

villages. In that case it is probable that these men who commanded Mr. Stanley's infernal columns were "experienced" in the atrocities of Arab slave-hunting expeditions, and no doubt they had now obtained work which they enjoyed. Unhappily, however, one of 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 to the spot by Stanley. He then describes with unctious the work of the other detachments:

"Meanwhile, smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously; and soon a score or more villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly after the blazing settlements in the north and east announced 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 destroy what had been left on the previous day. These 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 demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation."

Now, even supposing that the previous massacre was amply justified by the "offences" committed by the natives, yet nothing can justify the acts of incendiarism 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 resounded with the innocent mirth of thoughtless savages, who had no idea that an enterprising war correspondent was on the way to "civilise" them.

It is not surprising to find after these incidents that Mr. Stanley had a few more conflicts with other native tribes. Here is another charming little incident, which I quote in full. It appeared in a letter published in the *Daily Telegraph*, November 15, 1875, and describes some events which took place on the Eastern shores of Lake 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 up 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 seized their spears and shields, while one crew hastened away with some beads it had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, mockingly inviting us to catch him. At the dangerous example of this I fired, 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 pirates 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 confusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging 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 disappointment, with which we are sure the kind-hearted reader must sympathise. Fancy! the cowardly natives would not stop to be shot 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 Waturu!

D. J. NICOLL.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XIII.—CONCERNING POLITICS.

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

Said Hammond, smiling: "I am glad that it is of *me* that you ask that question: I do believe that anybody else would have made you explain yourself, or try to do so till you were sickened of asking questions. Indeed, I believe I am the only man in England who would know what you mean; and since I know, I will answer your question briefly by saying that we are very well off as to politics,—because we have none. If ever you make a book out of this conversation, put this in a chapter by itself, after the model of old Horrebow'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 your assertion?"

"No, not at all," said he, somewhat snappishly; "but I do say that differences of opinion about real solid things need not, and with us do not, crystallise 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 together, but must have fought whenever they met: which would not have suited them at all. The game of the masters of politics was to cajole or force the public to pay the expense of a luxurious life and exciting amusement for a few cliques of ambitious persons: and the pretence of serious difference of opinion, belied by every action of their lives, was quite good enough for that. What has all that got to do with us?"

Said I: "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, impetuously; "what human nature? The human nature of paupers, of slaves, of slave-holders, or the human nature of wealthy freemen? Which? Come, tell me that?"

"Well," said I, "I suppose there would be a difference according to circumstances in people's action about these matters."

"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 on 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 cutting."

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 matters which are merely personal which do not affect the welfare of the community—how a man shall dress, what he shall eat and drink, what he shall write and read, and so forth—there can be no difference of opinion, and everybody does 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 were the effective or real majority; which, however, in a society of 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, as I have hinted before, know that too well to obstruct from mere pig-headedness; especially as they have had plenty of opportunity of putting forward their side of the question."

"How is that managed?" said I.

"Well," said he, "let us take one of our units of management, a commune, or a ward, or a parish (for we have all three names, indicating little real distinction between them now, though time was there was a good deal). In such a district, as you would call it, some neighbours think that something ought to be done or undone; a new town-hall built; a clearance of inconvenient houses; or say a stone bridge substituted for some ugly old iron one,—there you have undoing and doing in one. Well, at the next ordinary meeting of the neighbours, or Mote as we call it, according to the ancient tongue of the times before bureaucracy, a neighbour proposes the change, and of course if everybody agrees, there is an end of discussion, except about details. Equally, if no one backs the proposer—'seconds him,' it used to be called—the matter drops for the time being; a thing not likely to happen amongst reasonable men, however, as the proposer is sure to have talked it over with others before the Mote. But supposing the affair proposed and seconded, if a few of the neighbours disagree to it, if they think that the beastly iron bridge will serve a little longer and they don't want to be bothered with building a new one just then, they don't count heads that time, but put off the formal discussion to the next Mote; and meantime arguments pro and con are flying about, and some get printed, so that everybody knows what is going on; and when the Mote comes together again there is a regular discussion and at last a vote by show of hands. If the division is a close one, the question is again put off for further discussion: if the division is a wide one, the minority are asked if they will yield to the more general opinion, which they often, nay, most commonly do. If they refuse, the question is debated a third time, when, if the minority has not perceptibly grown, they always give way; though as a matter of fact, if there is any rule on the case, they might still carry it on further: but I say, what always happens is that they are convinced, not perhaps that their view is the wrong one, but that they cannot persuade or force the community to adopt it."

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

Said he: "As a matter of principle and according to the rule of such cases, 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."

"But do you know," said I, "that 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 can't get *anyone* amongst us to complain of his not always having his own way in the teeth of the community, when it is clear that *everybody* cannot have that indulgence. What is to be done?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know."

