

ize her wares so as to make them attractive. Ladies are usually obliged to go to the most expensive establishments for "willow ware," a dainty tea or tête-à-tête set, a luncheon set, odd little pieces, or anything of the kind, not necessarily costly, but modern, and for which they have a fancy, because the male buyers and proprietors of minor stores do not know anything about decorative art, or decorative wares, or what women are thinking or talking about; and goes on in the same old way, ordering his "white" ware, and "yellow" ware, and "stone" ware by dozens, and laying it all to the score of modern extravagance, and the buyers pass his door, and take the next train to the city, when they want so much as a milk-bowl or cream-pitcher.

Another excellent business for women is upholstery, window-furnishing, and the like. No very great capital would be required; but taste, judgment, intelligence, a power of accurate calculation, and business promptitude would be indispensable. A woman possessed of tact, originality, industry, suggestiveness, in addition, would find a field for the display of all her qualities, and soon increase her capital beyond its original dimensions.

But the work must be well done, and the charges moderate—not the work ill done, and the charges exorbitant—which is sometimes the case with the work of women, particularly in new fields.

The great desideratum in putting a limited sum to its best and most profitable use is, that the method should have some elements of novel enterprise in it, and that strict personal service and effort should be given to carrying out the idea. You cannot intrust small interests, in which are involved great personal risks, to other hands; because they require incessant nursing to bring them up and rear them.

It makes very little difference what a person engages in or produces, if it is only something she can do well, or that many people want; persevering industry is sure then to crown her with success.

A woman (shall I say lady?)—she had had her own pleasant home, had kept a servant, and lived a pleasant, cared-for life—lost her husband; not by death, but by the wickedness of another woman; and in her distress begged a gentleman friend who had often visited her husband and herself in their home to tell her what she could do for the support of herself and child.

"I know nothing," she remarked; "I cannot even embroider; all I know is how to keep my own little home and take care of baby."

The gentleman thought a moment. "Mrs. Blank," said he at last, "you make a most delicious kind of dumpling; I have eaten it at your house; it would make your fortune in a restaurant; why do you not open a lunch-room in a business neighborhood? I will be your security to a certain extent, for I am certain you will succeed. Make one or two specialties, among them my dumpling."

The idea struck her favorably—she acted upon it. She made delicious fritters, waffles, and some dishes that are rarely found good at a restaurant. Her one room, with a little kitchen at the back, had to be enlarged.

Large parties of gentlemen would come in, attracted by the fame of her puddings, her waffles, her oyster fritters, and her old-fashioned fried chicken, with which she always served currant-jelly of her own making. The lunch-room grew into a restaurant for dinner and lunch parties in a fashionable quarter, where she comes in a coupé and takes the money, but no longer makes the fritters or the waffles, and fried chicken has been banished from the bill of fare. But a shabby-looking man shuffles in every day, takes his seat in an obscure corner, and eats his dinner free; no bill is ever handed to him, and if, on a rare occasion, the mistress of the house meets, she does not speak to him. The employes suppose him to be a poor and disgraced relation, for they have been ordered to attend to his wants, and if he is ill, care for him; but they do not know he was once the husband of the reserved, self-contained woman they know as a wealthy proprietor, or that she began her self-supporting life on the strength of knowing how to make a dumpling, and with barely a thousand cents, much less dollars, as capital.

### Homeless.

(See *Steel Engraving*.)

It is a pitiful tale that our picture tells, and one worthy the powerful strokes with which Doré, the great painter, transferred it to his canvas. Can the mind conceive a sadder lot than a woman with her child—homeless, homeless, penniless, and therefore friendless. For who is to care for her? There is no home that dares to take the risk of her, and her circumstances and possibilities. There is no possible refuge except the shelter afforded to the wretched castaways from humanity, when they have arrived at the last stages of their misery.

Protected women, those who have never known what it is to want shelter, can hardly realize the horror, repeated every twenty-four hours, of the darkness, and night, to those who have no refuge from the street, the alley, or the highway. Oh! that the sky would close in upon them and cover them, is the cry of many a poor hunted or forsaken wretch, as the veil descends, shutting out light and hope.

