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 printed and sewn together, in imitation of a young lady, the shape of the headdress, and that the right side is outwards, and the stuffing commences. The head is the first part stuffed, either with cotton wool or with finely-shredded crepe de Chine, and the boots and undergarments are all indicated and printed in colours, and the worker has nothing to do but to cut out the two pieces that make up the doll, to sew them so that the right side is not visible at the joints of any of the limbs, the space through which the stuffing is introduced is sewn up, and the doll is ready for dressing.

The neck is turned so that its double, leaving an opening at the waist. The linen shape is then turned to the right side is outwards, and the stuffing commences. The head is the first part stuffed, either with cotton wool or with finely-shredded crepe de Chine, and the boots and undergarments 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, to sew them so that the right side is not visible at the joints of any of the limbs, the space through which the stuffing is introduced is sewn up, and the doll is ready for dressing.

The neck is turned so that its double, leaving an opening at the waist. The linen shape is then turned to

FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

INTRODUCTION.

Hope to write a series of pleasing 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 fine sex, but with the simpler and more sympathetic purpose of introducing the public to artists whose works are eminently marvellous. The special hindrances which retarded them in their careers, the patron friends they had, and the efforts produced on their art, as on their characters, by certain manners and customs peculiar to their lands or to their localities.

Even this fairly modest scheme of work presents many difficulties to be overcome, and a few snubs to be avoided. And the manner in which I propose to carry it out needs certainly a little explanation. So, for brevity's sake, I shall take the case of a female artist, whose works are eminently marvellous. She is a woman of talent and a progressive spirit. Her art is a reflection of her personality, the image of the artist. Her powers of vision and execution are great. She is a woman of keen and sensitive nature, who can give expression to her thoughts and feelings with the greatest patience and perseverance.

1. In all essays on artistic things it is considered absolutely necessary to treat with some detail the question of the author's conception of art, partly to influence the public mind, but mainly, one believes, to create among the simple-minded a profound impression of the excellence of the author's work. Now there can be no doubt that the question of conception of art is bound up with the personal life of the artist, and that to all intents and purposes the work is a reflection of the artist's life.

2. A notable woman artist 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 time and generation, bearing always in mind the fact that those whose lives were chequered will supply me with the best copy.

3. I hastened at first to handle my subject, but after reflection it seems to me that perhaps the best way to render this black subject is by a short essay in the first essay about the fair painters of classical antiquity. Then I would introduce you to all my Italian heroines, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present day. I would begin with Marguerite van Eyck, and end with Madame Romere; to come next to those of Luther's country, then to those of the Flemish, and to conclude with our own fair disciples of the pen, the brush, and the chisel. Thus we shall avoid the irritating mental exercise of passing rapidly from one to another, and we will not be really new to 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 as long as any other parti-coloured standard!
The Girl's Own Paper.

The Women Artists of Antiquity.

It is about two thousand five hundred years ago since an extremely notable artist-poet, Batudes by name, dwelt and worked in the venerable town of Sicily, that luscious, magnificent, and art-loving capital of rich and populous Sicily, a kingdom celebrated in classic history as being not only the most ancient, but also the most renowned of Greek monarchy less precious than his admirable genius, to whose liberal magic he owen 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, and an only heart, and an only friend of another.

Now, the great deep love Batudes cherished for her in his heart of hearts was not due entirely to her native unconquered grace and beauty, but to the beauty of her daughterly affection. For his genius had been inherited by her, and, day after day that good and faithful magician used to bring her home at once the slyest and the cleverest, and the sweetest, and the most winning, and the most silken, and the most learned, and the most joyous. Now to me, in these days, our treasure of a single story of art and love, there is something moving, gladdening, instructive and very great. It is true, as in a book written lovingly, the character of a people as childlike as they were wise; whose round-eyed reverence for everything that appeared to their wary hearts, to their earnest simple faiths, to their ever-busy imaginations, did again and again for real genius what the print-press has often failed to do, namely, it imparted life and breath and soul through many hundreds of years, a devout admiration for simple, moving stories—stories brimming with ardent sincerity and with genuine passion, and with unsanctified poetic feeling. So let us all give ourselves up freely, even reverently, to our impressions! And cannot Sicily, from her heart, let us have 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 Pagans.

