

LILY SPENCER.

TRUTH UNVEILING FALSEHOOD.

Why is it that the same day the Academy of esign is thrown open to the public, a poor woman artist exhibits in an obscure studio, at 609 Broadway, a painting in many points superior to anything in the Academy, about which neither the press nor leading artists concern themselves. Why was not this great allegorical picture, which has been the work of years, placed in the Academy of Design? Though I am not an art critic, I cannot believe that a picture that impressed me so deeply is not worthy a place there. Though it may not possess great merit in the eyes of artists, it cannot be beneath notice and criticism.

A correspondent of the *Times* thus speaks of the woman and her work:

Lily Spencer's new picture, called "Truth Unveiling Falsehood," is destined to create a sensation among lovers of art, and especially those who take pride and pleasure in the development of home-talent. Mrs. Spencer (then Lily Martin), it will be remembered by your readers, began her career as an artist in Cincinnati, at the age of fifteen, and has achieved an enviable fame by her numerous character pictures, the engravings of some of which adorn the walls of rich and poor, from Bangor to California, and from the Lakes to the Balize. Her forte is in touching and spirited tableaux, with a spice of humor and pathos, sometimes broad, but always apt and never coarse. She married in Cincinnati and removed to New York some twenty-five years ago, and has pursued her loved art with an industry and pertinacity worthy of her great genius. Compelled by the necessities of a family, she has not heretofore been able to essay any great work. Her smaller efforts have always found ready sale to the engravers, some of whom have actually accumulated fortunes from the multiplication of her pictures, purchased for a hundred dollars or so.

For years absorbed in the ambition to paint something more commensurate with the grandeur of her ideal, she conceived the beautiful allegory which she has embodied in this picture, and thereby won for herself an honorable position among the first masters of the age. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Mansfield, who recognized her wonderful genius, introduced her, then a poor, struggling, friendless artist, to Mr. Longworth, the patron of artists in Cincinnati, par excellence. That gentleman was so delighted with her originality, enthusiasm and talent that he offered at once to send her to Europe to study (id est imitate) the old masters, on condition that for seven years she would attempt nothing original. Poor as she was, and with Europe, the elysium of artists seven years of careless leisure held out to her, the young artist said: "No, I cannot imitate; my pictures must be my own, if at all," and she struggled on and on, hoping and toiling, until at last she has achieved her cherished idea, and in a school of art peculiarly her own. The picture contains five life-sized figures.

In the centre stands Truth, a female draped in fleecy white, through whose transparent folds the form is visible. Light seems to emanate from it, not in rays so much as a soft, phosphorescent, luminous atmosphere, which brightens all around. The golden hair flows and floats gently over the shoulders and calm brow. The expression of the eyes is marvellous; they do not look at you, but you are conscious of a presence looking through you; calm but not cold, genial but without warmth, sympathetic without passion; neither love nor hate is predicable of the expression of the face; a quiet, dignified, earnest consciousness of power is apparent in the ensemble. The right arm is extended above the head of the Demon of Selfishness, and before the influence the mask of beauty and the robes of royalty are melting away, disclosing beneath the fierce eyes and hideous deformity of falsehood; at the feet of the demon Ignorance, in the form of a squalid, grizzly old woman, crouches on the earth, burying her head from the light in the folds of the falling robes.

The left hand of Truth rests on the shoulder of Confidence, represented by a young, beautiful mother, confidently resting her head against Truth. She bears Innocence on her lap, in the form of a babe, who, with one hand still toying with the breast, looks up surprised and pleased at the dazzling light of Truth. The figure of Selfishness also holds a dead infant to typify the destruction of Innocence, and it presents a vivid contrast to the beauty and vitality of the living child. On the

side of Selfishness and Ignorance, the vegetation appears blasted, while near Confidence and Innocence all is green and beautiful. The subject is one of the highest known to art, and the idea of the artist is pure and beautiful.

Two hours passed with Lily Spencer and her painting has been to me the most pleasant incident of the week.

To look alternately into her large thoughtful eyes, and the beautiful impersonation of Truth glowing on the canvass; to hear her denunciations of sham, hypocrisy and falsehood, and see all their hideous features concentrated in the demon of Selfishness unveiled before us, was such a realization of the originality, force and genius of the artist, that the picture seemed but the rounding out of each new thought she uttered.

Lily Spencer, the woman, is married, has eight children, has lived in narrow quarters and struggled with poverty all her days. Her hands, large and hard with constant toil, have performed all kinds of labor in doors and out. She is not a woman of culture, according to the schools, or polish of manner, and gives no thought or time to dress. The casual observer would see but few attractions, in form or feature, and, perhaps, pass her by without notice or interest.

