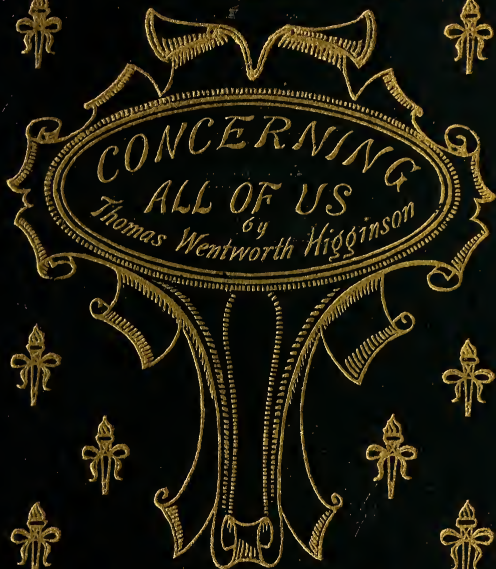
CONCERNING
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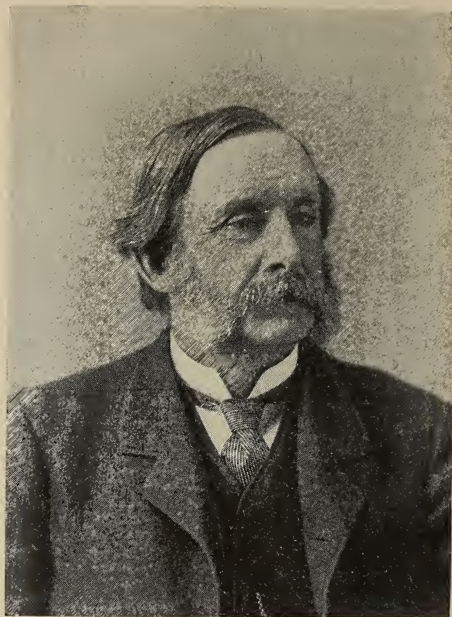
by
Thomas Wentworth Higginson



CONCERNING ALL OF US

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

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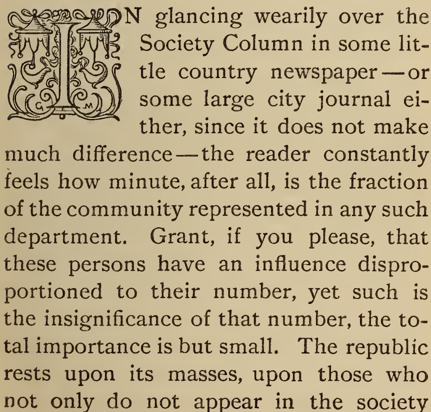
CONCERNING ALL OF US.

I.

THE PILLARS OF THE REPUBLIC.



N glancing wearily over the Society Column in some little country newspaper — or some large city journal either, since it does not make much difference — the reader constantly feels how minute, after all, is the fraction of the community represented in any such department. Grant, if you please, that these persons have an influence disproportioned to their number, yet such is the insignificance of that number, the total importance is but small. The republic rests upon its masses, upon those who not only do not appear in the society

columns, but do not even see them. I refer to those who would be called in other countries "the common people," but whom Charles Sumner more felicitously christened "the plain people." When we study "society people," we find them so small a handful that they hardly represent or typify anything; but when we have to deal with "the plain people," it sometimes comes over us with reverence and sometimes with dismay that those whom we observe are types—that they stand as representatives for good or for evil of thousands or millions more who are just like them.

I talked not long since in a country town with a woman between fifty and sixty, who was left a widow some fifteen years ago with ten children, including one unborn, and with no property but a hill farm of a hundred acres, which was mortgaged for seven hundred dollars. The children are now all grown to maturity, the mortgage is paid off, and the mother is still a hale and hearty woman, able to do a day's work with any one, and to dance the fisher's hornpipe, with

as much vivacity as any of her daughters or granddaughters, at the village ball. Consider what a force in American life is represented by one such woman; the value in war or peace of her six sons and her four daughters; the enormous source of evil which they might have proved had their inheritance and nurture been bad; and the amount of possible good represented when the inheritance and nurture have been, as they have, wholesome and cheerful and good. Let us not be unjust to the fine ladies; but when one compares the average "society woman," absorbed in her annual vibration between New York and Paris, with this strong and motherly being, rearing her brood out of sight on that hill-side farm, is there really any question which is, on the whole, the prop of the republic?

There is no particular talisman in farming; and there is many a mechanic's wife in the village, many a fisherman's wife on the sea-shore, who has done as much as the example I have suggested. So, doubtless, among business men's or professional men's families; the chief difference being

that these, being far less numerous, stand for very much less. "The interest of history," says Emerson, "lies in the fortunes of the poor." At any rate, the test of the republic is the condition of the many. During any ride of twenty-four or forty-eight hours by rail, passing through farm after farm, past town after town, over State after State of the Union, how little seems your own street or neighborhood at home! How few the people you intimately know! How insignificant everything compared with the teeming millions who make up the nation! No doubt a single town may adorn the nation, as Athens adorned Greece; a single brilliant mind, though living, like Ben Jonson, "in an alley," may be the source of more direct intellectual light than a wide landscape of factory villages. Genius and learning may dwell in the few, but the substantial prosperity of the State rests on the character and the comfort of the many. The unseen virtues, the patient endurance of the plain people, these are the pillars of the republic.

Those who go into our country neigh-

borhoods in summer have something to learn, as well as something to teach. If they are not country-bred themselves, they have yet to learn the lesson of the obscure virtues, of the natural kindnesses, of the simple public spirit, which lie behind these concealed lives. During war-time all men suddenly discovered this; war turned inside out all these quiet farm-houses, these little blocks of factory tenements, and showed the heroic human quality within. I remember when, after recruiting a company that went into camp in central Massachusetts, in 1862, I marched them one afternoon, by request, past the home of one of the youngest of my soldiers, that neighbors might gather to greet and admire their boy. It was one of those fine old isolated farms on the hill-side, with great elms drooping their branches to the very door-step, and there were parents and grandparents and sisters assembled, all tearful, and happy and proud amid their tears. There were cheers and greetings as we halted for a few moments; but that night I said to my young lieutenants: "We will never

do such a thing again. We never shall have the heart to send these boys into danger if we allow ourselves to associate them with their homes." The feeling was prophetic, for that young soldier, only eighteen years old, never looked on those ancestral elms again. It was only the commonest of occurrences, and every cottage in the land, North or South, a quarter of a century ago, was or might have been the scene of just such an incident.

It is one merit of our American life that whatever may be the differences of wealth or of training, there is no such complete sense of remoteness or of class distinction as exists in older countries. In the village church-yard we Americans repeat Gray's "Elegy" with a difference; the short but simple annals of the poor come nearer to us and belong to us. There is no peasantry in a township of landed proprietors; and the tranquil self-respect shown by the veriest rustic has as its foundation more of good manners than any cringing deference can display. Lowell says that if it is worth something to an English duke to have no social

superior, it is surely worth something to an American farmer. Mortgages and great tenant farms may in time impair this manly attitude, but they have not yet seriously damaged it. Yet it must always be remembered that the tendency is everywhere away from farms and into towns, where the formation of class feeling is easier, and is indeed—in factory towns, at least—almost inevitaole. But whatever social changes the future may bring, the fact certainly is that the test of the nation's condition must be found in the many, not in the few.

II.

GOOD SOCIETY AND THE BEST SOCIETY.

HERE are very few minor problems which may not be found well treated, at some point, in Miss Austen's admirable novels. The whole question of social limitations, for instance, is keenly analyzed when Henry Elliot, in *Persuasion*, gives serious counsel to his cousin Anne. She has just said to him, "My idea of good company is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company." "You are mistaken," he said, gently; "that is not good company; that is the best. Good company requires only birth, education, and manners; and with regard to education is not very nice." If this distinction held weight in the conventional England

of nearly a century ago, it holds more weight in the America of to-day, where neither birth, education, nor manners can be called absolutely essential in what is called good company; and the one consideration of wealth is often found enough, at least if in the second generation, to replace them all. The distinction between good society and the best society is to be found everywhere, and it commonly depends very much on one's individual ambition which of the two is to be sought. If it is hard to get into the good, it is equally hard to get into the best; but the standards of the two differ, and so do the methods to be adopted. In a city like New York, for instance, many a man belongs to the Century Club who could by no means get into the Knickerbocker Club; but it is equally true that many a man obtains membership of the Knickerbocker who could not possibly be chosen into the Century; and if all are satisfied no harm is done. But many are not satisfied. And it is the same with the other sex: many a woman, for instance, who is winning just reputation as an artist, is tor-

mented with the desire to be transferred to some worldly set, however dull. But there are, on the other hand, women who have all that fashionable life can give them, and who would gladly exchange it all for the more unconventional and sparkling life which is supposed, at least, to exist among artists and literary people.

It is always to be remembered that the limits of good society are fixed numerically by the size of our houses. Much of the newspaper complaint about the alleged "Four Hundred" of New York was rendered meaningless by the simple fact that this number represents the extreme limit of large private drawing-rooms, and the utmost practical convenience of a visiting list. There must therefore be a selection; and this selection is naturally made not on the basis of brains, but of the ability to dress well, or to "entertain" well, and, to a limited extent, of good manners. The same limitation of numbers applies even in a city like London. I once ventured to remark to the late Lady Amberley that I should think a purely aristocratic society must necessarily be

dull, because it must imply choosing one's guests not for their agreeableness, but for their rank, and this must bring in many stupid persons. She said that it would be so but for the fact that the English aristocracy was a body very much larger than any drawing-rooms would hold; there must, therefore, be a selection, and you might choose the pleasantest. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she added, naïvely, "who get hardly any attention whatever." This lumping of dukes' daughters *en masse* by one who had personally encountered and weighed them was certainly a delicious morsel for a curious American observer, and was worth whole pages of Thackeray. But it illustrates the plain fact that good society is self-limited in numbers; it has hard enough work to squeeze in all who are entitled to admission, whether on the basis of birth, as in London, or of wealth, as in New York; and as for its undertaking to go outside and bring in anybody on the basis of wit or knowledge or virtue, this is hardly to be expected.

Fortunately, there is apt to be more of

sense and discrimination in the individual members of any social circle than is apparent in the circle collectively. The same Lady Amberley—who was, it will be remembered, a very independent personage, and named a little daughter after Lucretia Mott—told me that she had been accustomed from childhood to see literary and scientific men received at the house of her father (Lord Stanley, of Alderley), as affording the most agreeable society. She had been used, in other words, not merely to good company, but to the best company, according to the standard laid down in Miss Austen's novel. The same trait is not unknown in the millionaire aristocracy of our cities; the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, for instance, had a marked taste not only for good society, but for the very best. In some respects we are better off in America: it must be owned that men of intellect in London manifest more of habitual deference towards the circles of rank than is shown by the corresponding class in this country towards the circles of wealth. In England rank looks down, and intellect to some extent

looks up; in America wealth may affect to look down, but it is very certain that intellect does not look up—a distinction which I am borrowing, I believe, from that very acute observer, Mr. Howells. In the cases which sometimes occur, where a man of promise in literature or science happens to come into wealth, abandons his pursuits, and devotes himself to playing billiards and driving four-in-hand, he is apt to be regarded, at least among his old associates, as having stepped downward. He has voluntarily dropped into merely good society out of the best society, where he belonged.

It is curious to notice, in the most newly organized American community, how those whose wealth has brought them into good company show a blind, unconscious longing for that which is the best. You can almost tell the stage at which the Silas Laphams have attained by the tastes they manifest. First come, of course, horses and the diamond pin, and many go no further. Many soon attain to gardens and greenhouses, then come picture-galleries, then music, and lastly books.

There are subdivisions even in these stages. In respect to books, for instance, the taste very often begins with the bindings; and it is only very gradually that the aspirant comes to be among that class of whom the book-fancier said, contemptuously: "Books, sir! I give you my word of honor that he knows nothing at all about books—except, perhaps, their insides!" So of manners, there is often a steady march from the eager rattle and ceaseless activity, which are all that merely good society asks, into the refinement and thoughtfulness which come where society is at its best. Art, study, even disinterested philanthropy, all tend not merely to brighten the thoughts, but to improve the manners. To discover the finest manners, we must often look away from the fashionables and fix our eyes on the saints—upon Quakeresses, Sisters of Charity, and women like Dinah in *Adam Bede*. And surely where the best manners are, in this sense, there is the best society.

III.

ANCESTORS WHO COME AFTER US.

HEN Slender, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," claims that his cousin Shallow is a gentleman born, and may write himself *armigero*, he adds, proudly, "All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may." Slender really builded better than he knew, and probably most of the applications at Herald's College in London, or at the offices of heraldic engravers in New York, are based on the principle he laid down. If you wish to be virtuous, educate your grandmother, is the principle attributed to Victor Hugo in Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels;* and greatness is generally marked in this country by an effort towards educing grandparents, at least, if not educating

them. Years ago, when the colored people of Boston wished to have a statue built to Crispus Attucks—a colored man, and claimed as the first martyr of the Revolution—Wendell Phillips wisely advised them, byway of vindicating Attucks's reputation, to establish their own. When a man makes himself useful and prominent, he said, by-and-by people remember that he had an ancestor who showed the same traits ; and then they say, " By-the-way, let us build him a statue." Sure enough, Crispus Attucks has at last his monument in Boston, and a very poor one it is.

This is, in Slender's fashion, creating ancestors that come after us. The case in which this was most thoroughly and triumphantly done is probably that recorded by Stuart, the painter, when he had a call from an Irishman in London who had become, through some lucky speculation, the possessor of a castle, and who appealed to Stuart to provide him with a family portrait gallery. Stuart naturally supposed that there were miniatures or pictures of some kind which he might

follow, but on arriving at the castle he found that there was nothing of the kind.

"Then how am I to paint your ancestors, if you have no ancestors?" he asked, in some indignation.

"Nothing is easier," said the Irishman. "You have only to paint me the ancestors that I ought to have had."

This appealed to Stuart's sense of humor, and he went to work, soon producing a series of knights in armor, judges in bushy wigs, and fine ladies with nosegays and lambs. His patron was so delighted with the result that he paid the artist twice the amount promised; and Stuart himself told the story to Josiah Quincy (the fourth Josiah), who repeats it in his amusing *Figures from the Past*. Here was Slender's fine conception literally carried out; the ancestors came afterwards because their enterprising successor had gone before.

It is a great mistake in foreigners to attribute, as they do, the universal American interest in genealogy to a lingering caste spirit; it is due, on the contrary, to a democratic cousinly feeling. The proof

of this lies in the fact that in all genealogical books among us a kinsman is a kinsman, and whether he happens to be a king or a day-laborer, he gets the same attention in the book; whereas all who have to follow up a line of descent through English authorities know the difficulty of tracing out the female branches and the younger sons. But there are doubtless many instances of those who wish to secure ancestors to come after them, and their proceedings are not always dignified. Take, for instance, the matter of coats of arms. We must always remember that a coat of arms meant in its day something honorable: that mailed hand had perhaps saved the State; that owl's head symbolized the wisdom of him whom it represented. Even the motto meant something, were it only that which the English wit advised the successful tobacconist to borrow, *Quid rides*. There are many instances where men attaining greatness honored themselves by recording the simple means of their prosperity on the crest they bore, as when Pope Urban IV. put on his coat of arms the cob-

bler's tools of his youth, or Bishop Willegis the wheels that his father had wrought. The visitor of the Goethe Haus at Frankfort still sees above the door the three horseshoes which his burgher father caused to be carved there, although the skilful carver fashioned them into a semblance of lyres, as if foreseeing that beneath that roof a poet was to be born. It would be very pleasant to see some man of independence, who had gained a fortune by making better boots or hats than his neighbors, commemorate on his crest the humble animal — bullock or beaver—to which he owed his estate; but I fear he is much more apt to seek out an engraver, and hunt up a griffin or a unicorn—some beast out of which nobody ever yet made an honest living, hide or horns—and assume that for his escutcheon.

However, to seek our own good or bad qualities in our ancestors — since we all have these relatives, whether high or humble—is always interesting, and is now taken up by science under fine names, is called "heredity" and "atavism," and must be

treated with respect. There is certainly something profoundly impressive in the recurrence of permanent types in families, often curiously disappearing and reappearing amid all the confusion of intermarriages. Every family portrait gallery has its value, whether it be the grim series of mailed ancestors in some English "Bleak House," or the series of equally grim photographs in round black frames on the walls of a log-cabin. They represent the steps of our evolution—the path by which we came to ourselves. The most insignificant person, the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," may have his value, were it only as one link in the series by which those family lineaments are ultimately to become strong and commanding and beautiful. When that end is once attained, all the preceding steps are of interest. When the great man appears, we wish his ancestors, like Shallow's, to come after him. To ennoble a man's posterity because of him often turns out a failure; the great hero frequently saddles the community with descendants who are quite unlike him; and even the Blenheim li-

brary and picture-gallery have thus come to the hammer. But there is a great deal to be said, surely, in favor of the Chinese practice, that, when a man is ennobled for public service, his ancestors to the remotest generation should be ennobled at the same time, on the very principle which Slender laid down.

IV.

THE LILLIPUTIAN THEORY OF WOMAN.

T is impossible to imagine any task in the way of writing so safe and sure as that of the woman who sets out to prove to her own satisfaction that her fellow-women are, as Carlyle said of his fellow-men, "mostly fools." Everything is in her favor; for either she must argue well or ill. In the former case she will prove her proposition; in the latter case she will illustrate it. If she is a triumphant and convincing advocate, it is well; if she is inconclusive, evasive, ignorant, so much the better. Either she is the logical demonstrator of woman's folly or she is the terrible example; in either case, she can write Q.E.D. at the end of her proposition. No one else—unless it be an enfeebled American de-

nouncing his country in a fashionable club-house — has the same advantage. The typical Algernon or Chollie can indeed say, "If you doubt that this nation is reduced to a very low pass, look at me!" and can bring down the house by that simple argument. Chollie, too, will be glad to hear that even if his own brains are limited, those of the mother that bore him and the sister who vainly tried to coach him through college are more restricted still. So the body of ladies who argue against the brains of their own sex are sure not merely of their argument, but of their audience; and every dull youth who feels flattered and every bright girl who feels a little ashamed of her own brightness can be relied upon for applause.

