

The tide of travel-books is obviously turning. For the last year or so, South America has been almost keeping up with Europe, and already we have had our fill of the narrative of the ordinary conventional South American trip—down the west coast, across the Andes to Buenos Ayres, and up the Brazilian coast, or *vice versa*. Specific countries are now taken up with volumes to themselves; or if the narrative is personal, it must indeed treat of an unusual exploit to obtain a hearing.

Such a personal narrative is Dr. H. J. Mozans' story of his trip from Panama to Lima, his minute examination of not only Inca ruins but of the remains of the Spanish *conquistadores*, and thence (the unusual part) his exploration of the Amazon from source to mouth. Much more, however, than the mere record of the trip, interesting as that is, is presented here. From first to last we feel the author's interest, often enthusiasm, for the scenes witnessed and for the people among whom he travelled. According to Mr. Roosevelt, who supplies the Introduction, the author "is peculiarly fit to interpret for us our neighbors to the south, and describes them with sympathy, insight, and understanding granted but to few." In even more glowing colors does he paint the scenery of his unique trip, colors which to some may seem not too nicely laid on. His first sight of the Ecuadorian Andes drew from him, such expressions as the following: "Rising majestically far above the boundless forests at their feet, their snow-capped peaks are, of a truth, the companions of 'the morning star at dawn,' and of Hesperus at eventide, while during their mighty vigils they are visited by 'troops of stars' that silently hymn their Creator's praise."

The chapter on the Panama Canal is a worthy introduction; and, since for the work done at Panama the author has naught but praise, tends to put all good patriots, and especially Rooseveltians, in a comfortable frame of mind. The history of the various attempts at canal-building is admirably succinct. To enable us to realize the continuity of the enterprise, we are taken back to Cortes, who was apparently the first to propose a canal here, his aim being the solution of the old problem of the Northwest Passage. Charles V. had surveys made, one of them covering almost precisely the ground of the present cut; but Philip II., as usual,

failed to share his father's views, and concluded that "it would be contrary to the Divine Will to unite two oceans which the Creator of the world had separated, and that to attempt so impious a deed would surely provoke some appalling catastrophe." When we realize that the death-rate among the employees of the French company rose to over four hundred out of a thousand, we can better conceive the magnitude of the task that confronted the indomitable Colonel Gorgas. Panama is the oldest European city on the mainland of the New World.

In the pages which follow, as in his admirable work dealing with Venezuela and Colombia, Dr. Mozans has endeavored not only to give a picture of the country and the people as he saw them, but also to summarize their hopes, aspirations, and prospects; he has also discussed certain topics and reflections that must present themselves to every traveller in the land of the Incas, especially when he contemplates the wonderful monuments scattered over that vast territory. In doing this, he has drawn freely on the works of the early chroniclers, most of whom are still unknown to English readers; and, where advisable, he has summarized the conclusions of the most competent investigators. His wealth of quotation, not only from among these more or less scientific facts, but especially from a wide knowledge of Latin and English poetry, is no less than amazing. "It is pleasant," says Mr. Roosevelt, "to travel in company with one who knows books as well as men and manners, and who yet cares also for all that is beautiful and terrible and grand in nature."

It is no less a pleasure to travel with one whose criticisms and comments are so kindly, generous, and constructive. It is easy to find fault with our southern neighbors—hard to bridge the lack of sympathy and understanding between them and us. With the means for supplying this gap, Dr. Mozans deals interestingly in his last chapter. He is perhaps rather too optimistic, and takes insufficient account of the racial differences which no amount of international congresses and newspaper good-will can permanently efface. Even that much-heralded agent for international friendship, the Pan-American Union, is regarded by our Latin neighbors as artificial, to be used by them chiefly as a means for staving off undue European influence.

Dr. Mozans gives due space to the notorious poverty of our trade with South America, a lack of commercial enterprise which is held to

*ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

be not only a financial but a political failing. The *cruz* of the matter seems to be, not that too few steamers ply between our ports and theirs, but that, setting out with full holds, they more often than not come back empty. With the notable exception of rubber, coffee, sugar, and tin, Buenos Ayres and Rio and the rest export as a rule the same kind of goods that we do; and accordingly we have little use for what they have to give us. The corollary to the first complaint is the indifference and ineptness of the North American business man in his South American trade. It is merely a proof that he has not yet awakened to the tremendous possibilities of that trade; for if he were really and vitally interested, it would not take him long to get over that failing. Since American articles, he reasons, are as near perfect as need be, there is no need to take pains; and if Brazilians prefer German machinery to ours, the loss is theirs.

On these practical questions, Dr. Mozans' conclusions are in the main sound. It is a pleasure to be able keenly to endorse his historical views — his ardent but discriminating praise of Pizarro, his estimate of the services of the early missionaries and friars, and a generally sane point of view regarding the *conquistadores*, whose only apology need be their environment and training. In fact, the purely personal element — personal to the point of monotony (such as sentence after sentence of "From here I went to there, stopping on the way at Blank") — largely yields place to a delightful narrative style, free from egotism, even eschewing names of the author's companions and hosts to a most impersonal degree.

It is a pity that in a work which will have unique value in so many ways, some faults of book-making should have crept in. Though the form of the book itself leaves nothing to be desired, the illustrations are not always clear; the proof-reading is lamentably careless, not only in punctuation but also in spelling; and the index is most inadequate. Mr. Roosevelt "can recall no work on South America so well worth reading." One result, at least, of a careful perusal will be the happy one of an increased faith in the destiny of these fascinating republics.

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