But what about the story? Well, "it is silly sooth, and dailies with the innocence of love, like the old age." And such (to me) is its air of delicacy that I fear narrating it lest my clumy words, my heavy hand, should be as fatal to it—well, as fatal as a friendly maßtiff reading much in very little, that can make the dim past really healiful and amusing to us, all full of varied life and entertaining lessons.

But the story of Cora and Batudes something more to you than mere pleasant-sounding names, partly by seizing upon every suggestive word in Pliny and in Aristotle, and partly because I know something of what I know and feel of human nature, which has ever been essentially the same the whole world over. Were I, you know, to write 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 apprehend in your own thoughts as they were developed in me.

Casual observers, as no doubt you have noticed, are very apt to haunt insignificantly for bullet character. It is generally the case, that a dashhund searching for truffles is scarcely less naturally industrious. That the casual observer of ancient Greece has been more apt to get in her quarry in a regular manner, that is generally known and admitted. It seems to me, therefore, that Cora's pet name, "The Virgin of Corinth," may be as to us in earnest effort, I should certainly outrage your intelligence and give my own away unheard.
might be to a spitfire kitten. But this fear must not prevent us from trying to make a very interesting picture. Do not try to be too clever. Let us try to make a picture that is pleasant to look at. Let us try to make a picture that will please the ordinary person. Let us try to make a picture that will please the ordinary person.

