Brown to reflect a little. If he will only try to formulate, in some calmer moment, the benefit which has been conferred by Mr. Stanley on the "bare working class"; if he will only try really to find out how and why Mr. Stanley has done it, or the things with a little sagacity and a desire to learn, he will find that the heroic figure of his imagination will dwindle down to something like the dimensions of a commercial traveller crossed with a footpad.

**NEWS FROM NOWHERE:**

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

**CHAP. III. (continued).—The Guest House and Breakfast Therein.**

I looked over my shoulder, and saw something flash and gleam in the sunlight that lay across the hall; so I turned round, and at my ease saw a splendour figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as all eyes are apt to see, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armour. The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the other, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women. He came and sat down at my table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and crossing them, which I would loyally follow the chair to; the man is tall and well-built people may use affection. He was a man in the prime of life, but looked as happy as a child who has just got a new toy. He bowed gracefully to me, and said—

"Dear lady, we are not allowed to use these cloisters, but we have come here to see your church, and are told that you have some fine cloisters in the town.

Her Dick broke in: "No, please, Boffin! let it alone for a minute. Of course you can ask the lady your question of, all with answering her questions, and then perhaps you will be able to answer my questions, for you see.

Here Dick broke in: "No, please, Boffin! let it alone for a minute. Of course you can ask the lady your question of, all with answering her questions, and then perhaps you will be able to answer my questions, for you see.

I stared at Dick; for I wondered at his speaking to such a dignified-looking person so familiarly, not to say curtly; for thought that this was an old meal, with the great name of Dickens, must be at least a senator of these strange people. However, he went on and said, "All right, old ear-wearer, whatever you like; this is not one of my busy days; and though I am a condescending bow to me—"my pleasure of a talk with this learned guest is put off, I admit that you should see your worthy kinsman as soon as possible. Besides, he perhaps he will be the better able to answer my questions after his own have been answered.

And therewith he turned and swung himself out of the hall. When he was well gone, I said: "Is it wrong to ask what Mr. Boffin is? whose name, by the way, reminds me of many pleasant hours passed with him."

Dick laughed. "Yes, yes," said he, "as it does us. I see you take the abolition of course his real name is not Boffin, but Henry John- son, we say, because he is a joke, partly because he is a dignitary, and partly because he will dress so softly, and get as much gold on him as a baron in the Middle Ages. As why should he not if he likes! only we are his special friends, you know, of course we just with him.

I held my tongue for some time after that; but Dick went on: "He is a capital fellow, and you can't help liking him; but he has a weakness: he will spend his time in writing reactionary novels, and is a strenuous advocate of classical rules. Dick, because he thinks you come from some forgotten corner of the earth, where people are unhappy, and consequently interesting to a story-teller, he thinks he may get some information out of you. O, he will be quite straightforward with you, for that matter. Only for your own comfort, beware of him!"

"Well, Dick," said the weaver, doggedly, "I think his novels are very good."

"Of course you do," said Dick; "birds of a feather flock together; mathematics and antiquarian novels stand on much the same footing. But here he comes again."

And away the Golden Dustman hauled us from the hall-door; — so we all got up and went into the porch, before which, with a strong grey horse in the streets, stood a carriage ready for us which I could not help noticing. It was light and handy, but had none of that sickening vulgar; by which I had known as inexpressible from the carriages of our time, especially the elegant ones, but was as graceful and pleasant in line as a Westminster waggon. We got in, Dick and I. The girls, who had come into the porch to see us off, waved their hands to us; the weaver nodded kindly; the dustman bowed as gracefully as a troubadour; Dick shook the reins, and we were off.

**CHAP. IV.—A MARKET BY THE WAY.**

We turned away from the river at once, and were soon in the main road that runs through Hammersmith. But I should have no further do so, for if this mien would come+ from the water's edge, for King Street was gone, and the highway ran through wide sunny meadows and garden-like tillage. The Creek, which we crossed at once, had been rescued from its culvert, and so went over its pretty bridge with all its water swollen by the tide. The water was grand with different sizes. There were houses about, some on the road, some among the fields with pleasant lanes leading down to them, and each sur- rounding by a terrace; the garden of the same was such as is alive in the fourteenth century; a sensation helped out by the costume of the people that we met or passed, in whose dress there was nothing "modern." Almost everybody was gaily dressed, but especially the women; the men wore the most gorgeous costumes of buildings and courts, low, but very handsomely built and ornamented, and in that way forming a great contrast to the pretentiousness of the houses round about; while above this lower building rose the steep lead- covered roof and his high outer walls. There we pass the wall of a great hall, of a splendid and exuberant style of architecture, of which one can say little more than that it seemed to me to embrace the best qualities of the Gothic of northern Europe with those of the Renaissance at Rome. The window was in the angle, though it was not exactly of this description.

On the other, the south side, of the road was an octagonal building with a high roof, not unlike the Baptistry at Florence, except that it was supported by columns; and that clearly made an arcade or cloisters to it: it was also most delicately ornamented.

This whole mass of architecture which we had come upon so suddenly from amidst the pleasant fields was not only exquisitely beautiful in itself, but it bore such a sort of reverberation to me of the whole existence of life that I was exhilarated to a pitch that I had never yet reached.

I fairly chuckled for pleasure. My friend seemed to under- stand it, and sat looking on me with a pleased and affectionate interest. He pulled me up, and, with great cordiality, put his arm round a healthy-looking people, men, women, and children, very gaily dressed, and which were clearly market carts, as they were full of very tempting-looking country produce.

I "I should be a fool if I didn't," said I.

He blushed a little as he said: "I am glad of that, too, because I had a hand in it; I made the great doors, which are of damask- green that overlaid the one when one has seen an illumination of a face; but we ought to be getting on now. As to the market, this is not one of our busy days; so we shall do better with it another time, because you will see more people.

