who petitioned the House of Lords to abolish the Commons' House, were
democrats in disguise, who wished to get rid of the Hereditary House by
beginning first on its only support, the House of Commons.

For indeed Society need not tremble at Mr. Labouchere's avow
near (as a second orator) that the formation of money-bags
was to be raised in an upper house by means of various cajolery and
bravery on servility, and it is quite "spurious," as he was said to be
especially when helped by a good cohort of successful bamboozlers and
mud-slingers up of facts, under the name of lawyers.

One thing has happened in Parliament of some importance to the party
faction-fight, though of little otherwise: Mr. Bradlaugh, having
at last reached the point in his (the various) Whig Party on
their gain of a really able man, and Mr. Bradlaugh on having at last reached
his point now stands on firm ground after much floundering through sham
democratic mold.

To come to matters of more importance. There is Mr. Chamberlain's cir-
cular to the Boarders of Guardians, which is as complete an exemplification
of the helplessness of our present government as can be publicized in
publication.

We may fairly assume his wish, that it is all that we can do under the present
circumstances. Considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of
facts to the full, to be anxious not to say anything offensive to the
feelings of the working-men. But, after all, phrases will not feed folk, and
it seems to me he gives them little else. I should like to ask Mr. Chamber-
lay that he really is not afraid to give us the facts, and
that the English taxpayer will have to pay for it.

But perhaps, again, he sees that Mr. Gladstone's scheme makes separation
simply, in the long run, and that when this is found out, the "great heart
of the English people," of which we sometimes hear, will be ready to burst with
anger at the expenditure, being out of what folk who brought
matters to this pass, and Mr. Chamberlain naturally does not want to be
 servoed. Yet it would scarcely assure his party, as well as himself the
interest of Englishmen against Irishmen, which is quite strong among Liberals and Radicals as it is with the other side.

But of course he has a good opportunity for sitting on two stools. If the
democratic role and Home Rule win he can say, "How could I consent to
buying the landlords on their own terms, with all the dangers obviously
attending thereto?" If the Whig-Radical integrity of the empire wins,
he can say, "How could I consent to the injury done to the great Anglo-
Russen and its future,—by admitting that a nation of Celts don't belong
that race?" The temptation towards shuffling is great; but it might be
better to yield to the pressure of the underground: For after all, the question for England really is,
"Shall Ireland separate with civil war or without it?" And for Ireland:
"Shall we be allowed to deal with the land as we think good?"

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

X.—READY TO DEPART.

I said of my friend new-found that at first he saw not my hair.
Yes he and I was my wife were together here and there;
And lastly my work increased and my den to a dwelling grew.
He came there after much, and to this I was not anxious to.
Then came: a change in the man; for a month he kept away,
Then came again and was with us for a fortnight ever more.
But often he sat there silent, which was little his way with us.
And at first I had no lacking of what constrained him thus. I might have thought that he faltered, but now and again there came:
When we spoke of the Cause and its doings, a flash of his eager face.
And he seemed himself for a while; then the brightness would fade away,
And he gloomed as if he saw my eyes.

Thus passed day after day,

And граждан I grew, and I pondered: till fear of this was no more.
I was in the bed together, talking of this, and that of this,
But chiefly indeed of the war and what would come of it;
Paris drew near, and all that was left was in the French:
Amidst us a Communist folk; and we talked of what might be done.
When the Germans had gone their ways and the two were left alone,
I was in the bed together, talking of the war and the French.

