NEWS FROM NOWHERE: OR, AN EPOCH OF REST.

EUON: SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

Part II. (continued.)—A Montrose Russo.

I FEEL that I must make some conversation; so I printed to the Surrey bank, where I noticed some light plate stairs running down the hill, and with kindness at the land-end of them, and said,

"What are they doing with those stairs?" I was not to give to a neighbour, unless he had done some special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing; but pardon me for saying that it seems to be a trouble to me and I don't know how to manage. And you see this ferrying and giving

people casts about the water is my business, which I would do for nothing, but to take gifts in connection with some trade, and I can't. In the first place, if one person says, I've something, then another might, and another and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I couldn't know where to stay away from my own business.

And he laughed loud and merrily, and said, "I can't imagine what's for his work was a very funny joke. I confess I began to be afraid that the man was mad, though he looked so much in earnest; and I was rather glad to think that I was a man enough to take a deep swift stream. However, he went on by no means as a sailor:

"As to your coins, they are curious, but not very old; they seem to be of the reign of Victoria; you might give them to some coinally

-furnished museum. Ours has enough of such coins, besides a fair number of earlier ones, many of which are of the seventeenth century, and some of the eighteenth century, which are so scarce, and there are some of the nineteenth century ones which are so scarce, and so fine. We have a piece of Edward III, with the lion in a ship, and little leopards and lions-de-jus all around the general, so delicately worked. You see," he said, with somewhat of a smirk, "I am fond of working in gold and

fine metals; this battle here is an early piece of mine."

"I am sure your sort is of less value than the influence of that doubt to that house," he continued. So he broke off short, and said in a kind voice:

"But I see that I am boring you, and I ask your pardon. For, not to go into matters, I can tell you that you are a stranger, and must come and live and make a house in a place very unlike England. But I do hope that you may do to overcome you with information about this place, and that you will find it is little by little. Further, I should take it as a very kind in you if you would allow me to be the resource of a new world to you, since you have stumped on me first. Though indeed it will be a more kindness on your part, for almost anybody would make as good a house here, and much better.

There certainly seemed no flavor in him of Colney Hatch; and besides I thought I could easily shake him off if it turned out that he really was mad; so I said:

"It is a very kind offer, but it is difficult for me to accept it, unless—" I was going to say, unless you will let me pay you property; for I am not sure how to make up my own mind, I am not sure whether your country, to which I am going, is an opportunity of doing a good turn to a friend of mine, who wants to come to my work here. He is a weaver from Yorkshire, who has rather done overdone himself between his weaving and his business; but I'm sure he wants to come here and get to him some outdoor work. If you can you think you can put up with me, may take me as your guide."

"He added presently: "It is true that I have promised to go up

stream for the hay-harvest; but they aren't ready for us for more than a week; and besides, you might go with me, you know, and see some very nice people, besides making notes of our ways in Oxfordshire. You could hardly do better if you want to see the country."

I felt myself obliged to thank him, whatever might come of it; and added eagerly:

"Well, then, that's settled. I will give my friend a call; he is living in the Guest House like you, and if he isn't up yet, he ought to be this fine summer morning."

He went off and took a little silver bag, which he found in his pocket and blew two or three sharp but agreeable notes on it, and presently from the house which stood on the site of the old window (of which there were no more here) another young man came running towards us, which was so well-built and so beautiful that he could have been a gentleman.

"I am glad that you have not been over Ellson's."

I blushed for my fatigue as the words slipped out of my mouth, and my companion looked at me with a smile which I thought I understood; so he bid me go and see the shores of the London river; and there was one close on the tow.
DRIVE THE RICH ROBBERS AWAY.

Tune—"Drive the cold Winter away"—
Wolfe's has a moral from the Inebriate, a soul above life in a ditch.

No joke will now, but come on with us now
To break down the power of the rich.

You know very well, the poor live to ill,
In a slum and honourable family.

So join in our band, with heart and with hand,
To drive the rich robbers away.

The man who controls the bodies and souls
Of his fellows, because they are poor;
Who swells all his wealth from town and ill-health,
And steals all their priceless life,
A wolf with man's face, he's a fox to his race,
He swaggers and walks like the rich;
He never will mend until we make an end,
And drive the rich robbers away.

Not much do we get, however we errant,
Our masters' goods must make us,
And for the soul, we must be content.

The landlord shall sense of it take,
The kids and the wife must leave the place,
The master must less at the game;
The game is so played, the rules of its made,
Nor the workers have long to pay;
And well do we know, it must be so,
Till we drive the rich robbers away.

They can with pride in cargo ride,
We go on foot in the cold;
It is we who provide; while, whatever bottles,
We are the cash of the state.

Indeed we deserve to suffer and starve,
Until no longer they dare.
There rise like a man, and do all that you can,
To drive the rich robbers away.

AN GHAOLAIN.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

At Dusseldorf, a new Socialist paper is about to be published under the title of Frankfurter Volkszeitung (The People's Voice of Frankfurt). At Munich, the Wochenpost (Distributed of Munich), as a daily organ of socialists and trade unions, has published an account of recent events in the Reichstag. At Dresden, the Sozialisti Arbeiterzeitung (Socialist Worker's paper) will be published. At Magdeburg a new trade paper, Wanderjahr, will shortly come into existence. As it seems, Bismarck has not yet got its "good" conditions under which our two Anarchist pamphlets, entitled "Arbeidersl" (Out of Work) and "The 11th of November" (in the midst of the war), have been published by the Berlin authorities.

Our correspondent Bruno Reinsdorf, the brother of August Reinsdorf, who was beheaded four years ago for taking the principal part in the Niederwald attempt, has been arrested at Posen, a small village of Saxony, on his return from Berlin, where he was working in the Frankfurter printing departement. The reason given for his arrest is such a stupidly false one that we hope he will not be kept in jail any longer. A most strange event has recently occurred at Carlsruhe, M. Guttentag, royal attorney at the supreme tribunal of the grand duchy of Baden, has resigned his position as a result of the popular demonstration against the social democratic party. It is true, he thinks that this clever attorney shall not longer sit on the bench.

BELGIUM.

One of the chief followers of the social revolution movement in Belgium has been killed in Brussels, not an unusual reward for many who have given all their life and all their energies to the cause of the proletariat, Nicolas Godin was born at Liège, in the year 1853. A tall, shrewd, and proficent man, he was at the same time an exceedingly clever popular writer. It was Godin who published the first paper in Belgium which was exclusively devoted to the workers' cause. He died in this city, and in that of 1853 at Paris. In the last year of his life he became more and more prominent in the various democratic and revolutionary movements of his own country and France. He has always been, he can truly assert, the right man in the right place; and the Belgian proletariat will undoubtedly remember most kindly the old "pale Godin."