SOME NEW BOOKS.

Petrarch.

It is an extraordinary fact that Petrarch, whose name deserved to be held in honor as the main instigator of the revival of letters, and the chief precursor of the Renaissance, should be remembered almost exclusively as the lover of Laura and the author of love sonnets which he himself described slightingly as a "few trifles in the vulgar tongue." The truth is, however, that these trifles, as their author chose to call them, depicted with incomparable grace and energy a passion which played a very important part in Petrarch's life, which for twenty-one years possessed him with an absolute mastery, and which seldom ceased to haunt him even after the death of its object. His loving indeed was the best part of him, and the learning on which he prided himself was a poor thing except by comparison with the ignorance of his contemporaries. It was worth while, however, in recounting the story of his life, to dwell upon those features with which the modern reader is less familiar, and this has been done in a lately published sketch of *Petrarch's Life and Works*, by May Alden Ward (Roberts Brothers). In the preparation of this short biography the author has evidently consulted such recent authorities as Koerting, Bartoli, Geiger, Mezières, De Sanctis, and Carducci, besides carefully studying for herself Petrarch's poetical and prose compositions, including the hundreds of his letters which are extant.

I.

Petrarch was born at Arezzo, July 20, 1304. His father, Petracco—the name was afterward softened to Petrarca—was a notary who had been banished from Florence two years before by the same decree which drove Dante into exile. When the future poet was seven months old his mother received permission to return to the Florentine territory. She settled in the little village of Incisa, where, in 1842, the dilapidated old house which had been occupied by Petrarch's mother was honored with the inscription to the effect that within these walls the author of the sonnets had learned the use of his mother tongue. In 1312 Petracco summoned his little family to live with him in Pisa, and a year later resolved to leave Italy altogether and establish himself at Avignon, where the presence of the Papal court seemed to offer special opportunities for a man of his profession. He could not easily find quarters, however, for his family in Avignon, and accordingly settled them in Carpentras, a little city but a few miles distant. Here, from an old Italian schoolmaster, Petrarch received his first regular instruction, "learning a smattering of grammar and as much of dialectics and of rhetoric as the age could afford." From the outset he evinced a keen relish for the classics, and read Cicero for the beauty of the style, while other boys were occupied with Æsop's Fables. At the age of 15 he was sent to Montpellier to begin his legal studies. But he continued to devote his time to the study of the classics, collecting all manuscripts within his reach, though keeping them carefully concealed from unfriendly eyes. The notary one day making an unexpected descent and discovering the precious codices, pulled them forth and flung them into the fire. Petrarch burst into tears. "I suffered," he says, "as if the flames had been destroying my own flesh." Moved by his grief the father finally snatched from the flames two books already half burnt, one of which, it seems, was Virgil and the other the Rhetoric of Cicero. After four years at Montpellier, Petrarch was sent for the completion of his legal novitiate to Bologna, which at that time had fifteen thousand students. Here the young man formed many friendships which lasted through life, for he had, to a remarkable degree, the gift of attracting people and of keeping their affection. With the death, however, of his father, in 1325, the life at Bologna came to an end. Petrarch abandoned the notion of becoming a lawyer and entered the Church, a profession which seemed to promise the most liberty for the pursuit of the studies which were dear to him. He settled in Avignon, doubtless hoping for some advantage from the Pontifical court. Here he did in fact acquire a friend whose influence and patronage had much to do with the shaping of his future. This was James Colonna, a scion of the powerful family then playing so important a rôle in the history of Rome. James Colonna had himself entered the Church and obtained the Bishopric of Lombes before reaching the canonical age. Petrarch spent a summer with the new Bishop in Gascony, and after their return to Avignon was presented by him to his brother Cardinal John Colonna, who gave the poet a home under his roof for years. The Petrarch known in Avignon as the protégé of the Colonnas was by no means the serious person made known to us by his portraits. At that time he was an elegant young man, a perfect devotee of fashion. In a letter written many years later, he gives a description of himself at this period of life. "You remember," he asks, "our foolish anxiety for exquisite elegance of attire, which although growing less from day to day, has never wholly left me? What trouble to change our clothes morning and evening; what fear lest a breath of air should disturb our carefully curled locks; how anxiously we watched every passing horse lest a drop of mud soil our gorgeous mantles, or a rude jar disarrange their perfumed folds. And what shall I say of our shoes, which, intended to protect the feet, served only to produce torture and martyrdom."

II

It was this clerical exquisite, carefully curled and perfumed, with gorgeous cloak and pointed shoes, who on an April morning strolled into the church of Santa Clara at Avignon and there saw the face which stamped itself forever upon his heart. In a manuscript of Virgil, formerly owned by the poet and now in the Ambrosian library at Milan, is a note believed to be in his handwriting which records the day of this first meeting as well as the date of the lady's death and the place of her burial.

This record contains nearly all that we know of Laura, except the fact that from that April morning until her death, twenty-one years later, Petrarch never ceased to celebrate her praises. Whether Laura was a real or an imaginary person has been disputed for upward of 500 years, and they who believe her to have really lived are again divided on the question whether she were a maid or a wife. It is true that the Abbé de Sade undertook to prove from documents found in the archives of his family that Laura was the daughter of Audibert de Noves; that in 1325, at the age of 18, she married Hugo de Sade, and that after bearing him eleven children she died of the plague in 1348. But all that de Sade's documents, even if authentic, demonstrate is that his ancestress, Laura de Sade, died in the same year and month, and perhaps on the same day, on which the Laura of Petrarch died, and that she was buried in the same church. Perhaps some stress should also be laid upon the fact that the Abbé's ancestress was known to have in her trousseau a green dress and a red one, and that Petrarch often described his lady in those colors. Although, however, de Sade's evidence is far from conclusive, Mezières, the standard French authority, declares that no serious mind can longer doubt the marriage of Laura; and Koerting, the author of the most exhaustive German work on Petrarch, accepts the marriage but rejects the eleven children.

