

privileged classes and the aristocratic "services" are always on the watch for some channel in which to spend public money so as to advance their own interests, and that a surplus gives them an opportunity which they always improve, in order to distract public attention from domestic business. Such a channel must in most cases be foreign adventure and war. (The same impulse leads to the artificial panics got up in England over the fear of a foreign invasion.) This process goes on until a Crimean or a Boer war is actually brought on, and then, when the surplus is gone, the nation sobers down again.

The privileged classes must always be Tory, and are always in danger from democratic attack. The same thing is true of our privileged classes over here. When an American who has made his money for a generation out of a "protected" industry hears of a movement to break up "the Trusts," or to overhaul the tariff, he is filled with enthusiasm for a foreign war and Empire, and will quake with terror over the defenceless condition of our coasts, and vote any amount of money to build big battle-ships. According to the Liberal tradition, surpluses ought to be spent in paying off your debt, reducing taxes, and strengthening the country by freeing thrift, intelligence, and industry from every burden. But it cannot be done while the fit is on. If this view is correct, England will have fits of Jingoism whenever it has plenty of money and has thoroughly forgotten the last great war, and will plunge into temporary disaster, from which she will recover by application of the old Liberal remedies. In 1858, even Disraeli is said to have moved a resolution in favor of economy, to the great embarrassment of Lord Palmerston.

The Jingoism is greatly helped just now by the fact that all the promoters and speculators who want the assistance of the army and navy to exploit foreign inferior peoples and make fortunes out of improving them and bestowing on them the benefits of Anglo-Saxon civilization, are busy distributing stock and "options" among editors and titled and "smart" people; so that when the pinch comes, there is a universal cry for a vigorous foreign policy from the educated classes and the press. Corruption, like everything else, has been systematized, and Cecil Rhodes is looked upon as a public benefactor ready to give any man who will back his projects a "pointer."

The best of the essays is perhaps Mr. Hammond's. He points out that the new Imperialist cares nothing for our tradition of free speech, and is both cowardly and cruel.

"Four years ago we were told that we could stand idly by while the Sultan massacred in thousands a community which we were bound by treaty to protect. Two years ago Russia ordered us to withdraw our ships from Port Arthur, and the Government complied. The indignity was not redeemed by persistent assertions after our retreat that our ships had the best of rights to be there. During the South African war the German Government presented certain demands in its most peremptory manner, and our Government first obeyed and then complained. Recall our action on these occasions, and then recollect the exuberant enthusiasm with which certain of our chief papers and politicians adured the greatest of empires to make war upon a couple of tiny republics with a united peasant population comparable to that of a respectable English borough—a romantic enterprise to which was to be summoned, as though to a

crusade, the valor of her colonies in all the distant corners of the world" (p. 187).

These are stinging words, but they are mild compared with those in which the writer scores Mr. Chamberlain. Yet the book, as a whole, leaves on the reader's mind a rather painful impression of impotence. What is said is true, and the writer's suggestion that the remedy is *stare supra antiquas vias* unanswerable; but, in the present temper of the public, such suggestions are fruitless. The discussion they evoke is barren, and the only reply made is to build more battle-ships. Parliament is there, but the Opposition is timid and nerveless. It contains no longer any Foxes, or Cannings, or Peels, or Gladstones.