It must not be forgotten, however, that for such dreadful straits as the one to which this poor, homeless mother is reduced, the sufferer herself is largely responsible, and though it should not lessen our pity, or reduce our efforts on her behalf, yet it should serve as a continual warning to us not to be led for one instant from the strict path of duty, and not form relations of friendship or affection but from the highest motives. A constant life of integrity, a good record, does not save us from sorrow, or from sharing the consequences of the faults of others, but it preserves from the results of our own errors; and these are always the most serious to us, and create friends and circumstances which often favor and help us in time of need.

### Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play.

BY H. F. R.



THE modern drama arose in the rude attempts of minstrels and traveling buffoons to illustrate portions of Scripture at fairs in France, Italy, and England. Later, stories from the Bible were represented by the priests, and were the origin of sacred comedy. So early as the year 364 A. D., Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the early church, is believed to have constructed a drama on the Passion, in order to counteract the evil tendencies and profanity of the heathen stage, which is perhaps the earliest example we have of the "miracle plays" which arose and attained such wide popularity during the next twelve hundred years. Fitzstephen, who died about the year 1190, states, in his life of Thomas à Becket, "that London had for its theatrical exhibitions holy plays, and the representations of miracles performed by holy confessors, and at Clerkenwell, where was situated the hospice of the Knights Templars, and where now stands the old Shakespearean Sadler's Wells Theater, plays and "miracles" were performed by the parish clergy in the open fields in 1397. In fact, up to the end of the fifteenth century, the only dramatic representations were those in which sacred subjects formed the chief theme.

In the earliest times to which we can trace these shows the actors were generally monks, friars, and other ecclesiastics; the representations were generally given in the churches, seldom in the open air; and the aim was the religious training and instruction of the people by means of amusement. In these last respects the modern drama, whose rise we have just sketched, differed not at all from the first inception of the ancient Greek drama, for from the very earliest ages down to the time of Solon, religious feasts were accompanied by songs and dances. As is well known, there was in the early Christian church, composed as it was of large numbers of heathen converts, a constant tendency to perpetuate heathen practices and observances, as witness the many customs surviving to-day, whose origin can be traced back to a pagan parentage; and to prevent the introduction of the heathen theater, with all its abuses, the church may have felt itself forced to provide a dramatic entertainment in which sacred subjects took the place of those of mythology—a course that probably achieved the end aimed at.

No doubt we can thus account for the custom which prevailed, even in apostolic times, of reading at Easter the narrative of the Passion, the various parts distributed among different personages; which later came to be accompanied by an interpolated dialogue and gestures, and also, probably, the readers officiated in what they considered appropriate dresses. So that even here we have a very close approach to the genuine passion play.



In due time other days and feasts than Easter came to be devoted to these representations, and as they grew in length and the number of persons engaged increased, ecclesiastics ceased to take any direct part in them, confining themselves simply to the training of others to the work, and, under the name of *mysteries*, the plays were acted after the sermon. As a general rule, the *mystery* play was taken directly from the biblical record, and the *miracle* plays from legendary subjects; for instance, the reported miraculous doings of some saint, as the legend of St. Catharine; but this nomenclature has never been strictly adhered to, and the general character of both was about the same, each containing a nearly equal proportion of biblical quotations and profane dialogues.

The mysteries, strictly so called, were representations, often of great length, requiring several days' performance, of the Scripture narrative, which was usually followed most faithfully in its minutest details.

The clergy, however, were soon entirely superseded by the laity, who formed themselves into companies and guilds for the purpose of representing mysteries, and very soon every considerable town had its fraternity for this purpose. This change from clergy to laity was eagerly welcomed, for the chief reason that hitherto the dialogue had been held in Latin, whereas the laity gave their representations in the vernacular; and in this way the mystery plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries played no unimportant part in the development of the people's language.

The most important of these guilds was the *Confrérie de la Passion et Résurrection de notre Seigneur* (Brotherhood of the Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord), which was composed of Paris artisans, citizens, and a few others of higher rank. By authority of King Charles VI. they were empowered to act "any mystery whatsoever, either before the king or before his people, in any suitable place, either in the town of Paris itself or in its suburbs." Upon this they established themselves in the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, outside the Porte St. Denis, and there on public holidays they gave representations of pieces drawn from the New Testament, which were attended by crowds of the clergy, nobility, and those of humbler rank.