As I spoke the word "betrayed," my eyes met his in a glance,
And swiftly he turned away; then back with a steady gaze
He turned to me; and it seemed as when a sword-point plays
Around the sword hilt; and the snow upon the men's shoulders
Strife. For I knew how he looked on me, he saw not me, but my wife;
And he resolved to turn up the bed to the side.
Lightheaded my head I was a while, that I scarce saw bad or good,
Till I knew that he was rising and gone without a word.
But I was turned about a thousand people, and the daily crowd massed
Like music without a meaning, and twice I heard my name.
"O Richard, Richard!" she said, and her arms about me came,
And her loyals were as fierce as I could make them once more.
A while I clung to her body, and longing sweet and sore
Regulled my heart and sweet, and then we wandered and saw the world,
Ile fair pictures of days departed about my sad heart cried.
And saw I felt and weary. But we sat apart again, not speaking. The child between us was sharp and bitter pain. As the sword twist the lovers bewailed in the fruitless marriage bed. Yet word and we spoke together, and I found a growth of hate was yet. But it was not wrath or reproaching, or the chill of love-born hate; for bileless around and about us, we felt the brooding. We were not so glad as we had seen us so, They had said, "These two are one in the face of all trouble and woe." But in the toil and toil we had done, and the story went not.

As we dwelt together and pondered on the days that come not again.

Days passed and we dwelt together; nor Arthur came for awhile; Gravely it was and sadly, and with no greeting smile.

We twain met our master. But the growth of hate was yet, though our heart at first was frowning as our thoughts and their eyes met. As he spoke amidst us and as we two agreed.

And I knew of his faith and his wisdom, then sore was my heart indeed. We shrank from meeting alone: for the words we had to say Our thoughts would prove not for us.

Unhappy days of all days! Yet O might they come again! So sore as my longing returned to their trouble and sorrow and pain! But time passed, and once we were sitting, my wife and I in our room, and it was in the London twilight and the February gloom, When there came a knock, and he entered all pale, though bright were his eyes, and my heart sank as I knew to my mouth did arise. "It is over," he said—and beginning; for Paris has fallen at last. And who knows what now shall happen after all that has happened and passed?

There now may we all be wanted.

I took up the word; "Well then let us go, we three together, and there to die like men.

"Nay," he said, "to live and be happy like men." Then he flashed up red, and she no less as she heartened, as one thought through their bodies had sped. Then I reached out my hand to him, and I kissed her once on the brow, but no word craving forgiveness, and no word of pardon even now, Our minds for our mouths might fashion.

In the February gloom And into the dark we sat planning, and there was I in the room, and in speech I gave I took; but yet above us all did live.

In the fields where I once was a younging whiles wandered the thoughts of my heart, and whiles in the unseen Paris, and the streets made ready for war. Night grew and we lit the candles: we drew together more, and whiles we diffused as little as we set forth to do.

And my heart cleared of confusion as neither the dead-time drew.

Well, I took my child into the country, as we had settled there, and gave him ever to be cherished by a kindly woman’s care, A friend of my mother’s, but younger: and for Arthur, I let him give His money, as mine was but little, that the boy might flourish and live, Lose we three, or I and Arthur should perish in tumult and war, and at last the face of his father he should look on never more. You cry out shame on my honour! But yet remember again That a man in my boy was growing; must my passing pride and pain Under the manhood within him and his days and theirnings blight? So I thrust my pride away, and I did what I deemed was right, and left him down in our country.

And well may you think indeed How my sad heart swelled at departing from the peace of river and mead, But I held his hand calmly, and we went all to the town did I pass. And as alone I journeyed, this was ever in my heart; "They may die; they may live and be happy; but for me I know my part, to Paris to go and there is to die."

And I said, “The day of the deeds and the day of deliverance is nigh.”

—William Morse.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

XI.—THE LUST FOR SURPLUS-LABOUR IN ENGLAND.

We have, following “Das Kapital,” taken an example of the shameless device of the exploiter to obtain unpaid labour from the exploiters, from eastern Europe. Now, under the same guidance, let us trace out some of the history of these same devices in England. To understand this territory, we must first let us remind ourselves of the general provisions of that Act of 1850, which in the first place marks the conclusion of one stage in the ceaseless struggle between employers and employed, and, in the second place, has been the basis for all those slight modulations of 1871, 1873, 1874, and other years that have left the 1850 Act virtually master of the situation.