In Victor Bérard's book the question of Imperialism is approached from a different point of view. His theory of the subject may be abridged as follows: Imperialism in England is an economic heresy, which had its rise in the desire to obtain more markets. Free trade and good government had made England the great commercial nation of the modern world; but, for some reason, its industries showed signs of ceasing to expand, and its rivals in trade began to prosper. Birmingham was the centre of the depression, and hence Birmingham produced in Mr. Chamberlain a statesman with a remedy. Seeing that Germany was competing for the first time with England in foreign markets, and seeing also that Germany had just had a successful war and become an empire, and had protection and a Zollverein, the conclusion was reached that the thing to do was for England to imitate Germany. The new thinkers accordingly began to preach empire, protection, and colonial federation. Protection, however, being a word of ill omen in England, is called in the new vocabulary "Fair Trade." Now, says M. Bérard, the whole fabric rests on a pure delusion as to the sources of German prosperity. He brings forward a great quantity of evidence, and the best of it is that it is official English evidence, which shows conclusively that the reason why Germany has been driving England out of foreign markets—so far as she has done so—is that her traders, and clerks, and merchants have learned their business more thoroughly than their English competitors; that while the English were going on in their old ways, the Germans were studying foreign markets and adapting their wares to the wants of foreign customers. If we inquire why the Germans should be specially able to do this, the answer is that they are the most highly educated and thorough people in Europe, and have in the last generation "gone in" for scientific and technical industrial knowledge, just as their fathers and grandfathers "went in" for pure erudition. Their war with France has been followed by a long peace, and this peace they have employed by training themselves for industry and commerce. Even their protective system has been mitigated by commercial tariffs which have left trade comparatively free, and hence modern Germany is a great commercial, industrial, and eminently peace-loving country; superimposed upon it is a sort of mediæval Imperialism (there is nothing mediæval about the mass of the army, which is merely a highly organized militia, without much professional military interest or instinct), which in foreign eyes assumes such importance as to mask the real Germany behind it. Consequently, if

the English want to recover their industrial headship, they must train themselves in the way the Germans do. Instead of this, they have proceeded on the theory that the true source of German prosperity is its Imperialism (though they cannot copy it, for the English Empire is mainly titular, and the English military service unpopularized), and Mr. Chamberlain is engaged in persuading them that Empire is the key to "markets," and Mr. Rhodes that their flag is their great "commercial asset."

It is all made plain here, and the reader wonders why the English do not see it aright themselves. Why, after having once waked up to the truth seventy-five years ago, and having proved to the world that the secret of national success was peace, freedom, thrift, and hard work, have they suddenly rushed into the delusion that it was all a mistake, and that national prosperity is really produced by War, Empire, Privilege, and Protection? If the views of M. Bérard and the three English essayists are correct, the case is that of the heads of a whole electorate being turned by too much prosperity. Having attained prosperity and honor and wealth, England wishes to keep and increase them without going on with the hard work which brought them. Every one has seen this state of mind addle the brains of individuals in private life and bring them to the poorhouse. Can the same sort of folly introduced on a great scale into public business end, in anything but disaster? The Boer war is costing \$500,000,000 and has struck a serious blow at England's prestige on the Continent; notwithstanding which the nation, as one man, ratifies the action of the Government, and bids it go on. Meanwhile the German is hard at work in his Realschule and his laboratory, and his *commis-voyageur* is mastering his three languages for use abroad, and saving money, while his English rival is playing golf, cursing the Germans for underselling him, and spending his superfluous cash in distant and profitless wars. The disease is one which must run its course, and promises to leave the patient in a very depleted condition; so, at least, the wretched foreigners on the Continent think. But then it must be confessed that the English have a wonderful recuperative power, and that the follies and vices criticised by M. Bérard—the insularity, the pride, the greed, the contempt for science, and rule-of-thumb empiricism—have always hitherto been counterbalanced by virtues which in the long run have prevented national decay.

The Progress of Invention in the Nineteenth Century. By Edward W. Byrn. New York: Munn & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 476.

It is a primary rule of the ethics of rhetoric that every prose composition should begin by informing the reader what its aim is, with sufficient precision to enable him to decide whether to read it or not. If the title can do this, all the better. 'Under the Red, Red Rose' tells us what we have to expect better than any description in abstract terms that the writer could furnish. The man who puts pen to paper to produce anything like a treatise should, for his readers' sake, and for his own, begin by defining precisely what his book is intended to tell. If the title of this work does so, then certainly among the characteristics of the nineteenth century must be reckoned the

