arinals the glory of ornamenting the junction of important thoroughfares.

Polishmen perform many offices which they are not compelled to do by statute. They watch the men lost at sea, pounce upon those who make off with the half-pint bottles of whisky, and take care of belated swells on payment of a trilling commission; they assist the Society for the Suppression of Vice by levying taxes upon prostitutes and brothel-keepers; they render thieving a less remunerative profession by exacting blackmail from thieves and resellers; and they save the public the cost of extending police-office accommodation by accepting "tips" from respectable criminals and permitting them to go home to their own more commodious and comfortable mansions.

The marvellous gift which policeman acquire of being able to test by eye-witnesses concerning occurrences which they have not seen, has been much noted and commented upon. The fact that this faculty becomes sometimes so objective or hyio--ideal that they aver to having witnessed incidents which never occurred, has brought it and the police themselves into disrepute with matter-of-fact people. But it should be observed that this faculty is no more personal to the policeman than is the discerning faculty, which result from the possession of this gift are not infrequently balanced by the possession of another of an opposite tendency, which prevents them seeing—or at least reporting—all that the ordinary public is aware of. Two or three policemen are gathered together, riot and disorder dwell in the midst of them.

Bent in principle and they belong to no political party. They are not Socialists, but neither are they Tories, or Liberals, or Radicals—they are simply policemen. They are not opposed to Socialism; they are simply opposed to Socialists. They are not in favour of landladies or capitalists; they are simply in favour of landlords and capitalists. They would club down Liberals and Tories, landlords and capitalists, as jauntily as they do Socialists, crofters, and tenant-farmers if their pay and pensions depended upon their so doing—and perhaps they shall some day.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

(To be concluded.)

NEW'S FROM NOWHERE:
OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. XXVI.—THE UPPER WATERS.

We set Walter afloat on the Berkshire side, amidst all the beauties of Streteley, and so went our ways into what would once have been the deeper country under the foot-hills of the White Horse; and though the contrast between half-recognising whole-sundered incidents of country existed no longer, a feeling of exultation rose within me (as it used to do) at sight of the familiar and still unchanged hills of the Berkshire range.

We stopped at Wallingford for our mid-day meal; and though of course all signs of squaller and poverty had disappeared from the streets of the ancient town, and many ugly houses had been taken down and many pretty new ones put on, I thought it curious that the town still looked the old place I remembered so well; for indeed it looked like that ought to have looked.

At dinner we fell in with an old, but very bright and intelligent man, who seemed in a country way to be another edition of old Hamson. He had an extraordinary detailed knowledge of the ancient history of the country-side from the time of Alfred to the days of the Parlia-

mentary Wars, many events of which, as you may know, were recorded round about that period. But what was more interesting to us, he had detailed record of the period of the change to the present state of things, and told us a great deal about it, and especially of that exodus of the people from the country, which had a gradual recovery by the town-bred people on one side and the country-bred people on the other of those arts of life which they had each lost; which loss, as he told us, at one time gone so far not only was it impossible to mend, but the country would begin to sink as a village. For people in such places had even forgotten how to bake bread, and that at Wallingford, for instance, the bread came down with the newspapers by an early train from London, worked in some way, the explanation which I could not understand. He told us also that the townspeople who came into the country used to pick up the agricultural arts by carefully watching the way in which the machines worked, gathering an idea of handicraft from machinery; because at that time almost everything in and about the fields was done by elaborate machines used quite unintelligently by the labourers. On the other hand, the old men amongst the French, who had managed to teach the younger one gradually a little artisanship, such as those of the saw and the plane, the work of the smithy, and so forth, once more, by that time it was as much or rather, more than:

He would take a machine worth a thousand pounds, and a group of workmen, to do five shillings' worth of work. He showed us, among other things, an account of a certain village council who were working half the day and confounding the other half. He said that in getting to the bottom of some matter which in time past would have been thought quite trivial, as, for example, the due proportions of the water by which the water of the water into which a leg of mutton should be plunged for boiling,—all this jointed to the utter absence of anything like party feeling, which even in a village assembly would certainly have made its appearance in an earlier epoch, was very amusing, and at the same time instructive.