There has also been some controversy concerning the nature of Petrarch's attachment. Was it a purely platonic affection or a deep, ardent, passionate love? With a view of throwing light upon this question the author of this biography has put aside the commentators and gone straight to the sonnets themselves. She points out that while some of these may seem cold and artificial, there are others which portray the torments and uncertainties of love as only he who has felt can paint them. We also obtain some insight into the nature of Petrarch's love in a Latin treatise called "The Secret," which he asserts was written for himself alone. The work is couched in the form of a dialogue with St. Augustine, who reproves him for having been for so many years the slave of a woman. He goes on to depict as follows the poet's unhappy condition: "You are buried in groans; you have reached a point where you feed with fatal pleasure on tears and sighs. You pass sleepless nights calling on the name of the loved one. You despise everything, hate life, desire death, flee from man, and love solitude. When she appears the sun shines; with her departure night returns; when she smiles you are gay; when she frowns you are sad. You are nothing but a tool in her hands."

Petrarch refuses to admit at first, though he does subsequently, that his love for Laura can be a sin. He protests that he has loved only her soul, and recounts how she has withdrawn him from everything base and has taught him to look upward. St. Augustine, however, convinces him that much that is earthly is mingled with his love, and that it is due to Laura's virtue, and not to his, if their relations have been outwardly blameless. It is certain that Petrarch is never weary of describing his lady's beauty, her ivory teeth and snowy skin, her golden hair, forming so lovely a contrast to the brilliant black eyes which can "darken the night or lighten the day, make honey bitter or absinthe sweet." But whatever ardor may have entered into the poet's feelings there is no proof that he ever received from Laura one word of distinct encouragement. Unlike those of other lovers, his poems are not concerned with meetings and partings, tender words and caresses. They deal chiefly with his own emotions and the few slight incidents mentioned seem to show that the relation was only one of respectful friendship. How, then, are we to account for the remorse revealed in some of the sonnets? It is clear that the stings of a troubled conscience were not occasioned by the thought that Laura was the wife of another. This fact seems never to have entered into the question, and St. Augustine in his reproof does not refer to it. What Petrarch repented of seems to have been the sin committed in lavishing upon any human being the devotion which belongs only to the divine, in worshipping the creature instead of the Creator. Tormented by this thought, he made repeated efforts to cure himself of his passion by absence, travel, and solitude. It was all to no avail. "I have travelled far and wide," he says, "but like a stricken deer I carry my wound always with me." Her face was always present, whether mirrored in the clear waters or in the snow-white clouds; her voice was heard in the rustle of the wind, the song of the bird, the ripple of the fountain. At times he believed himself cured, enabled to venture back into her presence, but no sooner does he set foot in Avignon than he is convinced of his mistake. "My heart," he cries, "is so accustomed to clinging to her, and my eyes to drawing life from her, that not to love her would be to die." The conflict between love and mysticism continued until Laura's death.

III.

The author of this sketch strikes the keynote of Petrarch's personality when she speaks of him as the first modern man. His feet was still immeshed in the middle ages, but his face was turned toward the new time. He had the eager, restless, insatiate curiosity which was to characterize the age of discovery. He loved to travel for the sake of travel, not as others did, for the purposes of business, secular or ecclesiastic. He was apparently the first mediæval man to clamber up the steep sides of a mountain merely for the sake of the view to be obtained from the summit. So unusual was his taste for sightseeing that Petrarch often feels obliged to apologize for it and assigns other reasons for his journeys, not the least plausible being the hope of unearthing in remote libraries unknown manuscripts of the Latin authors. "Other motives were invented," he says, "to excuse my going in the eyes of my elders, but the real propelling cause was my eagerness for new scenes."

It was while an inmate of the Colonna household that Petrarch began his wanderings, roving through France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. He travelled, probably, at his patron's expense; at all events, he sent to Cardinal Colonna detailed reports of his impressions and experiences. Petrarch was a keen observer and a skilled narrator, and if his notes of travel could have been preserved—unfortunately only two of the letters to the Cardinal are extant—they would signally help us to understand the civilization of his date. An incident of his journey through Belgium was the finding at Liege of two works of Cicero hitherto unknown to him. One of these he copied with his own hand. He relates that it was only after a long and tedious search through the city that he was able to obtain any ink, and when found it was as yellow as saffron. He is astonished to encounter in the Rhine country and the Netherlands, "so much courtesy and splendor in the cities, so much dignity in the men, and so much grace in the women." The general effect, however, of his travels, at this time as well as afterward, was to make him more in love with Italy than ever and more grateful for having been born an Italian. It was therefore with the liveliest delight that he looked forward to the first sight of Rome. His longing, however, to behold the Eternal City was not to be gratified until he was 33 years old. Meanwhile, he was, for the first time in his life, put in possession of a definite income and rendered independent of patronage by Benedict XII., who made him a canon of Lombes. It was through an invitation of the Bishop of Lombes that the poet was at last enabled to make the journey to which he had looked forward. "It is past belief," he says in a letter written shortly before setting out, "how I long to behold that city which, although desolated, is still the image of ancient Rome. Seneca seems beside himself with joy when he writes to Lucilius from the villa of Scipio Africanus, and he deems it a grand thing to have seen the place where so great a man lived in exile and where he left the bones which he refused to his country. If he, a Spaniard, felt thus, what must I, an Italian, feel at the thought of seeing not merely Linturnum, or the tomb of Scipio, but Rome itself, where he was born and grew up, and where countless other great men have lived whose fame will never grow less?"

