

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FEUILLETON.

An Interesting Selection of Poems.

THOSE of our readers who remember that curious dual personality, who, under the real name of William Sharp and the assumed one of Fiona Macleod, dazzled, impressed, charmed, fascinated, or mystified them by the weirdness or the versatility of his talent, will be glad that the collected edition of Fiona Macleod's works is to be followed by a series of selections from the writings of William Sharp. The first of this series was published by Mr William Heinemann a few weeks ago, and is a volume of poetry, most of which was written before William Sharp had commenced his curious double career. The whole of the material for this series is, we understand, to be selected and arranged by Mrs Sharp, who, as many readers know, is the possessor herself of no mean literary ability.

Was Sharp's Dual Personality Real or Assumed?

Comparatively few people, we think, believed in Sharp's double personality, preferring to account for the great difference in style and outlook and feeling of the brilliant journalist and the mystic Fiona by extolling Sharp's marvelous versatility, and accepting Fiona Macleod as one of the many poses assumed by the brilliant journalist, who had thrilled, mystified and inspired them in turn. A writer in the "Bookman," commenting on these "poems," says: "Apart from their intrinsic merit, these verses are interesting in showing how deliberate an assumption was Sharp's second and feminine self. He appears to have had the power of taking up personalities at will, and Mrs Sharp refers in her introduction to 'The Pagan Review'—the first and only number of a projected monthly review edited by W. H. Brooks—of which William Sharp wrote every word from cover to cover, under the pseudonyms of the editor and the seven contributors. Such a feat shows extreme versatility, but it also seems to argue some lack of individuality in the man who was capable of it. This argument is supported by the poems."

Sharp as One of the Most Accomplished of the Pre-Raphaelite Poets.

Commenting on this "Selection," Mr Francis Bickley says: "Sharp wrote in the Pre-Raphaelite tradition, which had developed the externalities of poetry at the expense of its spirit. Rossetti and Morris, however, had vivid personalities which informed their work and shone through their incrustations of jewelled archaism. Swinburne, though far less individual, had a wealth of verbal music at command, which stifled criticism on any but irrelevant grounds. In lesser men, however, the radical defects of the school became apparent. Sharp was probably one of the most accomplished of the disciples of the Pre-Raphaelites. This volume is full of admirable verse, delicate melodies, and chosen diction." And, continues Mr Bickley, "if poetry is to be descriptive and pictorial, this is very good poetry indeed." "But," this writer concludes, "both instinct and experience tell us that poetry should be something else; that to write verse for the sake of writing verse, as Sharp did, is not enough. Poetry must be felt. It must be personal and passionate. It must be real. Awakening to this fact killed Pre-Raphaelism, just as in France it killed the tradition of the Parnasse. Poets began to search for reality, either within themselves like Mr Yeats, or without, like Huxley and Davidson; or both, like Mr Arthur Symonds. Consequently in the last decade we had a mass of poetry, which, when time has sorted it out, will probably show more travesty in comparison with the Victorian Giants than grudging contemporaries have admitted. There was much that was ephemeral in that poetry of yesterday, much written eager to be bourgeois, but it had a fine gleam for life." Though we agree with Mr Bickley in his definition of what constitutes poetry as apart from mere verse, we cannot think Fiona Macleod

a "pose" of the late William Sharp. More than one case is on record of dual personality. Most highly-strung people are aware of a conflicting personality at war inside them. Rarely, indeed, though, are dual personalities so distinct as those of the late William Sharp. Between the brilliant journalist William Sharp, and the mystic Fiona Macleod, is a chasm that no versatility can bridge.

The July "Windsor."

"The Art of John F. Herring," the English animal painter, is the subject chosen this month by Mr Austin Chester for dilution and illustration. Most of the illustrations here reproduced are well-known examples of that artist's finest work. The thirtieth of the articles that tells England's story in portrait and picture, deals with the reign of William and Mary. The portrait drawn of the Dutch William is pre-eminently an unpleasing one, insufficient allowance being made for the fact that religious reformers rarely possess the qualities that make good rulers, and especially over a people whose wants were so many, whose interests were so wide and varied, and whose

death. Some admirable poetry, and bright fiction, together with the standing features, makes the "Windsor," as usual, one of the highest value for expense.

To a Paragraphic Journalist (on the Constant Use of the Reading "A Stage Romance").

Oh, journalist with facile pen,
Oh, most omniscient of men,
Oh, fluent paragraphic dasher,
How often have you cheered me when
I've tried with omelettes at ten,
Or dined with my morning rasher!

With what constructive skill have you,
With fat diurnal sales in view,
Put artfully each day before us
Drib commonplaces dressed anew,
And fictions which you swore were true,
Determined that you would not bore us!

Yet must I fain admit your pars,
Though broken up by pretty stars;
Not always pleasantly thrill me;
Your verbalised habit jars,
Evoking mild anathemas,
Your adjectival orgies chill me.

However, you shall have your way,
To gather clichés while ye may;
But, in the trite hymeneal story,
Refrain, and leave romance, I pray—
That much maltreated word to-day,
Some measure of its pristine glory.

—"Windsor Magazine."

Kendal's" than to write "Mr. Lankester is a friend of Mr. Kendal," just the same as it is more correct to write "Jones's book" and not "Jones' book." My monitor says he does not like the Shorter Catechism nor the Shorter Grammar. Well, the latter is all right; the thing is perfectly simple. We say "a friend of mine" or "a friend of his, hers, or theirs," instead of "a friend of me, him, her, or them." It is clear that the same thing should hold good of nouns as well as pronouns. As pronouns undoubtedly take a double possessive, logically nouns should do the same.

