

American nation whose autonomy were in real danger." In other words, as Mark Twain would say, the account of its death has been "greatly exaggerated."

It is "unilateral," "egoistic." Granted. But that does not prove it is dead—only annoying to others.

It "stood in the way" of the path of real Pan-Americanism. Only in so far as it was the synonym of our national foreign policy: "no entangling alliances." And no more so than did the indifference of Chile and Argentina who paid no attention to Bolivar's Congress of Panama. We are unduly blamed for the weakness and partial failure of Pan-Americanism although the author casually admits that "only when the governments of most of the Latin American nations have become more truly representative of their people will the unity of their political and economic interests have any quality of permanency and effectiveness." This shows a keen grasp of the actual situation.

Another charge in his indictment of the Monroe Doctrine is that it has been "violated and disregarded" by the United States. This is true, but it is only another way of saying it is not a covenant, not a compact, only a convenient name for what our government has deemed to be a wise or expedient policy.

Again "it has been distorted to serve as an instrument of our hegemony," and "abused to serve as a cloak" for our intervention in the affairs of our neighbors, and "misconstrued" to "serve as the tool" of our "imperialism in the Caribbean area." A third of the "Autopsy" is devoted to proving these charges. It is perhaps unfortunate that so many of the most serious and damaging statements are mere quotes from Scott Nearing, whose animus was well known. It is significant that the story of our relations with Santo Domingo is based on unfriendly sources and that Sumner Welles's scholarly work is not even mentioned in the Bibliography.

As regards the Monroe Doctrine, it has for years been a source of unnecessary annoyance to the larger republics of the Temperate Zone in South America. But as long as the Panama Canal is considered to be a vital part of our national defense system, we must have a constant interest in the status of the Caribbean countries. Our Caribbean policy will probably always be feared and hated by our neighbors.

While this book is probably too violently partisan and anti-American to please the general reader or to become a standard authority on inter-American relations, nevertheless it is a very valuable book and should be in every library. It will be of real practical value in school and college debates. It will open the eyes of self-satisfied Americans, if there are any left! It does help fulfil Burns's wish to "see ourself's as others see us."

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The Origin of the Indians

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA. By J. Leslie Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. \$3.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

BECAUSE most of us are more worried about our immediate future than we are about the distant past only a microscopic portion of the reading public is aware that, for more than four hundred years, a terrific battle has been carried on between two schools of thought each of which has sought to explain the origin of the natives of this hemisphere. Briefly defined the two schools are: the Diffusionists, who maintain that man was created only once and that all his culture is to be traced back to one source wherever it may be found; and the Special Evolutionists (to use but one of many designations), who believe that human culture has had many commencements in many lands and that in each it has evolved from the given start to greater or less advancement according to the effect upon it of such factors as environment, raw materials, and opportunity.

Practically all American anthropologists and archeologico-historians of good standing are Special Evolutionists, and they interpret similarities between widely separated cultures in terms of formative factors such as those indicated. In Europe and England, on the other hand, more than half of our colleagues are Diffusionists, and, with varying degrees of violence, lucidity, and eloquence, they interpret similarities, no matter how remote from one another in space and in time, in terms of direct contact between the older and the newer cultures involved.

In the book under review Mr. Mitchell is shooting on the Diffusionist side of the battle which has been going on ever since Columbus's curiosity got the better of his discretion in 1492. Most Americans, whether laymen or professional students, who take up this book will shy violently when they perceive that the Foreword is by G. Elliot Smith, one of the most entertainingly violent and absurdly erroneous of British Diffusionists; and they will feel a trifle sick when they notice how Mr. Mitchell's pages are measlesed o'er with that unspeakably barbaric word "Amerindian." Nevertheless, the book is thoroughly well worth reading with care. Taking it for what it is, namely, the latest and strongest plea for the Diffusionist interpretation of native American history, it is highly important. Nor does the fact that most American readers of Mr. Mitchell's pages will disagree with nearly every paragraph in the least lessen the value of the book as a statement of doctrine—or perhaps one should say, of dogma. That it will change any one's opinion on the controversial subjects of which it treats is highly improbable; that it will increase the already existing odium archeologicum—at least as virulent as the better known odium theologicum—is almost a certainty. This last is not due to

any intemperance on Mr. Mitchell's part, for he writes as a scholar and a gentleman should even when querying his foes' ideas; rather, it is due to the fact that he revives many formerly moot points which most of us had long supposed to be defunct, and he makes them moot once more in a lively fashion.