The acknowledged queen and head of these disputants—she who has for twenty years held a contract, so to speak, for reducing her own sex to Lilliputian dimensions—is Mrs. Lynn Linton, of London. She alone has brought to the effort a great deal of wit, ingenuity, and the skill of a practised writer. Compared to her,

the other experimenters on the same theme are crude and inexperienced. But even Mrs. Linton cannot hide the fact that it is really, if you stop to consider it, a great step forward in the progress of woman to have the contest rage round the question whether she has an adequate supply of brains. It is but a few centuries since the point of question was not so much whether she possessed adequate brains, but whether she was to be regarded as a human being at all. When at Wittenberg (A.D. 1671) a solemn academical debate was held between Franciscus Henricus Hoeltich, *Jur. Doctor*, who maintained the thesis, "Fœmina non est homo" (a woman is not a human being), and Johannes Casparus, who maintained the other side, no doubt the Mrs. Lynn Lintons of that day, if they had been allowed to be present, would have clapped their hands in favor of the erudite Dr. Hoeltich. Or if they had been present when the discussion took place in print (A.D. 1595) at Halle between "Anonymus," who urged the same doctrine, "Mulieres homines non esse," they would doubtless have

sided with him, and by no means with his opponent, Simon Gediccus, S.T.D., who wrote a "Defensus Sexus Muliebris," and thus took his share manfully in what was announced as a very pleasant debate (*Disputatio perjucunda*).

However painful it may be, we must admit that these ancient advocates of woman have accomplished something, and that the debate has now come down to the oft-discussed question whether woman has, on the whole, given as much evidence of genius as could reasonably be expected. Here the argument must be from history alone; and here again sophistry is always easy, because, whatever your thesis, it is easy enough to exclude all the inconvenient facts. For instance, you can set aside the question whether Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are to be immortal, inasmuch as none of us have lived long enough to test their immortality. Then, if you wish to leave out of sight an extraordinary instance of feminine genius that is truly immortal, you have only to omit the name of Sappho. The one poem in all litera-

ture that has probably been oftenest translated is Sappho's "Ode to Aphrodite;" and as three different editions of her poems, with both the Greek and English text, have been published in England and America within six years—an honor accorded to no other Greek poet—we may fairly conclude that her fame is not waning. Shakespeare lived little more than two centuries ago; Sappho lived twenty-five centuries ago. Which fame has time tested the more thoroughly? Which has travelled furthest on the road to immortality? Symonds says of her, "Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and illimitable grace." Swinburne, himself the highest living master of verbal music, says of her, "Her remaining verses are the supreme success, the final achievement of the poetic art." And yet we are called upon to read little disquisitions by youths and maidens on the genius or want of genius of woman; discourses in which this wonder of an-

tique genius is not even mentioned by name, or mentioned only to be classed with the "Sweet Singer of Michigan."

Again, the prominence of Jane Austen as the real leader of the modern realistic school is so unmistakable as to have pierced even the attention of Paris, always so deaf to English names. Cite her as a woman of genius, and the answer always is, "But the test of genius is to create a character of universal acceptance —a Robinson Crusoe, a Don Quixote." Very well. How many such world-wide characters has the last half-century created? Precisely one, and that one the creation of a woman! The one book that has been circulated by millions; the one book whose translations the British Museum has especially collected because they exceed in number and variety the versions of any other book save the Bible only; the book whose hero impressed profoundly by his personal qualities not merely the pious and the sentimental, but George Sand and Henry Heine—this book is *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Yet you will generally find it as conveniently ignored as

Sappho is ignored, by those who write to advocate what may be called the Lilliputian theory of woman.

The truth has been told so often that it hardly needs repetition. Woman has been developed intellectually, as all acknowledge, later than man. The reason is simple: During the period of physical despotism this influence carried with it mental despotism as well, and the more finely organized sex inevitably yielded to the coarser. Over the greater part of the globe to the present day women cannot read and write. It was only in the time of George IV. that there was abandoned, even in England, the old law of "Benefit of Clergy," which exempted from civil punishment those who could read and write — the assumption being that no woman should have benefit of clergy. A hundred years ago, in our own country, we know by the letters of Abigail Adams that the education of woman in the most favored families went little beyond reading and writing. All this is now swept away; but the tradition that lay behind it, "the shadow of the harem" as it has

been called, is not swept away—the tradition that it is the duty of woman to efface herself. Mlle. de Scudéry wrote half the novels that bore her brother's name, and he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it; yet he drew his sword on a friend who had doubted his claim to have written them all. Nobody now doubts that Fanny Mendelssohn wrote many of the "Songs Without Words" under her brother's name, but she was suppressed by the whole family the moment she proposed to publish any music as her own. Lord Houghton learned in Germany that a great part of Neander's *Church History* was written by his sister, but the cyclopædias do not include her name. On the whole, it is better to wait a few centuries before denying lyric genius to the successors of Sappho and music to the sister of Fanny Mendelsshon.

V.

LITTLE SOCIAL CIRCLES.

T seems very fortunate that those who came before us, and laid out a nationality bounded by two great oceans, excluded by that action all possibility of a metropolis. This guarantees us not only political but social variety; instead of one circle somewhere that imposes its laws on all the rest, there are already—and will be more and more —a variety of social centres, as independent of one another as Athens and Sparta or as Dresden and Vienna. Each, no doubt, will have its set of a few hundred who take the lead, and this circle will call itself "society," and will sometimes write its little memoirs, and always lay down its little laws. But the laws are powerless outside of a radius of fifty miles,

and the memoirs are read beyond that limit rather for amusement than for edification. In a monarchical country the distinctions proceeding from the centre are valid everywhere; a title is a title as much at the Hebrides as in Mayfair; but here there is fortunately no such stamp, or *cachet*, of precedence. In summer Mount Desert, Newport, Saratoga, Lenox, Cape May, Long Branch, and the rest, have their separate little circles of distinction, each of supreme importance to itself; but all the exertions of the society correspondents cannot make the authority of any one of these watering-places valid at the other. In winter New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and so on indefinitely, have their own several standards and traditions, and doubtless their own *Society as I have Found It* for each. And this is, on the whole, as it should be. It offers a far better promise than if any one of these cities were dictating the laws of good manners, and all the rest were listening.

Travelling among the White Mountains

in the old stage days, the party of which I was a member stopped for the night in a little village, since conspicuous, but then having less than a thousand inhabitants. During the evening the hostess of the small hotel came in, and politely asked leave to exhibit to her own guests the travelling bonnet of the young lady of our party. "Some of our most fashionable ladies," she said, "happened in this evening, and I should like to show it to them." The bonnet was promptly lent, and was returned with a favorable verdict from the local fashionables—not the Four Hundred, but the Four or the Fourteen. That is true American society—a local self-respect, a local standard, joined with perfect willingness to take whatever comes by way of suggestion from elsewhere. There must be small social circles, for the continent is too large for a general one, however large. Of course these circles vary in importance, but they all have some. So far as parentage is their standard, one may live anywhere and possess a grandfather; it is one of the most transportable of commodities. So far as

wealth is the standard, it may have its headquarters in Pittsburg or Minneapolis as well as in New York or Chicago. So far as character, cultivation, or manners may afford the basis, they know no limitations of locality. Character is everywhere if religion or morals be there. You may find in Buffalo or Cincinnati, very likely, as large a proportion of persons who have travelled and speak foreign languages as in Boston or Philadelphia. And as to manners, the recent agreeable diary of Mr. R. H. Dana records his admiration of the fine manners of Virginia gentlemen who had perhaps never seen a city larger than Richmond. The sooner we get over the impression that any city—even London or Paris itself—monopolizes advantages or furnishes an unerring standard of good taste, the sooner we shall become really citizens of the world.

London borrows from Paris its cookery and the secondary name of its one comic journal, *Punch, or the London Charivari.* Paris goes to London for its men's clothing and its equipages. Both draw their learning from Germany. Americans also

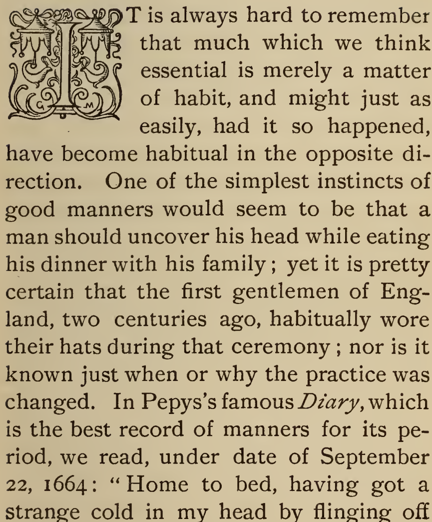
go to Germany for knowledge; they draw their pictures from Paris, their social habits from England. All this is as it should be; but if even these vast European capitals thus fail to monopolize anything good, or hold absolute precedence over all others, how can Meddybemps or Akron or Seattle expect to do it? We must accept the limitations of geography. Moreover, in each place there are many persons borne along on the current of good society who have no place there but by accident; whose grammar, whose manners, whose taste are utterly indefensible. When London and Paris are so little sensitive about their Americans, often accepting with applause those who have lost caste at home, or who never had it, why should any local standard be more trustworthy? One may see on any summer day behind dashing four-in-hands in Newport or Lenox men and women of whom it can by no means be said, as Mark Twain said of Queen Victoria, that they are eminently respectable, and quite the sort of person whom one would be willing to introduce into one's family.

We have to fall back at last for the standard of good manners and good morals not upon the few, but upon the many. The masses of the people are unquestionably more critical as to morality than any exclusive circle; and as to the essentials —not the conventialities—of good manners, these are to be found more securely among the many than among the few. We have the high authority of Mr. Bronson Howard for saying that a Bowery audience is far quicker than a fashionable New York audience to frown on anything really immoral in a play. More than one English nobleman has been forgiven in American drawing-rooms for conduct which would have caused him, if known, to be summarily ejected from a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Howells, with his usual penetration, selects a rough Californian as the man who patrols the sleeping-car to be the self-appointed protector of the ladies. An unprotected girl may travel by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and meet with less of real rudeness or unkindness than she might encounter in a single evening, even from

her own sex, at some very exclusive ball. The little social circles have their value, and a very great value; they furnish a part of the education and experience of social life. Where they happen to be under the leadership of a really cultivated and high-minded woman they afford not merely a school of deportment, but of life. Where they are—as is quite as likely—under a very different style of leadership, the results correspond. In all parts of the world there are women whose forms are covered with diamonds, but who still carry an inalienable vulgarity in their souls. In the long-run, the safety of our national morals and manners does not lie in any of the little social circles, but in the average sense and breeding of the vast public from which those circles are constantly recruited.

VI.

THE MERELY CONVENTIONAL.



T is always hard to remember that much which we think essential is merely a matter of habit, and might just as easily, had it so happened, have become habitual in the opposite direction. One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England, two centuries ago, habitually wore their hats during that ceremony; nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys's famous *Diary*, which is the best record of manners for its period, we read, under date of September 22, 1664: "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off

my hat at dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck." In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age, he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of Parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventionality, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter-of-course affairs.

Now this is more true of women than of men, because the position of woman has been more shifting and far more gradually determined. Every change made in her position, from the unveiling of the face to the emancipation of the brain, has been won for her against conventionalities a thousand or two years old; and each alteration, when made, has seemed single and exceptional, bringing with it no other.

But time and human nature are very logical and never stop half-way. When it is once settled that woman herself, and not man alone, is to determine her destiny, a great many unexpected things follow. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in a late address before the "Positivists" in England, says that no woman should go through any difficult university examinations, but that those belong to man, "because it is his nature." It is doubtful whether a Zulu or a Feejee Islander would accept this precise reading of man's nature, and he might ask how Mr. Harrison discovered a fact so startling. But if he might ask it, still more might the woman, who thinks it quite too much for Mr. Harrison to settle his own position in the universe and hers too. The one great discovery in modern times is that woman herself is to have a voice in these matters. That once established, the logic of events will take care of the rest. The first actress was an innovation; so was the first woman who became a physician, a lawyer, a preacher. I can remember when the thought of either of these three voca-

tions as filled by a woman seemed a little startling, even to minds not very conservative. When Lady Amberley came to this country twenty years ago, a Philadelphia lady of secure social position told me that it needed a good deal of moral courage to invite two or three women physicians to a reception held for her, although they were precisely the persons whom the young English radical wished most to see. Even now most persons similarly situated would confess to a pang on introducing a lady at the dinner-table as "The Reverend Mrs. Brown." If we could only remember that all these fears and terrors are largely conventional, it would save some trouble. As long as the bird is in the egg, or the butterfly in the chrysalis, nothing can be imagined more compact and portable; it can be put away anywhere—shut in anywhere. It is only when the egg is broken, the chrysalis is pierced, and the creature is on the wing, that it must take its own direction, and we can merely look on.

We must especially remember that all conventionalities which assume in the slightest degree the religious character

have properly a peculiar hold on men's minds. Yet all these, so far as they relate to women, are impaired by the fact that they are tinged with the Oriental and mediæval theories that woman is not merely a weak, but an immoral being; more sensual, more prone to sin, than man. That she should set up for a source of spiritual authority or even influence was therefore a thing incongruous; it was not merely an offence against taste, but against morals. Boccaccio, the Italian novelist, who died in 1375, wrote a book, and almost the first book, to celebrate the dignity and importance of women, enumerating many examples taken from ancient and mediæval history. Alluding to the traditional Pope Joan—an Englishwoman who was said to have disguised her sex, and to have attained that high position—he treats her elevation with horror, not because of the deception, but of her sex. "God having compassion on his people," he says, "could not endure that a place so exalted should be occupied by a woman." (*Iddio avendo compassione dalla sua plebe non sopportò cosi eccelso loco*

essere occupato da una femina.) Not having at hand the original work, which is in Latin, I quote from the Italian version of 1547. Here we have the horror at something wholly unconventional, mingled with the feeling of religious impropriety. When Tennyson wrote in his "Princess" the imagined tale of a woman's college,

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,"

he would probably have been as much disturbed as Boccaccio at the thought of any actual fulfilment of his vision. For the offices created by the English universities are in a manner clerical positions, and are therefore held as inappropriate for women as the papal chair itself. We must remember that at the time when any convicted criminal in England could plead the "benefit of clergy," and have his neck spared by showing that he could read and write—"reading his neck-verse," Scott's moss-troopers therefore call it—it was assumed that no woman had any business to meddle with reading and writing, and so there was no "neck-verse" for

her. This, too, was a conventionalism; and so surrounded and hemmed in with them is the whole progress of society that we need to revise our convictions every year of our lives. We need, that is, constantly to judge all things in the light of first principles and fresh minds. It is necessary sometimes to deal with venerable prejudices after the manner of the greatest of English law reformers, Sir Samuel Romilly. When told that some unjust institution dated back to the days of the King Edwards, he replied, " What care I whether such a law was made by one set of barbarians or another ?"

VII.

EASY LESSONS IN CASTE.

T is curious to see how few of our English visitors can leave the country without kindly bequeathing some piece of good advice to sixty million people. It is still more curious to see how often this counsel turns on something to which the adviser's own experience has made him or her especially sensitive. Herbert Spencer, who is himself quite bald, alluded regretfully, at his farewell American dinner, to an increase of baldness which, as some one had informed him, marked this nation. And now Mrs. Kendal, a charming actress, in whose favor, the newspapers say, "the laws of social caste have been a good deal relaxed in New York," cautions the New Yorkers, in a published interview, that they must

really not let this relaxing go too far. A hundred years ago, we know, the social line was drawn at actors and actresses, and Dr. Samuel Johnson would allow them no better epithet than "amusing vagabonds." Now this preposterous prejudice is withdrawn; but it is still important, Mrs. Kendal thinks, that we should continue to draw a similar line at domestic servants. "Your servants dress too well," she says. "All our servants have a costume prescribed. No girl in my house can wear a fringe. I tell her plainly she must part her hair, and comb it neatly back beneath a cap, and she must wear an apron, and no jewelry but a ribbon round her neck. Only a lady's-maid may wear a brooch and go without the cap, but she must wear an apron. They must wear their caps at the theatre, too. Why, if they didn't, I would wear one myself. There must be a distinction made somehow."

Now no one can wonder that a lady whose main life is in the stage and its traditions should incline to a picturesque make-up in her own household. So the

late Mrs. Cameron, the eminent amateur photographer of the Isle of Wight, was said to select her maids with reference to their availability for grouping, and her door was invariably opened to you by somebody with a Grecian profile. A caste costume is certainly more picturesque than the ordinary civilized garb; but when it reaches the point where it can only be maintained by compulsion, you must consider your means of compelling. Every tourist deplores the steady disappearance of costume all the world over; it has vanished from Scotland, almost vanished from Switzerland, is vanishing in the Tyrol, and beginning to totter even in Japan. Only two things can preserve it—law and money. The former is not invoked in this case; and even in Russia, where a woman-servant can be ordered fifty lashes, it is said, at the public place of punishment, for "having followers" against the will of her mistress, it is not recorded that she can be knouted for wearing a brooch. Modern civilization is defective, it must be owned, in resources for insisting on these fine

social demarcations; and when it comes to money, it is but little more efficacious. In a country where it is hard to get a good house-maid, even if encumbered with a bonnet, it is impossible to make it always a part of the bargain that she should wear a cap; nor can an employer risk the loss of a cook for the sake of a breastpin, when she lives in terror lest the cook be tempted away from her, any day, by a plain gold ring. Mrs. Kendal's whole social theory is based on the traditions of a country where there are more applicants than places. They are wholly inappropriate to a nation where there are more places than applicants. In other departments of labor it has come to be a motto that where two men are looking for one job, wages go down; and where two jobs are looking for one man, wages go up. But in our American household service the wages have been steadily rising until this time, and are rising yet.

And, moreover, Mrs. Kendal must know very well that even in Europe, with the advance of democratic feeling, these precious distinctions have grown less and less.

George Sand thought it the greatest proof of this advance, within her recollection, that men-servants had begun to sit instead of standing behind carriages; in her youth, she says, they always stood. William Austin, a very observing Boston lawyer, who visited London in 1802, records it as no uncommon thing to see in the streets of that city what he calls "a chariot and eight"—namely, a vehicle drawn by four horses, and with four liveried servants in lace and gold, one on the box, and three standing behind the carriage. Some carriages, he reports, had four straps behind, with room for four of these lackeys. How would such a spectacle have gratified the soul of Mrs. Kendal and her American proselytes! But in the last forty years, probably, you might have traversed the length and breadth of London without encountering "a chariot and eight." Nay, the inquisitive American, whose chief English desires are to inspect a queen, a beadle, and a powdered footman, has often to wait long before succeeding in either of the three quests; and begins to fancy that all these "survivals"

have at last disappeared and become extinct, like the dodo. Even the "Yellowplush" of Thackeray and the "proud young porter" of Cruikshank's "Lord Bateman" have also vanished. Your English friends tell you that London liveries have "ceased to be ludicrous," because the servants will no longer bear it; and in America liveries have never been ludicrous at all; they are usually a mere badge of office, like the uniform of a railway official. Even in this aspect, I am told, they greatly limit the range of selection in respect to household service, since so many persons otherwise trustworthy dislike to wear them.