In time, however, abuses crept in, and under cover of the miracle plays gross immoralities were perpetrated, fully equal to the blasphemies of the pagan drama which originally they had superseded. So in 1799 a manifesto was issued by the prince-archbishop of Salzburg, in Germany, condemning them, and prohibiting their further performance, on the ground of the impious mixture of the sacred and profane, and the scandal arising from the exposure of sacred subjects to the ridicule of free-thinkers. This ecclesiastical prohibition was vigorously seconded by the civil authorities, and soon the passion play was a thing of the past. One exception was made, however, to the general suppression, and now we come, after this brief introductory sketch, to the subject of our paper, the sole miracle play that survives.

In the year 1634 the village of Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian highlands, was devastated

by a pestilence, and in their extremity the survivors vowed to perform every tenth year the Passion of Christ, if they should be spared—a vow which has ever since been regularly observed. The town is situated in the valley of the Aumer, 46 miles south-west of Munich, and the inhabitants, who number about a thousand, are chiefly engaged in the carving of wood.

The performance lasts for twelve consecutive Sundays during the summer season, occurring every tenth year, the last representation having occurred in 1870 (which, by the way, was interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war, and resumed in 1871), and at this writing (June, 1880), the play is being represented for the twenty-third consecutive decennial. The inhabitants of this secluded village, long noted for their skillful workmanship in their craft, have a rare union of artistic cultivation with perfect simplicity. Their intense familiarity with religious themes is far beyond what is usually the case, even in Alpine Germany, and they partake in the representations and look on with much the same feelings that their ancestors did five hundred years ago. What to many appears impious and trifling with sacred subjects is to these Alpine peasants intensely devout and edifying. The man who personates Christ, and who has done so for a number of times, considers his rôle an entirely religious act, and he and all of the other players are said to be chosen with a view to their purity of life and morals, and are consecrated to their task with fervent prayer.

Altogether, nearly five hundred persons are engaged in the play, as many as three hundred being upon the stage at one time, and are recruited entirely from the villagers. Although they have no dramatic training whatever, except such as the parish priest can give, they display no inconsiderable skill and talent, and a fine and delicate appreciation of character.

The performances usually last from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., and are attended not only by thousands of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, but by many tourists from this and other countries. The theater building will seat about two thousand spectators, and the auditorium is unroofed, only the stage being covered, so that the audience have above them the blue vault of heaven, and around them the picturesque Bavarian hills.

The New Testament text is most strictly followed, the only interpolation being the legendary handkerchief of St. Veronica; the intervals between the acts alternate with prophetic tableaux from the Old Testament, and with choral odes. The following is an account of the principal scenes as given by an eye-witness:

"1. The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem; the children and people shouting 'Hosanna!' and strewing clothes and branches. This introduced the Saviour and the apostles, and formed in itself an admirable prelude to the whole. There were certainly no less than two hundred persons in the crowd, including seventy or eighty children.

"2. The long and animated debates in the Sanhedrim, including the furious evidence of the expelled money-changers, and later the in-

terview with Judas when the contract was ratified between him and the priests by the payment of the thirty pieces of silver. Nothing could be more characteristic, real, and unaffected than these.

"3. The Last Supper and the washing of the apostles' feet. Here the table was arranged on the model of the well-known picture of Leonardo da Vinci.

"4. Next came all the scenes in which Christ was brought in succession before Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate, and Herod; the 'Ecce Homo,' the scourging, etc. In some of these as many as two hundred and fifty persons were at once on the scene; infuriated mobs of priests, money-changers, Roman soldiers, etc.; and, violent as were the passions personified, there was not the slightest approach to rant, nor the slightest transgression into irreverence or improbability. In the course of these scenes a striking occurrence was the contrast of Barabbas—a brutal and squalid figure—with the noble form and countenance of the sacred sufferer—the latter formed more after the model of Albrecht Dürer than of any other painter. Both Pilate and Herod were admirably represented, but especially the former.

