CARICATURES OF WOMEN.

"*You* frank! *You* simple! Have confidence in *you!* You! Why, you would blow your nose with your left hand for nothing but the pleasure of deceiving your right, if you could!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

OBSERVE this picture of man's scorn of woman, drawn by Gavarni, the most noted of French caricaturists. I place it first, because it expresses the feeling toward "the subject sex" which satiric art has oftenest exhibited, and because it was executed by the person who excelled all others in delineating what he called the *fourberies de femmes*. Such, in all time, has been the habitual tone of self-indulgent men toward their victims. Gavarni well represents men in this sorry business of reviling women; for in all the old civilizations men in general have done precisely what Gavarni did recently in Paris—first degraded women, then laughed at them.

The reader, perhaps, after witnessing some of the French plays and comic operas with which we have been favored in recent years, such as *Frou-Frou*, *The Sphinx*, *Alixe*, and others, may have turned in wild amazement to some friend familiar with Paris from long residence, and asked, Is there *any* truth in this picture? Are there *any* people in France who behave and live as these people on the stage behave and live? Many there can not be; for no community could exist half a generation if the majority lived so. But are there any? The correct answer to this question was probably given the other evening by a person accustomed to Paris life: "Yes, there are some; they are the people who write such stuff as this. As for the *bal masqué*, and things of that kind, it is a mere business, the simple object of which is to beguile and despoil the verdant of every land who go to Paris in quest of pleasure." These plays and novels we know do most ludicrously misrepresent the people of other countries. What, for example, can be less like truth than that solemn donkey of a Scotch duke in M. Octave Feuillet's play of *The Sphinx?* The dukes of Scotland are not so numerous nor so unconspicuous a body of men that they can not be known to a curious inquirer, and it is safe to assert that whatever their faults may be, there is not among them a creature so unspeakably absurd as the *viveur infernal* of this play. If the author is so far astray with his Scotch duke, he is perhaps not so very much nearer the truth with his French marquis, a personage equally foreign to his experience.

We had in New York some years ago a dozen or two of young fellows, more or less connected with the press, most of them of foreign origin, who cherished the delusion that eating a bad supper in a cellar late at night, and uttering or singing semi-drunken nonsense, was an exceedingly noble, high-spirited, and literary way of consuming a weakly constitution and a small salary. They thought they were doing something in the manner of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. Any one who should have judged New York in the year 1855 by the writings of these young gentlemen would have supposed that we were wholly given up to silly, vulgar, and reckless dissipation. But, in truth, the "Bohemians," as they were proud to be styled, were both few and insignificant; their morning scribblings expressed nothing but the looseness of their own lives, and that was half pretense.

Two admiring friends have written the life of Gavarni, the incomparable caricaturist of *la femme;* and they tell us just how

and where and when the artist acquired his "subtle and profound knowledge" of the sex. It is but too plain that he knew but one class of women, the class that lives by deluding fools. "During all one year, 1835," say these admiring biographers, "it seems that in the life, the days, the thoughts of Gavarni, there was nothing but *la femme*. According to his own expression, woman was his 'grand affair.'" He was in love, then? By no means. Our admiring authors proceed to describe this year of devotion to *la femme* as a period when "intrigues were mingled together, crossed and entangled with one another; when passing inclinations, the fancies of an evening, started into being together with new passions; when rendezvous pressed upon rendezvous; when there fell upon Gavarni a rain of perfumed notes from the loves of yesterday, from the forgotten loves of last month, which he inclosed in one envelope, as he said, 'like dead friends in the same coffin.'"*

MATRIMONY—A MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF.*

"A monkey, a magpie, and wife
Is the true emblem of strife."
Old English Tavern Sign.

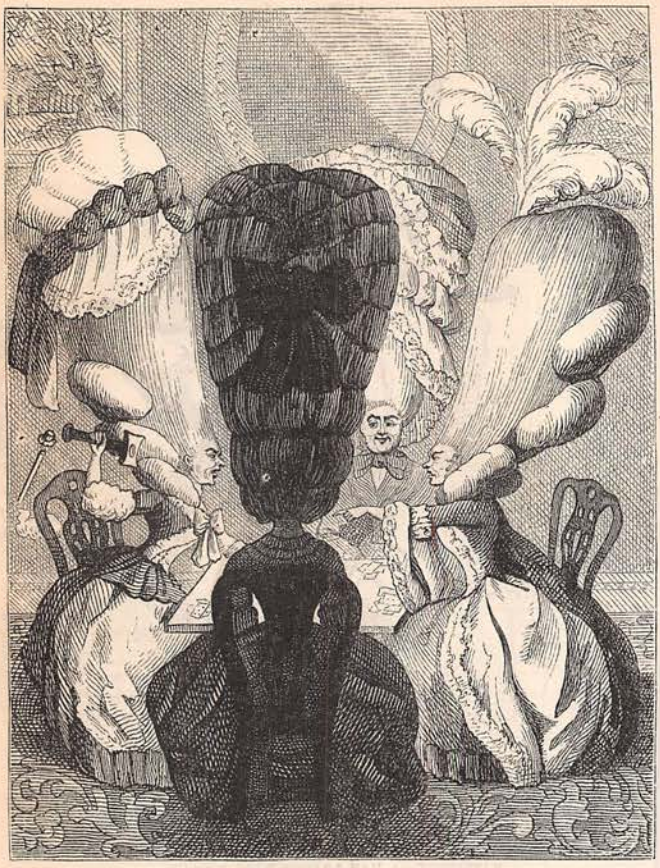
The authors enlarge upon this congenial theme, describing their hero as going forth upon *le pavé de Paris* in quest of *la femme* as a keen hunter takes to the forest for the plump partridge or the bounding deer. Some he brought down with the resistless magnetism of his eye. "It was for him a veritable rapture, as well as the exertion of a power which he loved to try, to magnetize with his eye and make his own the first woman whom he chanced to meet in the throng." The substance of the chapter is that Gavarni, casting aside all the restraints of civilization and decency, lived in Paris the life of a low and dirty animal; and when, in consequence of so living, he found himself in Clichy for debt, he replenished his purse by delineating, as the *fourberies de femmes*, the tricks of the dissolute women who had got his money. That, at least, is the blunt American of our authors' dainty and elegant French.

Every where in the world, every where in the records of the past, we find men speaking lightly of women whose laws and usages concede least to them.