IV.

Having travelled by the sea from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, Petrarch landed in Italy early in January, 1337. So unsafe had all the roads been made by the war between the Orsini and Colonna families that it required a guard of two hundred horsemen to escort the poet to the city from the castle of Capranica, twenty or thirty miles distant. Of his first impressions of Rome Petrarch has left but little record. The following references to them is, however, encountered in a letter to the Cardinal John Colonna at Avignon: "You used to try to dissuade me from coming, lest the sight of these ruins not corresponding to their fame, and to the conception I have formed from books, my love for Rome might cool. But sight has diminished nothing; it has marvellously increased everything, and Rome and her ruins are far greater than I had imagined them. I no longer wonder that this city conquered the world, but that she was so long in doing it." In his rambles about the city, the poet was accompanied by a brother of Stephen Colonna, a man of great cultivation, who had travelled through Egypt, Persia, and Arabia, and who was able to communicate much valuable information. The beginning of the rebirth of antiquity may be said to date from these walks of Petrarch in Rome. He was the first to see the value of the ruined temples, monuments, and palaces considered as historical data, out of which a bygone civilization might be reconstructed. Nothing so moved him as the shameless indifference of the people of Rome to her former greatness. So indifferent were they to classic associations that the nobles themselves were not ashamed to carry on a disgraceful traffic in their ruined monuments and palaces, defacing them still further to sell marbles to the Neapolitans. From this time Petrarch made it one of the objects of his life to prevent further spoliation of the kind and to awaken in the Roman nobility a proper reverence for the ruins of Rome regarded as the witnesses to her glorious past. The impulse given by him to the preservation and understanding of these ruins led to that scientific study of the antiquities of Rome which was a necessary preparation for the revival of the classical taste in art.

It was in Vaucluse, the charming valley where Petrarch lived for some three years in retirement after his return from Rome that he received a letter from the Roman Senate, inviting him to receive from their hands a public coronation as poet laureate. In the afternoon of the same day another messenger brought a letter from the Chancellor of the University of Paris, proffering to Petrarch the same honor in that city. This would seem a marvellous coincidence were it not the truth that for many months the poet had been planning and working in both quarters to obtain the distinction. To him the bestowal of the laurels was no empty ceremony, nor was it merely the recognition by his contemporaries of his literary preëminence. His reverence for antiquity invested the laurel crown with a peculiar fascination in his eyes. The same honor had been bestowed, according to tradition, upon Virgil, Horace, and Statius, and for that reason Dante, while viewing the splendors of Paradise, had longed for such a tribute from his native Florence. Petrarch confesses that his own desire for the laurel had cost him long vigils and piteous sighs. He hesitated for a while whether to accept the invitation from Rome or that from Paris, which was then the centre of learning in western Europe. Deciding finally to prefer Rome, he arrived there in the early part of April, 1341, and the coronation took place on Easter Sunday. Petrarch delivered an oration in Latin, whose theme was a line from Virgil, "Love draws me through the steep deserts of Parnassus." The diploma received by Petrarch from the Senate conferred upon him the citizenship of Rome, with a perpetual privilege of wearing a crown of laurel and a poetic garb. In later years the recipient confessed that these honors were bestowed prematurely and brought him no real advantage. It certainly illustrates the injustice of the world that Petrarch, at the age of 37, when but few of his writings were published, should have obtained the recognition which Dante died without receiving. But the truth doubtless is that the crown ostensibly conferred upon the poet was really given to the scholar. As the apostle of the new culture, Petrarch deserved the gratitude which his countrymen expressed. The unexampled popularity of Petrarch proved to be no mere transitory fashion, but continued unabated until his death, nearly forty years after his coronation. During all that period his position as autocrat of letters was unchallenged. Popes showered favors upon him in spite of his open condemnation of the corruption of the Papal Court, and he was five times offered the important post of apostolic secretary. He was frequently employed on important embassies and was received by sovereigns as an equal. In whatever city he visited he was welcomed with honors such as were paid to no foreign prince. If he walked the streets of Milan the citizens uncovered their heads; in Venice he was ushered to the seat of honor at the right hand of the Doge, and the Senate of that city decreed that there was "no philosopher and no Christian poet, either in the present or the past, to be compared with him." His letters, finally, were so highly valued that the couriers who bore them were often stopped on the way until his admirers could make copies of the precious documents.

V.

An interesting episode in Petrarch's life was his relation to Cola di Rienzi, the ardent young enthusiast, who, in 1347, attempted to restore the dignity of ancient Rome. Like Petrarch he lived in the past rather than in the present, and failed to measure the distance between the populace of his day—the scum and sediment of countless races barbarized by the lingering miseries of the Middle Ages—and the *Populus Romanus* of the old republic. Rienzi's dream had long been known to Petrarch, and his career was watched with fervent sympathy. We can understand then the delight with which he learned, in 1347, that without shedding a drop of blood Rienzi had become the master of Rome under the long obsolete title of tribune. Petrarch at once addressed to the new tribune and the Roman people a long letter of congratulation, in which he hailed Rienzi as a new Romulus, a second Brutus, and another Camillus. Indeed, the plans of Rienzi were not limited to Rome, his dream being identical with that cherished later by Mazzini, the dream of a united Italy resuming her former importance in the world. But, as it is well known, the sudden elevation to power turned Rienzi's head, and Petrarch's counsels and warnings were of no avail to stay his downfall. Becoming panic stricken on account of an insignificant rumor, he at once concluded that all was lost, and voluntarily threw up his office. Petrarch did not withdraw his friendship from Rienzi after the latter's loss of power. He only reproached him with two mistakes: first, that he did not, when he had the chiefs of the Roman nobility in his power, destroy them at one stroke, instead of allowing them to go forth free to renew their conspiracy; second, that he fled from the capital, "when nowhere in the world could he have died more gloriously." Of Rienzi's second brief and disastrous attempt to rule as Roman Senator under Papal sanction, Petrarch makes no mention, nor of his miserable death at the hands of the Roman people on the steps of that Capitol that the poet thought so glorious a place in which to die.