Lily Spencer, the artist, is a pure, grand soul, lifted above all earthly sorrow and suffering by ever reaching out to the invisible; communing with great Nature; by seeking companionship, counsel and comfort only in mighty forests, majestic rivers and the eternal hills that in their solemn grandeur ever wait to bless all who worship in silence at their feet. E. C. S.

WOMEN AS CLERKS.—That there are excellent women, the very best of women, in the departments at Washington employed as clerks is beyond all question. No Hannah Tyler statements can change that. At the same time, enough is known of members of Congress to make it easy to believe that they have, many of them, no such regard for womanly virtue as to be over-scrupulous that all employed or approved should be eminent for its possession. Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, the gifted correspondent of the *N. Y. Independent*, says: While there are women in the departments who do the whole work of men for half the wages, there are many more who receive equal pay and do nothing at all. She says they parade the streets, flirt in the halls, make tatting and crochets, and are paid for their performances out of the United States Treasury, while said Treasury is kept in funds by the taxation of hard-working people.

THE GALLOWES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—It is said the Pennsylvania Legislature has virtually abolished the gallows. It is time. Every state should honor itself by a similar deed of humane civilization. The time will come when the story of our public hangings will be told with shuddering horror. The state of Maine has sixteen persons deserving of death under her law, so the papers say, now in prison. Will they be hung? Never. Maine dare not hang them. Let those sixteen men be led out and executed, and not a life in that state would be safe an hour. Such a spectacle would so cheapen human life and deprave the reckless beings who are ever within one mile or one midnight of murder, that they would no more hesitate to kill a man for his clothes than a sheep for her wool. Life will never be safe nor sacred, while governments kill as a penalty for crime.

SENATOR SPRAGUE.—The Boston *Commonwealth* says:

The idle and the thoughtless have been amused at Senator Sprague's tirades against his associates, . . . but the more discreet have either taken no notice of his ebullitions or secretly mourned that he should thus completely lose the little influence which it might be supposed attached to his position.

Some of the *thoughtful* as well as the "thoughtless" and of the *hard-working* as well as the "idle" have listened to Senator Sprague's late speeches. His "associates" aforesaid, are not to sneer their force or truth away, as some attempt, nor slander him down as others think to do, by intimations that whiskey is the source of his inspiration.

WOMAN AS PHYSICIAN.—The New York Medical College for Women is scattering its' jewels up and down the land. Miss Emily L. Manning, who graduated last year with distinguished honors, has settled in Hartford, Conn., under promising circumstances. She is a niece of Mrs. Dr. Lozier, of this city, the Dean of the college, a sketch of whose life and its remarkable achievements in the medical profession is contained in the *Biographies of American Women*. Young Miss Manning is a sister, too, of Dr. Anna Manning, already in large and successful practice in Norwich.

"UP BROADWAY."—Those of our readers who are specially interested in "Up Broadway" will like to know that "Eleanor Kirke" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Nellie Ames, whose graceful, vivacious sketches and stories, appearing in Frank Leslie's publications, are widely known and admired. She has begun a continued tale, "The Naughty Girl of the Family," in the *Boys and Girls Weekly*, which, with its sparkling, natural charm, will attract many readers of a larger growth than those for whom it was written.

WOMEN AS POSTMASTERS.—The President is appointing them in many places, but not nearly so many as he should. Some are called, too, to the paying offices which is better yet, and more remarkable. Richmond, Va., Leavenworth, Kan., Reading and Easton, Pa., and Brockport, in this state, are among the last. It is said the new Postmaster at Richmond shows enterprise. She has placed two ladies in charge of the ladies' delivery, established street letter boxes, increased the facilities for registration, and introduced other improvements.

A TOUCH OF NEW ORLEANS.—General Butler has transferred some of his New Orleans justice to Washington. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says: A short time since, as Gen. Butler was riding in the Pennsylvania ave. cars, a lady who was leaving the car remarked, as she passed him, "Look out for your spoons." The General promptly followed her, and ascertained that she was employed in the Treasury. She has now obtained a permanent leave of absence, and the General has had her place filled by a colored woman.

WOMAN IN HUNGARY.—The Alps answer to the Alleghenies. Revolution is everywhere the order of the day. The ladies of Hungary have asked Parliament to authorize the Queen of Hungary (the Empress Elizabeth of Austria) to appoint twenty female members of the Hungarian House of Magnates.