The oldest thing accessible to us in these modern cities is the Saturday morning service in an unreformed Jewish synagogue, some of the observances of which date back beyond what has been usually reckoned the historic period. But there is nothing in it older than the sentiment expressed by the men when they unite in thanking God for His great goodness in not making them women. Only men are admitted to the synagogue as equal worshipers, the women be-

* *Gavarni, l'Homme et l'Œuvre.* Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: 1873.

* From *Hist. of Sign-Boards*, by Larwood and Hotten.



SETTLING THE ODD TRICK.—LONDON, 1778.*

ing consigned to the gallery, spectators of their husbands' devotion. The old Jewish liturgy does not recognize their presence.

Older than the Jewish liturgy are the sacred books of the Hindoos. The famous passage of the *Padma Parana*, translated by the Abbé Dubois,† has been part of the domestic code of the Hindoos for thousands of years. According to the Hindoo lawgiver, a woman has no god on earth but her husband, and no religion except to gratify, obey, and serve him. Let her husband be crooked, old, infirm, offensive; let him be irascible, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; let him be reckless of his domestic affairs, as if possessed by a devil; though he live in the world without honor; though he be deaf or blind, and wholly weighed down by crime and infirmity—still shall his wife regard him as her god. With all her might shall she serve him, in all things obey him, see no defects in his character, and give him no cause of uneasiness. Nay, more: in every stage of her existence woman lives but to obey—at first her parents, next her husband and *his* parents, and in her old age she must be ruled by her children. Never during her whole life can she be under her own control.

These are the general principles upon which the life of women in India is to be conducted. The Hindoo writer was considerate enough to add a few particulars. "If her husband laughs, she ought to laugh; if he weeps, she ought to weep; if he is disposed to speak, she ought to join in the conversation. Thus is the goodness of her nature displayed. What woman would eat till her husband has first had his fill? If he abstains, she will surely fast also; if he is sad, will she not be sorrowful? and if he is gay, will she not leap for joy? In the absence of her husband her raiment will be mean." Such has been the conception of woman's duty to man by all the half-developed races from time immemorial, and such to this day are the tacit demand and expectation of the brutalized males of the more advanced races. Gavarni married would have been content with no subservience much short of that.

Happily nature has given to women the means of a fell revenge, for she usually holds the peace of the household and the happiness of all its members in her hands. The satirical works that come to us from the Oriental lands teem with evidence that women have always known how to get a fair share of domestic authority. If they are slaves, they have ever been adepts in the arts and devices of slaves. The very squaws of our Indians often contrive to rule their brawny lords. Is not the whole history of the war between the sexes included in the little story of the manner in which Pocahontas was

* From Wright's *Caricature History of the Georges*, p. 256.

† *Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India.* By J. A. Dubois. London: 1817. Vol. i., p. 316.

entrapped on board a British vessel lying in the James River two hundred and fifty years ago? The captain had promised to the aunt of this dusky princess the gift of a copper kettle if she would bring her niece to the ship, and accordingly one afternoon, when she found herself on the river-bank with her husband and Pocahontas, she was suddenly seized with a longing to go on board, saying that this was the third time the ship had been in their river, and yet she had never visited it. Her grumpy old husband refusing, *she began to cry*, and then, Pocahontas joining her entreaties, of course the old man had to unfasten his canoe and paddle them off to the vessel. This model couple returned to the shore poorer by a niece of uncertain character, and richer by the inestimable treasure of a copper kettle. What fine lady could have managed this delicate affair better? Is it not thus that tickets, trinkets, and dresses are won every day in the cities of the modern world?

In precisely this spirit we find "the subject sex" behaving in far-off lands of the ancient world—China, for example, where women are particularly "subject." We are apt to think of the Chinese as a grave people, all unskilled in the lighter arts of satire and caricature; but, according to that amusing traveler, M. Huc, they are the *French* of Asia, "a nation of cooks, a nation of actors," singularly fond of the drama, gifted in pasquinade, addicted to burlesque, prolific in comic ideas and satirical turns. M. Huc likens the Chinese Empire to an immense fair, where you find mingled with the bustle of traffic all kinds of shows, mountebanks, actors, Cheap Jacks, thieves, gamblers, all competing continually and with vociferous uproar for the favor of the crowd. "There are theatres every where; the great towns are full of them; and the actors play night and day."* When the British officers went ashore in the retinue of their first grand embassy, many years ago, they were astonished to see Punch in all his glory, with Judy, dog, and devil, just as they had last seen him on Ascot-Heath, except that he summoned his audience by gong and triangle instead of pipes and drum. The Orient knew Punch ages before England saw him. In China they have a Punch conducted by a single individual, who is enveloped from head to foot in a gown. He carries the little theatre on his head, works the wires with his hands under the gown, executes the dialogue with his mouth concealed by the same garment, and in the intervals of performance plays on two instruments. He exhibits the theatre reduced to its simplest form, the work of the company, the band, the manager, treasurer, scene-shifter, and property-man all being done by one person.

In the very nature of the Chinese, whether men or women, there is a large element of the histrionic, even those pompous and noisy funerals of theirs being little more than an exhibition of private theatricals. The whole company gossip, drink tea, jest, laugh, smoke, and have all the air of a pleasant social party, until the nearest relation of the deceased informs them that the time to mourn has come. Instantly the conversation ceases and lamentation begins. The company gather round the coffin; affecting speeches are addressed to the dead; groans, sobs, and doleful cries are heard on every side; tears, real tears, roll down many cheeks—all is woe and

AMERICAN LADY WALKING IN THE SNOW.—MRS. TROLLOPE, 1830.

"I have often shivered at seeing a young beauty picking her way through the snow with a pale rose-colored bonnet set on the very top of her head. They never wear muffs or boots, even when they have to step to their sleighs over ice and snow. They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. TROLLOPE. Vol. ii., p. 135.

* *A Journey through the Chinese Empire.* By M. HUC. Harper and Brothers. Vol. i., p. 272.

EVENING SCENE IN THE PARLOR OF AN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE.—MRS. TROLLOPE, 1830.

"Ladies who have no engagements (in the evening) either mount again to the solitude of their chamber, or remain in the common sitting-room, in a society cemented by no tie, endeared by no connection, which choice did not bring together, and which the slightest motive would break asunder. I remarked that the gentlemen were generally obliged to go out every evening on business; and, I confess, the arrangement did not surprise me."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. TROLLOPE. Vol. ii., p. 111.

desolation. But when the signal is given to cease mourning, "the performers," says M. Huc, "do not even stop to finish a sob or a groan, but they take their pipes, and, lo! there are again those incomparable Chinese laughing, gossiping, and drinking tea."

