

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

A Glance Ahead.

ELLIOT STOCK has issued an historical novel, by a new writer entitled "Queen Flora's Recollections." It purports to be a true synthetic record of the events immediately preceding the glorious Restoration of the Monarchy, in the year of our Lord, 1688. Who the new writer is has not transpired, but those readers who have of late kept their fingers on the pulse of the English industrial temper will not need to be very incredulous when they are told in the guise of romance that an overthrow of present governmental methods is imminent in the near future, unless some drastic labour reforms are effected. For those readers who believe that a monarchy is the purest form of Government extant, there is a solatium in this promise of a Restoration.

A Popular Appointment.

The announcement of Mr. A. C. Benson's appointment to the chair of English Fiction by the Royal Society of Literature, is one that should give satisfaction to many. It would, we think, have particularly delighted the late Walter Besant, who was not unaccustomed to refer to fiction as if it represented the most important department of literature, an attitude that has developed on the part of many of his followers into one of regarding all other departments as comparatively unimportant. Nor can it be questioned that if circulation alone is considered these last have good reason for their rejection. And even on other grounds than circulation, something can be said for raising the status of the novelist. It is a common complaint nowadays that the novelist has usurped the function of the preacher and it is arguable also that he will soon out-philosophers, while as for such serious studies as heredity, political economy, and criminal law, it would be easy to cite brilliant expositions under the guise of fiction. A matter of undoubted interest in connection with the above announcement is the scope that will be given to the subject by the new professor. We presume he will not begin by attacking that old fiction which figures in the "Masters of Public Morals," which emanates from Holborn Hall and is signed by dukes, an Archbishop, several bishops, General Booth, Dr Saleeby, and many other distinguished persons. Besides Mr Benson's chair, the Royal Society of Literature has instituted three others: Dramatic Literature (Mr W. L. Courtney), Comparative Literature (Mr M. A. Gerthwohl), and Poetry (Mr Henry Newhall).

The Herkomers.

Maudslayi's have issued at 7/6 net, the second and concluding volume of the Legends of the Herkomer family, graciously undertaken by Sir Hubert as a fond duty towards the father who created such a wonderful mental and emotional home in building his son's life. It is a story to an end with a description of that son's achievement and the house for which three generations worked and dreamed. The success of their united effort must appeal to all, and it would be like to avail at the inevitable note of caution to be heard in such "fizzling, frank auto-biography." Sir Hubert gives fair warning of his so-called "un-English" lack of reserve, and there are many readers who will be drawn by his very frankness, and enjoy the vivid pages all the more for their revelation of exuberant personality. Sir Hubert is evidently a believer in the theory that men's spirits can return to earth, for of his father he says:—"Death removed him, but could not rob me of his spiritual presence. He is with me now and ever will be while I have life and memory." Though so strangely different in temperament, any a "Literary World" writer, from whose article we have culled the material from which we

give this resume that should be of interest to lovers of the Herkomer art, "seldom have father and son been so welded together, and the flame that forged this condition was—love!" A warmer tribute than this has rarely been paid to a father's memory. The chief impression left upon the mind by Sir Hubert's biography, is that he was the possessor of an astonishing versatility, a quality at which, Sir Hubert declares, we English look askance. Referring to Sir Hubert's versatility in art, the "Literary World" writer holds him excused of lack of application, for the majority hold monotony to be the deadly sin, and "grooviness" a complaint to be cured at all costs.

An Explanation.

On page 134 Sir Hubert explains why he took up the art of enamelling: In former chapters I have made mention of the instability of my colour sense. This was once again made manifest in the year 1897. In order to arrest the tendency to dullness of colour into which I had drifted, I took up an art that dealt with the purest and most brilliant colour

nouncements we notice "Forty Years of Song," by Madame Albani; with a frontispiece in photogravure and many illustrations, 10/6 net. The story of her career is a romantic one, and the book is valuable if only for the mention of the many famous musicians and teachers she has come in personal contact with and from whom she has received many personal mementoes. Here are the names of some of them:—Lamperti, Rubenstein, Sarasate, Paderewski, Elgar and others. Among Madame Albani's friends she had the honour to count the late Queen Victoria, and many autographed letters from her late Majesty are reproduced in the book. The late arrival of this autumn list prevents further reference in this issue, but we shall return to both novel and list, in our next issue.

Adventures in Prose.

