself, and may be said to have been coeval with our existence."

However, the story I have told you seems to some modern critical speculators a mere play of a poetic mind, with no foundation in truth. But this incredulity need not trouble us in the least, because the gracious little story is in flagrant contradiction to the knightly spirit of the Grecian imagination. What the old Greeks revered and adored most in woman was not cleverness, but purely physical loveliness. Beauty, indeed, formed a part of their ceremonious worship. Mothers, for example, in their prayers to Zeus, asked that their children might always be beautiful. "And the state itself," says Lessing, "did not deem it beneath its dignity to confine the artist within his proper sphere by an exercise of its power. The law of the Thebans recommending him to use imitation as a means of arriving at ideal beauty, and prohibiting, on pain of punishment, its use for the attainment of ideal ugliness, is well known." But in the meantime, whilst the beauty of women was being worshipped, and whilst the presiding deities of the gentle-arts were being "represented to the popular apprehension in female form," how fared it with the girls of Greece? Well, they were hidden away from the joyous world and the visiting fruitful sun, and with a jealous carefulness only noticed nowadays in the treasuring of the rarest precious stones. Their nearest kinsfolk alone could visit them; their dim knowledge of the outside world was gained entirely at religious ceremonies, at which, on certain days determined by law, they danced and sang demurely, and from early childhood, in the silence of the gynæceum, they were taught to believe in the singular wisdom of seeing little, and hearing little, and talking little, and also to regard their beauty as a gift divine, always to be cherished with infinite reverence and art. A sad life this seems to us, but yet we must not forget that what is customary is rarely unbearable, and that those Grecian maidens found a soothing and healthful recreation in spinning and in weaving, as well as in working exquisitely ornamental hangings for their noiseless retreats. Probably, too, the gallant reverence paid to their unsunned loveliness by the artist and the poet reached their inquisitive ears, and pleased them as men are pleased nowadays by flattering criticisms in the daily papers.

And now let us examine Cora's love story, with the facts just set forth in some measure before us. As Grecian girls were secluded from all but their nearest kinsfolk, how came it that Cora was so free, could even say good-bye to her lover without regard to time? This question would baffle one completely, were it not that all the women painters of antiquity were the children of artists. Even then, as you see, the artistic nature ran counter to social conventions. Remark now that Cora throughout the little story is the moving spirit, and that the youth falls half asleep, overcome by his day's work and his sorrow. All this, to be sure, seems delightfully natural to me, almost modernly so. But it is not by any means in accord with the chivalrous spirit of Grecian poetry. A poet of the time of Butades, had he invented so pleasing a story, would have made the man gallantly watchful, the girl sorrowfully quiescent. Her shadow, I feel quite sure, would have been seen on the wall, and her portrait would have been the first medallion in bas-relief.

But it is time to tell you that the youth returned and married Cora, and became famous by modelling whole figures in Corinth. As for Butades, he is credited with inventing the method of colouring plastic compositions by

adding red sand to the material, or else modelling them in red chalk, and Pliny alludes to him as the first to make masks on the outer edges of gutter-tiles upon the roofs of buildings, so that you may say to yourself when next you see a grotesque gargoyle, "Butades, indirectly, had a hand in the chiselling of that ugly pleasing thing."

As I have said, my other pagan artist heroines were the daughters of artists. Helena, for instance, who painted the battle of Issus about the time of its occurrence (B.C. 333), was the daughter of Timon of Egypt. In the reign of Vespasian that battle-piece was placed in the Temple of Peace at Rome, and some critics of antiquity think that a well-known mosaic found at Pompeii is a copy of it. No doubt the mosaic represents one of the three famous victories obtained over Darius by Alexander the Great, but it really does seem brave to say positively which.

Of Timarata, the pupil and daughter of that Myron whom Pliny distinguishes from the more celebrated painter of the same name by the epithet Younger, I can tell you little. She painted a panel picture of Diana, treasured in Pliny's time at Ephesus, and it was reckoned "one of the oldest panel paintings extant." She lived about four hundred years before Christ, and was not related to that young Myron of Athens whom Ceres changed into a poppy. Come we now to Cirene Cratinus, daughter of a pupil of an Athenian painter noted for the works he did for the Pompeion, the hall containing all things used in processions. Cirene painted a figure of a girl, long the pride of Eleusis town, also a Calypso, an aged man, and two very celebrated portraits, one of a juggler named Theodorus, the other of Alcisthenes the dancer. As for Aristarcte Nearchus, who studied under her father, she was the well-known author of a picture of Æsculapius, and Neacles's daughter, Anaxandra, is also mentioned flatteringly though casually.

Of the women artists of ancient Rome little need be said. In point of fact history speaks only of two, and they were of Greek descent and education. Among the Romans, with just a few exceptions, the arts were cultivated by slaves and by people of the lowest rank, and the few patricians who did use the brush with skill, such as Fabius Pictor, Cornelius Pinus, Amulius, and the left-handed painter Turpilius, set no vogue. The truth of it is that the Romans, who were inclined to consider peace as a public calamity, preferred slaughter and the amassing of spoils to the cultivation of art. Yet they purchased thousands of exquisite paintings and sculptures from Grecian artists, and really appreciated their beauty and their usefulness.

One of the Greek girl painters who became celebrated in the militant and luxurious society of Rome was contemporary with Cæsar, and her name was Sala; she was celebrated for the excellence of her busts in ivory, and the Romans created a statue in her honour.

The other one, Saga of Cyzicus, worked about a hundred years before Christ, both with the brush and with the stylus upon ivory, her subjects being female portraits mostly. At Naples in the time of Pliny, there was a large picture by her, the portrait of an old woman, also a portrait of herself taken by the aid of a mirror. No painter excelled Saga in swiftness of execution, and at the same time her artistic skill was such that her works sold at much higher prices than those of the most famous portraitists of her day, such as Sopolis and Dionysius, with whose pictures the galleries of Rome were filled. Saga, wedded to her kindly work, elected "to live and die in single blessedness," with which piece of wisdom I shall close this paper.

W. SHAW-SPARROW.

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

PART II.



