

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

VOL. VII. No. 10.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1910.

REVIEWS.

NOVELS.

Half in Earnest. By Muriel Hine. (Lane. 6s.)

In a recent interview Miss Hine confessed to dividing her time between the writing of stories and playing bridge. "Half in Earnest" is a variation of a familiar novelistic "plot." Woman aspiring to independence, illegitimate child, marriage to an accommodating nonentity. We have already several times discussed this subject. Miss Hine makes merely one more recruit to the ranks of writers who seem sent by the Furies to deprave further the taste of people cursed with a love of sentimentality and bathos.

Joanna and His Reverence. By Max Baring. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

When we found a grinning girl's face on the cover of this book and a pretty clergyman's as a frontispiece, and when further we discovered the first chapter to be all a long conversation between the theological gentleman and his dog—to the effect that the Reverend Hubert would never, never marry, even to pay his debts—we knew he would marry, and that the lady would pay his debts. The book ends with Joanna's childish prattle to her reverend guardian. "But Gardy, supposin' when I grow up I want to marry you, too?" "Well, you can if you wish." "Oh!" (drawing up her little bud of a mouth) "but that would be biggermy, you know, and they would put you in prison, in a dark hole!"

The Laird of Craig Athol. By Frankfort Moore. (Constable. 6s.)

We notice this book with pleasure. The style, though scarcely distinguished, never falls below a sound second level. Mr. Moore sees his objects. His characters mostly move and talk like people (we except the heroine and her aunt—the mother is livelier), and there is skill and humour in the dramatic episodes. Mr. Moore places the scenery in its proper place, the background, and his method of psychologising is the classical one—to show his people in action. The action brings out, as it should do, the æsthetic truth of each character. It is only by this test that the value of characters for artistic presentation may be decided. Thus, in this book, the juvenile lead, Meg Athol, is soon seen to be a marionette. Nothing that she consciously does assists the dramatic development. She is only made necessary by reason of certain accidents happening to her. The men make the story, which we do not propose to unfold; it is of the light, swift, ingenious order familiarly styled "ripping." The dramatic introduction of the rightful Laird is accurately timed, and with manly toleration Mr. Moore dismisses, after a light punishment, his amusing "villain." The author's comprehension of the latter is almost uncanny.

The Portrait. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Hueffer's opening chapter is in form similar to that of Mr. Moore. Characters converse and disclose the situation, and, quaintly enough, some of the details are identical. There are in both chapters the head of a great house, a tailor and a brutal ancestor. But Craig Athol is a place, and Mr. Hueffer conducts us merely into a Wardour Street atmosphere of eighteenth century tags, rags and bob-tails. Sword-knots, linsey-woolseys, three-cornered hats, "I protest's," "Monstrous's" and dilapidated

oaths all over the place! Whereas Mr. Moore's initial conversation leads right on to the dramatic development, Mr. Hueffer's second chapter collapses into a dreary description of past events. The story is trivial, concerned with a wager made by three gentlemen binding themselves to discover, and, if unmarried, to marry the model for a certain portrait. Obviously, these are three invented or stage fools. They are conducted through their adventures with that air of banal arrogance which Mr. Hueffer would have us believe lifelike of his period. In fact, however, the treatment is not even like the best stage tradition of the eighteenth century, which declares wit to have been as essential as beauty. There is in "The Portrait" a young man who is probably meant to do duty for a wit; and it is precisely when "Mr. Roland" has to be got into action that we see how much too much Mr. Hueffer depends upon accessories. His "character" jumps out of the scene altogether, and sword-knot, hat, oaths and all fail to convince us we are not in Sim Tappertit's workshop. The book is false and wearisome, false in subject and wearisome in its pretentious style. It is what may be called a novel of accumulation. Mr. Hueffer lacks the instinct of precision, his words are grander than his ideas, and the result is provincialism. He has literally crammed his pages with antique objects; but in art, even as in life, richness must be united to temperance, or the effect is vulgar. One might suppose from Mr. Hueffer's portrayal of eighteenth century life that the persons living then were all a vile-tongued licentious, overdressed crew; but it was in this century that fancy moved under the sway of taste; the wits ruled; in science, the analytic faculty came into being, and over literature also method laid a restraining hand. Mr. Hueffer's production ill-compares in taste and method with the compositions of the eighteenth century writers themselves.