And in England, as Mrs. Kendal must know, the difficulty goes far beyond this. The American in London is surprised to hear ladies discussing the perplexities of their households more frankly than Americans, and almost as helplessly. It was in England, not in America, that the book was written entitled *The Greatest Plague of Life*, and bearing on the service problem. The present writer has heard English ladies comparing notes upon this very

question of enforcing a costume, and deploring failure; he has even heard one of them lament in lively terms how she had attempted to have all letters refused from the hands of the postman at her door, if addressed to any of her servants with the prefix "Miss," and how ignominiously she had been compelled at last to surrender to the levelling spirit of the age. This was a dozen years ago, and there is no reason to think that the tide has turned again. So long as England is over-populated with the poor, the discipline as to "fringes" and "caps at the theatre" may still be enforced; but the tendencies look unfavorable even there. Times change. It is but a little more than two hundred years since Evelyn in his diary called it "an atheistical liberty" for women to appear on the dramatic stage; and if a privilege once so novel as to be called atheistical is now conceded freely to one deserving class, it is too late to refuse a few added social privileges to another. It is worth while to remember also that Mrs. Kendal may very possibly have been misunderstood by some too zealous reporter, and

that what she really said may have been more sensible than it appears in his version. She has certainly given innocent pleasure to so many of us by her acting that she merits all possible allowances of this kind.

VIII.

THE THEORY OF UNIVERSAL VULGARITY.

LADY of some social experience told me the other day that her existence was made a burden by young women, who came to her in increasing numbers imploring items for the society column of some newspaper, insisting on looking at her engagement book, inspecting her cards and invitations, ascertaining where she went last, who was present, what they wore, what they said, what they did, and what they looked as if they were going to wear and say and do next time. At first, she said, the inquirers did this in a rather shamefaced way, as if conscious of indelicacy; but as time went on they grew more hardened in the matter, till they usually ended in assuming that they were really doing her

a favor in all this, and that it was a mere affectation in her to wish for any privacy whatever. In other words, they assumed her to be an essentially vulgar person, in the dictionary sense of the word vulgarity — "mean or coarse conduct." For what can be meaner than, when you profess pleasure in seeing your friends, to be really counting up their numbers for the columns of the *Daily Key-hole*; or what can be coarser than, when you go to their houses, to be planning to meet a reporter on your way back, and confide to her whether your hostess's dear daughters had on new gowns, or only their last winter's dresses cleverly disguised? Yet this, and nothing less than this, is what your reporter will demand of you, and this is the outcome of the whole theory of her column. So, at least, reasoned my friend.

The picture may seem overstrained, but the experience of a mere man is enough to justify many of its features. The worst of it is that mere kindness, the mere wish to assist a young woman in making a living, leads their good-natured informants

to help them on the downward path. It is as if, when the son of an old friend turns barkeeper, you should help him to make a living by patronizing his bar. The sterner kindness of starving out is thought too heroic a method in such cases; whereas in reality it is only the reformed barkeeper or the reformed society-correspondent whom one should strain every sinew to befriend. Surely it is a cruel position to enter on a path which compels you to assume that every human being around you is of essentially vulgar mind; that there is no real hospitality, no pleasure in receiving your friends and making them happy, or in being present where others do it; but that all which lies behind the most sumptuous entertainment is the hope of an appreciative paragraph in the *Key-hole!* We all know that it is not necessarily so in our own case; the reporter herself knows that she can call in some other reporter to partake of a lavish ice-cream without being governed by the hope of fame as embodied in an item. Why should she assume that those who invite a hundred friends instead of one

have no honesty of mind left? Above all, why should she assume that this insincerity only increases in the most cultivated or the most favored class, whereas it would naturally seem that it must diminish as position becomes assured and recognized and unquestionable?

When Thackeray's Becky Sharp, on her downward way, secures at last an invitation to the private and select entertainments of Lady Steyne, she is in the highest degree delighted, and wishes the whole world to know of her distinction; whereas the ladies who were of poor Lady Steyne's accustomed circle doubtless cared very little to see their names gazetted. To them their presence was a matter of course. It is the new-comer, the stranger, the person of doubtful *status*, who yearns for the public advertisement. The leader of society or the reigning belle is pretty sure to see much more about herself in the society column than she desires. It is clear that in some ways, as our social tendencies develop, there is more real taste for privacy instead of less. In our larger cities it is not now consid-

ered good form, for instance, to have a name on one's door-plate, whereas that amount of innocent self-advertising was formerly deemed essential. It was quite refreshing to read the other day, in a Sunday paper, this confession from a veteran society correspondent: "When Mrs. Blank gives a big ball, down goes the reporter to find out all about the decorations, the music, and who is to lead the german, for his or her paper. Nine times out of ten, however, the reporter meets with anything but a polite reception. . . . They are refused all information, and almost put out of the domicile into which they have intruded." For a long time I have seen no statement more encouraging. Yet what is this but an admission that the reporter's attitude was really ill-founded; that there existed no such universal vulgarity of mind as it imputed; and that the *Daily Key-hole* really lived, moved, and had what it was pleased to call its being, under a mistake?

Let us, however, be just to the reporter. While it may be quite true, as this

writer admits, that nine persons out of ten have some sense of propriety or privacy, it is also probably true that there are at least one-tenth who have none. In a large city this mere tenth part is numerous enough to fill twice over the chosen columns of the *Key-hole*. It is this class, also, which takes that organ and its fellows; and it is with this class that the young reporter has largely to deal. It must be conceded, moreover, that one never knows exactly where to look for such instances.

During a somewhat long experience of Newport life, the present writer knew some amazing instances of persons who were indignant against what they called the outrages of reporters, while they yet privately sent consoling bank-notes, the day after, to successful offenders. All this is of course fearfully demoralizing to the sinners themselves, and helps to convince them that all seeming refinement is but gilded hypocrisy. Yet it is in the very nature of things that this double-dealing is found not at the top of society, but further down; not among those who

have succeeded, but among those who aim at success. For success at once brings the desire to be choice, to be select, to bring down one's four thousand quasi-acquaintances to a picked four hundred, and again to condense the four hundred into one hundred—*la crème de la crème de la crème*. Happily this final result does not require publicity, but its reverse. You do not get ottar of roses by advertising at the street corners for rose petals to be delivered by the cart-load.

It is very probable that all this carnival of publicity may be, in fact, a part of the evolution of society, and that the poorest form of social gossip may have its use. It may educate whole social classes above the need of that mere notoriety which is so very easy to attain, and may substitute that higher refinement which is simpler and more self-respecting. It is a mistake to suppose that we are, in our love of publicity, so very much worse than other countries; we do not, as in England, publish lists of wedding presents with the names of their donors—"Lord Tom-

noddy, a check for £100." But we have a great deal to learn, and the time will yet come when even more than nine-tenths of our households may show the reporter of the *Daily Key-hole* to the door.

IX.

FEMININE CONQUERORS.

T is a curious fact that the unwarlike sex in America should have fairly accomplished what the warlike sex never achieved — the conquest of the mother-country. American men repelled and defeated England in the Revolution, and again, though less conclusively, in the war of 1812, but they never conquered her. No American army ever even dreamed of landing on British soil and making conquest, but unarmed American women have done it again and again. The severest English critics, to whom everything else on this side of the water is obnoxious, make exception in favor of our women. The curious thing is that this one-sided victory is of very recent date, and goes back not much fur-

ther than the Franco-Prussian War and the fall of Louis Napoleon. Before that time — that is, before 1870 — American women had generally preferred the Continent of Europe, and had not fairly entered on the conquest of the British islands.

There is something very curious in this preference, by which one-half the community is selected in a foreign country for approval and even admiration, while the other half still remains under the shadow of social disapproval. Can it really be true, the observer asks, that the typical American woman is beautiful, witty, piquant, full of tact and adaptation, while the man of the same variety is plain, dull, awkward, and morose? The same soil has nurtured both, and the same social institutions; surely the mere difference of sex cannot lead to results so diametrically opposed. At any rate, the discrepancy must be very recent, for the earlier travellers never seemed to notice it. The first French visitors, who uniformly praised this infant country—Chastellux, Murat, De Tocqueville, De Beau-

mont, Rochambeau — praised both the women and the men. They found in Newport, in the words of one of them, "enlightened men and modest and handsome women." The early English visitors, who generally dispraised us, did it with impartial severity. The Halls and the Trollopes made no weak exceptions in behalf of the fairer sex. Thomas Aubury, one of Burgoyne's officers, said, with admirable discretion, in 1789: "The women are stiff and reserved, symmetrical, and have delicate complexions; the men are tall, thin, and generally long-visaged. Both sexes have universally bad teeth, which must probably be occasioned by their eating so much molasses." I can remember but one in the long line of early foreign critics who distinctly anticipated, through his discernment, the present marked preference for the female of the American human species. This was Thomas Ashe, who wrote in 1808, after a prolonged examination of the Western rivers, "I assure you that when I expressed the supreme disgust excited in me by the people of the United States, the ladies

were by no means included in the general censure."

This represents the attitude of European preference to-day. In that delightfully naïve French romance, *L'Américaine*, the young French hero goes to a New York ball, where all the belles are arrayed in French dresses, and are charming; but at first they occupy the ball-room alone. Later, their brothers and lovers come in dressed in red flannel shirts, and stand about the wall, smoking and spitting. This indicates the present point to which whole classes and even nations of Europeans have attained in their queer fancies about America. Perhaps it is something that one-half the human race is saved from condemnation, even at the expense of the other half. But it is curious that it should be in England, where the barriers of language and tradition should be least obstructive, that the unkind impression should linger most strongly. Matthew Arnold, for instance, says that "almost every one acknowledges that there is a charm in American women—a charm which you find in almost all of

them wherever you go." The secret of this charm he does not find in their voices and intonation, which he evidently disapproves, but "it is the charm of a natural manner—a manner not self-conscious, artificial, and constrained." This manner he attributes, and very properly, to the fact that they are not living, like the English middle classes, in the perpetual presence of an upper class, whom they imagine to be always criticising them. There may be circles, he says, trying to pass themselves off for such a class, but they command no recognition, no authority, and the average American woman is as unconcerned and happy as if they did not exist. This is penetrating and admirable; it is one of those strokes of intermittent good sense with which Arnold often surprises us, sprinkled here and there among childish frettings over cab fares and Chicago personals; or passages where he asserts that a people who can tolerate such a name as Briggsville must be lacking in the sense of distinction, as if the English public did not quite as cheerfully tolerate Wormwood Scrubs

and Rotten Row. But we may take these remarks about American women as a counterpoise to these trivialities; and this not so much because he is good enough to commend them, but because he does it discriminatingly and for good reasons.

But the question always recurs, if you praise women for this, why not men? The great merit of our manners among men is a certain horizontal and level quality that belongs to them, the absence both of patronizing and cringing; that your neighbor, whatever his condition, meets you face to face without looking either up or down. Even the Southern negro, the moment he was emancipated, substituted the indeterminate and inoffensive "boss" for the old-time "master;" and the best appointed English groom learns after a year of acclimatization that he is separated by centuries of evolution from the "Yellowplush" of Thackeray. Even the lingering "sir" of this country is a phrase of mutual acknowledgment, not of deference. Nothing distinguishes an American man in England

more readily than this habit of equal courtesy, this refusal to be overawed, joined with perfect indifference to overawing. He does not find it necessary, like Anthony Trollope, to insert in his autobiography a discourse as to the proper treatment of his social superiors, because he does not recognize that he has social superiors at all, except in the most trivial and subordinate sense. If, now, this habitual attitude gives, in Matthew Arnold's opinion, ease and cheerfulness to a woman's manner, why does it not produce the same result with men? The probability is that it really does, and that in a few score of years longer this fact also will be recognized.

X.

THE FUTURE OF SMALL COUNTRY TOWNS.

"BY France," writes the sarcastic Heine, "I mean Paris, and not the provinces, for what the provinces think is of as little consequence as what one's legs think. It is the head that is the seat of our thoughts. . . . The men of the provinces with whom I have conversed have impressed me like mile-stones, bearing inscribed upon their foreheads the distance, more or less great, from the capital." True as this still is in France, where even under the republic the expenditures of each little village are mainly determined for it by the central government, it is wholly untrue, and indeed almost meaningless, with us. As Carlyle defines it to be the merit of gunpowder

that it makes all men alike tall, so it is the merit of the railway that it makes every one, occasionally at least, the temporary dweller in a metropolis. If a metropolis be a convenience, there are plenty of them ; indeed, every State of the Union has one or more. If we mean by metropolis a place which all men consent to regard in the light of a national centre, as they do London or Paris, we never shall have such a thing in America, for America is too large a continent ; but if we mean a city which is relatively a centre for many hundred miles around it, then not merely New York and Chicago, but a great many smaller cities would think themselves entitled to that claim. A metropolis is simply a mother city, and it holds that character just so far as the smaller places around it accept the filial relation —nothing more.

It is not yet fifty years since the people in our country villages lived by farming, the men making their own sleds, shingles, axe handles, scythes, brooms, ox bows, bread troughs, and mortars, the women carding, spinning, braiding, binding, and

dyeing. They sat round great fireplaces with hanging crane, fire-dogs, and a spit turned by hand or by clock-work; they made their own tallow-candles, and used, even on festive occasions, wooden blocks or raw potatoes for candlesticks; they ate from pewter kept bright by the wild scouring-rush (*Equisetum*); they doctored their own diseases by fifty different wild herbs, all gathered near home, and all put up in bags for the winter, or hung in rows of dried bunches. They spun by hour-glasses; they used dials, or had noon marks at different points on the farm; in many cases they did not sit down to regular meals, but each took a bowl of milk, and helped himself from the kettle of mashed potatoes or Indian pudding. Soap was made at home; cheese, pearlash, birch vinegar, cider, beer, baskets, straw hats. Each farm was a factory of odds and ends—a village store in itself, a laboratory of applied mechanics. Now all that period of sturdy individualism is as utterly passed by as the government of the Pharaohs; the society of Miss Murfree's Tennessee mountaineers is artificial and

sophisticated by comparison with it. The railroads have killed it all. Every process on the farm has been revolutionized by science or mechanical invention; every article can now be bought more cheaply than it can be made. The very mending of clothes now hardly marks the good housewife; you are told that it is cheaper for the elder daughter to go to work in the factory, and buy with her wages new suits of ready-made clothing for the boys. The difference between city and country life is no longer a difference in kind, but only of degree.

That difference in degree is enough to make the city life more popular, because it makes it better known, and the transfer more practicable. The statistics have been repeatedly printed which show all through Christendom this same tendency. Society in country villages is less gay and attractive in winter than formerly, because those who did most to make it attractive have now departed. The country lawyer, the country clergyman, is not now the highly educated man he once was, for education and ambition have led him to

migrate. This is true in winter, but in summer the tide turns again, and the most valued citizens of the village often come back in different guise. Once having had put into my hand a small sum of money for a village library, in a town of less than five hundred permanent inhabitants, I consulted with the library committee, one of whom turned out, although a native of the town, to have been the librarian and the president of a Western college, and to know more about libraries than I did. As one result of our deliberations, I remember, it was suggested by the villagers that, as they usually had a Shakespeare club in the winter, nothing would be more welcome than a complete set of Rolfe's *Shakespeare*, which was accordingly bought with a part of the money. This was for a village community of about a hundred families, but there are not many of our waning towns that can make quite so good a showing.

I do not see how anybody can help recognizing that we are on the eve of a great change of ownership of rural property. The alteration just described as having

taken place within fifty years is not greater than the next fifty years will show, if whole States of the Union go on negotiating, as they are already beginning to do, with city people to take up their abandoned or deteriorated farms for summer residence only. Estates of a thousand acres and more, owned by non-residents, are multiplying in the hill towns of New Hampshire, and we hear of a deer park of twenty-five thousand acres. The property thus taken is not wrested away from the poor, for if it were offered as a gift in small holdings it would not commonly be taken. It is precisely the poor who cannot afford to take it under existing conditions; it is only available as a toy for the rich man or as a play-place for his children. Surely it is a changing period for any region where a systematic and organized effort is made to bring in strangers for a nominal occupancy. No new theory of property, as of Mr. Bellamy or Mr. George, can essentially affect this situation, for, granting that the land really belongs to the whole community, this is the way in which the whole community

now wishes it to be used. Yet supposing the summer residents ultimately to hold every foot of land in the township, as is logically supposable, who will then be the legal citizens of the town? who will vote in its town meetings? who will decide its politics? who will represent it in the Legislature? It will be a situation not contemplated by our fathers, not laid down in the books. It is easy enough to adapt republican institutions to an occasional non-resident who is taxed and has no vote; but how is it with a whole community of non-residents — every inch of Lenox or Bethlehem or Marion owned in New York or St. Louis? We can only console ourselves with the thought that the human flexibility which has accepted so many changes can accept a few more, and that new remedies are discovered quite as rapidly as new diseases.

XI.

ON THE TRANSPLANTATION OF WEALTH.

N a rural city of New England I once expressed surprise at the evidences of wealth—the costly churches, the large public buildings, and the like. I was told that there was nothing strange about it, since every man for many miles around who had attained to large property—usually through manufacturing—preferred to move into the city.

"Then," I said, "you will at some time be a very wealthy community."

"No," my informant said; "for there is also an outflow. When such a man grows richer still, he removes farther on, and migrates to Boston or New York."

This is perfectly true, and this is as far, until recently, as the process has gone.

But it is destined to go a step further, and the same men will doubtless remove in many cases, as their accumulations go on, to London or Paris. Nothing can be more natural. Why should they not?

By that removal they are at once transported to a world where, in the first place, their antecedents are unknown, and all obliquities, if any, are ignored. Even Quebec and Montreal have afforded to many Americans a paradise through this sole consideration. Then, if they have nothing else to conceal, there may be an undesirable father or grandmother, and this shadow also disappears with the voyage. All Americans being viewed in Europe as alike plebeian in this respect, this obstacle, too, vanishes. All public demands disappear; men are no longer expected to contribute to public charities or private needs; no poor relations follow them across the Atlantic; local philanthropies cease to besiege them. All the luxury all the display, of Europe open before them, with no corresponding tax. They can render to the splendors around them the tribute of the corresponding splendor

born of wealth—a kind of tribute to which penniless rank is rarely indifferent in foreign parts. On the Continent rank itself can easily be had for money, and not by marriage alone. In England it can practically be attained by the marriage of a rich daughter to one of the ever-ready high-born wooers whom great wealth finds. Even this is hardly needful for an American, of whom no previous social rank is demanded; and though those who have recently converted a successful brewery into a peerage may be jealous of the new-comer, yet those of an older creation, secure in their own impregnable position, will smile on him and grace his entertainments. Mr. James has hinted that the way for a man to enter Paris with satisfaction to the carnal mind is to have his pockets well lined and his scruples well drugged. A man who seeks a dwelling-place in this spirit can unquestionably find more enjoyment in Europe than in America. Or even interpreting more mildly this somewhat cynical formula, an American woman of fashion who knows her Europe and has an unlimited supply

of money has unquestionably little to gain in returning to her own country, so far as mere selfish impulses rule.

