

BOOKS and AUTHORS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE FOR COLONIAL BOOKBUYERS AND BORROWERS.

BOOKS marked thus (*) have arrived in the colony, and could at the time of writing be purchased in the principal colonial bookshops, and borrowed at the libraries.

For the convenience of country readers who find difficulty in procuring the latest books and new editions, the 'BOOKMAN' will send to any New Zealand address any book which can be obtained. No notice will, of course, be taken of requests unaccompanied by remittance to cover postage as well as published price of book.

It is requested that only those who find it impossible to procure books through the ordinary channels, should take advantage of this offer.

The labour involved will be heavy and entirely unremunerative, no fees or commission being taken.

Queries and Correspondence on Literary Matters Invited.

All Communications and Commissions must be addressed

THE BOOKMAN, Graphic Office, Auckland.

'Allan's Reels, Strathspeys, and General Dance Music,' 'Morven's Collection of Scottish Songs, Part IV,' 'Allan's 110 Songs of Scotland, Without Words.'

WE have received those three works from the well-known publisher of Scottish music, Mr Mozart Allan, of 70, South Portland-street, Glasgow. In the first book there is, among other dance music, such a wealth of reels and strathspeys that even a Scot, little versed in the musical lore of his native country, could not fail to find among them some that are familiar to him, and touch him in this far land of his adoption, like a breeze from Scottish hills laden with the notes of the bagpipes, now madly merry, now piercingly sad. Even the Sassenach ear, that loves not the melodies of the bagpipes, will surely catch the charm of such music as 'The Duchess of Gordon,' 'Tullochgorum,' 'The Wind that shakes the Barley' when the piano interprets it to them in a simple arrangement like the one now before us.

Part IV. of the "Morven" Collection of Scottish Songs is composed of many familiar, and some not so familiar, Scotch songs which are widely loved throughout the world by music lovers of all nationalities. The accompaniments are very simple and harmonious.

'Allan's 110 Songs of Scotland Without Words' is a capital arrangement for the pianoforte of the airs of well-known Scottish songs. Its simplicity would make it very suitable for those beginning to learn the pianoforte.

Indeed, the simplicity and cheapness of these three collections bring them within the compass of almost everyone's skill and purse.

Joaquin Miller's new book of poems, 'Songs of the Soul,' is the result of the poet's ten years' hermit-like meditation on the Heights. In the preface Joaquin Miller says: 'It may be a bold thing to sing by our own great sea bank instead of abroad, as before, but I have faith in my own people, and believe the time has come to keep our work at home.' The volume contains, besides a large number of poems that have appeared in the public prints, though never before in book form, many new productions of the poet's genius, notably 'Sappho and Phaon,' embracing 'The Songs of the Soul.' The poet dedicates the work 'To Mother,' and the prelude is in the following beautiful strain:

Long years, long years apart, a one,
Despite man's rage or woman's ruth,
I kept my cloud-capped heights of stone
To watch for light, to toil for truth.

And oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions when the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty every where;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing in the air.

The love in all, the good in all,
The God in all, in all that is;
But oh, I stumble to my fall,
To try to tell a title of this!

Poor fall'ring tongue! Each rambling tale,
Save here and there a ray of light,
Rends as some tavern of the vale,
Instead of God's house on some height.

But take these flowers; tears and toll
Have meshed them in most sad array;
Yet if some weed, some wood, some soil,
A tear may wash the mold away.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle has been writing letters to the *Westminster Gazette* from Cairo on the British campaign in Egypt. Here is a description of one of the parting scenes as the troops board the train for Dongola: 'A crown of red-fezzed Egyptians and sun-helmeted Europeans are looking silently on without much sign of sym-

pathy. A long-legged, red-coated dragoon wanders through the ranks looking for a pal. He finds him at last, just in front of me—a stocky little infantryman, all hat and knapsack. "Bye, Bill!" says the dragoon. "Bye!" says the other, hardly glancing at him. Two Frenchmen would have been in each other's arms. Yet it cannot be want of feeling, or why should the dragoon wander about in that blazing Cairo sun looking for his pal?

