

Miscellaneous.

ARISTOCRATIC FEAR AND DISTRUST OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER:

SIR,—One of the most instructive, and yet painful, facts illustrated by the reform agitation which has prevailed in this country during the last twelve months (but which there is every reason to believe must be continued for an indefinite period with greater fervency than ever, before the just rights of the toiling millions have been acknowledged by the legislature,) is the suspicion, the distrust, and the terror with which the privileged classes regard their unenfranchised fellow-subjects.

Stated in its naked truthfulness, the fact is simply this—that the privileged orders do not give the working classes, as a body, any credit for being actuated by a love of justice, order, or wise laws. In the estimation of his rulers, and the class from which his rulers are taken, the typical English working man is at heart a robber, an incendiary, and a ruffian, who, for the gratification of malignant passion, would not shrink from the perpetration of the grossest outrages on the persons and property of those who happen to be obnoxious to him. Neither the fear nor the love of God—neither the hatefulness of crime, nor the attractiveness of virtue—is sufficiently potent to prevent the unenfranchised millions from plunging into a wild saturnalia of riot, confusion, spoliation, and massacre, whenever the opportunity or temptation present themselves. Yes, in the opinion of our hereditary ruler, as shown by their acts, if not by their verbal professions, the bludgeon of the policeman, the gyves and fetters of the gaoler, and the rope of the hangman are the main security of society against the lawlessness of the "lower orders," as the drones of the community contemptuously and habitually designate the hard-working men and women who create the wealth in which privileged idlers revel.

The proofs that such is the estimate entertained of the bulk of the working classes by the ruling classes, are palpable and patent to any person who chooses to look for them. It may, however, be useful to glance at a few of them.

About ten months ago, the reformers of London, in order to refute the double calumny of indifference to and unworthiness of, the franchise, resolved to meet in Hyde Park, which is a people's park, because it has been bought and is kept up by the people's money. The Government—the representative and tool of the ruling classes—took instant alarm. It was at once assumed that the only object of the reformers was to let loose the demons of spoliation and massacre upon the metropolis. Therefore, most elaborate military preparations were made to shoot or sabre down the assembled reformers. In addition to this, the gates of the park were shut in the people's face. We all know the immediate result. The iron fencing of the park went down under the mighty popular pressure, as easily as a field of rushes bends beneath the wind—as easily, but much more hopelessly, for when the breeze has passed the rushes rise again, but the railings of Hyde park fell to rise no more.

It is admitted that the military precautions were unnecessary, and the shutting of the park both illegal and unconstitutional, and such an infraction of public right as in other ages might have cost a minister his head and a sovereign his throne.

Yet, this year, after the discovery and admission of the blunders of last year, more extensive military preparations were made against the working classes than those of last year. Thousands of special constables were sworn in and armed, to break the heads of such of the working classes as manifested their determination to procure the franchise. More than 5,000 policemen were assembled in and around the Park. This, with the special constables, said to be about 15,000, would give a force of 20,000 men—almost as great as the purely English force engaged at Waterloo—arrayed against the workmen of London.

But even this huge force did not suffice to allay the terrors of the privileged classes. So a huge military array—huge absolutely and relatively to the standing army of this country—was

concentrated so as to be available at a moment's notice. Large reinforcements, including several regiments of cavalry, were sent from Aldershot. These, in addition to the usual household and other troops, gave at the very least a force of 15,000 regular troops. So that what with the special constables, the metropolitan police, the regiments of foot, horse, and artillery gathered in London, here was an army of from 35,000 to 40,000 men arrayed against the Reform League and the London working classes.

But the strongest proof of aristocratic or ruling-class distrust of their unenfranchised countrymen is to be found in the various reforms introduced by successive Governments during the last fifteen years. Every one of these Bills had for its object to exclude as many of the working classes as possible from the franchise. This was the central and fundamental principle of every one of these Bills. Even Mr. Gladstone's Bill was no exception. Our rulers acted like a dishonest tradesman, who, instead of considering and endeavoring to pay as much as he could, made use of every dirty, dishonest means in his power to put off his creditors with the smallest possible instalment of their claims.