It must always be borne in mind that the wealthy American is very much richer, when in Europe, than even those around him who have an equal apparent income. His whole expenditure is under his own control, while theirs is mortgaged in advance by so many debts contracted for them by others, so many costly establishments to be kept up, so many annuities to be paid, that it really counts for far less. In point of ready money, the unfettered and unanchored American, who simply draws his income on one side of the Atlantic and spends it on the other, goes far beyond them. By national temperament and habit, moreover, he carries his splendor more lightly and easily, troubles himself less about small economies, concerns himself less painfully about even the prospects of his own children. He knows that they will share and share alike, and that there is enough for all; while in England, at least, each younger son and daughter must be separately and

often laboriously portioned. The whole matter of money, indeed, instead of being regarded more seriously in America than in Europe, is really taken far more lightly, because it is here so much more readily made and lost. An American business man may easily have more ups and downs in a year than his steady-going English compeer in a lifetime.

This accounts for the infinitely greater prominence given to the financial aspects of marriage in Europe than in America. In France, as Mr. Brownell has acutely pointed out, marriage is not regarded as a contract between two individuals, but between two families. No English novel ever puzzled American readers more than Mrs. Walford's *Mr. Smith*, where a whole family of otherwise lady-like sisters go seriously to work, almost as a matter of solemn duty, to captivate an unknown and quite unprepossessing stranger, just arrived in town, solely on the ground that he has money. I have known a marriage engagement between a young Englishman and an American heiress to be broken off abruptly on the accidental discovery that

the youth had frankly stated such a marriage as being one of his aims. I knew him well. He was an accomplished and thoroughly estimable young fellow, since dead. He was of Oxford training, free from all vices, and would have made an admirable husband. No Englishman or Englishwoman would have thought the worse of him for his frankness, but the result was simply fatal. The event seemed, on the whole, creditable to our habits. I confess to preferring a civilization where, if such worldly wooings are sometimes practised, they at least proceed under cover of courtesy and silence.

The simple truth is that while the admiration for mere wealth is as old as the world, it is seen at its utmost in an aristocratic, not in a democratic, community. Hamerton has pointed out more than once how in England the two forms of social precedence interlock and support each other. An English merchant, long resident in New York, told me once that he was always impressed, on revisiting England, with the greater deference there paid to mere wealth, as compared with his

adopted country. He told me especially of an occasion when he rode in a carriage with two kinsmen, one of whom was very wealthy, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, while the other was unsuccessful and poor. It was the richer relative's carriage in which they were riding, and the other, although by far the more refined and cultivated man of the two, went uncovered in deference all the way. When my acquaintance remonstrated with him for this act of sycophancy, he admitted it, but answered, "That sort of thing may do very well in America, but you will find that a man must act quite differently here." The anecdote sheds floods of light upon the added felicities of wealth in Europe. Whether they are noble felicities is quite another question.

XII.

DOMESTIC SERVICE IN THE MILLENNIUM.

OUTHERN newspapers report the rise of an unwillingness among young colored women to do house-work since they "wish to be teachers." Probably this is a case of generalizing from a very few instances; but in these cases the impulse which we should call among white people a laudable ambition and desire for self-improvement, seems evidently quite a different thing under a dark skin. There is, to be sure, a constant complaint that it is hard to supply the demand for good colored teachers at the South. General Armstrong reports this from Hampton, and all the Peabody normal schools testify to the same thing. But inasmuch as each school-teacher makes for the time being one cook or

house-maid the less, and inasmuch as it is the habit everywhere to complain of the difficulty of getting good domestics, this lament falls in with the general dissatisfaction on the subject, and is being copied far and wide.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as our desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chamber-maids. We may not think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own; and this fact seems to damage most of our arguments for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, rightfully, that it was "menial service." Now if we draw the line at menial service for ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much vexed question seems to lie precisely there.

In discussing this ever-recurring problem it is well to fix our eyes on the pre-

cise point at issue. The dislike to domestic service, whether among whites or blacks, clearly does not come from the dislike of its duties strictly so called, such as cooking or washing. Those who refuse to become servants have commonly done these duties at the homes of their parents, and expect to do them in their own homes if married. The simple fact that there are in the United States (by the census of 1880) 9,945,916 families, and only 1,075,655 "domestic servants," settles that question. When we remember how many families have more than one domestic, it is probable that not more than one family in a dozen, taking the country at large, can be assumed to have any such servants at all. It is the normal condition, in fact, to do without them; and this being the case, it is evidently not the house-work alone that is alarming. It is in doing the house-work for other people that the difficulty lies. Here, again, it is not the want of proper compensation that creates opposition, for there is no direction in which wages have risen more steadily, or in which the difference between the Euro-

pean and American standards is more marked. The opposition must have another source. It is generally admitted, so far as I have found among the persons most concerned, that the life of a domestic servant is less laborious and more comfortable than that of other hired employés earning the same amount. The reasons given for preferring other work are always the same—the greater personal freedom after the work is over, and the dislike of a menial position. Unluckily both of these preferences are so directly in the line of American life — that is, of what we all instinctively feel—as to render it quite unlikely that they will be soon overcome. Practically these two points are one, since the restriction of liberty is but an indirect result of the menial position.

In trying to fix our minds on the real point at issue it is a good thing to compare the position of the domestic servant with that of the hired sick-nurse. The life of the nurse is a far harder one than that of the servant. She is more closely confined. And though she is more highly

paid, yet it is not this which makes her position more dignified and attractive. The main difference is that she is not a menial; she takes her orders from the doctor, not from the immediate employer. But she also gives her orders; she is supreme in her own domain, and, above all—oh, pleasing emancipation!—she is addressed not as "Bridget" or "Dinah," but as "Miss Jones." The fact that the domestic servant, even where the equal or superior in education or manners of the young lady of the house, is still expected to address her from childhood as "Miss Ethel," and to be addressed in return as plain "Jane"—this lies unquestionably at the foundation of more than half the popular dislike to domestic service. It certainly is not the whole key to it, for the governess in a family is called "Miss," and yet is constantly in other countries, and sometimes here, treated only as a higher menial, and dislikes her position as such. But the aversion to this recognized verbal token of inferiority is in itself just as unmistakable and just as logical as the refusal of General Washington to receive

or open a letter from the British commander because it was addressed "George Washington, Esq."

In the country, in a farmer's family, the "hired girl," if any, would probably be the superfluous daughter of a neighbor; she would call the daughter of the house "Mary" or "Sarah," and thus never strike the flag of her personal dignity. I knew an ingenious lady who used to maintain that the whole difficulty would be evaded by always employing widows, and having everybody address them as "Mrs." I do not know how this succeeded in practice; perhaps no better than the plan of an English lady I knew, who forbade the postman to deliver to her maids any letter addressed "Miss." That did not work very well, for the maids simply went out to get their letters, and then sent for their trunks. I certainly cannot suggest an immediate remedy. Domestic service must be done, and thus far in history the higher the civilization the more detached and complete its organization has been. We certainly cannot go back to the log-cabin; and the apartment-house, while making

service easier, has not yet superseded it. No doubt the progress of invention may do something; it has given automatic sweepers and clothes-wringers, and every can of condensed food may be regarded as a small automatic cook. These, however, are only beginnings, and perhaps not very promising. Fourier thought there might be a "sacred phalanx" by which the more repulsive duties in society might be joyfully undertaken. Mr. Bellamy, on the other hand, thinks that in a period of general enlightenment people will render these services to each other, and will scorn to take what they would not give. He also suggests that all the more arduous or unattractive labors will be equalized with those more attractive by shorter hours of labor. These are speculations for the future. The main thing to be recognized is that our republic must stand or fall by the essential dignity of labor, and that all arrangements which seem to deny this must be gradually remoulded, by-and-by, in some way that shall be logical and consistent with itself, even if the outcome is something we never could have predicted.

XIII.

ONE OF THACKERAY'S WOMEN.

HERE lately passed away, at Newport, Rhode Island, one who could justly be classed with Thackeray's women; one in whom Lady Kew would have taken delight; one in whom she would have found wit and memory and audacity rivalling her own; one who was at once old and young, poor and luxurious, one of the loneliest of human beings, and yet one of the most sociable. Miss Jane Stuart, the only surviving daughter of Gilbert Stuart, the artist, had dwelt all her life on the edge of art without being an artist, and at the brink of fashion without being fashionable. Living at times in something that approached penury, she was surrounded by friends who were rich and generous; so that she

often fulfilled Motley's famous saying, that one could do without the necessaries of life, but could not spare the luxuries. She was an essential part of the atmosphere of Newport; living near the "Old Stone Mill," she divided its celebrity, and, as all agreed, its doubtful antiquity; for her most intimate friends could not really guess within fifteen years how old she was, and strangers placed her anywhere from sixty to eighty. Her modest cottage, full of old furniture and pictures, was the resort of much that was fashionable on the days of her weekly receptions; superb equipages sometimes stood before the door; and if during any particular season she suspected a falling off in visitors, she would try some new device—a beautiful girl sitting in a certain carved arm-chair beneath an emblazoned window, like Keats's Madeline — or, when things grew desperate, a bench with a milk-pan and a pumpkin on the piazza, to give an innocently rural air. "My dear," she said on that occasion, "I must try something; rusticity is the dodge for me," and so the piazza looked that summer

like a transformation scene in *Cinderella*, with the fairy godmother not far off.

She inherited from her father in full the Bohemian temperament, and cultivated it so habitually through life that it was in full flower at a time when almost any other woman would have been repressed by age, poverty, and loneliness. At seventy or more she was still a born Mistress of the Revels, and could not be for five minutes in a house where a charade or a mask was going on without tapping at the most private door and plaintively imploring to be admitted as one of the conspirators. Once in, there was nothing too daring, too grotesque, or too juvenile for her to accept as her part, and successfully. In the modest winter sports of the narrowed Newport circle, when wit and ingenuity had to be invoked to replace the summer resources of wealth and display, she was an indispensable factor. She has been known to enact a Proud Sister in *Cinderella*, to be the performer on the penny whistle in the Children's Symphony, to march as the drum-major of the Ku-Klux-Klan, with a muff

for a shako, and to be the gorilla of a menagerie, with an artificial head. Nothing could make too great a demand upon her wit and vivacity, and her very face had a droll plainness more effective for histrionic purposes than a Grecian profile. She never lost dignity in these performances, for she never had anything that could be exactly described by that name; that was not her style. She had in its place a supply of common-sense and ready adaptation that took the place, when needed, of all starched propriety, and quite enabled her on serious occasions to hold her own.

But her social resources were not confined to occasions where she was one of an extemporized troupe: she was a host in herself; she had known everybody; her memory held the adventures and scandals of a generation, and these lost nothing on her lips. Then, when other resources were exhausted, and the candles had burned down, and the fire was low, and a few guests lingered, somebody would be sure to say, "Now, Miss Jane, tell us a ghost story." With a little, a very little

of coy reluctance, she would begin, in a voice at first commonplace, but presently dropping to a sort of mystic tone; she seemed to undergo a change like the gypsy queen in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess;" she was no longer a plain elderly woman in an economical gown, but she became a medium, a solemn weaver of spells so deep that they appeared to enchant herself. Whence came her stories, I wonder? not ghost stories alone, but blood-curdling murders and midnight terrors, of which she abated you not an item—for she was never squeamish—tales that all the police records could hardly match. Then, when she and her auditors were wrought up to the highest pitch, she began to tell fortunes; and here also she seemed not so much a performer as one performed upon—a Delphic priestess, a Cassandra. I never shall forget how she once made our blood run cold with the visions of coming danger that she conjured around a young married woman on whom there soon afterwards broke a wholly unexpected scandal that left her an exile in a foreign land. No

one ever knew, I believe, whether Miss Stuart spoke at that time with knowledge; perhaps she hardly knew herself; she always was, or affected to be, carried away beyond herself by these weird incantations.

She was not so much to be called affectionate or lovable as good-natured and kindly; and with an undisguised relish for the comfortable things of this world, and a very frank liking for the society of the rich and great, she was yet constant, after a fashion, to humbler friends, and liked to do them good turns. Much of her amiability took the form of flattery —a flattery so habitual that it lost all its grossness, and became almost a form of good deeds. She was sometimes justly accused of applying it to the wealthy and influential, but it was almost as freely exercised where she had nothing to gain by it; and it gave to the humblest the feeling that he was at least worth flattering. Even if he had a secret fear that what she said of him behind his back might be less encouraging, no matter; it was something to have been praised to his face. It

must be owned that her resources in the other direction were considerable, and Lord Steyne himself might have applauded when she was gradually led into mimicking some rich amateur who had pooh-poohed her pictures, or some intrusive dame who had patronizingly inspected her humble cot. It could not quite be said of her that her wit lived to play, not wound; and yet, after all, what she got out of life was so moderate, and so many women would have found their way of existence dreary enough, that it was impossible to grudge her these trifling indulgences.

Inheriting her father's love of the brush, she had little of his talent; her portraits of friends were generally transferred by degrees to dark corners; but there existed an impression that she was a good copyist of Stuart's pictures, and she was at one time a familiar figure in Boston, perched on a high stool, and copying those of his works which were transferred for safe-keeping from Faneuil Hall to the Art Museum. On one occasion, it was said, she grew tired of the long

process of copying, and took a canvas home with the eyes unpainted, putting them in, colored to please her own fancy, at Newport. Perhaps she invented this legend for her own amusement, for she never spared herself, and were she to read this poor sketch of her, would object to nothing but the tameness of its outlines.

XIV.

THE HABIT OF PROSTRATION.

NOTICING the other day, at a small gathering of people, that a young author of my acquaintance seemed to be receiving more than his accustomed share of smiles from the fair, I inquired the reason. "Do you not know?" was the reply. "He has lately written an article abusing us bitterly. That is the sure path to our hearts." It reminded me of the remark made somewhere by Mill that women have been so long used to subjection they have convinced themselves that they enjoy it; and of those Russian peasant women who grow jealous of their husbands, as wanting in conjugal fidelity, if they do not beat their wives as regularly as they once did. Colonel Valentine Baker, when dis-

missed by Queen Victoria from the British Army for an infamous assault on an unprotected girl, became at once a hero among men and women in England—patricians and plebeians. I can personally testify that admiring crowds gathered to greet a handsome American (Confederate) officer of the same name and rank, who was mistaken for the original miscreant; and we must wait to see whether Captain Verney and Mr. Hurlbert, the men most recently charged with offences in a similar direction, will not have a similar experience. Such things indicate, no doubt, the truth of what Hawthorne said, that the England of to-day is still the brutal old England of Smollett and Fielding; but they also show that the traditional subjection of women, "the shadow of the harem," still remains strong and unshaken, and finds many women, high and low, who can pardon its manifestations even in excess.

When a woman who had undergone untold sorrows and ignominies in her own home once appealed for advice to a woman far more experienced and gifted

than herself, the only counsel she got was. "Lie down on the floor and let your husband trample on you, if he will." Many women, as well as some men, still hold to this Oriental theory of prostration, as is seen by the protests made in England against the recent judicial decision which denies the right of a husband to imprison his wife forcibly within the limits of his own house. On the Continent of Europe it is probable that this might still be done legally. Indeed, on the Portuguese island of Fayal I was shown a house at whose upper window might sometimes be seen the face of a woman thus immured in a living grave by a jealous husband; for ten years, it was said, she had not descended the stairs. Readers of *Jane Eyre* will recall a similar situation. And as to other exercise of physical power, that quaint old black-letter work of A.D. 1632, *The Lawes Resolutions of Women's Rights, or The Lawes Provision for Women*, has an express chapter (B. iii., § 7) entitled "The Baron [*i. e.*, husband] may beate his wife." In opening this chapter, he says, "Justice Brooke (12 H. 8, fo. 4)

affirmeth plainly that if a man beat an outlaw, a traitor, a Pagan, his villein, or his wife, it is dispunishable, because by Law Common these persons can have no action: God send Gentlewomen better sport, or better companie." Afterwards he points out that there is a writ by which the husband can be prohibited from doing this "otherwise than appertaines to the office of a Husband for lawful and reasonable correction;" and he quaintly adds, "How farre that extendeth I cannot tell"—how thoroughly or extensively, that is, she may be beaten. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, it will be remembered, assumes unhesitatingly the same scarcely limited privilege.

We must always remember that every Englishman who helped to found the early American colonies, whether in Virginia or Massachusetts, had been bred under traditions like these. Every wife and every daughter of an Englishman had been bred to accept them. It takes more than three centuries to get out of the very blood an impression so deenly made. That it is already very much mod-

ified is plain. The old English "common law" is more or less relaxed throughout this country, and is being superseded more and more. Whole denominations of Christians have dropped the word "obey" from the marriage service. The great Roman Catholic Church never had it inserted, and even in the Episcopal Church it is occasionally omitted—I have personally known several instances—or when retained, it is constantly explained by the parties concerned, or even by clergymen, as a thing to be taken with a mental reservation. Two things have contributed to this—the constant increase in the number of women who earn incomes of their own, and the vast progress of the higher education. Either of these experiences very soon expands the wings of a strong feminine nature, and a return to the chrysalis is thenceforth impossible. It is out of the question to give woman equal education and equal property rights and yet keep her in the prostrate attitude she occupied when her earnings belonged to her husband, and when the law denied her the safeguard called "benefit of cler-

gy" on the ground that it was not supposable she could read or write.

The spirit of any age is always too strong for technicalities. Texts will be wrested; laws will be overruled; the new wine will burst the old bottles. It is useless to borrow trouble about it in this case; there are no marriages happier, no homes more ideal, than we see all around us in those parts of the United States where the husbands and wives are practically most nearly equal under the law. "Why should I be expected to obey my husband?" said to me, the other day, a lovely young girl of my acquaintance. "I am sure I should be very sorry to have him obey me." Yet she has since taken her marriage vows with due solemnity before the most dignified of bishops. This changed attitude, this assumption of a matter-of-course equality, shows that the old habit of prostration is gone, or going. The woman who enjoys being bullied and trampled upon is dying out from the world; she will soon survive in a few novels only; and not merely woman, but man will be the gainer. His happiness

will be increased not merely in quantity, but in quality, and he will be freed from that compensation of fate which causes every oppressed being to secure by wheedling what is denied as justice.

XV.

A HOME-MADE DIALECT.

T is the theory of Mr. Horatio Hale, probably our highest authority on such subjects, that the diversity of human language is largely to be explained by the spontaneous dialects of children. Innumerable instances have occurred, he says, of families of children who were separated from their parents or tribes, especially in a savage condition; and in these cases any impulsive effort at language might easily become a permanent dialect transmitted to later generations. Attention was called, a year or two since, in the papers, to some recorded instances of quite elaborate dialects which originated in the nursery. I have lately been brought in contact with another instance of this same thing—a language formed for their own amusement by two

girls of thirteen or thereabouts, both the children of eminent scientific men, and both unusually active-minded and observing in all ways. Both, it may be added, are essentially childlike and even shy in their manners, and more given to concealing than displaying their favorite pursuits. The words they have made are partly in the interest of this secrecy, in order that they can carry on their conversations undisturbed; and their dialect is in the most vivid sense a living language, inasmuch as new words are constantly being coined, on a co-operative method hereafter to be described. Many of the words are expressions of certain subtle shades of feeling, and these emotions are constantly called forth in new forms by the experiences of winter school and summer travel. They have now more than two hundred words, arranged in a manuscript dictionary, which must in some respects be more interesting than one of Volapük, in proportion as this childish language is less deliberately constructed and expresses more fully the unconscious adaptations of ear and sound.

