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This office was regarded as "one of the most lucrative within the Executive gift," and Mr. George procured an amendment of the law which greatly increased his official gains. He might now have established his family in comfort, but "the wish to get beyond the anxieties of a hand-to-mouth way of living" drew him into "mining investments," and, in spite of his wife's advice to gamble in nothing but newspapers, he "invested" in various bonanzas in 1872, and again in 1875, with the same result that attended all his business enterprises. Unfortunately, the bonanza of gas-meter inspection had also ceased to be "lucrative"; but "Progress and Poverty," the book destined soon to be famous, had been written, and the doctrine so eloquently set forth therein made for the author friends who saw to it that his pecuniary needs should be supplied. His future was assured, and, as a social and political agitator, he soon exercised an influence (abroad as well as in this country) which was phenomenal. Not a few of his converts were men of distinction, some of them were sincere reformers, and many who could not altogether accept his creed gave him their support from sympathy with the generous aims which he professed. Many a victory did he win over those who attacked him with insufficient equipment, and some of his most brilliant work was done in exposing the fallacies of those who attempted to penetrate the joints of his armor. But his later career is still within the recollection of the public, and calls for no comment here.

We have dwelt at length on some of the sordid particulars of this life, because, as we have said, they explain why Mr. George's plan for equalizing wealth met with little support among the sober-minded. Theoretically, the plan was attractive and far from unreasonable. It might have been made the basis of a comprehensive reform in taxation. It was urged with undeniable power and with genuine eloquence. But it contemplated the violent suppression of one of the oldest and most widely diffused forms of property, which was bound up with the family, and indeed with most of our fundamental institutions, so intimately as to place the idea of its abolition quite outside of the grasp of ordinary minds. It is conceivable that, under some circumstances, substantial people might give their consent to a revolutionary change in the system of land tenure which they had been brought up to regard as part of the constitution of the universe, even if they did not comprehend it. Some one combining the lofty character of Washington with the practical sagacity of Franklin might persuade even conservative men to intrust the welfare of the country to the managers of a "blind pool." But confidence has its limits, and no amount of eloquence will convince responsible people that it is wise to risk the prosperity of the country by adopting the counsels of a leader whose private undertakings have invariably resulted in disappointment and ruin. Certainly no one acquainted with Mr. George's financial record would put money into any enterprise which he was to manage, with any expectation of getting it back again; and his promise that poverty would disappear if property in land were confiscated, was evidently not believed by the community.

But the most conclusive refutation of his prophecies was furnished by his action in

securing a lucrative public office in order to further his private ends. The whole gist of his scheme lay in the transference of rent from the landlords to the people. Such a transfer must necessarily be invidious. It would give great opportunities for speculation and extravagance on the part of the officers of government; and Mr. George illustrated the manner in which these functionaries might divert the revenues of the landlords into their own pockets. The number of citizens trying to get places where there is "little to do and something to get" is infinite. The number of places of this description is large and constantly increasing. Their multiplication is one of the greatest hindrances to the improvement of the condition of the common people. Our landlords may or may not be a useful social class, but they compare favorably with our politicians. Until we have more assurance than our present condition—and Mr. George's example—afford that the revenues of the landlords will not be appropriated by the politicians, common sense will not expect the millennium to follow the abolition of property in land.

SHAFTESBURY.

The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury. Author of the 'Characteristicks.' Edited by Benjamin Rand. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1900. 8vo, pp. xxxi, 535.

Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times, etc. By the Rt. Hon. Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. xlix+338, viii+275.

Shaftesbury, the third of that title and moralist, not only was educated and reared upon philosophical principles, but was veritably bred philosophically. For, his sire being about sixteen years old, the grandfather, that extraordinary man, Ashley Cooper, then Lord Ashley, dispatched the philosopher Locke into the northern counties to select a mother for the future head of his house. A great fortune was not required, but she was to be of "good blood, good person and constitution, and, above all, good education and a character as remote as possible from that of a court or town-bred lady." She was found in the person of a daughter of the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Rutland. The marriage took place September 22, 1669, and the moralist was born February 26, 1671, his father being then nineteen years old. He was immediately taken in charge by his grandfather, by whom his education was intrusted to the absolute direction of Locke. The result of this curious experiment was that the scion turned out to be a man of weak constitution, but strong character, a perfect Whig, a highly accomplished gentleman, a forcible writer. But his master passion was a love of virtue, as taught by Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius.

