

percentage of "genuine Teutonic" words appear in the column from which our cutting is taken?

El Proletario, our most recently born, but very promising Spanish contemporary, in acknowledging receipt of *Commonweal*, adds a kind wish for our prosperity and freedom from confiscation. Well! we are grateful for the wish, but would rather die crushed under the iron heel of despotism than be killed, as so many of our fore-runners and fellows have been, by the neglect and apathy of those for whom we fight.

The *New York Times* makes the following defence of England's aggressive African policy, which is, of course, both accurate and conclusive:

"Great Britain is under a vital and continuous necessity to expand. It is almost if not quite a requirement of national self-preservation that she finds new markets for British products, and the finding of such markets in Africa means the growth of new industries, the products of which can be exchanged for the products of British industry."

Which is to say, that the commercial system can only be kept alive by continually expanding the area of exploitation.

Says the *Sydney Bulletin*:

"Exploiter Stanley, who has been very properly denounced by John Burns as a 'buccaneer,' will probably receive a great reception when he reaches England. Why, no unbiased reasoner knows. He is a mere adventurer, plucky, probably; cruel and unscrupulous, unquestionably. That the blacks of Central Africa should resent his commercial and ostentatious invasion of their native wilds is only natural. The Englishman who resisted the burbling of his country would be considered a patriot and a hero, but Stanley shoots down hundreds of niggers, and while he is hailed as the hero, they are called 'rebels,' 'barbarians,' and 'malicious savages.' The cruelty and rapacity of the self-advertising English explorer is only equalled by the credulity, stupidity, and hypocrisy of his countrymen."

S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IX. (continued).—CONCERNING LOVE.

"HERE is the whole tale," said old Hammond—"a short one enough; and now I hope a happy one: they lived together two years the first time; and then she got it into her head that she was in love with somebody else. So she left poor Dick. But it did not last long, only about a year. Then she came to me, as she was in the habit of bringing her troubles to the old earle, and asked me how Dick was, and whether he was happy, and all the rest of it. So I saw where the land lay, and said that he was very unhappy and not at all well; which last at any rate was a lie—There, you can guess the rest. Clara came to have a long talk with me to-day, but Dick will serve her turn much better. Indeed, if he hadn't chanced in upon me to-day I should have had to have sent for him to-morrow."

"Dear me!" said I. "Have they any children?"

"Yes," said he, "two; they are staying with one of my daughters' at present, where, indeed, Clara has mostly been. I wouldn't lose sight of her, as I felt sure they would come together again; and Dick, who is the best of good fellows, really took the matter to heart. You see, he had no other love to run to, as she had. So I managed it all; as I have done with such-like matters before."

"Ah," said I, "no doubt you wanted to keep them out of the Divorce Court: but I suppose it often has to settle such matters?"

"Then you suppose nonsense," said he. "I know that there used to be such lunatic affairs as divorce-courts: but just consider, all the cases that came into them were matters of property quarrels: and I think, dear guest," said he, smiling, "that though you do come from another planet, you can see from the mere outside look of our world that quarrels about private property could not go on amongst us in our days."

Indeed, my drive from Hammersmith to Bloomsbury, and all the quiet happy life I had seen so many hints of, even apart from my shopping, would have been enough to tell me that "the sacred rights of property," as we used to think of them, were now no more. So I sat silent while the old man took up the thread of the discourse again, and said:

"Well, then, property quarrels being no longer possible, what remains in these matters that a court of law could deal with? Fancy a court for enforcing a contract of passion or sentiment! If such a thing were needed as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the enforcement of contract, such a folly would do that for us."

He was silent again a little, and then said: "You must understand once for all that we have changed these matters; or rather, that our way of looking at them has changed as we have changed within the last two hundred years. We do not deceive ourselves, indeed, or believe that we can get rid of all the trouble that besets the dealings between the sexes. We know that we must face the unhappiness that comes of man and woman confusing the relations between natural passion, and sentiment, and the friendship which, when things go well, softens the awakening from passing illusions: but we are not so mad as to pile up degradation on that unhappiness by engaging in sordid squabbles about livelihood and position, and the power of tyrannising over the children who have been the results of love or lust."