The writer being for some weeks a house-mate and gradually a confidential friend of one of these young damsels, his attention was at first attracted by her inadvertent use of a word new to him, and having rather an Indian sound—*bojiwassis*. This word, of which the *o* is pronounced long, is employed, it appears, to signify "the feeling you have just before you jump, don't you know — when you mean to jump and want to do it, and are just a little bit afraid to do it." The word and its definition led further, so that other phases of feeling were elucidated. The sequel of *bojiwassis*, it is said, is *spygri*, defined as "the way you feel when you have just jumped and are awfully proud of it." *Krono* is when you are "very, very comfortable — too comfortable to move," as in an arm-chair, or the cleft of a rock, or the stern seat of a dory. *Kuorbi* is "the feeling you have in the dark when you are just going to bump into something;" *trando* is "when you look anxiously into the dark and see nothing;" *hauplo* is "a sinking feeling;" *mingie* is "the feeling you have in an elevator;"

piltis is "pleased with yourself, as when you have bought a Christmas present with your own money." These words, representing emotions, are accompanied by other words more objective, but often indicating somewhat impalpable conceptions. Thus *globberish* means "smooth and white;" *rishdaggy* describes one who is "limp, like city girls who can't do anything;" *faxy* is defined simply as "stuffy-parlorish;" and *stowish*, though a word in frequent use, could be brought no nearer a literal definition than "something middlish, unthought-of"—like Thursday, it was explained, among days of the week, or April among the months. Some words, again, are descriptive, with a flavor of sarcasm, as *munchy*, "conceited and vulgar;" *doyau*, "flirty;" and *pippadolify*, "stiff and starched, like the young army officers at Washington;" where, be it observed, both these young damsels have at times resided. This last word has certainly a descriptive vigor.

It is observed that the girls are very critical of their own vocabulary, and take evident enjoyment in certain words, while

quite dissatisfied with others; and the favorite words are those which sound most characteristic and are nearest to entire individuality and novelty. The word *galuptious*, for instance, which is defined as "you want a thing and yet you don't want it," did not seem to be regarded as sufficient. There seems a positive demand of the ear to be satisfied, and this indicates what most students of language now believe, that the combination of sound and sense is by no means an arbitrary or accidental thing, but expresses some real correspondence, however hard to trace out. When, for instance, the children coined, with the aid of a young lady in the family who was given to evening walks, the word *dulubrious* to describe the impression made by loneliness and darkness in such excursions, it is probable that the word *lugubrious* was the starting-point; but the introduction of the letter *d* seems to soften the word and introduce a suggestion of dimness and doubt, stopping far short of the lugubrious. In answer to the question whether it was easy to remember their own words, it was answered that it

was not, that it was necessary to write them down in order to fix them, and that they sometimes became gradually modified—doubtless with a general increase of expressiveness, before they took a final shape. The main point to be observed is that the whole process is spontaneous and pleasurable; that their new word is to these children what a sketch is to an artist or a poem to a poet—a record, more or less successful, of some phase of feeling or of fact that demands to be chronicled. It coins thought into syllables, and one can see that if a group of children like these were taken and isolated until they grew up, they would forget in time which words were their own and which were in Worcester's Dictionary; and *stowish* and *krono* and *bojiwassis* would gradually become permanent forms of speech.

It remains only to add that, in order to effect the process of coinage, there apparently has to be a certain amount of combined action. The two girls, with one or two others who occasionally lend a hand, agree to try to express a certain thing; and for this purpose each contrib-

utes a syllable or a letter, according as the word is to be long or short. They take turns in beginning; the others then follow; and after the word takes form it is licked into shape, so to speak, by joint deliberation. Thus, by way of experiment, about the evening fire, we undertook to hit upon a word to express "the feeling you have when you doubt whether to go or not to a place," and the result was the trisyllable *jan-stir-cy*, each syllable contributed by a different person; and this was pronounced by the young inventors to be tolerably good, but not what they should consider one of their very best words. Trivial as may appear all this, it is possible that such spontaneous action may yet throw light on the deepest problems of language, as Mr. W. J. Stillman has shown that the processes of art may have light thrown upon them by the seemingly fantastic drawings of untaught children. In these days of folk-lore societies, it will not surprise me to see some day the vocabulary of my young friends put in print, by some learned body, as scientific material.

XVI

"PROCESSES."

LADY of wide educational experience told, the other day, this story of a small school-boy whom she found in great distress over his lessons. When she asked what had been his particular trouble that day, he stated this arduous problem:

"If John has two red apples, and Charles has two, how many red apples have they both together?"

"Is that hard?" she said.

"Very hard," he said, sadly.

"But surely," she replied, "you know already that two and two make four; there can be no trouble about that?"

"Of course not," was the pathetic response. "Of course I know *that* well enough, Mrs. ——. But the process!—it's the process that wears me out."

No one who has had much to do with schools, and especially with public-schools, can help seeing the tremendous force of this infantine sarcasm. Multitudes of things which come so naturally into a child's mind that they might almost be taken for granted, are virtually taken from him, and offered him again in such a formal shape, and so environed with definitions and technicalities and "processes," that he is almost made unconscious that he ever knew them. It is not confined to arithmetic. Many children who have grown up under educated influences write better English—certainly more idiomatic, and often more correct—before studying English grammar than afterwards. They write as they speak, by ear, and the rules confuse more than they help. In the study of natural history I have heard exercises with "object-lessons" that seemed to me expressly contrived to stultify the human intellect; and this especially in normal-schools, where one young pupil stands up before the others, making believe that she knows everything, and her classmates sit before

her making believe that they know nothing. It is necessarily all a form and a "process." They go through the questions which the children are supposed to ask about the object; and of course, if the real children do not ask the right questions, they must be taught to ask them. They must wish to know what they ought to wish to know; and they must be told what they ought to wish to know, not what they really desire. When the young teacher faces real children, therefore, instead of studying their actual minds, she proceeds on a method previously arranged.

Perhaps it is a stuffed bird which she holds up before them. She says, as she has been taught to say, "Children, what is this?" One boy shouts, "It's a jay." Another says, almost simultaneously, "It's a blue-jay." Then the teacher explains to them that this is not the proper answer at all. They must answer first, "A bird;" and then they must go on, with due surprise, to the information that it has two legs and has wings; and by-and-by, after plenty of systematic preparation, they

may proceed to the fact that the bird is a jay, and even a blue-jay—all this being something which they knew perfectly well already, but must not be permitted to recognize in any unmethodical or disorderly form. The consequence is that the bright and observing children, who ought to be the leaders of the class, are deadened and discouraged, and all of the laurels go to the unobservant and the stupid, who never noticed a bird in their lives, and would not do anything so unseemly as to pronounce any stuffed object a blue-jay until the teacher had led them up to it by a logical and irresistible process.

It did not surprise me, in the discussion which elicited the anecdote with which I began, when a later speaker, a man who had spent many successful years as teacher and school superintendent, expressed frankly the opinion that there were many schools which simply stultified their pupils, instead of enlightening them; and when he asserted, as a general proposition, that at least thirty per cent. of the time in our public-schools was devoted simply to teaching over again to

children, in a more elaborate and artificial way, what they already knew perfectly well in their own way, the time being given, in other words, to the "process," not to the real thing. It is something, I suppose, which all the best teachers will admit as an evil, and something which they struggle against all the time. At some points certainly there has been much improvement made; thus, reading and spelling are taught far more easily than they once were, and in a less mechanical way. The same is true, in many schools, with grammar, geography, and history; and when one considers what large schools our teachers have, and of what heterogeneous materials, and under what uncertain supervision, one may well wonder that they accomplish as much as they do. They certainly achieve almost everywhere some training in the elementary duties of obedience, order, self-control, patience, and propriety. This is much; and the time is coming when they will impart more of the substance of intellectual training, with less of the "process."

And what is true of schools is true in

other ways, and especially of the usages of society. Here, also, there is an immense deal of artificial training, often simply teaching in a more elaborate way what is the natural outgrowth of a good home. The basis of all manners lies in the gentleness, the self-control, the unselfishness, which a good mother teaches her children, if she can, in a log-cabin or a mining camp; the uprightness, the conscientiousness, the self-respect, which can face queen or clown without being overcome by either. The little technicalities which society demands are very trivial; the "process" can be learned in twenty-four hours by an observing person; but the foundation of manners lies in character, and those who have not this foundation may at any moment be thrown off their balance, and reveal themselves as boors or bores. It is desirable for a child to go to dancing-school, but all its artificial rules are not so good as the simple principle laid down by the boy in Mrs. Diaz's delightful *William Henry Letters:* "I told 'em I didn't see any need of going to dancing-school to learn how to en-

ter a room; I told 'em, just walk right in!" Savages often put us civilized beings to shame by the quiet dignity with which they accept novel situations for which they have had no tutoring, as Mrs. Leighton, in her *Life at Puget Sound*, describes the perfect propriety with which an Indian chief conducted himself at her table, although it was his first experience of the kind, and he might on any day be seen making his own meal from the shell-fish and sea-urchins on the beach. The first ingredient in good manners is self-respect; the second, that unselfish considerateness for others which is best to be learned in a refined and kindly home. All social graces are merely the imitation or elaboration of these high qualities. Tennyson well says, speaking of good manners,

> "Kind nature is the best; those manners next
> That fit us like a nature second-hand,
> Which are, indeed, the manners of the great."

XVII.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HEALTH.

IT is the general testimony of Americans who have lived much in England that appearances are deceptive, and that the greater share of flesh and color possessed by our transatlantic cousins is not always the indication of better health or greater strength. Even these outward attributes are not always the result of English residence. The late Rev. William Henry Channing, a very slender man, used to lament, on his occasional visits to this, his native land, that long years of English life had not given him an added pound of flesh, while all his early comrades had grown stouter in America. But even where these externals are possessed, they do not necessarily indicate any other physical advantage.

Certainly there are many parallels that might be drawn, in Plutarch's fashion, between conspicuous English and American examples. Mr. Gladstone hardly affords a more striking instance of prolonged intellectual activity than did, up to the same period of life, the late Mr. Bancroft; and certainly the dyspeptic old age of Carlyle and the perturbed intellect of Ruskin have been painfully unlike the serene and wholesome declining years of Whittier and Holmes. Among younger English intellectual workers, it is understood that Hamerton must live in France for his health's sake, and Symonds in Italy, and Stevenson in Samoa, while Henley is mainly known from his poems written in a hospital, and Kipling is mentioned as already broken down in health. Among all our younger American men of letters there is no such group of invalids. Among women, we hear of Florence Nightingale as wholly invalided for many years, while our own Clara Barton, after all her ordeal in our Civil War—an ordeal which, if less intense and concentrated than that of Florence Nightingale, was far more pro-

longed — is still in active vigor, and always ready, on a click of the telegraphic wire, to repair to any scene of war or pestilence or inundation where she and her Red Cross are needed. Dorothea Dix also continued her active and unceasing labors until well into the eighties. Such comparisons, if they do not give conclusive evidence, yet certainly appeal to the imagination, and set one thinking.

The truth probably is that the "added drop of nervous fluid" which has been attributed to the American race may have its influence in two ways. It wears out on one side, and yet sustains and builds up on the other. Imparing something of the vital forces, it yet extracts more work out of what is left. An accomplished American woman who had lived long in England, Miss Mary E. Beedy, once gave it as her opinion that, so far as philanthropic or administrative work went, what would seem a hard day's work to an Englishwoman would seem an easy day's work to an American of the same sex and age. We do not ourselves appreciate at what pace we are habitually driven by

that combined stimulus of climate and temperament which the late Thomas Gold Appleton well called "the whip of the sky." Who does not know in any American city some small, thin, pallid woman who belongs to a dozen important committees of usefulness, and does half the work of each? Who does not know the corresponding type in the country—the spare, strenuous farmer's wife who does, without "help," the whole house-work and washing of husband, children, and hired men, besides carrying on unaided that dairy which is the most profitable part of the establishment? No English farmer's wife, however robust and ruddy, accomplishes so much. When I remarked the other day to the pastor of one such woman that she worked too hard, he replied, "There is not a farmer's wife in this town who does not work too hard."

If it be said that many of these hard-working Americans, men or women, break down in the prime of life from overwork, that is also undeniable. But their strength is the same while it lasts, whether expend-

ed rapidly or slowly. Therefore the methods and appliances by which it is trained should recognize the fact of this changed climate and temperament, and deal with it accordingly. No one can prize more than the present writer the immense advance made in athletic habits among us within a half of a century, but it has its drawbacks. A good deal of our progress is still nervous, when it should be muscular. It is hard to avoid noticing in our amateur athletic exhibitions, especially among women, that some of the best performers, even the teachers themselves, have a look which is the reverse of solid. There is very often a strained, worn aspect, as of excessive nervous tension, so that the better the instructor swings the clubs or gyrates on the parallel bars, the more suggestion is given of a possible nervous prostration waiting not far off. Indeed, it happens not very seldom that the woman who becomes a teacher of physiology has herself begun by breaking down, so that though she has brought herself back to what she calls health, she never again attains to

the look of it. Dr. Johnson parodied the line,

> "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,"

by making it read,

> "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

If we stipulated that every woman who teaches people to be well should also be well and look well herself, we should be carrying the same demand a step further. This would not be so easy, perhaps, in a land where the mercury sometimes changes forty degrees in the twenty-four hours, as in an equable climate like that of England — more suited, perhaps, than any other to daily out-door exercise throughout the year—but it is a thing infinitely to be desired. Until it is done, we have not combined our temperament and our training into just the right formula even for men, and certainly not for women. It must always be held in view, and the writer speaks from some experience, that to attain anything like a high muscular training for young women is a

problem incomparably more difficult than the same thing for men. The slight excess of fatigue, for which a healthy boy atones with a few extra hours of sound sleep, may sometimes cost years of impaired health to an apparently healthy girl. This makes the science of health for women more important, of course, but also more difficult.

XVIII.

THE ADVANTAGE OF REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

OME curious bursts of indignation have lately appeared in the newspapers about certain instances of fraud that have occurred among women employed as book-keepers. These come, in part, from persons who, having pleased themselves by securing a first-class woman to do their work at about half the salary of a first-class man, are amazed at the discovery that the woman, like the man, is human. It is usual in all other business transactions for people to pay an extra commission for an absolute guarantee against fraud; but here the expectation apparently was to pay a half-salary, and get the guarantee thrown in. Perhaps it is none too soon to refute by

crushing experience a demand so preposterous. It is not well for woman to have anything given to her—whether it be employment or education or just laws or political rights—on the ground that she is already an exceptional angel who never can be persuaded into anything wrong. That would be, indeed, to prove too much. If the unfavorable conditions of the past have made an absolutely perfect being of her, it is taking a great responsibility when we change those conditions. It is a great deal better that every step in her progress should be accompanied by reasonable expectations, than that it should be put upon grounds which she cannot sustain. All her rights, all her privileges, must be founded on the theory that she is, as General Saxton wrote of the thousands of freed slaves placed under his care upon the Sea Islands after the Civil War, "intensely human," nothing more.

The higher virtues we see in woman are doubtless, to a certain extent, the result of some higher qualities of nature. It would be safer, perhaps, to say "to an

uncertain extent." For while we recognize this fact, it will be centuries before we know how far the very fact of repression and ignorance has made these higher qualities seem greater than they are, because timidity and inexperience enter into them. Thus, in estimating the greater honesty of women, which is the point immediately in question, we must remember that part of that honesty is doubtless to be credited to unacquaintance with business affairs and inexperience with money, so that a slight fraud or theft appears to them something formidable and sure to be detected, whereas in the greater worldly experience of young men at the same age that source of safeguard is removed. Boys know that many thefts and frauds are committed, of which many escape detection. Now, in proportion as girls become more familiar with affairs, they will discover the same thing. All that is really honest in their principles or elevated in their instincts will remain, but the additional weight thrown in by inexperience will go. Given a really wide experience in business, and though greater strength

of character may come, something of the innocence of utter ignorance must cease. That ignorant innocence is doubtless the sweeter and more picturesque combination, as the child is in many respects a more fascinating object than the grown person. "Innocence," said the brilliant German woman known as Rahel, "is the only thing really attractive; virtue is a plaster, a scar, an operation." But, after all, it is virtue on which we must rely in the long-run for the secure achievements of life; and virtue, as even the Greek philosophers held, is the same for man and woman.

It is evident that women as we now find them are very far from being perfect and angelic beings. In the matter of pecuniary honesty, while they are far above men, they have hitherto had far less of temptation or opportunity than men. In lawless races, as the English gypsies, where women have great freedom, this distinction does not exist. On the contrary, while the men's range of action in this respect goes no further than cheating in a horse trade, to the women alone is

intrusted what is known as "the great trick," by which all the silver of an unsuspecting family is appropriated under pretence of changing it into gold. There is no reason to suppose that women are not capable of being dishonest; and there is every reason to suppose that whenever they become so, the recognized sharpness of the feminine wit will place them high up in their chosen vocation. Experienced critics declare that no swindling device ever contrived in this country was more skilful than the "Woman's Bank," long conducted in Boston. Nay, it will be remembered that after its frauds had been thoroughly exposed, magazine articles were still written in its defence by perfectly upright women, and those who had aided in its exposure were severely censured. Without doubt there are women who still believe in it, and regard its projector as being the unappreciated philanthropist she called herself.

It would be hard to convince the custom-house inspectors at our steamboat wharves or on the Canadian frontier that women are more conscientious than men

about the peccadilloes of smuggling. It is pretty certain that we must admit them, at any rate, to share the sins and temptations of men in respect to common honesty, though they may average somewhat higher. If this is the present situation, there is no reason to think that greater experience or contact with the world will remove this resemblance. However desirable on other grounds may be the extension to women of all the education and all the opportunities of men, it is clear that this will not of itself make them all saints, since it has not done this for men. In an excellent essay on "Our Girls," I read the prediction that, given certain advantages of physical, mental, and moral training, "the pleasure-seeking but ever-unsatisfied society girl will become a thing of the past." But since the possession of all these opportunities by the other sex has not yet made the pleasure-seeking but ever-unsatisfied young man of society a thing of the past, why should we assume that the same influences will at one stroke transform his sister? It is like the calm assumption by

the same class of reasoners that improved health will give women perfect physical beauty, in spite of the fact that many of the healthiest races in the world are among the ugliest. It is better to be moderate in our predictions. Mere health will not secure beauty, but it is a very good substitute for it. And there is much reason to think that the greater honesty of women employed in business is not wholly due to greater inexperience, but to a higher average rectitude. Joubert says that there are really two kinds of honesty—that which comes from calculation and good sense, and that proceeding from instinct and moral necessity. Of these last gifts women seem to have a larger share than men.

XIX.

