

a century and a half of colonial history that fostered local self-government and made of the Englishmen who emigrated to the New World and their descendants a people different in important respects from those who remained at home.

In discussing England's old colonial policy he reminds us that we ought not to judge it by present-day standards. If it was based on trade restriction and monopoly, so in those days of mercantilism when "nobody saw a reason for colonies except for business ends" was the colonial policy of every other nation. And if Great Britain was unable to solve the insistent problems of imperial reorganization raised by the Seven Years' War, it can at any rate be said that she had no precedents to guide her, nothing to learn from the experience of other empires. "It was not as if wisdom cried out in the street and no man regarded, for it was only with generations more of experience that England could find a solution." Adam Smith was a hostile critic of the British colonial system, but even he conceded that it was more liberal than that of any other nation, and no fair-minded student who examines the evidence for such a statement is likely to dissent from the judgment, nor from Mr. Van Tyne's when he says that "the freest of colonists were the first to rebel." Such measures as those against which Americans protested—the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act, the Townshend duties, and the rest—would not have kindled the fires of revolution in the despotically governed colonies of Spain, Portugal, or France, for they would not have been regarded as grievances. The rights claimed by the Americans and the aspirations cherished were incompatible with the status of colonies. Could a higher status be found for them within the empire or only by secession from it? That, really, was the problem that confronted Englishmen and Americans during the years of controversy preceding 1776.

Mr. Van Tyne's narrative of the course of events during those years is in the main excellent. It is based to a large extent on the writings of recent investigators, Beer, Alvord, Becker, Cross, and Schlesinger, to mention only a few of them. If it does not afford any positive evidence that the author has spent twenty years in the archives of America, France, and England, as the publishers proclaim, it at least reveals a very extensive knowledge of the printed sources for the history of the period and of the secondary literature. The author is to be commended for having taken pains with his characters. Grenville, Shelburne, Townshend, Otis, and "the brace of Adamses" appear in his pages as something more than names, and Paul Revere, the revolutionary "centaur," ever on horseback, is worthy of a Lytton Strachey. Perhaps Mr. Van Tyne does less than justice to the serious discussion of the imperial problem that took place on both sides of the Atlantic and the proposals that were made for the reorganization of the empire. Pitt's ideas on the subject were not quite as nebulous as represented (p. 97); the Loyalist controversialists might well have received more attention, and Galloway's plan should have been described. We are grateful, however, for the thoughtful analysis of the conflicting theories of representation and of the British Constitution held in England and America.

There are some errors and inconsistencies to which a candid review should call attention. It is an anachronism to say, in speaking of the time before 1776, that Adam Smith *had* favored the representation of the colonies in Parliament (p. 214); and a much more serious one to reckon the industrial revolution and its effects on England as a factor in explaining the growing breach between the mother country and the colonies (p. 313). To hold George III and Lord North responsible for the dismemberment of the empire (p. 273) is scarcely consistent with the view that it was "foreordained" (p. 312). It is disconcerting to be told that "the American habits of obedience" were broken by the Stamp Act (p. 278) after learning that the Americans had no habits of obedience (chapters II, III, V). Having expressed the opinion that it was the East India Company's monopoly of the sale of tea in the colonies, and not the tea tax, that caused the trouble (p. 376), the author quotes

with approval Burke's statement that it was the tax (p. 408). If the First Continental Congress "was not thought of as a law-making body" (p. 438), it is hard to understand in what sense their adoption of the Association "bound" their constituents (p. 442). Burke's bill of 1782 makes one wonder why proposals for economic reform were "beyond the reaches of the eighteenth-century souls" (p. 138). It would have been wiser to leave Earl Simon and Edward I out altogether than to call them "creators of the House of Commons" (p. 457).

"I want to know what happened, not what the man thinks," was Lord Salisbury's protest against philosophical reflections on the part of historians. We cannot complain that Mr. Van Tyne does not tell us what happened, and in view of his excellent and scholarly narrative of the antecedents of the War of Independence perhaps we should not begrudge him occasional rather amateurish excursions into the realm of philosophical interpretations.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

## John Bull's Jester

*Mr. Punch's History of Modern England.* Vols. III and IV.

By Charles L. Graves. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$10.