Dr. Rand has discovered, among the Shaftesbury papers in the Record Office, two note-books filled with meditations by the moralist for his own edification, and gives them here apparently complete. They fill 272 pages of the volume. Dr. Rand has entitled this matter "The Philosophical Regimen," but Shaftesbury himself headed it *Acquiescentia, i. e., Training Exercises*. Words

cognate with this were commonly used in Greek by those who adhered to the Socratic opinion that virtue is a thing to be learned. But Shaftesbury, broadly dividing all ancient philosophy into that of stoical and that of Epicurean color, no doubt wrote this word at the head of his meditations as a sort of general stoical confession; and Dr. Rand pronounces that the Phrygian "slave, the Roman emperor, and the English nobleman must abide the three great exponents of stoical philosophy." This dictum ought certainly to be modified; for the first two are not exponents of stoical philosophy at all; they are simply stoical moralists. They rarely touch upon the philosophy which made so large a part of stoicism; and where they do so, they are as often as not heretical. As for Shaftesbury, he accepts, of course, to begin the account, all those stoical ideas which have become assimilated into the common sense of the modern European. His usual method of reasoning by means of divisions and reductions to the absurd is also in the stoical style. But to the rest of the elaborate stoical logic he makes little allusion, and that little is rather deprecatory. Of that epistemological pragmatism which is near the root of stoicism, he shows, neither in the 'Characteristicks' nor in these new Ascemata, the smallest comprehension; but that is not surprising to us when we have seen the best historians of ancient philosophy puzzled and led astray by the doctrine.

To the germinal conviction from which stoicism springs, that the only end of man lies in action, and that knowledge, as such, is an idle accomplishment, Shaftesbury may be said to be more faithful than Zeno and Chrysippus ever were. Questions that excited the deepest and liveliest interest under the Ptolemaic, even that of a future life, are dismissed by him with a cold shoulder and the question, How does this concern me? The same spirit manifests itself in his characteristically stoical taste for allegory and emblems; and, notwithstanding his long studies of art in Italy, the now published letters show him attaching great importance to the vignettes that ornament the 'Characteristicks,' which, though pretty, are the faintest of far-fetched symbols, betraying a heart that, even after long familiarity with art, can value it only as a means of calling attention to homilies. It is no wonder that we find in such a writer few traces of the materialism of the stoics or of their other purely metaphysical opinions, beyond those that have passed into the common traditional ways of thinking. Among those may be reckoned his conception of God, and the particular shade of optimism which is symbolized by the cobweb in the vignette to the second volume of the 'Characteristicks,' showing now flies have been created for the benefit of spiders. In regard to the freedom of the will, his position appears to be that of orthodox stoicism.

Just as his too sincere acceptance of the vital principle of stoicism makes him a bit of a heretic among stoical metaphysicians, so his thorough acceptance of the great maxim of stoic morals—Follow Nature—causes him to diverge considerably from stoical apathy. The newly discovered Ascemata are stuffed full of quotations from the ancients, the great majority of them from three men whom Shaftesbury seems to have regarded as the great depositaries of the art of virtue. Two of them are Epic-

tetus and Marcus Aurelius; the third is a Latin author. The reader, we will wager, is jumping to the conclusion that it is Seneca. Not exactly, it is that stern moralist Quintus Placcus. On the sole occasion when Shaftesbury's disciplined intellect plays truant and goes chasing the butterfly knowledge for knowledge's sake, it is in seeking to prove to the Lockian logician Le Clerc that Horace was first and last a consistent stoic, and that it was only for a brief intermediate period that he was led away by Mecenas towards Epicureanism. One sadly fears that the poet's gentlemanly grace has quite blinded and well-nigh seduced the innocent Shaftesbury. At any rate, what Shaftesbury understands by following nature is not at all the suppression of all emotion, but just such a degree of emotional lukewarmness and good-humored composure as the hedonistic Horace loved to parade. For all that, human nature is not capable of greater earnestness than Shaftesbury's in his quest after the highest virtue. We feel it in the style of the 'Characteristicks,' and it is proved to demonstration by the newly published book. Thus, we find that Shaftesbury had developed a kind of stoicism of his own. It was not a particularly profound kind, philosophically considered; yet the new publication is likely to prompt fresh studies of stoicism, to a better comprehension of what it was in the school at Athens, and also of what development it is capable in a modern intellectual climate.

The letters of Shaftesbury which Dr. Rand has printed fill as many pages as the Ascemata. Many of them are of interest in reference to his own philosophy, especially in relation to that of Leibniz. His regard for his master, Locke, led him to conceal his pretty thorough dissent from Locke's great masterpiece; and it was only toward the close of his life, in 1709, that he confided the true state of things to one person in a letter here given. A number of letters addressed to Locke show Shaftesbury's personal veneration and affection for the philosopher. There are also many political letters which show his inherited Whiggism, coming as near to a passion as stoicism would permit, and the effective blows that he was able to strike for true liberty. Other more personal letters are by no means the least significant in studying his philosophy, and go to increase our esteem for his conception of morals. The same is true of his letters to his protégés. But those to Thomas Micklethwaite are of interest for other reasons.

Dr. Rand has done his work very diligently. To the innumerable Greek and Latin passages he has appended translations, and has usually stated where they are found. It is to be regretted that he has not supplied the volume with an index. The portrait is a reproduction of a worn impression of the frontispiece to the 'Characteristicks.'