A NEW NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

RS. FRANCIS ANNE KEMBLE, in her late reminiscences, has expressed the opinion that the American man is by no means a duplicate Englishman, but represents a new type, somewhere between an Englishman and a Frenchman. This is only a kind of admission, now growing common, that our climate, our institutions, or both causes together, have developed a new and somewhat original temperament. It was this assertion, it may be remembered, which called out the repeated and indignant criticism of Matthew Arnold upon an American writer who had used the expression "an added drop of nervous fluid," as constituting this difference. He assumed that the phrase was a bit of brag, whereas in

its original use it had formed part of a serious physiological warning to Americans as to the dangers involved in this more highly nervous organization. So far as the facts are concerned, the American writer doubtless meant by his added drop of nervous fluid very much what Mrs. Kemble meant by her suggestion of French qualities—namely, an increase of quickness, flexibility, and the power of adaptation; some of the very traits which, according to Mr. Arnold himself, "the typical English gentleman has not." Mrs. Kemble does not therefore really oppose Mr. Arnold, for he recognizes in his way the same distinction which she makes, but she virtually opposes what he says when he works himself into an unnecessary and polemic attitude.

It does not appear at what time Mrs. Kemble first formulated in her mind this suggestion as to the French likeness. In her long American life she had lived through several varying phases of foreign influence. When she first came here, in 1832, we were incomparably more English than now, inasmuch as all our fiction was

English—Cooper and Irving only excepted, and they had been writing but a few years. It is only because writers like Mr. Henry Holt cannot recall that period that they speak as if the influence of English novels were a recent thing, whereas fifty years ago there was no other literary influence worth mentioning. As to the later period of which Mr. Holt writes, Matthew Arnold had begun to complain that we did not read English novels enough. "The Western States," he laments, "are at this moment being nourished and formed, we hear, on the novels of a native author named Roe, instead of on those of Scott and Dickens." Leaving Mr. Arnold and Mr. Holt to correct each other, we may safely revert to the assertion that when Mrs. Kemble first came to America, more than half a century ago, we were all essentially English in literary habits and social observances, in spite of the merely political influence exerted by French traditions through Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin on our public life. It was at a later period—indeed, after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon (December

4, 1851)—that there set in an American reaction in favor of French society and manners, and this reaction prevailed during our Civil War, when French models and tactics were at first the standard of our army, down to the time when all that prestige was so rudely broken by Louis Napoleon's fall in 1870. During this period it was the habit in American fashionable society to speak slightingly of everything English and in praise of all that was French; and rich Americans in Europe chose Paris as their residence, instead of London, as now. It remains to be seen whether the change is anything more than a swing of the pendulum. At any rate, the period of French influence has left an influence still discernible on our society.

The preference for French art over English, which Mr. Hamilton Aïdê laments, is not distinctively American, for it exists everywhere out of England; and the taste for French literary models is carried to a far greater extreme in England than here. But the quality which Mrs. Kemble describes is something lying far deeper

than any particular preference, and is probably the result partly of climate, partly of institutions. Mr. Arnold attributes much of the charm of the American girl to the fact that she recognizes no class above her, and is hence more natural and happy; and in London I have heard yet keener observers than Mr. Arnold make, perhaps reluctantly, the same admission as to American young men. Indeed, this last personage bids fair at some time to follow his sister, though slowly, into European favor. One has only to compare the young men in Mr. Gunter's extravaganzas with those in Mr. Kipling's equal extravaganzas to see how essentially different are the types, and how little the daring and energy of the young Englishman, however great it may be, can be found identical with the enormous impulsiveness, reckless daring, and exhaustless versatility of Mr. Gunter's young New Yorker, or even his middle-aged Texan. It matters not which is the higher type, or whether either is to be viewed as a high one; the point is that each is a distinctive type by itself, and so worth considering. For

a steady advance to certain death it is difficult to surpass Kipling's Englishman, but for the rescue of distressed damsels, for the recapture of a captured fort, or for blowing up a gunboat and saving one's self by swimming, the young American in fiction certainly takes the lead nine times out of ten.

But it is, after all, uncertain how far we are to associate any French element with this peculiarity of temperament — this greater "specific levity," to adopt Edmund Quincy's happy phrase. It certainly shows itself in multitudes who have never travelled and never read a French novel, and it is also combined with some traits that are distinctly non-French. The Frenchman is notoriously absorbed in his own country, its ways and usages. He does not expect to speak English, but demands of you to learn French. He has no desire to assimilate himself to other nations; he would not wish, any more than would an Englishman, to be mistaken for a native of any foreign country where he finds himself. But this is precisely what pleases the American; he

would like to pass for an Englishman in England, a German in Germany, a Frenchman in France. His adaptiveness takes that form, and this readily distinguishes him from these two other nations. It is not that he is ashamed of his nationality; he is vindicating the cosmopolitan aspect of that nationality. He has a vague feeling, which may, after all, turn out to be the correct instinct, that the latest national type should not exclude, but sum up, its predecessors; should so include their traits that it can freely borrow from them, and even adapt itself to them. This is strikingly shown in amusements, which in other countries are national and exclusive. The young Englishman thinks the young Frenchman effeminate because he prefers fencing to sparring, as if the one were not as truly an athletic exercise as the other, while Victor Hugo's hero regards the Englishman as vulgar because he prefers "*le boxe*." The young American tries his hand at both, and does not despise cricket because he prefers base-ball, although the Englishman is rather prone to despise base-ball because he prefers

cricket. So of manners, pronunciation, notions—nothing can prevent the American race from developing in its own way and furnishing its own type. The temporary Gallomania or Anglomania, or whatever it may be, is but skin deep; take it at any unexpected moment, and the new type shows itself.

XX.

"OF INTEREST TO WOMEN."

OW many years or centuries will still pass, is it likely, before the colleges for women, and all their array of professional schools and various "annexes," will banish from the daily papers those rather depressing columns headed "Of Interest to Women?" Not that these columns are themselves uninteresting, even to men. Even that indifferent sex may like to know what wedding presents Queen Victoria gave her goddaughter Miss Ponsonby, and how to tell the real coffee-bean from the new French imitation. They may also dwell with interest, especially if they chance to be themselves engaged in the retail dry-goods business, on all the novelties of dress, the "*recherché* parasol," and the

"satin-finished foulards;" and they may ponder with thoughtful wonder over the latest London invention of the "enclosed skirt." If men are interested in these things, why not women? And there is therefore nothing wrong in assuming the fact. The melancholy thing is in the continued assumption that women will be interested in these things and in these only, and that all the rest—the great fire, the tornado, the tariff debates, the Irish question—will have for them no interest. Nay, it happens that in the very paper which lies before me there are two sadly important pieces of information—the terrible murder of a young girl by a rejected lover, and the discovery of a mother and daughter driven insane by starvation on the prairies—either of which would be incomparably more interesting to every rational woman than all the reports as to pongee silks that could be crammed into two columns; yet, after all, it is the pongee silks which are headed "Of Interest to Women," and the other events pass for mere common news.

It may be said at the outset that it is

men quite as much as women who are responsible for this supposed absorption in the pongee department. For the last hundred years or so men have occupied the attitude of being comparatively indifferent as to their own costume, and yet fastidious as to their demands on women. They cannot describe the dress of their wives and sisters, but they can pay for it, and not merely pay, but insist on having the opportunity to pay. The gloveless husband is not content to walk to church with a gloveless wife, nor would he be at all content that she should supply her wardrobe, as he, perhaps, supplies his, by spending twenty minutes every spring and twenty minutes every autumn in a ready-made clothing store. The wife or the daughter who neglects the fashions is pretty sure to have held up to her as a model, erelong, some other wife or daughter who does not neglect them. She dresses, no doubt, to meet the detailed criticism of woman, but also to meet the general and vaguer approval or disapproval of the men nearest her.

It must always be remembered that it

is only a century or two since men took as much pains about their own costume as women then did, and gave as much time to it. It is doubtful if any extreme of fashion in the dress of women has ever equalled some of those adopted by men, and even by men called civilized. In the days when women had their hair dressed for a ball with such elaboration that they had to sit up in a chair the whole night previous, for fear of displacing the repulsive fabric of flour and pomatum — in those very days the men did far worse. They took a little boy, if he had the ill-luck to be born into good society, and shaved every atom of hair from his head at ten or twelve years old; and he had to keep it shaved for the remainder of his existence, and wear a wig. As to the mere costliness or changes of toilet, we know that the knights pounded away at one another in suits of complete steel varying as constantly in fashion and ornamentation as a lady's bonnet. As to mere quantity of wardrobe, it is true that Queen Elizabeth is said to have had four thousand gowns, but it is also true that Mr.

Pemberton Milnes, the father of the late Lord Houghton—himself one of the most brilliant men in England, and one who had refused the Lord Chancellorship of England and a peerage — spent £500 a year ($2500) for waistcoats alone; and this more than two centuries after the death of the Virgin Queen. For some reason yet unexplained, the whole male sex among human beings has now suddenly dropped into a plain and almost colorless costume. The gorgeous tints of the past linger only in the neck-tie, and are vanishing thence. Even the question of ordinary fit is becoming vague and indeterminate for men. Thus in an English novel an English gentleman is always recognized on entrance because his clothes fit well; whereas in an American novel he is supposed to be English because they fit badly. But there is no question whatever that any newspaper published down to the year 1820 might well have had a column on fashions and materials, heading it "Of Interest to Men."

On the whole, the columns "Of Interest to Women" are a survival of a period

when the range of pursuits of women was smaller than it is now, and when there were not, as now, many periodicals devoted to women's higher and larger interests. Thus viewed, there is nothing about these columns that is seriously objectionable, except their title. Probably women will always be to a greater extent than men the cooks and dress-makers of the community; nor is there anything discreditable in these pursuits. They meet a natural instinct, and prepare the way for future needs. The young girl's first sponge-cake and caramels, though often indigestible and perhaps even perilous, may be the first step towards good bread-making by-and-by. The little girl's endless delight in her doll's millinery and costuming prepares her for a time when she alone, perhaps, in a frontier settlement, may supply taste and ingenuity for all the households around her. It is one attraction of American life that it affords an endless lottery, and we never can tell what lies at the other end of any person's career. Still, we must always remember that the life is more than meat and the

body than raiment, and that in these days all thoughts of aspiration and action, all aims of meditative knowledge or active usefulness, must come to be included among the branches "of interest to women."

XXI.

MEN JUDGED BY WOMEN.

T is a great tribute to the importance of woman in the universe that so many able men, from the Greek Euripides to the American Howells, should have spent so much time in expounding her peculiarities. As Frenchmen are the keenest in this kind of dissection, the best collection of aphorisms on this subject from the masculine point of view have been contributed by that nation; and it should not be overlooked that there is a capital compilation from the other point of view, published in 1858, and edited by Larcher and Martin, under the title *Les Hommes Jugés par les Femmes*. Here we have some of the shrewdest things ever said by women about men, and some of the brightest of French intellects, as Madame de Staël, Madame Ro-

land, and George Sand, are drawn upon for that purpose. The very fact that the work is thirty years old gives an advantage; for this carries it back to the very beginning of the special modern agitation for the equality of the sexes, and so takes from it any especially polemic character. There are included in it the sayings of some Englishwomen, as Lady Blessington and Lady Morgan, and a few of other nationalities, but the book is substantially French.

Perhaps the very best argument for the existence of this compilation is a striking passage from Madame d'Agout, with which it opens, in which she takes frankly the ground that women must of necessity understand men better than men can possibly understand women. Love being, she holds, the very life of the gentler sex, women bring to bear all their thought and penetration in those very moments of social intercourse which are to men occasions of relief and unbending. Men in joint society seek forgetfulness of the serious affairs of life, whereas that very society is the most serious affair of life to

women; it is their opportunity of studying men, and on their comprehension of men depends their whole destiny. All social intercourse between the two sexes is therefore really a contest between one armed at all points (the woman) and one who has laid aside his armor (the man); so she understands him thoroughly, while he does not even make the serious attempt to comprehend her. There is something very French about all this, no doubt, but it holds a truth which has weight everywhere. The question is not merely whether women or men are best analyzed in books; that is a small matter. Madame du Deffand keenly says that both novels and history undertake to paint men, and it is hard to tell which of the two methods has made the more complete failure. But Madame d'Agout would claim that with or without literature there exists among women an accumulated knowledge of men, handed down from mother to daughter, and now incorporated in the very instincts of the sex, which goes far beyond any knowledge that men have of women.

When we come to written opinions, none is more trenchant, perhaps, than the brief summary of Madame Roland, when she says that "the average man (*le commun des hommes*) thinks little, believes upon hearsay, and acts by instinct." Scarcely less decisive is the opinion of Madame Bachi, when she says, "Let a man be never so intelligent, there is always some one point on which he is an idiot." When it comes to the comparison of the sexes, Madame de Girardin thinks that a really clever man (*un homme d'esprit*) is always superior to a woman of the same class, because he unites the feminine merits and even the feminine weaknesses with those of his own sex — a comprehensiveness which no woman equals. On the other hand, this same lady approves of the Salic law, excluding women from the throne of France, on the novel ground that it is a tribute to the superiority of women. Men are not envious of women, she says; but Frenchmen are envious of Frenchwomen, and they are quite right (*ils ont raison*). On the whole, it cannot be said that men see in these pages a very

flattering picture of themselves. "One becomes a saint and a hero very cheaply (*à bon marché*) in the opinion of men," writes Queen Christina of Sweden. On handsome men especially there is showered some keen sarcasm; and Madame de Verzure goes so far as to say that beauty is a very poor endowment for that sex, since a man who enters society with a handsome face is quite sure to come out a fool by the end of the season, and probably sooner.

As might be expected, some of the pithiest of these maxims bear upon love and marriage. Madame de Pussy defines love as curiosity; George Sand says that all women know that a man who can express love felicitously is very little in love (*est médiocrement amoureux*); Ninon de Lenclos says that it is a mark of inexperience when a man makes a formal declaration of love, since a woman is more easily convinced of being loved by what she divines than by what she hears. As to marriage, the general testimony is summed up, after *Punch's* fashion, in the exclamation of the Duchess of Orleans:

" Happy she who has never been married! How glad I should have been could I have been permitted to forego it." In the course of this part of the discussion some curious side-lights are thrown on the view which different nations take of one another. There are, for instance, some keen and curious comparisons made by Madame Flora Tristan between English and French society, and she lays it down as a rule that it never enters into the thoughts of an English husband that he is in any way bound to be faithful to his wife, and that many find justification in the Bible for this point of view! There are also some curious discussions of the English by Madame de Pompadour. She says, as one would have expected, that they neither know how to eat or live or work with taste; but she adds that they are always in extremes. " A bad Englishman is a monster; a good Englishman is almost a divinity; but," she naïvely adds, " the good ones are rare." The most curious thing is that this famous lady, who died in 1764, paints the mammon-worship of England as already in full force. " France has

long since learned that gold is all powerful in England, and that everything is there for sale — peace, war, justice, and virtue." She also claims for the French that they are "the humanest people on earth; they love victory, not blood." This was before the Revolution. In general the French come best out of the discussion. "Why is it," asks Madame Manoel de Grandfort, "that the women of almost all nations have a preference for Frenchmen?" And this lady (whose husband's first name has a Spanish sound) adds that it is because they are more ardent than any others. In case of the men of Touraine, Madame de Girardin would perhaps find a different solution for this preference. She says that she lived for six months in a little town in that region, and that all the husbands were there ruled by their wives, except one, and he was governed by the wife of a neighbor. The book as a whole is very amusing, and does not, for a French book, leave a very bad taste in the mouth.

XXII.

LADY VERNEY'S TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

N Lady Verney's clever volumes, entitled *Peasant Properties, and Other Selected Essays*, she gives much valuable information, somewhat biassed by Tory eyes, as to the actual condition of things among small proprietors in Europe; and she incidentally gives a glimpse at one of those unpleasant groups, often to be met with on the European Continent, of vulgar and ill-bred tourists. In this case they happened to be English-speaking, and, in fact, American. "We found," she says, "many American travellers in the hotels. Vulgarity is very amusing when it speaks French or German; it is a part of the day's experience; but when it speaks English, one feels a

sort of unpleasant responsibility for it. Blood is thicker than water, and the vulgarity of one's own family, even far-away members of it, is certainly depressing. One is not proud of 'calling cousins' with the usual travelling specimens of the United States." Then she complains of an exceedingly well dressed American lady who was "lonesome" because she could find no shops; of a companion who talked with her about gathers and flounces; of Mr. and Mrs. ——, from Massachusetts, who complimented in some visitors' book the pears of the locality. "Why do such people take the trouble to come?" she asks. "They must be rich, or they could not afford the expense. In the old society such an amount of wealth implied a certain amount of culture, and to travel so far a certain sprinkling of knowledge and interest in art; but these have neither, and it was evidently very dull work to them and to many others we met."* In a note she adds that Mr. James, "no harsh judge of his countrywomen," makes sev-

* *Peasant Properties*, vol. i., p. 51.

eral of his heroines go through all the galleries and palaces in Europe without seeing anything, and without being ashamed of it.

Setting aside the vexed question whether Mr. James is or is not a harsh judge of his own countrywomen, and whether he can, in fact, be said to have any particular countrywomen at all, it must be admitted that all the points of this indictment are in some degree correct, and that there are many just such people as she describes. The only curious whim about her narrative is that she should appear to limit these undesirable qualities to Americans. By her own admission there are very similar people among the French and Germans, and she would undoubtedly be obliged to admit, if hard pushed, that England also sends forth annually a vast delegation of the same kind. If, for instance, one asked Lady Verney why she did not, for economy's sake, travel in a "personally conducted" party of Cook's tourists, and thus see a great deal more for the same money, she would undoubtedly answer that she did not wish

to travel with so many vulgar people Now as three-quarters of the English people who travel on the Continent are estimated to travel under the auspices of Mr. Cook or his rivals, this rules out as vulgar, at the very beginning, three-quarters of the whole English delegation. Even Lady Verney does not maintain that all Americans are vulgar; and if she did, it would have little weight, because, however unerring may be her instincts as to vulgarity, she may not have an equally infallible knowledge as to who are Americans. The more quiet and well-bred a traveller is, the more difficult it is to assign his nationality at a glance; and it is a matter of common observation that Americans who have any color in their cheeks, and do not speak very much through their noses, are habitually classed as English by their fellow-travellers of that nation, and sometimes have hard work to clear themselves of the suspicion. While Lady Verney was therefore writing down her just lament, she may have had Americans close around her who spoke such very respectable English that they did not

occur to her as being such very far-off cousins.

It may be readily admitted, however, as Lady Verney claims, that a great many vulgar and ignorant people visit the Continent of Europe from America. It may be further admitted that they are not, like the offending Cook's tourists, caged and set apart, but that they habitually go to the best hotels, and pay the highest prices for everything. This may be an annoyance to other travellers, but it is not in itself a fault. The people who in England would be the ignorant poor are in America the ignorant rich. Not that this last class is confined to any one nation—else what would become of the Begums and Harry Fokers of Thackeray—but the greater freedom to acquire property makes it a far more numerous body in America. Multitudes of people who visit the Continent of Europe from this country would, if they lived in England, be either prevented from travelling by poverty, or would be too ignorant to seek travel, or be labelled as Cook's tourists, and so screened from the critical eyes of Lady Verney.

