

where, and comes to love the leisurely, wayfaring pace of the author. Du Maurier's mere use of "and" is refreshing ; the sentences ripple along like waves chasing one another. And those impulsive, open-faced paragraphs ! Did you ever notice how prone they are to end with some sage little afterthought, like, "One never quite knows," or "The world is wide," or "I forget what use we made of the money—a good one, I feel sure"? While the sentiment hangs like a globule of dew, we pause and reflect—and behold, I fear, *Mes compliments*. Never did writer let himself in on his materials more genially and confidently, or by his own complacency lure the reader to a more amiable mood of self-appreciation. In the matter of style, the "Thackeray of a later age" whom Mr. Lang has been at some pains to name, is not Mr. W. E. Norris, as this astute critic implies, but plainly and unquestionably Du Maurier. It is probable that no writer ever reproduced the manner of another so bewitchingly and with so slight a sacrifice of his own individuality.

It is not difficult to surmise why the author of *Trilby* admitted a supernatural element into the present story. Like the hypnotic "business" of *Trilby* and of Bourdillon's *Nephelé*, Martia and the Martian's periodical consciousness of the north may whet curiosity and excite discussion ; but these features can only detract from the literary value of the book, for they are not an integral part of it. Barty was such a wonderful fellow, we are informed, that he "must have had some special friend above." In no other way could his associates account for his abnormally keen sense of hearing and of smell, or his magnetic discernment of the north. He went on naturally enough, however, for one so extraordinarily gifted, till page 190, where we are told that "now he was nearing the end of the time when he was to be as other mortals are." Thenceforward we read of him, a dozen times, either that he "felt northless," or that he had a "sense of the north." We begin to wonder where Martia, as the chronicler said of Barty, "comes in," and are on the lookout for some vaporous "I call ! I call ! Appear !" business. The first intimation we have of her arrival on this planet is a series of dashing, affectionate letters indited to

Barty and left on his desk. She expressed the fear that she would be but a vague, mysterious name. She is not half vague nor mysterious. It transpires that she had been unable to meet the high standard of motherhood obtaining in Mars, and came to our planet, that she might incarnate herself in some promising youth. Barty was "the most perfect being she was ever in," although she had been very fond of Lord Ranswick, Barty's father, and was destined subsequently to inhabit one of Barty's daughters. Martia did his brainwork for him, and, thanks to her benign influence (she even gave him a list of books and urged him to cultivate a "decent English style"), his literary and artistic work "never cost him the slightest effort." Well, there is nothing remarkable about this, you say. It used to be parroted about that Browning had a pet spider that did all his writing for him. But the spider was captivating ; and Martia, I fear, will lend herself only to parody. To me, she is like a diamond stud on the shirt-bosom of an imperial photograph. And the "north" is merely a catchword, like Mr. Dawson's "middle greyness."

The author's illustrations deserve a separate review. They are full of imagination and humour and dignity. And a "glossary"!—not devised, I'll warrant, by Mr. Du Maurier. "This time America shall have her little French ditties translated for her, so she shall!" the Harpers seem to say. What, pray, will be the next innovation in novel-making ? Will the Appletons append a "glossary" of Scotch idioms to Mr. Crockett's forthcoming story, so that no one may misread "Ye canna gang to the kirk"? Or, will Messrs. Little, Brown and Company furnish a "key" to Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's translation of Sienkiewicz, giving the English equivalents of such Polish expletives as, "I beg ! I beg !" and "With the forehead"? Let us hope so.

George Merriam Hyde.

MR. BELLAMY REPLIES.*

When enough copies of a book have been sold to make a ring around the world, if they were placed edge to edge,

* Equality. By Edward Bellamy. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

it is a very delightful surprise to find in the sequel, that with charming modesty the author provides, by a synopsis of the first part, for the entertainment of those who have neglected to acquaint themselves therewith. Everybody remembers the tremendous sensation that was produced by *Looking Backward*, and very few, perhaps, will need to have the peculiar hypnotic experience of Mr. Julian West recalled to mind ; it will, therefore, be sufficient to say that the present volume, *Equality*, is simply a continuation of his story ; that it begins, as to time, the moment after *Looking Backward* pauses, and that, as to plot, it doesn't end at all, but simply stops, leaving Julian and Edith still on the ragged edge of matrimony—and the reader will be fully possessed of all necessary information on that portion of the subject.

THE BOOKMAN, however, is a literary and not a political periodical ; and any discussion of *Equality* in these columns must be based upon literary merit, purely and entirely. From which point of view the question is pertinent whether Mr. Bellamy is justified in using the framework of a novel to teach sociology ? It is rather the fashion, nowadays, to say " No ! " though to be sure our author might with some reason appeal unto Plato, who did much the same sort of thing in *The Republic*, only substituting Socrates for Dr. Leete. That the method is rather effective is shown pretty conclusively by the enormous circulation of the former book (not Plato's !), and the fact that the one at present under consideration was published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy.

Naturally so wide a circulation involved a rather lively criticism, not so much of the literary as of the political side of *Looking Backward*, under which Mr. Bellamy held his peace for ten years. Meanwhile, the world has moved on rather rapidly, for if we except the first years after the crucifixion of Christ, the era of the French Revolution and similar epochs, there has never been known a period of such wonderful development in clear and consecutive sociological thinking as in precisely the decade 1887-97—a development, moreover, not in the closet, but in the field.