However, the story I have told you seems to one of those modern critical speculators a mere play of poetic fancy, with no foundation in truth, and quite not. They would not trouble themselves to cast a glance at the story in the least, because the gracious little story is in flagrant contradiction to the knighthood spirit of the Grecian imagination. What the Grecian knighthood was thought of this sort of woman was not clearness, but purely physical loveliness. Beauty, indeed, formed a part of their ceremonial worship. Mothers, for example, were presented to their sons as youths as being a perfect beauty in proportion to their children might always be beautiful. And the state itself, says Lessing, "it did not deem it beneath its dignity to confine the artist within its 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 reflected in the most minute details of the gentile-arts were being represented to the popular apprehension in female form, how faded it was with the women of Greece? Well, they were hidden away from the joys of life and the gaiety of the world, and the visiting fruitful sun, and with a jealous carefulness only noticed nowadays in the treasuring of the rarest precious stones. The Greek woman, as a wife, mother, and from her earliest childhood, in the silence of the gymnasium, they were taught to believe in the singular wisdom of seeing little, and hearing little, and talking little, and also to regard their glories, their beauty being a gift divine, always to be cherished with infinite reverence and art. A sad life this seems to us, yet we must not forget that they did not, and that the Greeks, from the highest to the lowest, that those Grecian maidens found a soothing and healthful recreation in spinning and in weaving, as well as in working excellently ornamented and flowing dresses. Probably, too, the gallant reverence paid to their unsung loveliness by the artist and the poet, as reaching no further than their beauty, always being considered in its personal and private attributes. And as to our present time, as we see, the Romans, who were inclined to consider the personal beauty of the woman, preferred the之美 of the picture to that of the person, and the amassing of spoils to the cultivation of art. Yet they purchased and possessed the 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 million of the magnificent society of Rome was contemporary with Catsar, and her name was Gala; she was celebrated for the excellence of her busts which was so much admired by the Romans that they called one of them the statue of the Roman empress. At Naples in the time of Pomp, there was a large picture by her, the portrait of an old Indian chief, mounted on horseback, with the aid of a mirror. No painter excelled Saga in the perfection of execution, and at the same time in the perfection of color. Her works were sold at much higher prices than those of the most famous portraitists of her day, such as Sopokus and Diosyurus, with whose pictures the Roman empresses were compared 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
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 to the notice of the reader certain little known principles of Untersuchungscharakter, which it is hoped will be inherited by the artist in the Tyrolean Dark Ages. It will be seen how these principles have 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 useful 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 so much more interesting than the noblest epochs in the world's history. Vivid and active talents and true taste, ripened and refined by the proper cultivation, are not 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 it made for herself. The art which reached its highest mark of attainment, and was 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 depurate from them. There was, it is true, a revival of the Hellenic arts at Rome by Greek sculptors mainly, about 200 years before the birth of Christ. But it is to be remembered that this renaissance was notice able and serviceable only because it sought to reflect the names and glory of the old masters, and their kind giants of the age of Pericles and the age of Alexander. In fact, it marks an eclipse of cultivated taste, whereas the work which it strove to imitate, the work of Phidias and Polykleitos, 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 important pieces of art have a creative influence on talent. In sick seasons, in boisterous days like the present, they are apt to give origin to works like themselves, only disfigured as a rule by a "cheeky" and bragget kind of affected originality. And how do they accomplish themselves in periods of lusty patriotism, gladdening prosperity, and unalloyed fortune? Is the whole life 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 talent, and make the body so as to speak of a beautiful new art whose living soul is the spirit of the new heroic age. Thus, then, the violent natural element to which we all look to for 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 art. You see the 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 we believe that children are born on the twenty-first anniversary of their birth when they come within the atmosphere of art. Carlyle remarks, "The form contains the only with its future and fruit." Even so, in my private opinion, the first whisper in your friendly and discriminating, the very radest remains extant of the very earliest Christian art contain the wonderful achievements of later times. They are seen and acknowledged, and, should you ever see them at Rome, or in engravings and photographs by the fireplace, I hope the poet in your nature will silence the per critic. To each rude and coarse wall-painting, in each rugged bit of sculpture, there is something inexpressibly touching—something that moves one like the first Ralph words of a child. And it is not by accident the curious intermingling of Christian doctrine, antique art teaching, and antique fable. On the same wall, for example, Christ may be seen represented as standing upon an enchanting lyre, and as the Good Shepherd with a lamb held lovingly round his neck. Yes, the earliest Christian artists could disgrace the beholder, and, if you think, it is the sick man who behoves us not to grumble at, not to be disencumbered 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 spirit of the art of Italy was to a great extent taught and inspired by the art of ancient Greece and Rome, they are not to be seen as widely as the arts, 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 Christian ity is to the same extent the great art of earlier times. The Italians made the antique their master. From it they learned a thousand lessons of composition and invention; it 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 its own truth, and that the masterpieces of the Renaissance represent neither athletes nor disc throwers, nor gladiators, nor Amazons, nor Apologetics, 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 idea of beauty, an idea which laid the foundation of all subsequent 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 drenched as a snare. Thus the aim of art was changed; it became to a great extent a teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered may 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 embodied in written forms. 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 began to exceed sculpture. The artist, therefore, contented herself with her proper province of single figures, busts, monumental and decorative work. The aims of Italian painting is so transcendent that its glory is apt to blind us to the beauty of the earlier art; 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 seriousness of the child; he is always handsome, and very often he is winged. In the curiously-blended art of the renaissance, where Christian doctrine and antique art teaching meet, we find the most beautiful of two forms of art, and the antiquity retains his place; sometimes figging out a little as a boy angel, but more often in his true character of winged genius or amoral of flesh. In the child of antiquity, and later, literally side by side—with these plump survivals of antiquity we find the new children, the Divine Child, the Baptist, and the child of nature—the long-linked lurid unchild and the helpless, forlorn 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 have grown so happily and in such number to fill the hands of the three great artists. But the Ezechiel of the Three Great Artists. But the Ezechiel of the Three Great Artists.

"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 Greek sculpture was an attractive teacher of ideality, and that the church was in need of these teachings. Nor will this, their belief, appear very strange when we consider how insensitive and depraved were the Romans and the Greeks with whom
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they came in contact. The pagan sins of the present, recollect, were both very terrible and very near to their Christian critics. The sanctity and glory of the past, shining in the age of the Church, offers but few paths to the thoughtful Christian through the horror which those sins called forth. In fact, the grace of the past was suffused and estimated by the disgrace of the present. But there was a danger—a danger existing only in their troubled and excited thoughts—that those old Christian sins might implant new religion. Nor is there anything in this to astonish you. When our minds grow excited and circumstances stimulate our unrest, we all, as Shakespeare says, pray 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 Psalmist, fedeth the young ravens that call upon Him," was the Giver of that sublime genius whose calm creations they so often touched with the crudest mortal colour. Suddenly, however, a few of the noblest Greekian statues survived all dangers. Long hidden in the bosom of the all-consuming fire, and found at a time when mankind were scorning and despising their memory and variety, these statues were a perpetual source of delight, and wonder, and stimulus, to the artists 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, "hangs the author of it on what Gibbets you like, must, and will accomplish itself." For the truth which the divinely gifted poet lovingly in their handicraft, what is it but the soul that they leave in this agitation world? And now remark that religious fanaticism was not the only enemy to art in the obscure ages. Constantinople 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 streets were adorned with wondrous statues and statuary. And, when the empress Constantia, the empress of all the East, and there was a dazzling Olympus of marble gods and goddesses before the Church of St. Sophia; while indoors, within Constantinople's拜占庭之窗, the treasures belonging to the retinue, almost every monk was an eloquent historian of Greekian art. But one reads that many of the bronze statues were afterwards demolished, but not because the mountain's sake, perhaps, 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. Almost all double, in the property of the Holy Roman Emperors, plunders the great city for fourteen days. At, and, indeed, according to Gibbon, still yet remained of wealth, public and private, of treasure, sacred and profane, was largely 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 Sepo-