It is hard to see in what respect this plan would be an improvement. Travelling is supposed to be an education, and often those most benefited by it are the most ignorant. No matter what motive leads to it, the experience may have a certain advantage, as the most untaught sailor is a more experienced and even instructed man for the foreign ports he has visited. "Why do such people take the trouble to come?" Lady Verney asks. By her own statement, the answer was obvious. The exceedingly well-dressed woman came that she might be even better dressed; her companions who talked about gathers and flounces came for the improvement of those portions of their wardrobe. Perhaps if they had talked about Lady Verney —for we never can see ourselves as others see us—they might have expressed a wish that she might yet travel for a similar purpose. Mr. and Mrs. ——, from Massachusetts, who praised the pears, were without doubt eminent horticulturists who travelled in that pursuit, and knew a good pear when they tasted it. As for the poor old father whom she elsewhere de-

scribes, the head of the party, who stayed at home and yawned, he was plainly one of those indulgent parents who travel to please their children, and are, let us hope, not monopolized by any nationality. Really, on examination, Lady Verney's questions are easily answered.

For the rest, the matter is readily summed up. No nation monopolizes the good or bad qualities. Perhaps I have been more fortunate than Lady Verney, or less critical, but nothing has struck me more in crossing the Atlantic than the general good sense of the most commonplace young Americans who were planning what they should do on this their first trip, where they should go, and what they should see; and I have been tempted to contrast it with what seemed the strange indifference often shown by young English people of the same uneducated grade to the Rhine scenery and ruins, for example. So I remember to have noticed in that quiet room where the solemn presence of the Dresden Madonna silences almost all visitors, that even this sacred influence had no power to hush two little

English groups who stood in the middle, and talked over their next travelling arrangements, and the train at which they were to meet Ethel and Emily, with voices as hearty and unabashed as if they were in a railway waiting-room. Providence has distributed to all races and nationalities certain common attributes, and among them the priceless gift of making themselves disagreeable in their own way. But such unattractiveness is never universal, and as Lady Verney declares in a later passage that "there are a great number of agreeable and excellent Americans in the world," so we may all admit that we have met a great number of English people whom it is a pleasure, in her phrase, to "call cousin."

XXIII.

THE MYTH OF THE DISCONTENTED SPINSTER.

HERE are certain imaginary entities that constantly reappear in literature, and especially in journalism, although not so easily found in life. They are preserved in existence by the exigencies of newspaper corners, by the necessity of having something about which to write, and, if possible, to be brilliant and amusing. They are kept among themes for emergencies—with the Browning clubs and the feet of Chicago women. They are what canned peaches were to the house-keeper, who explained that without them she should have nothing to fly to. One of these imaginary existences is the discontented spinster, who pledges herself to literature and philoso-

phy and art, and this to the stern exclusion of a husband. She is never found just where the writer dwells, but he is quite sure, for all that, of her existence in some other place, and that she is a marked product of the age. Mr. Grant Allen, writing in England, attributes her to this country generally. Professor Boyesen, living in New York, is confident that she is to be found in New England. The Chicago *American* has ascertained the precise locality, and places her in Massachusetts. "Any theory of education that rears women, as they are reared in Massachusetts, to eschew marriage and childbearing . . . is a wicked, disastrous, and unnatural theory." (November 7, 1889.)

It seems strange that if this young woman exists on any considerable scale, the census returns should not distinctly record her. It seems as if there should have been separately reported long ere this, "Class B.—The Discontented." Somehow or other, either in the marriage returns or elsewhere, there should be a trace of this abnormal development. As a matter of superficial observation all seems the

other way. In our best educated American towns the young women certainly appear to grow up and marry with praiseworthy rapidity; or if they do not, there is a suspicion that the young men of the town have migrated to cities, where they are supposed to spend their time at club-houses, mourning, in the intervals of billiards, that the young women are too studious to marry them. Possibly even that group of black-garbed youths with white neck-ties, who linger in such lordly attitudes beside the doors of ball-rooms, while the young ladies in white tulle sit patiently around the walls—possibly those languid youths are not really languid, but discouraged. They really wish to dance—though, to do them justice, they hide their impulse well—but what actually holds them back is the conviction that each and every young woman has registered a vow against dancing.

At any rate, the census reports as yet give no trace of the discontented. Nature still bears the sexes in about equal proportions, and the number of spinsters is very nearly the same in both. Massachu-

setts, the American State in which most of these dangerous personages are said to be found, is fortunately the State in which the local census is most complete and elaborate. So far from there being, as remote editors or magazinists suppose, an enormous disproportion of the single sisterhood in that State—the Chicago *American*, in figures ample enough to be worthy of that exuberant city, puts the excess at 73,800—there is, by the actual census of 1885, an almost precise equality between the sexes, at least as regards the native-born population. The number of native unmarried males over twenty in Massachusetts—and it can hardly be said that a Massachusetts rearing is responsible for the foreigners—the number of such males is 118,010, and the number of such young women is 118,289.* It would be difficult to discover a neater or more felicitous correspondence of numbers than this, the surplus of 279 women being clearly a very moderate provision for that love of variety which is said to

* State Census of 1885, vol. i., p. lviii.

be inherent in the masculine soul. The number of unmarried females of all nations and ages in Massachusetts (435,436) is almost precisely four thousand smaller than the number of unmarried males (439,448).† But we come nearer, no doubt, to the alleged discontented spinster by confining ourselves to persons over twenty, and conceding that there is to be found in Massachusetts an excess of the single sisterhood, native born, amounting to 279. If that be a sign of deeply rooted discontent with matrimony, make the most of it.

It is undoubtedly true that there is an excess of foreign-born women over twenty (61,311) in Massachusetts over foreign-born men of that age (53,418); but to those who know the enormous influx of young women from Canada and from Ireland into the manufacturing towns of that State, it will seem wildly absurd to attribute this small excess of foreign-born celibacy (7893) to the effects of the higher education.‡ What, then, is the origin

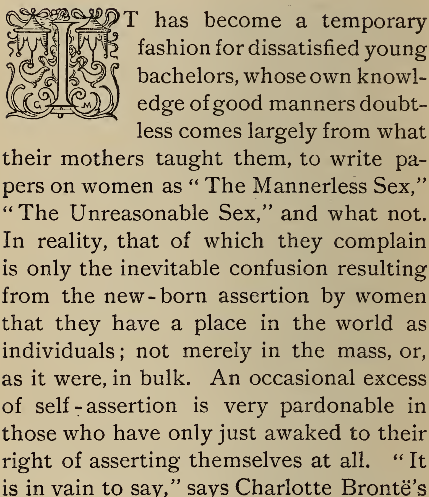
† State Census of 1885, vol. i., p. lix.
‡ State Census, vol. i., p. lviii.

of this curious delusion which constantly meets the eye in the newspapers, and which no accuracy of statistics can destroy, namely, that there exists in Massachusetts, or indeed anywhere, an enormous disproportion of unmarried yet marriageable women. The excess is variously stated—in New York perhaps at fifty thousand; in Chicago at seventy thousand; by the time it reaches Duluth it is a hundred thousand; and on the coasts of the Pacific it is larger, very likely, than the whole female population of Massachusetts. There is nothing mean about American editors, as a class, and a statistical item never grows smaller as it travels. The simple fact is, as shown over and over again in the successive census reports, that there exists in Massachusetts a very large disproportion of widows over widowers. The surplus of single women, native and foreign, over single men is trifling, only 7925; the surplus of married women is 2672; that of divorced women is 882; and there is a small excess of men ranked as "unknown" in conjugal condition. But the excess of widows over

widowers reaches the enormous number of 65,004, this being explained along the sea-shore by maritime disasters; in the manufacturing towns by the opportunities of employment for women; and everywhere by the tendency of the bereaved to return to the home of their youth, or to go where they are well off. Whether this fact is discreditable to Massachusetts must be left for the Chicago *American* to decide.

XXIV.

ON THE DESIRE OF WOMEN TO BE INDIVIDUALS.



IT has become a temporary fashion for dissatisfied young bachelors, whose own knowledge of good manners doubtless comes largely from what their mothers taught them, to write papers on women as "The Mannerless Sex," "The Unreasonable Sex," and what not. In reality, that of which they complain is only the inevitable confusion resulting from the new-born assertion by women that they have a place in the world as individuals; not merely in the mass, or, as it were, in bulk. An occasional excess of self-assertion is very pardonable in those who have only just awaked to their right of asserting themselves at all. "It is in vain to say," says Charlotte Brontë's

Jane Eyre, "that human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity; they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it. . . . Nobody knows how many rebellions besides political rebellions ferment in the masses of life which people earth. Women are supposed to be very calm generally; but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer." It is only lately, it is to be remembered, that women have been encouraged — except a few queens or seeresses — to have an individual life at all. In Greece and Rome they were a part of a family; when unmarried they were merged in their father's, when married in their husband's. Their homes, their possessions, their shrines, their very gods were changed on marriage, but the absorption was as complete. The remains of this theory of absorption are still found in church services and social practices; only the laws and some of the business forms have

changed, and these now recognize women—even married women—as having a sort of half-established individuality. It is still but half established, for even the married woman who transacts business and gives receipts independently of her husband, must still sign those receipts with his family name—as Smith or Jones—which has been substituted for that which she originally bore, and which again was her father's, and not her mother's.

But before we merely complain of all this, or find it altogether meaningless or puzzling, we must remember that this individuality which women now seek has been a thing of very slow growth even among men. Von Humboldt long since pointed out that savages look far more like one another than do civilized men, and that even domesticated animals, as dogs and horses, have developed far more of separate individuality in the tame state than they had when wild. Under feudalism, under serfdom, the mass of men had less opportunity to exhibit individuality than have the American women of to-day.

Nay, men were formerly fettered and subordinated in the precise way in which women now are thus treated—in being merged in the family and considered important not for what they themselves did, but rather as a link in the chain for the continuance of the household. The centre of all the state for men, as now for women, was in the family. The son, according to Æschylus, was "the savior of the hearth;" he was the person who continued the descent and prevented that extinction of the family which was the greatest of griefs. The first duty of a man was not to be a wise or good man individually, but to continue the race whether for good or for evil. At Sparta the man who did not marry lost all claims to citizenship—so Plutarch tells us—no matter what his other services to the State; and in many other Greek cities celibacy was punished as a crime. We know from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero, that the Roman laws forbade men from remaining single; and that celibacy was held not merely undesirable, but a thing in itself irreligious and even iniquitous. In that admirable book, *The Ancient*

City, by De Coulanges, many citations on this point will be found collected.*

All this is now so remote from our civilization as to be almost unintelligible so far as men are concerned; the difference is that for women the same condition of things remains. It is still assumed for her, as formerly for both sexes, that her one primary duty is to continue the race, and that all individual life compared to this is for her unimportant. There has been on this point a change in opinion as regards the one sex. It would seem as if a similar change were impending as regards the other.

In the case of men, it is evident that no great harm has been done. Few would now wish to go back to the period when, as at Sparta, the young bachelors were liable at certain festivals to be "seized by a crowd of petulant viragoes, each able to strangle an ox, and dragged in derision round the altars of the gods, receiving from the fists of their gentle tormentors such blows as the regular practice of

* Book II., Section 3.

boxing had taught the young ladies to inflict." *

The ordinary impulses of human affection — the love of children, the love of home — have been found quite strong enough, on the whole, to secure that side of life from discontinuance. Society develops men to be individuals, and takes its chance of the rest—leaves the rest, that is, to natural influences. Is it not pretty plain that the training of women is simply going through the same process of development?

We can notice everywhere that man has taken the lead, on the whole, in the process of social evolution, but that sooner or later, woman has followed in each step. Thus a woman can now go about the streets with a freedom which an unarmed man did not always enjoy. It is not three hundred years since the toilets of men implied as much elaboration, as much expense, and as much time as did those of women at the same period, and far more than the toilets even of refined women

* St. John's *Ancient Greece*, vol. ii., p. 6.

now demand. Men have reduced all that magnificence to a simple working costume, varied by an evening dress suit of plain black; and the great mass of women now tend in the same direction. Even the daughter of luxury lays aside splendor for her tennis dress. Any great change, within the limits of morality, that comes over the social habits of men is sure to be reflected a century or two later in those of women. It is a curious fact pointed out by philologists that many of the terms now most often applied to women were once applied with equal freedom to men, as *girl*, *hoyden*, *shrew*, *coquet*, *witch*, *termagant*, *jade*, all of which have now passed out of use except for women. It is, I believe, the same in French with the word *dame*. Now the same thing that has gradually happened to these words has taken place with many social usages that have been wholly changed for men, and only partially changed for women; but they are undergoing the alteration nevertheless. Women are no longer expected to be wholly absorbed in their home duties, any more than they are ex-

pected to go veiled in the street. Indeed, a larger part of those home duties have been taken from them; they are not expected to do any more spinning or weaving, for instance, and the time which that once cost, if it is not to be wholly wasted, may well go to the cultivation of their own minds and the healing of the world's sorrows. They have ceased to be mere dependents or appendages, and there is nothing left for them but to go on and be individuals.

XXV.

THE PLEASING ART OF SELF-EXTINCTION.

LL admit the great change in the position of woman—legal, social, and educational—within a hundred years. The most conservative woman cannot if she would withdraw herself within the shell of the old protection and privacy. The shell is not there to receive her; laws and usages are all changed. If she must, like the mass of women, toil for her own support, she can no longer stay at home and spin, for nobody wishes the result of her spinning; she must go out into that vast Babel known as the labor market. If she is protected from this necessity, the protection goes little further; law and custom all assume that she should know something for herself, should do

something for others. The married woman is no longer a *femme covert*, an irresponsible agent, but in many respects stands alone. What we do not always recognize is that all these changes imply further changes, and that every woman must adapt herself, as Emerson said of all of us, to "the new works of the new days."

She must, for instance, learn to keep her own accounts, and know something of what is comprehensively called "business" —as if it were, what in some respects it is, the essential business of life. Formerly it was not so; indeed, the less she knew of all this, the better. "A Woman ought to handle Money," wrote Don Francisco Manoel, two centuries ago, "with as much caution as she would a Sword or Fire or anything else she ought to be afraid of. Money in the hands of a Woman is as unbecoming as a Weapon." But surely this is more consistent and intelligible than to put her in a state of society where she is responsible for her own debts, can make her own contracts, can transact business independently of her husband—and yet leave her wholly

ignorant of prices, stocks, and profits, and thus absolutely dependent on some man to do all this for her. I have always remembered how admirably a Boston merchant of the last generation discoursed in public on the propriety of explaining business affairs to women ; but when this was mentioned years after to one of his daughters, she said, "I only wish he had applied it in his own family." A rich heiress, the daughter of an eminent financier, told me that she was herself absolutely ignorant of all money matters; after her father's death, her brothers had managed her affairs; then, "of course," her husband; but she herself knew absolutely nothing. It reminded me of another heiress I had known, who was twice married; the first husband lost two-thirds of her property; the second made away with the rest of it; and she supported herself and her child for the rest of her life—there being nothing left to tempt a third fortune-hunter—by giving public readings. One of the minor achievements of an eminent financier now under arrest in New York is stated to be that of sweeping in among his

vast losses the whole property ($14,000) of two ladies, who had assigned to him certain stocks or certificates to be transferred for their benefit. Perhaps it would be unjust to call him a swindler, in this case, or to call those other men fortune-hunters; they may have expected better results; but certainly the absolute ignorance, absolute trust, and, one might almost say, absolute folly of many confiding women presents a combined temptation which sometimes demoralizes the very elect.

Again, another necessary sacrifice now asked of women—outside of convents at least—is that of the bliss of entire self-surrender. The time is past when women can indulge the great pleasure—if pleasure it be—of absolute self-extinction and complete merging of themselves in another. The simple and comprehensive phrase used in the old Russian marriage ceremony, "Here wolf, take thy lamb," is no longer practicable: no matter how ready the lamb may be to be devoured, the laws and practices of society are no longer constructed that way; and even the lin-

gering "obey" is very likely to be construed by the very clergyman who administers it, that there is left only the most remote and shadowy significance. "Why should brides object to it?" said to me the most amiable of clergymen's wives last summer. "I promised to obey, and I am sure I have never done it once yet;" while her equally amiable husband looked on and smiled. Compare this with the period when the Princess de la Roche Suryon could say, in France ("who was a most discreet woman, and unhappy in a husband"), that of three faculties of the soul which she had when she was married, her husband had taken two and left her but one, which she would willingly give him, "for that she now neither had will nor understanding, and only retained the memory that she had once possessed them, which served only more to grieve her for the loss." This was more than two centuries ago, and about that time wrote Don Francisco Manoel, whose delightful hand-book—already quoted—*The Government of a Wife*, being rendered into English by Captain John Stevens

(1697), was for a long time held a good model of vigorous domestic discipline, wrote as follows: "Singing," he says, "is a Heavenly Perfection, if a Woman has discretion to know when to use and when to forbear it; it is always commendable for her to divert herself, to please her Husband, to be sociable among other Women; but to be heard to Sing in the company of other Men, without the express Command of her Husband, is not only vain, foolish, and undecent, but savors much of Impudence" (p. 61). The whole condition of things has changed. A woman cannot, if she would, lead the life which would two centuries ago, and in Europe, have been the only life recognized as commendable and proper.

And she must, finally, sacrifice something of her privacy. If she works in the world, she must do it in her own name and be known in the world. Dr. Lynes, president of the Middle Georgia Military and Agricultural College, has lately been describing in a lecture how one of the most momentous inventions in all history, that of the cotton-gin, was really the work

of a woman. It has been long known that Eli Whitney, its recognized inventor, was encouraged and aided by Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Greene, with whom he was then living. But Dr. Lynes shows that the scheme really originated with her; that it failed at first, because wooden teeth were used, and Whitney was then ready to abandon it, when she proposed iron wire, which was adopted; the machine then worked perfectly, and has been ever since used in very much the same form. It was then an unheard-of thing for a woman to take out a patent, and the result was that Eli Whitney, whose share was merely mechanical, has ever since had the fame of the invention. These are the things that are destined to disappear. The pleasing art of self-extinction is one of the delights which the women of the future will have to sacrifice.

XXVI.

TOLD OFF FROM THE HUMAN RACE.

R. GRANT ALLEN does not seem, for some reason or other, to rank very high in the minds of scientific men; but women have reason to be grateful to him for blurting out with brutal frankness that which men so often cover with fine names. Our reformers have been pointing out for years that all the perpetual effort to debar women from fair employment, liberal education, and just recognition has really had nothing but contempt at the foundation. The place assigned to that sex by one enthusiastic orator, "a little higher than the angels, but less than man," was plainly untenable. If woman really exists but as a child-bearing animal, let us say so frankly, and not cover it up under fine names.

