

Brown to reflect a little. If he will only try to formulate, in some calm moment, the benefit which has been conferred by Mr. Stanley on the "true working class"; if he will only try really to find out to how much of "mankind generally" Mr. Stanley has been a "benefactor," if he will only do these things with a little earnestness and a genuine desire for truth, he will find that the heroic figure of his imagination will dwindle down to something like the dimensions of a common-day 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 splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, 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 others, 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 our table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and hanging his arm over the chair in the slowly graceful way which tall and well-built people may use without affectation. 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—

"I see clearly that you are the guest, of whom Annie has just told me, who have come from some distant country that does not know of us or our ways of life. So I daresay you would not mind answering me a few questions; for you see—"

Here Dick broke in: "No, please, Boffin! let it alone for the present. Of course you want the guest to be happy and comfortable; and how can that be if he has to trouble himself with answering all sorts of questions while he is still confused with all the new customs and people about him? No, no: I am going to take him where he can ask questions himself, and have them answered; that is to my great-grandfather in Bloomsbury: and I am sure you can't have anything to say against that. So instead of bothering you, had much better go out to James Allen's and get a carriage for me, as I shall drive him up myself; and please tell Jim to let me have the old grey, for I can drive a wherry much better than a carriage. Jump up, old fellow, and don't be disappointed; our guest will keep himself for you and your stories."

I stared at Dick; for I wondered at his speaking to such a dignified-looking personage so familiarly, not to say curiously; for I thought that this Mr. Boffin, in spite of his well-known name out of Dickens, must be at the least a senator of these strange people. However, he got up and said, "All right, old oar-wearer, whatever you like; this is not one of my busy days; and though" (with a condescending bow to me) "my pleasure of a talk with this learned guest is put off, I admit that he ought to see your worthy kinsman as soon as possible. Besides, 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 in reading Dickens."

Dick laughed. "Yes, yes," said he, "as it does us. I see you take the allusion. Of course his real name is not Boffin, but Henry Johnson; we only call him Boffin as a joke, partly because he is a dustman, and partly because he will dress so showily, 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, so of course we jest 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 very proud of getting the local colour right, as he calls it; and as 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 in effect the Golden Dustman hailed us from the hall-door; so we all got up and went into the porch, before which, with a strong grey horse in the shafts, stood a carriage ready for us which I could not help noticing. It was light and handy, but had none of that sickening vulgarity which I had known as inseparable from the carriages of our time, especially the "elegant" ones, but was as graceful and pleasant in line as a Western wagon. 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 had no guess as to where I was if I had not started from the waterside; 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 as we went over its pretty bridge we saw its waters, yet swollen by the tide, covered with gay boats of different sizes. There were houses about, some on the road, some among the fields with pleasant lanes leading down to them, and each surrounded by a teeming garden. They were all pretty in design, and as solid as might be, but countryfied in appearance, like yeomen's dwellings; some of them of red brick like those by the river, but more of timber and plaster, which were by the necessity of their construction so like mediæval houses of the same materials that I fairly felt as if I were 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, who were so well-looking, or even so handsome, that I could scarcely refrain my tongue from calling my companion's attention to the fact. Some faces I saw that were thoughtful, and in these I noticed great nobility of expression, but none that had a glimmer of unhappiness, and the greater part (we came upon a good many people) were frankly and openly joyous.

I thought I knew the Broadway by the lie of the roads that meet there. On the north side of the road was a range of buildings and courts, low, but very handsomely built and ornamented, and in that way forming a great contrast to the unpretentiousness of the houses round about; while above this lower building rose the steep lead-covered roof and the buttresses and higher part of 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 Saracenic and Byzantine, though there was no copying of any one of these styles. On the other, the south side, of the road was an octagonal building with a high roof, not unlike the Baptistery at Florence, except that it was surrounded by a lean-to that clearly made an arcade or cloisters to it: it also was 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 upon it the expression of such generosity and abundance of life that I was exhilarated to a pitch that I had never yet reached. I fairly chuckled for pleasure. My friend seemed to understand it, and sat looking on me with a pleased and affectionate interest. We had pulled up amongst a crowd of carts, wherein sat handsome 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 said, "I need not ask if this is a market, for I see clearly that it is; but what market is it that it is so splendid? And what is the glorious hall there, and what is the building on the south side?"

"O," said he, "it is just our Hammersmith market; and I am glad you like it so much, for we are really proud of it. Of course the hall inside is our winter Mote-House; for in summer we mostly meet in the fields down by the river opposite Barn-Elms. The building on our right hand is our theatre: I hope you like it."

"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 damascened bronze. We will look at them later in the day, perhaps: 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:

"I ask because I do not see 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 are the neighbours, and that like they 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 tougher and more hard-bitten than we are to look at. But some people 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, thoughtfully.

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 disappointed kind of feeling which overtakes one when one has seen an interesting or lovely face in the streets which one is never likely to see again; and I was silent a little. At last I said, "What do you mean, that I haven't seen any poor people about—not one?"