I thanked him, and said: "Are these the regular country people? What very pretty girls there are amongst them."

As I spoke, my eye caught the face of a beautiful woman, tall, dark-haired, and white-skinned, dressed in a pretty light-green dress in honour of the season and the hot day, who smiled kindly on me, and more kindly still, I thought, on Dick; so I stopped a minute, but presently went on.

But Dick told me not of any of the country-looking people I should have expected to see at a market—I mean selling things there."

"I don't understand," said he, "what kind of people you would expect to see; nor quite what you mean by country people? These people, their neighbours, and their friends run in the Thames Valley. There are parts of these islands which are rougher and rainier than we are here, and there people are rougher in their dress; and they themselves are more vigorous and more enterprising; and us, who are so like their looks better than ours; they say they have more character in them—that's the word. Well, it's a matter of taste.—Anyhow the cross between us and them generally turns out well," added he, thought-

I thought his eye rather wandered from me, and didn't wonder, for that pretty girl was just disappearing through the gate with her big basket of early peas, and I myself felt that dispointed kind of feeling which overcame one when one has seen an illumination of a face; but we were gone down the streets which one is never likely to see again; and I was silent a little. At last I said: "What I mean is, that I haven't seen any poor people about—not one."
THE COMMONWEAL

February 1, 1890.

This resolution has been published in a leaflet, written in the Russian lan-
guage, and is signed by E. Stepanov, Ch. Turevich, E. Achtinski, members of the committee of the Paris Russian Club.

UNITED STATES.

We bear with much regret that the Supreme Court of the United States has rejected the appeal of comrades John Most, the editor of the Freiheit, the organ of the German working-men's party. This is a reversal of his former conclusion, and a re-assertion of one year's imprisonment for vindicating the noble cause of the emancipation of America. The last number of comrade Mosse's paper announces that in the course of this year the Freiheit will be published in eight parts of four. This change will be the best answer comrade Mosse could give to the magistrates for their vindictive sentence.

VICTOR DAVE.

SWEDEN.

From the 1st of April the Stockholm paper Social-Democrats is going to be published as a weekly paper. Social-Democrats has been very good as a monthly, and we only hope that its staff and the support of the North Swed-

ian workers will be strong enough to make it good as a daily. Folkets Blad (Gothenburg) has been compelled to close. Considering that Gothenburg is the second largest city in Sweden, with a strong working-men's population, this is a matter of concern.

On December 29th, the 1890th number of the London paper The Advocate has been published, in a small book ("Genom Gallrette", 'Through the Lattice Window") with poetry and some short stories. They are not only inspired with a truly revolutionary enthusiasm, but are also nearly all of them brilliant art.

Danielsson seems to be one of those very rare, highly gifted persons with exceptional capacities as well for science as for art. They are perhaps the most useful men that Sweden has. The 1st of February Danielsson will leave prison, after a detention of eighteen months.

DENMARK.

The Social-Democrats (of Copenhagen) has not said a word about the seven "revolutionists" since their expulsion became a fact. But it does not mean that the Danish Social-Democrats are not conscious of the fact. There are rumours that Arbejdereen is soon going to become a daily. Just now the majority of the Social-Democrats in Denmark is having a meeting to discuss the elections to the miserable Danish Diet, which for several years has been held by the autocratic Estrian ministry—or rather, by that likeness oon mob which it is.

And to-day's Copenhagen Bizet appears with a new song. It is by a Socialistic paper recommended as a great and beautiful aim for the special exertions of Socialists! That is really very likely giving stones to those who cry for bread.

ST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STANLEY.

Dear Sir,—Some one sent me last Saturday's issue, and I am glad to find my few concernings expressed in the columns of your paper. Social-Democrats has been very good as a monthly, and we only hope that its staff and the support of the North Swed-

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W. PARKER SOW.

A PROTEST.

"Some of us must be content to die in the wilderness." So said a Fabian. And surely it is too true that many of us will die in "the wilderness." But the question is, how shall we die; and what are we to do in the wilderness? How? He is, to my knowledge, the very hardest! Tis not to sit and consider which is the most convenient method to the privileged and brass-hearted of saving the poor from their merciless clutches. No; there is a wider, nobler, altogether humane way of acting. Moses "looked this way and that way," and seeing none about, slew the Egyptian slave-driver, and put the noblest king of all the world to his place. Had Moses ninety and nine lives to lose, he should have slain the Egyptian even if it had been the whole armed forces of Egypt be by.

It is our business to raise up the new, the most unflinching, the most clear-seeing spirit of revolt that can be, and as quickly as can be too. So that the ruling classes cannot understand, cannot interpret the handwriting on the wall. What shall we calmly see our lives and the lives of our beloved friends and brothers trapped under foot? Shall we feel the tremendous weight of the door of insolence, and allow them to win us and not stir the deepest depths of our manhood? And in the case of death, fearless, all of them excepting of being agents in the perpetuation of this gigantic curse, and that we do on the privileged, you the masters, you are murdering us body and soul for no good. For no to yourselfs, you the owners of the entire slaves of humanity, you will not take the stopping from your ears. No; your feet are tangled in the carcasses of our brothers and lovers and children; you will not deprive your full privileges or you will be unknown in the decrees of the universe. And to this end you shall have to bring the best defenses of your bodies to save our bodies alive. We tell you plainly, that with the greatest of the most dying and with the most inevitable tread, we will step up to you and strike your pitiful and you will not falter, we will not cringe, we will not calculate, but manfully take from you that power by which you rule. We will do this because we are men, and it is natural that all particular interests should unite for the common welfare.——Cure.