Here are a few extracts from Henry Noel Brailsford's book of essays that bears the title of our headline (London: Herbert and Daniel; 5/ net). "What was it, asks Mr Brailsford, that so endeared Chopin to the most correct of early Victorian ladies:—"In the brisk and orderly existence of Miss Brown, the dreamy, yet passionate sadness of all this music was the other half of her life, the indispensable compensation for long years of regularity and self-discipline. At her workbox, while she sorted out her silks and arranged her needles, she was of all British

have given her no right to command me, and wearied of the humiliations to which my own cats subject me, I gladly seek her society."

To lovers of the short essay, we strongly commend these "adventures in prose" which touch upon art, literature, history, religion, and memories of personalities and life in Eastern lands. In his "Adventures in Prose," concludes Mrs Emmeline Pethick Lawrence, from whose very able review we have quoted, Mr Brailsford reveals himself as an artist, a critic and a philosopher.

A New Jerome Novel.

Mr Fisher Unwin has issued, at 2/6 net, Mr Jerome K. Jerome's new novel, which is entitled "The Master of Mrs Chilvers." The title is provocative of interest. We wonder if it is the title of Mr Jerome's suffragette play about which Mr Jerome lately waxed so indignantly in the correspondence columns of the "Daily Mail."

REVIEWS.

The Charm of Copenhagen: By Ethel C. Hargrove. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

We have read this exceedingly well written book with more than common interest, since it reminded us not a little of a charming and deeply interesting day



"OFT IN THE TRANQUIL HOUR—"

pigments available—enamels, mezzotint, etching, monotypes, the patenting of Herkomergraving and finally lithography have all in turn occupied Sir Hubert's attention. He has also produced a literary play that Dr. Richter enjoyed conducting. He is also a popular lecturer. In this connection Sir Hubert says:—"A mass of upturned faces listening to every word has a most inspiring and life giving influence on me, for whatever I may give out in personal magnetism, is returned to me tenfold by the response of my audience. A detailed description of Lulu-laund, the home at Bushey, concludes this autobiography which is sure to be cordially welcome in literary and art circles.

Publications Received.

We have received from Lady Stout under date of July 7, "Votes for Women," and from Mills and Bann, Limited, their latest publication entitled "When the Red Gods Call." This novel is a rousing tale of adventure in New Guinea, and is said to be one of the best novels published for some time. Miss Bonrice Grimshaw, who will be remembered by Dominions as the author of some very striking stories whose scenes were laid in the Pacific, is the author of this fascinating and absorbing story of a young Englishman who meets with the most extraordinary adventures in New Guinea. Among this firm's autumn an-

madden ladies the most impeccable and correct. The wide world of fancy and emotion claimed her at the cottage piano, and in Chopin she found it in a form which stirred the emotions without shattering her heart, and stimulated the fancy without setting the feet in motion. Twice a day to these exotic rhythms she played in waltz or mazurka her "Over the Hills and Far Away" with endless variations, but so gentle, so subtle, so little disturbing was the music that she never, in fact, felt so much as an impulse to take the horse-bus into town."

Cat lovers will relish the following:—"Kant saw sublimity in the starry heavens and the moral law. He omitted to mention the common cat. In all the round of daily life there is no fact that reminds us with such triumphant iteration of the littleness and unimportance of men."

The only equal friendship that a man and a cat can share is one founded on the basis of casual attachment. Domesticity is fatal to the relationship, as it imposes several obligations on the human side:—"There is one, an habitude of the square garden in front of my house, which even comes at my call, and will walk at my side for half-an-hour at a stretch. She has never laid from me so much as a saucer of milk, and I have wisely refrained from admitting her under my roof. We preserve, in consequence a certain mutual esteem. I

spent in the company of Mrs Mallinson, the sweet singer of that song music of her gifted husband, Mr Mallinson, which is generally allowed to be the most beautiful song music extant. During the long drive from Rotorna to Wairoa with Mr and Mrs Mallinson, the conversation turned primarily on Denmark, its home life, its thrift, and its numerous public and private institutions, and Mrs Mallinson, who is a native of Denmark, compared the affluence of England with the comparative poverty of Denmark, yet showing that by exercise of a thrift that is universal, and an industry that is national, there is less real poverty in Denmark than in Great Britain. And Miss Hargrove's book does but render more vivid, and widen, and complete the picture drawn upon that occasion. Miss Hargrove has laboured on the lines laid down in the following text taken from 11 Maccabees iv. 34, "If I have done well and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired, but if slenderly and meanly it is that which I could attain unto." And a more sympathetic, a more lucid, a more concise, and a more exhaustive description, taking into consideration that the book does not profess to include methods of government, politics, or religion except by the way of the lives of the people of Copenhagen, the capital itself and its principle objects of interest, and the country surrounding the capital and all that pertains to rural life could