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Not all of the truly worthy authors of past times have been condemned to penury and vagabondage. Some of them, on the contrary, have acquired fortunes by reason of the liberal compensation they received for their work. Scott was paid for one of his novels at the rate of £5 per day for the time employed in writing it, and his total literary earnings aggregated £300,000. Byron got £4,000 for 'Childe Harold' and £3,000 for 'Don Juan.' Moore sold 'Lalla Rookh' for £3,150, and his 'Irish Melodies' brought him £9,000. Gray received only £40 for his poems, and not a cent for the immortal 'Elegy,' out of which the publisher made £1,000, but that was because he had an eccentric prejudice against taking money for writing. Tennyson had an annual income of from £8,000 to £10,000 for many years, though in the early part of his career, when he wrote 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam,' he realized next to nothing. Longfellow sold his first poems, including some of his best ones, at very low figures, but he lived to receive £800, or £4 a line, for 'The Hanging of the Crane,' and when he died he was worth £70,000. Whittier left an estate of £40,000; and several of the leading American prose writers have done quite as well. These are exceptions, it is true, but they serve to modify the general rule, and to show that, in cases of superior merit, literature has proved to be notably profitable.

Mr Arthur Waugh has been explaining (says the *Literary World*) the true inwardness of a practice that is getting common among certain London publishers:—'It would appear that nowadays no book can be called successful which does not pass through several editions before it is published at all. This morning's papers are full of advertisements of a new book by a well-known purveyor of sensational fiction, whose story is not to be issued till Monday, and will then be in its fourth edition. Whether the public is taken in by this sort of thing or not, it is difficult to say; but it is certainly the cheapest kind of manipulation. It means either one of two things. The publisher may, firstly, have underrated the number of copies likely to be sold upon subscription, and so given a first printing order inadequate to the demand; or, secondly, he may have printed the words 'First Edition' upon the first few thousand, "Second" on the next batch, and so on. In neither case do the additional copies constitute a genuine edition, which means, if it means anything, a reprint rendered necessary by the exhaustion of stock placed upon the market in the usual course of business. It is really time that these tricks of the cheap hucksters were discarded by self-respecting writers. Soaps and mustards have their methods, but one wishes better treatment for even the most vulgar and incompetent of novels.'

The June number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which we have just received, maintains the usual high excellence of style and matter characteristic of that magazine. An interesting article in it on the deservedly popular Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, will be sure to attract the attention of Australasians and of all lovers of horseflesh. Amongst much else that is good is an article, suitably illustrated, on Emile Wanters, the first Flemish artist of the present day; another on 'The New Photography of the Invisible,' by A. A. C. Swinton; a chatty paper on 'Early Romances of the Century,' by the Countess of Cork and Orrery; also the continuation of Sir Walter Besant's 'City of Refuge,' and a couple of crisply-written stories, one dealing with a ghost, the other with an elephant's tusk. The numerous illustrations, headed by the frontispiece—a charming etching from a painting by A. H. Schram, entitled, 'A House of Call, Venice'—are each and all very good of their kind.



ONE or two letters of complaint about the non-running of trams and omnibuses on Sunday have reached this column, but as they are very short and sharp, they may be all condensed into the one sentence: 'Let all public vehicles ply for hire on Sunday as on other days.' One writer, indeed, goes so far as to say, 'abolish the observance of Sunday entirely.'

