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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

THE Kaiser has quite fluttered the capitalistic doves by his rescripts. Of course we get the irrepressible article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, assuring us once more that we are indeed all Socialists now, and praising heaven for the House of Hohenzollern and this last development of Monarchism. Of course, on the other hand, we get the general "Pooh! pooh!" of the orthodox capitalistic press, both Liberal and Tory.

Most of them say, "Ah! Kaiser, here's an opportunity for you! If you would only be good like us English, and have free trade, then we would go to your Congress; then, at last, and not before, would be the time to consider whether our working population should starve or thrive—or, at all events, to pretend to consider it. For, of course, you will understand, that while free trade is a practical question to us, the questions you are suggesting of the duration of the day's labour, the conditions of factories, and so forth, have ceased to be practical questions to us since we passed the consolidation of the Factory Acts in order to make the Factory Hell respectable. And as to our working-classes, we assure you we are not at all afraid of them; they are sheep and like to be shorn, and if they baa a bit under the operation, our nerves are strong enough to bear it. Liberty of the press! Free competition! Unrestricted march of economic laws! Free trade! Imitate us and keep on bawling out these phrases, which cost nothing, and you will live peacefully and die happy."

Well, perhaps! And yet, on the surface of things, it scarcely seems likely that the Kaiser should set out on his enterprise of dishing the Socialists without some reason behind him, even if his step be only an electioneering dodge, as seems likely. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he is impressed, not to say alarmed, by the spread of Socialism, and feels that it would be no bad stroke if he could detach a considerable body of working-men from the Socialist party: a thing which he may consider possible in Germany, where the superstition of loyalty is yet strong. At any rate, if the workers refuse to bite at his phantom minnow, his "intentions" will help to respectabilise his position amongst the respectables of all Europe, and in no case will they cost him much. For who knows if the quarrel with Bismark is anything else than a bit of stage effect? W. M.

Some of our Radical friends have not been best pleased at our exposure from time to time of what hollow shams "Republican institutions" can be. A few weeks ago, when we wrote of the Argentine, they could say, and some of them did, that it was a new country, populated for the most part by a heterogeneous mass of recent immigrants, and still suffering from the effects of Spanish mis-rule. But if they read the reports of the National Convention of the coloured citizens of the United States, they will find that the Stars and Stripes is still the "haunting lie" it was before the war. That in spite of the blood poured out to free the negro, he is only technically free; that so far as he is concerned, "Republican institutions" are a sham and a fraud; that even in the Northern States, where he is allowed to exercise his "political rights," he is still ostracised and treated as a helot. Together with the position of the working-classes in France, Argentina, and the United States, this continued ill-treatment of the negro needs to be accounted for, before we can accept the adequacy of "Republican institutions" to the cure of social ills.

"Ivory is worth over £2,000 per ton, and those advertising 'humanitarian' brigands, Explorer Stanley and Co., have over 600 tons of it." That is how the Sydney *Bulletin* speaks of the sainted person who is an object of worship to Mr. John P. Brown and men of his kidney. Where is divine vengeance and the power of respectability?

The newspapers are talking of another "Carnegie free library," and are praising Mr. Carnegie to the skies because he offers a million dollars for the endowment of a free library. Well! as we have said before, we should like to hear what the sweated iron-workers have to

say about this "generous" disposal of their unpaid earnings. It is all very well to have free libraries, but they would probably have preferred to live decently first of all, and then to have built libraries where they wanted them. "Justice, not Charity."

M. Lemoigne, the well-known French writer, has been speaking plainly to his countrymen, who have been so jubilant about the Russian alliance. He says:

"We foolishly take the northern visitors who flock to the Mediterranean every winter, under the combined attractions of sunshine and the *roulette*, to represent the Tzar and the Russian people; and there is no man to tell us that, behind these idlers and cosmopolitan tourists, there are millions of men far away in the north who know nothing of this superficial agitation, who are ignorant of our very existence, and who acknowledge but one master on earth, whose will to them is that of a god, and whom they are prepared to obey at the sacrifice of their life. We forget in our levity that we have no means of knowing the views of the solitary man who wields such crushing power, or the workings of his mind."

His utterance is quoted by the *Pall Mall*, with the comment:

"M. Lemoigne is wrong in saying that 'we have no means of knowing the views of the solitary man.' The Tzar has expressed them frankly enough, and he never speaks without sincerity. If M. Lemoigne does not know what these views are, it is his own fault for not reading the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

The *Pall Mall* has often enough been accused of being a Russian organ, but has never quite so fully and cynically avowed the fact.

The richest man in Germany, according to recently published statistics, is Herr Krupp, the notorious maker of (legal) murder-machines, whose income for the current year amounts to £279,000. Clearly his business has been flourishing in the past year, for a twelvemonth ago his revenue was officially estimated at "only" £219,000. It is a profitable trade, this tool-making for tyrants. How the poor devils who never get above skeleton-keys and burglar's jemmes must look up to and admire their big brother!

An Anti-Opium League has been formed in Holland, having for its object to bring public opinion to bear on the system of raising revenue from the farming of the opium monopoly in the Dutch West Indies. The manifesto of the League is signed by a considerable number of present or former members of both branches of the Netherlands Legislature, ex-colonial officials, and other influential persons. Anyone who has read 'Baboe Dalima' and 'Ran Away from the Dutch,' must wish all success to the League; though it is difficult for an Englishman who "looks at home" to say much upon the matter. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VI.—A LITTLE SHOPPING.

As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodland into a short street of handsomely built houses, which my companion named to me at once as Piccadilly: the lower part of these I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed fronts, as if to tempt people in, and people stood and looked at them, or went in and came out with parcels under their arms, just like the real thing. On each side of the street ran an elegant arcade to protect foot-passengers, as in some of the old Italian cities. About half-way down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that this also was a centre of some kind, and had its special public buildings.

Said Dick: "Here, you see, is another market on a different plan