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. present us with a very beautiful reprint of the 'Characteristicks,' with a readable and, on the whole, instructive introduction by Mr. J. M. Robertson. It is the first edition that has appeared for over a century. The reason is obvious. The number of persons who care to study an exploded theory of morals is small; and those few will prefer Hutcheson's exposition. Or, if they must have Shaftesbury, there were four old editions, superbly printed, and often magnificently

bound, extremely accurate, and with the vignettes and other minutiae which were so important in Shaftesbury's own estimation; and these are still easily procurable at low prices. It is true that all the editions before the fifth omit the "Letter concerning Design," which Shaftesbury intended should be included, and which (all the more because of its philistinism) throws an important light upon his ways of thinking. But then, this is omitted in the new edition as well. Mr. Robertson's introduction contains a number of statements and expressions which we may believe he would have modified had he been acquainted with the contents of Mr. Rand's volume; such, for example, as the notion that the least metaphysical of moralists was chiefly influenced by the most metaphysical, Spinoza. But, that corrective being now at hand, the value of Mr. Robertson's introduction depends upon its positive merits, not on its errors. Its discussion of Shaftesbury from a literary point of view is fairly good, not fully doing justice to his extraordinary earnestness, emphasizing a little too much his fashionableness, his earliness (though this is somewhat obliterated by the modernization of Shaftesbury's peculiar spellings and other little idiosyncrasies which disappear in the reprint), but, nevertheless, bringing to light a number of points which the student of Shaftesbury will be glad to have so clearly put before him; and, on the whole, well characterizing the celebrated characterist upon his literary side.

RECENT FICTION.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan.

Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Chloris of the Island. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper & Bros.

Visiting the Sin. By Emma Rayner. Small, Maynard & Co.

Story of a Spy in the Civil War. By B. K. Benson. Macmillan.

Mr. Crawford's romance of Spain wears the air of practised acquaintance with country and costumes and manners that pervades his stories of Italy, of America, of India, of the world at large. He has a marked talent for assimilating local color, not to make mention of a broader historic sense. Even though he may adopt, as it is the romancer's right to do, the extreme romantic view of history, it is always a living and moving picture that he evolves for us, of which we do not ask that it be true so long as it is interesting. The events of the novel under consideration are those of a single night in the palace of Philip II. of Spain. Though they are varied and stirring, they could hardly have filled an entire volume had not the author freely exercised another of his conspicuous talents, that of leisurely descant. Events rush in old Madrid; but between actions writer and reader might be sipping coffee under a tree. Homilies on love, on blindness, on dwarfs, on the honor of soldiers and the etiquette of the Spanish Court, act as sedatives between thrills. A discourse on the *pavana* while one waits to know if the hero is fatally stabbed keeps the pulses steady. Philip II. has no apologist or modern reconstructor in Mr. Crawford. Not one of the imputed misdeeds or crimes of history or rumor is

omitted from the damping catalogue of his villainies, whether it be his very unpleasant manners or the death of Don Carlos. Don John of Austria, the hero of the night's adventures, is made as heroic and spotless as the heart of novel-reader could wish. There is, indeed, a comforting absence of half-tones in the picture, that is exceeding peaceful to the complication-tossed reader of the novel of muddled motive.

"Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts" consists of stories of "revenants," persons who, either in spirit or in body, revisit old scenes, return upon old selves or old emotions, or relate a message from a world beyond perception." Mr. Quiller-Couch here, as ever, is the master of an exquisite art. Rarely absent from his work, we think it more persuasively present when his revenants are bodily than when they are spiritistic. In spite of his ghosts being introduced as "profitable," we find them on the whole less so than the "Old Fires"—and, moreover, less imaginative. Every-day material, as this accomplished writer treats it, is weird enough and poetic enough without his summoning the supernatural to its intensifying. We are not sure that there does not lurk a subtler thrill in the figure of the Prophet Elisha in his old age coming painfully over the rough mountain path to the Plain of Jezreel and meeting again the Shunammite woman, than in the ghostly night ride of the living man and his dead friend into the place of departed spirits. "The Penance of John Emmet," though told with more clumsy involution than is the wont of "Q.," is a story that strikes home as true to the point of inevitability. "The Lady of the Red Admirals" is a charming example of the author's lighter touch at its best. "The Singular Adventure of a Small Free-Trader" is another. In one of the sketches the Wandering Jew appears in Cornish setting, wearing the new form with the old fascination. But whichever story makes the closest appeal to the reader, he will hardly fail to find somewhere the power, poetry, and dramatic instinct without morbidness of which a book by this writer always holds the promise.

Like "Q.," Marriott Watson's book deals with the place and the day when smugglers were politely called free-traders, but the mode of treatment is as different as possible. "Chloris of the Island" begins with an elopement, and progresses to a tavern brawl. Next, the island looms in view with its caves devoted to smuggling and treason; and for the rest of the long novel we are kept in frantic chase from island to mainland and back, by sail and oar, by swimming in and under water—not plain water, but whirlpools—pistols at the back, quicksands in front, daggers and vengeance on all sides; the beautiful Chloris, now hostile, now friendly, acting as motive for the hero's deeds of alternate detection and protection. For land experience there is perpetual hurrying over sand-dune wastes, with a convenient cottage on the dunes where the heroine may intelligently leave the incriminating letter from Bonaparte intrusted to her by the hero to be destroyed; no reasonable cause appearing for this sensible action except that there may be one more sandy tramp, and that the insisted-on cottage may be the background for the villain's last appearance. The tale of adventure is surely growing a little preposterous.