Of course, every person with brains in his head knows that this distrust and terror are utterly unjustifiable; everybody out of the pale of Conservatism knows that if the working classes were the mad destructives which aristocratic Reform Bills assume them to be, public peace would be impossible. For the property of the country is at the mercy of the working classes, and were they either incendiaries or robbers, not all the policemen, special constables, and soldiers at the disposal of the Government, be they ministers Whig or Tory, would be able to save society for a single week. If out of the six millions of adult Englishmen, now branded as political pariahs, three millions, or even one million, were animated with anarchic and anti-social aspirations, nothing less than a military despotism of the most rigorous description could preserve for the "upper ten thousand" their present monopoly of political power. The great characteristic of the working classes is that they are pre-eminently peace-loving and excessively patient under insults and injuries which would have provoked the other classes to rebellion. Indeed, the working classes are too averse from the short, sharp, and decisive measures to which the other classes have frequently resorted, and not in vain, for the redress of their grievances. The working classes have never yet in England rebelled against the throne. They neither secretly murdered nor judiciously executed a crowned head, however deserving of such a fate he might be. They never, as a class, appealed to the sword, or plunged the land in the bloody sea of internecine strife, to relieve themselves of an obnoxious tax. The never plundered the Established Church, robbed convents, confiscated estates, changed dynasties, nor effected "glorious revolutions." But all these things the aristocratic classes have done. I will not stop here to ask whether, if the working classes had done these things, they would now be the despised and down-trodden "masses" that they are. I only point to these notorious historical antecedents of the two orders, to show how utterly groundless is the distrust entertained by our rulers and legislators of the unenfranchised toiling millions. This distrust is for the most part the prompting of accusing consciences. It is natural, indeed inevitable, that the authors of injustice should be afraid of their victims. Our rulers know that they are doing to the working classes what they would not have the working classes do unto them. The belief that their own safety is bound up with the iniquitous institutions and cruel one-sided laws which now exist. Therefore they will resist to the utmost the extension to the working man of those political privileges which the lazy and worthless classes now enjoy.

NORTHUMBRIAN.

THE German Beet Sugar Co. are succeeding better in their enterprise than they anticipated. They have made about 80,000 pounds of sugar and used up about one-sixth of their last year's crop of beets. The sugar made at their works is of a superior quality. We see no good reason why Illinois cannot be a sugar exporting State.—[Peoria Transcript.]

THE JAPANESE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

In the modest caravansary on the corner of Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street, north-east corner, are domiciled a party of copper-colored men, women and children, ranging from the maturer age of forty to the tender age of ten years. By profession they are jugglers, acrobats, tricksters, cooks, musicians, washers, ironers, tumblers and posturers. Their dress in public is gorgeous, in private plain or nothing. It was our fortune yesterday to meet little "All Right," and his father, with the wonderful name, in the street. They were surrounded by curious boys, young and old, and seemed anxious to get to their lodging. Together we rode to their hotel, and accepting a courteous invitation, we entered and examined. In the passage way at the head of the stairs two servants were washing, in the adjoining room they were cooking, in a room beyond the young people were variously employed, and in a room across the hall the older people were preparing for the evening. Thinking it might be of interest to the public to know how these peaceable strangers live, and noticing that they in no instance adopted the American style, we made the following notes:—

In the cook-room one reckless culinary artist sported a simple black band of cloth across his back and one of white across his loins, while regardless of visitors he "picked up" some cold codfish from a huge specimen that hung on the wall between portraits of Washington and Jackson. On the table by his side was a dish of chopped clams, lettuce, mustard, beets and pickles, and near it a large tin bowl full of steamed rice, said to be highly esteemed by the Japs. Each particle was separate, distinct from the others, and the mess (of rice) was not only savory but toothsome. A second cook, with hair enough on his head to furnish Grace Church with chignons for a season, stirred lazily with a long stick a mussy-looking preparation, the name of which we failed to get, but it was very long and sounded nicely. This cook was older and wore more clothes.

In the second room we saw little "All Right," and half a dozen other little monkeys of both genders. "All Right" was kneeling down by a trunk counting his money. He had just come in from a walk, and distributed among the children some large horse-chestnuts, which they ate with a relish. One boy was on his back, feet in the air, balancing a long roll of blankets, occasionally throwing the roll high up in the air, so that he might turn a summersault before it came down. The little girl, who is said to be an expert top-spinner, was poking rice, and salad, and clams, and nuts, and pickles, and candy into her mouth as fast as two sharp chopsticks would carry them. A third was asleep on the floor-laid mattress. The others were playing with an inflated balloon, while a Chinese boy, about 14 years of age, looked on with a sad expression and a downcast countenance. The chief top-spinner was looking through an opera glass at the people in the street. On the floor of the little, three-cornered, cramped room, were laid half a dozen miniature mattresses, on which the Japs sleep at night. In the room across the hall which must be twelve feet long by six feet wide, we found a young gentleman cross-legged on a bed, "tum-tum" in hand, accompanying his sister, who sat on a bed by his side with her "tum-tum" in hand—the two making the most outlandish caricature of music we have ever heard. He was a fine looking fellow, with much development of hair, but no eye-brows to speak of or clothes to criticise. She was by no means ugly, but her hair was divided off into a species of landscape gardening suggestive at once of geometry, botany and a great deal of patience. On a bed adjoining those was an older woman—perhaps thirty—whose forte is "tricks." She showed us her photograph and thanked us for saying it was "very pretty," which it wasn't. Her hair arrangements were also very extensive, somewhat complicated, and quite greasy. Her clothing it would be impossible to describe, for we saw only a sample of it.

