NOTES ON NEWS.

The Kaiser has quite flattened the capitalists down by his rescripts. Of course we get the irresponsible articles in the Pull Mall, assuring us once more that we are indeed all Socialists now, a persisting heaven for the House of Hohenlohe and this last development of Monarchism. Of course, on the other hand, we get the general "Fools! fools!" of the orthodox capitalist 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 at long last, 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. We passed the consolidation of the Factory Acts in order to make the Factory Act respectable. And as to our working-class, we assure you we are not at all afraid of them; they are sheep and will be sheared, and if they have a bit under the operation of our nerves are strong enough to bear it. Liberty of the press! Free competition! Unrestricted march of economic laws! Free trade! Imposition on and 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 seems more likely that the Kaiser should set out on his enterprises of displacing the Socialists without some reason behind him, even if his step be only an abject surrender, as successful. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he is impressed, not so much by the spread of Socialism, and feels that it would be no bad stroke if he could detach a considerable body of workingmen from the Socialists, when he may consider possible in Germany, where the apprehension of loyalty is yet strong. At any rate, if the workers refuse to bite at his phantom mấtic test, he will call in his political rambler to disport his political rambler amongst the respectability of all Europe, and in no case will they cost him much. For who knows if the quarrel with France is anything else than a bit of strategy? W. M.

Some of our Radical friends have not been best pleased at our expense from time to time of what hollow sham "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, ungoverned for the most part by a heterogeneous mass of renegade imigrants, and still suffering from the effects of Spanish misrule. But if they read the reports of the National Convention of the colored citizens of the United States, they will find that the Stars and Stripes is still the "rastoon flag" 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 the "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 ostracized and treated as a helot. Together with the position of the working-class 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.

"Ivy is worth over $5,000 per ton, and those advertise "humanitarian" bequests, "Foreign Savings Co." have over 600 tons of it!" That is how the Sydney Bulletin speaks of the existent 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 responsibility?

The newspapers are talking of another "Garnett Free Library," and we ask, Mr. Garnett to the skies because he offers a million dollars for the endowment of a Free Library! Well, we have said before, we should like to hear what the sweeted low-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, and Charity."

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

"We foolishly take the Northern victors who flock to the Mediterranean by winter, under the combined attractions of sunshine and the delicious drink, to represent the Tsar and the Russian people; and there is an essential condition, 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 whom is that of the Tsar, and 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 address is quoted by the Pull Mall, with the comment:

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

The Pull 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-machineries, whose income for the current year amounts to $279,000. Clearly his business has been flourishing in the past year, for a truce-wage ear, 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 jobs and beggars themselves must look up to and admire his big brother!

An Anti-Opsin League has been formed in Holland, having for its object to bring public opinion to bear on the system of raising revenue from the farms 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 Netherland Legislature, ex-colonial officials, and other influential persons. Anyone who has read 'Bahore Dulla' and 'Run Away from the Dutch,' must with all success to the League; though it is difficult for an Englishman who "looks at home" to say much upon the matter.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,
AN EPOCH OF REST.

BRING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VI.—A LITTLE SHOPPING.

As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodlands into a street of grandly built houses, which my companion named to me at once as Hms Semmish; the lower part of them I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of all the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed frontage; as to the people it was easy to understand which 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 halfway down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that 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.

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From most others: the upper stories of these houses are used for guestrooms; for people from all the country come up to drink up bitter herbs; and there are several shops and stores which are open, and there are people who are fond of

"Yes, I said, 'this is a very good market for pretty things, and also mostly used for the handsomer goods, as the Houses of Parliament market, where they are always covered and torned and such things, along with the public, that is the biggest and the roughest kind of wine, so it is near.'

Then he looked at me curiously, and said, 'Perhaps you would like to do little shopping, as you desired.'

I asked if any one there might see my rough blue duds, which I had had plenty of opportunity of contrasting with the gay attire of the citizen we had come across, and I thought that if, as seemed likely, I should presently be all be, about the curiosity of the omnibus driver, who should like to keep a little less like a discharged ship's purser. But in spite of all that had happened, my hand went down into the pocket again, where to my dismay it was nothing metallo except two rusty old keys, and I remembered that since my talk in the guest-hall at Hamelmoor I had taken the cash and put it away in the pocket to make the public feel that I was in the habit of being in the habit of being in the

"What do you think could be done about them?"

He didn't seem in the least inclined to laugh, but said quite gravely: "O they don't get new clothes yet. You see my great-grandfather was an antiquarian, and he will want to see you just as you are. And, you know, I can't take you, but I am sure it wouldn't be right for you to bring your clothes into the city.

"Dear me!" I said, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too

"Of course," said he, "what I am thinking of, not asking you before! Well, Bob is always telling me that we women-smokers are a selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just

"Well, Bob is always telling me that we women-smokers are a selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just

"The truth is that there are so many of them that every Jack may have his Jill; else I fear that we should get fighting for them. Indeed, said he, becoming very grave, 'I don't say that it does happen even now, sometimes. For you know love is not a very reasonable thing, and perversity and self-will are commoner than some of our moralists think.' He added in a still more solemn tone to the one, 'Bob is a man, and in that end costs the two men and a woman, and as it was put out the sunlight for us a while. Don't ask me about it just not, I may tell you about it later on.'

By this time we were between the shop or booth, which had a counter, and shelves on the wall all near, though without any presence of showmen, who were not very different in what I had been used to. Within were a couple of children—a brown-skinned boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty little girl of about a year old, who was sitting also behind the counter; they were cheerful, bright, and clear.

"Good morning, little neighbours," said Dick. "My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe; can you help him?"