It need not be said that Chinese women have an ample share of this peculiar talent of their race, nor that they have very frequent occasion to exercise it. Nowhere even in the East are women more subject or more artful than in China. "When a son is born," as a Chinese authoress remarks, "he sleeps upon a bed, he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents." This arrangement the authoress *approves*, because it prepares the girl to accept without repining the humiliations of her lot. It is a proverb in China that a young wife should be in her house but "a shadow and an echo." As in India, she does not eat with her husband, but waits upon him in silent devotion till he is done, and then satisfies her own appetite with inferior food.

Such is the theory of her position. But if we may judge from Chinese satires, women are not destitute of power in the household, and employ the arts of the oppressed with effect. Two of the most popular comic poems in the Chinese language turn upon the facility of the female sex in deceiving their husbands. In one of them a gentleman named Chuang discovers a lady standing by a new-made grave, weeping bitterly, and, as she wept, fanning the fresh mould of the grave. Upon his asking the reason of this strange proceeding, she replies:

"My husband, alas! whom I now (*sob, sob*) mourn,
A short time since (*sob*) to this grave (*sob*) was borne,
And (*sob*) he lies buried in this (*sob, sob*) grave.
[*Here she bitterly wept.*] Ere my (*sob*) husband died,
He called me (*sob*) once more (*sob, sob*) to his side,
And grasping my—(*sob*), with his dying lips said,
'When I'm gone (*sob, sob*), promise (*sob*) never to wed
Till the mould is (sob) *dry on the top of my grave.*'"

She was fully resolved to keep her word, but found her condition very hard to endure:

"And oh! I'm *so* lonely that I come (*sob*) to try
If I can't with my fan help the mould (*sob*) to dry;
And *that* is the reason I'm fanning his grave."*

Chuang, musing upon this adventure, resolves to try his own wife's continence. He pretends to die, after having exacted from her a promise never to marry again. But while the coffin is still in the house a young man proposes marriage, and she consents without a struggle. And worse: the new lover says he is afflicted with a disease that

* *The Jade Chaplet.* From the Chinese. By G. C. STENT. London: 1874. P. 9.

can only be cured by the brain of a man who has died within three days. "*Old Chuang's will just do!*" cries the lady, who immediately knocks in the coffin lid with a hatchet. Up springs Chuang. His faithful wife proves equal to the trying occasion:

"She had all her wits about her, though she quaked
a bit with fear.
Said she (the artful wretch!), 'It seems miraculous,
my dear!
Some unseen power impelled me to break the coffin
lid
To see if you were still alive—which, of course,
you know I did.'"

These two tales are worked out at considerable length and with much humorous detail, all illustrative of the truth that the natural weapon of those who have no other means of defense is cunning. We observe also in the poems so happily translated by Mr. Stent that the Chinese are just as susceptible to the spell of physical beauty as the people of other lands, and know how to sing and flatter it. Who would think a Chinese poet wrote such lines as these?

"Bashfully, swimmingly, pleadingly, scoffingly,
Temptingly, languidly, lovingly, laughingly,
Witchingly, roguishly, playfully, naughtily,
Willfully, waywardly, meltingly, haughtily,
Gleamed the eyes of Yang-kuei-fei.
When she smiled, her lips unclosing,
Two rows of pearly teeth disclosing;
Cheeks of alabaster, showing
The warm red blood beneath them glowing—
Peaches longing to be bitten,
First dew-moistened, then sun-smitten.
Four lines Li-tai-pai has written
In more expressive words convey
What others might in vain essay:
'O for those blushing, dimpled cheeks,
That match the rose in hue!
If one is kissed, the other speaks,
By blushes, *Kiss me too!*'"

It is thus that women are apt to be extolled by men who despise them. The Chinese are a people of many proverbs, some of which are extremely acute and neatly turned. "He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice in both" would be accepted by the wise of the most advanced countries as warranted by experience. But mark the proverbial philosophy of the Chinese with regard to women: "Listen to your wife, but don't believe her." "To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women." "The happiest mother of daughters is she who has sons only." "If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If, with a wife and daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to be able to hold out." "The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax." "The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at." "The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet." "When men are together, they listen to one another, but women and girls look at one another." "The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal."

The fugitive literature of the Chinese, which now attracts the attention of Oriental scholars, abounds in such maxims as these. Little pieces of paper with a motto upon each flutter in strings from shop doors and windows.

Caricature is a universal practice among them, but owing to their crude taste and disregard of perspective, their efforts are seldom interesting to any but themselves. In Chinese collections we see numberless grotesque exaggerations of the human form and face, some of which are not devoid of humor and artistic merit, but they are scarcely good enough to justify insertion. We heard recently of a comic paper at Hong-Kong which published a burlesque account

A SPLENDID SPREAD.—CRUIKSHANK, 1800.

"Madame, I have the honor—"
"Sir, be good enough to come round in front and speak to me."
"Madame, I really haven't the time. I must be off in five minutes."
—*Champfleury, Paris*, 1850.

of an imperial reception, that was taken by foreigners as a serious narrative. One of the embassadors was said to have been so overcome by the awe which the presence of the emperor inspired that he fell fainting to the floor. This is the latest joke from the Middle Kingdom.

The bright, good-tempered people of Japan are familiar with humor in all its forms, and know how to sport with pencil as well as with pen. Their very sermons are not devoid of the jocular. When a preacher has pointed his moral by a comical tale, he will turn to the audience in the most familiar, confidential manner, and say, "Now isn't that a funny story?" or, "Wasn't that delightful?" Sometimes he will half apologize for the introduction of mirth-moving anecdotes: "Now my sermons are not written for the learned; I address myself to farmers and tradesmen, who, hard pressed by their daily business, have no time for study.....Now positively you must not laugh if I introduce a light story now and then. Levity is not my object; I only want to put things in a plain and easy manner."* Nothing yet brought from that country is more interesting to us than the specimens given in Mr. Mitford's book of the short, homely, humorous, sound Japanese sermons. The existence of this work is another proof of the wisdom of giving consular and diplomatic appointments to men who know how to use their eyes, their fingers, and their minds. The sumptuous work upon Japan by M. Aimé Humbert could scarcely have been produced if the author had not been at the head of a powerful embassy.