He knit his brows, looked puzzled, and said: "No, naturally; if anybody is poorly, he is likely to be within doors, or at best crawling about the garden; but I don't know of any one sick at present. Why should you expect to see poorly people on the road?"

"No, no," I said; "I don't mean sick people. I mean poor people, you know; rough people."

"No," said he, smiling merrily, "I really do not know. The fact is you must come along quick to my great-grandfather, who will understand you better than I do. (Come on, Greylocks!) Therewith he shook the reins, and we jogged along merrily eastward.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

The bourgeois Republic goes on expelling foreigners exactly as if France were the counterpart of Russia. During last year, 1,612 Spaniards, 1,410 Belgians, 573 Germans, 369 Swiss, 93 Dutch and Luxemburgers, 57 Austrians, 52 Englishmen, 32 Americans, 22 Russians and 21 Turks, have been sent over the frontiers, thus making a total number of 4,247 expelled. Hip, hip, hurrah, for Republican fraternity!

GERMANY.

At the general meeting of the ships' stokers on strike, held on Jan. 22nd, it was unanimously resolved that the men should continue to hold out. A strike committee of eight members was accordingly appointed, a Hamburg Ships' Stokers and Trimmers' Union being formed at the same time. The majority of the substitutes obtained from Antwerp are already on their way back to that city. They were plentifully supplied with provisions by the strikers, and their departure was effected peacefully. At the last hour, we are informed that the strike, which has been going on for ten days, has now ended. A meeting of the strikers was held at Altona, near Hamburg, on January 26th, at which the proposal made by the shipowners, that they should cancel the reduction of 10 marks (10s.) per month, recently made in the strikers' wages, and should restore their salary to 85 marks per month, provided that the workers undertook to demand no further increase in wages during this year, was unanimously adopted. With this limitation, the ships' stokers and coal-trimmers have won the victory over their masters.

The coalowners have given their answer to the five demands put forward by the coalminers of Westphalia and the Rhine Province. The workers claimed an advance of 50 per cent. in their wages, the eight hours shift, the abolition of overtime, the suppression of all deductions hitherto imposed for what is considered unsatisfactory work, and payment of wages once every fortnight. The Masters' Association, at a meeting held at Dortmund on January 23rd, drew up a letter which was addressed to H. Meyer, of Bochum, the Chairman of the Miners' Association for the Rhine Province and Westphalia, and which declared that the demands of the workers could not be agreed to by the mine owners. What will be the result of this summary refusal of all the miners' claims, we do not know; but it seems to us that the owners are again playing with the fire, and will have to come soon to some better terms, if they do not wish a renewal of the last great strike, which did them no good.

The debate on the Anti-Socialist Bill has come to an end, and the Reichstag has rejected the whole measure by 169 votes against 98. Bismarck was not there to witness his defeat, but he will feel it all the same.

We stated last week on the authority of several Socialist papers, that comrade Ignaz Auer had become insane, and that but little hope was entertained for his recovery. We are glad to say that we have been misled. Auer, whose health has been rather severely shaken by his labours in the service of his party, has gone to Montreux, a Swiss watering-place, where a sojourn of a few weeks has already proved very beneficial, and it is said that he will soon resume his political agitation in Germany.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

Our Austrian friends, notwithstanding the very serious difficulties with which they have to carry on their propaganda, make steady progress. They have more workers' institutions, associations, clubs, reading-rooms, etc. than any other country in Europe, and in the last few weeks they have created six more such "Vereine"; namely at Alt-Harzdorf, near Reichenburg, at Feldkirchen, at Braunseifen, at Wolfsberg, at Weisbach and at Znaim.

Comrades R. Hanser and A. Gollen, have issued the first issue of a new Socialist venture, under the title of *Familien-Bibliothek für des arbeitende Volk* (Family-Library for the Workers). It contains the following articles: 1. The workers and the press; 2. How the rich always manage matters; 3. Illustrations; 4. The bourgeois point of view; 5. Poetry. The new organ is to appear fortnightly. Address: Familien-Bibliothek, VII., Kaiserstrasse, 117, Vienna.

BELGIUM.

One of the most valiant propagandists of the revolutionary cause has died at Brussels, a few weeks ago, after a few days of illness: comrade Emile Brassina, who has been administrator of the Anarchist paper, *Le Drapeau Noir* (The Black Flag).

RUSSIA.

On December 10, 1889, the Russian revolutionary club in Paris held a meeting of protest against the massacres of Russian exiles in Siberia, which occurred last spring, and are now fully known from the exhaustive documentary evidence published in the *Times* on December 26. Attacked as they were without any provocation by soldiers and policemen, six were killed outright, eight severely wounded, and the rest made prisoners. Three of these latter were hanged, one in an almost dying state, and the others sent for many years to the mines. The resolution adopted at the meeting referred to runs as follows:

"This meeting of Russians, held on December 10, 1889, at 308 Rue St. Jacques, Paris, heard with feelings of the deepest sorrow and indignation the news of the beastly actions of the representatives of the Russian Government, which took place at Yakutsk, and the victims of which were the political exiles Podbelsky, Plk; S. Gurevich, Shur, Notkin, Muchanov, Kaban-Bernatskin, Zozov, and Saksman. Protenting with all their might against this incomparable cruelty, the meeting expresses their boundless contempt for the gang of henchmen who

call themselves the Russian Government, and their entire solidarity with the martyrs who paid with their freedom and their lives for their protest against coercion and high-handedness."