Said he: "The only alternatives to our method that I can conceive of are these. First, that we should choose out, or breed, a class of superior persons capable of judging on all matters without consulting the neighbours; that, in short, we should get for ourselves what used to be called an aristocracy of intellect; or, secondly, that for the purpose of safe-guarding the freedom of the individual will, we should revert to a system of private property again, and have slaves and slave-holders once more. What do you think of those two expedients?"

"Well," said I, "there is a third possibility—to wit, that every man should be quite independent of every other, and that thus the tyranny of society should be abolished."

He looked hard at me for a second or two, and then burst out laughing very heartily; and I confess that I joined him. When he recovered himself he nodded at me, and said: "Yes, yes, I quite agree with you—and so we all do."

"Yes," I said, "and besides, it does not press hardly on the minority: for, take this matter of the bridge, no man is obliged to work on it if he doesn't agree to its building. At least, I suppose not."

He smiled, and said: "Shrewdly put; and yet from the point of view of the native of another planet. If the man of the minority does find his feelings hurt, doubtless he may relieve them by refusing to help in building the bridge. But, dear neighbour, that is not a very effective salve for the wound caused by the 'tyranny of a majority' in our society; because all work that is done is either beneficial or hurtful to every member of it. The man is benefited by the bridge-building if it turns out a good thing, and hurt by it if it turns out a bad one, whether he puts a hand to it or not, and meanwhile he is benefiting the bridge-builders by his work, whatever that may be. In fact, I see no help for him except the pleasure of saying 'I told you so' if the bridge-building turns out to be a mistake and hurts him; if it benefits him he must suffer in silence. A terrible tyranny our Communism, is it not? Folk used often to be warned against this very unhappiness in times past, when for every well-fed, contented person you saw a thousand miserable starvelings. Whereas for us, we grow fat and well-liking on the tyranny; a tyranny, to say the truth, not to be made visible by any microscope I know. Don't be afraid, my friend; we are not going to seek for troubles by calling our peace and plenty and happiness by ill names whose very meaning we have forgotten!"

He sat musing for a little, and then started and said: "Are there any more questions, dear guest? The morning is waning fast amidst my garrulity."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(This Story began in No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

IN THE ARGENTINE.

COMMERCE here is in a delightful state of confusion. Gold went up the day before yesterday to 274, and to-day has gone down (!) to 255. Everything is, of course, frightfully dear, and business is paralysed. I believe we are on the eve of very hard times.

It is a great pity to see so many poor emigrants still coming to this country, though I see by the papers to-day that there is a serious falling-off of the numbers in January and February as compared with the same months of last year. The last act of the wretched Irish and English immigration has been played out. The settlers of the Naposta Colony sent a deputation to Buenos Ayres a fortnight ago to wait on the English Immigration Committee, and asked that something should be done for them. You will see the whole matter in a paragraph from the *Southern Cross* of February 14th, which I enclose:

"We regret to hear of very sorrowful accounts from the colony of Naposta. One account says that the owners of chacras will not average a profit of forty paper dollars each after paying the claims of the company. It is the opinion of an intelligent man who has seen the place that the crops of the most industrious Irish colonists will not pay for the interest charged on the land, and the gentleman, who is a great friend of the colony and is most impartial in his estimate, assures us that the Irish colonists have done far better than their English neighbours. Another independent witness thinks that each owner of a chacra will not have an average of 30 dols., or less than £3 sterling, after paying the lion's share of the produce to the company. And we must remember that the Viticola Company was not legally bound to supply provisions to the colony for more than one year, which is now soon to expire. The question is, then, what will become of these unfortunate people? After being infested with vermin in the 'Hotel,' after lying down for several days in the muck of an abandoned stable in the Paseo de Julio, after seeing their little ones die of cold and pestilence by their sides, after passing, in fact, through a 'via crucis' of slander, insult, and injury, they now find themselves, we fear, in the same position as they were in the day they landed from the 'Dresden.' Mr. Bulkley O'Meara, the Dublin information agent, is at present in this city. As he painted this country in such glowing colours to the emigrants, perhaps he will now come to the rescue of those who confided in his words, and interest himself in their behalf."

This will show what false hopes are held out to poor people coming here. From this time I believe the chances of doing anything here will be much less than ever, for the prices of Indian corn and wheat have gone down so much in Europe, that there will soon be perfect stagnation in the export of these articles; and it is on exportation they depend, as the consumption of the country is small compared with production.

There is but little doing here among us, but we are preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune on the 18th.

Four of our comrades who were suspected of having had something to do with the publication of a manifesto to the workers in Buenos Ayres, in September last, have since then been lying in jail in this free country! When they will get out we have not the slightest idea, and this though the man who did it very properly declares he was the sole author of it. Bail was refused for every man who was known to be an Anarchist. Well! the day of reckoning is coming.