The Japanese are a gentler and kindlier people than the Chinese; women occupy a better position among them; and hence the allusions to the sex in their literature are less contemptuous and satirical. The preacher whose sermons Mr. Mitford selects for translation is what we should term an eclectic—one who owns fealty to none of the great religions of the East, but gleans lessons of truth and wisdom from them all. Imagine him clad in gorgeous robes of red and white, attended by an acolyte, entering a chapel—a spacious, pleasant apartment which opens into a garden—bowing to the sacred picture over the altar, and taking a seat at a table. Some prayers are intoned, incense is burned, offerings are received, a passage from a sacred book is read, a cup of tea is quaffed, and then the preacher rises and begins his chatty, humorous, anecdotical discourse. Whenever he makes a point, the audience utters a responsive "Nimmiyô," varying the sound so as to accord with the sentiment expressed by the speaker. Indeed, it would be difficult to name one rite, or observance, or custom, or eccentricity of religion practiced among us here in the United States the counterpart of which has not been familiar to the Japanese from time immemorial. They have sacred books, a peculiar cross, liturgies, temples, acolytes, nunneries, monasteries, holy-water, incense, prayers, sermons, collections, responses, priestly robes, the bell, a series of ceremonies strongly resembling the mass, followed by a sermon, sacred pictures, anointing, shaven crowns, sects, orders, and systems of theology.

Their sermons abound in parables and similes. The preacher just mentioned illustrates his points with amusing ingenuity. For example, in a sermon on the folly of putting excessive trust in wealth, strength, or any other advantage merely external or transitory, he relates a parable of a shell-fish, the sazayé, noted for the extreme hardness of its shell. One day, just after a large sazayé had been vaunting his perfect security against the dangers to which other fish were exposed, there came a great splash in the water. "Mr. Sazayé," continued the preacher, "shut his lid as quickly as possi-

* *Tales of Old Japan.* By A. W. Mitford, Secretary of the British Legation in Japan. London: 1874. Vol. ii., p. 138.

ble, kept quite still, and thought to himself, what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? Were the tai and the other fish caught? he wondered; and he felt quite anxious about them. However, at any rate, *he* was safe. And so the time passed; and when he thought all was over, he stealthily opened his shell, and slipped out his head and looked all round him, and there seemed to be something wrong—something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fish-monger's shop, and with a card, marked 'Sixteen Cash,' on his back.

"Isn't that a funny story?" cries the jovial preacher, smiling complacently upon the congregation. "Poor shell-fish! I think there are people not unlike him to be found *in China and India.*" This is a favorite joke with the preacher. He frequently closes a satirical passage by a similar remark. "I don't mean to say that there are any such persons *here.* Oh no. Still, there are plenty of them to be found—say, for instance, in the back streets of India."

The tone of this merry instructor in righteousness when he is speaking of women is that of a tender father toward children. He assumes that "women *and* children" can not understand any thing profound and philosophical. Righteousness he defines as "the fitting," the ought-to-be; and he considers it "fitting" that women should be the assiduous, respectful, and ever-obedient servants of men. A parable illustrates his meaning. A great preacher of old was once the guest of a rich man of low rank, who was "particularly fond of sermons," and had a lovely daughter of fifteen, who waited upon the preacher at dinner, and entertained him afterward upon the harp. "Really," said the learned preacher, "it must be a very difficult thing to educate a young lady up to such a pitch as this." The flattered parents could not refrain from boasting of their daughter's accomplishments—her drawing, painting, singing, and flower-plaiting. The wily preacher, Socrates-like, rejoined: "This is something quite out of the common run. *Of course* she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learned the art of shampooing?" This remark offends the fond father. "I have not fallen so low as to let my daughter learn shampooing!" The preacher blandly advises him not to put himself into a passion, and proceeds to descant upon the Whole Duty of Woman, as understood in Japan. "She must look upon her husband's parents as her own. If her honored father-in-law or mother-in-law fall ill, her being able to plait flowers and paint pictures and make tea will be of no use in the sick-room. To shampoo her parents-in-law, and nurse them affectionately, without employing a shampooer or servant-maid, is the right path of a daughter-in-law." Upon hearing these words the father sees his error, and blushes with shame; whereupon

"Here he comes! Take off your hat!"—*Gavarni, Paris,* 1846.

THE SCHOLASTIC HEN AND HER CHICKENS.—CRUIKSHANK, 1846.

Miss Thimblebee loquitur. "Turn your heads the other way, my dears, for here are two horridly handsome officers coming."

the preacher admits that music and painting are not bad in themselves, only they must not be pursued to the exclusion of things more important, of which shampooing is one.

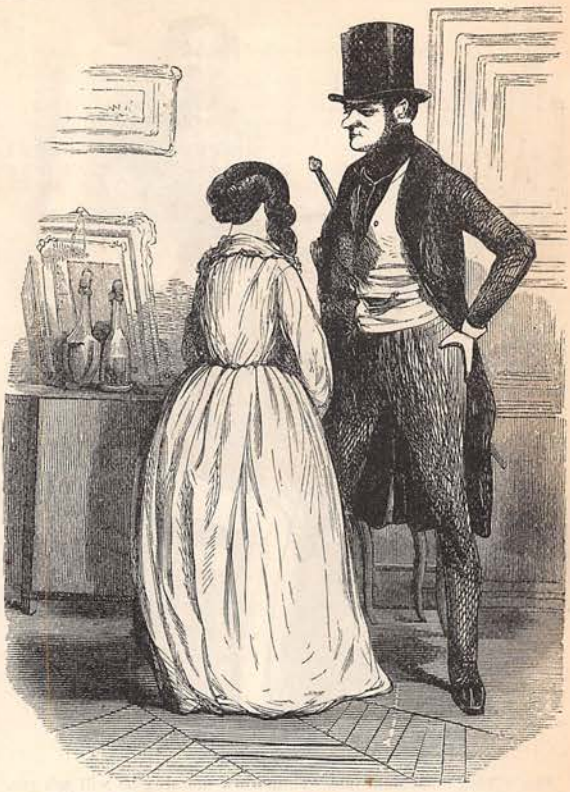
He draws a sad picture of a wife who has learned nothing but the graceful arts. Before the bottom of the family kettle is scorched black the husband will be sick of his bargain—a wife all untidy about the head, her apron fastened round her as a girdle, a baby twisted somehow into the bosom of her dress, and nothing in the house to eat but some wretched bean soup, and that bought at a store. "What a ten-million-times miserable thing it is when parents, making their little girls hug a great guitar, listen with pleasure to the poor little things playing on instruments big enough for them to climb upon, and squeaking out songs in their shrill treble voices!" Such girls, if not closely watched, will be prematurely falling in love and running away to be married.