IT is my design in this paper to take a slight review of the influence of Christianity on painting and sculpture, and to introduce you to certain little known princesses of intrepid character who positively upheld the artist in the tyrannous Dark Ages. It will be seen how these royal women helped in consummating the slow transformation of an art profoundly ideal, and glowing with a splendid poetry associated with a Pagan mythology, into an art whose

highest function was to inspire worship, and whose delicate and restful charm we owe to Christ's gentle teaching. It will be seen, moreover, that all great art, like all great literature, is an enduring product and expression of national life at its acme, that is, in its prime. This is why masterpieces of original art are to be regarded as the fruit of the noblest epochs in the world's history. Vigorous and active talents and true taste, ripened and refined by the proper cultivation, are not alone sufficient to produce any species of genuinely great art. There must be a spirit at once religious and heroic in the decades that herald it, in the country that witnesses its birth and nurses it to maturity. The amazing art of Greece, like our Elizabethan literature, illustrates the truth of this. It was precisely at the time at which Greece rose to the zenith that her arts reached their highest mark of attainment, and was it not precisely at the time at which the Greeks lost their liberty, and with it their self-reliance, that their unsurpassed power of artistic expression began rapidly to depart from them. There was, it is true, a revival of the Hellenic arts at Rome by Grecian sculptors mainly, about a century before the birth of Christ. But it is to be remembered that this renaissance was noticeable and serviceable only because it sought to reflect the nameless glory of the old masters, those kind giants of the age of Pericles and the age of Alexander. In fact, it marks an epoch of cultivated taste, whereas the work which it strove to imitate, the work of Phidias and Polycletus, Myron, Scopas and Praxiteles, reminds us of times that were militant and patriotic, enlightened and honestly religious.

This brings us to yet another important truth, which I hope you will read between the lines of this essay—I mean, all real masterpieces have a creative influence on talent. In sick seasons, in loose, vainglorious days like the present, they are apt to give origin to works like themselves, only disfigured as a

rule by a "cheeky" and braggart kind of affected originality. And how do they accomplish themselves in periods of lusty patriotism, gladdening prosperity, and unalloyed faiths, when the returning flood-tide of national life rolls grandly on to its high-water mark? Then they call up and stimulate all the imagination, give up their secrets to the noblest talents, and become the body so to speak of a beautiful new art whose living soul is the spirit of the new heroic age. Thus then, the later great schools of art reveal to us the essential beauty and worth of the early great schools, and this will not surprise you when you consider that all genuine greatness is a lofty manifestation of truth and that truth is immortal. It is indeed as natural for men of genius to turn with a hungry love to such greatness as it is for bees to dive into flowers in search of honey. It is natural, too, that tasteless nondescripts should babble "of planning glorious new schools of painting without wasting time by studying the over-rated Old Masters." A man's mind is pictured in the things which it is able to appreciate.

We are told that the renaissance of Art in Italy began in the thirteenth century, in the times of Cimabue and Giotto. As well might we believe that children are born on the twenty-first anniversary of their birth when they come rejoicingly to the age of indiscretion. Carlyle remarks, "The acorn contains the oak with its future and fruit." Even so, in my private opinion (let me whisper in your friendly and discreet ear), the very rudest remains extant of the very earliest Christian art contain the wonderful achievements of later times. They are seeds and seedlings of excellence, and, should you ever see them at Rome, or in engravings and photographs by the fireside, I hope the poet in your nature will silence the pert critic. In each rude and coarse wall-painting, in each rugged bit of sculpture, there is something inexpressibly touching—something that moves one like the first lisped words of a child. And it is extremely interesting to note the curious intermingling of Christian doctrine, antique art teaching, and antique fable. On the same wall, for example, Christ may be seen represented as Orpheus playing on the enchanting lyre, and as the Good Shepherd with a lamb held lovingly round his neck. Yes, the earliest Christian artists could distinguish beauty and feel with reverie, and it behoves us not to grumble at, not to be discountenanced by their want of technical skill.

Of all the many critics who speak of the influence of Christianity as manifested in the arts, perhaps Miss F. Mabel Robinson is the most pleasing. I need make no apology for the length of the quotation. "Although the art of Italy was to a great extent taught and inspired by the art of ancient Greece and Rome, the old art and the new differ as widely as the faiths, and times, and civilisations they represent. Sincerity is the first essential of greatness, and all great literature and all great art reflect the age, and faith, and country of which they are the outcome; and the ideal of mankind having been changed by Christianity it follows that the great art of Christendom is in many ways unlike the great art of earlier times. The Italians made the antique their master. From it they learned a thousand lessons of form and style; but their imitation was a wise imitation, and realising that ancient art was great because it was true as well as beautiful, they borrowed its beauty and kept their own truth, so that the masterpieces of the renaissance represent neither athletes nor disc throwers, nor gladiators, nor Amazons, nor Aphrodites, nor Phrynes, but the wounded

body of the Saviour hanging upon the Cross, the Virgin Mother with her Baby in her arms, and the saints and martyrs who had died for Christ. The new faith had produced a new ideal, and from the time when the three kings had knelt before the manger at Bethlehem all childhood acquired a new importance as the type of the new unworldly virtues, innocence, lowliness, guilelessness, humility—the model for all men to emulate.

"To this changed ideal are due not only the broad distinctions between antique and renaissance sculpture, but also the relative positions of sculpture and painting in the old art and the new; for while the old ideals, strength, comeliness, and seductive loveliness, are well adapted to the sculptor's art, such virtues of Christianity as austerity and modesty are inimical to its full development.

"In the early days of the art revival in Italy, beauty was still dreaded as a snare. Thus the aim of art was changed; it became to a great extent a teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered might read and learn the truths necessary to salvation. Thus the sculpture of the early renaissance is largely pictorial, and is often employed on matters that could have been better dealt with by painters. But sculpture being a simpler art than painting is always of earlier development, and it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century that painting came to the front and forced sculpture to content herself with her proper province of single figures, busts, monumental and decorative work. The genius of Italian painting is so transcendent that its glory is apt to blind us to the beauty of the earlier art; and yet Italian sculpture has very high claims on all art lovers, not only as the pioneer art of Italy, but as the inventor of the most beautiful of all forms of sepulchral monument, as the model of all modern decorative detail, and above all as the creator of the human child in art. For the child of antiquity is something more and less than human: he is strong, he is swift, he combines the alertness of the boy with the roundness of the suckling, he is always beautiful, and very often he is winged. In the curiously-blended art of the renaissance, where Christian doctrine and antique art-teaching each flourish and bear fruit, the infant of antiquity retains his place; sometimes figged out a little as a boy angel, but more often in his true character of winged genii or amorini of pagan birth. But side by side—often literally side by side—with these plump survivals of antiquity we find the new children, the Divine Christ, the Baptist, and the child of nature—the long-limbed lanky urchin and the helpless, formless babe in swaddling bands."