Again he paused awhile, and again went on: "Calf love, mistaken for a heroism that shall be life-long, yet early waning into disappointment; the inexplicable desire that comes on a man of riper years to be the all-in-all to some one woman, whose ordinary human kindness and human beauty he has idealised into superhuman perfection, and made the one object of his desire; or lastly the reasonable longing of a strong and thoughtful man to become the most intimate friend of some beautiful and wise woman, the very type of the beauty and glory of the world which we love so well,—as we exult in all the pleasure and exaltation of spirit which goes with all this, so we set ourselves to bear the sorrow which not unseldom goes with it also; remembering those lines of the ancient poet (I quote roughly from memory of one of the many translations of the nineteenth century):

'For this the Gods have fashioned man's grief and evil day
That still for man hereafter might be the tale and the lay.'

Well, well, 'tis little likely anyhow that all tales shall be lacking or all sorrow cured."

He was silent for some time, and I would not interrupt him. At last he began again: "But you must know that we of these generations are strong and healthy of body, and live easily; we pass our lives in reasonable strife with nature, exercising not one side of ourselves only, but all sides, taking the keenest pleasure in all the life of the world. So it is a point of honour with us not to be self-centred; not to suppose that the world must cease because one man is sorry; therefore we should think it foolish, or if you will, criminal, to exaggerate these matters of sentiment and sensibility: we are no more inclined to eke out our sentimental sorrows than to cherish our bodily pains; and we recognise that there are other pleasures besides love-making. You must remember, also, that we are long-lived, and that therefore beauty both in man and woman is not so fleeting as it was in the days when we were burdened so heavily by self-inflicted diseases. So we shake off these griefs in a way which perhaps the sentimentalists of other times would think contemptible and unheroic, but which we think necessary and manlike. As on the one hand, therefore, we have ceased to be commercial in our love-matters, so also we have ceased to be *artificially* foolish. The folly which comes by nature, the unwisdom of the immature man, or the older man caught in a trap, we must put up with that, nor are we much ashamed of it; but to be conventionally sensitive or sentimental—my friend, I am old and perhaps disappointed, but at least I think we have cast off *some* of the follies of the older world."

He paused, as if for some words of mine; but I held my peace: then he went on: "At least, if I suffer from the tyranny and fickleness of nature or our own want of experience, we neither grimace about it, nor lie. If there must be sundering betwixt those who meant never to sunder, so it must be: but there need be no pretence of unity when the reality of it is gone: nor do we drive those who well know that they are incapable of it to profess an undying sentiment which they cannot really feel: thus, that as that monstrosity of venal lust is no longer possible, so also it is no longer needed. Don't misunderstand me. You did not seem shocked when I told you that there were no law-courts to enforce contracts of sentiment or passion; but so curiously are men made that perhaps you *will* be shocked when I tell you that there is no code of public opinion which takes the place of such courts, and which might be as tyrannical and unreasonable as they were. I do not say that people don't judge their neighbours' conduct—sometimes, doubtless, unfairly. But I *do* say that there is no unvarying conventional set of rules by which people are judged; no bed of Procrustes to stretch or cramp their minds and lives; no hypocritical excommunication which people are *forced* to pronounce, either by unconsidered habit, or by the unexpressed threat of the lesser interdict if they are lax in their hypocrisy. Are you shocked now?"

"N-o—n-o," said I, with some hesitation. "It is all so different."

"At any rate," said he, "one thing I think I can answer for: whatever sentiment there is, it is real—and general; it is not confined to people very specially refined. I am also pretty sure, as I hinted to you just now, that there is not by a great way as much suffering involved in these matters either to men and to women as there used to be. But excuse me for being so prolix on this question! You know you asked to be treated like a being from another planet."

"Indeed I thank you very much," said I. "Now may I ask you about the position of women in your society?"