Such errors as these, and indeed all the foibles of human nature, are satirized by Japanese in caricatures, of which many specimens are given in M. Aimé Humbert's profusely illustrated work.* They are not, however, executed with the clearness and precision which alone could render them effective in our eyes; and a very large proportion of them employ that most ancient and well-worn device of investing animals with the faculties of human beings. The best is one representing rats performing all the labors of a rice warehouse. Rats, as M. Humbert remarks, are in Japan the most dreaded and determined thieves of the precious rice. The picture contains every feature of the scene—the cashier making his calculations with his bead calculator, the salesman turning over his books in order to show his customers how impossible it is for him to abate a single cash in the price, the shop-men carrying the bales, coolies bearing the straw bags of money at the ends of bamboos, porters tugging away at a sack just added to the stock, and a new customer saluting the merchant. The Japanese do not confine themselves to this kind of burlesque. They take pleasure in representing a physician examining with exaggerated gravity a patient's tongue, or peering into ailing eyes through enormous spectacles, while he lifts with extreme caution the corner of the eyelid. A quack shampooing a victim is another of their subjects. One picture represents a band of blind shampooers on their travels, who, in the midst of a ford, are disputing what direction they shall take when they reach the opposite bank. Begging friars, mishaps of fishermen, blind men leading the blind, jealous women, household dissensions, women excessively dressed, furnish opportunities for the satirical pencil of the Japanese artists, who also publish series of comic pictures, as we do, upon such subjects as "Little Troubles in the Great World," "The Fat Man's Household," "The Thin Man's Household." If these efforts of the Japanese caricaturists do not often possess much power to amuse the outside world, they have one qualification that entitles them to respect—

* *Japan and the Japanese.* Illustrated. By Aimé Humbert. New York: 1874.

they are almost always innocent and good-humored. Of all the Eastern peoples there is, perhaps, none among whom women are held in more esteem, or have a larger share of comfort and enjoyment. The theory of their position, however, is the same as in China and India. They are happier in Japan only because the Japanese are among the most amiable and good-tempered of races.

An attentive study of the Greek and Roman literatures furnishes many illustrations of the remark before made, that men who degrade women deride them. Among the Greeks, who kept women in subjection and seclusion, and gave them no freedom of choice in matters of dearest concern to them, the foibles of the sex were treated very much as they now are by the dissolute caricaturists of Paris. Aristophanes's mode of representing the women of Athens is eminently Gavarnian; and nothing was more natural than that an Aristophanes should come after an Anacreon. The lyric poet depicts women as objects of desire, superior in alluring charm even to wine, rosy wine; and Aristophanes delights to exhibit the women's apartment of an Athenian house as a riotous and sensualized harem. How many expressions of utter distrust and dislike of women occur in the Greek poets!



"Who was that gentleman that just went out?"
"Why, didn't he see you, after all? He called on business, and has been waiting for you these two hours. He leaves town this evening. But how warm you are, dear!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

> "For this, and only this, I'll trust a woman,
> That if you take life from her she will die;
> And, being dead, will come to life no more.
> In all things else I am an infidel."

Thus Antiphanes, who died twenty-two hundred years before Gavarni was born. Menander justifies the gods for tormenting Prometheus, though his crime was only stealing a spark of fire.

> "But, oh, ye gods, how infinite the mischief!
> That little spark gave being to a woman,
> And let in a new race of plagues to curse us."

The well-known epigram of Palladas upon marriage expresses a thought which has been uttered by satirists in every form of which language is capable:

> "In marriage are two happy things allowed—
> A wife in wedding garb and in her shroud.
> Who, then, dares say that state can be accurst
> Where the last day's as happy as the first?"

Many others will occur to the reader who is familiar with the lighter utterances of the ancients. But in Greece, as in China, India, and Japan, and wherever else men and women have been joined in wedlock, there have been marriages in which husband and wife have lived on terms nobler than those contemplated by the law or demanded by usage. Where could we find a juster view of the duties of husband and wife than in that passage of Xenophon's dialogue on Economy, where Ischomachus tells Socrates how he had taken his young wife into his confidence, and come to a clear understanding with her as to the share each should take in carrying on the household? Goethe must have had this passage in his mind when he wrote the fine tribute to the dignity of housekeeping in *Wilhelm Meister*. Ischomachus had married a girl of fifteen, who came to him as wives in Greece usually came to their husbands—an absolute stranger to him. He had to get acquainted with her after marriage, as indeed he says. "When we were well enough acquainted, and were so familiar that we began to converse freely with one another, I asked her why, she thought, I had taken her for my wife." Much is revealed in that sentence. He

She. "Now, understand me. To-morrow morning he will ask you to dinner. If he has his umbrella with him, it will mean that he has not got his stall at the theatre. In that case, don't accept. If he has no umbrella, come to dinner."

He. "But (you know we must think of every thing) suppose it should rain to-morrow morning?"

She. "If it rains, he will get wet—that's all. If I don't want him to have an umbrella, he won't have one. How silly you are!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

tells her that, being married, they are now to have all things in common, and each should only strive to enhance the good of the household. She stares with wonder. Her mother had told her that her fortune would be wholly her husband's, and all that she had to do was to live virtuously and soberly. Ischomachus assents, but he proceeds to show her that, in the nature of things, husband and wife must be equal co-operators, he getting the money, she administering it; he fighting the battle of life out-of-doors, she within the house. At great length this model husband illustrates his point, and entirely in the spirit of the noble passage in Goethe. She catches the idea at length. "It will be of little avail," she says, "my keeping at home unless you send such provisions as are necessary." "True," he replies, "and of very little use my providing would be if there were no one at home to take care of what I send; it would be pouring water into a sieve."

This fine presentation of household economy, like that of the German poet, is, unhappily, only a dialogue of fiction. It was merely Xenophon's conception of the manner in which a philosopher of prodigious wisdom *might* deal with a girl of fifteen whom he had married without having enjoyed the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with her. Doubtless there was here and there in ancient Greece a couple who succeeded in approximating Xenophon's ideal.

Among the Romans women began to acquire those legal "rights" to which they owe whatever advance they have ever made toward a just equality with men. It was Roman law that lifted a wife from the condition of a cherished slave to a status something higher than that of daughter. But there was still one fatal defect in her position—her husband could divorce her, but she could not divorce him. Cicero, the flower of Roman culture, put away the wife of his youth after living with her thirty years, and no remonstrance on her part would have availed against his decision. But a Roman wife *had* rights. She could not be deprived of her property, and the law threw round her and her children a system of safeguards which gave her a position and an influence not unlike those of the "lady of the house" at the present time. Instead of being secluded in a kind of harem, as among the Greeks, she came forward to receive her husband's guests, shared some of their festivities, governed the household, superintended the education of her children, and enjoyed her ample share of the honor which he inherited or won. "Where you are Caius, I am Caia," she modestly said, as she entered for the first time her husband's abode. He was paterfamilias, she materfamilias; and the rooms assigned to her peculiar use were, as with us, the best in the house.