No. 19. By Edgar Jepson. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

Mr. Jepson seems to have despaired of his century. Like Palacio-Valdes' writer, unable to find anything interesting in the reality of the epoch, he prefers to represent it imaginatively. That is not to say that the characters he chooses to depict do not exist; indeed, the very ones which will almost certainly be doubted are real—those objectionable charlatans of the occult, persons steeped in every form of perversion. These creatures themselves are monstrous affectations. It is painful to see a practised writer dabbling with stuff of this sort, sacrificing to the Furies, like so many others, while English fiction is the disgrace of European letters. Mr. Jepson is one of our most delicate satirists, and we wail aloud to find him wasting himself on subjects only good enough for a third-rate mysterymonger. Nothing will induce us to discuss "No. 19."

Mrs. Skeffington. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Methuen. 6s.)

The chief character in this novel is not Mrs. Major Skeffington, who is a soldier person's ideal of a "corker" and a "tip-topper," but Mrs. Thynne, one of the "bird type of woman, safer when caged, filled with delight when people whistled to her and gave her lumps of sugar, utterly miserable and depressed when not admired and talked to prettily." We are asked to care a rap, through thirty-seven chapters, whether this puppet gets divorced; we don't. The story is the thinnest of thin comedy, with risky situation, faithful friend, dresses, catchwords and wedding curtain, all

done true to the lighter stage. These paraphernalia will not suffice for a novel. The only living and meaning sentences are those expressing the author's political views. In these he becomes psychologically if not literarily interesting. For instance, he would like to hang people who get on their hind legs at Limehouse and pour forth streams of etc., etc., and such like "dangerous little vulgar, self-seeking cads." Fancy bothering to write that for the Boudoir!

The Elm-Tree on the Mall. The Wicker-work Woman. By Anatole France. Translated by M. P. Willcocks. (The Bodley Head. 6s. each.)

In his essay on Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold wrote:—"In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give." Arnold, after his manner, leaves us to discover for ourselves, if we may, what that something is. Personally, we worked it out to be the modern sense for exploration; the ancients were content to connect emotion and action, but we want to know the source of emotion, the Idea which sets our feelings flowing. Lately we came across an essay by M. Paul Bourget wherein what we believe to be a conclusion similar to our own is concisely expressed. M. Bourget, writing about M. Anatole France, remarks: "We desire, nowadays, to understand; even while we feel and act, even while we dream." Perhaps the whole difference between the English writers whom we find so foreign to read and so woful to criticise as fellow-countrymen, and the French writers who invade us apparently in order to make us feel at home, may be measured by the fact that these continental people have determined to see and to show us ideas in relation to life while our own writers are still engaged in trying to force upon us merely the spasmodic actions of imaginary characters and to interest us in these actions, unrelated as they seem to be to anything but chance. The best of our writers have only achieved this much; the worse sort thrust out the fantasies and psychologisings of their own ignorant imaginations, and shamelessly bid us applaud. The adverb is perhaps too severe for minds which are obscured by conceit.

In the two books by Anatole France under review, we feel the passion of this writer both to understand and to express what he understands in the simplest manner. Whether he is depicting a learned professor, or a tramp, or a foolish woman we get the portrait clearly. When these people talk, they seem to be discoursing about things which have employed their life-long meditations. It is the attitude of the artist towards them that we are beholding; that equipped and keen determination of the Frenchman to behold men and women as they are, to pierce the veils of surface wisdom and surface folly, to set aside the deluding platitudes and nervous lies of persons, and to discover the real character for better or worse. M. France, in treating subjects consistently wrapped around by the fogs of ignorance and prejudice—democracy, militarism, and social sin, invested as his treatment is by a spirit marvellously humanised, attracts and charms by his easy and simple expression. His tone is of disillusion without loss of enthusiasm. His light irony becomes a mocking irony when the subject is of prejudice or cruelty, so subtly allied as these are. This touch of satire becomes incomparably powerful in dissipating the stupid indignation, the cruel contempt we should be likely to feel for a woman of the type of Madame Bergeret, the adulterous, vulgar matron, or for Monsieur Guitrel, the time-serving priest. M. France appears, and with that undecipherable eye of his, looks somewhat closer at the object, turns it round and about, lifts a veil and shows us a creature only superficially different from ourselves, and whom we instantly begin to feel deserving of sympathy and tolerance, if not of outright defence. Humanity is not to be judged and applauded or condemned by such rigid rules as assist us in, shall we say, the criticism of literature.