VI.

It was in 1348, the year after Rienzi's tribunate, that the black death swept over Europe. Among the countless victims carried away by the pestilence—one-half of the inhabitants of Avignon are said to have perished—was the Laura who had so long been the object of Petrarch's worship. In the manuscript copy of "Virgil" previously referred to, is the poet's brief record of her death: "Laura, illustrious for her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, first appeared to my eyes in my early youth on the 6th day of April, 1327, in the early morning, in the Church of Santa Clara at Avignon. And in the same city, in the same month of April, on the same 6th day of the month, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, the light of my life was taken from me, while I, alas, was in Verona, ignorant of my fate. The sad news reached me on the 9th of May in a letter from my Louis. Her beautiful body was deposited on the evening of the same day in the Church of the Cordeliers. Her spirit, as Seneca said of Scipio, has returned, I believe, to the heaven whence it came. To preserve the memory of my loss, it is with bitter pleasure that I record it here, in a place which comes often under my eyes, that nothing in this life may hereafter give me pleasure, and that, the chief tie being broken, I may by frequent reading of these words and thinking of this transitory life be ready to leave this earthly Babylon, which by the help of God will be easy, with the constant and manly recollection of the fruitless desires and hopes and sad vicissitudes which have so long agitated me."

VII.

There is in Petrarch's life a disagreeable incident which nevertheless cannot be wholly overlooked by the biographer. The mind recoils at learning that the inspired singer of the "Canzoniere," who has been held up for centuries as the ideal lover, able to worship one woman for twenty years without encouragement, was at the same time the father of two illegitimate children whose mother, if indeed they had the same mother, is unknown. The fact that Petrarch was an ecclesiastic nowise added to his faults in the eyes of his contemporaries. The celibacy of the priesthood was known to be a mere empty phrase. From Popes and Cardinals down there were very few in the ranks of the clergy who could cast a stone at Petrarch on the score of sexual derelictions. The general immorality of the Church in his day is manifest from the circumstance that when Petrarch's enemies sought for slanders with which to blacken his name, not one of them thought of mentioning his illegitimate children as a disgrace to him or to his profession, although their existence was well known and acknowledged. From the first, indeed, Petrarch seems to have taken charge of his children, having both legitimatized by a Papal bull, and making himself responsible for their education. The son, during the whole of his short life, brought nothing but discredit and annoyance to his father. In his daughter, Francesca, Petrarch found more happiness. From the time of her marriage in 1363, she made a home for her father until his death.

VIII.

It is in his relation with Boccaccio that we see the most delightful side of Petrarch's character. Petrarch and Boccaccio were the greatest living writers, not only of Italy but of the world. And it was certainly of advantage to literature that, instead of any rivalry between them, there existed only the most cordial affection. Instead of each forming a school, they worked together in perfect harmony, the one perfecting Italian verse, the other creating Italian prose, and both laboring to arouse the world to a knowledge and appreciation of the long neglected classics. On one point they differed. Boccaccio mildly reproved his friend for not having in his own library a copy of the "Divine Comedy." Petrarch replied that he had intentionally neglected Dante for fear of unconsciously imitating him. He conceded to Dante the first rank among the writers of the vulgar tongue. But Petrarch sincerely believed that his own works would outrank Dante's, because they were written in the noble Latin tongue, while Dante's were in the vernacular. Petrarch could never believe that Italian, the tongue of the common people, would ever become the language of literature. He rested his hope of immortality mainly on his great Latin epic "Africa," whose very name is now forgotten. Petrarch, it seems, was never weary of bestowing substantial favors upon Boccaccio. When the latter was in need, as often happened, his friend forced money upon him. He urged him again and again to share his home and his fortune. "I cannot make you rich," he said, "but I have plenty for two who have only one heart and live under one roof." "Why do you talk to me of debt," he writes again, "you owe me nothing but love, and that you have already paid in advance." It is also interesting to recall that it was owing to Petrarch's influence that Boccaccio began the study of Greek and labored for its revival in Italy. Petrarch had himself attempted to learn the language some years earlier, but had been deprived of his teacher before he had made more than a beginning. He never ceased to regret that "Homer was mute to him while he was deaf to Homer." He now urged Boccaccio to seize the opportunity that had escaped him, and he aided him in securing the services of Leontius Pilatus, a Greek scholar who happened to be in Venice during one of Boccaccio's visits to the poet. It is a curious fact, in view of the intimacy between these two writers that Petrarch should have long remained ignorant of the work upon which Boccaccio's fame chiefly rests. Whatever may have been the cause, the "Decameron" only came into Petrarch's hands in the last year of his life. He was willing to overlook the freedom and licentiousness of some of the tales "on account of the youth of the author, the language in which they were written, and the audience for which they were composed." The beautiful story of Griselda so charmed Petrarch that he learned it by heart, and unwilling to leave it to so limited an audience and so short a life, as he supposed it would obtain in the vulgar tongue, he himself translated it into Latin.

