TO-DAY.

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# The Depths of the Sea.

A PICTURE BY E. BURNE JONES.

*Habes tota quod mente petisti*
*Infelix.*

I.

In deep vague spaces of the lonely sea,
She deemed her soulless life was almost fair,
Yet ever dreamed that in the sun-warm air
Lay happiness, supreme in mystery;
Then saw him,—out of reach as you I see—
Worshipped his strength, the brown breast broad and bare,
The arms that bent the oar,—and grew aware
Of what life means, and why it is good to be;
And yearned for him with all her body sweet,
Her lithe cold arms, and chill wet bosom's beat,
Vowed him her beauty's unillumined shrine:
So I—seeing you above me—turn and tire,
Sick with an empty ache of long desire
To drag you down—to hold you—make you mine!

II.

Attained at last, the life-long longing's prize!
Raped from the world of air where warm loves glow,
She bears him through her water-world below;
Yet in those strange glad fair mysterious eyes
The shadow of the after-sorrow lies,
And of the coming hour, when she shall know
What she has lost in having gained him so,
And whether death life's hunger satisfies.
She shall find out the meaning of despair,
And know the anguish of a granted prayer,
And how, all ended, all is yet undone.
So I—I long for what, far off, you shine,
Not what you must be, ere you could be mine,
That which would crown despair if it were won!

E. N.

# Aristocles of Athens.

"TELL Thrax to come up," said Rufus. "Do it *here*."

"No, by the everlasting Justice!" cried Drusus, and sprang to his feet. And the next thing Aristocles clearly knew was, that the slaves had fallen back from him, and Drusus' arm was round him, and Drusus standing by his side, defying Rufus and all his company.

A great hush fell on all the hall for a minute, and in it he looked in Drusus' face and said, slowly and softly, in Greek, "Do not make him your enemy, leave me; I can die."

And a low, rapid voice answered, "Why should you? I can die, too."

"Sextus Drusus," said Rufus, without raising his voice, though the veins were standing out like cords on his temples, "I think you might find it as well not to interfere between me and mine."

"By what right is he yours?" muttered Drusus between his teeth, but refrained from asking a useless question out loud, and only said, "I will buy him of you."

Rufus was about to meet this curt offer with an equally curt refusal—but he checked himself, and only asked in a tone of cold incredulity, "How much?"

"The mortgage of your house on the Esquiline."

Rufus considered. He was seldom so blinded by passion as to act to his own disadvantage. It was worth while to get rid of a debt that had been harassing him for years—not that he had made any strenuous efforts to get it paid off—but it was not pleasant to be under obligations to a man he hated. Let him once get rid of the obligation, the opportunity for satisfying his hatred, both of him and Aristocles, would come soon enough; he might as well let the slave go. But it was well not to do so too easily.

"I don't know," he said, "I gave 12,000 sesterces for the scoundrel—and with all the trouble he has given me."

"The debt was 60,000 without interest."

"You'd better not ask too much, Rufus," said Crassus, another of the guests. "Prices are going down every day, especially since Sulla has been in Asia."

"The mortgage then—and 1000 sesterces."

"Very well, but not a twelfth more,"

"Take him then, and I wish you joy."

Drusus turned to the guests: "Gentlemen—you are witnesses to the sale. Rufus, will you excuse my calling for my sandals now? I fear I should only disturb the harmony of this assembly. I do not think you will see me here again."

Rufus made some show of asking him to stay, but was seconded by none of the guests.

"Your slaves have not come for you."

"Never mind, I can walk home without them. I wish you all a pleasant evening. Come," and he strode out of the room, followed by Aristocles, leaving the party to comment and gossip, and question his sanity, and institute researches into his pedigree, anxious to credit him with Greek or Gallic parentage to account for his eccentricities.

## IV.

It was still broad daylight when they left the house together, passing down the Clions Publilius arm-in-arm. Aristocles tried to disengage himself and walk behind—but the other either did not see or would not heed the gesture, and hurried on. Neither spoke—Drusus seemed anxious and preoccupied, and in the din of the street it was not easy to hear each other's voices. Aristocles felt half-stunned, bewildered, unable to think—he only had a confused sense that this was all a dream, and must end soon. They passed the temple of Hercules, threaded the roaring cattle-market thronged with people, noisy and full of life then as now, and turned into the gateway of Drusus' house in the Velabrum.

They stopped in the cool-shadowed Atrium, with the gleaming pillars and tesselated floor. The stillness was almost oppressive.

"You are weak and faint," said Drusus, looking narrowly at him, as he staggered and leaned with one hand on the table, scarcely able to stand or see, dazed as he was with the sudden change from the glare and heat outside. "And what is this?"

The light exomis had slipped down over his shoulder, showing the end of a long ugly red mark. He covered it hastily and laughed—a low, glad, half-embarrassed laugh of content.

"Nothing—in *that* house!" he said.

"It shall never be again!" cried Drusus. "Come, you want rest and care. You want——"

He flung his arms out wide, and his head back like a swimmer gasping for breath, struggled for a moment with

what seemed like an iron hand at his throat, and then he was down on his knees at Drusus' feet.

"Nothing, I want nothing on earth, but to look in your face once more, and then die."

He had seized both those strong, kindly hands in his, and bowed his head over them, covering them with passionate kisses, and burning tears. He let them have their way. There was no shame now.

"Stand up. That is no place for you. . . You must not talk of dying. I want you."

"*You* want me?"

"Yes. I want you for a friend. But don't kneel there."

Aristocles stood up, and laid both his hands on the Roman's shoulders, looking, with a strange, dreamy, far-away gaze, into his eyes.

"You want me? . . . I am yours. . . I always was. I knew you long ago, and loved you to the death. . . . Were you Achilles, and I Patroclos? . . . .

"Hardly, I think. . . . But now tell me your name."

"They call me Athenio."

"Not that! Your own name! You were a free-born Athenian citizen, were you not? And if there is any justice in the world, you are free again from to-night."

He bowed his head—the tears *would* gather in his eyes again, but they should not fall this time.

"Aristocles, son of Callais," he answered in a low voice. "None has ever heard it till now. . . since that day." . .

"The sack of Athens?"

"Yes. . . . I have not lived since then." . . .

"Tell me. . . . But no—not yet. Sit down here, I will come back to you. Siro!"—and hastening out, he met the old freedman who had been steward of the house since his father's time. "Tell them to get one of the bed-chambers ready at once, Siro—and send Machaon to me—I have a friend who wants looking after. . . . And send up some wine, and something to eat. Make haste!" . . .

* * * * * * *

If any one had watched beside Aristocles, as he slept in peace that night, with no fear of the morrow hanging over him, he might have heard him murmur in his sleep—

"Sextus Drusus! Sextus Drusus!"

## V.

ARISTOCLES was seated in the library, reading, and occasionally making notes on the wax tablet that lay beside him. He was apparently absorbed in study—but he was not too deep in Plato to hear a step outside the curtain that closed the room—a step that he knew, and would have known among ten

thousands; and he turned, and looked up with a glad, expectant light on his face. More than a year had passed since the scene in Rufus' banqueting hall, and those two had never been apart for a day.

Drusus came in. His tread was slow, and he looked worn and haggard, as though he had not slept all night, but an answering light sprang into his eyes for a moment, as he caught Aristocles' glance, then it died away again. He said nothing at first, but drew up a seat, and leaned with his elbow on the table, listlessly turning over the rolls of papyrus.