To the Roman law women are infinitely indebted. Among the few hundreds of families who did actually share the civilization of Cicero, the Plinys, and Marcus Aurelius, the position of a Roman matron was one of high dignity and influence, and accordingly the general tone of the best Roman literature toward woman is such as does honor to both sexes. She was even instructed in that literature. In such a family as that of Cic-

ero, the daughter would usually have the same tutors as the son, and the wife of such a man would familiarly use her husband's library. Juvenal, that peerless reviler of women, the Gavarni of poets, deplores the fact:

"But of all plagues the greatest is untold—
The book-learned wife in Greek and Latin bold;
The critic dame who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits,
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far the ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word;
The man of law is nonplused in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute."

The whole of this Sixth Satire of Juvenal, in which the Gavarnian literature of all nations was anticipated and exhausted, is a tribute to the social importance of woman in Rome. No Greek would have deemed woman worthy of so elaborate an effort. And as in Athens, Anacreon, the poet of sensual love, was naturally followed by Aristophanes, a satirist of women, so, in Rome, Ovid's Art of Love preceded and will forever explain Juvenal's Sixth Satire. All illustrates the truth that sensualized men naturally undervalue and laugh at women. In all probability Juvenal's satire was a caricature as gross and groundless as the pictures of Gavarni. The instinct of the satirist is first to select for treatment the exceptional instance of folly, and then to exaggerate that exceptional instance to the uttermost. Unhappily many readers are only too much inclined to accept this exaggerated exception as if it were a representative fact. There is a passage in Terence in which he expresses the feeling of most men who have been plagued, justly or unjustly, by a woman:

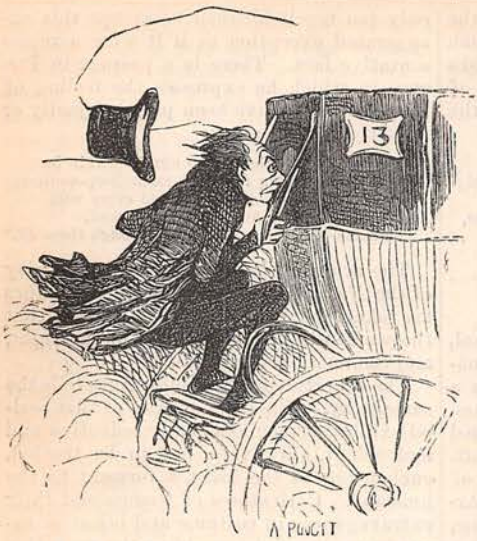
"Not one but has the sex so strong within her,
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
All hate their step-daughters, and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all."

The acute reader, on turning to the play of the *Mother-in-Law*, from which these lines are taken, will not be surprised to learn that the women in the comedy are in the right, and the men grossly in fault.

The literature of the Middle Ages tells the same story. The popular tales of that period exhibit women as equally seductive and malevolent, silly, vain, not to be trusted, enchanting to the lover, a torment to the husband. Caricatures of women and their extravagances in costume and behavior occur in manuscripts as old as the year 1150 A.D., and those extravagances may serve to console men of the present time by their enormity. Many specimens could be given, but they are generally too formless or extravagant to be interesting. There are also many rude pictures from those centuries which aimed to satirize the more active foibles of the sex. One of these exhibits a wife belaboring her husband with a broom, another pounding hers with a ladle, another with a more terrible instrument, her withering tongue, and another with the surest weapon in all the female armory—tears. In the Rouen Cathedral there are a pair of carvings, one representing a fierce struggle between husband and wife for the possession of a garment the wearing of which is supposed to be a sign of mastery, and the other exhibiting the victorious wife in the act of putting that garment on. On the portal of a church at Ploërmel, in France, there is a well-cut representation of a young girl leading an elderly man by the nose. More violent contests are frequently portrayed, even fierce battles with bellows and pokers, stirring incidents in the "eternal war between man and woman."

"Madame, your cousin Betty wishes to know if you can receive her."
"Impossible! Tell her that to-day I *receive*."—*Les Tribulations de la Vie élégante, par Girin, Paris*, 1870.

The gentle German priest who wrote the moral ditties of the *Ship of Fools* ought not to have known much of the tribulations of husbands, but in his poem on the "Wrath and great Lewdnes of Wym-



A SCENE OF CONJUGAL LIFE.—DAUMIER, PARIS, 1846.

en," he becomes a kind of frantic Caudle, and lays about him with remarkable vigor. He calls upon the "Kinge most glorious of heaven and erth" to deliver mankind from the venomous and cruel tongues of froward women. One chiding woman, he observes, "maketh greater yell than a hundred magpies in one cage;" and let her husband do what he will, he can not quiet her till "she hath chid her fill." No beast on earth is so capable of furious hate—not the bear, nor the wolf, nor the lion, nor the lioness; no, nor the cruel tigress robbed of her whelps, rushing wildly about, tearing and gnawing stock and tree.

"A wrathfull woman is yet more mad than she.
Cruell Medea doth us example shewe
Of woman's furour, great wrath and cruelty;
Which her owne children dyd all to pecis hewe."

This poet, usually so moderate and mild in his satire of human folly, is transported with rage in contemplating the faults of women, and holds them up to the abhorrence of his readers. A woman, he remarks, can wallow in wicked delights, and then, *giving her mouth a hurried wipe*, come forward with tranquil mind and an air of child-like innocence, sweetly protesting that she has done nothing wrong. The most virulent woman-hater that was ever jilted or rejected could not go beyond the bachelor priest who penned this infuriate diatribe upon the sex.

Nor was Erasmus's estimate of women more favorable than Brandt's, though he expresses it more lightly and gayly, as his manner was. And curious it is to note that the foibles which he selects for animadversion are precisely those which form the staple of satire against women at the present time. In one of his Colloquies he describes the "Assembly of Women, or the Female Parliament," and reports at length the speech of one of the principal members, the wise Cornelia. This eloquent lady heartily berates the wives of tradesmen for presuming to copy the fashions of the rich and noble. Would any one believe that the following sentences were written nearly four hundred years ago?