This citation has shown us the ripened fruits, if I may so express it, of the influence of Christianity on painting and sculpture, and perhaps you wish to know why these fruits should have been more than fourteen hundred and fifty years in growing to perfection? The truth is, nearly all young and virile movements, like nearly all young and healthy children, are apt to be headstrong and unruly, and when many of the early Christians burned and otherwise destroyed such productions of the Greek genius as reminded them of a pagan religion,

"Art after Art went out, and all was night."

But it ought never to be forgotten, though it often has been, that they acted quite honestly. They firmly believed that Grecian sculpture was an attractive teacher of idolatry, and therefore an abomination in the eyes of God. Nor will this, their belief, appear very strange when we consider how insincere and depraved were the Romans and the Greeks with whom

ERRATA.

Page 133, the nineteenth line of the third column: Read, instead of "to slowly increasing store," "to a slowly increasing store." Page 134, the forty-fifth line of the second column: Read, instead of "That this treasure," "That dearest treasure." Eighteen lines below, substitute "Novalis" for "Horatio." In the next column, line sixty, read "simple" instead of "single." In the third column on page 135, line twenty-four, the word "painter" is wrongly used. Write "artist" in the margin, for the more celebrated Myron was a sculptor. "Sportive kitten" will be better than "spiteful kitten": see the first line of the first column. Again, turning to Cirenne Cratinus, read "daughter and pupil" instead of "daughter of a pupil." "Lala" for "Sala," and "Saga of Cyzicus" for "Laya of Cyzicus."

they came in contact. The pagan sins of the present, recollect, were both very terrible and very near to their Christian critics. The sincerity and glory of the past, shining in the arts, were seen with untrustworthy eyes through the horror which those sins called forth. In fact, the grace of the past was sullied and estimated by the disgrace of the present, and it was against an imaginary danger—a danger existing only in their troubled and excited thoughts—that those early Christians tried to protect their dear religion. Nor is there anything in this to astonish you. When our minds grow excited and circumstances stimulate their unrest, we all of us are prone (as Shakespeare says) to imagine in every bush a bear.

For these reasons, then, it never occurred to the early Christians that "the Being who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him," was the Giver of that sublime genius whose calm creations they so often touched with ravaging hands. Happily, however, a few of the noblest Grecian statues survived all dangers. Long hidden in the bosom of the all-nursing earth, and found at a time when men could appreciate their majesty, harmony and variety, these statues were a perpetual source of delight, and wonder, and stimulus, to the greatest masters of the Italian Renaissance; and again and again since then they have had magic to imbue the sculptor's art with life. "All true work of a man," says Carlyle, "hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself." For the truth which the divinely gifted put lovingly in their handiwork, what is it but the soul that they leave in this agitated world?

And now remark that religious fanaticism was not the only enemy to art in the obscure ages. Constantine the Great was another. In the year 330 this intrepid and unconquerable prince removed the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, and beautified his new capital with the best works of art that could be found in the principal cities of the East and the West. All the narrow main streets were adorned with wondrous statuary in bronze; there was a dazzling Olympus of marble gods and goddesses before the Church of St. Sophia; while indoors, within Constantine's brilliant Court and the luxurious houses of his retinue, almost every nook was an eloquent historian of Grecian art. But one reads that many of the bronze statues were afterwards destroyed for their metal's sake, presumably by daring thieves; that whole collections of invaluable things, pictures and pottery and statuary, were lost through accidental fires; and that gross neglect and carelessness ruined other masterpieces. It is certain, therefore, that the gathering together of the finest specimens of antique art was an ill-fated achievement. Also, without all doubt, it was an exceedingly mischievous achievement, because the artist in many cities was deprived by it of his best models, and I am sure you will believe me when I say that such models are to talent and genius what fertile soil is to corn, and plants, and trees.

Meanwhile several Popes had been trying, but in vain, to save such works of art as Constantine had left in and near the Eternal City. On the 24th of August, 410, Rome was sacked by Alaric, elected king of the Visigoths; and forty-five years later, Genseric, king of the Vandals, and the most pitiless of all the barbarians that ravaged the fallen Roman Empire, plundered the great city for fourteen days; indeed, according to Gibbon, all that yet remained of wealth, public and private, of treasure, sacred and profane, was diligently carried to the vessels of the conqueror.

Return we now to the mischief done to the cause of art, of learning, of charity, by

religious fanaticism. For example, the Sepaëum of Alexandria, one of the most renowned temples of the ancient world, was desolated in 389 by Theophilus, one of St. Chrysostom's bitterest enemies. And shortly afterwards there went out decrees from Arcadius and Honorius, the sons of Theodosius I., that all pagan temples and pagan statues should be instantly demolished. As to the Iconoclasts, whose long and furious crusade against images convulsed the empire, and sometimes made the highways and by-ways run red, we must consider their doings dispassionately, remembering that they were sincere men, that they lived in times when "the wild beast in the breasts of mankind" was easily maddened, and that they were silenced at last by a bloodhound kind of horrible persecution.

But why did they begin to fight? For three reasons. They believed it "to be unlawful to possess images pretending to represent the Saviour either in his spiritual or in his human nature." They feared a revival of olden, variegated forms of idolatry; and they "dreaded beauty as a snare." For they had inherited an old, severely simple faith, a faith that had kept alive during hundreds of years, both the ardent austerity of the first Christians, and the Jewish detestation of images. Also, perhaps, they not only recalled the fact that pagan worship had been to a great extent extinguished by stern laws, but conceived that laws, however stern, were little likely to uproot those affections, prejudices, and superstitions, which centuries of pagan worship had fixed in the national character.

