

uation of France: the extravagances of the court, the prodigality of the department of finance, the heavy and largely unsuccessful loans, the expenses of Cherbourg, and the immense works carried on in all the royal houses. Dorset elsewhere confirms the statements of his inferior. In considering French finances, the ministers are naturally drawn on to discuss trade and commerce, and endeavor to show how entirely the French missed their object in taking part in the American war. Hailes thought this object to have been the dividing with England of the commerce of the New World, for he cannot believe that "an enlightened and politic nation would have precipitated itself into a distressing and bloody war without hoping some more substantial advantages than the glory of rendering America independent." He declares that French trade with America after the war was so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of mention, and that, taking all the circumstances together, France had been as great a sufferer by the war as had Great Britain. Dorset's statement that since November, 1783, not one American vessel had been seen at Bordeaux, Marseilles, or other ports of the south, and that exportation to the West Indies had entirely ceased, is important from the standpoint of French revenues, but it is equally important from the standpoint of American trade in the early years of our country's independence. If Great Britain continued to monopolize American trade after the navigation acts ceased to apply to American commerce, and there is evidence elsewhere to corroborate Dorset's statements to that effect, then we may well believe that, contrary to the commonly received opinion, these same navigation acts did but little during the colonial period to hinder our commercial development.

The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy. By French Ensor Chadwick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4 net.

With singular fairness and dignity Rear-Admiral Chadwick has written the story of all our dealings with Spain. One may or may not accept his thesis that the Cuban war was written in the stars, but if the theory is to be refuted, the objector will not need to go beyond this book, so full is its documentation and so transparent its presentation of all matters of fact.

Spanish claims have been a sort of byword for more than a century, but the record of such negotiation and litigation is without wide significance. The real points of diplomatic debate between the United States and Spain have been the boundaries of Louisiana and the status of Cuba, although the recognition of the Latin-American republics has had, in the Monroe Doctrine, a more stately reverberation.

Naturally, the keenest interest attaches to the account of our dealings with Spain regarding Cuba. On the whole, the record does us credit. Spain during the half century of dispute persistently preferred *pundonor* to the real issue, whatever it might be; her agents readily committed stupid, provocative, and even sanguinary acts, which were grudgingly disavowed. A characteristic instance of Spanish myopia was the Virginius affair. The real point that horrified the world was the judicial massacre of a shipload of men. Spanish diplomacy, ignoring this moral issue, spent itself in tedious query as to the status of the ship. Were her American papers valid? In fact, the general course of Cuban negotiations suggests that the Foreign Office of Madrid, with all the sensibilities of a *caballero*, too often possessed the soul of a notary public. In striking contrast with the spasmodic conduct of Spanish negotiations is the firmness and moderation of such Secretaries of State as Hamilton Fish and Richard Olney. Either Grant or Cleveland, Admiral Chadwick thinks, could have brought on war by yielding to popular pressure and laying the Cuban matter before Congress. This was what President McKinley chose to do at the precise moment when his diplomatic battle was won.

Among the tragic malarrangements that abound in history, is there one more pathetic than the last days before the Cuban war? General Woodford, at Madrid, had most painstakingly opened the short-seeing eyes. A Ministry was in power that perceived the hopelessness of the Cuban situation and would go all lengths in concession. The Queen was actively enlisted on the side of peace. The seriousness of the emergency had at last found Spanish statesmen who could rise above *pundonor*. At this moment the very slightest grace from America might have secured peace with honor. But the indispensable element of time was lacking. The Spanish Ministry, in an inflamed state of public opinion, dared not go fast on the road of concession, and Mr. McKinley, for a similar reason, dared not be backward in demanding. At a certain point we have the tragic coincidence of the diplomatic battle wholly won at Madrid, and the mind of a humane and Christian President suddenly fixed upon war as the only solution. A full week before the Presidential message which meant war was read to Congress, Mr. McKinley knew that through the mediation of the Pope the Queen would grant an unconditional armistice—the main issue of contention. Minister Woodford was confident that this meant peace. Mr. McKinley made a short, cold, and evasive answer to the overture, and finally appended to his message a vague, misleading, and slurring reference to the matter. Spain, who, for the sake of

peace, had thrown herself on our mercy, was represented to Congress as incorrigibly obstructive, and war ensued.