"'Tis almost impossible by the outside," says Cornelia to her parliament of fine ladies, "to know a duchess from a kitchen wench. All the ancient bounds of modesty have been so impudently transgressed that every one wears what apparel seems best in her own eyes. At church and at the playhouse, in city and country, you may see a thousand women of indifferent if not sordid extraction swaggering it abroad in silks and velvets, in damask and brocard, in gold and silver, in ermines and sable tippets, while their husbands perhaps are stitching Grub Street pamphlets or cobbling shoes at home. Their fingers are loaded with diamonds and rubies, for Turkey stones are nowadays despised even by chimney-sweepers' wives. It was thought enough for your ordinary women in the last age that they were allowed the mighty privilege to wear a silk girdle, and to set off the borders of their woolen petticoats with an edging of silk. But now—and I can hardly forbear weeping at the thoughts of it—this worshipful custom is quite out-of-doors. If your tallow-chandlers', vintners', and other tradesmen's wives flaunt it in a chariot and four, what shall your marchionesses or countesses do, I wonder? And if a country squire's spouse will have a train after her full fifteen ells long, pray what shift must a princess make to distinguish herself? What makes this ten times worse than otherwise it would be, we are never constant to one dress, but are as fickle and uncertain as weathercocks—or the men that preach under them. Formerly our head tire was stretched out upon wires and mounted upon barbers' poles, women of condition thinking to distinguish themselves from the ordinary sort by this dress. Nay, to make the difference still more visible, they wore caps of ermine powdered. But they were mistaken in their politics, for the cits soon got them. Then they trumpt up another mode, and black quoiss came into play. But the ladies within Ludgate not only aped them in this fashion, but added thereto a gold embroidery and jewels. Formerly the court dames took a great deal of pains in combing up their hair from their foreheads and temples to make a tower; but they were soon weary of that, for it was not long before this fashion too was got into Cheapside. After this they let their hair fall loose about their

foreheads; but the city gossips soon followed them in that."

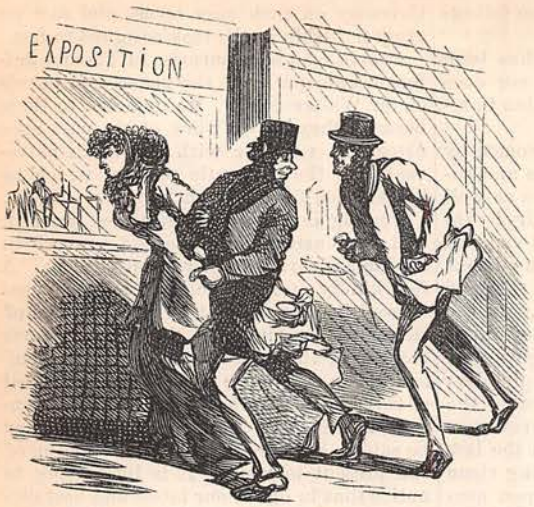
And this game, we may add, has been kept up from that day to this; nor does either party yet show any inclination to retire from the contest.

The ill opinion entertained of women by men during those ages of darkness and superstition found expression in laws as well as in literature. The age of chivalry! Investigators who have studied that vaunted period in the court records and law-books tell us that respect for women is a thing of which those records show no trace. In the age of chivalry the widow and the fatherless were regarded by lords, knights, and "parsons" as legitimate objects of plunder; and woe to the widow who prosecuted the murderers of her husband or the ravagers of her estate! The homage which the law paid to women consisted in burning them alive for offenses which brought upon men the painless death of hanging. We moderns read with puzzled incredulity such a story as that of Godiva, doubtful if so vast an outrage could ever have been committed in a community not entirely savage. Let the reader immerse himself for only a few months in the material of which the history of the Middle Ages must be composed, if it shall ever be truly written, and the tale of Godiva will seem credible and natural. She was her lord's chattel; and probably the people of her day who heard the story commended *him* for lightening the burdens of Coventry on such easy terms, and saw no great hardship in the task assigned to her.

People read with surprise of Thomas Jefferson's antipathy to the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. He objected to them because they gave a view of the past ages utterly at variance with the truth as revealed in the authentic records, which he had studied from his youth up.

Coming down to recent times, we still find the current anecdote and proverb in all lands bearing hardly upon the sex. A few kindly and appreciative sayings pass current in Scotland; and the literatures of Germany, England, and the United States teem with the noblest and tenderest homage to the excellence of women. But most of these belong to the literature of this century, and bear the names of men who may be said to have created the moral feeling of the present moment. It is interesting to notice that in one of our latest and best dictionaries of quotation, that of Mr. M. M. Ballou, of Boston, there are one hundred and eleven short passages relating to women, of which only one is dishonorable to them, and that dates back a century and a half, to the halcyon day of the British libertine—"Every woman is at heart a rake.—Pope." So thought all the dissolute men of Pope's circle, as we know from their conversation and letters. So thought the Duc de Rochefoucauld, who said, "There are few virtuous women who are not weary of their profession;" and "Most virtuous women, like con-

"'*My dear Baron, I am in the most pressing need of five hundred franc!*' Must I put an s to franc?" "No. In the circumstances it is better not. It will prove to the Baron that, for the moment, you really are destitute of every thing—even of orthography."—*Ed. de Beaumont, Paris*, 1860.



"Where are the diamonds exhibited?"

"I haven't the least idea; but I let myself be guided by my wife. Women get at such things by instinct."—*Champfleury, Paris*, 1868.

cealed treasures, are secure because nobody seeks after them." So thought Chesterfield, who told his hopeful son that he could never go wrong in flattering a woman, for women were foolish and frail without exception: "I never knew one in my life who had good sense, or who reasoned and acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together." And so *must* think every man who lived as men of fashion then lived. "If I dwelt in a hospital," said Dr. Franklin once, "I might come to think all mankind diseased."

But a man need not be a fine gentleman nor a *roué* to think ill of womankind. He needs only to be commonplace; and hence it is that the homely proverbs of all time bear so hardly upon women. The native land of the modern proverb is Spain, as we might guess from Sancho Panza's exhaustless repertory, and most of those homely disparaging sentences concerning women that pass current in all lands appear to have originated there. What Spain has left unsaid upon women's foibles, Italy has supplied. Most of the following proverbs are traceable to one of the two peninsulas of Southern Europe: "He that takes an eel by the tail or a woman by her word may say he holds nothing." "There is one bad wife in Spain, and every man thinks he has her." "He that loses his wife and a farthing hath great loss of his farthing." "If the mother had never been in the oven, she would not have looked for her daughter there." "He that marries a widow and three children marries four thieves." "He that tells his wife news is but newly married." "A dead wife's the best goods in a man's house." "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold." "A woman conceals what she knows not." "As great a pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot." "A woman's mind and winter's wind change oft." "There is no mischief in the world done but a woman is always one." "Commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a bachelor." "Where there are women and geese, there wants no noise." "Neither women nor linen by candle-light." "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware." "Two daughters and a back-door are three thieves." "Women commend a modest man, but like him not." "Women in mischief are wiser than men." "Women laugh when they can and weep when they will." "Women, priests, and poultry never have enough."

