

the advantage to the Canadians is not apparent.

When he gets away from the uncomfortable subject of taxing bread, he becomes bolder. No half-way measures will be efficacious. "Duties of 50 or 75 per cent. *ad valorem* may be needed—or even prohibition." These duties may not be permanent; "if permanence can be avoided, it will be very desirable." But the matter cannot be left in the hands of Parliament. The Executive must be authorized "to impose the duties that may be required from time to time as the circumstances arise." We can imagine no more distressing situation than that of the English merchant or manufacturer under such uncertainty as this arrangement would cause. To be sure, the Executive is to be advised by a corps of professors of economics, after the fashion of the Germans, who shall constantly survey "every considerable branch of British trade and commerce—its condition industrially, technically, commercially," and furnish a parallel series of reviews of the industries of the other chief countries of the world. It does not seem worth while to consider this proposition seriously; practical men have not yet forgotten the dismal spectacle of a great body of English professors of economics chasing the *ignis fatuus* of bimetallicism.

When it comes to explaining the part of the colonies under the new system, Professor Ashley treads very softly. As we have seen, he has to maintain that the English workman is not to pay more for his food, and yet to convince the colonists that they are somehow going to get more pay for supplying it. He must satisfy the woollen manufacturers of England that they are not to pay higher prices for their materials, and the Australians that they will sell these materials at higher prices. Even more delicate is the task of explaining to the colonists that they are expected to refrain from competing with English manufacturers. As these colonists are in the main bigoted protectionists, it will probably take some time to persuade them that "the main interest of the new countries now lies in the distribution of the population over the land and the maintenance of its physique by rural life." In this way the colonies will "avoid the evils of over-hasty industrialism." Since the whole scheme of imperial protectionism collapses unless the colonies take this view of their interests—which they will apparently not do before the Greek Kalends—the proposal to alter the policy of England seems premature. Recipes for hare soup are useless if the hare has not been caught; and if England cannot be a world empire until her colonies give up their protective duties, her citizens may well consider whether some other ideal may not be preferable to that of domination. Their great land—to quote William Watson's lines to Mr. Bryce—

"Shall yet remember—she forgets to-day—  
How the munificent hands of Life are full  
Of gifts more covetable an hundred-fold,  
Than man's dominion o'er reluctant man."

*The Reminiscences of an Astronomer.* By Simon Newcomb. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. 426.

Nobody will take up Professor Newcomb's blithe 'Reminiscences' in the expectation of

social or political genre-pictures or revelations. The theatre of experience of a devoted researcher into an exact science is necessarily extremely narrow. It is doubtful whether he will have known even the chiefs in his own line so intimately as some less engrossed man or woman may have done. A student of science may find interesting information in the volume, as well as a cheery example when his task is discouraging, and a cheering voice when a great effort is to be made. The general reader will, for the most part, go to the book to learn something of that curious human variety, the great savant. Newcomb is quite the most distinguished man of science in this country to-day, as well as one of the most eminent in the whole world. His name will remain upon the page of scientific history, and eventually take its place high in the "second rank, distinctly above Leverrier's or even Hansen's, because of the breadth of his work. He is one of the eight *associés étrangers* of the Paris Academy of Sciences. This is universally acknowledged to be the greatest public honor that can be conferred upon a non-French man of science. Newcomb is the first citizen of the United States to receive it (if we are right in thinking that Louis Agassiz never completed his citizenship). It has never yet been bestowed upon a native citizen of the United States, although Franklin and Rumford received it.

The unscientific as well as the scientific reader will find these memoirs entertaining. Such anecdotal books always make agreeable reading; and Newcomb's powers of telling a story and of painting a situation are much beyond the mediocre, while his light, pleasant style is quite remarkable. The two best chapters are the one that gives an account of the author's own work, and the one called "Scientific Washington." The brief notice of the Johns Hopkins University may also be singled out as better even than the rest; and it does justice to the singular faculty of Dr. Gilman, that university's only true begotter. The picture of the old Nautical Almanac Office in Cambridge from 1857 to 1861 is interesting, because that office bred a true school of mathematicians and philosophers, students mostly of Benjamin Peirce. As for scientific Cambridge as a whole, Newcomb was at that time not sufficiently developed, and as a consequence had not sufficient opportunities, fully to comprehend it. But perhaps the gem of the book is the account of his boyhood, a boyhood which, one can see, taught him much that was most valuable just because it did not teach him what he burned to know. It will afford the reader a lesson in human nature, too, by showing how apparently small a difference in his innate make-up would have converted this illustrious man, whose eminence is as little accidental as a man's can be, into an utter nobody, or even into an obscure little quack doctor of Nova Scotia. Young fellows will do well to ask themselves what was the ingredient of his character that saved him. Everywhere, the volume is pleasant reading. The author has shown a perfectly distinct apprehension of who might be interested in his reminiscences, and why, and has written it for them.

*A History of Japan during the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651).* By

James Murdoch and Isoh Yamagata. Tokio: 10 Nishikata machi.

The work before us is one of the very few books on Japanese history which is based on original research, and written after long and laborious examination and comparison of documents and the weighing of evidence. Yet in its literary presentation it is hardly worthy of its great theme. It deals with that ever-interesting epoch in the world's history when the Japanese first knew and became known to Europeans, through mutual personal experiences, the interchange of products and the fruits of mind, and by embassies to and fro. Then the mighty onset of Western commerce and knowledge, and a terrific religious invasion, carried on with burning zeal and in the spirit of the Inquisition, threatened to destroy Japanese civilization and to bring the most Eastern of kingdoms under the intellectual and spiritual yoke of Southern Europe. Such a theme demands the highest literary expression, and a dignity of narration in harmony with the great events and personages described. One does not expect of the author any prepossession in favor of either Japanese or Portuguese, nor are we surprised at his aloofness of sympathy with the propagandists from Europe. Indeed, a cool, judicial spirit is exactly what we all desire in a historian; but the possession of even this excellence does not justify the author's use of slang and some decidedly low forms of the English language in treating of what he dislikes—a method which suits better a sensational newspaper than a dignified history.

Yet these faults are on the surface. After noticing them, it is only common justice to call attention to the great value of this work of more than 700 pages, which is indexed and has a rich equipment of colored maps. These show, as does no other work we know of, outside of the native literature, the feudal divisions of Japan in the times of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. The battle plans are remarkably accurate and informing. An introductory chapter gives an admirable bird's-eye-view of the history until the year of the arrival of foreigner. Two or three things Mr. Murdoch, who has lived many years in Japan, brings out clearly. One is that the rigid lines of demarcation between the samurai, or the warrior class, and the farmers, artisans, and merchants, so characteristic of society since 1600, were by no means strict in the early days. Any plebeian who could prove himself a good fighter was willingly received under the flag of a feudal potentate. So far from being a caste of hoary antiquity, at least as evidenced in the wearing of two swords, it was not until the last half of the sixteenth century that this privilege was reserved only to the samurai.

What makes the period treated by Mr. Murdoch so interesting to students, and most like the time spanned by the life of the present Mikado, is, that men of real ability, instead of crafty wire-pullers behind imposing figureheads, ruled the country. Japan's chronic disease during most of her history has been nepotism, and she has suffered from the ascendancy of rings and cliques; but in the sixteenth, as in the nineteenth, century, these were ruthlessly broken up. Men of real genius obtained control of national affairs, and they insisted upon the promotion of their subordinates who made devotion to duty

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