"What have you got there?" he asked, presently.

The *Republic*. . . . I was making extracts—and comments too, after a fashion."

"Ah! . . . I meant to ask you to read it with me—some day. . . . I'm not sure that I understand it."

He took up some of Aristocles' notes and read them over absently—at least he fixed his eyes on them, though he probably understood nothing of them. Presently he looked up, and said, "Aristocles—Publius Sulla has landed at Brundisium."

Aristocles met his eye quite calmly, and said, "And Quintius Rufus has gone to join him?"

"He left Rome last night. How did you know?"

"I guessed. I know Rufus. . . . Sextus, what do you mean to do?"

"What can I do? I loathe these Marians and their bloody work—but after all I am of their side, and cannot doubt them. . . . If there is a choice of parties, theirs is by way of being the juster cause. . . . though they have a marvellously narrow comprehension of justice. They can understand it for themselves—and not always that;—not for Italians and provincials. . . . They showed that when they murdered Marcus Drusus, my kinsman, eight years ago. . . . I am weary of it all. . . . I cannot see the light on either side. . . . Cinna and Carbo were sickening—Sulla will be worse—but I must—I will, keep to the side I have taken, and wait for the end."

"Do you think he will march on Rome at once?"

"He must. I do not think the Samintes can stop him. Perhaps he may spend his time in reckoning with them first, but it will be all the same in the end. Cinna wasted his time and his opportunities like a worse idiot than I took him for. . . . Yes! . . . We have the seventh consulship of Caius Marius before us, only worse."

"But there is young Marius, and he has plenty of followers." . . .

"He! . . . How many do you suppose will remain true to him with Sulla at the gates? . . . And all the senators are shaking in their shoes, and anxious to get into favour with

him in good time. . . A number have joined him already. . . M. Crassus, Q. Metellus Pius, Quintus Ofella—they say Cnaeus Pompeius is on the way to him."

"Marcus Crassus—I know him—and Ofella, too! I dare-say he remembers me."

"How? You never told me that."

"Didn't I? . . . Why—I hadn't been with Rufus long, when he came to the house one day, and *I knew him* . . . It was in the sack . . . I was in the court of our house, with my back to one of the pillars, fighting as long as I could hold a lance—they broke into the women's rooms . . . and I saw my sister Leocorion . . . She and I were the only ones left . . . My father and mother were dead with the pestilence, and so was Mnesilochus, and Laches had fallen outside the walls. . . . I heard her shrieking, and saw that man dragging her out, with her long light hair wound round his hand . . . . And Callicles, Lyrimachus' son, that was to have married her, and was down with the fever, rushed in, looking like a dead man, with an awful wound in his side, and they cut him down at her feet . . . And I tried to get to her, and something struck me on the head so that I knew no more, till I found myself on board ship . . . . And when I saw that man it all came back to me, and I flew at him, and threw him down with the old catch I learnt at the Palaestra. I had all but killed him when they took me away . . . . I should have died for it, only I was valuable property . . . . As it was I couldn't stand for three weeks."

Drusus shuddered. "And she?"—

"I do not know. I hope she is dead by now."

"Aristocles—I sometimes think—that man may come to think one day, that the cruellest wrongs ever done were those done to women . . . They cannot help themselves, and none pities them . . . . And yet" . . . . He broke off with a weary sigh, and sat thinking for awhile . . . . "I came to you, partly, to settle what I can do . . . . I do not see that there is anything . . . . I wish you'd go and look after the place at Reati for me. I can't get away—there is so much business to get through, and the clients are always wanting me."

The Greek looked up with a peculiar smile. "Why could not you go to the Reatim villa, and let me attend to the clients?"

"You could not do it, I fear. You forget you are not"——"A Roman citizen," he would have added, but stopped and bit his lip, flushing like a man who knows he has unintentionally given pain.

"Never mind," said the other, guessing his thought—"the deprivation does not hurt me." He rose, and stood behind

Drusus, laying a hand on his shoulder: "I will go on one condition, Sextus—that you let me know when Sulla is within a day's journey of the gates?"

"Will you not go—for my sake?"

"You know I cannot leave you—and I will not."

"Drusus stood up and paced the room, with bent head and knitted brows: "I dare not think of it," he said stopping abruptly—"of what will come to you. Think of what you told me about Ofella—think of Rufus—they will stop at nothing. . . . You are free by law, but that will go for nothing. . . Laws were not made for such times as these." . .

"O Sextus!" He had locked his arms round his friend, and poured out his quick, passionate words, with his face hidden on Drusus' shoulder. "Do you think I would not willingly die—on the cross—for you—not if it lasted ten times as long? Do you know me so little as that? Do you think I have forgotten? If they all leave you—friends and slaves and clients and all—yet none shall say 'He had not one to die with him.'"

Neither spoke for a time. Then Drusus said, this time with a sob in his voice, "Leave me now, faithful heart!"

"You will let me stay with you?"

"Since you wish it."

"Swear to me that you will not send me away,"

"I swear."

## VI.

THE battle of the Colline Gate had been fought and lost. In the grey November dawn a man made his way through the hurrying, frightened throng, and staggered in at the open doorway of a deserted house in the Velabrum. He was unwounded, but dusty, battle-stained, and weary to death. His steps echoed through the awful stillness of the house, as he dragged himself into the atrium. He flung his broken sword down on the stone floor with a clang—took up a cup of wine that stood on the table, untouched since yesterday, and drank. There was not a soul to be seen. No doubt they had fled. . . . There were swift steps outside; then he saw a man standing at the door, and heard a great cry, "Drusus!"

They had fought side by side for hours, then, thrust apart in the press of battle, they had been unable to meet again.

"I thought I saw you go down!"

"I could not find you. I thought you might be here, so came back to look for you, when I found myself mixed up among the fugitives—not that I wanted to run away, quite!"

"I don't know what I came here for, except that I am dead tired, and thought I could wait for them quietly. . . You are wounded?"

"Nothing much." It was a deep spear-thrust in the shoulder. "It will be all the same soon."

"I suppose it will. I wonder how soon Rufus will come to look for us. Did you see him? . . . There! I *can't* keep awake. . . . Well, we may as well be comfortable, in spite of the Stoics, as it is no possible use to be anything else. . . They've left the cushions on the couches, I'm glad to see. You take the other, and if you should wake, and hear them coming before I do, call me."

He threw himself down on one of the couches. Aristocles went up to him, and arranged the pillows under his head.

He looked up and smiled, his own beautiful smile. "Thank you! . . . There *might* be a chance. . . . Is it *no* use asking you to try?"

Have you forgotten your promise, Sextus?"

"No—ah! well." . . .

In another minute he was fast asleep. Aristocles bent over him, and kissed his forehead as he lay. Then he sat down on the ground beside him, with his hands clasped over his knees. . . .

"Friends, kinsmen, brothers—I have had them all—and he is more than all to me. . . . I have never known woman's love, and I do not want to, now. . . . Orestes! As Pyladus was true to Orestes, so will I be true to thee! . . . Orestes! . . . Yes, Orestes suffered and sorrowed for the sins of others! for, after all, it was the sin of others that made his necessary . . . he had no choice but to commit it, and suffer for it afterwards. . . . And Herakles spent his life and labour to lighten the woes of men. . . . And Prometheus stood between them and injustice, and never flinched, though it crushed him. . . . All this he has done. . . . Is there *no* life beyond to make it up to him?" . . .