To quote from M. France would involve us for a month in the difficulty of selection. NEW AGE

readers will undoubtedly procure these two volumes for themselves. The "Wicker-work Woman" carries straight on from "The Elm-Tree on the Mall"; and for the life of us we cannot see why the two books are not under one cover. The covers, however, are the now well-known red ones, and we personally do not grudge having to harbour two more of them.

OTHER BOOKS.

A Corner of Spain. By Walter Wood. (Eveleigh Nash. 5s.)

According to Mr. Wood the bump of locality of the average Englishman is not calculated to produce a sensation in the foreign bosom. He has observed that the Londoner knows as little about the whereabouts of Galicia as he knows about the whereabouts of Yorkshire. Mr. Wood has overlooked one important fact, namely, that what the Londoner lacks in the phrenological department he makes up for in another anatomical department. When he wishes to locate a place he usually does it with the aid of his stomach, and is apt to remind that Brazil is the place where the nuts come from, and likewise Yorkshire is the particular spot where the pudding comes from that they give you with "roast." If we remember rightly, one English journal set its readers guessing by offering a prize of one guinea for the best attempt to locate Fleet Street. Quite 90 per cent. of the competitors replied, "A noted place for chestnuts," showing conclusively that the Englishman is always loyal to his chief source of inspiration. If Mr. Wood, who has set out to discover the glories of Galicia to the insatiable tourist, had been aware of this fact, and had attempted a picturesque account of the chief articles of diet for which the place is held in high repute, he would have been more successful in stamping Spain's Jerusalem on the mind of an English audience. There are but few persons with the patience, to say nothing of the inclination, to sort out a clear and simple notion of the place from the chaotic mass of unessential details with which the author has overloaded his book. And those who do attempt the task will have but a hazy notion of what Galicia is all about. They will have impressions of bits of scenery requiring a Stevenson or a Swinbourne to do them justice, interesting bits of architecture, of which such places in England as Chester, York, Gloucester, Oxford, and so on, are full, bits of mediæval "streets and squares and market-places, which have charms unrivalled in any region within such easy reach of England." They will have impressions, too, of many things which will appear familiar to them, including trains that stop to allow the passengers to view the scenery and to pick flowers, motor cars that break down, railway systems owned by capitalists, post-office officials who go to sleep, and "passengers who cultivated a fine disregard of the feelings of others." This distressing state of degeneracy which has overtaken Galicia has also overtaken England.

The introduction by Major Hume is the most important part of the book. He pays a deserved tribute to the history of the place and so makes Galicia intelligible to the untravelled reader. The effective illustrations in colour and line by Mr. Frank H. Mason are also more successful than the text in enabling us to realise some of the natural beauties of this country. It is a mistake to mix such illustrations with photographs.

On and off Duty in Annam. By Gabrielle M. Vassal. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Mrs. Vassal's vision of that little known Indo-Chinese territory, Annam, was seen during her residence there with her husband, a French army doctor, who had been offered a post by Dr. Roux at the Pasteur Institute at Nhatrang, and preferring bacteriology to other medical work, had gladly accepted it. Ordered East, they left Paris somewhat depressed when their friends told them that embarking on the grey quest of the ever active microbe in Annam really meant taking the Morgue with them. But they arrived to find the country not so deadly after all. As a matter of fact they were agreeably surprised to find that Paris itself