The first really formidable leader of the Iconoclasts was Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, who in 726, the eighth year of his reign, issued an edict to free the Church of the East from "the idolatry of image worship." Leo not only commanded his subjects to break every kind of image, he also sent officers to throw down the statues of Christ and the apostles that were standing in the streets. But the citizens threw down the officers, and poor Jovinus, Leo's equerry, was killed by frenzied women. Meantime the Bishop of Rome, Gregory II., had been invited, by imperial letter, to proscribe images in the churches of the West. Gregory replied by excommunicating Leo, who then began to execute his decree with merciless severity. Useful schools founded by Charlemagne were laid even with the ground; a monastery with all its monks was burned to ashes. The population revolted at this, and for a time it fared ill with the Iconoclasts; but eventually the government won the day, and the leaders of the insurrection were put to death.

It would be superfluous and might be boring to linger over the early vicissitudes of this memorable war, in which the next Pope, Gregory III., and the next Emperor, Constantine Copronymus, were bold, revengeful fighters. Let us then skip to the troubled reign of Leo IV. Chazarus, who ascended the Byzantine throne in 775, and died five years later, leaving his queen, Irene, to reign as regent for their ten-year-old son. Irene loved images, and in thinking of her character, of her chequered life, I cannot forbear likening her to a Goneril with a touch of Portia's wit and generosity. Born at Athens in 752, and married at the age of seventeen, this extraordinary woman became regent in her twenty-eighth year. Wisely she encouraged art, cruelly she persecuted the poor wild Iconoclasts; and she founded homes not only for the poor and the blind but also for indigent strangers; and taxes were reduced by her, very considerably, and when her troops were thoroughly well beaten by Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid she seems to have accepted her defeat with dignity. But, as Constantine

the Great put to death his eldest son Crispus on a doubtful charge of treason, so Irene, in order to prolong her reign, did not hesitate to murder her only son, a spirited young fellow that tugged too fearlessly at her always tightening leading-strings. "In the very porphyry-chamber where he first saw the light, his eyes were stabbed cut by fierce blows of a murderous dagger. An eclipse of the sun and an obscurity of seventeen days were attributed by the common superstition to the horror of heaven at this crime." This happened in the year 797. The four sons of Constantine Copronymus conspired against Irene; so she deprived them of sight, and three—three had the tongue torn out. But I rejoice to say that she could not prevent the imperial sceptre from departing from her. The intrigues of two favourites, Aetius and Stauratius, had already undermined her power, when Nicephore, the Lord High Treasurer, dethroned her. She was banished in 802 into Lesbos, the island-birthplace of Sappho, Arion, and Alcæus; there she survived a year, the distaff and the bickering loom giving her daily bread. Seemingly the good which she did lived after her, for *one finds* her name among the saints of the Greek church.

Another noteworthy Byzantine empress is Theodora, for in 851 she put an end to the Iconoclastic war. This she did by convoking a general council, the decision of which was, that not only the figure of the Cross but also all other sacred images, whether painted or represented in mosaic or other material, might be set up in churches, placed on ecclesiastical vestments and vessels, by highways and in houses, on panels and on walls: and thus, after a piteous and hideous struggle of a century and a quarter, "images asserted in the Greek church that ascendancy which they have ever since maintained."

"As human nature persistently demands a moral," what is the lesson of this desperate feud? "So people may ask, and yet how futile is the answer!" Things have "a different meaning, a different riddle, a different reply for all of us. There is not one sphinx, but many sphinxes—as many as there are women and men. We must all answer for ourselves." For my own part, the feud in question teaches me, a member of our beautiful English church, that it is frequently impossible for a small party of enthusiasts to decide what is best for the great majority of human kind. It shows us, too, I take leave to think, that we all ought to cling tenaciously to our beliefs, and not bring them to dishonour by making them the occasion for contests and disputes. There are importunate, magnificent philanthropists, there are schemers of irritable convictions, who fondly believe that if they persist in exhibiting their darling faiths and foibles in public, nothing can prevent them from becoming public and private benefactors. What amiable, expansive, bewildering creatures! How smugly humane, as a rule, is their expressed contempt for our beliefs! and how extravagantly eloquent is their expressed reverence for their own! One cannot but regret that they should so often be the bugbears of social life, and fatal enemies to happiness in their homes.

As for Theodora's victory, I think of it with gratitude; because, if the Iconoclasts had won the day, it is very probable that art would never have become "to a great extent a teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered might read and learn the truths necessary to salvation." Yes, in the Dark Ages, and during the later renaissance, painters of genius were in sympathetic touch with the ignorant and the enlightened, the happy and the utterly wretched. Their work, that "sought to express humility and tender charity and the love of all beautiful natural things," was everybody's dear friend, everybody's comforter,

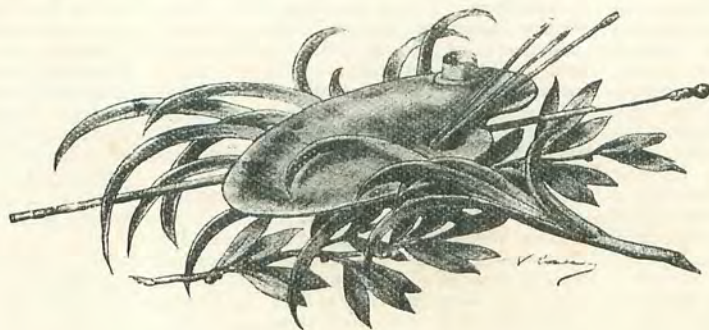
everybody's preceptor; and "its stars still lead us to Assisi, to Fiesole, to Nazareth."