Admiral Chadwick, who treats this episode almost without comment, has nothing to say except that the surrender came too late. Indeed, it may have been merely a straw, but it is a straw at which Grant or Cleveland would have grasped. What induced Mr. McKinley to fail to play the last card for peace is still matter of conjecture. It may have been the sinister influence of the senile and prejudiced statesman nominally in charge of the State Department. One may imagine financial interests, whose influence had ruled in Cuban matters, having bound Mr. McKinley irrevocably to a war. But we must not over-indulge mere surmise. It is possible that the explanation is simpler. The chagrin at finding that an unexpected move of the opponent has made waste-paper of a momentous document—such reasons have often provoked an exaggerated stubbornness, both in scholars and statesmen; mere inertia—the inability to revise a strenuous decision—counts for much. So apparently alien a motive as the resentment of a good Methodist at Papal interference is not to be utterly dismissed. But behind any of these possible motives lies Mr. McKinley's temperamental inability to distinguish between the voice of the people which is the echo of base journalism and the voice of the people which is also that of God. The struggle may or may not have been inevitable; but history can never clear Mr. McKinley's memory from the disrepute of casting upon the tender mercies of an inflamed Congress, and there misrepresenting, a generous nation which had made every concession ever demanded by his predecessors or by Mr. McKinley himself.

Points of special interest in Admiral Chadwick's able review of the Cuban imbroglio are his equitable partition of the blame for the awful state of the island between Spain and the insurgents, and his conviction that the Maine was blown up from outside. Cuba was a hell, but the insurgents had willed it to be so. The Spanish repression did not disregard the laws of war, but simply used the stern measures dictated by a desperate situation. It is time that these truths should be said by authoritative lips. Admiral Chadwick's view of the Maine disaster is weighty, for he now tells that he went to Havana as a commissioner expecting to find evidence of an internal explosion.

Without falling back too complacently on fate or providence, it is fair to recall the broader moral issue of Cuba. The island, from whatever cause, was a moral offence and a permanent peril to us. The obvious responsibility for an intolerable state of affairs lay with Spain. Our people, if the viler journalism and the horrible fate of the Maine

counted for much, were also greatly moved by a genuine and worthy compassion for suffering, and by a real if perhaps excessive moral indignation. It is true that in Mr. McKinley's time the negotiations were often conducted with small regard for Spanish sensibilities—Mr. Woodford's local dealings being in honorable contrast to the temper of his home advice; but it is also true that for a quarter of a century Spain had signally failed to understand the disinterestedness and moral righteousness of the American attitude. Until too late she regarded every plea for humanity as if it were a routine move in a sharp political game. If Mr. McKinley treated the overture of the Queen with wilful or ignorant disregard of its import, a similar fate had befallen a score of similarly humane representations from Washington in time past. This does not excuse Mr. McKinley, but it may help rehabilitate that Providence which, if it has indeed directed the dealings of Spain and the United States, has surely had its slumberous intervals. The broader moral of this excellent book is the duty that nations have to understand each other.

The Medici. By Col. G. F. Young, C. B. With portraits and illustrations, in two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8 net.

This well-printed and fully illustrated work is, we believe, the first that gives the whole history of the Medici family, and with this statement any specific merit is acknowledged once for all. Col. Young is a diligent but rather indiscriminating compiler. All authorities seem to look pretty much alike to him. His style is usually without grace or motion, and he lacks the gift of articulating quoted passages with his own text. Still the book gains in dignity and skill as it goes on, and the lives of the later Medici begin to reveal some of the gifts of the philosophical and literary historian.

On the narrowly historical side the work is adequate. One may feel that the lives of the older Medici have been told many times and better, but the plan of the book required a repetition that is not wholly vain. On the side of the history of art, the author indulges a tendency to link all important pictures with current events. Here he frequently gives his unsupported inferences the weight of facts. In particular his exposition of the pictures of Botticelli plays havoc with the chronology of that artist as ascertained by the study of his style. Still there are suggestive contributions in this matter. Col. Young shows that Mr. Herbert Horne's theory that Botticelli's Spring and Venus were painted for the Villa of Castello, owned by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, rests on an unproved assumption, and

he draws an interesting analogy hitherto overlooked between the title of the Primavera and Lorenzo the Magnificent's motto in the joust of 1475—*Le temps revient*. All this matter still awaits a final interpretation. Col. Young is more prolific in queries than in solutions.