He leaned his head back against the couch where Drusus lay. His thoughts were growing vague and misty—he seemed to hear the swallows twittering in the Forum, and the sound of Greek words rapidly spoken—and see Drusus' face again, as when it lit up the depths of his lonely despair. . . . when the tramp of legionaries outside crashed through his dream. He was on his feet instantly.

"Sextus! beloved!" he whispered, "they are here!"

The next moment they were standing up, locked in each other's arms.

"Aristocles! I wish I had not brought you to this!"

"I never was happier in my life! Do you remember the day when we stood, just like this, in Rufus' hall, and you said———?"

"Well, I am glad we go together! *Ave et vale!*" "*Ave et vale!*"

* * * * * * *

They were cut down almost at the same moment. Rufus

was not present in person, he had been delayed by some accident, and only arrived to find that his former slave was beyond his power. He had wanted him to be taken alive, but for all his raging he came too late. He had the two noble heads set as ghastly trophies outside his door; and for the rest, he had Drusus' wealth to console him, and the knowledge that Drusus would never trouble him again.

They did not remain there long. Siro, the old freedman, sent to Reati in the summer had come back to Rome in the rear of the army. He stole the heads from Drusus' door by night, with the help of another man, and fetching the corpses from the desolate house, burned them reverently before daybreak, and set the urn, with the ashes of both, in the burial-place of Drusus' fathers. He risked his life to do it.

The other man was Alciphron the rhetor. He killed himself the next day. He had fled, not having the courage to face the fate of his friends, but came back, crushed by shame and remorse, when he heard how Drusus had died.

For he too had called Sextus Livius Drusus friend.

# Telescopes, Ancient and Modern.

SOME three centuries ago, the child of a working optician in Holland playing with some spectacle glasses discovered accidentally that by placing two of them at a certain distance from each other, distant objects were apparently brought near. Curiosity was naturally awakened to know the cause of such a strange phenomenon, but the science of that day was not able to explain it. The use of glasses as an aid to sight had been known for centuries. The Romans were acquainted with it at least as early as the age of Pliny, though little reference is made to them by classical authors, and there is now in the museum at Naples a convex lens dug from the ruins of Herculaneum, which had evidently been used for the purpose of magnifying near objects by the workman in whose shop it was found.

In 1609 Galileo at Venice learned that by combining two glasses of different curvature with or without a tube the power of sight could be extended, and conscious of the great advantage that would result to astronomical science if such an instrument were directed to the heavens, he on his return to Padua constructed one with his own hands. In power it was about equal to a modern opera glass. It magnified only three times and was soon replaced by a better one of twice that power, with which he discovered the spots on the sun, the valleys, mountains and craters on the moon's surface, and, stranger and more startling than these, the retinue of moons that circuit round Jupiter, a miniature solar system in itself all embraced within the field of view of a telescope. A third attempt was rewarded by an instrument that magnified more than thirty times. With this he advanced to a still more important discovery that furnished the last link in the chain of evidence required to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system. He had long suspected that the outline of the planet Venus was not visibly circular—that under a higher magnifying power it would exhibit phases like the moon. With the last made instrument he watched it night after night, and with inexpressible delight saw it one time like

a slender crescent, at another like the half moon, at another full. A fact more momentous in its bearings and consequence had never been revealed to mortal mind before.

The books in which the so-called wisdom of the world was enshrined had all been written under the belief that this world is the centre of the universe; that round it the sun, planets and stars revolve, their purpose being to furnish us with light. A child's toy developed into a scientific instrument had changed all that. The bubble of self-inflation had burst. Our tiny speck of dust with its companion specks had shrunk to their true insignificance.

Not only our earth, but the sun, and the whole system of which it is the centre, might be swept out of existence, and their absence be unperceived in the immensity of space.

Galileo had dared to innovate on established creeds. He had made men wiser, and must suffer for it. The Inquisition was down on him—but too late. They should have twisted his neck a twelvemonth earlier. They forced him to recant, and he gave them what they asked, some ink and some paper; an admission that it was "contrary to the Church and to the Holy Scriptures, to affirm that the earth moves round the sun," and, turning to a friend he muttered, "for all that it does move." Not long after, his investigations were hindered by failing sight, and to borrow the words of Castelli, "the noblest eye that nature ever made was darkened." In his old age at Arcetri, near Florence, he was visited by Milton. "There," he says, "I found the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominician licencers thought." In his "Paradise Lost," he refers to him again in the well-known lines,

> "The broad circumference
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb,
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> At evening, from the top of Fesale,
> Or in Valdarno, to describe new lands
> Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."
>
> (Par. Lost i. 290.

The telescope remained for many years as it was left by Galileo without material improvement. The famous Dutchman Huyghens was the first to remedy a serious defect attaching to the Galilean telescopes, by the invention of a new eyepiece which still bears his name, and is in common use in most astronomical telescopes. The older eyepiece consisted of a single concave lens such as is found in the modern opera glass. Huyghens substituted two convex lenses so cleverly and scientifically disposed as to yield a much larger field of view, out of all proportion to that which obtains with a single concave lens. But the improvement most called for was at the other end of the telescope,

and the reader must pardon us if, without entering into mathematical details, some attempt is made to point out the defects inherent in the earlier form of telescopes, but from which the science of our day has happily freed us. When the light from an illuminated object passes through a plate of glass the surfaces of which are parallel to one another, as in a common window-pane, it issues as it entered, without perceptible distortion. But if the surfaces are inclined to one another, as in a prism or a lens, the light is separated into its component colours, and the larger the angle, the wider the separation.

The object glass of the Galilean telescope consisted of a convex lens, and it followed necessarily that the light from an object after passing through it was split into its elementary colours, a fatal hindrance to accurate representation.

For it must be remembered that although in popular language we speak of looking *through* a telescope, we, in reality look *into* it. What we see is not the object we are in search of, but an image of that object formed in the body of the telescope, where it can be examined either by the eye alone or with the aid of a lens or compound eyepiece. Owing to the fact already mentioned there is formed in the focus of the object lens, not one image, but seven. First a violet image, next indigo, then blue, green, yellow, orange, and lastly red. We witness much the same phenomenon when the sun sets in a clear sky. The violet light is the first to disappear; the filmy clouds above the sun are finally tinged with red, which is the least refrangible color. The atmosphere that surrounds the globe acts the part of an enormous lens that separates the constituents of sun-light and thereby prolongs the day.

Then there is another defect that seemed at one time to make the construction of large telescopes almost hopeless. The refracting power of a lens, for reasons that cannot be entered upon here, increases disproportionately from the centre outwards. The central parts form an image at a certain distance within a focus; the parts adjoining the centre form a similar image at a shorter distance within this focus; and the borders of the lens another image still nearer, and the larger the lens, the worse the evil.