J. CREAGHE.

Buenos Ayres, March 5th, 1890.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 20.—At a meeting of the leather-dressers, held to consider the question of taking part in the May-day demonstration, comrade Tortellier strongly recommended their participation. He hoped the affair would result in a general strike, to be closed when the eight-hours day had been secured as a first instalment of what they wanted. Of course, their one great object was to overturn the capitalist Bastille. The Anarchist vote carried the meeting in favour of the demonstration.

LE PIN (Loire Inf.).—Here is a little scene of the joys of country life that might very well have come from 'La Terre.' A farmer of the village of Le Pin was seen by a neighbour to fall senseless while digging and tending his vines. The doctor on arriving finds that his illness is due to starvation, and the man's wife tells how one thing after another, first grain, then the cow, and so on, is sold to pay the rent, the small store of potatoes is consumed, and nothing is left but to die. The desolate scene is no uncommon one among the vineyards of Nantes, where the peasants lived formerly a prosperous if not an easy life. The last good vintage was in 1875; since then the spring frosts have each year ruined the buds; then came the mildew in '77, then the phylloxera in '89. The vines, which need the greatest care in cultivation, and much expenditure, scarcely produce anything now; the peasants, either as owners of some few yards of vineyard, or renting the same, can no longer make a living, as formerly, or even make the rent of their land, and are fallen into a state of the profoundest misery.

LE HAVRE.—Louise Michel held a meeting here last Sunday to an audience of more than 600, the subject of her discourse being the May Day Labour Demonstration. The citoyenne does not pronounce in favour of the same, considering that no practical results are to be expected from it, and according to her the only thing to be done is to prepare for a general strike, which is sure to take place sooner or later.

L'Egalité has again been prosecuted on account of "incitement to riot and murder," and the publisher and editors, Caillava, Zevaco and Couret, have been sentenced to imprisonment and fines varying from three to fifteen months, and 1,000 to 5,000 francs.

MARSEILLES.—The appearance shortly of a new Socialist journal is announced in this town. It will be a daily and of fair size, and is to be called *Le Peuple*.

NOTTEVILLE, DARNETAL, etc. (Normandy).—Various small and incessant tyrannies go on in workshops of some of the small towns of Normandy. For instance, in the matter of fines, we see in glancing down one column of *Le Salariat*, 50 centimes (5d.) for being three minutes late. In another place, the fine is different on different days, as thus: 50 centimes for being late on Monday, 30 c. on other days. When for one cause or another an employé is absent all day, hey presto! 3 francs fine, and this in a workshop where the mean wage per day is only 2 francs. And other innumerable little worries, which seem too trivial to put down, but which all the same help to make up the sum of daily miseries in which the workers live. One scarcely knows which most to execrate, these small day to day tyrannies and slow bleeding by the master in a small way who has only lately and laboriously risen "from the ranks" himself, or the exploitation on a large scale—wholesale, frank, brutal, and impersonal.

BELGIUM.

GHEENT.—The unemployed workmen of Ghent have been marching through the principal streets of the town, accompanied by trumpets, and placards on which is written "Give us work or bread," "Abandoned by man, what is there left for us to do?" etc., etc. A delegation of the unemployed, consisting of nine workmen belonging to nine different trades, was conducted to the presence of the governor. The interview lasted more than an hour, and in the course of it the men explained their situation and asked for employment in public works. The governor replied that he was not empowered to set public works on foot, but that he would transmit the demand to the Government, of which he was only a representative. At the end of the audience the procession re-formed and marched to the office of *Vooruit* to tell the result of the mission, distributing leaflets by the way. Afterwards the delegates were received by the burgomaster at the Hotel de Ville. The manifestation was, as can be seen, of a calm and orderly nature. It remains to be seen if the unemployed of Ghent will get much out of it. M. M.

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, April 19.—The Municipality here 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 TYRANNY OF GERMAN CAPITALISTS.—The German capitalists who sent a deputation over here a few months ago to enquire into the relations between masters and workmen have made good use of the knowledge they have thus acquired. According to the German correspondent of the *Labour Tribune*, they have taken to heart the lesson they have learnt from the English bosses, and have formed "powerful and well-organised employers' associations, which pursue their interests in 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 associated masters. Most of these employers' associations have recently issued an edict that any workman who leaves his work on the 1st of May will be at once dismissed and not employed again in any of the associated 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 tyranny increases and the masters are becoming "more provoking and overbearing than ever." The emperor's philanthropy does not seem to have made the German workmen any better off, and it is simply another demonstration of the powerlessness of legislation to improve the condition of workers. In spite of Social Democratic parliamentary victories and imperial rescripts, the tyranny of the masters grows worse and worse, and open revolt now seems the only course left to the German workmen. N.

Cours Weavers' Strike Fund.—Already acknowledged:—£26 18s. 4d. Received—Christina D. Hills, 2s. 6d.; Raymond Unwin, 2s. 6d.; F. S. Ellis, £1.

The poem "Too Late," in *Weal* of April 5, was translated by comrade Laura Lafargue, from a German folk-song; the notification to that effect was omitted by accident.