This resolution has been published in a leaflet, written in the Russian tongue, and is signed by E. Stepanov, Ch. Turevich, K. Ashkinal, members of the committee of the Paris Russian Club.

UNITED STATES.

We hear with much regret that the Supreme Court of the United States has rejected the appeal of comrade John Most, the editor of the *Freiheit*, the organ of the German-speaking Anarchists, for a revision of his sentence of one year's imprisonment for vindicating the noble cause of free speech in America. The last number of comrade Most's paper announces that in the course of this year the *Freiheit* will again be published in eight pages instead of four. This change will be the best answer comrade Most could give to the magistrates for their vindictive sentence. VICTOR DAYE.

SWEDEN.

From the 1st of April the Stockholm paper *Social-Demokraten* is going to be published as a daily paper. *Social-Demokraten* has been very good as a weekly, and we only hope that its staff and the support of the North Swedish workers will be strong enough to make it as good a daily. *Folkets Röst* (Gothenburg) has been compelled to cease. Considering that Gothenburg is the second largest city in Sweden, with a strong working-man population, this is rather sad. Comrade Danielsson (of *Arbetet*, Malmö) has lately printed a small book ('Genom Gållret—i.e., '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 pieces of art. Danielsson seems to be one of those very rare, highly gifted persons who have exceptional capacities as well for science as for art. They are perhaps the most useful of all revolutionists, because not so one-sided. On the 1st of February Danielsson will leave prison, after a detainment of eighteen months.

DENMARK.

The *Social-Demokraten* (of Copenhagen) has not said a word about the seven "revolutionists" since their expulsion became a fact. But it does not seem that the Danish workers ignore them in the same way, because there are rumours that *Arbejderen* is soon going to become a daily. Just now *Social-Demokraten* is making a great fuss about the elections to the miserable Danish Diet, which for several years has been treated like a sheepfold by the autocratic Estrugian ministry—or rather, like that silly coward mob which it is. And to be "represented" by a few men in this contemptible mob is by a Socialistic paper recommended as a great and beautiful aim for the special exertions of Socialists! That is really very like giving stones to those who cry for bread. Srs.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STANLEY.

DEAR SIR,—Some one sent me last Saturday's issue, and I am glad to find my view concerning the *humbly* connected with Stanley's return coincides with yours and that of other advanced and sound thinkers. I have sent further opinions to the press, and, if appearing, there will be seen the reasons I advance for not considering him a "hero"—quite the contrary. But all such honesty of expression—especially by travellers or voyagers, capable of rightly judging—is, nowadays, the bringing down upon the daring speaker or writer crushing blows of ruin, as it has upon yours truly. Berley Heath, Jan. 21. W. PARKER SNOW.

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 hard ought we to fight that we and others may not die in that wilderness? How hard, I say? Well, our hardest. And what is our 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 humaner way of atting. Moses "looked this way and that way," and seeing none about, slew the Egyptian slave-driver. Was that the noblest kind of action? No. Had Moses ninety and nine lives to lose, he should have slain the Egyptian even though the whole armed forces of Egypt were by.

It is our business to raise up the most deadly, 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 misunderstand, cannot misinterpret the handwriting on the wall. What! shall we calmly see our lives and the lives of our beloved friends and brothers trampled under foot? Shall we feel the largeness of our powers of deed and happiness, and allow them to wither within us and not be stirred to the greatest depths of our manhood? And fearless of death, fearless of all, except of being agents in the perpetuation of this gigantic curse, stand forth and say: You the privileged, you the masters, you the rulers are murdering us body and soul for no good. For no good to yourselves or us. And you will not hear our cry, 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 gorged bellies or your grotesquely covered backs of one atom of your wantonness to save our bodies alive. We tell you plainly, that with the greatest possible speed and with the most inevitable tread, we will step up to you and strike your pitiless mouths with the iron glove of justice. We will not palter, we will not cringe, we will not calculate, but manfully take from you the power by which you grind us.

We know what we want, and ought not to be afraid to ask for it in its entirety. Why should we hold back one hour? Why hold back one jot of our demand? Up and out to the four winds, and declare for a life worthy of manhood and nothing less! "Content to die in the wilderness"? No, by the glorious hope of man's unqualified freedom! January 1890. R. CARTERSON SMITH.

If it be the fact that it is a natural duty for a man to assist his fellow, solely because he is man, it is also a duty for a man to assist his fellow because of the common welfare. — Cicero.