Till science taught us how to cure these defects, the dimensions of the telescope were straightened within very moderate limits. It was impossible to increase the size of the object glass without making it of inordinate focal length, till the tube became so long that there was no way of supporting it with the requisite motions to enable it to follow a celestial object. The only way out of the difficulty was to dispense with a tube. The object glass was mounted on the top of a pole and the observer stationing himself at the requisite distance, examined the image with an eye piece as

best he could. By skilful contrivance the object glass and eyepiece had to be moved simultaneously, the one round an axis, the other round the circumference of a circle of fifty or a hundred feet or more in diameter. The wonder is how they could have used such make-shifts at all. In this form, however, the telescope lingered on till Newton, despairing of any further improvement, invented the reflecting telescope called, after him, the Newtonian reflector. The principle of its construction may be stated in very few words. If a disk of so-called speculum metal be ground to an accurate figure and highly polished, an image is formed at the focus free from colour or distortion of any kind. The eyepiece will not admit of being placed at the opposite end of the tube, for in that case the observer's head would intervene between the instrument and the object. But a small flat mirror inside the tube reflects the image through an aperture in the side where the eyepiece is fixed. There is no limit to the size such an instrument admits of, unless it be in the matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. For comfort and ease in observing there is nothing to compare with them. The observer is under no necessity to look upward or twist his body into an inconvenient attitude. Standing or seated as the case may be, he looks always forward with the same ease as if he were reading the pages of a book.

The mechanical difficulties involved in the grinding and polishing of metallic specula for a long time hindered the successful execution of Newton's plan. The opticians were unable to work them, and nearly all the reflecting telescopes for a century after were made with private hands.

In 1776 Sir William Herschell first applied himself to the work of grinding and polishing mirrors. It is said that he worked upwards of a hundred of them, first by hand and afterwards with the aid of machinery, before he succeeded to his complete satisfaction. Beginning with mirrors of six inches aperture, he gradually increased the size till he reached the enormous instrument of four feet aperture and forty feet focal length, by means of which he discovered the planet Uranus with its satellites, and by his observations of the distant nebulæ enlarged the boundaries of the visible universe beyond all that had previously been dreamt of.

One further advance, and only one, has been made by the giant telescope of Lord Rosse, of which the mirror is six feet in diameter and fifty feet in focal length. Our limits will not allow of description and an account of its performances on the planets, the double and multiple stars and the nebulæ would be intelligible only to that limited class of readers who have made these subjects a special study.

We have seen that Newton's preference for the reflecting

form of telescope was due to his despair of any possible improvement of the old-fashioned refractor.

The backward state of the glass manufacture in his day gave no warrant for hopeful expectation. Another hundred years, and the unexpected was turned into a proved reality. It was shewn by our countryman Dollond that the defects of one lens could be corrected by the similar defects of another lens acting in a contrary direction. A concave lens of flint glass could be made to re-unite the colours separated by a convex lens of crown glass, and at the same time to unite in one point at the focus the image formed by the outer zones of the convex lens with the image formed by its central parts. The achromatic telescope, as it is called, reached the climax of perfection and popularity at a bound. Glass transmits a far higher percentage of light than is reflected by the best speculum metal. Moreover the latter, from the hour it is made, tarnishes rapidly, and after a few years of use requires to have great part of the work, both of the figuring and polishing, done over again, An object glass with proper care may last for hundreds of years without appreciable injury to its surface and brilliancy.

There are ups and downs in telescopes as in other things. Within the last ten years the reflector has come to the front again. A mirror can be made of glass as easily as of speculum metal, and Liebig, the German chemist, has discovered a mode of depositing a thin coating of silver, the most reflective of all metals, on glass. A mirror silvered in this way reflects nearly as much light as glass transmits, with this further advantage over the old reflector, that the glass surface once accurately figured and well polished is indestructible. The film of silver soon tarnishes, but it can be renewed at a trifling cost. The chief recommendation of this class of instruments is their comparative cheapness. The purity or transparency of the glass is of no consequence, for they are not wanted to transmit the light. The commonest material answers the purpose as well as the best. On the other hand the lenses of which an achromatic object glass is composed must be of the very best.

There is a telescope now in course of construction for the Lick observatory, in California, of thirty-six inches aperture, the largest ever known. No less than nineteen disks of crown glass supplied by the makers have been tried and rejected. No wonder they are expensive. The cost of a ten-inch silvered mirror is about £25; an object glass of the same size costs £400; when the aperture is much larger than that, it mounts up to thousands. An eminent optician, Mr. W. Simms, told the writer some years ago that he purchased two eighteen-inch disks for an object glass; the price agreed upon was £1,500 if he took them without a trial, but if with a

guarantee, £3,000. He accepted the first-named offer, and succeeded in turning out a very good object-glass.

It may be asked, "Has the telescope in our day reached the utmost attainable limits of power and perfection?"—There is no reason to suppose that it has. Ten feet of aperture in mirror or object glass is not too much to hope for before the century closes. In either case, but more especially in the latter, the appurtenances of lumber that exaggerate its cost without increasing its efficiency will have to be done away with. When the time comes we doubt not the means will be provided and the wits forthcoming.

E. E.

August 16, 1886.

# Perverse Socialism.

*(Concluded from our last number.)*

The "Ricardian" economics have been continuously subjected to a double hostile criticism. They dealt with the ideal conditions of competitive Capitalist production, whose aim, as Marx says, is the creation of commodities having value in exchange. The motto of such a system would be *laissez faire;* on the ground that the greatest amount of such commodities would be produced by giving full play to the acquisitive instinct. Politicians of the Manchester School, starting on the assumption (not necessarily made by the Economists, and decidedly opposed by several of them) that such an industrial system was the most desirable for a Society (as indeed it appeared to be for their own class), appealed to "the laws of Political Economy" in resistance to the demands of the proletariat and the philanthropists for Socialistic legislation. Hence the ancient ill-odour of Economics with the philanthropists and the proletariat.

Secondly, there has been the more reasonable, because more relevant, criticism directed against the method of the "Ricardian" School, accusing it of deducing, from arbitrary premises, conclusions which were not true of any existing Society. This criticism has come from the so-called Historical School of Economists, among whom Marx has been classed. It is curious that his greatest work should be a highly abstract dialectical treatise on the ideal Capitalist system, supposed as carried out (as it never has been) to its logical issue, and that his followers should believe that the proletariats are to be brought to Socialism by expositions of the abhorred Ricardian economics.

Under the influence of this double criticism the view taken in this country of Economics, and the theory of Value, as actually determined in modern competitive societies, have developed and advanced until, as every student of economics knows, the analysis of recent writers is as far more complete than that of the Ricardian group, as Ricardo's account of Value is than that of Marx. And dealing, as it does, with the

actual wealth of societies, this analysis affords, as Marx's "Capital" cannot, a scientific basis for truly Socialist teaching. Let us glance at its theory of value.

Whatever has the property of satisfying human desire, is said to have Value in Use, or Utility. All such things are Wealth, in the general sense. The science of economics, or plutology, is only concerned with such things so far as they have a value in exchange. Such things only are Wealth in the special or commercial sense. Utility is the basis of Value in Exchange, or Value in the commercial sense. Nothing can have such Value which is freely obtainable, without obstacle, by all who desire it, by all to whom it has Utility. For no one will give commodities or services for that which he can get without. The obstacles to such free obtaining are in general (*a*) natural monopolies, that is, natural scarcity or limitation of the supply of the commodity or service (*b*) artificial monopolies, that is appropriation of the commodity or service, and (*c*) the circumstance that some exertion or time is requisite for the adjustment of materials to the satisfaction of needs.