Turn we now to another topic, to woman's influence among those nations that were built on the ruins of the Roman Empire. That art-protecting King of the Ostrogoths, Theodoric the Great, who died in the year 526, had a dearly loved daughter named Amalasontha, who was distinguished alike for her polite learning and her knowledge of statesmanship. She is said "to have surpassed her father in general cultivation, and to have rendered him essential service in his building enterprises," such as the restoration of those Athenian schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay. In Paul the Deacon, a man whom Charlemagne esteemed, and who "shuffled off this mortal coil" about 799, one reads how Queen Theudelinda, in the sixth century, built a noble basilica at Monza, consecrating it under the name of St. John, and embellishing it with paintings representing the gallant deeds done by her art-loving ancestors, the first Lombard kings. Indeed,

from the time of Charlemagne, there were women whose genius diffused a lustre on every age. Let me mention Ava, the first German poetess; and "the famous nun, Hroswitha, who, in her convent at Gandersheim, composed an ode in praise of Otho, and a religious drama in the manner of Terence"; and Heloise, for ever to be beloved of Abelard; and Christina Pisani, whose exceedingly interesting book, *La Cité des Dames*, was published in Paris in 1498. Meantime, in prattling Italian convents, as in gruff Italian monasteries, two very beautiful and useful arts were being steadily prosecuted, for penance sometimes, sometimes for pleasure. You will guess that I allude to the arts of transcribing and illuminating manuscripts, which manuscripts were copies of the classics and the Scriptures. The nuns, like the monks, had a devout love for their peaceful occupation, that "required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other and higher forms of art." "It is preaching with

the hand," cries Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting the devil with pen and ink. . . . A recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is left even where he is not." Nearly every Italian nunnery possessed little cells, wherein laboured the bookbinders, the miniaturists, and the miniature caligraphists; and, when a great undertaking was accomplished, a gentle tired hand would write the colophon, expressing humility and joy, or else "entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins."

In the 14th century, oddly enough, there was but one Italian female painter, and she is interesting only because her name, Laodice, reminds the scholar of twelve notable women of antiquity, of whom you will find a little information in Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. W. S. S.



THE SALAD-BOWL AND CRUET-STAND.

THE bright days of spring and early summer are the true "salad days" of the year. We have not to seek long to find materials to fill our bowl, for at this period kindly Nature provides in such abundance and variety, in field and wood, that even if the garden crops have disappointed our expectations the salad-bowl may still grace our table. It is strange in these days, when botany is a subject for study in Board-schools, to find that the ideas which most people hold with regard to salads are restricted to lettuces—cabbage or cos—and not even the familiar watercress enters into their limited range, while the hundred-and-one other plants and herbs, which are just as edible and wholesome as the ordinary lettuce, are apparently unknown.

Still more strange—even barbarous—is it to find people who cling to that greatest of abominations, the combination of sugar and vinegar as a dressing; or, what is even more abominable, the ready-made "cream" dressing which adorns the grocer's shelves. It is no wonder that the salad-bowl fails to be popular in our country as long as it is maligned in this manner.

Let us first understand what are the essentials of a good salad; then we will take a look round on the variety of choice presented for our use; and lastly, but not least, pay attention to the dressing for our bowl and the contents—or what should be the contents—of our cruet.

Prima facie, a salad must be dry. It may be composed of the choicest collection of plants and herbs, but its moisture drains from the leaves "love's labour's lost," though every other attention has been given.

When possible to do without washing the leaves it is better to do so, using a clean, dry

cloth to wipe them; when too gritty or soiled for this, break every leaf off separately, dash each one in water and dry thoroughly, then hang the basket which holds them in a current of air for a time. Avoid cutting salads with a steel knife. Break the leaves lightly with the fingers, and never "dress" a salad until the very last moment; it is better to do it at the table, if possible. Again, be very sparing in the use of vinegar; a very small proportion is sufficient, but it so happens that having either an insufficient supply of oil, or having an oil of inferior quality, perhaps even rancid in flavour, it is thought that by doubling the dose of vinegar all these defects may be covered. There can no greater mistake be made. Of oil itself we shall have more to say later on; suffice it to say here that its place can never be taken by any substitute, and that the digestibility and wholesomeness of salads depend chiefly on this ingredient. Another essential point to bear in mind is that everything that is used for a salad—plant, herb, or vegetable—must be young and tender, in season, and very fresh, "morning gathered" whenever possible.

Also, vegetables of all kinds lose much of their flavour if allowed to lie in the water for more than half an hour; where they have lost their first crispness it may be partially recovered by letting them lie for a short time in ice-cold water; but when perfectly fresh, rinse them through it as quickly as possible.

"In short"—to borrow Mr. Micawber's favourite expression—a salad well prepared is a charming compound; but if carelessly and badly put together it is an abomination. Now let us consider what are the legitimate and available means which we have for supplying our salad-bowl.

Naturally lettuces take the first place, and there is a very considerable variety of these if we care to cultivate them. The "cabbage" variety, Malta or Drumhead, Tom Thumb, and all good "hearting" lettuces make the best salads. Cos lettuce, unless very young, is too tough. Perhaps what is known in France as "*petite laitue*" makes the nicest salad of all. Gathered when only an inch or two high, at the time of transplanting, it is tender, succulent, and refreshing.

Next to lettuce we may rank watercress, now so largely cultivated. It is an agreeable change to make use of this as a salad; and there are few green things which contain more medicinal properties. Owing to the nature of its growth, watercress requires scrupulous cleansing in several waters, then break the stems lightly, excluding all thick and tough parts.

Dandelion is by no means so common with us as it is in France, where it is now cultivated, sown, or planted, and as soon as the tender leaves show through the ground they are covered over to the depth of two or more inches with more soil. Through this they grow, producing long leaves, bleached white, and as tender as could be desired. The slight bitterness is most pleasant to taste.

Chicory of two kinds, the "barbe," which has long, fine strands, and the short, thick variety are both natives of southern France and Algeria, but like many another product of those climes, they are familiar to the customers of our best shops.

Endive is well-known as one of our best winter salads; by spring-time it has disappeared from our ken.

Sorrel, with its slight acidity, is rather to be regarded as an adjunct of the salad-bowl

LILIES AND MEMORIES.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

OLD joys and sunny scenes return
To charm my weary eyes;
Out of the lily's silver urn
These hallowed visions rise.

I see the cottage in the lane,
When summer days are sweet;
I tread the lily-path again
With dancing girlish feet.

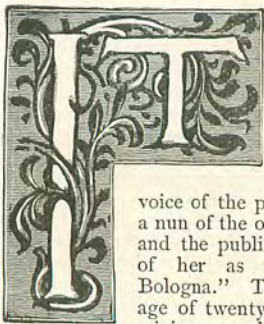
The doves are cooing in the wood,
The swallows flit and dart;
O! balmy days, too bright, too good,
For such a thankless heart!

My mother smiles—I hear her speak
In tender tones and low,
And feel again upon my cheek
The kiss of long ago.

O! lilies of the golden past,
O! love that made me blest,
Surely the Father's house is vast,
And there our treasures rest!

