

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FEUILLETON.

More Hyndman Reminiscences.

ACMILLANS has published, at 15/ net, some further reminiscences of Mr H. M. Hyndman, whose first volume of "Reminiscences" met with such a remarkable success a year or two ago. Complaint is made that Mr Hyndman is too garrulous, but this, of course, is a matter of taste. Here is Mr Hyndman's estimate of W. T. Stead: "For myself, I never could stand the man. His mind, his ethics, his manners, his methods alike revolted me. He was that not uncommon variety of self-conscious ascetic, a Puritan chock-full of guile, and in his way utterly unscrupulous." This view of Mr Stead is, however, not the general one. Nor is it mine. Mr Hyndman has done the late Mr Labouchere the honour of a chapter to himself. On one occasion Mr Labouchere had been guilty of some hangings while debating at Northampton, on Socialism. The morning after the two men met at breakfast, and Labouchere related a story which, in a few words, comprehensively expressed Labouchere's opinion of the impracticability of Socialism. "That story, Labouchere," said I, "you should have told last night." I never saw him so nettled before or after. But he did feel at that moment he had missed a chance." Mr Hyndman thinks that Mr. G. B. Shaw "is no fool." Their paths have crossed, not only in Socialism, but in music. In a dispute about the merits of Wagnerian music, Mr Hyndman would seem to have got the worst of it, for he says:—"Shaw's reply swept me along, it tumbled me about, it stripped me of all raiment, denuded me of any self-respect, and landed me a battered and forlorn creature—to my surprise, walking apparently whole and in my tight mind by Shaw's side along the Thames Embankment. Finding that I was not quite obliterated, that I lived and moved and had my being, I ventured to utter a few small and still words to myself. "But, my dear Shaw," I said, "I knew Wagner's music before you were breeched." It was quite true; but of course he did not believe it, and so we parted at the door of the house he had come to call at." "In fact," says a "Daily News" reviewer, "as we read Mr Hyndman we are impressed by the amount of fun great minds must get out of one another on the mutual assumption that the truth is not in either of them." Here is a story of Butler Johnstone. Mr Johnstone was caught on the Brighton line with some very important City men. They were all very upset. One said he would miss several pressing appointments, another had a meeting at his office to make final arrangements for a big issue, and every man in the car had something similar to say. "Haa it occurred to you, gentlemen," said Butler Johnstone, in his sweetest voice, "that it would make very little difference to anybody if none of you ever arrived at all?" But the book should be read to be estimated at its proper value. Mr Hyndman has passed the allotted age of threescore years and ten, and while this latter volume has, perhaps, less of superficial interest than the former, it is, nevertheless, very well worth buying.

"Cease Firing."

"Cease Firing," by Mary Johnson (Cotétable), is a novel written in the interests of peace. Probably, says a Home critic, the American novelists will never cease writing about their Civil War. When the American Tolstois arrive, he will certainly write a new "War and Peace" on that tremendous theme. It will be the great epic subject for American writers for centuries to come.

Luckily, in spite of its manifold heroisms, they are no longer inclined to glorify it blindly. "War is so stupid," says the heroine of "Cease Firing" almost with her last breath; and the novelists, like the moralists, are coming to realise more and more clearly that a great war, like the American Civil War, is not only a great stupidity, but a

great crime. Miss Johnson tries in this novel to show us war without the glamour. House-burnings and wounds and plunder and anguish and murder—these are the ingredients of warfare no less than deeds of high courage and self-sacrifice, and she spares us none of them. She does not, perhaps, make us realise the filthiness of war so terribly as Gustav Jansen did in his stories about the Italian raid on Tripoli. But she does leave us with a vivid sense of the procession of cruelties which every war is, and, not least, the perfectly avoidable war between the North and the South in America.

An Indictment of War.

Her novel, which takes us from the siege of Vicksburg to the eve of the end of the war, is less a story than a history. There are heroes and heroines—



LITERALLY TRUE.

Lawyer: My retaining fee will be £1000.
Alleged Murderer: Gee, it costs a lot to live, nowadays!

Edward Cary and Desiree Gaillard, sudden and happy lovers, are the chief—but armies rather than individual human beings are the characters that live and move in the pages of the book. Edward and Desiree, however, keep appearing and reappearing amid the confusion of great movements, and we follow their fortunes with excitement. Time and again we rejoice at their escapes, and near the end we feel sure that they are now going to win through to "happiness ever after," as every good romantic hero and heroine ought to do. But it is not Miss Johnston's purpose to give us romantic heroes and heroines. Her indictment of war is that it wastes the young and the beautiful and the daring, and what more memorable example of this could she offer than by showing Edward and Desiree themselves overtaken by a cruel and wasteful death! Many readers will cry out against so tragic an ending. But, in the circumstances, no other was possible. It is only fair to add that Miss Johnston makes us realise the gaiety and courage and adventurousness of soldiers, as well as the carnage which they inflict and suffer. "Cease Firing" is a very human book, and those who like the more serious sort of historical novel will read it with the greatest interest.

"Every Man's Desire."