The superior limit of the Exchange-value of any commodity or service is determined by its Utility to the purchaser, and its inferior limit by the nature of the considerations which will induce the persons concerned in the process of producing and bringing it to market, to part with their respective contributions to that process. The sum of these considerations is called the cost of production, and the effect of the competition of sellers is to reduce normal Exchange-value to this cost of production. In modern societies this cost of production may be broken up into payments made to various social classes, and the amount of those payments will depend upon the closeness and strength of the monopoly by each class of the power of supplying its contribution to production. The unskilled worker, who by mere human exertion removes the obstacle (*c*) has no monopoly, and he may be forced to part with his contribution in exchange for the bare means of subsistence and reproduction. The skilled contributors, more limited in numbers, and requiring longer education, find themselves possessed of an artificial monopoly which enables them to some extent to raise the price of their contribution, and this, as Cairnes has shown, by more than the additional cost of this education, especially in the middle-class professions. Their position can be still further strengthened by combination. The possessors of land and capital exact their toll, and in every class and every industry the monopolist of special ability sells it at its utmost price, determined as all the other prices are by the competition of his fellows.

It is not that these contributors, or any of them, create value in the product,—the value is given by the utility, and the utility depends on none of them, but on the desires and needs

of society, the purchasers. Two men may be devoting their labour to the production of two commodities, of which one may have infinitely more utility to society, and yet the maker of the other may be better paid. Most people, however, are dominated by the idea that these services are more highly paid because they are more useful, whence it would appear that society has more need of songs than of suppers. So inveterate has become the commercial habit of mind among us. The influence of this confusion between the commercial and the social definition of wealth is evident in the reasonings founded by some Socialists on the asserted premise that the whole wealth of society has been "produced" by "the workers," whereby is generally meant, or understood, persons performing manual labour, and now paid by wages. This habit of expression is descended from the old superstition of some of the earlier economists as to the distinction between productive and unproductive labour. At first agriculture, manual labour employed on the land or in mines, etc., was the only kind deemed productive of wealth. Manufacture was grudgingly admitted to the title, commerce and distributive industry still more so; but it was not until J. S. Mill had written that the distinction was acknowledged to be futile. Yet one might think that to any one passing in review the classes of useful human activity, shading off undistinguishably one into the other, from the mere manual exertion of the unskilled labourer (on Marx's hypothesis, the ultimate source of all value), and the handicrafts of all who "make" things through the enormous departments of traffic and distribution with their armies of all varieties of salaried co-operators from stable-boys to ships' captains, in which the labourers do not appear to "produce" anything, through the adjusters and organizers of production and distribution, and around and between, the physicians, the men of science, the literary classes, the artists, the singers, and the poets, it should have been clear that no division could be made on the ground of the production or non-production of wealth by their activity. We recognise how fruitless is this talk of value being produced by labour. Value exists only in society. Whatever man may be doing, it has no value, and he can exchange it for nothing he requires, unless the fruit of his exertion is useful to men. What claim, then, has any man to demand, as the price of his activity a higher reward than his brothers can command for the only activity which circumstances have left possible to them? This is the lesson of the value-theory of the "bourgeois" economists, "the paid hacks of the Capitalist class"—as we are accustomed to hear Mill, Sidgwick, and the rest of them styled —a theory dealing with individualistic societies as they exist to-day, not with any Ricardo-Marxian abstraction. It is an account of the matter that would have commended itself to

any one who had not sophisticated himself out of his common sense by Poll-parroting the jargon of second-rate economists. Looking at Marx's "Capital" in the only light in which it can seriously be regarded, and assuming the hypothesis underlying its argument, the theorism that Value is proportional to time of labour is unexceptionable enough within the limits of that book. We need not even object to the violent metaphor by which Value may be spoken of as *produced* by labour. But that this was Marx's theory of social wealth and social value only the most superficial reader could suppose. To mistake it for an account of the economy of any existing society would be to ignore the whole import of the criticisms of the Historical on the Deductive School of Economists. And we can estimate the calibre of those professors of Socialism who denounce the "orthodox" economists, while themselves hide-bound in the antique fallacies of infertile wiseacres like MacCulloch.

The teaching of the larger Socialism can only be based on an exposition of the notions of Social Wealth and Social-value. "Capital" is an effective polemic, but the complete Socialist criticism of our economy is, not that it is capitalistic, but that it is individualistic. Capitalism is one among the many forms of exploitation which are the inevitable outcome of unchecked individualist struggle, of the method of deciding what is wealth, not by the question "what is useful to others?" but by the question, "what is profitable to myself?" To convince us of the evils which manifest themselves under the present system, we did not need Marx. We knew that in modern industrial societies Rent and Interest tend to claim an ever-increasing share of the produce of Society. And I am convinced that Marx would have done more service to Socialism had he become known to us as an exponent of its principles rather than as a denouncer of that which is opposed to it. As it is his work is a mine for anti-social arguments. It is assumed on its authority that the whole of the wage-earning classes are actually in the condition pictured by him as their destiny under Capitalism; that all capitalists, or "employers of labour," receive surplus value; the great aim of society is represented as being this particular form of exploitation; if the Capitalist were not, "labour" would get all this surplus itself. It is possible that this kind of argument is used, without too much particularity as to its soundness, under the conviction that it is important, at all costs, and by every means to aggravate discontent with what is. But this argument, which does not strike at individualism, but appeals thereto, is powerless with all but the weak. When it has been suggested that by collectivism the surplus value now lost to the wage-earners will fall to them, we have all of us heard skilled workmen protest that pecuniarily they can do better for themselves under a competitive system than they could under

one of equal wages for all. Any attempt at a physical force revolution on the part of such sections of society as might be incited thereto by the mere hope of increased wealth, in the face of the organisation and intelligence of the sections having vested interests in our present system, would be mere folly. Even were this not so, the fomenting of hatred against one class as the natural enemy of another, cannot be done in a spirit of Socialism. If we may judge from contemporary Socialist journalism in this country, it cannot be done even with common honesty. Virtue and vice are so evenly distributed among all classes of men, that it is difficult to denounce one to another without the aid of libel and misrepresentation. The temperate-minded citizen to whom Socialism is as yet but a hazy idea, but to whom it might become a faith, will not easily be persuaded that these haters of men whom they have seen are the best lovers of mankind, whom they have not seen.

But this denunciation of Capital alone is not merely a mistake in tactics, not merely founded on rotten economic dogmas, not merely a hindrance to wide human tolerance, it is a narrow and a partial form of warfare against the evils of society. Even though it have to be conceded that the scope of Socialism is less than that of Sociology, that the Socialist ideal is smaller than the Positivist, as being concerned with industrial matters only, which few Socialists, I think, would admit, even if the Socialist agitation were to be confined to the attack on exploitation and the appropriation of surplus value, even so, how narrow is the purview of those who attack only those forms of exploitation which yield what economists call rent and interest, not recognizing that every man who appropriates more than his brother can obtain, every man, that is, to whom strength or intelligence, or privilege of any kind gives an advantage in the competitive struggle of to-day, is just as much in receipt of surplus value, just as much an exploiter of his fellow's labour as the ideal Capitalist of Marx.

Socialists will recognise that the natural and artificial advantages which confer their power of exploitation on the product of social evolution, and that, looking to the conviction of Capitalists that their activity is beneficial to society, and to the fact that the instrument and processes necessary for modern production could not have come into existence except under the spur of individual interest (however possible the suppression of that motive by Socialism may now be) will not especially condemn any such class of individuals, nor be extreme to trust them with as little pity as they have shown to their weaker human brethren.