had preceded them and was waiting to welcome them. At Saignoni "one was reminded of a fashionable garden-party, for the dresses and equipage were worthy of Paris itself." Evidently the Morgue had got mislaid. After sampling the delights of this fashionable centre, which included a Chinese quarter noted for its dogs'-meat sausages, they moved on to their destination, an Annamese fishing village, what time the busy mosquitoes sampled them. The process of getting used to the insects and domestics in their new quarters was a fairly trying one, and helped to exhaust their small stock of patience and philosophy. Perhaps of the two the servants constituted the worse handicap, for while it was possible to circumvent the ants, flies, cockroaches, moths, snakes, scorpions and other trifles in the zoological order, with various catch 'em alive devices, the servants were invulnerable. When they were not using the household linen for turbans and loin-cloths, they were helping themselves to the poultry and provisions generally. Then their habits were uncommon. They preferred to wash up the crockery under the table. They used their mouths to squirt water over the shirts and collars when they were dressing them. The cook formed his rissoles by the simple method of rolling them up and down his bare body with his hands, and ornamented the cakes with sugar which he had first chewed to a juicy pulp. The author confesses that these discoveries cured her of an appetite for rissoles and sugar cakes. We can believe it. But her life in Annam was not all cockroaches and disconcerting domestics. She found time to investigate and note interesting facts about religious rites and superstitious beliefs, about the social position of women, the practice of polygamy, about agriculture, botany and zoology, about the work at the institute, about the habits and customs of the savage hillmen, and to record a tiger story or two worth the telling. The author relates her experiences in such a fresh, interesting, convincing manner, and her descriptive writing calls forth here and there such vivid pictures, that we feel we should like to go to Annam and sample its attractions for ourself. The feeling is increased by the many photographs of people and scenery which the book includes.

Nature Study. By John Rennie, D.Sc., F.R.S.E. (Clive. 3s. 6d.)

In strongly commending this useful survey of the aims and methods of nature study to the notice of teachers and students alike, we cannot do better than quote from the conclusions in its favour which Professor J. Arthur Thomson sets forth in his valuable introduction. As to aims he reduces them to three, knowing and enjoying and learning practical lessons from Nature; and sums them up as follows:—"In the hands of skilful teachers I have seen nature study prove itself of value in school (a) in developing sensory acuteness and precision, (b) in educating inquisitive interests, and (c) in brain-stretching—for there is fine discipline in its problems if they are honestly tackled. Moreover, it helps us to find Nature a joy for ever. There is the practical side, too, that is actually useful to understanding something of those outer-world activities that are intertwined with our human activities." The methods also he reduces to three, as follows:—(1) We must be objective and practical throughout; (2) we must keep along Socratic or heuristic lines, asking questions, stimulating questions; (3) more subtle is the quality of vitality, the dynamic method. The plant must be felt as a living creature—growing, feeding, breathing, digesting, moving, feeling, struggling." The illustration of these methods occupies the greater part of Dr. Rennie's book. The book lays great stress on the many advantages in the seasonal order of study, and in this connection includes a useful Nature calendar by Miss Proctor. Altogether an eminently sound and practical text-book.

The Breezy Pentlands. By George M. Reith. (Foulis. 3s. 6d.)

The author of this well-written book claims to have discovered the Pentlands to the Edinburgher as they have never been discovered to him before. Whether the dweller in the Modern Athens will be duly gratified

is an open question. Our own knowledge of this person is that he takes a lot of satisfying, and, having got something for nothing, he will not rest content till he gets more. We can imagine him taking Mr. Reith aside and saying, "You have done an admirable service in making this research in your ten years' explorations and excursions among the Pentlands accessible to me, and thereby opening up these long-neglected hills to the tourist and to the dilatory 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Your descriptive, historical, physiological and anecdotal notes will help me to develop my knowledge of the district, to take a lively interest in it, to cultivate a literary and archæological way of looking at things, and some joyful appreciation besides. But this is not enough. Though you have brought to view a very striking geographical situation, you have neglected to unfold the full possibilities of this rich nature-environment; have, in fact, made little or no contribution to the present nature-study movement, either in nature-lore, nature-literature or nature-interest. Therefore your book makes but little appeal to the naturalist in me. Apart from this, there is a great deal of information of the right sort stored away in it. Your descriptive pen is vivid, and I like your picture of the Scottish Bay of Naples. The geographical photos, diagrams, appendices, index and glossary will be helpful to me. But to be complete your book requires a map. You should not compel me to consult Bartholomew each time I desire to make a reference."