"Every Man's Desire" is the very attractive title of Mrs. Mary Gaunt's new novel, which was to be published last month by Mr. Werner Laurie. Mrs. Gaunt has without doubt "arrived." This month she started for China, commissioned by Mr. Laurie to write a novel whose scenes are to be set in that

country. As Mrs. Gaunt's brother-in-law, Dr. Morrison, formerly "Times" correspondent at Peking, is now adviser to the Chinese Republic, her material will be had at first hand. We wish Mrs. Gaunt "more power to her elbow."

Some Methuen New Publications.

The date of the publication of "The Fool in Christ," by Gerhart Hauptmann, had to be postponed last month, so great was the initial demand for it. On January 16 "The Terrors and Other Stories," by Mr. Archibald Marshall, was published by the Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Marshall's book contains a selection of the pick of the stories he has issued during the last seventeen years, and they form the first collection of the kind that he has made. They are mainly humorous sketches of life and its episodes. A new novel by Theo Douglas (Mrs. H. D. Everett), entitled "Hadow of Shaws," was announced to be published by Messrs Methuen on January 16. It is the story of an unwilling wife and her endeavour to escape the obligation of a nominal marriage, into which she is forced at the age of sixteen. When the story opens, the dreaded husband is returning from India after an absence of four

Attractive Sweden.

The Olympic Games at Stockholm last year turned many eyes to Sweden as a new health resort. Intending visitors to that country unacquainted with the many attractions it presents would do well to invest in Miss G. C. Hargrove's "Silhouettes of Sweden," in which the author discusses very informatively and pleasantly the charms and suitability of that country as a winter resort and as a serious rival to Switzerland, in the way of providing the many winter sports so beloved of the English, who are year by year becoming more anxious, not to escape the cold of the English climate, but its fogs and the depressing atmosphere of the majority of its winter months. Miss Hargrove's "Silhouettes" were to be published by the Messrs. Methuen on January 16.

The New Life of Byron.

Some time ago I gave my readers a tolerably comprehensive idea of Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Byron," which has been declared by the leading Home critics to be the most masterly and impartial "Life" of the poet ever presented to the reading public. Byron's biographers have nearly always been either his violent detractors, or have so ridiculously apotheosised him as to fail to secure the serious attention of the best class of readers. But Miss Mayne has hit the happy mean, and while she has nothing extenuated of his faults, she has neither set down aught in malice, or failed to credit Byron for the many traits in his character that were essentially fine, noble, generous and miraculous. A greatly enhanced value and interest is added to Miss Mayne's work by the fact that for the first time, the truth regarding Lord and Lady Byron's separation has been made public property. By Miss Mayne's skilled investigation of this delicate and painful matter, a tardy act of justice has been made to Lady Byron, who emerges from the ordeal in her true character—as a woman of narrow mind, perhaps, but of unwavering rectitude of character, and of almost superhuman power of self-control, and of keeping her own counsel. Annabella Byron never invited sympathy, nor craved to be understood; but, stoic as she was, one cannot doubt that she must often have longed for both. But, thanks to Miss Mayne's research and advocacy of her cause, she has at last been placed beyond the reach of injustice. Jane Clairmont, the Claire of Professor Dowden's Shelley, is revealed by Miss Mayne as "throwing herself at Byron's head." It is not possible, I think, for any unbiased reader to come to any other conclusion than this. Byron, "Don Juan" as he was, was ever generous in his treatment of the women with whom he had illicit relations; and if he was unduly harsh to Claire, the reason must have been greater than appears in the many versions given of it. In no case is Jane Clairmont a person that will arouse in readers either pity or respect. And when one thinks of the thorn she was in Shelley's side, even tolerance borders on detestation. Miss Mayne's book will certainly be found a pearl of price for By-

Books on Gardening

- Thomas H. H.—The Complete Gardener. 123 full-page illustrations, 12/6; posted, 13/2.
Allwood M. C.—The Perpetual Flowering Carnation, 3/6; posted, 3/11.
Wright W. P.—The Perfect Garden; many illustrations, 7/; posted, 7/6.
Wright W. P.—The New Gardening. A guide to the most recent developments in the culture of Flowers, Fruit and Vegetables, 7/; posted, 7/6.
Sanders T. W.—The Flower Garden, 0/; posted, 0/6.
Sanders T. W.—The Encyclopedia of Gardening, 4/; posted, 4/3.
Bailey L. H.—The Nursery Book 8/; posted, 8/0.
Bailey L. H.—Garden Making. Suggestions for the Utilising of Home Grounds, 7/6; posted, 8/.
Thomas H. H.—The Garden at Home, 7/; posted, 7/6.
Foster-Melliar—The Book of the Rose, 6/; posted, 6/3.
Corke and Nuttall—Wild Flowers as they grow, 6/; posted 6/6.
Wright W. P.—Beautiful Gardens. How to Make and Maintain Them, 7/; posted, 7/6.
Halsbam—Every Man's Book of Garden Flowers, 2/6; posted 2/11.
Halsbam—Every Man His Own Gardener, 2/6; posted, 2/11.
Rowles—Every Man's Book of Garden Difficulties, 2/6; posted 2/6.
Carnations and Pinks. Edited by E. T. Cook, 4/; posted, 4/3.

Champtaloup & Edmiston

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