The larger Socialism, as distinguished from mere anti-Capitalism, insists that it is useless to expect the abatement, even of economic evils, by any other revolution other than a

revolution in economic motive. Individualist considerations may prompt to the establishment of a co-operative form of production or distribution, but only the true spirit of co-operation can ensure its working satisfactorily. You may prescribe the appropriation of Capital-rents and of Land-rents by laws. Your laws may be evaded, as such laws have always been. And how will you deal by law with Faculty-rents, which are every whit as truly the product and property of Society? You may abolish all apparent privilege, and do your best to give every man an equal start. That is the time-honoured Liberal programme, and if your object is that every man should do the best for himself in the race for wealth, you will result in a state of things no better than the old. How are Socialists to look for the perfect human religion which alone can make society whole, when they are preaching bitterness and vengeance and war? How are they to promote the reign of sincerity and just dealing, when they take no care to do justice to their opponents? How can they profess to believe that the proletariat are ready for the Social Revolution, while they are insulting the people with disgraceful appeals to the stomach, and the style of argument usually deemed suitable for open-air audiences? How can a Social Revolution be stable, the impulse to which has been individualistic? Habits of mind cannot change in a day. Nothing can supplant the individualist motives for exertion save the new social religion, nothing appease the conflict of rights, save the study and the following of duties. That antithesis of Mazzini's is the key-note of the larger Socialism, as the assertion of the "Rights of Man" is that of the larger Individualism, but the secret of the former is love, and its method Education, while the latter has a root of jealousy, and its paths are red with war.

SYDNEY OLIVIER

# Capital:

## A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

*Translated from the Original German Work,*

**By JOHN BROADHOUSE.**

*(Continued from our last number.)*

But while the treasure-hoarder is only a capitalist run mad, the capitalist is a rational hoarder of treasure. The restless increase of value which the treasure-hoarder thinks he obtains in saving his capital from the dangers of circulation(*i*), the capitalist, more prudent, gets by an ever-renewed circulation of his money(*k*).

The independent form—that is the money-form, which belongs to the commodity-value in simple circulation—serves only as the medium for the exchange of products, and disappears in the final result of the movement. In the circulation M—C—M, on the contrary, commodity and money only figure as different forms of the same value, and in such a way that one is the general and the other the particular, and, so to speak, dissimulated form(*l*). The value constantly passes from one to the other, without loss, in the movement, and becomes, as it were, automatic. If we fix it in either of the

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*i* "Σώζειν," to save, is one of the characteristic expressions of the Greek language, and means the hoarding of treasure. Just so the English verb, "to save," means both to rescue and to be sparing.

*k* "Questo infinito che le cose no hanno in progresso, hanno in giro" (Galiani). [The "infinite" which things do not attain in progression they attain in circulation."—J.B.]

*l* "It is not the material which constitutes capital, but the value of the material" (J. B. Say, "Traité de l'Economie Politique," 3ième ed., Paris, 1816, vol I., chap. 1, p. 428).

forms which, in turn, it takes, we arrive at the following definition :—"Capital is money; capital is a commodity(*m*); but as a matter fact value here presents itself as the subject of a process by which, amidst the constant changes of form of money and commodities, its own bulk is changed, and the result of this process is that the value produces a new thing, *surplus-value*, and thus grows by virtue of its own inherent qualities. Because it *is* value, it has acquired the occult power of making more value, and begets living children, or, at any rate, lays golden eggs.

Seeing that value, when it becomes capital, is the subject of constant variations of aspect and bulk, it is above all things essential that it shall assume an independent form by means of which its identity with itself shall be established. That independent form it only possesses in the shape of money. It is in the shape of money that it begins, ends, and then begins again, the process of spontaneous generation. It was £100; it is now £110, and so on. But money is here only one of the forms of value, of which there are two. Money does not become capital until it assumes the commodity-form. Money has not here a form hostile to the commodity, as it has with the treasure-hoarder. The capitalist knows very well that all commodities, whatever their outward appearance, are in very truth money, veritable circumcised Jews, and wondrous machines for making yet more money.

If in the simple circulation a formal separation is effected between commodities and their value in the shape of money, that value here suddenly reveals itself as a thing having inherent motive power, a thing of which commodities and money alike are merely forms. But further: instead of representing commodity relationships, it now enters, as it were, into private relationship with itself. It differentiates its primitive value from its surplus value, just as God the Father is distinct from God the Son, and yet both are one person; for it is only through the £10 surplus value that the £100 originally advanced becomes capital, and as soon as this is accomplished—as soon, that is, as the son has been begotten by the father, and *vice versâ*—all difference between them vanishes and they are one—£110.

Value thus becomes progressive value, money ever progressing and growing, and, as such, capital. It goes out of the circulation, returns, maintains and multiplies itself there, and thus increased again goes out and repeats ever the same

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*m* "Currency (!) employed to productive purposes is capital" (Macleod, "The Theory and Practice of Banking," London, 1855, vol. I., chap. 1). "Capital is a commodity" (James Mill, "Element of Political Economy," London, 1821, p. 74).

circuit (*n*). M—M plus surplus value, money which hatches money, money which begets money—such is the definition of capital in the mouths of the mercantilists, its first interpreters.

To buy in order to sell, or better still, to buy in order to sell dearer (M—C—M plus surplus value) would seem to be the peculiar formula of only one sort of capital—mercantile capital. But industrial capital is money which converts itself into a commodity, and by the sale of the latter reconverts itself into more money. What passes between purchase and sale, outside the sphere of circulation, changes nothing in this movement. Finally, in the relationships of usurious capital, the formula M—C—M plus surplus value becomes a maimed form, without a middle term, M—M plus surplus value, money which becomes more money, value which is greater than itself.

M—C—M plus surplus value is thus really the general formula of capital as it appears direct in the sphere of circulation.

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*n* "Capital . . . permanent value which endlessly multiplies itself" (Sismondi, "Novueaux Principles de l'Economie politique," vol. I., p. 90).

## CHAPTER V.

### Contradictions of the General Formula of Capital.

The form of circulation by which money is metamorphosised into capital, contradicts all the hitherto developed laws regulating commodities, value, money, and circulation itself. What distinguishes capital circulation from simple circulation, is the inverted succession of the same two contrasted forms, sale and purchase. How can this purely formal difference effect such a magical change even in the very nature of the phenomenon itself?

But this is not all. This inversion only exists for one of the three business friends who deal together. As a capitalist, I buy a commodity of A and sell it to B, while as a mere commodity-possessor I sell commodities to B and buy them of A. This difference does not exist for A and B. They act as buyers or sellers merely. In their presence, I am myself either a simple possessor of money or a simple possessor of commodities, a buyer or a seller, and, to say the truth, I stand to the one, in the two series of transactions, always as a buyer and to the other always as a seller; to the first as money and to the second as commodities; to neither of the two am I capital, or capitalist, or the representative of anything whatever better than commodities or money. From my point of view, my purchase from A and my sale to B form a series, but the links between the two acts exist only for me. B does not trouble himself about my transaction with A, nor A about my transaction with B. If I undertake to prove the service which I render them by inverting the order of the terms, they will prove to me that I am mistaken, and that the transaction, as a whole, does not begin with a purchase and end with a sale, but begins with a sale and ends with a purchase. In reality my first act, the purchase, was from A's point of view a sale; and my second act, the sale, was from B's point of view a purchase.