This old man, whose name was Henry Morsom, took us, after our meal and a rest, into a hall which contained a large collection of articles of manufacture and art from the last days of the machine period to that day; and he went over them with us and explained them with great care. They also were very interesting, showing the transition from the makeshift work of the machines (which was at about its worst a little after the Civil War before told of) into the first years of the new handicraft period. Of course, there was much overlapping of the periods: and at first the new handicraft came in very slowly.

"You must remember," said the old antiquary, "that the handicraft was not the result of what was used to be called material necessity: on the contrary, the cantily and oil and capital of the handicraft, the almost all necessary work might have been done by them; and indeed many people at that time and before it used to think that machinery would entirely supersede handicraft; which certainly, on the face of it, would produce a great deal more than the machinery could do. But the strange, was not it, that they should thus ignore that aspiration after complete equality which we now recognise as the bond of all happy human society.

I did not answer, but thought the more. Dick looked thoughtful, and said:

"Strange, neighbour! Well, I don't know. I have often heard my old kinsman say that the one aim of all people before our time was to avoid work, or at least they thought it was; so of course the work which their daily life forced them to do seemed more like work than that which they seemed to choose for themselves."

"Ah, now, they soon began to find out their mistake, and that only slaves and slaveholders could live solely by setting machines going."

"Strange, neighbour!" Dick said, pushing a little as she spoke: "Was not their mistake once more bred of the life of slavery that they had been living?—a life which was always looking upon everything, except mankind, animate and inanimate—'nature,' as people used to call it, as a rival. It was as though they had been thinking in this way that they should try to make 'nature,' their slave, since they thought 'nature' was something outside them."

"Strange, neighbour!" They all were puzzled as to what to do, till they found the feeling against a mechanical life, which had begun before the Great Change amongst people who had leisure to think of such things, was spreading insensibly, till at last under the guise of a pleasure that was not supposed to work in their mind, they began to push out the mechanical toil, which they had once hoped at the best to reduce to narrow limits indeed, but never to get rid of; which, moreover, they found they could not limit as they had hoped to do."

"When did this new revolution gather head? said I."

"In the half-century that followed the Great Change," said Mor-

son, "we began to look at the works of art as works of art, and that works of art were more and more called for. Look here," he said, "here are some of the works of that time—true handiwork, but solid and showing some sense of elegance in the making."

"They are very curious," said I, taking up a piece of pottery from the table. "They look as though they were made by a potter, who was more or less country bred, and who had a hand a little bit like the work of either savages or barbarians, and yet with what would once have been called a hatred of civilization impressed upon them."

"Yes," said Morsom, "you must not look for delicacy there; in that period you could only have got that from a man who was practically a slave. But now, you see," said he, leading me on a little, "we have learned the trick of handicraft, and have added the stamp of refinement of workmanship to the freedom of fancy and imagination."

I looked, and wondered indeed on the dearness and abundance of beauty of the work of men who had at last learned to respect life; and...
as a pleasure, and the satisfaction of the common needs of mankind and the preparation for them as work fit for the best of the race. I missed silently; but last I said—
"We will see."

The old man laughed. "I don't know," said he; "we will meet it when it comes."

"Meanwhile," quoth Dick, "we have got to meet the rest of our day's journey very clearly into the street and down the strand! Will you come a turn with us, neighbour? Our friend is greedy of your stories."

"I will go as far as Oxford with you," said he; "I want a book or two."

"Well, we suppose you will sleep in the old city."

"No," said Dick, "we are going higher up: the bay is waiting there, you know.

