NOTES ON NEWS.

The Sussex business is growing, and England's hired slaughterers are lending a hand in getting rid of the Dervishes, of whose doings as much as possible has been made in order to give a fresh opportunity for pushing the finances of the market-mongers, and for hammering at the story of this stupendous siege after the manner of the tremendous adventures of Major Googeas, appears likely to produce its fruits in some way or other. Only since the country is clearly not very anxious for anything more "glory" in the Soudan, the list of very popular men now is to keep up Sussex as a running sore, and to push traders up the country so as to involve us in a tangle which shall end at last for the next expedition for the smashing of the Mahdi. The plan is not very new or ingenious, but it is likely to succeed.

Mr. Henry James, the American novelist, has been writing an ingenious paper on the improvement needed by London's muddy feelings; but as a matter of course, his view of the monstrosity is taken from the stand-point of the superior middle-class person, who looks upon the working-classes as an useless machine, and, having no experience of their life, he cannot quite judge the conditions that his fellow-countryman is composed of millions of men, women, and children who are living in misery; that is to say, they are always undergoing torments, the fear of injuring which would make many a "refined" person kill himself rather than submit to them. And to these torments they must get used, as the phrase goes; that is to say, hopeless suffering must be the element in which they live. It is this from which is born the dreadful delight in which poor Juba felt. I am sure that it passes so ingenuously. Does he ever ask himself what is likely to be the final price which his class, who have created this Hell, will have to pay for it?

I should like a view of London from a quite different kind of man from the clever historian of the deadliest corruption of society, the learned and the flirts, and empty forms of which that society is vastly composed, and into whose hearts (?) he can see so clearly. I should like the impressions of London given by one who had been under its sharp-toothed bow.