pom of Alexandria, one of the most renowned temples of the ancient world, was demolished in 396 by Theophilus, one of St. Chrysostom's followers. The Chryso- stomis, in three days. The remains and pagan statues would be instantly demolished. As to the Iconoclasts, whose long and furious crusade against images convulsed the empire, some, like Highways and by-ways run red, we must consider their doings in passionately, remembering that they were sincere men, that they lived in times when "the world was set on fire!" was just a story, and that they were silenced at last by a bloody-handed kind of 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 form." Hence the revival of the old, variegated forms of idolatry; and they ignored beauty as a snare. For they had inherited a superstition, a faith that had kept alive during hundreds of years, both the ancient ardor of the first Christians, and the Jewish detestation of images. Also, they were probably influenced by 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 suppress 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 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 destroy 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 Josin, Leo's squarer, was killed by frenzied women. Meantime the Bishop of Thessalonica, having been in- vited, by imperial letter, to proscribe images in the churches of the West. Gregory replied by excommunicating Leo, who then began to turn into a merciless and relentless persecutor. Useful schools founded by Charle- magne were laid even with the ground; a monastery with all its monastic was burned to ashes, and many bishops were put to death 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 tiring to linger over the early vicissitudes of this memorable war, in which the next Pope, Honorius I, and the Eastern Emperor, Constantine Copronymus, were bold, revengeful leaders. Let us then skip to the troubled reign of Leo IV. Chazan, who ascended the Byzantine throne five years later, leaving his queen, Irene, to reign as regent for their ten-year-old son. Irene loved her children, perhaps too, the character, of her deceased husband, I cannot forbear likening her to a Goneril with a touch of Portia's wit and generosity. Born at Athens in 732, and married to Leo IV, her extraordinary woman became regent in her twenty-eighth year. Wisely she encouraged art, and cruelly she persecuted the poor with Icono- clasm. The only form of art she tolerated was that which the poor and the blind but also for indigent strangers; and taxes were reduced by her, very considerable. In the midst of a thoroughly well beaten by Calhurn Haroon- al-Rashid she seems to have accepted defeat with dignity. But, as Constantinople 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 man, the heir to the eastern throne. Then the tightening leading strings. In the very propelry-house by which he first saw the light, Irene herself was laid to earth by fierce hands of a monstrosity daggered in the sun and an obscenity of seventeen days were attributed by the common superstition to the furious turn of events. Finally, it happened in the year 797. The four sons of Constantine Copronymus conspired against Irene; so she deprived them of sight, and therefore there had not the faintest pretense to rejoice to say that she could not prevent the imperial sceptre from departing from her. The intrigues of two favourites, Actus and Simmulas, had already undermined her power, when Nicophoros, the Lord High Treasurer, dethroned her. She was banished in 802 into Lesbos, the island-birthplace of Sappho, where she lived out her lonely years, almost a reformation from the rest of the world. Almost a year, the distaff and the bleaching foam giving her daily bread. Seemingly the good side which she did live after, for one finds her name among the sages of her time.