Morrow nodded, and we all went into the street together, and got into the boat just above the town bridge. But just as Dick was getting the sculls into the rowlocks, the bows of another boat came castreathing through the locks arch. Even at first sight it was a gay little craft—indeed—bright green, and painted over with elegantly drawn flowers. As it cleared the arch, a figure as bright and gay-clad as the boat rose up in it; a slim girl dressed in light blue silk that fluttered in the draughty wind on the water beneath the figure, and the sun, that as she turned her head to us, and showed her beautiful face, I saw with joy that it was none other than the gay godmother from the abundant garden on Runnymede—Ellen, to wit.

William Morris.

TO BE CONTINUED.

(THIS STORY beguine on No. 209, January 11, 1890. A few sets of Back Numbers can still be had.)

NOTES ON NEWS.

We admire Mr. Cunningham Graham greatly, and we especially like his contention. We admit our acquaintance with the Baptist, which is a admirable Statesman, and we believe it would be better if Mr. Graham, in his zeal for "con- stitutionalism," would occasionally be a little more accurate. It is quite true he might have thought he was quite safe in repeating a western word that, by the way, is used in a constitutional sense among unionists and peace-at-any-price Radicals, when he told the English people last week in a contemporary that "violent revolution is alien to the spirit of tradition of your race." When we hear this sort of thing from an educated man, we are tempted to ask whether his theological study has formed a part of his education. We will ask Mr. Graham, however, if it is not a fact that the English working class, being the better class, thinks that it was crushed into cowardly submission, and crazed into folly and murder, were not the boldest, most stubborn and rebellious race in Europe?

Did you ever hear of Wat Tyler, Mr. Graham, and have you read what Professor Thorold Rogers says about the effect of "violent revolution" in his time? Let us quote the passage from the Professor's book, "Six Centuries of Work and Wages":

"Once in the history of England only—one, perhaps, only in the history of the world—such a party attempted to affect a revolution by force. They nearly succeeded; at least they carried it for a short time the masters of the situation. That this would have been the barest advantage they gained at Mile End had they provided against the triumph of Smithfield, is improbable. But they caused such terror by what they actually did, that they gained all that they clung, and the English labourers for a century or more became virtually free and certainly prosperous."

Now Mr. Graham, in the course of his parliamentary career, do you know the "golden age of the English labourers," the famous fifteenth centry, followed close upon that revolt, which was conducted according to "Continental methods," and included the burning of homes, and hanging and beating of lawyers, tax-gatherers, and other ruling classes of the public weal? Do you also know, Mr. Graham, that Henry VII., one of the most grasping of English kings, was afraid to tax the people because he knew they would rebel, and preferred to tax the nobles instead? Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History" is our authority for this statement. Have you ever heard of Jack Cade, Kett the Tanner, Robert Aske, Lilburne and the Levellers, the Luddites and the phlegmatic Labour Corsets? Why, Mr. Graham, a man of your country and ability ought to be ashamed to talk Manchester Gaskelly. Let's have no more of it.

We are glad to welcome another accession to the "moderate party." Parliamentary candidates run with money from a "friend" suit ill with "Revolutionary Social Democracy." We are not surprised, therefore, that Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History" is our authority for this statement. Have you ever heard of Jack Cade, Kett the Tanner, Robert Aske, Lilburne and the Levellers, the Luddites and the phlegmatic Labour Corsets? Why, Mr. Graham, a man of your country and ability ought to be ashamed to talk Manchester Gaskelly. Let's have no more of it.

There are still some kind-hearted people who believe in that venerable fraud and child kidnapper, Doctor Barnardo. For their benefit we quote part of a report of the meeting of the Chorlton Board of Guardians from the Manchester Evening News of August 11, 1889, which the story is told of a boy who had been sent into slavery and brought back to England at the request of his Guardians. He was two years of age when he was sent to Canada, the story that he told of the life he had lived in Canada was that of the (Mr. Tomlinson's) opinion as to the value of the work of ten years of age when the child died of the fifth standard, and who was made to work on a farm from five in the morning till ten at night. He was not supplied with enough to eat, and then the traders had to pay the farmer, and paid him to send to the child to Canada, the sooner juvenile emigration was stopped the better.