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peculiar meaning it has imposed upon the word "invention." Nobody, of course, will expect to find here anything about poetic invention, nor about imaginary quantities and homogeneous coordinates; nor about Trusts, clearing-houses, trade-unions, and postage-stamps—great inventions all; nor yet about Bunsen's ice calorimeter and the Holtz machine. One may search the pages in vain for the second-sight trick, the bunco game, or spiritualistic manifestations. It would seem at first, therefore, that under the term "invention" the author means to include only patented inventions; but that is not so, either, for, among the "leading inventions of the nineteenth century," he reckons the different systems of medical practice, the Voltaic pile (which was neither patented nor produced in the nineteenth century), the discoveries of the different chemical elements, Babbage's calculating machine, the Suez Canal, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Capitol at Washington, etc. We can only conclude that the writer has never defined to himself what it was that he proposed to treat of. If he had done so, he certainly would have made a much better book, for he has shrunk from no amount of labor and research.

In the same way, under the different heads, we are furnished with no means of foreseeing what will be found in the book, and what not. For instance, as long as bridges are included at all, one would expect to find here some mention, at least, of the first Niagara bridge, which involved whatever invention there was in the Brooklyn bridge; and this receives a paragraph and picture. The chief intentional feature of these bridges, the stiffening-truss, is not pointed out. The manner in which all the small bridges of the country are now supplied, almost ready-made, by bridge companies is an intentional characteristic of the century worthy of note; but it is not noticed. Almost every chapter is open to similar criticism. Many of the features and circumstances which are the most fundamental, characteristic, and otherwise worthy of attention are passed by unrecognized. The book is, of course, not addressed to persons of any particular technical or scientific knowledge; and those to whom it is addressed will, in any case, necessarily remain ignorant of much that is highly significant. Yet if the author had made space by cutting out all that does not relate, directly or indirectly, to patented inventions, and had used that space to explain the importance of the matters best repaying the ordinary reader's attention, he would have immensely increased the usefulness of his work. Take, for example, the cut-off of a steam-engine. From the few words that are said about it, no definite idea can be obtained of how much it accomplishes. A single paragraph might have given the ordinary reader an insight into the steam-engine which he would have been very glad to gain.

We should not have taken the trouble to make such criticisms if this work belonged to the ordinary type of picture-books about inventions, of which there are so many. It is a serious attempt to give an account of the "inventions," whatever that may mean, of the century, of their successive improvements and gradual adoption, such as every intelligent man must desire to read. It has no value as literature; but it goes over the ground with a good ap-

proach to thoroughness. The index contains nearly nine-hundred entries. It is a work upon which far more labor has been expended than can be paid for by the money; it can be expected to bring to its author. It is, therefore, worthy of respectful criticism, and not of being passed by as "highly interesting." It may be hoped that in a future edition the improvements above suggested may be made. If it is thought that they would render the book too dry, insertion concerning the personality of some of the most remarkable inventors—most of them men of marked personality, and of various different types—would enliven the text. But, as far as we remember, this has been done only in the case of Goodyear.

An advertisement slipped into the volume admonishes us that the work makes claims to "human interest." If this means that it has the sort of value that literary power might give to such a book, we cannot allow the claim. But it certainly is curious to see how human life appears as seen from the windows of the Patent Office. There are some three hundred illustrations and figures, all most pertinent and clear. A view of the steamer *Oceanic* as if sailing above the best-known part of Broadway is striking.

Colonial Days and Ways, as Gathered from Family Papers. By Helen Evertson Smith of Sharon, Conn. With Decorations by Guernsey Moore. The Century Co.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co.

"Colonial days and ways," as gathered from family papers and interpreted by Miss Smith, become very real to us. Having family connection with the several lines of colonists which took possession of the New World, she is able to set forth their individual characteristics and modes of initiating and carrying forward settlement and home life in a very fresh and effective manner. Her opportunity for research has been exceptional. She has had access to great ancestral mansions of the colonial period, and gives vivid pictures of Yankee, Dutch, and Huguenot interiors in minute detail. We read with envy of that wonderful Sharon garret in which were stored such masses of ancient papers, legal documents, sheepskin-bound ledgers, diaries, family letters, "reaching back to the earlier immigrants in Massachusetts and Connecticut." Those who know the difficulty of unearthing the "true inwardness" of home life in those early days will appreciate the great value of some of these treasures. Here is a fragment of a letter found in the charred interior of the Great Bible, partly consumed with other books and papers when the great house was barely saved from destruction. It was written in 1699 by Samuel Smith of Hadley, Mass., son of the Rev. Henry Smith of Wetherfield, Conn.:

"My Reverend Father was an ordained Minister of ye Gospelle, educate at Cambridge in England, and came to yis land by reason of ye Great Persecution by which ye infamous Archbishop Laud and ye Black Tom Tyrante (as Mr. Russell was always wont to call ye Earl of Strafforde) did cause ye reign of his Majesty, Charles ye First, to lose favor in ye sight of ye people of England. . . . I do well remember ye face and figure of my Honored Father. He was 5 foote, 10 inches tall and spare of build tho not leane. He was as active as ye Red Skin men and sinewy. His delight was in sportes of strengthe, and

withe his owne hands he did helpe to reare both our owne house & ye Firste Meetinge House of Wethersfield, wherein he preacht yeares too fewe. He was well Feathered and Fresh favored with faire skin & longe curling Hair (as neare all of us have had) with a merrie eye & sweete smilinge mouthe, tho he coule frowne sternelle eno' when need was."

Where can one find a more attractive portrait of a Puritan minister? His son continues:

"Ye firste Meeting House was solid mayde to withstand ye wicked onslaughts of ye Red Skins. Its Foundations was laide in ye feare of ye Lord, but its walls were truly laide in ye feare of ye Indians for many & grate was ye terrors of em. I do minde me yt alle ye able-bodied men did work thereat & ye olde and feeble did watch in turn to espie if any Salvages were in hidinge neare & every man kept his musket nighe to his hande."

"After ye Red Skins ye grate Terror of our lives at Wethersfield & for many years after we had moved to Hadley to live was ye Wolves. Catamounts were bad eno' & so was ye Beares, but it was ye Wolves yt was ye worst. The noyse of theyre howlings was eno to curdle ye bloode of ye stoutest and I have never seen ye man yt did not shiver at ye sounde of a pack of em. What with ye way we hated em and ye goode money yt was offered for theyre Heads we do not heare em now so much, but when I do I feel again ye younge Hatred rising in my bloode & it is not a Sin because God mayde em to be hated. My mother & sister did each of em Kill more yan one of ye gray Howlers & once my oldest Sister shot a Beare yt came too neare ye House. He was a goode Fatte one & kept us all in mente for a good while. I guess one of her Daughters has got ye skinne."

Equally fresh and realistic is Miss Smith's report of the persecutions endured by her Huguenot ancestors in their mother country, and their marvellous escape in casks across the British Channel, and later voyage to America. She gives a most attractive picture of those light-hearted French refugees, with their adaptability and deftness, their aptitude for art, music, fine work, and all the gentler courtesies of life. Besides all these personal narratives, Miss Smith relates many interesting incidents connected with the Revolutionary period. The book also abounds in descriptions of old-time customs—soap-making, candle-making, merry-making—and gives us glimpses of a far-back Medical Society and Literary Club. It would be difficult to find another volume relating to this period comprising so much of personal, general, and public interest.

In "Stage-Coach and Tavern-Days," Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has found a theme as exhaustless as her own patience and industry. Geographically it extends from Atlantic to Pacific, from Maine to New Mexico; chronologically from the compulsory Puritan ordinary to the modern tally-ho. It takes in the famous old Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary taverns where liberty was cradled, and the jovial, rollicking, free-and-easy tavern of the exhilarating turnpike era. We follow the evolution of the road from Indian trail and Bay Path to solid macadam. We see the stages themselves in every "stage" of transformation. One very interesting chapter is devoted to tavern-signs and symbols of endless variety and ingenuity; and of these signs and taverns, coaches and wagons, Mrs. Earle gives pictorial representations. Together with a vast amount of solid information, the book contains numberless humorous and illustrative anecdotes and incidents—much that pertains to historic phases and development. As the old town meeting-house represents the religious

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