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.
OF THE ITALIAN.

PART III.



is worthy of note that two contemporary Italian artists of the fifteenth century were sainted during their lifetime by the common

voice of the people. One was a nun of the order of St. Clara, and the public loved to speak of her as "the Saint of Bologna." The other, at the age of twenty, became a Dominican monk, and was soon

called "Il Beato," the Blessed. The name of this gentle holy friar, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, is probably as familiar to most of us as a nursery proverb. But I doubt if more than one or two here and there could tell us the name of the first modern paintress of any note. Yet Caterina Vigri should still be interesting, should still live in the memory of those who extol the touching sincerity of feeling, the really honest un-self-conscious goodness, in the quaint pictures of Giotto and his followers.

Very little is known of Caterina's personal history. Some old writers say that she was born of a noble family in Ferrara, in 1413; but recent authorities give Bologna as her birthplace, and have added a year to the date just mentioned. According to her Italian critics, she first distinguished herself by adorning service-books with miniatures, and tradition speaks of her as a maker of little amuletic images, that cured more diseases than the best physician in the city. But this, after all, is not saying a great deal, for the very best physician of those days (as shall be shown in due time) prescribed "remedies" apter to enrich the undertaker than to cure the patient. And then, may we not suppose that the sick had implicit faith in those amuletic trifles? and is it not worth while to remember that our own faith is very often the main ingredient in the medicines which do us good? Many credulous patients have derived

health and strength from coloured bread pills, and some doctors I have met with inspired such a feeling of distrust as put a headache into every dose of their mildest tonics. So, remembering all this, I see no reason why Caterina's amulets may not have cured a long array of nervous and trustful invalids.

Two of the artist's pictures, inscribed with her name and the dates 1452 and 1456, are in the Pinacothek of Bologna and the Salla Palladiana of the Venetian Academy. Both, I think, are extremely interesting, and in both a St. Ursula holds open with both hands a long and heavy ermined robe, in the furry shelter of which kneel many quaint, serious little maidens wearing odd little crowns. The critic Kugler sneers at these efforts, with their unaffected, childlike character, and then assures the world that Caterina Vigri was an Ursuline nun who had studied under Lippo Scannabecchi, a Bolognese artist who discovered oil-painting before John van Eyck of Bruges. All I remark is that Lippo Scannabecchi, whom you probably know as Lippo Dalmasio, is reported to have died before the birth of Caterina Vigri shortly after making his will in 1410; that the foundress of the order of Ursuline nuns, Angela Merici, was born at Desenzano some years after Caterina's death; and, lastly, that Caterina was plainly taught and inspired by the only paintings known to her, the strange, earnest semi-Byzantine paintings of Lippo Dalmasio and Vitale da Bologna. In fine, she did the very best she could with the means at her disposal, and the wonder is that her design is as good as it is.

I have but to add, that Caterina died at Bologna in the year 1463, and was buried in the convent of Corpus Domini, which she had founded, and in which a few of her *naïve* paintings are still treasured jealously. And it may interest you to hear that Pope Clement XI., two hundred and forty-nine years after her death, conferred upon her the distinction of beatification, and so confirmed that title by which she was best known to her contemporaries.

With this we turn to Onorata Rodiana, whom I think we may consider as the only woman who ever achieved fame as a soldier

and success in the world of art. Castelleone, in Cremona, was Onorata's native town, and she was born there in the early part of the fifteenth century. I cannot tell you who taught her to use the pencil and the brush. But I believe that, had it not been for her reputation as a clever painter and a beautiful woman, she might never have handled the dagger and the sword except, maybe, in play. The story runs thus: Onorata, when yet very young, was so admired for her beauty and her cleverness, that one day the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, who was justly called the tyrant of Cremona, asked himself how he, as a knight of chivalry, could best pay his dutiful compliments to her, and at the same time encourage her artistic exertions. The question was not difficult to answer, for Gabrino had been long of opinion that his noble palace was in need of pictorial decoration; and no sooner did this old idea come again to mind, than he sent a courteous message to the young girl appointing her to the hard task of making his state rooms more attractive. And during some weeks Onorata enjoyed her new work, difficult as it was; but it chanced one hot morning that the whole course of her peaceful life was changed by a dissolute scamp, a courtier, who came swaggering into the apartment, the walls of which she was painting, "and dared to offer an insulting freedom." Without attempting to describe the brutal scene which followed, I will content myself with saying, that Onorata had at last to defend herself with a dagger, and in doing so, killed her cowardly assailant. Then, horror-stricken, the girl hastened from the room, and quickly after, disguised as a man, fled the city.

Very soon there was a great stir at the palace, and stout men-at-arms were soon searching the city and scouring the country in all directions. But Onorata, being well aware that the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo would command a hot pursuit, had taken every possible advantage of her start, and no soldier got even a very distant glimpse of her doublet and hose.

In less than three months the marquis relented, and even summoned the artist to come back at once to her work, "which none but she could finish." Onorata, however,

could not return, as she had enlisted herself, after having braved many hard privations, in Oldrado Lampugnano's troop of Condottieri, where her sparkling intelligence and, above all, her intrepid courage "raised her to a position of command;" and so fond was she of fighting and camp-life that she continued soldiering, painting in her leisure hours, for thirty years. Are we then to believe that her companions, the brave Condottieri, used language less plain than that which Tommy Atkins is so noted for? Or was Onorata beloved and respected as a new Joan of Arc? I cannot say. But it pleases me to believe that, like the Luck of Roaring Camp, she softened the natures of those brave rude men. In 1472, whilst relieving her native town, Castelleone, from the Venetians who were besieging it, Onorata Rodiana fell mortally wounded, and died, like Nelson, in the blessed hour of victory.

Are you surprised to hear that I have now mentioned the only Italian women-artists of the great fifteenth century? Do you think it strange that a century in which all the most notable Italian painters were born—all except Fra Angelico, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese—should have been so singularly poor in clever women? This, to be sure, is a singular fact; but I hope to show that it is not difficult to account for it. There are, however, two ways of accounting for it, a German way and an English way; but the German, I think, is the right way. Indeed the German critic is usually trustworthy, for he does not, as a rule, regard time as money. He proceeds warily and slowly in his search after truth, whereas the English critic is apt to write with a rapidity which is inimical to accuracy of statement. It is no uncommon thing to find that, in his haste to produce a given amount of "copy" in a given time, he managed to mistake his own intuitions for historic facts. What follows will illustrate the truth of this assertion.