When Petrarch died in July, 1374—only one day before the seventieth anniversary of his birth—it was found that he had remembered Boccaccio in his will, leaving him fifty gold florins to buy a winter cloak for his nightly studies, although he was ashamed, he said, "to leave so small a sum to so great a man." Boccaccio was overwhelmed with grief at his friend's death, and survived him but a few months.

It is worth while to recall the painstaking care which Petrarch bestowed upon so small a thing as a single sonnet. It was his custom with his Italian, as well as his Latin writings, to keep them by him for months, allowing a sonnet "to lie polishing in his mind like a pebble on the seashore" until his taste was satisfied with the result. His taste was not always unerring, and it would not be difficult to cull from his poems examples of extravagant hyperbole and far-fetched conceits. But after all possible deductions have been made upon that score, enough of grace, of melody, and of artistic perfection remains to justify his title of prince of lyric poets. It is nevertheless true that the sonnets must be perused singly and not collectively if one would avoid an irksome impression of monotony. Schlegel was right when he said that Laura herself might have been surfeited had she read at one sitting all the stanzas in which Petrarch immortalized her beauty and his own passion. M. W. H.

Herbert Spencer on Woman's Rights.

They who recall the classification of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" will remember that the crown of the work was to be the affiliation of ethics to the doctrine of evolution. The process of affiliation began with "The Data of Ethics" published in 1879, but ill health has until recently prevented the author from continuing this section of his task. Even now, believing that his remaining energies may not enable him to carry out his whole design, Mr. Spencer has passed over part II. and part III. of the "Principles of Morality"—the "Inductions of Ethics" and the "Ethics of Individual Life"—and in the volume before us devotes himself to the *Ethics of Social Life; Justice;* (Appletons).

In the first five chapters of the present book the author examines animal, sub-human and human ethics, and traces the evolution of the feeling and idea of justice. In the sixth and seventh chapters he propounds and defends the formula of justice, which is as follows: "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." There is, of course, nothing new in this formula, and it is Mr. Spencer's applications of it that will be read with interest. His review of the corollaries of the formula of justice leads him to discuss the rights of men to the uses of natural media; the rights of property in general, of free contract and of free industry, the rights of free belief and of free speech, and, finally, the limitations of the duties of the State. From this summary of subjects it will at once be manifest that in this volume the author sets forth his ideas about socialism, land naturalization, and woman's rights. His views of the two former subjects may be more conveniently presented at another time, and for the moment we confine ourselves to pointing out the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Spencer in regard to the rights of women.

I.

No attempt is made in the book before us to compare in detail the capacities of men and women. It suffices for the author's present purpose to recognize the unquestionable fact that some women are physically stronger than some men, and that some women have higher mental endowments than some men—higher, indeed, than the great majority of men. From this fact it follows that even were it possible to adjust liberties to abilities, the adjustment would have to be made irrespective of sex. The difficulty of discriminating between the rights of men and the rights of women reappears under another form. If we set out with the proposition that just as, disregarding exceptions, the average physical powers of women are less than the average physical powers of men, so, too, are their average mental powers. We could not in practice conform our plans to this truth. It would be impossible to ascertain the ratio between the two averages, and it would be impossible likewise to proportion the spheres of activity to them. Mr. Spencer even goes on to argue that generosity prompting equalization would direct that, were any difference to be made between the liberties of men and women on the score of their capacity, it ought to be so made that by way of compensation smaller faculties should have greater facilities. Generosity aside, however, justice demands that women, if they are not artificially advantaged, must not at any rate be artificially disadvantaged. Hence, if men and women are severally regarded as independent members of a society, each one of whom has to do the best for himself or herself, it results, in Mr. Spencer's opinion, that no restraints can equitably be placed upon women in respect of the occupations, professions, or other careers which they may wish to adopt. They must have like freedom to prepare themselves, and like freedom to profit by such information and skill as they acquire.

II.

Mr. Spencer qualifies, however, this general concession by acknowledging that more involved questions arise when we take into account the relations of women to men in marriage and the relations of women to men in the State. Of those equal liberties with men, which women should have before marriage, the author of this book would say that in equity they should retain after marriage all those liberties which are not necessarily interfered with by the marital relation—the right to physical integrity, the right of ownership to property earned and property given or bequeathed, the right to free belief and free speech, &c. Their claims can properly be qualified only so far as they are traversed by the understood or expressed terms of the contract voluntarily entered into. As these terms vary in different places and times, the resulting qualifications must vary. Here, therefore, no hard and fast rule can be laid down, and one must be content with approximations. In respect of property, for instance, Mr. Spencer deems it reasonable that where the husband is exclusively responsible for the maintenance of the family, property which would otherwise belong to the wife may equitably be assigned to him—the use, at least, if not the possession: since, if not, it would become possible for the wife to use her property or its proceeds for her personal benefit only, and refuse to contribute toward the expenses of the joint household. Only where she is equally responsible with him for family maintenance does it seem right that she should have equally unqualified ownership of property. Mr. Spencer, however, does not mean to say that the responsibilities must be entirely reciprocal. For, though rights of ownership being supposed equal, it would at first sight appear that the one is as much bound as the other to maintain the two and their children; yet this is negatived by the existence on the one side of onerous functions which do not exist on the other and which largely incapacitate for active life. Nothing more than a compromise, varying according to the circumstances, seems here possible. The discharge of domestic and maternal duties by the wife may ordinarily be held a fair equivalent for the earning of an income by the husband.

