

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Upton's new book "The Money Changers" appears in Mr. John Long's October list.

A very important work which lovers of historical development are looking largely for is Professor T. K. Chayne's "The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah."

"Catherine's Child," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, is a sequel to her "Catherine of Calais," published seven years ago. Some of the old friends of Mrs. de la Pasture's creation live again in the new book.

Maryaduke Pickthall, the author of "Said the Fisherman," has a new book out—"The Children of the Nile." Reviewers say that the design of the author is to make readers see things through the eyes of Mabruk the hero, a typical fellah whose views are not forward uncoloured by the prepossessions of the foreigner.

Mr. Iven Chen, the popular first secretary of the Chinese Legation, has translated "The Book of Filial Duty," which will shortly appear in Mr. John Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series. It was written about 400 B.C., and the Chinese themselves deem it second only to the Confucian classics.

It is a queer thing perhaps that neither Mrs. Humphrey Ward's nor Miss Marie Corelli's new books have created any sensation. Each of these authors has her public, and the publishers smile in announcing new works with either name upon them; but the deep interest that makes a new book an event seems to have gone; perhaps it has been dissipated.

Mr. Frederic Harrison in his short criticism of "Fors Clavigera" in "Realities and Ideals" sums Ruskin up thus: "We see a much-tried soul, to whom the extreme beauty of Nature and Art—beauty that he felt with an intensity of passion that none of us can reach—was yet dust and ashes whilst man's life remained so sordid, so gross, so cruel, whilst man's cupidity marred and vulgarised God's handiwork."

Although, since the completion of "The Dynasts," we have not seen any announcement of Mr. Thomas Hardy's literary activity in the way of fiction, there appeared a long article by him in "The Times" of October 9 on "Maumbury Ring," which had in it the germ of a very

October 9 on "Maumbury Ring," which had in it the germ of a very powerful novel. It describes the barbarous execution of a probably innocent girl, not yet nineteen years of age, who had been condemned for poisoning her husband.

The edition de luxe of the novels of Henry James (Macmillan) will consist of twenty-three volumes. A publisher's note says: "The set includes all the works that the author desires to retain. Every volume will have a special preface by Mr. James, an idea which has already been carried out by Mr. Thomas Hardy with such excellent results. Each Preface narrates the circumstances in which the book it introduces was originally conceived and executed, and, what is still more novel and interesting, it provides a critical examination of the contents of the volume."

Hall Caine on critics: "There is only one writer who can really injure any author, and that writer is himself. If his work is bad it will die of the seeds of dissolution it carries within it, but if it is good it will live, and, long before the little turmoils of critical condemnation have passed into the limbo of futilities, the public will stand abashed and wondering at censure so stupid and so unaccountable. He that hath the bride is the bridegroom."

Mr. Hall Caine in "My Story" gives the following personal description of Rossetti, with whom he lived as friend and house-mate for some years: "A man who looked quite ten years older than his actual age (fifty-two), of full middle height and inclining to corpulence; with a round face that ought, one thought to be ruddy, but was pale; with large gray eyes, that had a steady, introspective look, and were surmounted by broad, protrusive brows, and divided by a clearly pencilled ridge over the nose, which was well cut, and had breathing nostrils, resembling the nostrils of a high-bred horse. His mouth and chin were hidden beneath a heavy moustache and an abundant beard, which had once been mixed black-brown and auburn, but were now thickly streaked with gray. His forehead was large, round, without protuberances, and very gently receding to where thin black curls began to roll round the ears."

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In reviewing "The Philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche," by Henry L. Mencken, the "Literary World" says: "Nietzsche has fallen among the expositors, each of whom is trying to outdo the other in laying bare the secret of this most profound of philosophers since Schopenhauer. We wonder what the ghost of Nietzsche thinks about it all—still more do we wonder what Zarathustra in the Land of Shadows thinks of the Nietzscheans, those little arrogant souls who have tried so valiantly to be themselves and only succeeded in becoming simulacra of him! We are sceptical as to the value of all these expositions; Nietzsche, like Walt Whitman, withers in the hands of the interpreter. 'Beware of those who would expound me,' said the American seer, and the German might have said the same. The philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche exists in his books for all who want it, and it is written there in terms quite clear enough for all who ought to want it. The obvious reply to those who protest that they find him difficult to understand is that they are not ready to understand him, and, this being the case, exposition could only supply them with 'glibness' but not knowledge."

On the essays, "The Age of Shakespeare," by Swinburne, the "Literary World" says: "Mr. Swinburne's guide to 'The Age of Shakespeare' abashes us with its Himalayan peaks, and (to be Swinburnean) its gargantuan gorges. Phrases like 'faultless lyrics,' 'impeccable perfection,' 'admirable beauty,' 'noblest in the literature of the world,' 'unerring and unequalled critical genius' alternate with 'stupid servility,' 'the improvisations of inebriety,' 'puerile debility,' 'chaotic collapse.' Phrases, however, give no real impression of the staggering heights of Mr. Swinburne's declamation of the glories of the Shakespearean dramatists as he piles pinnacle beyond inaccessible pinnacle of praise up to the very skies. All we wish to suggest is that when we come to read the dramatists themselves we find that though Mr. Swinburne's exaggerated contours are relatively true, the writers are just ordinary jolly English dramatists—inimitable and uni-

que, like the South Downs, we admit—but quite companionable and easy to climb. The serious difficulty about reading Mr. Swinburne's collection of studies, gathered from periodical and other sources, is to be impressed properly by what is sound when our faith in his judgment is being challenged on every page by such headlong references—to choose one out of a hundred—as this dismissal of Byron's rhetoric: 'The blatant and flatulent ineptitude of a quack, an inflated ventriloquist.' This is pretty, but is it art? It is magnificent, but it is not criticism. Here the man who can control as by magic the haunting organ-notes of English verse bellows on the bassoon. And it has nothing in the world to do with 'The Age of Shakespeare'."

The Hon. John Leahy, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, has been spreading the literature of Professor Lecky amongst members of that

House. Recently Mr. Adamson, who loves to quote, used the following from "The Path of Life" as descriptive—and not very appropriately—of the Premier's present position:—
Look down, look down from your
glittering heights,

And tell us, ye sons of glory,
The joys and the pangs of your
eagle flights.

The triumph that crowned the
story,

The rapture that thrilled when the
goal was won,

The goal of a heart's desire;
And a voice replied from the setting
sun,

Nay the dearest and best lies
nigher,

How oft in such hours our fond
thoughts stray

To the dream of two idle-lovers;
To the young wife's kiss; to the
child at play;

Or the grave which the long grass
covers!

And little we'd reck of power or gold
And of all life's vain endeavour,
If the heart could glow as it glowed
of old,

And if youth could abide for ever.