But the fine names seemed so much prettier, it was so charming to paint Madonnas, to draw an aureole round the head that watched the cradle, or to make, as in Werther, even the cutting of bread for children a ceremony for seraphs, that the general tendency has been all that way. An immense deal of real injustice to women, a great deal of repression to the intellect, of spoliation to property, has been carried on under cover of these lofty sentiments. There is something far better, because franker, in the modern theory of Mr. Allen, that "women, on the whole, are mostly told off to be wives and mothers, or, in other words, to perform mere reproductive functions. All the vast gains of our race in the progress towards civilization have been gains made for the most part by men alone. . . . The functions that especially fall upon woman are those which woman, as female, shares equally with all other females of the mammalian type. Any other belief seems to me pre-Darwinian and anti-biological." *

* *Forum*, May, 1889.

To those who remember the late Mr. Darwin in his home, and the simple and equal dignity of position that belonged to himself and his high-minded wife—the common pride they took in the training and usefulness of their fine sons—there is an outrage in the very introduction of the name of that great man into so cheap a bit of pseudo-mediæval philosophy as this. When we remember that Darwin himself, though he thought men the superiors of women in respect to long-sustained mental work, yet fell back upon the simple formula, "Woman seems to differ from man in mental disposition chiefly in her greater tenderness and less selfishness;"† and when we consider that he himself was glad to use the intellectual aid of the other sex so far as to submit all the manuscript of his greatest book to a woman for literary revision,‡ it might be as well to leave out the name of Darwin from the discussion. To say that "all that is distinctively human is man—the

† *Descent of Man*, Am. ed., vol. ii., p. 311.
‡ *Life*, Am. ed., vol. i., p. 511.

field, the ship, the mine, the workshop" —is to omit that which is more distinctively human and more essential than all these put together—the home. To say that "all that is truly woman is merely reproductive" is to imply that any savage, any criminal, any idiotic or insane woman, so long as she can bear and rear young, is doing a woman's work as fully as Queen Victoria or as Lucretia Mott. When Mr. Allen enumerates "the home, the nursery, the school-room," as included in the truly womanly, he concedes everything; for these represent not merely the cradle of the animal man, but of the intellectual and spiritual man, and so of civilization itself. When Napoleon Bonaparte wished to state what France most needed, he did not say merely "mothers," but "good mothers." The addition of the adjective constituted the difference between his theory and that of Mr. Allen.

Civilization, progress, even decency, imply the home, and home implies not merely the presence of woman, but of educated and refined woman. The early California emigrants who cheered the first arrival of

wives and daughters, "Three cheers for the ladies who have come to make us better!" knew the meaning of the word civilization better than Mr. Allen. The merely physical function of child-bearing ceases while woman is otherwise in the prime of life, but her importance as a factor in civilization is then just begun. That man is to be pitied who has not had the experience of owing a large part of what is civilized and enlightened in himself to the direct influence of woman. It is a compensation, in many cases, for the early loss of a father, to be thus drawn to do justice to what one owes to the sex so long subjected to the cruel whims of narrow theologians on the one side, of crude scientists on the other. There are multitudes of men who can say, after such an experience, that there never was a moment when the intellectual stimulus and guidance of their mothers were not worth more to them than any other influence whatever. The nursery and school-room, of which Mr. Allen speaks with such contempt, not merely train character, which lies behind all intellect, but they begin

the training of intellect itself, and they practically never leave off while an enlightened mother lives. Here is where English brutality comes in to make the unnatural separation which French instinct would never make; in the coarsest French novel the hero commonly adores his mother, and kisses her hands in old age. He perceives, if Mr. Allen does not, that she is a necessary part of civilization. Every Frenchman recognizes, as Madame de Girardin has acutely pointed out, that some woman, be she who she may, has made him what he is, for good or for evil. "*Il n'existe pas un homme à Paris, en province, qui n'agisse par la volonté d'une femme. . . . Presque tous les actes de nos hommes politiques répondent à des noms de femmes.*"

The absorbing demand thus made upon woman, as the prime creator of that civilization which is more than science, undoubtedly restricts her in all the direct work of science, as it does in literature, art, and politics. That women are "told off" for the preservation of the human race, and largely preoccupied by that

duty, is the oldest fact in knowledge, and was not left for Mr. Allen to discover. To every man whose opinion is of value it elevates woman's rank in the universe, instead of lowering it. This preoccupation in other pursuits is shared by her, moreover, with many of the greatest men. Lord Bacon, in his essay "Of Marriage and Single Life," says, "He who hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are an impediment to great enterprises." He adds, "Certainly the greatest works and of greatest merit to the public have proceeded from the unmarried and childless men." The majority of men have been thus "told off," according to Bacon, for the very work which Mr. Allen thinks so inferior that those pursuing it are hardly a part of the human race. That is, they were obliged to subordinate their public career to private usefulness. Lord Bacon certainly did not hold up this wedded class to contempt, since he himself belonged to it. But we must charitably remember that he was pre-Darwinian.

XXVII.

THE WALLS DOWN.

MAN of wealth, residing in a beautiful suburban town, pointed out to me with delight, the other day, that there was not a wall or even a fence remaining to divide the six successive estates, some dating back to colonial days, some quite recent, of which his was one. He had recently purchased it, and I had noticed that his first act after purchasing was to lower the wall separating it from the street. Ever since I have known that particular street, the walls and fences have been growing lower. All the present tendency, in our Northern States, is in that direction; in some attractive suburbs there are absolutely no fences whatever, and one sees roses and even strawberries growing unmolested up

to the edge of the sidewalk An American visiting Europe is extremely struck with the contrast; in many suburbs of London the walls are so high that you feel as if living in a kind of fortress; and on the Continent you often walk through miles of lanes which are shut in on both sides, so that only an occasional elevation gives you a glance at the surrounding country. A villa in the United States usually implies something open, attractive, accessible to the eye. A villa on the European Continent, and often in England, implies an inaccessible wall with iron gates.

It is impossible to deny that there is something very attractive in the privacy created by the wall. The world is left outside, and the family is as free within its own domain as if it lived on a planet of its own. A suburban villa at Kensington or Hammersmith, for instance, safe within its encircling wall, possessing its own fountain, its own nightingale, and almost its own moonlight—what can be more delightful? Or the *patio*, or enclosed court, of a Spanish house, where

the house itself makes the wall of the garden, and the world is absolutely excluded? On the other hand, these very charms increase the regret felt by every generous nature for the exclusion thus implied. They press home the question, Was the earth really meant for the few, or for the human race? Many an American traveller has felt this drawback on the delicious rural life of England. Charles Sumner, who was more petted in English society than any American since his day, and was suspected of Anglomania, on his return, by even his ever-kindly friend Longfellow, yet wrote soon after, "I have always enjoyed the refinement of the best society, but I have never sat in the palaces of England without being pained by the inequality of which the inordinate luxury was a token."*

Of course it may be justly said that property is property, and that the most imperceptible line drawn around real estate—or no line at all—leaves it just as clearly within private ownership as if the

* *Life*, vol. ii., p. 141.

wall were there. This is true, but it is also true that the ownership becomes less exclusive from the moment when it ceases to be visible and, as it were, aggressive. If the foot of a stranger is excluded, it is something that the eye is admitted. I once heard a poor Portuguese woman say that she and her husband were so destitute they had "nothing but the day and the night;" but the day and the night are less valuable — say, rather, that there is too little day and too much night—for those who are shut out from even the sight of the landscape by high walls. The mere denial of all possibility of ownership is bad enough. I remember how depressing it was, on a first visit to Europe, when it suddenly dawned upon me that the whole beautiful region of Killarney, with lakes, hills, villages, factories, and square miles of verdure, was all the literal property of two men — the Earl of Kenmare and "Herbert of Muckross," so that not a square foot of the territory could be bought by any one, and a whole village existed almost at the will of a single proprietor. It certainly set one thinking

as to whether the human race, as such, had any rights in the planet, and one could easily understand how the teachings of Henry George, for instance, would find such a community quite ready to listen.

And indeed, when one thinks of it more closely, one may find in the recognized principle of "eminent domain" an admission of the fact that the earth does in a sense belong to the human race already. The right of eminent domain is defined in law as "the inherent sovereign power claimed by the Legislature of a State of controlling private property for public uses." It is the power formerly vested in the sovereign, and now transferred to the sovereign people — the power by which roads are made through a man's property even against his will, and even water-power is sometimes appropriated, for the general good, in the construction of mills and manufactories. Professor Dwight says that the exercise of this power by Legislatures cannot be overruled by the courts, except on the ground that the use for which it is taken is not really public; but

that it is not at all necessary that it should be for the use of the whole public, the needs of any considerable part of the community or the indirect promotion of the general welfare being quite sufficient. The only limitation is in the necessity of compensating the private owner. It is plain enough that under this construction a State could legally go a good way in throwing down the walls.

The real restriction lies in the essential conservatism of a self-governing people, in all that relates to property. Nothing but some very great and flagrant wrong will ever excite an American community, even temporarily, to any but a very slow and gradual modification of an existing tenure. This being the case, it is rather a satisfaction to recognize, on an authority so high as Professor Dwight's, that the basis of our institutions is the principle that, in a general way, the earth belongs to man. Apparently it is parcelled out into separate holdings simply because the race has found this to be, thus far, the best way of securing the general good. The right of individual property, thus recognized, rests

on a surer basis than any stone-walls can give, even when there is the additional safeguard of an announcement such as I saw on the gate of Lord Kenmare at Killarney that poison had been laid on the grass for all dogs allowed to enter.

XXVIII.

THE CONTAGION OF MANNERS.

T a large public meeting, the other day, several of the speakers urged the value of public-school discipline, pointing out the advantage of bringing children of different social circles together in school as in life; and the permanent good arising when the child of the professional man, for instance, is beaten in his studies, as sometimes happens, by the child of the day-laborer. All such allusions invariably brought applause from a very well educated and generally well-to-do audience. But it was observable that these arguments all began and ended with boys. Not a word was said by any speaker about the advantages or disadvantages, if any, of giving to girls the same discipline; and this omission

seemed rather to vitiate the argument. As the education and even the employments of the two sexes are plainly coming nearer together — contrary to what used to be predicted as the result of advancing civilization—it would seem that the problem of education must be in this respect much the same for both. Yet there are undoubtedly many parents who, while able to see the advantages of a more public education for boys, draw the line there, and demand for their growing daughters what is called "a select school."

My own impression is that this distinction is a mistake, and that whatever arguments apply to public school education for boys must reach girls also. In the first place, girls need, even more than boys, to learn at school the qualities and merits of those in a different social circle, because if they do not learn it then, they may never learn it. Men learn it all through their lives, because almost every department of business brings into contact and comparison those trained in very different spheres. Women not engaged in business have much less opportunity

for this contact; their homes include but two grades — employers and employed; and outside of their homes it is only some rare occasion of church work or charitable work which brings women into that easy intercourse, so familiar to men, with those out of their own set. If Ethel does not learn at school that the daughter of the coal-heaver or the washer-woman may be as good a scholar and even have as good manners as herself, she may never have another opportunity; whereas her brother may make the same discovery in college or in business. So far, then, the need of this free early intercourse would seem even greater in case of the girl.

The answer to this would be that the risk of contamination in morals or manners will also be greater in case of the girl. Is this so certain? It is useless to deny that in certain large cities populated largely by lately arrived foreigners there may be some ground for this fear; but it must not be carried far. It must always be remembered that, fortunately for our civilization, the race and religion most largely

represented among these very foreigners are admitted to maintain a high standard of feminine purity; and that, therefore, as to the most important essentials, the danger is less than one might suppose. If it be said that in case of a girl there should be absolutely no danger at all, it can only be answered that no such security has ever been discovered, since the conventual system of education certainly does not effect it. Even as to manners, the most exclusive private school may still leave much to be desired. The more exclusive it is, the more certain it is that some very rough material will be sent there to be made into shape. I have heard an anxious parent deplore that the occasional outbreaks of her little girl in the direction of rudeness and slang were generally traced to the carefully selected children of the city school, and not to the offspring of country blacksmiths and farm laborers with whom she played at their summer home.

I remember to have discussed this matter many years ago with a gentleman whose official duties obliged him to take

an interest in the public schools. He shook his head over them a good deal, thinking that bad manners were more contagious than good, and that the general mixture was dangerous. Yet it turned out, as I suspected, that his own daughters could have taught the other schoolgirls more real mischief than they would have learned from them, although these young ladies had been reared in French seclusion. It is the general experience, probably, that the freedom of American manners trains those who grow up under it, and that there is nothing more dangerous than to be transplanted into it from a foreign convent. As to the general proposition that bad is more contagious than good, it is probable that much depends on the temperament of the observer.

It is to be noticed, however, that the greater imitativeness of girls is, on the whole, an aid to civilization. Any one can see in a public school that the presence of a few girls better dressed and better mannered than the rest is a great stimulus to the others and a source of

immediate imitation; whereas boys care comparatively little for such things. The longing desire for "good form" exhibits itself in girls of eight or ten, whereas a boy of the same age would with the greatest composure wear a torn hat and patched trousers into the presence of a feudal aristocracy.

On the whole, where home influences are thoroughly good and a child's nature is still transparent, so that the parent can keep watch over it, there seems to be little danger to the manners and morals of boys, or even of girls, from any ordinary public-school. Early sins are less contagious than we are apt to suppose, and they certainly do not go so deep.

Any one who will review his childish associates, and consider how many of his most perilous companions have turned out irreproachably, will surely take a more hopeful view. The only boy in my native town with whom I was expressly forbidden to associate for fear of moral contamination has since died an eminent clergyman; and the only member of my

college class who ever reached the State prison would have been recognized by unanimous vote, at our graduation, as the most trustworthy and thoroughly respectable member of the class.

XXIX.

REPRESSION AT LONG RANGE.

HE critic of poetry in the New York *Nation*, while showing himself quite ready to do justice to the work of women, feels bound to admit that few women have reached in poetry the white-heat of passion. He cites Helen Jackson's "Vintage" and Saxe Holm's "Three Kisses of Farewell" as examples of this white-heat; and names others who have at least reached the red-heat, while he thinks that several American "poetesses of passion" fail to reach any real heat at all, but offer only an obtrusive burning of unseemly stubble. Be this as it may, it must be remembered that it is only lately that women have even begun to compete with men, on a large scale, in artistic expression of any kind;

it is a part of the later evolution of the sex, and must, as with all great processes, proceed slowly. Lateness of arrival on the scene is not only no discredit, but, by the analogies of nature, rather creditable; else would man have preceded the *mylodon*. With more of poetic sympathy, woman has as yet produced less of high poetry than man; with more of musical feeling, she has been little known as a composer; and so of various other spheres in science and art. In accounting for this it is not enough to take into account the special disadvantages, as when Mary Somerville met only universal ridicule in her early mathematical studies, and wrote of herself, "I was very sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me;" or when Fanny Mendelssohn was required by her family to publish her musical compositions as her brother's. But beyond all these discouragements of the individual there was the collective discouragement of the sex. There was the fact pressing on all society around them, the universal tradition of the human race, disturbed even now only in two or three of the

more advanced countries, that women have, to all intents and purposes, no brains.

An eminent teacher has lately written a paper directed against certain extreme theories of teaching, and entitled "The Presumption of Brains." What has weighed down woman, and still weighs her down, is not so much any temporary or local inconvenience as the great collective tradition still held against her—"The Presumption of No Brains." There is a solidarity of the human race, and the total soil and atmosphere of the planet, socially speaking, is to be taken into account in her case. The most gifted woman, struggling for intellectual progress in the most favorable surroundings, is still like a single plant or little group of plants trying to sustain itself where the soil as a whole is not yet fitted for its reception, and it is only in some favored nook that it manages to exist at all. The traditions of Turkey still keep down Europe; the vast East, with its solid and unbroken prejudice, discourages our little England and America. When we consider that out of

the 1,877,942 pupils in the schools of British India in 1877–78 less than 100,000 were girls, we have a fact which makes it seem as if this planet, taken as a whole, was still intellectually uninhabitable for women. Then we must take further into view that in the Presidency of Bombay the prize books distributed to deserving girls in the government-aided schools have such passages as the following: "If the husband of a virtuous woman be ugly, of good or bad disposition, diseased, fiendish, irascible, a drunkard, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot-tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a slanderer, cowardly, perfidious, and immoral, nevertheless she ought to worship him as a god with mind, speech, and person. The wife who gives an angry answer to her husband will become a village pariah dog; she will also become a female jackal, and live in an uninhabited desert. . . . The woman who speaks disrespectfully to her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relations will become from birth to birth a muskrat living in ordure and

filth." We must remember that the marriages for which this code is provided are mostly child marriages, made without the consent of the poor little bride; we must remember that these prize books are distributed virtually at the expense of the British Government — and how vast is the abyss of ignorance and degradation in which these things show women as plunged! But that abyss comprises the greater part of the human race, and the teeming millions of China, Africa, and Oceanica would show nothing much better.

The moral is that any intellectual opportunities given to woman, even in the most enlightened countries, are but exceptional and recent things. She enters every competition burdened with the world-wide discouragement and repression of her sex. The obstacles with which she has to contend are not merely the obvious and local ones, but have the vast superincumbent weight of a cosmic tradition behind them. The local obstacles are often quite enough. An accomplished German woman, long resident in Eng-

land, told me that she once went back to her native land to live, but found the intellectual position of women so humiliating, compared with England, that she could not remain. Yet about the same time a brilliant American woman told me that it took her a whole year in England to get accustomed to the subordinate position of women there, as compared with America. As to France, Mr. John D. Philbrick told me at the Exposition of 1878, where he had charge of our educational exhibit, that he spent a large part of his time in trying to convince incredulous Frenchmen that there were actually institutions in the United States where girls studied Greek. They went away, he said, bowing courteously, but evidently unconvinced. Yet these are the foremost countries of the world in their recognition of brains in women, and even these, it seems, are backward and reluctant. But behind these lies, it must always be remembered, the vast, hopeless, impenetrable incredulity of India, China, and the Dark Continent. This dense resistance may not affect, directly and obviously, the

more enlightened sentiment of more favored regions, but it affects it indirectly and unconsciously: the status of woman is determined by the condition of mind of the human race. The wonder will one day be not that she did not accomplish more in the nineteenth century, but that she accomplished what she has. For many years, or perhaps centuries, she will still work at disadvantage; she will still find herself surrounded, nearer or farther off, by an atmosphere of distrust and disparagement. There are obstacles enough, under all circumstances, to the rearing of first-class genius. It certainly is not easy for it to raise itself when it has the weight of the globe on its shoulders.

THE END.

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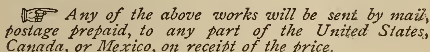
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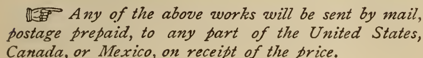
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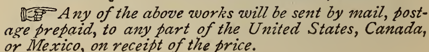
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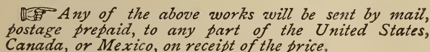

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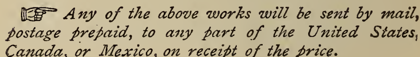

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