Respecting powers of control over one another's actions and over the household, the conclusions drawn in this book are still more indefinite. Mr. Spencer holds that the relative positions of husband and wife as contributors of moneys and services have to be taken into account, as well as their respective natures; and these factors in the problem are variable. When there arise conflicting wills, of which both cannot be fulfilled, but one of which must issue in action, the law of equal freedom cannot in each particular case be conformed to, but can be conformed to only in the average of cases. Whether it should be conformed to in the average of cases must depend on circumstances. Mr. Spencer is disposed to say, however, that since, speaking generally, man is more judicially minded than woman, the balance of authority should incline to the side of the husband; especially as he usually provides the means which make possible the fulfillment of the will of either, or the wills of both. But it is admitted that in respect of this relation, reasoning goes for little; the characters of the parties concerned determine the form it takes. The only effect which equitable considerations are likely to have is that of moderating the use of such supremacy as eventually arises.

III.

Another question, equally involved or more involved, concerns the possession and management of children. Decisions about management have to be made daily, and decisions about possession must be made in all cases of separation. What are the relative claims of husband and wife in such cases? Mr. Spencer's answer is that, on the one hand, it may be said of the direct physical claims, otherwise equal, that that of the mother is rendered far greater than that of the father by the continued nutrition of the infant before and after birth. On the other hand, it may be urged on the part of the father that in the normal order of things the food by which the mother has been supported and the nutrition of the infant was made possible has been provided by his labor. Whether this counter claim be or be not equivalent, Mr. Spencer admits that the claim of the mother cannot well be less than that of the father. Of the compromise respecting management, which justice thus appears to dictate, he deems it reasonable to say that the power of the mother may fitly predominate during the earlier part of a child's life, and that of the father during the later part. The maternal nature is better adjusted to the needs of infancy and early childhood than is the paternal nature, while for fitting children, and especially boys, for the battle of life, the father, who has had most experience of it, may be considered the best guide. But it seems alike inequitable and inexpedient that the power of either should at any time be exercised to the exclusion of the power of the other. Of the respective claims to possession, where separation takes place, some guidance is again furnished by consideration of the children's welfare, an equal division, where it is possible, being so made that the younger remain with the mother and the elder go with the father. Evidently, however, nothing is here possible but compromise based on consideration of the special circumstances. Concerning the claims of women as domestically associated with men, Mr. Spencer adds that in England, and still more in the United States, the need for urging them is not pressing. In some cases, indeed, there is a converse need. But there are other civilized societies in which their claims are very inadequately recognized; a notable instance is Germany. With other reasons prompting the author to make this remark is joined, he says, the remembrance of a conversation between two Germans in which, with contemptuous laughter, they were describing how in England they had often seen, on a Sunday or other holiday, an artisan relieving his wife by carrying the child they had with them. Their sneers produced in Mr. Spencer a feeling of shame—but not for the artisan.

IV.

The author has still to consider, from the ethical point of view, the political position of women as compared with the political position of men. Until the latter has been dealt with the former cannot be expounded. The truth is, that Mr. Spencer's definition of the political rights of men differs materially from that prevailing in England and the United States. This definition will naturally affect his view of the right of women to vote in general political elections. There is, however, one aspect of the matter which may be examined at once. Are the political rights of women the same as those of men? The assumption that they are the same is now widely current. Along with the identity of rights arising from the human nature common to the two sexes there is assumed to go an identity of rights in respect to the direction of public affairs. At first sight it seems that the two properly go together, but Mr. Spencer holds that consideration shows this not to be the fact. Citizenship, he says does not include only the giving of votes joined now and again with the fulfilment of representative functions. It includes also certain serious responsibilities. But if so, there cannot be equality of citizenship unless along with the share of good there goes the share of evil. To call that equality of citizenship, under which some enjoy powers gratis while others pay for their powers by undertaking risks, is, in Mr. Spencer's opinion, absurd. Men, whatever political powers they may in any case possess, are at the same time severally liable to the loss of liberty, to the privation, and occasionally to the death consequent on having to defend the country. If women, along with the same political powers, have not the same liabilities, their position is not one of equality but one of supremacy. Unless, therefore, women furnish contingents to the army and navy, such as men furnish, it is manifest that, equitably considered, the question of the equal "political rights" of women cannot be entertained until there is reached a state of permanent peace. Then only would it be possible (whether desirable or not) to make the political positions of men and women the same. It is acknowledged by Mr. Spencer that this reason does not negative the claims of women to equal share in local governments and administrations. If it is contended that these should be withheld, it must be for reasons of other kinds.

We have then the fundamental concession that in proportion as a community passes from a state of militancy to a state of industrialism, such as obtains to a very large extent in England and the United States, it becomes more and more possible to give men and women the same political rights. Responsibilities ceasing to differ, one decisive objection to equality of powers is extinguished. Does it follow that it will be expedient to give votes to women? We are prepared to hear Mr. Spencer answer this question in the negative, inasmuch as a distinguishing feature of this volume is his denial of the expediency under existing conditions of giving votes to all men. The question of practical moment to the community is, he says, whether rights, properly so called (among such rights he does not think that the power to vote must necessarily be included), are likely to be better maintained if women have votes than if they have not. Mr. Spencer proceeds to assign some reasons for concluding that the maintenance of such rights would, in the event of women obtaining the suffrage, be less rather than more satisfactory.

