villages. In that case it is probable that these men who commanded Mr. Stanley's infernal columns were "experimented in" the atrocities of Arab slave-hunting expeditions, and no doubt they had now obtained a thorough knowledge of the business. However, once these detachments fell in with a strong force of the men whose villages they were going to burn, and were slaughtered to a man. The second very nearly shared the same fate, but was rescued by reinforcements dispatched by Mr. Stanley. He then describes with unctuous the work of the other detachments:

"Meanwhile, smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, in consequence of the third and fourth detachments pursuing their way through it; and soon a score or more villages were enveloped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and saw the blinding setting sun of the north and east announce our triumph on all sides. The next day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley and disperse the natives whom we had left on the previous day. Three came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a slight resistance, they entered, loading themselves with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralized, so that our people passed through the new silent and blackened valley without molestation."

Now, even supposing that the previous massacre was amply justified by the "offences" committed by the natives, nothing can justify the acts of inconsideration and pillage committed by Mr. Stanley. It was not a war upon men, it was a war upon women and children, who were left to starve amid the "silent and blackened valley," which had once flourished in abundance and was inhabited by the innocent mirth of thoughtless savages, who had no idea that an enterprising war correspondent was on the way to "civilize" them.

It is not surprising to find after these incidents that Mr. Stanley had very little to do with other African matters. Here is another charming little incident, which I quote in full. It appeared in a letter published in the Daily Telegraph, November 15, 1879, and describes something which happened on the Eastern shores of Lakes Victoria Nyanza, while Stanley was engaged in trading with the Wavuma, a native tribe of the district:

"While we were bargaining for potatoes with this party the other canoes came and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay surreptitious hands upon everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the robbers away with my gun. They jeered at this, and immediately selected their spears and clubs, and they closed in array with some planks, it had stolen, and which a man incidentally held up to my view, mockingly in- stiting us to catch him in the dangerous end of this fire, and the man fell dead in his place. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crew of so-called warriors, who had hastened like prairie to pillage us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the results of which we saw in the conclusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, stilllagging the shores of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of fifteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over a hundred men.

Mr. Stanley seems here to have revived on his own account the ancient criminal law, by punishing the petty theft of a few paltry beads with death. Still the good gentleman doubtless suffered considerable consider- able sympathy for which we can only hope that he may some day shun down by Stanley's repeating rifle, so only "three were shot dead," and a few canoes smashed by the elephant rifle. What a falling off was there from the glorious slaughter of the Watura.

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

ON,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIII.—CONCERNING POLITIC.

Said I: "How do you manage with politics?"

Said Hammond, smiling: "I am glad that it is of use that you ask that question; I do believe that anybody else would have made you express yourself in such words, so I do not mind you telling me your ideas on polities. Indeed, I believe I am the only man in England who would know you what you mean; and since I know, I will answer your question briefly: "There are two kinds of politicians—very few, no politicians have none.

If ever you make a book out of this conversation, put this in a chapter by itself, after the model of old Horrobin's Snakes in Iceland." 

"I will," said I.

CHAP. XIV.—HOW MATTERS ARE MANAGED.

"But," quoth I, "is there no difference of opinion amongst you? Is that necessary?"

"No, not at all," said he, somewhat sniffly; "but I do say that differences of opinion about real solid things need not, and with us do not, crystallize people into parties permanently hostile to one another, with different theories as to the build of the universe and the progress of time. Isn't that what politics used to mean?"

"H'm, well," said I, "I am not so sure of that."

Said he: "I take you, neighbour; they only pretended to this serious difference of opinion; for if it had existed they could not have dealt together in the ordinary business of life; couldn't have eaten together, bought and sold together, gambled together, cheated other people; but they did, however, one of these political parties as I call them, have suited them at all. The game of the masters of politics was to coax or force the public to pay the expense of a luxurious life and exciting amusement for a few clouses of ambitious persons; and the difference of opinion was an excusable difference, for a man's life, when two lives, was quite good enough for that. What has all that got to do with us?"

"Why, nothing, I should hope. But I fear— In short, I have been told that political strife was a necessary result of human nature."

"Human nature!" cried the old boy, impatiently; "what human nature? The human nature of the lordly masters of the human nature of wealthy freemen! Which? Come, tell me that!"

