

enemies are right, and that the Jews cannot be patriots, and have no fatherland but Palestine. There are, however, reverent Israelites,—among them some of our most scholarly and representative rabbis,—who think that Judaism's best work has been done outside of Palestine, and believe that the traditional view about a literal restoration must be modified or abandoned. At any rate, the most conservative Jew will understand that if, in Miss Lazarus' words, "it has been reserved for Christians to proclaim the speedy advent of that Jewish triumph"—the restoration—the conversion of the Jews is an event generally associated by pious Christians with the final ingathering of the Jewish nation.

5. But, it may be asked, if the prospect of emigration *en masse* to Palestine and the establishment of a separate nationality be denied them, what hope is afforded the million and more Russian Israelites, and the several hundred thousand in Roumania, belonging to the poorer classes? The answer is, they must remain where they are, and it is the duty of their leaders and spokesmen to champion their rights, even as the German Israelites have finally acquired their political emancipation. It has been a long contest in Germany since Moses Mendelssohn taught the German that the Jew could be both a man and a brother. Let the Russian Mendelssohn, let the Russian Heine, let the Russian Börne, let the Russian Zunz and Riesser and the rest, step forward and champion their brethren at the bar of European public opinion. The world will respect such action as indicative of a nobler manhood and a higher faith. Riesser did not spare his own brethren. Mendelssohn and his school fought the bigotry and superstition which degraded their co-religionists, and made their religion a mass of antiquated forms and nerveless practices. Let the true restoration be preached to the hundreds of thousands who are ignorant of modern culture and modern industries. Let the best preparation for citizenship in enlightened lands begin in the scattered towns and governments of Russia by better schools and improved facilities for training the children, so that they may be transformed into men akin in spirit and aim to the brilliant writers, poets, philanthropists, and statesmen who are the pride and boast of other lands, where once the stone of reproach weighed heavily upon the Jew, which he has bravely rolled away. To begin this work is the duty primarily of the wealthy Russian Israelite; and the example of a few like Baron Guinzberg, Abraham Brodsky, and Poliakoff, is worthy of wider and more general emulation. Nor can it be doubted that in such a movement might be enlisted the aid of the "Alliance Israélite"—which was not founded to colonize Palestine, but to educate the illiterate Jewish population of the East, and plant schools in all directions. If, in addition to such efforts on the part of Jews to secure political emancipation and social and educational reform, the Church shall more generally imitate the action of a few of its representatives in Russia, and strive to awaken a Christianity more in accord with the gentle teachings of its Founder,—who can doubt that in a decade or two the Jewish problem in Russia will have been solved, and the Russian Israelite will have no more ground of complaint than his brethren in France, England, and America?

In the brief space necessarily accorded a communica-

tion of this kind, and in a magazine like THE CENTURY, I have not attempted any detailed criticism. Let me add that paper schemes for the colonization of Palestine, which are chronicled with all the gravity of an item about the sea-serpent, are not original with Mr. Oliphant or George Eliot. In the "New York World," of September 28, 1866, Mr. Henry Durand, of Geneva, Switzerland, had a far more practicable plea for the settlement of Palestine by Jew and Christian, and the revival of the Orient by the development of its industry and commerce. It was expected by Mr. Durand and his friends that the Jews would aid, Turkey would coöperate, the Rothschilds provide capital, and the Emperor Napoleon give his support. But Mr. Durand's scheme shared the fate of all the pseudo-Messiahs who appear in the East from time to time—it ended in smoke; and so will every attempt, under present circumstances, to colonize Palestine on any large scale with a view of organizing a Jewish nation. That such a phantasy should be seriously advocated in our day is not so surprising when one reflects that the present whereabouts of the Ten Tribes still forms a subject of effervescent dispute, and within recent years a unique literature has appeared devoted to the claims of the Anglo-Saxon race to be considered their lineal descendants. It is only in England, perhaps, that such ideas can germinate "with miraculous rapidity."

Abram S. Isaacs.

On Higher Education for Women.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I know that you'll think it perfectly horrid of me and too forward and dreadful for anything to write to you in this bold way without knowing you at all, but I *do* hope that you'll excuse me, as there is something I feel it my duty to write to you about. (It seems too funny to write "Mr." instead of "Miss" or "Mrs.," as I most always do, for upon my word and honor, I never, never wrote to a gentleman before except once when I ———) But any way, I feel ever so safe, as you can't possibly know what my monogram stands for, and my signature is *ex officio*, or whatever you call it when you don't give your real name. But as I was saying, I want to speak to you about this just too dreadful fuss they are all making about what they call higher education for women and co-education. Horrid, tiresome old things, I'd just like to shake them.

Why, I declare! It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back, and sleeves that never fit at the shoulders, and carry their change in a bag, and ask for the "franchise" (whatever that is), and make all kinds of ridiculous plans, and don't know any more about flirting or dancing the German than the man in the moon. It quite makes the cold shivers run down my back to think of them. (Don't you consider this description just too awfully cutting and sarcastic for anything?)