At another bed sat a melancholy Jap, with a sombre-hued "tum-tum" in his hand, from which he thumbed out leisurely at intervals a series of ear-splitting tones, quite effective, but by no means pleasant. This youth, whose front head is miraculously shaved, is

the identical Jap chap who mounts the loose tight-rope and swings himself in the most abandoned manner, courting a severe fall and a sudden death at every turn. No wonder that he plays a dismal tune. Near him, and wholly unmindful of any one, were two tumblers—not glass, but flesh and blood boys, about twelve years old.

They were all very polite. The ladies smiled pleasantly, sang as best they could, tum-tummed very hard and very long, showed us pictures and said, "thank you," the men bowed very low, showed us a variety of pictures, tried very hard to understand our broken English and deaf and dumb signs, offered us rice, and in default of forks, "chops."

When we departed the boys and girls ran after us, saying, "good bye" and "glad you come," while the men and women shook hands cordially, and very gracefully sped the parting guest. On the whole it can't be nice to be a Jap. Setting aside the hari-kari business, and the color and the hair and the grease and the prevailing notions in regard to clothing, there are insuperable objections connected with their ideas of privacy—brother, sister, another man and wife, a third man and two boys, all sleeping in a little box of a room—their tastes in food, their habits of squatting, their infernal music, and all that sort of thing, which Miss Ophelia characterizes as "shiftlessness," which would forever interfere with the naturalization of a genuine Yankee into a regular built Jap. These specimens are civil, quiet, orderly, kind and peaceable—they certainly are wonderful in their line of art, but beyond that nothing.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Home Journal* gives the following description of these personages as he saw them alight one day at the Exhibition:—"The Emperor is habited in a dark brown overcoat, a high silk hat, bent at the rim, dark vest and breeches, and, on his breast, he wears the order of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. A diamond pin shines in his bosom, and he wears a fob-chain, with a diamond seal. Bowing to a few opportunities the people gave him by raising their hats, he is seen to smile in an automaton and wooden way, and to be a thick-set man, and more body than legs, with very little neck in length, and a good deal of bilious breadth to it, as if it fattened on fluids. His face is swarthy and swollen, crossed by a waxed moustache, which hides the mouth, but the jaws are square and shaven, and darkly outlined on his white necktie; he has a fair character nose, alert ears, and grizzled hair, but his eyes are grey and baffling, set under bushy brows, without talk or confidence in them at any gleam, turned inward and only looking out like the tail of a squirrel, that winks from its nest. The lower half of the face is all animal; the upper all sphynx—and this is the Emperor of France. The Empress, who bows very sweetly, and very often, inviting attention rather than responding to it, is attired in her most becoming robes—a purple brown satin dress, with a long trail, and velvet bonnet to match, neatly cut and richly laced and looped; around her shoulders a black satin cloak, with velvet trimmings, gives fullness, with shapeliness, to her long and elegant waist, and her color is heightened to correspond with her eyes, which are always full of soft and fascinating expression. She looks younger, but not too young for her husband, her features are regular and pretty, but not of the strength which reflects intellect, nor so beautiful as to pass the average of handsome women. She is a pretty Empress."

CHEAP BATHING.—Arrangements are now being made in several of the English villages for insuring a free use of soap and water among the poor. At Redhill, for example, hot and cold baths are provided three days a week—for women and children from 1 to 5 o'clock, and for men from 6 to 9 o'clock—free of all charge except a penny for soap and use of towels. A bath may be had on special evenings for sixpence. A wash house has been fitted up, with coppers, tubs, a patent wringing machine, etc., with an ironing room attached, available three days a week at the charge of a penny an hour, soap and soda being sold at cost price. Special care is taken to prevent the linen from houses in which infectious diseases exist being received into any part of the building.