Writers on and teachers of political economy are much where they were at the beginning of the period, but that the rank and file have marched forward is shown at once by the fact, that while Mr. Bellamy's Social Republic was in 1887 simply a Utopian dream, it has become, in 1897, distinctly, though unavowedly, a political issue.

But while, as we have said, Mr. Bellamy held his peace during the period referred to, he was evidently doing a great deal of hard thinking, which in the present volume has resulted in a series of answers to the criticisms made upon the first, or rather to such of them as deserved reply ; for some of these were based purely upon individual taste, such, for instance, as that the Social Republic would be rather slow ; others related to details, as to co-operative dining-rooms and the like ; with these our author has very properly not concerned himself. But if his scheme of social salvation was to be taken at all seriously—and certainly it was so taken by the mass of the people—there were two well-founded objections to which it behooved him to reply, and to which accordingly he does reply in the volume in hand. The first was that his Utopia was thoroughly materialistic, "The Paradise," it was wittily said, "of the American drygoods clerk ;" that while it certainly announced a commensurate development of the artistic and spiritual side of man's nature, it only made us feel his gain in material comforts. In a volume of sermons or essays, it was said, the announcement would have been sufficient ; but a novel, even though the plot was merely nominal, must conform to the canons of art at least to the extent of convincing rather through the imagination than the reason.

The second objection was that, while we were shown "that Phœnix," the full-grown, we were not told any particulars as to its chipping the shell—that is, no programme was laid down for the transition from monopolistic competition, the present system, to co-operation or social democracy, the system of the future.

To these objections our author, after these ten years of waiting, replies, first, by insisting that the "Great Revival" must come before Act V., if we may so term it, of the "Great Revolution." This he does make us feel, though we

may have our doubts whether Unitarianism will, after all, be the religion of the future, or whether a merely human Christ has the dynamic force presupposed by such a tremendous upheaval.

The second objection is met by the setting forth of a plan of operations, so clear and practicable, that really it might, just as well as not, be begun tomorrow. This plan we will not attempt to indicate ; it must be read in the text. We will only suggest an answer to a criticism of one detail that is degradingly certain to be made—*i.e.*, that we have not, in the United States, any body of men to whom the work of re-organisation along the proposed lines could safely be entrusted. But, as a matter of fact, we have, during the last ten years or longer, been engaged in training, in our college and social settlements, in our Charity Organisation and Prison Reform Associations, above all, in our State and Interstate Commerce Commissions, men and women also, of intelligence, probity, and exactly the special technical knowledge required. The personnel of our reformers need cause us no anxiety whatever.

Our space is nearly full. We have no room to speak of Deborah and Barak, and all the rest of it. What has been told by no means exhausts all that there is to be said of the book from its literary side only. It is eminently quotable and abounds in epigram ; this, in fact, is a far more notable feature than its characterisation, in which respect it is weak. Perhaps Mr. Bellamy's strongest point, artistically speaking, is allegory, or fable. "The Stage-coach" in *Looking Backward*, the "Water-tank" in the present volume, and the sort of semi-allegory presented by the group of statuary called "The Strikers," are things that one cannot forget. We should like to see a story by Mr. Bellamy rather more on these lines. Meanwhile, we are very grateful for *Equality*. And surely it must make us, with Little Lord Fauntleroy, "feel a queer feeling," to have the thought so prominently brought before us that if, in 1900, the American people at the polls choose to vote themselves economically free and equal, and not only entitled to, but determined upon, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," along the lines laid down by Mr. Bellamy, there is, so far as our

author shows, or we can discover, absolutely nothing to hinder.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY.*

Whether Mrs. Sherwood has kept a journal all her life, or has been in the habit of writing voluminous letters to friends interested in the most trivial details of her existence to which she has had access, we do not know, but one thing is certain that many of the pages of her *Epistle to Posterity* read like undated and unsigned letters "run together," as the compositors say, with here a break and there a gap, for the most part artistically concealed. We feel sure of this, because almost from the first there is a vividness of impression and an exactness of observation which are indicative of the present mood in recounting things seen and heard. There are few signs of the pain and difficulty which attend the severe ordeal of recollection, little of the mistiness that forms the veil between the panorama of the past and the view-point of the present ; nearly everything related is cameo-like in its clearness of detail. Names and dates, repartee and choice bits of conversation are added to the score with the mathematical nicety of a sum in figures. Either Mrs. Sherwood is gifted with a marvellous power of retention, quickened by a vivid sense of mental reproductive ness, or our hypothesis holds good. What substantiates the latter is the fact that just where Mrs. Sherwood errs in veracious statement or in her version of a story or incident against history, she does so at such times when we should say that she was drawing on her recollection of the past, or reporting hearsay, or it may be padding from contemporary annals for the sake of continuity or amplification. Chief reason of all for believing that the *Epistle* has largely been composed of letters or the pages of a journal, is the presence of that quality which is the best commendation of a letter—namely, its personality. Now personality in a letter takes note of the things that are uppermost

* An Epistle to Posterity. By M. E. W. Sherwood. New York : Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.