The comparative impulsiveness of women is, he thinks, a trait which would make increase of their influence an injurious factor in legislation. Human beings at large, as at present constituted, are far too much swayed by special emotions, temporarily excited, and not held in check by the aggregate of other emotions, and women are carried away by the feelings of the moment still more than men are. This characteristic is at variance with that judicial-mindedness which should guide the making of laws. Freedom from passions excited by temporary choler or particular objects is an obvious prerequisite to good legislation. This prerequisite is at present but imperfectly fulfilled, and it would be more imperfectly fulfilled were the franchise extended to women. Mr. Spencer goes on to point out that this moral difference is accompanied by a kindred intellectual difference. Very few men and still fewer women form opinions in which the general and the abstract have a due place. The particular and the concrete are alone operative in their thoughts. Nine legislators out of ten and ninety-nine voters out of a hundred, when discussing this or that measure, think only of the immediate results to be obtained; they do not think at all of the indirect results, or of the effect which the precedent will have, or of the influence on men's character. Had women votes this absorption of consciousness in the proximate and personal to the exclusion of the remote and impersonal would be still greater, and the immense mischiefs at present produced would be augmented.

V.

At the outset, indeed, of this volume, the author was at pains to show that there is a radical opposition between the ethics of the family and the ethics of the State, and that introduction of either into the sphere of the other is injurious—fatal, indeed, if extensive and continuous. Character is that which eventually determines conduct, the intelligence joined with it simply serving as a minister procuring satisfaction for those feelings which make up the character. At present both men and women are led by their feelings to vitiate the ethics of the State by introducing the ethics of the family. But it is especially in the nature of women as a concomitant of their maternal functions to yield benefits not in proportion to deserts but in proportion to the absence of deserts; to give most where capacity is least. The love of the helpless, which may serve as a general description of the parental instinct, stronger in women than in men, and swaying their conduct outside the family as well as inside, more than it sways the conduct of men, must in a still greater degree than in men prompt public actions that are unduly regardful of the inferior as compared with the superior. The present tendency of both sexes is to contemplate citizens as having claims in proportion to their needs, their needs being habitually proportionate to their demerits; and this tendency, stronger in women than in men, must, if it operates politically, cause a more general fostering of the worse at the expense of the better. Instead of that maintenance of rights which, as Mr. Spencer demonstrates in this volume, is but a systematic enforcement of the principle that each shall receive the good and evil results of his own conduct, there would come greater and more numerous breaches of that principle than are at present observed. Still more than now would the good which the superior have earned be forcibly taken away from them to help the inferior; and still more than now would evils which the inferior have brought upon themselves be shouldered on to the superior.

Attention is directed to another objection based on a trait of nature by which women are distinguished, and which arises from adjustment, not to the maternal, but to the marital relation. While their feelings have become moulded into special fitness for dealing with offspring, they have also become adjusted to an appropriate choice of husbands—so far at least as conditions have allowed them to choose. Power, bodily or mentally, or both, is and ever has been that masculine trait which most attracts women; and by doing so furthers the multiplication of the stronger. Varieties in which this distinctive preference was least marked must, other things being equal, have ever tended to disappear before other varieties. Hence in women a worship of power under all its forms; and hence a relative conservatism. Authority no matter how embodied—politically, ecclesiastically, or socially—sways women still more than it sways men. Evidence of this is furnished by societies of all grades. Sanctified by the injunctions of ancestry, customs are adhered to by women more than by men, even where instinctive feelings might have been expected to produce an opposite effect. Mr. Spencer adduces the instances of the adhesion by the women among the Juangs to something less than Eve's dress after the men had taken to loin-cloths. Religious fanaticism which is the expression of extreme subordination to a power conceived as supernatural, has always been carried further by women than by men. The difference was remarked among the Greeks; observers have noticed it in Japan; instances are supplied by the Hindoos; and it is at present manifest throughout Europe. This sentiment, then, which power and the trappings of power under all forms excite, must, if votes were given to women, strengthen all authorities, political and ecclesiastical. Mr. Spencer recognizes that it may be thought that under present conditions a conservative influence of this kind would be beneficial, and he would be inclined to share the opinion did there not coexist in women the trait of love of the helpless. But coöperating with the preference of generosity over justice, this power-worship in women, if allowed fuller expression, would increase the ability of public agencies to override individual rights in the pursuit of what were thought beneficent ends. It is another question whether such evil would result in time to come, when the political complications caused by the transitional state through which England and the United States are passing shall have disappeared. Mr. Spencer deems it quite possible that the possession of votes by women would then be beneficial.

Of course the author of the "Synthetic Philosophy" does not overlook the plea that without immediate enfranchisement women cannot obtain legal recognition of their equitable claims. In his opinion this plea is not countenanced by experience. During the last thirty years various disabilities of women have been removed with but little resistance from men. Comparing the behavior of men to men with the behavior of men to women, it is manifest that in modern times the sentiment of justice has been more operative in determining the last than in determining the first. Ill-treated classes of men have had to struggle far longer before they obtained from the classes who ill treated them the concessions they demanded than women as a class have had to struggle before obtaining from men as a class the various freedoms they ask. They have obtained these without political power; and there is no reason to doubt that such further injustice as they complain of—chiefly in respect of the custody of children—may be similarly removed without making the gigantic constitutional change which some women seek.

TRUE STRANGE SEA STORIES.

Ships Tossed on Unruly Seas in Fine Weather—A Queer Current—Sea Perils.

The one writer of sea stories who of all others has a regular constituency, so to speak, among the seafaring people; the one whose stories, no matter how strange or unusual they may be, are always read with attention and respect; the one, moreover, that is the most prolific of all sea writers, is the hydrographic officer at Washington. There are two things to be said of his stories which commend them to seafaring men; they are true and they are short. Besides that, some of them are exceedingly strange. If George W. Cable or some other writer would collect the "Strange True Stories of the Sea," he would find the task fascinating to himself and the result interesting to the reader.

The last publication of the Hydrographic Office—the periodical for September—is a fair sample of the story-telling ability of the hydrographer, and contains three strange stories, besides a host of tales of such thrilling experiences in storms as would make a landsman's hair stand on end were they related in graphic detail.