A well-known writer, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, would make us believe that clever girls met with no encouragement in any country during the revival of letters and of art. He tells us plainly, in *Women's Work and Worth*, that "an obstinate prejudice prevailed against the development of the artistic capabilities of women," who were "debarred from an intimate and continued communion with nature, from studying the achievements of the famous masters, from gaining a knowledge of the human organisation. The unreality and the narrowness of their moral and intellectual culture effectually prevented their progress. Their love of art flickered and died out like a lamp for which no oil is provided. . . . How loud would have been the outcry if any woman had proposed to dedicate herself to the service of art! She would have been told that her purpose was indecorous; next, that she was physically unfitted to carry it out; and, lastly, that she could not hope to compete with men."

Stuff and nonsense! Our critic did not study his pleasing subject carefully, so how was he to know that Italy could boast in the sixteenth century of no fewer than twenty-seven clever female artists, all of whom were esteemed and "made much of?" Some of these fair painters (as shall be shown) were protected by the sovereign princes of Italy, above all by Popes Clement VII., Pius IV., and Gregory XIII.; but even beyond Italy, Philip II. of Spain, that terrible man, but great art patron, received several at his rigid, austere court and paid them liberally for their work. This being so, are we to believe that it was customary for Italian parents to run counter to their daughters' artistic aspirations? Is it in fact at all likely that most Italian fathers considered it would be "indecorous" for their girls to cultivate those very talents which the church, as represented by the

popes, deemed estimable in women? Depend upon it, the average Italian parent saw nothing "indecorous" in anything protected by the church, praised by the well-informed, and admired by austere kings. He, like the average father of to-day, echoed the thoughts of the great world, and the great world, as we have seen, was a helpful friend to the female artist.

In short, Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams contrived to mistake his own intuitions for historic facts. He should have said that the women of former and greater times seldom achieved success in the higher walks of art, simply because the proprieties of the day did not allow them to draw from the life, the undraped life. And in Italy, he might have added, girls married when so very young, that they had usually but little time, either before or after marriage, in which to study art with the proper seriousness. Some Italian ladies, it is true, did paint earnestly and successfully with little children playing about their easels; but we must suppose that the practice of art, where women were concerned, ended very frequently as it ends nowadays—with marriage!

But this is true of the sixteenth, as well as of the fifteenth century, and so we have still to explain why the one was so much poorer than the other in interesting women artists. In the fifteenth century, according to Dr. Ernst Gühl, woman's position in the world was altogether changed by the decline and death of chivalry, and that change was long unfavourable to the higher aspirations of her mind. Before I attempt to prove that Dr. Gühl is right, I wish to call your attention to the following fact: that chivalry did not begin to decline rapidly till about the middle of the century in question, at which period, as Sir Walter Scott says, it "Still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured; in some countries, by the establishment of arbitrary power, in others, by that of free institutions, which alike rendered useless the interference of those self-endowed re-dressers of wrong, whose only warrant of authority was the sword."

Chivalry, in its best days, was at once a sacred and a military organisation, an order of noble knights that defended Christendom against the Pagan and the Turk. Its sacred character was made manifest in numerous pious observances, and in such solemn vows as served to exalt the sentiment of mercy to a degree unknown to the heroes of antiquity. In other words, the true knight of chivalry respected his fallen enemies; whereas Achilles, to give you but one classic illustration, tied his fallen foe, the dead Hector, by the heels to his chariot, and in savage triumph dragged the body three times round the walls of Troy. So you see that mercy, whose quality *was* strained in Pagan times, was one of the virtues encouraged by chivalry. And to honour all women for the love of one was another. The gentler sex indeed was regarded with a sort of adoration, for the first good knights of chivalry seem to have felt what Richard Steele expressed so touchingly in words—I mean, that to love a noble woman was a liberal education.

With chivalry in its decline and decay we are not concerned here. Neither need we dwell upon the innumerable follies which disfigure its early history. Good knights, in order to prove their courage in times of peace, were certainly much too fond of holding bridges against all comers; and it is scarcely edifying to read that one nobleman made a great name for himself by sowing a large ploughed field with gold pieces, and another by killing and burning thirty superb horses. I have mentioned these insane follies because I wish you to understand that common sense, a quality which we esteem so highly, never prevented the virtues of chivalry from be-

coming ludicrous and extravagant. A sort of madness, known in France as "exaltation," turned generosity into wanton prodigality, bravery into foolhardiness, and respect for women into that extravagance of sentiment which Cervantes ridicules in Don Quixote, and which we may laugh at sometimes when reading of the imaginary cases tried in the Courts of Love. Yet it must never be forgotten that the story of Don Quixote himself is really the very sad story of a very noble gentleman, a sort of Charles Lamb with a little swarm of bees in his bonnet; and that those Courts of Love, with all their fantastic nonsense, were as schools to the ladies who shone in them. For without all doubt, something more than a beautiful face went to make a signal success in a Court of Love. True art in dressing, a playful and delicate wit and humour well in keeping with the spirit of the trial, were equally requisite. And I am sure that skill and taste in music, in literature, or in painting, served to distinguish one charming and clever lady from another. In a word, every Court of Love stimulated numerous women to the cultivation of their talents, and taught them to adorn something more than that part of the head which lies outside.

When chivalry had become a romance of the past, the near and delightful past, what happened? Woman fell at once from her "poetic elevation," was no longer the object of an inspiring, stimulating worship. Yet the spirit of chivalry was still brilliantly alive in the poems of the troubadours, in the feminine talk of the day. And young girls sang those poems, and listened eagerly to that talk, and were affected strongly and permanently by what they heard and sang. If I may so express it, they lived in "Knightland," just as we, some years ago, lived in Fairyland; and when they were told that those great radiant knights, of whom they loved to think, and to speak, and to dream, had vanished for ever from the world, theirs was a bitter disappointment indeed, as was yours, I daresay, when you tried to find fairies in twilight woods. But their disappointment lasted ever so much longer than yours, because their grandmothers and their mothers, who remembered the waning glory of "the good old days," were never tired of bemoaning the weariness of life without chivalry, and the shocking rudeness of all the young men. Thus a great deal of precious time was lost in vain regrets, and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that the feminine mind began to take an interest in actual life.