The Master as I saw Him. Pages from the Life of Swami Vivekananda. By Nivedita. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

In this book Sister Nivedita tells the story of her meeting with the Swami during his first visit to Europe and her subsequent conversion to his teachings. The Swami, it will be remembered, was one of those wandering Indian scholars and teachers who of recent years have made their way to Europe, seeking to disseminate the doctrines of the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita. Their mission is to teach the Western nations to throw away the obsolete creeds and rituals and forms of worship in favour of a simple, universal faith free from all philosophical or theological confusion. In this way they seek to promote that world-wide movement in the direction of the coalition of all nations into one form of religion, thus forcing Animism and Totemism, Zionism and Judaism, Mahomedanism and Sufism, Confucianism and Zoroastrianism to yield to one broad principle which includes all other principles that bind and regulate man's relations with the supreme power. This religion, with its pantheistic leanings, is not new, and has found adherents in Plato, Socrates, in Spinoza, Hegel and Schopenhauer, and Wordsworth. But it is true, for it is conceived by the mind and sanctioned by reason. And because it is true, in this rational way, it is upheld by India's greatest teachers. As a devoted disciple Sister Nivedita relates her experiences in their relation to the "Master" whose "portrait" she thus draws in an eloquent, convincing manner. The book covers the period of the closing years of the Swami's life, and is a labour of love. To judge by the numerous errors in the text, the proof-reader took it otherwise.

Charles Philip Yorke, Fourth Earl of Hardwicke. A Memoir. By the Lady Biddulph of Ledbury. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.)

This work may be described as a family memoir. It opens with a summary of the history of the Yorke family. The Yorkes of Hannington produced their first great man in Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. From the time that Lord Hardwicke reached the highest legal office in the United Kingdom, the political fortunes of the Yorke family were made. Charles Philip Yorke, the immediate subject of this memoir, was born in 1799. He was put by his family to the navy, as his father came from the naval rather than the legal section of the Yorkes. An early report described Philip Yorke's conduct at the battle of Algiers as being "active, spirited and highly meritorious"—exactly what one would expect from a Yorke. He was next sent on the North

American station, where he was soon placed in command of a sloop. He was not twenty at this time. In 1822 he attained the rank of commander and served in the naval operations against the Greek pirates. One curious passage in a letter, written in 1828, shows how the services chafe under an era of peace. "Employment is what I most wish, and now more than ever, for England will be at war ere long. I trust in God my friends will stir for me." Owing to various family reasons he retired temporarily from the sea in the 'thirties, becoming Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. The troubles in Europe in the stirring times of 'forty-eight gave Lord Hardwicke an opportunity to return to the sea. He joined the Mediterranean Fleet, which, in 1849, had been sent to Genoa. Lord Hardwicke's letters upon the conflicting interests working in Genoa are most interesting. Lord Hardwicke, commanding the vessel of a neutral power, had to hold the balance between the insurgents and the Sardinian forces. All his efforts were directed towards the preservation of the city of Genoa from those who desired to destroy it. Lord Palmerston paid this tribute to Lord Hardwicke: "Lord Palmerston is of opinion that the Earl of Hardwicke, by his promptitude, energy, and decision, saved the city of Genoa from the calamities of further bombardment, and prevented a great effusion of blood and much destruction of property and life." Unhappily political and professional jealousies were at work to prevent Lord Hardwicke receiving the further promotion which his merit deserved. Lady Biddulph has not published many documents which throw much light on the nature of the hostility to Lord Hardwicke. Disgusted with what he rightly regarded as "official ingratitude," he returned to private life, only emerging into public life for a short period during which he was Postmaster-General in Lord Derby's short lived Ministry. He died in September, 1873. One is much impressed after reading this simply written record of a well-spent life, with the debt England owes to families of the Yorke description. They have the ideal of public service before private advantage, an ideal to which they loyally adhere. Members of all parties recognised the loss England had sustained in the premature death of the fifth Earl, who was Under-Secretary for India in Mr. Balfour's Government. It is possible that had he lived the affairs of India would not have drifted into their present chaotic condition. In any case, he was an example of fine integrity in character coupled with ability in administration. This book should be studied by those who wish to know something of one of those families who are the real backbone of England.

