

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

LADIES AND DECORATIVE ART.

THE art of decorative painting has advanced with bounds and leaps of late years, and now it is the amateur's favourite pursuit. For one thing it is so quickly executed, and speed is everything in this nineteenth century. We have neither the patience nor the time for tapestry work such as that the completion of which took Queen Matilda and her maidens years to finish. Also painting is so effective for the amount of labour bestowed on it, and therefore no wonder any young lady possessed of a taste for the palette should leave needlework, whether fancy or plain, to take care of itself, to use this most charming means for decorating her rooms or for obliging the numerous friends who apply to her for help at a bazaar; and if she wants to earn a little money, no wonder her first thought is of her favourite amusement for her leisure hours. But she will soon discover that amateur work is of little or no account. China painting especially is much overdone, and only good work can now find a market. A knowledge of drawing is essential—and efficient knowledge, too, such as is attained at some good school of art. Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth, employ about one hundred ladies for painting on china; the work is paid by the piece. A class for pottery painting is held on Tuesdays and Fridays at the Lambeth School of Art, Miller's Lane, Upper Kennington Lane. The fee is only 10s. 6d. per month. Lessons in china painting can be had at Howell and James', Regent Street, where classes are held daily, except Saturday; terms, £3 3s. for ten, £2 2s. for six, and £1 1s. for three lessons. Many will find it convenient, and especially those living in the country, to exhibit their work at Howell and James' annual exhibition. Each exhibitor may send three small or two large pieces of work; each piece should be marked with the price, from which, if sold, will be deducted fifteen per cent. to defray cost of advertising, &c., &c. All works are submitted to competent judges before acceptance for exhibition. Only original work is eligible for prizes. But far more novel than painting on china is painting on glass, which, though not quite as fashionable as a few years ago, is still much in vogue. Messrs. Powell and Co. employ several ladies, their average earnings being from £60 to £70 per annum. Floral decoration is the most usual, and but a moderate knowledge of drawing is necessary, though, of course, better work obtains better pay. There is but little demand for painting on leather; and there is little demand now in England for mosaic work, in which trying labour women, having more patience, succeed better than men.

THE decoration of vases is, however, no new art, as the beautiful Etruscan ware, with the tasteful, if to us quaint, figures upon it, testifies. Those wonderful vases were, however, not for the adornment of the home, but of the tomb, for it is in the precincts of the dead they have been discovered, to the gain of the pocket of Italian adventurers, who sell them at fabulous prices to the millionaires of the Old and New World, and to connoisseurs to whom an antique vase is a thing beloved, "a thing of beauty, a joy for ever," or rather, till it breaks. After all, there is nothing new under the sun, and the love of beauty is, I believe, antediluvian.

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THE editress of the magazine "Atalanta," and the authoress of "Scamp and I," is well-known to the reading public. Miss Meade, who still writes under her maiden name, is the daughter of the late Rev. R. T. Meade, and was born at Brandon, Co. Cork. She has written several clever little books, "Daddy's Boy" being one of the best known. She has often contributed also to the "Sunday Magazine," a periodical as the name implies for Sabbath Day reading, published by Isbister & Co., the publishers of "Good Words."

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I REGRET to be obliged to announce the death of Miss Naden, the accomplished young poetess. Her two volumes of poetry, "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime" and "A Modern Apostle," have both been well reviewed and favourably received by the public. She was liberal and broad minded in her ideas of women, and was an able lecturer, and her sisters' cause will lose in her a warm friend and advocate. She was in the prime of success when, at the early age of thirty-one, she passed "to the great majority," succumbing to the effects of a dangerous operation.

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A HALO hangs around the words, "sisters of the poets"! They are those who have played with poetic dreamers before they developed the wings of genius, who have received those loving letters (their very own letters) which have long since been published to the world. Byron's sister is immortalised by the ode—that sweet, tender ode—addressed to her by him in his famous "Childe Harold." Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Llanis, the sister of the poet Keats, died at the advanced age of eighty-five. She was married to a Spanish gentleman distinguished in the world of Art and Letters. Ah! that loving sister's heart must often have ached as she remembered the brilliant yet sad career of her talented young brother, over whose grave, in the Protestant cemetery outside the walls of Rome, is written at his special request the melancholy words, "His name is writ

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