Then, even in barbaric Germany, a few women were noted for their literary and artistic attainments; while Italy, favoured by and sacred to the arts, had every reason to be proud of a really noteworthy sculptress, Properzia de' Rossi; of a celebrated improvisatrice, Beatrice Pio; and of three fair poets—Veronica Gambara, Vittoria Colonna, and Gaspara Stampa.

Properzia de' Rossi was born at Bologna, in or about the year 1494. "The child was an infant phenomenon, like the youngest Miss Crummies," and was trying to do great things when she should have been studying. None the less, by dint of hard work, Properzia rose to eminence in her laborious art, and she is still remarkable as Italy's only good sculptress. The eminent engraver, Marc Antonio Raimondi, taught her to draw, but no one knows who taught her to model. She was very pretty, played several instruments better than any woman of her day in Bologna, and gained in scientific studies a distinction "well calculated," says Vasari, "to awaken the envy, not of women only, but also of men." As an artist she first called attention to herself by rivalling the achievements of two sculptors of antiquity, Callicrates and Mirm-

cides. Callicrates engraved some of Homer's verses on a grain of millet, and out of ivory made ants and other insects, so very delicate and minute that a moderately short-sighted person had, as it were, to admire them with his nose. As for Mirmecides, it is reported that he carved a chariot and four horses, with the charioteer, so small that a fly with its wings spread wide would have covered the whole. Properzia de' Rossi did something equally difficult, that preached the same great lesson of patience to the world. She managed to cut no fewer than seventy human heads on a cherry-stone, a wonderful little work of art which may be seen to-day in the cabinet of gems at the Uffizi. And upon eleven peach-stones, still treasured at Bologna in the Palazzo Manili, Properzia carved miracles of beauty and grace. These small intaglios are set in the body of a double-headed eagle in silver filigree, and each one is richly encased on both sides. The face of a virgin saint, whose name is written underneath, and whose special virtue is recorded in a well-chosen motto, graces one side. As to the other it is adorned with a bust, representing one of the eleven "good" apostles, for it seems that Properzia could not bring herself to deliver down to posterity her own secret idea of Judas Iscariot!

Encouraged by her successes in this narrow but pleasing field of work, Properzia addressed herself to the task of ornamenting certain flat spaces above the arch over the high altar of the Church of the Madonna del Barracano; and it was reckoned surprising that her airy hand, a hand so astonishingly adept in cutting microscopic letters and tiny faces, should have given a decorative breadth and vigour to the scrollwork and the lions, the griffins and the eagles' heads, the vases and the censers, with which those flat spaces were quickly made inaptly interesting. In 1525, shortly after Properzia had brought this curious ornamental work to completion, Il Tribolo, a sculptor of some note, was appointed to superintend the finishing of the bas-reliefs about the portals of the basilica of St. Petronius, in Bologna—bas-reliefs which Giacomo del Quercia had

begun, and which, owing to artists' squabbles, had been long in a rough-hewn state. Anxious to have a share in the works, the young sculptress applied without loss of time to the superintendent, who told her that he would like to see a highly-wrought specimen of her skill. So Properzia executed a bust, in the whitest marble, of Count Guido de' Pepoli, that "pleased the family and the whole city, and procured immediate orders from Il Tribolo." These were commissions for the two spirited bas-reliefs, now in the sacristy of St. Petronius, representing Potiphar's wife seeking to detain Joseph by holding his garment, and the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon. Vasari calls the first of these productions "a lovely picture, modelled and chiselled with womanly grace, and more than admirable"—dear, lovable, gallant old Vasari!—"But envy," says Mrs. Ellet, "took occasion to make this monument of Properzia's genius a reproach to her memory. It was reported that she was profoundly in love with a young nobleman, Anton Galeazzo Malvasio, who cared little for her, and that she depicted her own unhappy passion in the beautiful creation of her chisel. It was probably true that her life was embittered by this unreturned love. One of her countrymen says the proud patrician disdained to own as his wife one who bore a less ancient name; and that he failed in his attempt to persuade her to become his on less honourable terms. Professional jealousy aided in the attempt to depress the pining artist. Amico Albertini, with several other artists, commenced a crusade against her, and slandered her to the superintendent with such effect that the wardens refused to pay the proper price for her labours on the façade. Even her alto-relief was not allowed to have its appointed place. Properzia had no heart to contend against this unmanly persecution. She never attempted any other work for the building, and the grief to which she was abandoned gradually undermined her health." Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, like nearly every writer of art I am acquainted with, says that Properzia "died in 1530 of a broken heart, bequeathing

a bas-relief which she had undertaken to the one who had rejected her affections." And Mrs. Hemans, in her *Records of Women*, represents the unhappy artist as exclaiming—

... "Tell me no more, no more,
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

Now, though I have no doubt that Properzia suffered much from the cowardly persecution of her brother-artists, yet am I certain that her fiery temper would not let her be a pining, weebegone martyr, such as Mrs. Ellet describes her. I am certain of this, because Properzia "was twice summoned to appear in court; the first time (in 1520) at the suit of her neighbour, Francesco da Milano, who accused her of having caused the trunk of a tree and twenty-four feet of vine to be thrown into his garden; and the second time (in 1525) at the suit of a painter named Miola, who charged her with assault and battery, and bore on his face marks which attested the truth of the accusation." I met with these disillusionising facts in Mr. Charles Perkins's *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*, and I wish I could come upon a detailed account of the second trial, so as to learn why Miola was thus immortalised with blows and scratches. However, there is enough evidence to prove that Properzia could fight her own battles, and in a way which made her terrible to her enemies.

As regards that unrequited passion, Mr. Perkins is of opinion that Properzia was not only devotedly attached to, she was also honestly loved by, Antonio Galeazzo Malvasio de' Bottigari, who survived her, and did not marry for some years after her death. But why these supposed fond lovers did not set the wedding-bells a-ringing, none can say.

Properzia de' Rossi died on the 14th of February, 1530. A few days later, Pope Clement VII., who had been called to Bologna to crown Charles V., asked to see her, but she had been already laid to rest in the Spedale della Morte.

W. SHAW SPARROW.