IN the two volumes recently added to the chronicle of that robust old bourgeois, Mr. Punch of London, Charles L. Graves has striven to condense all the sense and nonsense in the magazine from 1874 to 1914. That he has failed to produce an epoch-making or even an interesting narrative is not necessarily his fault. The scope of Punch is so wide that the wit is spread thin. The old gentleman was indefatigable. If he knew nothing of a subject, he would, after the true middle-class manner, comment anyhow, and nothing was too sublime or ridiculous to escape his puns.

Punch as he grows into middle age becomes a gentle old soul except for a few *bête noires*. The ferocity of his bark exceeds that of his bite and he is a fervent believer in "de mortuis nihil nisi bonum." He glories in memorial verses and birthday poems. And his death odes are in many cases palinodes—a word Mr. Graves is fond of. While the attitude of Punch varies according to the inclination of the individual members of the staff, the magazine as a whole manages to keep a fairly consistent middle-of-the-road course. It delights in pillorying extremists. Mr. Punch is always wary of the radical despite the fact that he championed the rights of the workingman when that was considered a heresy.

In the period taken up by the first of these two volumes, Mr. Punch is a consistent hater of Disraeli and is to that extent a Gladstonian, even though he differed widely from Gladstone on the Irish home-rule bills. Mr. Graves censures Punch for his rabid anti-Irish policy. In principle Punch was anti-imperialist. But when the additions to the territory of England were made secure, the old gentleman was inordinately proud of them and he became a true believer in the call to empire and the divine right of the English nation.

Punch is a hundred-percenter in the matter of national security and he exhibited alarm at the antics of the Kaiser Wilhelm II when he came to the throne of Prussia. He respected Bismarck but he had little faith in the new monarch. It was on this phase of international politics that *Punch* produced one of its greatest cartoons, Tenniel's Dropping the Pilot, published in 1890.

In the realm of literature and the fine arts, Punch is scarcely worth considering as a critic. He shows amazing versatility in his opinions but is at heart a philistine. He would enjoy a vaudeville performance much more than a finished piece of dramatic art. Punch saw red whenever the aesthetic movement was mentioned in the eighties. His judgment has been warped ever since. Although he preserves much of his pre-Raphaelite attitude during these years, he welcomes Whistler as a master etcher and takes joy in prodding the Royal Academy whenever he finds an opportunity. Later on Ibsen and

Maeterlinck are his chief butts and even Rostand gets his share. Bernard Shaw is never quite accepted and Wells receives little notice.

The cartoons are consistently good. In coining epigram Punch also excels. His satire and burlesque are on the whole good although sometimes labored. In verse that weapon of satire, the heroic couplet, is used extensively. Later the Gilbertian vein is apparent.

Being a conservative devoted to the classics and probably a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, Mr. Punch loads his pages with classical allusions. Parodies are another form of his pedantry, but many of them are skilful.

In many respects Punch is a prophet. Often he builded better than he knew. Yet in other matters his vision is limited. His attitude in the days just preceding the World War is an example of his obtuseness. On the eve of the outbreak of hostilities Punch, seeing no sign of danger in a region contiguous to the end of his elongated nose, jested extravagantly at the thought of war. Mr. Graves prefers to regard these utterances not as a failure to read the signs of the times but "as proofs that Punch, like the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, neither expected nor desired war." Well, it is possible that what Mr. Graves says is true with regard to both Punch and his fellow-countrymen. It will be a moot question even after the New Zealander sketches the ruins of St. Paul's.

ALFRED S. DASHIELL

## A Voice in the Wilderness

*La Guerre de 1914. Comment on Mobilisa les Consciences.* By Georges Demartial. Paris-Rome-Geneva: Editions des Cahiers Internationaux. 7½ francs.

AN impartial observer of European affairs has no difficulty in recognizing that in the last eight years no nation has been stirred up against its neighbor to such an extent as the French have been against the Germans. The never-forgotten defeat of 1870, the loss of the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, the ever-increasing political tension in the years before the outbreak of the Great War, especially the misrepresentation of the Morocco intrigues, all fertilized the ground for the intellectual campaign against Germany which, favored by the conduct of the Germans and by certain French peculiarities, seized in August, 1914, almost the whole French nation and still holds it in its grasp. The Russian general mobilization of July 30, 1914, which brought about the fateful German ultimatums, was purposely kept secret from the French people, and the conviction was hammered into their minds by their rulers that Germany had treacherously attacked France without the slightest reason. Then the lawless invasion of Belgium, the ridiculously exaggerated German atrocities, the military occupation of eight French departments with their manifold sufferings and so forth were all only too willingly used to accomplish the moral destruction of Germany.