On the 23d of August the British steamship Robert Harrowing, Capt. Hughson, was about 750 miles east of the capes of the Delaware. It is a quiet part of the sea, not at all specially subject to storms or unusual happenings such as one might look for in the Caribbean Sea, but at 10:30 o'clock that morning, although the wind was light, the sea suddenly became so much agitated that the waves poured over the ship's sides, filling her well deck completely full. Then the sea subsided again, and by 1 P. M. it was a dead flat under a calm.

The British ship Ben Cruachan, Capt. Roberts, had a similar experience on the 25th of April last. She was then in the Indian Ocean, about half way between Ceylon and Sumatra, when at 5:41 o'clock in the afternoon, without any previous warning, the ship began to tremble as if in a collision with some hidden wreck, and so continued for seventy-five seconds. A heavy swell from the southeast arose, while there was an unusual convulsion of the water in addition to the swell. According to the hydrographer both of these experiences were due to earthquakes.

Another strange story that is quite as remarkable as, though less striking than, the others was that related of the German steamship Scandia, Capt. Kopff, which at 8 o'clock on the morning of of July 19, in latitude 44° 05' north, and 48° 33' west, encountered a strong current, about a third of a mile wide, a sea river, running from north to south with such velocity that while crossing it the steamer's helm had to be put over 15 degrees to counteract its influence. The water was two degrees colder in the current than on either side of it. Its banks were very well marked in the water. This is a part of the sea very often crossed, but no such phenomenon has been noticed there, a fact that suggests the existence of a current flowing from north to south beneath the Gulf Stream, which may now and then break through to the surface, as sub-currents in rivers are known to do.

Among the tales of perils by storms was that of the British steamship Tynedale, Capt. Love. She was in the Gulf of Lyons when a gale came on very suddenly, with a sea that rose more rapidly than the wind. The waves were so high and steep that the ship had no chance to rise—they buried her almost out of sight at every blow they struck her. In this emergency the cargo shifted and the steering gear carried away. She drifted helplessly for two days, when the wind and the sea went down as rapidly as they had come up.

Then there was the British bark Emma Payzant, Capt. Dexter. In a gale off the American coast the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, and there rolled in the hurricane for two days wholly unmanageable.

The case of each ship was as near hopeless as one could well imagine. Lighter gales and less trying circumstances have often sent as good ships as these to the bottom, and for forty-eight hours the crews were on deck facing what seemed to be certain death in a most terrifying form. But they pulled through with no loss of life and comparatively small damage to the ship, because in both cases there was an abundant supply of oil on board suitable for smoothing the combers. The waves that were burying the Tynedale ceased to break as soon as the oil began to spread, while the bark rose and fell, even if on her beam ends, without strain as soon as the oil was used. It was because of the saving effect of the oil that the stories were printed by the hydrographer.

The last strange true sea story to be told is that of the great hurricane at Martinique. Because it shows the sailor's idea of the way to tell a story of that kind the hydrographer's report is given in full:

> Reports received by telegraph state that a very severe hurricane was experienced in Martinique on the evening of Aug. 18, causing great destruction of life and property and the loss of numerous vessels. The official report is said to state that the loss of life was 378 and of property $10,000,000. The data thus far received are too incomplete to allow of plotting the track of the hurricane with any certainty, although it appears to have moved about west northwest over San Domingo and thence northward and eastward. It is desired to collect as complete information as possible, in order to publish a more complete account.

A WONDERFUL DAKOTA WELL.

It Throws a 2 1-2-inch Stream to a Height of 140 Feet.

From the South Dakota Huronite.

The artesian well on the Valley Stock Farm continues to attract great crowds of people. And well it may, for it is really the wonder of the age. Following the tests made of the pressure Saturday and Sunday, the cap was removed, and through a nozzle a 2½-inch stream of water was shot up into the air a distance of 125 to 140 feet. The direct course of the stream was greatly interfered with by the cross beams and braces of the derrick. With a clear way and no wind a 2½-inch stream would be sent 160 feet into the air. So great is the pressure that pine boards six inches wide and one inch thick, used as stays and braces on the derrick, fifty feet above the mouth of the well, were broken by the force of the water. While this nozzle was on, the derrick, which is seventy-five feet high, was almost hidden from view by the spray and jettings of the stream.

Later in the evening Mr. Weston, manager of the well, who has charge of the drilling, removed the 2½-inch nozzle and placed upon the pipe a 4-inch one. Immediately a stream 4 inches in diameter shot up nearly 70 feet, deluging everything in its descent. This was accompanied by a deep roaring sound, and frequent sharp reports resembling the discharge of a rifle were heard. This stream, as well as the smaller one, struck the walking beam and broke much of its force.

The amount of water that flows from the well is tremendous, being estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 gallons per minute. Even at the lowest figure enough pours out of the well to furnish every man, woman, and child in the State of South Dakota with at least four gallons of water every twenty-four hours. As to the pressure, that has not been fully ascertained, but from tests already made it is known to be considerably more than 200 pounds to the square inch. With a fair test it is likely to reach 228 pounds. The pressure has steadily increased for the last three days, and may exceed the above figures.

The well is now 960 feet deep, and as soon as machinery now ordered arrives the work of reaming the hole to eight inches in diameter, making it an eight-inch well from top to bottom, will be prosecuted. The water is soft, clear, and pleasant to the taste. It is flooding the low places in the vicinity, and, although great ditches have been dug to carry it into the Jim River, acres of water may be seen in every direction. Without doubt this is the greatest artesian well in the world.