The fact is the whole business is a philanthropic fraud. Poor little boys without any friends are sent out to Canada by hypocritical societies of the Barnardo type, to be worked like slaves by brutal farmers. We have very strong reasons to believe that all the atrocities of our anti-republic system are committed among these helpless children. These guardians are going to investigate the affair. We hope it will be done thoroughly, and are also of opinion that it is done that, that philanthropic swindler Barnardo will find the East-end rather too hot for him.

Our old friend Reynolds last Sunday had the ineffable effrontery to advocate in set terms the unconditional "endowment" of John Burns with the handsome reward of life for his life. He is one of the workers, and as a "reward" for his past labours in their cause! This preposterous proposal throws much light on the motives of some self-dubbed "friends of the people."

No writer in the Commonwealth, no member of the League (so far as we know), has ever joined in the ignoble attacks on Burns which have been made in certain quarters. We, at any rate, hold John Burns in grateful remembrance for his good work done by him, both in spreading revolt and even in organisation, although (as anti-Parliamentarians) we deplored his wasting his energies on County Councils and such-like tomfoolery.

The fact, however, that such a suggestion as this should be seriously entertained, shows how demoralising the whole system of "leadership" is to those "led." If Burns do not repudiate the indirect zeal of his friends, it will also be difficult for the workers to regard him as a "leader" himself. In any case we assume that Free Communists have something better to do with such coin as they possess than to contribute in any form to the support of any "leader."

R. W. B.

LANDLORDISM AND POVERTY.

LANDLORDISM for centuries has been, and is now, the curse of civilisation and the progenitor of crime, vice, and thievery. Poverty follows landlordism as surely as light follows darkness; where we find exorbitant rents, so in proportion do we find an equivalent amount of extreme poverty.

The question then arises—how are we to remove the causes, so as to banish the effect? Is it to be done by constitutional means, or by philanthropic means? Is it to be done by us, or by the constituted authorities? Is it to be done by picketing landlords' dwellings and throwing stones at the windows of these "leaders" and "public men," or do we have to do away with every class of landlordism from the top to the bottom, and do away with every leader and every public man?

All these questions are being discussed daily in all parts of Ireland, where the cruelties of the police, soldiery, and "civic" authorities for the last century have been especially horrible and cold-blooded.

The very materials of the houses in which the workers are forced to live have been paid for several times over, and yet their occupiers have still to pay rent. This is the case with almost every landlord. We, in turn, examine this subject very closely, and I find that the harder the masses work the more wretched and unhappy they become; for by chance they do succeed in obtaining a rise of wages (which we are assured is equivalent to the public), the landlords have been paid off, and their old habits of ruthless robbery are renewed against the already bleeding backs of his victims, and extorts from them in rent the additions they may have obtained by strikes.

Not long ago a friend of mine related to me (what is an everyday occurrence) how he settled some twenty years ago in a very poor neighbour- hood, and earned £600 a year for his services. After a time he managed to build up a decent concern, till about six months ago, when his lease expired, and he applied in the usual course for a renewal, he was told by the landlord, a Mr. Hyndman, that we had to do this man had to get this extra rent from somewhere, consequently down this working-man's wages, and then the landlord had to either do themselves some article of food or clothing, or go and live in a worse slum than in that which they already existed, in order to pay this extra demand made upon their meagre earnings.

Well, to give way to the sentiments of my mind upon this matter, I will quote the words of a celebrated divine: if men are such cowards to put up with this, they deserve to be eaten by lions.

I am glad that we Socialists are fully alive to the situation, and are leading the people in a No Rent crusade. It is time something practical was done to drive this hellish monster, Landlordism, into oblivion.

C. A. Stroux.