"I said the girl was of some decent appearance, which was somewhat amusing. The boy looked up, and fell staring at my outlandish attire, but presently returned and turned his head, as if he had not been so much taken aback as to think of what he said; but he had not taken his place when I put out the sunlight for us a while. Don't ask me about it just not, I may tell you about it later on.'

"Dear neighbours," said the girl, with the most solemn countenance of a child playing at keeping shop, "what tobaccos is it you would like?"

"I felt as if they were sitting at a child's gate, and wondering whether I should get anything but a pipe to light.

But the girl took a dainty little stick from a shelf beside her, put it to her, and took it up, and lit it, and the pipe had turned black, and the boy was smoking, and the girl was still holding the stick in her hand, and saying something to her brother about the tobacco; and the boy was still staring at the stick in her hand, and wondering whether I should get anything but a pipe to light.

"But you haven't weighed it," said I, "and—how much is—what do you take?"

"Why," said she, "I advise you to weigh your bag, because you are going where you can't get tobacco. Where is your bag?"

"She had not taken his place when I put out the sunlight for us a while. Don't ask me about it just not, I may tell you about it later on.'

"Dear me!" I said, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too

"Tell me when you want to get down and I'll stop for you. Let's go on."

"So we got under way again; and I asked if children generally went on in the markets. "Often enough," said he, "when it isn't a master of dealing with heavy weights, but by no means always. The children like to amuse themselves with it, and it is good for them, because they handle a lot of chest of drawers and get to learn about them, the sort they are made in and how they come from, and so on. Besides, it is such a very easy work that any boy can do it. It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a great number of people who were hereafter afflicted with a disease called Dementia, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used the people who worked for them, and the people who are called slave-holders or employers of labour in the history books. Well, these Dementia-striked people had to serve breakfast to all their time, because that is the only way they can believe that at one time.
they were actually compelled to do some such work, because they saw their parents and other grown-up persons, who are either sick, or are suffering from a short course of feverish maladies, carry it off. It is sometimes called the bible-devil now, or the Mullegybra. Queen near :

"Yes," said I, "poorly indeed. But the old man broke in :"

"Yes, all that is true, neighbour; and I have seen some of those people close to the old men, and all considered, I think it is a great deal better off than the Parisians. They are at home, and the police seem to be quite ready to interfere; whereas here, if they are "noisy," the police do not interfere. They have only three weeks absence and ten days absence, and I have not heard of any being forbidden to be executed as anything said or did to them. No wonder they are unhappy children, for no one can see such men like them could be in the matter of the "poor things.""

He stopped, and seemed to be musing on his past life, and then said :

"And do you know, neighbours, that once on a time people were all anxious about that disease of insane, which at one time gave us a great deal of trouble in trying to cure people of it. Have you not read all the medical books on the subject?"

"No," said I; "for the old man was speaking to me.

"Well," he said, "it was thought at the time that it was the survival of the ancient disease of madness. It seems it was very contagious, for many of the people affected by it were much secluded, and were walked upon by a special class of diseased persons querulous dreamers and that they might be known. They were among other garments, breeches made of woollen velvet, that stuff which used to be called plush some years ago."

I told him it was not foreign to me, and I should like to have made the old man take more. But Dick kept going over to me in a much excited way: besides, I suspect he wanted to keep me as fresh as he could for his great-grandfather. So he burst out laughing and said: "Why, Benoît, you are outside the law in this, but I can't help it. Many people are not liking to work —it's too ridiculous. Why, you even like to work, old fellow—another thing," said he, confidentially putting the old house under my nose. "Where there is no work, there may be no Mullegybra."

He laughed out again most boisterously —rather, too much so, I thought, for his usual good manners; and I laughed with him for company's sake, but from the teeth outward only: for I saw a deal of funny in people not liking to work, as you may well imagine.

[As above]

IN PARIS.

It happened to be at the Bourre du troux last week, to hear how it stood with the general strike movement, and when in the secretary's office, citizen Ribeslar showed me a letter he had just received from a certain citizen (illegible), Benoît, or something like that, at the Board of Trade, London, asking for information as to the working of our Bourre du troux, as being of the greatest importance, and asking me in a telegraphic form the making allowance, that is, for misapplied precent, which wound very hard when the price of the bread rose. No, citizen Ribeslar will improve if he crosses several context with French Socialists, and it will improve if he and his fellow-Cookish good if they preserve in their bold enter-

Having read the letter, my friend Ribeslar asked for my opinion upon it.

"I think," said I, "that the Englishman should be allowed to us for information about our Bourre du troux, for the whole of Europe knows that England is a mighty country, and that our aim is to make use of this municipal grant to settle disputes between masters and men, and not to find employment for the unemployed—which, indeed, would be impossible, as we have double the number of paid for the work at any time of the year. No, one aim is to fight the capitalists to the bit, and I am sure if you say this to your answer — Mr. Bennett, as no doubt you will, for it is a fact, we will not favour you with another answer."

Having said so much, I burst into a hearty laugh, whereas the general secretary started at me and amusedly joined in the laugh, without knowing what was the joke. He then soon became conscious of my good humor, during which I asked him to lend us some assistance, and to give us a Purse of 50,000,000 for one central labour exchange, promoting several annuities in different places. This the budget would admit of."

"Before we had this first building, working-men used to meet on certain squares, and the old men, who had filled tillers came to engage them. Now the workmen don't come to us, and I am sure, that if he is not being paid, they go out of hand, and those who are paid in the usual way, to do the same work, and it will never work properly unless the Government does away with the other."

I have many enemies, and all of them, I think, are as much satisfied as you can be with any paper."

"Yes," said I, "I have read all the newspapers here and abroad, and have a right to hold meetings here, under the law, or as near as they are

Only a small proportion of the workers are engaged in unions, and have a right to hold meetings here, under the law, or as near as they are