As these papers are only a résumé of Marx’s book, I do not profess in the least to have a clear head concerning this subject. Only, after this work is done, a summary of the factory legislation of more recent years, along the lines suggested by him, may be made. By the 1850 Act, that is, Friday working-days for a man is 10 hours. Oh Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they are 12, and have intervals of half-hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, leaving for actual work 104 hours a day. On Saturday the time is from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., with half-hour for breakfast and half hour of actual work. 104 × 5 = 524, and this + 74 = 60 hours for days, i.e., 10 hours of actual labour on the average per day.

Every worker knows that these 10 hours are like committee men, with power to add to their number. By this device or that, in every branch of industry, in every factory, in the person of every labourer, the 10 became 10 and a fraction, or even at times 11 or more. One of the commonest of these devices is that known as “nibbling.” Thus work may be and often is begun at 5.45 a.m. instead of at 6; five minutes are “eribbled” from the beginning of this surplus-time, 5½ hours from the end; the morning work is continued 10 minutes beyond the moment of stopping for dinner, the afternoon is begun 10 minutes too soon; 6.15 instead of 6, and 2.15 instead of 2, become the times for completing work on five and six days. The employers permit.

For every man this means 15 + 5 + 5 + 10 + 10 = 50 minutes for 5 days or 30 minutes, with on Saturday 15 + 5 + 5 + 10 + 15 or 40 minutes of extra unpaid labour in a week. The law only makes it 28 days, wherever this nibbling obtains. And the system denounced with forcible use of the very figures just quoted, by Factory Inspector Major Horner, in 1859, is in vogue and in many places in full swing to-day.

The regularly recurrent crises in our capitalist method of production only alter the lust of the capitalist after surplus-labour in degree. To the same extent that society is prone to productivity of capital, marked. With interrupted production, short time working, less time spent in work, the more of that working time must from the capitalist's point of view be surplus-labour. Hence the worse trade, the more unscrupulous are the masters. Thus, Horner reports that when in his district 122 factories were closed, 143 were standing still, and all the rest were working very short time, work was prolonged beyond the legal limits. The same thing occurred habitually during the cotton crisis time of 1861-65.

Masters consciously and men for the most part (as yet) unconsciously recognize the formation of surplus-labour: that is, the doing of work which is not needful. Let me work my factory boy 14 hours a day a day over the legal time," says one manufacturer, “and you will put £1000 a-year into my pocket.” And the men and children call one another “full-timers” and “half-timers,” as their hours are the 12 or 13 or 14. Undoubtedly, those in the very names, recognise that they are to the capitalist and under our modern method of production, nothing but persifinised labour.

The idea of other matter in the Commonwealth this month makes this article shorter than usual. I am the more content with this, as, the next number of the journal will be the first of the weekly series, and the called historical sufficiently the cruell exploitation of English workers can well begin in issue of May 1

Act of 1850 (legalised limits:
Monday to Friday, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. of working day
Saturday 6 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Meal times shall be: 4 hours, breakfast; 1 hour, dinner.
Nibbling and cribbing... Encroachment on meal-times at both ends. Beginning earlier, leaving off later than legal times.

Full-timers, half-timers... The names for whose working-day is respectively 12 and 6. Hours. The phrases embody the idea of the worker as personified labour.

Edward Aveling.

THE IMBECILITY OF WHOLESALE THRIFT.

Perhaps the coolest specimen of "chaff," the most perfect illustration of the latent added to the growing stream of frugality, is now being raised by the bourgeois friends. The reason for the present depression in trade, for thousands of working men being absolutely without the means of subsistence, for young girls taking to the streets in shools—so numerous indeed, that even here competition has asserted its dreadful supremacy, and a woman’s person is so cheap as to be barely worth the selling—for all this misery, this starvation, this prostitution is the extraordinary working-class! In other words, the British workingman should no longer be content with living on nothing, but should curtail his necessities, so that he may live on something less than nothing.

Such a theory propounded in an epoch of universal self-denial and privation would be looked upon by the working classes as the most pernicious of all. England is now launched into the most solemn and practical to the working classes. Now supposing each working man, on an average, to spend 20 a month in liquor, if each working man turned abstainer (of course the worker must always be a worker) 20 a month he would be 20 a year richer, and could afford 200 worth more clothes, bread, meat, etc.