The Effects of the "Home" Shipping Strike on Literature.

There is likely to be a shortage of literature, both in book and magazine form, for the next few months, since all literature that cannot be posted cannot reach this country, owing to the difficulty experienced in obtaining transit. Nor will the fact that the shipping strike is at an end alter this state of things for some time. For, owing to the industrial unrest in England, and owing also to the increased demands of writers, the autumn output, at least of fiction, is likely to be much less than that of former years. But if this sparsity of new stuff does but throw readers back on the best old standard authors, for it is certain that very little contemporary fiction will bear a second reading, this expected dearth of fiction will not have proved unproductive of good results.

A New Mathers Novel.

Though it is more years than we care to remember since Helen Mathers melted us by her "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Cherry Ripe," and others of her charming stories, she is still writing novels that are worth reading, we are sure, by the sentimental. Her latest effort is entitled "Man is Fire and Woman is 'Tow." That this point of view is wholly feminine, and quite out of date, will not in the least alter the fact that anything Miss Mathers writes is sure to be eminently readable. We feel confident of this, though it is years since we read anything of hers. The book is published by Jarrold and Sons, and is in short-story form.

A New E. V. Lucas Work.

Mr. G. V. Lucas, whose work always gives us the most undiluted pleasure to read, is about to issue through Methuens, whose firm he went into partnership with some year or two ago, a work entitled "London Lavender." Of its subject we know nothing, and, as Mr. Lucas' titles are oftener enigmatic than indicative, we dare not venture an opinion. But of the rare literary treat in store we are positive, rather than prophetic.

REVIEWS.

The Common Touch, by Austin Phillips; **The Grey Terrace**, by Mrs Fred Reynolds (George Bell and Son); and **How 'Twas**, by Stephen Reynolds. (Macmillan and Co. Auckland; Wildman and Arey.)

Mr Phillips' book, besides being strongly human, highly modern, and of considerable literary merit, is a virile protest against the growing cult of antinomianism that prevails in our younger intellectual circles of to-day. Long ago we glimpsed that, in the cult of intellectualism, that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" would be lessened or lost. Mr Phillips in this story of his shows us that intellectualism, unbalanced by humanitarianism is the most fatal snare ever yet laid for humans. Monica Priestly was a thoroughly human girl in the grip of a literary circle who made antinomianism its fetish. Possessed of a small income, she had tried to supplement this by writing and had up to the beginning of this narrative had her work accepted by a relation who was a publisher. But this relative, noticing that each succeeding work bore less and less relation to real life, refused to accept any more work of hers until she had recovered that common touch which makes the whole world kin. The rest of this admirable story is concerned with how Monica Priestly regained her healthy normal tone and ultimately came into woman's natural heritage. More power to Mr Phillips, whose strictures on antinomianism are not a bit too strong.

How 'Twas.

Mr Reynolds' wine needs no bush. "How 'Twas," dedicated to that famous writer of the sea, Joseph Conrad, and his wife, as might be expected, is



Farmer: "That must be a masquerade party somewhere to-night, Mandy!"

allegiance was so divided as was that of the people of the England of William's reign. Absolutely delightful is Mr. G. D. Roberts' story of "Red Dandy and MacAvish," which is a new reading of "Androcles and the Lion." We think Mr. Roberts' presentation of natural history inimitable, and interesting above all other presentations. "The Romance of New Zealand," by Lady Broom, should be of great interest to the readers of this Dominion, and also of great value as an advertisement for this country. All that could be supposed to interest the intending New Zealand settler is touched upon in this paper, which concludes: "Women count for quite as much as men in colonization. It is of no use for ever so earnest a settler to take out a wife who is unable or unwilling to rough it at first with him, but, given such an helpmate, then indeed nowhere can be found more favourable or familiar conditions than in New Zealand." The late Lady Broom occupied a place of her own as a historian of impressions and reminiscences of the rapidly changing conditions of life in more than one of our overseas Dominions. As Lady Barker, wife of General Sir George Barker, she had an interesting insight into Anglo-Indian life of the period immediately following the Mutiny, but it was not until after her second marriage that she published her first book, entitled "Station Life in New Zealand." An added interest will be found in the fact that this article is from a manuscript which remained unpublished at the time of its author's

Set Down by Marcus Aurelius.

How ridiculous and what a stranger he is who is surprised at anything which happens in life.

First do nothing inconsiderately, nor without a purpose. Second, make thy acts refer to nothing else than a social end.

Whatever may happen to thee, it was prepared for thee from all eternity; and the implication of causes was from eternity spinning the thread of thy being and of that which is incident to it.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them then or bear with them.

Interesting to Grammarians.

The difference of opinion which prevails among writers here as to whether it is the more correct to write Thomas's bag or Thomas' bag is not, it appears, confined to this Dominion, as the appended paragraph, which we have taken from the "Literary Letter" in the "Sphere," will show. We fear our grammar will not always bear inspection, but when we use Thomas immediately before introducing it to any of his goods or chattels we always write it Thomas's because it looks best that way. The "Sphere's" writer says:—Several people have written to me on a matter of grammar, and a writer in "T.P.'s Weekly," that most little journal which is supposed to instruct the masses in literature, is particularly spiteful because I insist that it is more correct to write "Mr. Lankester is a friend of Mr.