Another noteworthy Byzantine empress is Theodora, for in 851 she put an end to the Iconoclasts. After removing a general council, the decision of which, 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, in a picturesque and heliconious 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 no one sphinx, but many sphinxes—as many as there are men of different minds. We must all supply ourselves." For my own part, the feud in question teaches me, a member of our beautiful English church, that it is frequently impossible even for small parties, much less for 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 own convictions, and not be frightened at the thought of making them the occasion for contests and disputes. There are important, magnificent, philanthropists, there are schemers of irreparable consequences, who fondly believe that if they persist in exhibiting their darling faiths and fancies in public, nothing can prevent them from becoming public and private benefactors. We must all supply ourselves to ourselves. How snugly humane, as a rule, is their expressed contempt for our beliefs? and how extravagantly eloquent is their expressed enthusiasm for their own? But that regret that they should so often be the banegars of social life, and fatal enemies to happiness in the first place."

As for Theodora's victory, I think of it with gratitude; because, if the Iconoclasts had won the day, it was very probable that art would have been utterly exterminated, and we then teacher—the Bible wherein the unlettered might read and learn the truths necessary to salvation." Yes, in the Dark Ages, and during the long interval of the feud in which the church was in sympathetic touch with the ignorant and the enlightened, the happy and the utterly wretched, there were no schemas of irreligious and the love of all beautiful natural things," was everybody's dear friend, everybody's comforter,
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 for 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—ever 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 malted in this manner.

Let us first understand what are the essentials of a good salad; then we will take a look at how the choice collection of plants and herbs, which our soil is so copiously endowed with, may be thrown together with the greatest discretion, so as to have a salad that is not only a nourishing one, but capable of yielding both quantity and quality.

It is possible to make a salad of all sorts of lettuces, of all sorts of apples, of all sorts of salad leaves, of all sorts of fruits; but if you do not have the right combination of plant and dressing, your salad will not be good.

The choice of the salad-dressing is of great importance. It is necessary to use a dressing that is not only tasteless, but also healthful. The best dressing is a simple vinaigrette, made of olive oil, vinegar, and salt.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

everybody's precept; and "Its stars still lead us to Assist, to Fiesole, to Nazareth."

Turn we now to another topic, to women's influence among those nations that were bullied 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 Amalasuntha, 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 8th 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 believed of Abelard; and Christina Tisani, whose exceedingly interesting book, La Cité des Damnes, was published in Paris in 1498. Meanwhile, in printing Italian convents, as in griff 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 Bible. 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 nunnerie possessed little cells, wherein laboured the bookbinders, the miniaturists, and the miniature calligraphists; and, when a great undertaking was accomplished, a gentle tired hand would write the colophon, expressing humility and joy, or else "ventruring 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.

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 "hearing" 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 slightly, 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 "baric," 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.

In the world of art, CastelCORE, 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 Onorata 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 sudden scamp, a劣rmier, 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 assaulter. 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, did not lose her very possible advantage of her start, and no soldier got even a very distant glimpse of her doubtful and elusive form.

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 bravely many hard privations, in Oldenburg's 'Ninety-fourth.' Her earlier work—her sparkling intelligence and, above all, her intrepid courage—raised her to a position of command; and so fond was she of fighting and painting, that she found occasion to make it her avocation, painting in her leisure hours, for thirty years. Are we then to believe that her companions, the brave Condottierie, used language less plain than this? Could the lady with whom she lived be so noted for? Or was Onorata believed and respected as a new Joan of Arc? I cannot say. But it pleases me to believe that, like the men of her order, she appreciated the natures of those brave rude men. In 1472, whilst relieving her native town, Castelbello, from the Venetians who were besieging it, Onorata, Radonna fell mortally wounded, 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 Filippo Lippi, Umiliani, and to a certain extent Van Eyck—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 understand. There were 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 a rapidly unheeded and incorrect inaccuracy of statement. It is an uncommon thing to find that, in his haste to produce a given amount of "copy" in a given time, he manages to ruin the material 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 Works," that "an obtrusive prejudice prevailed against the development of the artistic capacities of women," who were "deracinated from an intimate and independent position, when they were able to compare with men, from studying the achievements of the famous masters, from gaining a knowledge of the law of the human organism. The uncertainty and doubt of their position in modern culture effectively prevented their progress. Their love of art flickered and died out like a lamp for which no oil is provided ... If a woman, who has been in the entree if any woman had proposed to dedicate herself to any service of art! She would have been told that her purpose was inadmissible; next, that she was literally untrained to carry it out; and lastly, that she could not hope to compete with men.