He laughed very heartily for a man of his years, and said: "It is not without reason that I have got a reputation as a careful student of history. I believe I really do understand 'the Emancipation of Women movement' of the nineteenth century. I doubt if any other man now alive does."

"Well?" said I, a little bit nettled by his merriment.

"Well," said he, "of course you will see that all that is a dead controversy now. The men have no longer any opportunity of tyrannising over the women, or the women over the men; both of which things took place in those old times. The women do what they can do best, and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it or injured by it. This is such a commonplace that I am almost ashamed to state it."

I said, "O; and legislation? do they take any part in that?"

Hammond smiled and said: "I think you may wait for an answer to that question till we get on to the subject of legislation. There may be novelties to you in that subject also."

"Very well," I said; "but about this woman question? I saw at the Guest House that the women were waiting on the men: that seems a little like reaction, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said the old man; "perhaps you think housekeeping an unimportant occupation, not deserving of respect. I believe that was the opinion of the 'advanced' women of the nineteenth century, and their male backers. If it is yours, I recommend to your notice an old Norwegian folk-lore tale called How the Man minded the House, or some such title; the result of which minding was that, after various tribulations, the man and the family cow balanced each other at the end of a rope, the man hanging halfway up the chimney, the cow dangling from the roof, which, after the fashion of the country, was of turf and sloping down low to the ground. Hard on the cow, I think. Of course, no such mishap could happen to such a superior person as yourself," he added, chuckling.

I sat a little uneasy under this dry gibe. Indeed, his manner of treating this latter part of the question seemed to me a little disrespectful.

"Come, now, my friend," quoth he, "don't you know that it is a great pleasure to a clever woman to manage a house skilfully, and to do it so that all the house-mates about her looked pleased, and are grateful to her? And then you know everybody likes to be ordered about by a pretty woman: why, it is one of the pleasantest forms of flirtation. You are not so old that you cannot remember that. Why, I remember it well."

And the old fellow chuckled again, and at last fairly burst out laughing.

"Excuse me," said he, after a while; "I am not laughing at anything you could be thinking of, but at that silly nineteenth century fashion, current amongst rich so-called cultivated people, of ignoring all the steps by which their daily dinner was reached, as matters too low for their lofty intelligence. Useless idiots! Come, now, I am a 'literary man,' as we queer animals used to be called, yet I am a pretty good cook myself."

"So am I," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "I really think you can understand me better than you would seem to do, judging by your words and your silence."

Said I: "Perhaps that is so; but people putting in practice commonly this sense of interest in the ordinary occupations of life rather startles me. I will ask you a question or two presently about that. But I want to return to the position of women amongst you. You have studied the 'emancipation of women' business of the nineteenth century: don't you remember that some of the 'superior' women wanted to emancipate their sex from the bearing of children?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AUSTRALIA.

JOHN BURNS is said here to have refused £1,000 and expenses offered him for an Australian lecturing tour. Of course, Jack knows his own business best, but he would have done great good here, and he needn't have been tender at taking money from the trades-unions, they can afford it; for instance, the assets of the Melbourne Trades' Hall Council are £40,466 over liabilities.

The work of organisation goes merrily on. The federation between the Queensland shearers and the Brisbane wharf labourers is complete. The New South Wales shearers are now negotiating with the Queensland shearers with a view to federation, and a similar desire is expressed by the wharf labourers of both colonies. A conference of wharf-labour delegates will meet in Sydney and one of shearers in Bourke to make arrangements. A delegate has been sent from the Queensland shearers to agree to federate with the New South Wales shearers, provided the latter will join the N.S.W. Maritime Union. Should the proposition be accepted, and the wharf labourers adopt the same conditions, inter-colonial federation will have made a very fair start. The Brisbane lightermen are going to join the federation; they only formed their union three months ago, and it is now over a hundred strong.

The boy-labour question is agitating the Charters Towers miners, and in future lads over eighteen will have to receive men's wages.