Not content with this, A and B finish by declaring that the transaction, as a whole, is superfluous, and amounts to nothing more than *hocus pocus*. Why should not the former sell direct to the latter, and the latter buy direct from the former? The

whole becomes thus reduced to a single act of ordinary circulation—a simple sale from A's point of view, and a simple purchase from B's point of view. The inversion of the order of succession of these phases of the movement, has not thus put us outside the sphere of commodity-circulation, and it becomes necessary to examine whether, by its nature, it allows the increase of value which accrues—in other words, the formation of surplus value.

We will take the circulatory process in the form presented to us by a simple exchange of commodities. This is always the case when two exchangers of produce buy from each other, and balance their reciprocal credits on settling day. Money only appears here as money in account, for the purpose of expressing the values of commodities by their price, and the commodities are the only essentials of the transactions. So far as mere Use-values are concerned, it is clear that both exchangers may be gainers. Each gets rid of things which are of no use to him, and acquires things which he wants. And these advantages of his may not be simple ones. A, who sells wine and buys wheat, possibly produces more wine in a given labour-time than wheat-grower B could produce, and B in the same labour-time more wheat than wine-grower A could produce. The first thus obtains for the same Exchange-value more wheat, and the second more wine, than if each was obliged to produce both objects of consumption for himself. With respect to Use-value, it may thus be said that "Exchange is a transaction in which both sides gain" (*o*). It is otherwise with Exchange-value. "A man who possesses much wine and little wheat deals with a man who has much wheat and no wine: between them they exchange wheat to the value of £50 for wine to the same value. This exchange is no increase of Exchange-value either for one or the other, seeing that each possessed before the exchange a value equal to that which he thereby obtains" (*p*). "That money, as a means of circulation, serves as the intermediary between the commodities, and that the acts of sale and purchase may thus be separated, does not affect the question" (*q*). The value of commodities is expressed before their entry into circulation, instead of being the result of that entry (*r*).

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*o* "Exchange is an admirable transaction, in which the two parties always gain (!)" (Destutt de Tracy, "Traité de la Volonté et de ses effets," Paris, 1826, p. 28). The same work appeared later under the title of "Traité de l'Economie politique."

*p* Mercier de la Rivière (*l.c.*, p. 544).

*q* "Whether one of the two values may be money, or both may be ordinary commodities, is a matter of indifference" (*Ibid*, p. 543).

*r* "The contracting parties do not decide the price; that is fixed before they meet" (Le Trosne, *l.c.*, p. 966).

Apart from those accidental circumstances which do not proceed from the immanent laws of simple commodity circulation, nothing happens (further than the replacing of one useful commodity by another) but a simple metamorphosis or change of form of the commodity. The same value, *i.e.*, the same *qnantum* of socially realised labour, remains always in the hands of the exchanger, although he holds it first in the form of his own product, then as money, and, lastly, in the shape of other people's products. The change in form involves no change in value-quantity. The change which proves the value of the commodity is a change of its money-form. It presents itself first as the price of a commodity offered for sale, then as the sum of money expressed in that price, and finally as the price of an equivalent commodity. This change of form does not affect the value-quantity any more than the changing of a £5 note into sovereigns, half-sovereings, and shillings alters its value. Thus, as the circulation of a commodity only implies a change of its value-form, it can only result in an exchange of equivalents. The vulgar economy, so little does it grasp the idea of what value is, supposes that supply and demand balance each other—in other words, that their effect upon value is *nil*. If, then, both exchangers may gain so far as Use-values are concerned, they cannot both gain in respect of Exchange-values. On the contrary, we may apply here the dictum, "Where there is equality there is no gain" (*s*). Commodities may indeed be sold at prices which deviate from their value, but that deviation is a breach of the laws of commodity-exchange(*t*). In its normal form the exchange of commodities is the exchange of equivalents, and consequently cannot be a source of profit(*v*).

*(To be continued).*

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*s* "Dove è equalità, non è lucro" (Galiani, *l.c.* vol. iv. p. 244).

*t* "Exchange is a disadvantage to one of the parties when a thing is raised or lowered in price; then equality is damaged, but the damage arises from the latter cause, and not from the exchange itself" (Le Trosne, *l.c.* p. 904).

*v* "Exchange, in its very nature, is a contract of equality, in which one value is exchanged for an equal value. It is not, therefore, a source of wealth, since nothing is given but what is received" (*Ibid*, p. 903).

# Books of To-Day.

UNDER the title of a "Socialistic Novel," * Mr. Ramsey has given us a series of lectures. There are lectures on almost everything:—On Socialism, in all its aspects, on Christianity, on Agnosticism, on Co-operation, on Education. We do not deny that they are good lectures, and in every way suitable to people who "like lectures," but they are lectures nevertheless, and "Landon Deecroft" is not a novel, socialistic or otherwise. Of course Mr. Ramsey has not left himself without pegs on which to hang his lectures, and the pegs are the hero, or rather first talking gentleman himself, who gives his name to the book; John Rendon, his partner; Miss Annie Binham, subsequently Mrs. Landon Deecroft; and a few miscellaneous persons who come upon the scene, represent various points of view on social questions more or less fairly, and disappear. Mr. Ramsey acknowledges, in so many words, that it is the duty of a novelist to give his readers a story "in an interesting form," and although he confesses that he has not "distinguished himself by a strict adherence to this canon," there is a story in "Landon Deecroft."

Landon Deecroft is a young American farmer "whose sun-embrowned face indicates great capacity for thought—the upper part of the forehead being almost abnormally developed." He had an aquiline nose, prominent brown eyes and black hair. The author has failed in his duty in saying nothing about his hero's tongue, which, judging from its performances, must have been of quite portentous length. He had meditated much on the possibility of founding a communistic agricultural society, and one hot July day "he rises from his rustic seat, and ejaculates to himself, with an air of determination, 'The die is cast: I'll do it!'" After a discussion with his mother and a rather heated altercation with his partner, he does it, and in the end the author is able to say of the subjects of the experiment—"Happy contented peasantry! May they never know the sufferings and the sorrows of the outward world! May *their* strivings after the higher life be the harbinger of the amity of the nations!" At an early period of his career as a practical Socialist, he advertises for a young woman to undertake the education of the children of the community, and then the heroine, Miss Binham, appears upon the scene—this is the way she talks: "It is sufficient at present to say that I fully recognise the responsibilities which must follow the acceptance of the position. Under any system of education the responsibilities of a teacher are great, but under the system you propose to adopt, in which, as I understand it, every circumstance is intended to exercise a beneficial influence on the mind, and promote the healthy physical, intellectual, and moral development of the child, the responsibilities are increased

* "Landon Deecroft," a Socialistic Novel, by Leon Ramsey. Wm. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ten-fold." This is the style of conversation the hero likes, and he falls in love with her. The incident of the story is the tumbling of this advanced young person into a stream from which she is pulled out by the hero who a little later on marries her—and we are not in the least sorry for either of them, though we cannot help feeling a little pity for the possible offspring of the union; they will probably be talked to death long before they are able to run alone.