On the other hand, I have received the following letter, signed 'One Who Knows':—'Kindly permit me to say a few words under your heading of "Plain Speaking" re the now too common custom of running the ferry boats on Sunday. I do not, at this moment, recollect whether this is done in other ports besides Auckland, but at all events in that city the ferry steamers do run on Sundays, affording no rest to the men who are employed on them—the skippers, ticket-collectors, and engineers. This is a very great hardship, and in most cases is gross selfishness on the part of the travelling public, who, as a rule, have no need whatever to go over to Northcote, Birkenhead, Devonport, or Takapuna, or from any of those ports to the city of Auckland on Sundays. Of course, some of them say they leave those charming marine suburbs for the sake of attending their own pet and particular place of worship in the city, and hearing the gospel preached by their own popular parson. These very good people are in reality not one whit less sabbath-breakers than the ordinary holiday-makers, over whom they upraise holy hands of righteous indignation, sorrowful remonstrance, and Pharisaical horror. The townships lying across the water are singularly well provided with an assortment of churches and chapels—sufficient, an unprejudiced observer would imagine, to supply spiritual nourishment for a much larger and more religiously varied population than exists on those shores. And yet these professing Christians—who, Sunday by Sunday, have impressed upon them the duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy, and loving their neighbours as themselves—regularly and systematically disregard both these scriptural injunctions, and do evil that good may come—to their own souls, regardless of the moral effect on their children and the sceptical public. At present the ferry steamers plying between the North Shore and Auckland make nineteen trips each way on Sundays—that is, thirty-eight trips on God's Holy Day, and the steamers going to Northcote and Birkenhead run fourteen times each way, that is, twenty-eight voyages in all for those small places. There are three men employed on each steamer. On the Northcote-Birkenhead service the engineers work in shifts as follows:—Sunday, 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., or 1 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. On week days, 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m., or 1.30 p.m. to midnight. This does not include getting up steam, the engineers having to work about two hours longer than the skippers. This hard Sunday labour is entirely for the benefit of the general public, and, I also suppose, for the good of the purse of the Company to whom the steamers belong. But the remedy for this state of things rests entirely with the public, who ought, on principle, to refuse to make their fellow-creatures work on the usual day of rest. Very soon, if no protest is entered against Sunday work, we shall have trams and omnibuses and all other vehicles running on Sundays the same as on weekdays, and then, good-bye to our prosperity as a nation. For it is a well-established fact that countries where the Sabbath is duly observed as a day of rest show a healthier, wealthier, and happier population than those where the people work seven days a week, either laboriously or luxuriously.'

A 'New Woman' writes:—'It is being freely stated that the best women in New Zealand have refrained from voting at the elections of members for Parliament, either the general one or bye-elections. If this be so, all the more shame to them. They have the privilege of voting, and they have no right to refuse to exercise it. They will probably urge that they did not wish to have this honour; they did not seek the position; it was thrust upon them. Possibly, but this in no way lessens their present responsibility. Quite as sensibly they might remark that they had no choice as to their existence, no say in the matter of their birth. And as to the laws by which they are governed, and which they have to obey, why they might just as well rebel against them all as against female franchise. Some of the married ladies who object to women's suffrage may say they do not wish to have children, and since they have them against their wish, they have no responsibility in regard to them to bring them up properly. This is quite a mistake. The children are there, and the mothers have to see that they are duly fed and decently educated from babyhood. Just the same, they have the franchise thrust upon them, and they have to see that proper and good men represent themselves and their helpless children in Parliament—men who will frame the best kind of laws for them. It is now the clear duty of every woman to see that her name is duly inscribed on the electoral roll, and that when election day comes she is prepared to exercise her vote in a common-sense manner so that the men returned to Parliament are no disgrace to the enfranchised women of New Zealand. To shrink from such a plain duty is not what one would expect from the 'best women' in the colony. Rather would one be prepared to find them bravely, nobly, and heartily performing the duty which the general voice of the colony has laid upon them.'

THE WEATHER. SUDDEN CHANGES. ALCOHOLIC DRINKS. WANT OF EXERCISE, etc., frequently produce biliousness, headache, etc. A gentleman writes:—'I have used ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness. Caution.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitator.'

Sold by all Chemists and Storemen.