The very full illustration of these volumes, especially as regards portraiture, is an attractive feature. In some cases, the author is careless in accepting bad traditional attributions; elsewhere, he offers inferior posthumous effigies when life portraits are to be found in the fifteenth century paintings; but in the main this is a remarkable pictorial chronicle of a family whose faces are treasure-trove to the physiognomist.

Clearly the most interesting part of the work is that devoted to the later Medici. The services of the inexorable Cosimo I to art and commerce are, perhaps, fairly well understood, but who realizes how much the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti owe to those admirable brothers Ferdinando II, Giovanni Carlo, and Leopoldo? What enthusiast grasps the fact that, on the dying out of the line, but for the liberality of the Electress Anna Ludovica, the chief treasures of the Uffizi, Pitti, Bargello, Archaeological Museum, and National and Laurentian Libraries, might have been dispersed? It was she who dedicated them formally to Tuscany and to the world. In fact, the persistent strain in the stock was the love of art and scholarship. Long after priestly tutors had emasculated the line, they remained enlightened patrons of literature, art, and science. This is their enduring glory, for what the elder Medici and the ruthless Cosimo, Grand Duke, achieved in a political way soon crumbled. No lasting political fabric could be reared on the shifting sands of the Florentine temperament.

Col. Young is the avowed apologist of the Medici, at times beyond discretion. We agree with him that no member of the family ever destroyed any liberty that was worth respect. Except for Cosimo I, the greatest of the race ruled by consent of the people. It is well also to dispel the false impression that the Medici were monsters of vice. As the times went, they were, for the most part, rather scrupulous folk, both in their public and private morality. Yet it evinces either ignorance of the facts, or lack of judgment, to say that the licentiousness of Shakespeare's works and of Lorenzo de' Medici's is on a par. We can only conclude that our author knows the Magnificent Lorenzo in discreet selections that exclude his frank pornography. One could wish that this laborious work had been done with greater scholarship and literary tact. As it is, its completeness and convenience for reference are likely to insure it popularity.

Around Afghanistan. By Major de Bouillane de Lacoste. With a preface by M. Georges Leygues. Translated from the French by J. G. Anderson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3 net.

This is a record of the author's fifth journey in Asia. The circuit of the forbidden territories of the Amir of Kabul was made by going on the Transcaspian Railway to its eastern terminus and thence across the Pamirs, or "Roof of the World," over the Himalayas at the Karakoram Pass into Kashmir. Northern India was traversed by rail, and then came the desert regions of Baluchistan and the fluvial oases of Persian Seistan. Major de Lacoste writes in an entertaining way of the various noteworthy incidents of his journey, and describes vividly the striking characteristics of the life of the people whom he saw. But a large part of the countries traversed partook of the nature of the Pamirs, the first impression of which was "a cold and dismal solitude. The earth is bare, the sky void. A continuous wind which whistles lugubriously, sweeps everything on its way, and raises in blinding columns a coarse sand which darkens the horizon. Nothing exists, nothing lives." In view of this, it is hardly surprising to read that in the similarly denuded and desolate plains of Baluchistan, where in ancient times famines occurred every five or six years, the natives built their houses of uncemented stones with a cupola supported by a central pillar, fashioned to a point at both ends. "When the famine became such that it was no longer possible to live, the head of the family assembled all who were in the house around the fragile pillar, then he would call upon the superior divinities, and putting his shoulder to it, like another Samson pulling down the house, he buried under the brutal heap of granite his smiling descendants, whom he thus sent to appease their hunger in eternity."

A novel invention of a Baluchi was the making "in the moist sand a little tunnel ten centimetres long, at one end of which I saw him put a pinch of tobacco, which he lighted; then, stretching himself on the ground, he placed his lips at the other end, and made a long inhalation of warm smoke. Our interpreter, who had no more cigarette paper, had just invented the desert-pipe."

Georges Leygues, member of several French Ministries, introduces the book to its readers with an appreciative preface in which he discusses the Asiatic problem of Russian and British interests. The work of the translator, J. G. Anderson, has been exceedingly well done. There are reproductions of seventy-five photographs which, with five route-maps, add much to the value and attractiveness of the book.