

**The Eleven Eaglets of the West.** By Paul Fountain, author of "The Great North West and the Great Lake Region of America." (London: John Murray, 1906, pp. x, 362.)

This book is the attempt to describe the reaction produced by a series of tours through the Western States at a time when these were still practically unsettled. These States are designated as the eleven eaglets, a truly significant term, and comprise California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada. There is no continuity in the trips described, as they cover a number of years and many separate expeditions.

Mr. Fountain's book is written with such a peculiar style and arrangement as to keep it from ever becoming a popular account of a voyage, and its lack of order and accuracy destroys any historical or scientific value it might otherwise possess. At a great many inopportune places the author takes occasion to manifest a childish resentment against his previous reviewers, and replies to all criticisms that it is his way and therefore the correct manner for him to write, which may all be true, but which undoubtedly works a hardship on the readers of the book. It is at any rate not overly pleasing to have the description of some sublime scene interrupted by such a tirade. It is also exceedingly difficult to find out just where the author is supposed to be, as the results of several journeys are lumped, as it were, and no distinctions as to time are made. Altogether, the book in this respect is very vague and unsatisfactory. Of course this gives one a sort of snap-shot of the country under view, but after all the snap-shot is blurred in outline and very badly out of focus. Many of the descriptions resemble those we read in a hotel prospectus, as they are hackneyed and use all the conventional adjectives, especially in those scenes with which we are all more or less familiar, by description at least; such as the Grand Canyon, Yosemite and Yellowstone. Mr. Fountain does not seem to realize the beauty of simplicity, as there is too much ornate description and not enough of the simple and deep appreciation of nature.

Mr. Fountain's trips were no doubt very interesting, and a clear-cut description of them would be delightful reading and would possess great historical and scientific interest as being an account of a by-gone day. But no one cares to read page after page of description, always couched in the same language, and when the scene is not clearly defined. There are rarely descriptions of the people or towns of the trip.

The author is a firm believer in the Indian of James Fenimore Cooper, and holds that all his faults are the results of the unjust and unfair treatment he has continually received. Many of the faults of the Indians are undoubtedly the results of civilization, but it is equally true that the Indian before the coming of the white man was not the model that the author harps on. "In North America, in the Rocky Mountains, and east of that range, I have found the Indian a courageous, manly and noble-hearted fellow—a man such as Cooper and other writers of the past century, who had a personal knowledge of him, have painted him." In another place he remarks that "Generally speaking, the scientific writers on the red man know nothing worth knowing about him, his original distribution, language, habits or religion." Mr. Fountain, however, is quite willing to supply this lack of knowledge, and to deride all scientific study of the Indian as well.

Another frequent assertion that can hardly be accepted is the statement that "No wanderer need perish in any of the wilds of America. I am convinced that the Northern Continent could be tramped across with ease by anybody worthy of the name of a backwoodsman." Most of the inhabitants of pioneer towns remember well authenticated cases of experienced woodsmen starving in the wilderness, and the author himself came very near perishing of thirst in the desert regions. Yet again and again statements like the above are met, so often, in fact, that the reiteration becomes most exasperating.

Mr. Fountain, had he been sufficiently capable, might easily have produced an account which, like Bates Naturalist on the Amazon, would have become a classic. But the more scientific aspect of the story of his travels is perhaps even more disappointing than the merely descriptive element. The author had an unrivalled opportunity to become acquainted with the habits and habitat of many of our fast-disappearing animals, but most of his work consists of the mere cataloguing of names. At times there can be found a whole page or more of names of the animals and plants seen, but this list is of no value inasmuch as the area included under the list is so large, practically a whole State being considered at a time, and there is no indication of the time of year at which the list was made out. If such a list had been carefully compiled it would have been exceedingly valuable for a study of the changes in distribution which have taken place, but this golden opportunity has been neglected. Even the catalogue as given is frequently incorrect, as there is no attempt at

a scientific nomenclature and there are mistakes in the common names, such as calling a katydid a kittydad, and speaking of the wapiti as the wipiti. Such mistakes discredit the entire account. A great deal of the possible scientific value of the book is destroyed by the fact that Mr. Fountain is a confirmed, bitter and unreasonable enemy of any evolutionary doctrine, and an equally firm believer in the outworn and outgrown special creation theory. He says: "I do not accept the theories of professional naturalists, having a first-hand proof that many of the most widely accepted of their doctrines are of no real value; and I am satisfied that animals occupy the habitats to which they were originally appointed by their Creator. But it may not be out of place to ask the advocates of animal emigration how it happens that such creatures as the burrowing owl (which has but the poorest power of flight) and rattlesnakes, and a thousand and one other creatures with no particular powers of locomotion, have not found the Rockies, to say nothing of the mountains of Central America, and such rivers as the Mississippi and the Amazons, an insuperable barrier to their wanderings?" This is a fair example of the scientific reasoning to be found throughout the entire book.

On the whole, Mr. Fountain has not written either an entertaining book or a useful one. The book suffers from too much discursiveness, a lack of an extensive and definite vocabulary, and from the poor style and arrangement. It is not a useful book because of its indefinite and vague statements, its frequent mistakes, and the opinionated attitude of the author, together with his frequent tirades against the holders of beliefs differing from his own.

SISTER INGER ANTHON.

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**The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-16.** Edited, with introduction and notes, by Edward G. Bourne. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 2 vols.)

While many of the publishers are competing with each other in the publication of elaborate and artistic limited editions of the journals of the early travellers and explorers, it is a pleasure to welcome "The Trail Makers," a series of journals at a popular price (\$1 each).

This edition is translated from the French one of 1632. Prof. Bourne selected this edition because it "is in a very definite sense a revised and final edition by the author of his earlier publica-