I know well enough that they tell all of us girls that what women need is more *real* knowledge; but,

I'm sure, I simply can't see the good of it. It's awfully true as the poet says, "What is knowledge but grieving?" (Don't you consider Owen Meredith just too splendid and grand for this world? I quite dote on that sweet and dreamy Lucille.)

I'm sure you can get all the knowledge and accomplishments you want at lots and lots of establishments like Madame de Sagesse's. (Why, they even teach calisthenics there!) That's where I graduated last spring, and they gave me a diploma which was just every bit as large as the one Cousin Jack took at college ever and ever so many years ago, and exactly like it, only it was in English and didn't have a lot of letters after my name like his — A. B. or Ph. B. or whatever they are, just as if you were a drawing pencil and had to be stamped to show if you were very, *very* soft or only middling. But it was thick and crackly and real, *real* parchment; and it was tied with the most lovely shade of *clair de lune* blue that you ever saw in all your born days, "*gros grain*," too, and must have cost, oh! ever and ever so much a yard. French I think, because it exactly matched the bows on my white muslin. (Worth!) It was just too becoming to live, as Cousin Jack said. (I've ripped off one of the bows and send it to you around this manuscript, it looks so neat. You can keep it.)

But I am afraid you may think me frivolous and wandering from my subject; but really I feel so awfully nervous at the idea that this will be printed, and that then I will be a real live authoress just like George Eliot, or May Agnes Fleming, or Rosa Bonheur, and lots and lots more, that I really and truly can't write quite my best. (Though, upon my word, I should hope that now, when I have finished my education and received a prize for English composition, my writing is not so awfully bad that I have to apologize for it, because if I thought so, I would just throw it in the fire and burn it, and sink right through the floor, and it would be the death of me, and I would, as Byron says, "wither like a flower and like a flower die." Isn't that sentiment quite too soulful and heavenly? I know it's awfully wicked for a girl to read Byron; but I do just whenever I get a chance, and I think he's perfectly grand and divine, but I haven't read much lately, because the key of the book-case fell down the register last year, and so I can't open it.) Oh, dear me, what a frightfully long parenthesis! Almost a page. But please don't think that I can't keep my mind fixed on one subject, for I can, as you will easily see when I tell you that I was marked "double 10" for Logic, one whole term, while at Madame de Sagesse's.

But I must not let my thoughts wander any more or you may get the idea that I am not serious-minded. It's just too ridiculously preposterous the idea that a girl with any sort of pretension to good looks should just go and ruin her chances by seeming to know anything about all those dreadful mathematics like Soshiology (Dear me! I hope that's spelt correctly, though somehow or other it don't look quite right to

me). It only makes all the men afraid of her. So where's the good of it? What's the use of bothering your brains if the men won't like you any better for it?

Then they give another reason for the need of "higher" education, *vis.*: That many women are poor and want to earn their own living and want a diploma from a college to certify as to their fitness. As for the diploma, I have shown that you can get it at a school if you think it's going to do you any good. As for being poor, I don't see the need of that either. Why don't they go and live with some relations? Or marry some *rich* man? Or if they are ridiculously stuck up and want to be "independant," why there are lots of ways of making money. They can do spatter-work or worsted work, or paint plaques. It's awfully easy. I never took any drawing lessons at school (because the drawing teacher wasn't a bit young and poetic-looking, as an artist ought to be) and have taken only six painting lessons in my whole life, and yet I paint beautifully (this may seem conceited but it isn't). This winter I made a plaque and only painted seven weeks on it, and sent it to a fair and it sold the very first night for ten dollars. I'm sure that shows it was good. In fact I didn't like to part with it, so I made Cousin Jack promise to buy it for me and he did. He's just devoted to me.

I forgot to tell you that I'm the secretaryess of the North-American — literary — society (no real writers, you know, but only amateurs who could be if they wanted to), and so I have a great deal of experience in reading the very best essays, and I have often noticed that most of those that cry about the "right" of women are those "left" by men. (Isn't that an awfully well turned sentence?)

Anyway, I feel sure that you can get lots of culture now in New York, if you really want it and can get invited to the right places. What with the "Causeries de Lundi" and the "Goethe Lectures" and "Tasso Readings," and "Raphael Conversazione" and "Nineteenth Century Club" and "Biology Class" and so on *ad infantum*. (You see I can quote Latin too, if I want to, but I don't think it's good taste to air your learning — it seems too dogmatic.)

But I shall have to stop now as I am afraid you will (Ought you say *will* here or *shall*?) get angry with me, if I keep you any longer from your printing; and besides, I have a most important engagement with my dressmaker, and anyway if I cross this sheet a third time I am afraid you may, here and there, have some difficulty in reading it *current calamo*.

Beleve (I'm never quite sure whether it is ie or ei, but I haven't time to look for the dictionary) me —

Yours for health,

PINKIE ROSEBUD.

P. S. — You may have this even if you don't think you can afford to pay all it's worth; but I should like to receive something, so as to be able to say that I have been paid for my writing, because you know that always shows it's good.

P. R.