Among the few broadsides of Elizabeth's reign preserved in the British Museum there is one which is conceived in perfect harmony with these proverbs. It presents eight scenes, in all of which women figure disadvantageously. There is a child-bed scene, in which the mother lies in state, most preposterously dressed and adorned, while a dozen other women are idling and gossiping about the room. Women are exhibited also at the market, at the bake-house, at the ale-house, at the river washing clothes, at church, at the bath, at the public well; but always chattering, gossiping, idling, unless they are fighting or flirting. Another caricature in the same collection, dated 1620, the year of the *Mayflower* and Plymouth Rock, contains seven scenes illustrative of the lines following:

"Who marieth a Wife upon a Moneday,
If she will not be good upon a Twesday,
Lett him go to y^e^ wood upon a Wensday,
And cutt him a cudgell upon the Thursday,
And pay her soundly upon a Fryday;
And she mend not, y^e^ divil take her a Saterday,
That he may eat his meat in peace on the Sunday."

To complete the record of man's ridicule of the sex to which he owes his happiness, I add the pictures given in this number, which bring that record down to date. They tell their own story. The innocent fun of English Cruikshank and Leech contrasts agreeably with the subtle depravity indicated by some of the French caricaturists, particularly by Gavarni, who surpasses all men in the art of exaggerating the address of the class of women who regard men in the light of prey. The point of Gavarni's satire usually lies in the words printed underneath his pictures, and the pictures generally consist of the two figures who utter those words. But the expression which

he contrives to impart to his figures and faces by a few apparently careless lines is truly wonderful, and it can scarcely be transferred to another surface. He excels in the expression of a figure with the face turned away, the whole effect being given by the outline of the head three-quarters averted. There is one picture of his, given in the present number, of a woman and her lover, he sitting in a chair reading *with his hat on*, indicating the extreme of familiarity, she standing at the window sewing, and keeping an eye on the pavement below. "He's coming!" she says; "take off your hat." In the attitude of the woman there is a mingled effect of tranquillity and vigilance that is truly remarkable. In all the range of caricature it would be difficult to find a better specimen of the art than this, or a worse. Only a man who had been steeped in vice could have imagined such an incident. The reader may be curious to see a few more of these *fourberies de femmes*, as evolved from the brain of the dissolute Gavarni. It is almost impossible to transfer the work of his pencil, but here are a few of his verbal elucidations:

Under a picture of a father and daughter walking arm in arm: "How did you know, papa, that I loved M. Léon?" "Because you always spoke of M. Paul."

Two young ladies in confidential conversation: "When I think that M. Coquardeau is going to be my husband, I feel sorry for Alexander." "And I for Coquardeau."

Two married ladies in conversation: "Yes, my dear, my husband has been guilty of bringing that creature into my house before my very eyes, when he knows that the only man I love in the world is two hundred leagues from here." "Men are contemptible" (*lâches*).

Husband writing a note, and his wife standing behind him:

"My dear Sir,—Caroline begs me to remind you of a certain duet, of which she is extravagantly fond, and which you promised to give her. Pray be so good as to dine with her to-day, and bring your music with you. For my part, I shall be deprived of the pleasure of hearing you, for I have an engagement at Versailles. Pity me, my dear Sir, and believe me always your affectionate, Coquardeau."

A young man in wild excitement reading a letter:

"On receipt of this, mount, fly, overtake in the Avenue de Neuilly a yellow cab, the steps down, gray horse, old coachman, 108, one lantern lighted! Follow it. It will stop at the side door of a house at Sablonville. A man and a woman will get out. That man—he was my lover! And that woman—she is yours!"

Lady fainting, and a man in consternation supporting her head: "Clara, Clara! dearest, look up! Don't! Clara, I say! You don't know *any* nice young man! I am an ass, with my stupid jealousy. And you shall have your velvet shawl. Come, Clara! Now then, Clara, *please!*"

Lady dropping two letters into the Post-office. First letter:

"My kind Amédée,—This evening, toward eight, at the Red Ball. Mind, now, and don't keep waiting your "Clara."

Second letter:

"My Henry,—Well-beloved, judge of my despair—I have a sore throat that is simply frightful. It will be impossible for me to go out this evening. They even talk of applying twenty leeches. Pity a great deal, and love always, your Clara."

In these numberless satires upon women, executed by pen and pencil, there is a certain portion of truth, for, indeed, a woman powerfully organized and fully developed, but without mental culture and devoid of the sentiment of duty, can be a creature most terrific. If the possession of wealth exempts her from labor, there are four ways in which she can appease the ennui of a barren mind and a torpid conscience. One is deep play, which was, until within seventy years, the resource chiefly relied upon by women of fashion for killing the hours between dinner and bed; one is social display, or the struggle for the leadership of a circle, an ambition perhaps more pernicious than gambling; another is intrigues of love, no longer permitted in the more advanced countries, but formerly an important element in fashionable life every where; finally, there is the resource of excessive and ceaseless devotion, the daily mass, the weekly confession, frequent and severe fasting, abject slavery to the ritual.

Of all these, the one last named is probably the most injurious, since it tends to bring virtue itself into contempt, and repels the young from all serious and elevated modes of living. Accordingly, in studying the historic families of Europe, we frequently find that the devotee and the debauchee alternate, each producing the other, both being expressions of the same moral and mental defect. But whether a mindless woman gambles, dresses, flirts, or fasts, she is a being who furnishes the satirist with legitimate material.

Equal rights, equal education, equal chances of an independent career — when women have enjoyed these for so much as a single century in any country, the foibles at which men have laughed for so many ages will probably no longer be remarked, for they are either the follies of ignorance or the vices resulting from a previous condition of servitude. Nor will men of right feeling ever regard women with the cold critical eye of a Chesterfield or a Rochefoucauld, but rather with something of the exalted sentiment which caused old Homer, whenever he had occasion to speak of a mother, to prefix an adjective usually applicable to goddesses and queens, which we can translate best, perhaps, by our English word *august*.