"5. The whole long procession, at the slowest pace, from Pilate's house to Golgotha; our Lord and the thieves carrying their huge crosses; his interview with his mother and the other women of Jerusalem. This contained the legendary or traditional incident of the wiping of Christ's face by St. Veronica; but there was no attempt to show the miraculous impression of the sacred countenance on the handkerchief, which forms the point of the legend.

"6. Last of all came the last dreadful scene—the uprearing of the three crosses with their living burdens, and all the cruel incidents of that most cruel and lingering death."

In connection with this last scene it may be remarked that at the representation held this year the acting of the man who personified Christ was on all hands held to have been a most finished performance. The strict adherence to the lines of the sacred text, as all will remember, gives to the principal performer but very few words to say; consequently nearly all his acting must be simple gesture alone. Perhaps no better example can be cited than that afforded in the last scene. After the most tedious agony on the cross, all of which was most faithfully portrayed to the minutest degree, the last moment comes when the Divine Person gives up the ghost. Of a necessity, in suspending a mere actor upon the cross, no nails or other visible supports could be used. At the supreme instant the actor, with a sigh that could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the vast auditorium, droops his head and all is over. Then for twenty minutes more, by a splendid effort of gymnastics, he supports himself in his necessary painful position, giving the while to his limbs the tense muscles and the gradual rigidity of death. Even when the descent from the cross occurs, the same admirable immobility is sustained.

So with the actors in the minor parts. Their rôles are, in many cases, simply those



This was folded about her white neck like a purple sphere, with the ends casting their full breadth down the back. One flame was wrought full of ships, Leander being represented as that ship where passed all her wealth. And

"In that sea she nak'd figur'd him;  
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,  
And to each thread did such resemblance give,  
For joy to be so like him it did live.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought  
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy,  
And then, as she was working of his eye,  
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;  
But as she prick'd it grew more perfect still."

Farther than exhibiting a high order of fancy in the mere sentiment of the piece, she is shown as managing the technique with no want of skill.

"His shoulders and his hands were seen  
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green  
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,  
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim."

Art, in this form at least, is altogether inseparable from the woman of antiquity as poetically represented. A considerable part of such art must have been devoted to the purpose of personal adornment at a time when even military rank was denoted by magnificence of embroidery. Generals who had been victorious in battles had their togas splendidly embroidered, and as in the *Æneid*,

"The leaders are distinguished from the rest,  
The victor honored with a nobler vest;  
When gold and purple strive in equal rows  
And needlework its happy cost bestows."

The girdle as well illustrated this beautiful art of needlework, with which the article was sometimes covered in solid mass, as the one mentioned by Homer, which besides having been a work of art, had on one occasion proved a valuable shield for its wearer, who thus explains his deliverance:

"Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,  
My vary'd belt repelled the flying wound."

Minerva, disrobing herself before arming for battle, untied a radiant veil which her own hands had adorned with flowers and art diversified:

"The labor'd veil her heavenly fingers wove,  
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove."

Helen amidst her coquetries found time for the practice of this noble art. As a gift to Telemachus on his departure from the kingdom of Menelaus, the fair queen presents him a lovely veil embroidered by her own hands, "with no vulgar art," telling him to place it in his mother's care until required to deck his bride; at the same time the beautiful donor seems to signify having grown a sadder woman by mentioning that the exquisite shining veil was by Helen wrought "long since in better days."

It is no doubt equally difficult to determine when women commenced designing and executing pictorial subjects, as to discover the origin of man's efforts in art, but not more so. If we accept Vasari's view on the latter point, we should perhaps credit something of the same primitive artistic impulse to the first created woman, who is believed to have been