Staff and nonsense! Our critic did not study his pleasant subject carefully, so how was he to know that Italy could boast in the sixteenth century of no fewer than twenty-seven chief female artists, all of whom were expatriate and "made much of"? Some of these fair painters (as shall be shown) were protected by the sovereign princes of Italy, including the dukes of Ferrara, Milan, and Gregory XIII.; but even beyond Italy, Philip II. of Spain, that terrible man, but great art patron, received several at his rigid, magnificent court from liberally supporting their work. This being so, are we to believe that it was customary for Italian patrons to run counter to their daugheter's wishes? It is scarcely credible to read that one nobleman made a great name for himself by sowing a large ploughed field with gold pieces, and another by hiring his fair 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 becoming ludicrous and extravagant. A sort of "feminine" talent was known in Italy, and when it turned generosity into wanton prodigality, bravery into foolhardiness, and respect for women into that extravagance of sentiment which is expressed in the naive thought, "We will laugh at ourselves until we are called lunatics," in 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, among other stories, being so very easily 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, nothing more was needed than 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 times, 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 we call the outside.

When chivalry had become a romance of the past, the near and delightful past, what happened? Woman fell at once from her "celebration," was assailed by a wave of a new spirit, that of an inspiring, stimulating worship. Yet the spirit of chivalry was still brilliantly alive in the poems of the troubadours, the forerunners of the day. Among young girls sang those poems, and listened eagerly to that talk, and were affected strongly and permanently by what they heard, and had, as if they lived in a "Knightly," just as we, some years ago, lived in Fairyland; and when they were told that the good old days were also, by the way, 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 was born the feeling of regret, and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that the feminine mind began to take an interest in actual life. To these last lamentations, and to the complaint of 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 notable sculpture, Prospero de’ Rossi; of a celebrated improvisatrice, Beatrice Pio; and of three fair poets—Veronica Gambara, Vittoria Colonna, and Grazia de’ Rocchi.

Prospero de’ Rossi was born at Bologna, in or about the year 1494. "The child was on high in the exalted harmonica of her cradle," and was very pretty, played several instruments better than any woman of her day in Bologna, and gained a scientific education, and was calculated," says Vasari, "to awaken the envy, not of women only, but of men." As an artist she first called attention to herself by rivalling those achievements of the sculptors of antiquity, Callirides and Mirme-
FAMOUS WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

ides. 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 Mirmeccles, it is reported that he carved a chalice and four horses, with the chariotier, so small that a fly with its wings spread wide would have covered the whole. Proserpina 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 Uffizzi. And upon eleven peaches, still treasured at Bologna in the Palazzo Manuli, Proserpina carved miracles of beauty and grace. These small things are set in the body of a double-headed eagle in silver filigree, and each one is richly enshrined 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 Proserpina 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, Proserpina addressed herself to the task of ornamenting certain flat spaces above the arch over the high altar of the Church of the Madonna del Baracano; 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 censors, with which those flat spaces were quickly made inaptly interesting. In 1525, shortly after Proserpina 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 Giancomo 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 sculptors appealed without loss of time to the superintendent, who told her that he would like to see a highly-wrought specimen of her skill. So Proserpina 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 finished with womanly grace, and more than admirable."—"Dear, lovely, gallant old Vasari!—"But envy," says Mrs. Eliot, "took occasion to make this monument of Proserpina's genius a reproach to her memory. It was reported that she was profusely in love with a young nobleman, Antonio 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 and disdainful woman 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. Proserpina 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 Proserpina "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. Heman, 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 Proserpina 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, woe-begone martyr, such as Mrs. Eliot describes her. I am certain of this, because Proserpina was twice summoned to appear in court; the first time (in 1526) 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 1528) 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 disillusional 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 Proserpina could fight her own battles, and in a way which made her terrible to her enemies.

As regards that unsupicted passion, Mr. Perkins is of opinion that Proserpina was not only devotedly attached to, she was also honestly loved by, Antonio Galeazzo Malvasio de' Bottiglari, 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-winging, none can say.

Proserpina 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 Sepulchre della Morte.

W. SHAW SPARROW.