"Well," said I, "I suppose there would be a difference according to circumstance, how the people's actions, in all cases, are in point of view, a matter of some importance. I should think so, indeed," said he. "At all events, experience shows that it is so. Amongst us, our differences concern matters of business, and passing events as to them, and could not divide men permanently. As a rule, the immediate outcome shows which opinion on a given subject is the right one; it is a matter of fact, not of speculation. For instance, it is clearly not easy to knock up a political party to the question as to whether haymaking in such and such a country-side shall begin this week or next, when all men agree that it must at latest begin the week after next, and when any man can go down into the fields himself and see whether the seeds are ripe enough for sowing."

Said I: "And you settle these differences, great and small, by the will of the majority, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said he; "how else could we settle them? You see in our countrymen are merely parties which do not affect the welfare of the community—a man shall dress, what he shall eat and drink, what he shall write and read, and so forth—there can be no difference among us. Indeed, what everybody does agree is as he pleases. But when the matter is of common interest to the whole community, and the doing or not doing something affects everybody, the majority must have their way; unless the minority were to take up arms and show by force that they would not do in the matter, and had a right to do so. How can men who are free and equal is little likely to happen; because in such a community the apparent majority is the real majority, and the others, however long they may resist, will be thrust to the background."

"But, what if it happens that the apparently large majorities are not bound to settle the question?"

"A good question," said I; "but what happens if the divisions are still narrow?"

Said he: "As a matter of principle and according to the rule of suppositions, the question must then lapse, and the majority, if so narrow, has to submit to sitting down under the status quo. But I must tell you that in point of fact the minority very seldom enforces this rule, but generally yields in a friendly manner."

"Why do you say so now?" said I. "I think there is something in all this very like democracy; and I thought that democracy was considered to be in a moribund condition many, many years ago."

The old boy's eyes twinkled. "I grant you that our methods have that drawback. But what is to be done? We cannot amongst us to complain of his not having his own way in the teeth of the community, when it is that everybody cannot have that indulgence. What is to be done?"
April 26, 1890.

THE COMMONWEAL

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE

PIERRE, April 20.—At a meeting of the shoe-carriers engaged in the May demonstration, comrades Moret and Tardieu strongly recommended their participation. He hoped the affair would result in a great strike, and that the demonstration would be secured as a first instalment of what they wanted. Of course, their one great object was to overturn the capitalist Basille. The Anarchist vote was almost unanimous. The meeting was addressed by M. De Lisse (Socialist).—Here is a little some of the joys of country life that brighten very much the comical story of the Peasant. Le Peint (Loire Infer.)—Le Peint is a small village of the 18th century. It is situated on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, and is bounded on the north by the Seine, on the south by the Yonne, and on the west by the Marne. The inhabitants are chiefly farmers and laborers. The village is famous for its fine wines, which are sent to Paris by rail. The population is about 1,000.

BELGIUM

MAY-DAY.—The demonstration this year is an example of the new Socialist journal in an attempt to revive it. It will be a daily and of fair size, and is to be called Le Peint.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM, April 10.—The Municipality has refused to grant the request of several labour societies for permission to hold a parade on May 1, as a demonstration in favour of a normal working day of eight hours.

GERMANY

THE TITANIC OF GERMAN CAPITALISM.—The German capitalists who sent a deputation over here a few months ago to inquire into the relations between masters and workmen have made good use of the knowledge they have now acquired. In a letter to the German Trades Unionist, they have taken to heart the lessons they have learnt from the English bosses, and have formed "powerful and well-organised employers' associations, which pursue the most vigorous and heartless manner.

They have the workmen at their mercy, as they are completely disorganised, and their leaders are 'victimised, starved, and prosecuted' by the organised masters. More and more the employers are issuing edicts that any workman who leaves his work on the Ist of May—"the workers' holiday"—will not be re-engaged. In several works, and if a strike occurs at one of the works, the men are turned out to starve at all the factories belonging to the association. Every day the movement is increasing, and we read of the most tragic and heart-rending cases. In spite of Social Democratic parliamentary victories and imperial receipts, the tyranny of the masters is stronger, worse, and open than ever. It

N. COURS WEAVERS' STRIKE FUND.—Already acknowledged: £10 18s. 4d.—Received: Christina D. Bells, 26, 6d.; Raymond Unwin, 26, 6d.; F. S. Ellis, 21s.

The poem "Two Lads" in the "West of April," was translated by comrade Laura Lafargue, from a German folk-song; the notification to that effect was omitted by accident.