So much space is devoted to the pre-Spanish history of the Maya and of their civilization, eight out of nine chapters, that very little space is left for the conquest of the Maya by the Spaniards. Judging from the title of the book this should have been the principal subject treated. As things stand, however, the intricate, heroic, and amazingly picturesque struggle between the might of Spain and the power of the Maya is skimmed in most deplorable fashion. Beginning with the visit of F. Hernández de Córdoba to Yucatan in 1517 that struggle lasted until the conquest of the city of the Itzas on an island in Lake Peten in 1697, in which year Don Martín de Ursua y Arizmendi reduced the last representatives of the once imposing Maya civilization to obedience to the King of Castile. This long and absorbing story of a conflict which was in part military and political and in part spiritual is here poorly set forth in less than forty pages, much to the regret of this reviewer who had hoped that Mr. Mitchell would give it very different treatment.

Yet, in spite of the defects noted, the book has its very definite importance as an exponent of the all-civilizations-which-look-alike - are - directly - related school of history. It will make those who are already members of that school happy by giving them new interpretative phrases, and it will strengthen the rest of us in our belief that that school is self-deluded.

The Golden Age of Queen Victoria

(Continued from first page)

clothes that it is all but inconceivable that it could have accomplished anything worth while. He may be as grieved at the picture of the destruction of Nash's Regent Street colonnade in 1848 as a later generation has been grieved at the changes in that thoroughfare in the past decade.

Yet if he has the patience to read on and on, or even to select such parts as touch his interests, it is almost inconceivable that he will find it dull. On the contrary, somehow the spirit of the age gradually appears through accumulation of details, somehow, as they say now, it "gets across" to him. He may not be greatly concerned with the illuminating fact that during the Great Exhibition of 1851 its visitors consumed two million buns and more than a million bottles of mineral waters. He may not be thrilled by the peculiar circumstance that Mr. Childe of Kinlet Hall in Shropshire was the first who set the example of "hard riding" to



YOUNG GENTLEMEN, 1834
From "Early Victorian England."

hounds, or that Victorian bedrooms were furnished with "wash-hand-stands," foot baths, a "Sitz or hip bath" for the ladies, and a "flat saucer bath" for gentlemen, with other toilet facilities. He may, perhaps, be more interested in that Edward Lloyd who began to furnish the reading public with what it wanted—the *People's Police Gazette*, and novels like "Ada the Betrayed," and "Alice Horne, or the Revenge of the Blighted One"—and so kept abreast of the spread of education and made a fortune out of it. He may not care for the *Keepsake*, or the *Forget-me-not* which pleased our ancestresses. He may prefer

The broken ring—the cumbered fight
Heenan's sudden blinded flight—
Sayerius pausing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes used aright
Had made the fight his own.

Yet whatever his interest, he is sure to find something of it here—unless it be the law, or literature, or science, or invention! If one may venture a suggestion, it is that such a survey as this, characteristic as it is of many such surveys of social history, looks at life, as it were, too much from the bottom, not enough from the top. It stresses too much "the necessary littlenesses of necessary life," too little "eternities and immensities." That science should have four brief references in a thousand pages, and philosophy not one, that Darwin is commemorated by the statements that "In Memoriam" was nine years older than the "Origin of Species," that the latter appeared in 1859, that its author reported favorably on the South Sea Islanders in 1835, that he made an "assault on the Victorian creed," and that his wife was Emma Wedgwood, seems somehow hardly adequate as a measure of a really great Victorian.

That is but one instance of a point of view which, as yet, vitiates so much "social" history. If one needs another in a different field, one may find it in William Morris, who is here immortalized by the statements that he gave up the church for art, that he financed the P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, joint stock company, and that he was influenced by Ruskin. It would be easy, if unprofitable, to multiply instances. But surely a work like this, which professes to give us a wide-sweeping view of a great period, might have spared some of the space given to the descriptions of the working-class disabilities to explaining how and why the Victorian period was great by telling us something more of the great men who made it great, and not so much of the little men who contributed, let us say, not so much to that greatness. It needs another volume on law, philosophy, religion, literature, science, and invention, even, if you like, commerce, to make us understand, in full and ample chapters, the Golden Age of Queen Victoria.

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According to the *London Observer*, a play by Eberhard Wolfgang Möller, "Rothschild Won at Waterloo," has been received with high praise by the critics, who see in Herr Möller, still a young dramatist, one of the white hopes of the German drama. He has had several plays produced during the past few years, two of them dealing with the subject of money-power.



THE HUB OF THE CITY, 1851. Reproduced in "Early Victorian England" from "The Face of London" by Harold P. Clunn.