There is a good deal of thought one way and another in the pages of "Landon Deecroft," but it possesses not the slightest interest as a story, either of incident or character drawing. The hero is a lecturer pure and simple. He lectures his mother, he lectures his partner, he lectures his workmen (at fearsome length) he lectures every visitor who calls upon him, he lectures his *fiancée* though, happily for herself she is quite equal to lecturing back. And the worst of it is that when none of the characters are lecturing each other the remorseless author is lecturiug the wretched reader. Not that that makes much difference, for the characters all talk in exactly the same style, and one constantly has to look back to see if it is the author himself or one of his puppets who is speaking. The style itself is not a good one—it recalls the "Laura-Matilda" effusions of our grandfathers. The negative is constantly inverted—as "penetrated not," "throbbed not to the aspirations," etc. This sort of thing is much too frequent—"Vain hope! Delusive expectancy! We know now how rudely dispelled!" and the author has the pestilent habit of addressing his reader as "dear."

If we seem to be too hard on Mr. Ramsey, he himself is alone to blame. He distinctly tells us on the title page, and again iu the preface, that the book is a "novel." And if he comes before us as a novelist, it is as a novelist that we must criticise—and condemn him.

When we come to speak of him as a thinker on Socialism, and the other great problems of life, we can conscientiously use a different tone. On Socialism, in its every aspect, he has thought deeply and clearly, and is an able and level-headed advocate. All his opponents, individualist, co-operative, and religious, are fairly met. Their cases are ably stated, and ably and most convincingly refuted. Although, as we have said above, his style is not a good one, there are passages in the book both vigorous and eloquent. Here is one of the best: The speaker is fighting the battle of agnosticism against a believer in an All-wise and All-powerful Being:—"It is an incident which was related to me by my father, and I can vouch for its truth. I know that it made an impression on me at the time which I shall never forget. Being troubled with mice, he laid a trap one night, and was surprised next morning to find the dead body of a mouse, and by its side several wee mice, to which the mother had, in her death-agony, given premature birth. The skins of the young were destitute of hair, and the fur of the old one was wet with the sweat of agony. Who can picture the exquisite pain and misery endured by that little mouse-mother? All the suffering that this one mouse endured is sufficient to damn for ever the idea of an All-good and All-powerful Anthropomorphic Deity! Was it a bountiful Providence which ordained that the wolf should devour the lamb, that cats should prey upon mice and birds; birds eat worms, spiders entrap insects . . . . These illustrations are but feeble types of the rest, are but as a particle, nay, a ten-millionth part of a particle of the infinitude of suffering with which Creation teems! Oh! I often think that if the whole of mankind could comprehend the inconceivable amount of pain and misery which existence entails, suffering Humanity would heave one despairing, convulsive sob, which would rend its bleeding heart in twain, annihilate conciousness, and hurl life back into the eternal night of Chaos." To which all a pessimistic reviewer has to say is "Hear, hear, and so say all of us!"

To sum up, we can recommend "Landon Deecroft" to that large class of Semi-Socialists who want to be furnished with arguments for Socialism, and are too lazy or too much occupied to think for themselves. They

will find the whole case clearly put, and written up to date. As for those who look for "thrilling incident" and "exciting adventure"—who prefer the "interesting and amusing" to the "purely instructive," the author himself is good enough to advise them in the preface "to skip the whole," and we can only echo his wholesome advice. "Landon Deecroft" reminds us forcibly of "Sandford aud Merton," but the reader is "Sandford and Merton," and the author is Mr. Barlow all through.

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A VERY different book is Miss Mabel Robinson's "Disenchantment."* The two heroines are, we are told, advanced Socialists, but they do not betray this in their conversation—only Augusta occasionally suggests it in the earlier part of the story. One cannot help thinking that it is a pity Miss Robinson did not put into the mouth of Delia the few Socialistic sentiments which she has been able to collect for her book. In the mouth of Augusta they only make her natural priggishness more marked. Coming from Delia they might have been stamped with the hall-mark of her charm. For Delia is charming, in spite of her flirtatious tendencies and her outrageously frank love-making. This last is cleverly justified, by-the-way, on much better grounds that Delia gives for it. She thinks that her love-making is excused by her great love. Miss Robinson ingeniously gives it the excuse of the utter desolation and despair of the man she loves. The story of "Disenchantment" is a good one—though the incidents are slight—for, as in so many modern novels, incident is subordinated to character drawing. Miss Robinson draws her characters well—with a strong bold hand, and her touch is sometimes masterly. There is no one of the men and women in "Disenchantment" who does not stand out clear and distinct as a cameo. We may except, perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Desborough, who have, however, little to do with the story, and are only sketched in. The other characters are drawn with patient fidelity, and true insight. The gradual working out of the tragic doom that overhangs Philip Preston, is managed with such skill that one lays down the book with a genuine heartache. The utter unsuitability of mind and temperament of Philip and his wife is delicately, yet unshrinkingly, drawn. The novel is in the true sense realistic, and is, therefore, since it is also clever, likely to live. For realism is what the age cries out for, strongly, and on the whole, consistently. There is an increasing distaste for romance, as such, and for shams in fiction, and an increasing hunger for something *real*, even though it be real to the point of brutality.

The recent craze for the unartistic form of romance known as the shilling dreadful,was merely a brief reaction from this craving for reality. The mind of the present generation soon sups full of horrors—while, in its appetite for minute analysis and conscientious realism, it is insatiable. The name of George Moore flows naturally from the pen when it has written the word *realism*. But George Moore can only be read with profit or even common comfort by people with strong stomachs. The weaker brethren turn from his pages with a feeling of reluctant admiration, tempered by a sense as of Channel boats. George Moore cannot describe a street without exposing not only the system of drainage, but the very contents of the sewers, and one feels as one reads, that on the whole he would rather describe the cess-pool than the rose-garden. That is why we contend strongly that he does not give us a true picture of life. Life has unpleasant physical details, it is true, but such details—one is thankful to note—have not the unpleasing prominence which is given to them by Mr. Moore. Miss Robinson's book, though tragically true, only makes us sorry, not sick. There is no "dust-holing" about it.

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* "Disenchantment," by F Mabel Robinson. Vizetelly and Co., London.

No raking in heaps of refuse for scraps of decayed animal and vegetable matter to be offered to the public as "objects of nature."

Miss Robinson does not mind, any more than her gifted sister, calling a spade a spade, but she doesn't call it a "bloody shovel," as the good bishop once suggested. She has a charmingly straightforward way of saying exactly what she means, regardless of the conventional forms of novelistic expression. She does not shrink from unpleasant details where they are needed to make the picture life-like, but she never drags corruption in by the head and shoulders. One feels that it is only in her enthusiasm for whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are of good report, that she has drawn—with a fidelity that must have been intensely painful to her—the blank and the black side of life. The great tragic incident of the story would seem to be borrowed from Ibsen's "Ghosts."

There are no villains in the story, and only one saint—John Preston—who is perhaps a little more than human, and even he does not revolt one as the conventional "good man" in a novel is apt to do.

The book is full of ideas, which, if they are not quite new, are freshly put, and of well-turned and epigrammatic sentences. We should like to quote, but lest we should be seduced into too lengthy extracts, we refain altogether. Miss Robinson is to be congratulated on having well executed a difficult piece of work, and written a novel which is thoughtful without being dull, sparkling without being flippant, tragic without being sentimental, and realistic without being nasty. On the production of a work combining these somewhat rare qualities, the public is likewise to be congratulated.