not behind her companion in experimental enterprise. But there is no difficulty in discovering how very generally poets and historians have associated ancient womanhood with the pencil and needle, as well as frequently with the brush. Nor is the idea limited to any country or any system of religious life; the women of North and of South were skilled in art needlework, and the feminine designer figures in Norse art as disclosed in the Edda of Saemund: "She, for my solace, wrought in gold, southern halls and Danish swans." And throughout the middle ages, although so considerable an amount of the art executed for the Church is not traceable to individual authorship, since the glorification of the artist was no part of its purpose, it is still a fact known to everybody how largely feminine hands contributed to the work. Among the distinctly personal accounts is that of the Abbess of Quedlingberg, whose works in miniature painting were celebrated in the twelfth century; and many of the nuns of that period occupied themselves with this art, as well as that of illumination. But in the ornamentation of manuscript books it has been noticed that there appears to have been a division of labor; some laid on the colors of arabesques and gold and silver ornaments, while others traced the letters, and were hence called *pulchri scriptores*. A very great degree of skill was displayed by a nun in the Carthusian convent in copying and illuminating religious works with Gothic letters and miniature pictures, and a number of folio volumes were thus enriched by her admirable art. Another nun of this time was the possessor of such distinguished talent as to have been canonized under the title of *Beata* as a patron saint of the fine arts. Neither was feminine art practiced for the Church alone in those days. Other women than those of the convents attained various ranks in painting; of the worldly number, for example, was Onorata, of the earlier part of the fifteenth century, who loved warfare, and, attired as a man, lived for many years the soldier's life, but who used the pencil equally as well as the sword. Margareta von Eyck was another artist not without celebrity in her time, if second to her brothers, Hubert and John. The development of feminine artists during the grand epoch of art in Europe was probably in proportion to the progress of the other sex, and accordingly more is heard of them from that time. But one hardly needs, in traveling through European countries, that the guide-book should instruct him as to many works in prominent places executed by women at an earlier day; for such definite inscriptions are occasionally to be found as that of a scroll borne by the St. John occupying an exterior niche of Strasburg cathedral. Sabina von Steinback was her father's assistant in designing the façades of the beautiful tower which was the work left him by his predecessor. The daughter receives her benediction from the St. John; on a scroll, of which one end is held within his lips, are engraved these words:

"The grace of God be with thee, O Sabina,  
Whose hands from this hard stone have wrought  
my image."

And after the death of Erwin of Steinback, which happened in 1318, when his work was incomplete, the construction of this most wonderful tower was carried on first by his son and afterward by his daughter alone.

## The Wayfarers.

(See Steel Engraving.)

THIS strikingly beautiful picture, the original of which is in the collection of Mr. J. C. Northcote, of England, possesses the peculiarity of being the work of two artists, one of whom painted the landscape, while the other introduced the figures. The former, Mr. Thomas Creswick, was born in England in 1811, and died in 1869. He was renowned for his faithful delineations of English scenery, his landscapes being always bathed in the glow of summer, or radiating with the milder light of spring. The other artist, Mr. Frederick Goodall, was born in London in 1822, and when but fourteen years of age received a prize from the Society of Arts for a drawing of Lambeth Palace. While Mr. Creswick performed the larger part of the work on this attractive picture, that done by Mr. Goodall cannot be underrated; for however beautiful this rural landscape, the effect is greatly heightened by the introduction of the figures.

The scene is one not uncommon in English life. A group of weary wayfarers, overcome by the summer heat, have stopped to rest themselves in the fields that skirt the village beyond. The prostrate tree, spanning the rocky stream from bank to bank, affords a convenient seat, and here the old man sits, bending his head contemplatively over his stick, while beside him is his little granddaughter, her youthful arms encircling the baby, the mother meanwhile standing by the gate industriously knitting. To give further domesticity to the family group, a dog is seen lapping up the refreshing water of the silvery stream with evident enjoyment. Through the tall trees the breeze is blowing, swaying gently the branches, and refreshing the tired group sitting beneath its shade. Across the green fields clearly outlined against the sky gleams the village church, partly hidden by the trees, while above soar the birds as if rejoicing in the aerial blue.

There is a calm tranquillity about this beautiful picture that seems to steal into the heart of the beholder. The varied yet exquisitely blended shades of green, forming a harmony as sweet as music; the serenity of the skies, with here and there golden and silver clouds reposing in still, soft beauty; the intermingling of light and shade that flits across the landscape, the glow of which no smoke of busy life has ever dimmed; and the restful attitude of the figures, giving life to the scene, combine to produce an effect that soothes even while it delights. The painter resorted to the green fields for an inspiration of beauty, nor sought in vain. Every stroke of the brush shows a quiet power, bringing nature closer to the heart, and fixing on the canvas a scene of imperishable beauty.