The newly-formed Drovers' Union at Tambo has drawn up the following rates of wages:—Cattle: 500, not less than 80s.; 800, not less than 90s.; over 800, not less than 100s.; fats, 200, not less than 80s. Cattle men, 35s. per week, or 30s. if they leave on the road; sheep men, 25s., or 30s. if they go through. Contract (Cattle): 1s. per head per 100 miles for 500 head; 1s. 4d. per head per 100 miles up to 800 head; over 800, 1s. 3d.; small lots as per agreement, but not under 1s. 6d. per head per 100 miles. Sheep: Wages—5,000, up to 80s.; over 5,000, 100s. Contract—5,000, per 1,000 per week, 65s.; over 5,000, per 1,000 per week, 60s.; small lots separate agreement. It is, however, agreed that the scale shall not come into force till next December. In the meantime the squatters are to be approached on the matter.

The Queensland Railway Employes' Conference, which was held so successfully last week, has caused many old-time unionists to open their eyes. A few months ago, when an organiser travelled up and down the lines, there were many who, although they gave in their names, prophesied a dismal failure. The most sanguine hardly dared hope for a 3,000 membership consisting of all grades in the service; and federation with New South Wales and other railway associations seemed a misty dream, but now it is all but brought about. In addition to this, eight hours will undoubtedly constitute a day's work in the near future, for a federation of 30,000 men bound together to protect their common interests is sure to constitute a respectable argument. Besides this, the Commissioners seem anxious to work with instead of against the association, and this means a lot.

I'm not quite sure if the story is true, it probably is, and anyhow I have it on good authority, that Mr. Dow, the Victorian Minister of Agriculture, in the spring glut of butter, purchased 100 tons at from 2d. to 4d. per lb. and sold it for 1s. per lb. The farmers got £2,800 for the product, and their official protector cleared the rice little amount of £8,400. Beats your effete old country, eh?

The Cooks and Stewards Union has submitted a scale for an increase of wages by 10s. to £1 per month for the various classes. The owners have arrived at no decision as yet.

This par. is cut from the *Boomerang*, and shows the "white" kind of a paper it is:

"*Winton Herald*, in noting the proposed labour paper, says: 'The *Boomerang* is a thorough Radical working-man's newspaper, and it is out of the question to attempt any opposition in that quarter. Let the working man unite and obtain their just rights, but by all means leave journalistic work in the proper hands.' The *Herald* is a little out there. The *Boomerang* thinks the labour paper a necessity, and so far from looking upon it as a rival, welcomes it as a friend and helpmate."