Georges Demartial has just published the unique history of this intellectual campaign. It is a work of extraordinary courage and a proof of the high-mindedness of this noble Frenchman. Demartial was assistant director in the Colonial Office, has received a great many distinctions, and is an officer of the Legion of Honor. Before the war he was a member of the three societies: Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, Union pour la Vérité, and Ligue pour l'Education Morale. In 1916 he took a leading position in the Société d'Etudes Documentaires et Critiques sur la Guerre, which has done such splendid work toward clearing up the causes of the war. Demartial was the first Frenchman who, after the censorship was abolished, in his admirable pamphlet "Les Responsabilités de la Guerre, le Patriotisme et la Vérité" (translated into four languages; American edition, Huebsch) dared to contest the unscrupulously propagated thesis that Germany alone was responsible for the war. On this subject he is at present engaged in preparing an ex-

haustive work, of which the book on the mobilization of the conscience is a forerunner.

In this book Demartial refutes especially the arguments of the well-known historian Lavissee, who exercised his entire influence to degrade Germany. With the use of an enormous material, mostly French, Demartial demonstrates that all the one-sided accusations against Germany regarding war criminals, breaking of treaties, the manner of waging war, etc., can more or less be applied to France and her Allies. The portions dealing with Belgium and the French "national vanity" are exceedingly interesting. The author is not one of those who take pleasure in throwing mud at their own country, but he is an upright searcher for truth who wants to see his country act above reproach.

Demartial makes a good suggestion, that the Carnegie Institute which already in 1913 inquired into the atrocities committed in the Balkan wars, should examine and make a report about all the lawless and outrageous deeds done by all belligerents during the Great War. That would be the way finally to heal these sores.

To characterize Demartial's personality I will quote from one sentence out of his book, in which he offers to shake hands with the Germans, not out of political policy or from any wish for personal gain, "but exclusively from moral fairness, as I would shake hands with any one who is baselessly defamed and unjustly condemned."

Such words of simple nobility of soul can never resound without an echo. The book may do a great deal toward clearing the international atmosphere and toward mobilizing the intellects and the hearts of the nations against the deathly poison of hate, revenge, contempt, and calumny.

HERMANN LUTZ

## Books in Brief

*The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon and Other Humorous Stories.* By Richard Connell. Doran. \$2.

Preposterous, hilarious, delicious yarns in the tradition of H. C. Bunner and O. Henry, with much amusing topical satire. *The Wonder Book of Chemistry.* By Jean-Henri Fabre. Century. \$2.50.

An admirable series of familiar conversations between "Uncle Paul," who is essentially Fabre himself, and Jules and Emile, who are essentially Fabre's sons, about the chemistry of ordinary life.

*Random Memories.* By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

Pleasant reminiscences by a son of the poet, chiefly concerned with the father's personality and friends and with the son's travels and painting.

*Andrew Marvell 1621-1678.* Edited by W. H. Baggeley. Oxford. \$2.

A collection of tercentenary tributes to one of the greatest of minor poets, here honored with the sort of homage one might expect from men like Augustine Birrell, Edmund Gosse, J. C. Squire, and with a remarkably, though not unexpectedly, brilliant essay by T. S. Eliot.

*The Eighteen-Nineties.* By Holbrook Jackson. Knopf. \$5.

A handsome reprint, long called for, of a book which ought to be associated with the memory of the English decadents of the end of the last age as Vasari's lives are associated with his painters and sculptors.

*Clio.* By Anatole France. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

Five episodes of history, as real as need be, from the time of the death of Homer to the time of Napoleon's return from Saint-Jean-d'Acre. Anatole France, though this is not one of his greater books, here lounges with his Olympian ease through time and space, lucid as the sun, ironical as history itself. Only he could say of the two rich Atreabates killed by Marcus An-