The Ramparts of Empire. By Frank Fox. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

We have seen many pageants, naval and military, and could never learn anything from them except that immoral means are always an obstacle to good ends. The volume before us is a pageant of warships, from the war-canoe to the latest Dreadnought. The lesson it teaches us is that our primitive instincts have neither altered nor disappeared. We inherited them from the sea-robbers that once crowded our shores with war-galleys, and they have gone on manifesting themselves side by side with the gradual ever-widening triumphs of so-called civilisation. The volume shows that just as England has changed to Empire so warships have increased in size and costliness. Apparently we are no nearer peace than we were in the days of the Phœnician, Dane, Saxon, Norman, Roman. We cheerfully spend our £3,000,000 on a Dreadnought, as European nations, America and Japan together spend £320,000,000 on armies and navies. As a guide to our taste for war and conquest the book is interesting. The author is inclined to hero-worship Nelson. His historical sketch of the navy misses one or two interesting details, notably that of Alfred the Great creating the first English fleet and, not having enough English sailors to go round owing to Danish competition, being obliged to engage foreigners. Chapters on the horrors of the navy a century ago, and on the composition and construction of the fleet, make good reading. The feature

of the book is the imaginative colour illustrations by Norman Wilkinson. They serve to bring out the artistic side of the navy and form an adequate pictorial presentation of present naval history.

Memories of a Labour Leader. The Autobiography of John Wilson, J.P. (Unwin, 5s.)

When we first crawled through miles of four-foot workings in a Durham pit we were unable to find a word to express our feelings. At last someone said: "How awful!" "Awful?" said our guide, "Some of us never do anything else." Then he added, "Some get to the top and stay there." The author of the volume before us is one of the fortunate ones who got to the top and stayed there, and not only that, but has risen to Parliamentary heights undreamt of in the philosophy of the majority of pitmen. In his honest book of memories he tells us all about it. He was born at the moment of the coronation of Queen Victoria, and came into the world at a period marked by some of the worst labour conditions in our history. Evidence of this is contained in a chapter of extracts from the report of a subsequent Royal Commission. His early career enabled him to taste the experiences of these workers, whose interests he was, later, to represent and legislate for. In relating these experiences—which occupy the first part of the book—of a miner's and a seafaring life, of a visit to America during the Civil War, of disasters, and the pulpit, Mr. Wilson lifts the veil slightly, and we see the barbarous economic conditions of mid-Victorian times, and the improvements that set in, owing chiefly to the workers becoming aware of their real condition and taking proper steps to alter it. Possibly the latter part of the book will appear the most interesting. It is less taken up with domestic details and presents a survey of those political reform movements in which Mr. Wilson has taken part. The book is valuable for the light it throws on the character of one who is deeply concerned for his poor workers, and has the honesty and independence to assert himself on behalf of his former associates. Sympathetic introductions are added by the Bishop and Dean of Durham.

A Royal Cavalier. The Romance of Rupert Prince Palatine. By Mrs. Stewart Erskine. (Nash. 15s. net.)

On several occasions we have stayed in the fascinating city of York. During our visits we were in the habit of wandering round the old walls accompanied by an ancient inhabitant who never wearied of pointing out the precise spot where Charles I. stood and watched his forces routed at Marston Moor. The old fellow was well up in his subject, and, moreover, being gifted with an unusual descriptive ability, he was able to recall fairly vividly the main facts of that historic struggle between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. One thing that always stood out in his memory was the return of Prince Rupert, who commanded Charles's forces, late at night to York. This was all we ever heard about Rupert, and all we ever desired to hear. "A Royal Cavalier" recalls the circumstance in the passage, "Quite late at night Rupert rode into York, having taken refuge in a bean field and made his way there unattended." According to this volume our lack of interest in the career and doings of Rupert seems to be fairly justified. Apart from the romance with which time usually invests a character of this sort, there is very little to arrest attention. Rupert was merely a soldier of fortune in Charles's service. His career is chiefly remarkable for establishing a record of the battles fought in that monarch's cause. When he was not fighting on land he was fighting on sea. As a privateer he came into collision once or twice with Blake. He was, moreover, a man of parts. He dabbled in art and kept his morals fairly above suspicion. Towards the end of his career he became involved in mercantile transactions, and finished up as a dealer in sugar and furs. In short he appears to have had every value except the right one. He had no political value, and principally for this reason has no serious historical interest. His military doings make very agreeable reading. The volume is embellished with many interesting portraits.