The Sydney correspondent of the Melbourne *Standard* having stated that about 2,000 outcasts slept nightly in the public parks and open spaces of Sydney, the statement was much ridiculed by our local press and flatly contradicted by the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which declared that on a dry bright moonlight night its reporter, aided by "an intelligent policeman," had been able to discover only fourteen sleepers in the Domain, the favourite haunt of the homeless. Believing that the latter was even more ridiculous as an under-statement than was the former as an exaggeration, a *Bulletin* man looked up the shelterless last Sunday night. He started operations at 10.30 p.m. at the woolshed on Circular Quay. There he counted one hundred and three persons outstretched on the bales, none of whom owned blankets or any substitute for them, and he was told that before midnight at least fifty more would be added. Seeing some men stretched out in the sheds on hard pieces of timber, and enquiring their reasons for such voluntary martyrdom when a softer couch was available, he found that these were bushmen who believed the exhalations from the wool-yolk to be noxious. He next explored the neighbourhood of Fort Macquarie, and here espied nine more unfortunates stretched out in two and threes on the bare ground. He now made for the Domain, and here, on a dark, damp night, counted one by one with the utmost exactitude 224 poor devils and saw more men under one tree than the *Herald* had done in all its wide expanse. Against the Hospital wall, around the iron shell of the Dispensary and Museum, and under the trees adjoining, were 79 men, those under the trees lying like the spokes of a wheel with their heads towards the butts. Many snored loudly, a few were smoking, and chatting in whispers, about a fourth were rolled up in blankets; perhaps twice as many more were sparsely covered by old sacks, pieces of canvas, and newspapers; the remainder, as a rule, lay on the wet ground with their boots beneath their heads, and their feet enveloped in rags or handkerchiefs. The ground sloping down from the main walk towards Woolloomooloo Bay was then explored, and here were discovered on benches, beneath trees and ledges of rock, 65 slumbers, including three women. He then made for "the Chair." On a narrow point of land, which is surrounded by water on both sides, he was able to unearth, in many cases literally, 53 miserables, but the search was superficial, and more than probably an equal number was passed over, for the footing was so insecure and the night so dark that a broken limb was likely to be the lot of the unwary stranger. Here, too, the wind had more power, and it was difficult to strike a match and even more difficult to obtain a steady light from it when kindled. Turning citywards, he counted twenty-seven more in the vicinity of the main walk and the avenue leading to Macquarie Street. He wound up with Hyde Park, where, it being fairly well lit, he easily detected forty-seven persons, of whom five were women, in every case without covering, sitting or lying on the seats that line the various avenues. It was now nearly three o'clock, and, nothing loth, he turned homeward, having counted without exaggeration 383 open-air sleepers-out, without evoking an oath, indecent expression, or ill-tempered word from the many whom he disturbed, and believing that, on a more favourable night, extended inspection of the wharves with their timber-stacks and other shelter, the vessels alongside, including cargo-boats, ferry and pleasure-steamers, tramway waiting rooms, tram-cars, the Figtree Baths, the University Paddock, Flagstaff Hill, Church Hill Reserve, Fyrmont Quarries, Prince Alfred, Belmore, Cook, Centennial, and other parks would certainly double the number. Taking the relative populations into account, I think we in "beautiful Sydney" beat your "effete civilisation" once more! Yet I suppose emigration touters are still telling workmen at home to come out here.

Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 26, 1890.

CORNSTALK.

"REAL LADY" SERVANTS.

"It is so often said that the plan of engaging ladies as domestic servants does not succeed, that it is satisfactory to hear at least of one case where the plan has been tried most satisfactorily by a lady who has a domestic establishment both in London and in the country. The eternal servant question—cropping up in a recent conversation with this lady (writes a lady representative to the *Fall Mail*) I asked her how the plan of employing educated women of the upper classes as servants had answered. 'It has been entirely successful,' was the reply, 'and my servants are now always ladies. I have one a housemaid, a charming girl, who is the daughter of a medical man, and all of whose male relations are professional men, and who does her work as thoroughly and as well as any ordinary servant could be expected to do it.'"

If we are not "all Socialists now" at least we are all Democrats (plus a good deal of humbug, I'm afraid). It seems that there is some sort of movement going on for housewives to get "real ladies" for their servants. How charming and touching this is! Think of the romance of feeling that your soups were made by a sweet girl who murmured snatches of verse from Browning or Lewis Morris as she bent over her pots and pans, or that your boots had been made shining or brilliant for the day by a young person who brought all the powers of a higher intellect to bear on the lowly task! It is so delightful to feel that one's house is full of refinement above and below stairs. For mind you, in the case I have before me, the worthy housewife does not have her lady servants at meals with her, though "otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment." The noble matron who says this seems to be of that terrible class of ladies admired among their friends as "excellent housekeepers," and though obviously the most well-meaning of her sex, and relaxing in the evening towards her servants to the extent of a game of whist with them "in my drawing-room after dinner," displays a denseness and want of sympathy which I always fancy the peculiar property of the British matron (though being a Briton myself I may be prejudiced). I am usually inclined to mistrust the well-meaning of housewives who get up and proclaim loudly that they are so good to their domestics (but usually say nothing as to wages!); the women who are really on friendly and sympathetic terms with those who serve them, and honestly feel the unpleasantness (to say the least) of the position of "mistress and maid," do not advertise the fact on the house-tops that these friendly relations exist; they are a matter-of-course and a part of their lives.

M. M.