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top must be thrown to Cerberus at all hazards, even though we damn him the while. To those who have none but harsh words for the February rioters we commend the statement of the *Times'* leader-writer, who declares that the absence of serious bloodshed and loss of life was solely due to the "forbearance of the crowd," there being no police on the spot. But what avails that with the Bourgeois world against "destruction of property?"

"They are coming up," said the Regent Street shopkeeper to the painter Vereschagen. The sooner the "respectable" middle-class man recognises this inevitable truth in the full meaning which Vereschagen hinted at, say we, and prepares to make up his account with it, the better will it be for him and his.

E. BELFORT BAX.

THE RECENT RIOTS.

A MEETING of the unemployed took place in Trafalgar Square on Monday February 8, 1886. After it rioting, exaggerated as it has been by the literary proletariat at the bidding of their own and their masters' fear, certainly occurred. Since then in more than one town there has been similar rioting.

All Socialists are in most ardent sympathy with the unemployed of this and of all other countries. Nor is that sympathy in any way lessened by the fact that they recognise the reasons of the unemployment, recognise that it is inevitable under present conditions, and that it is hopeless to expect any serious and lasting relief, apart from a revolutionary change in the conditions of production and of distribution, under which we live and die.

Further, all Socialists are in complete harmony with the idea of calling together mass meetings of men out of work, and of those sympathising with them—mass meetings that by their vast size may show, at once, how widely spread is that suffering which is the necessary outcome of our capitalistic method of production, how general is the feeling that a momentous change must come, and is even at hand, and how great is the force at the command of those recognising that change as inevitable. Nor must another use of these large assemblages of the working class be forgotten. They give unequalled opportunity of preaching the doctrine. It is I think better to seize that opportunity than to incite to discursive and aimless pillage.

But most Socialists must feel that the scattered, unorganised use of force is of little use. Further some are of opinion that those who broke windows, and broke into a few shops on Monday February 8, were to a large extent not the active, intelligent members of the working class, to whom especially Socialism appeals, but those unhappy members of the working class, whom the accursed system of capital has forced into the ranks of the rough and of the criminal.

Socialists are seriously conscious of the fact that the great revolution towards which they work will not be brought about in any other fashion than that in which all revolutions have been wrought—viz., by force. The force may be that of mind or, at worst, that of the show of numbers. But the student of history is bound to expect that other force—that commonly known as physical—will come into action. The time for this, however, in England is, I think, not yet. And when the time comes, the source of that force-outburst will be probably not the proletariat, but the capitalistic class, with their hands reaching for the

It is for that end that we Socialists work. Always conscious that the ultimate solution of the social problem will be by means of force, many of us yet feel the time for that solution is not yet, and that the present work is to educate and organise the workers until they form a mass of Socialists so earnest, so overwhelming that the end must come.

This feeling in no way prevents our sympathy with the speakers whom the Government are foolish enough to prosecute. We must do our best for all in whom is attacked the right of openly declaring wrongs, their causes and their remedies. They must be defended and supported in this and we must continue to preach Socialism, in season, and out of season, to educate and to organise, until out of the few voices yet articulate grows the cry of "an exceeding great nation."

EDWARD AVELING.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

IX.—A NEW FRIEND.

I HAVE promised to tell you the story of how I was left alone Sick and wounded and sore, and why the woman is gone That I deemed a part of my life. Tell me when all is told, If you deem it fit that the earth, that the world of men should hold My work and my weariness still; yet think of that other life, The child of me and of her, and the years and the coming strife.

After I came out of prison our living was hard to earn By the work of my hands, and of hers; to shifts we had to turn, Such as the poor know well, and the rich cannot understand, And just out of the gutter we stood, still loving and hand in hand.

Do you ask me if still amidst all I held the hunt in view, And the hope of the morning of life, all the things I should do and undo? Be easy, I am not a coward; nay little prudence I learned, I spoke and I suffered for speaking, and my meat by my manhood was burned. When the poor man thinks—and rebels, the whip lies ready near; But he who is rebel and rich may live safe for many a year, While he warms his heart with pictures of all the glory to come. There's the storm of the press and the critics maybe, but sweet is his home, There is meat in the morn and the even, and rest when the day is done, All is fair and orderly there as the rising and setting sun; And I know both the rich and the poor.

Well, I grew bitter they said;

'Tis not unlike that I did, for bitter indeed was my bread, And surely the nursing plant shall smack of its nourishing soil. And here was our life in short, pinching and worry and toil, One petty fear thrust out by another come in its place, Each scrap of life but a fear, and the sum of it wretched and base. E'en so fare millions of men, where men for money are made, Where the poor are dumb and deedless, where the rich are not afraid. Ah, am I bitter again? Well, these are our breeding-stock, The very base of order, and the state's foundation rock; Is it so good and so safe that their manhood should be outworn By the struggle for anxious life, the dull pain dismally borne, Till all that was man within them is dead and vanished away. Were it not even better that all these should think on a day As they look on each other's sad faces, and see how many they are: "What are these tales of old time of men who were mighty in war? They fought for some city's dominion, for the name of a forest or field; They felt that no alien's token should be blazoned on their shield;

That we workmen met together, though I brought him not to my lair.
Eager he grew for the Cause, and we twin grew friend and friend;
He was dainty of mind and of body; most brave, as he showed in the end;
Merry despite of his sadness, quick-witted and speedy to see:
Like a perfect knight of old time as the poets would have them to be.
That was the friend that I won by my bitter speech at last.
He loved me; he grieved my soul: now the love and the grief are past;
He is gone with his eager learning, his sadness and his mirth,
His hope and his fond desire. There is no such thing on the earth,
He died not unbelieved—nor unbeloved maybe.
Betwixt my life and his longing there rolls a boundless sea.
And what are those memories now to all that I have to do,
The deeds to be done so many, the days of my life so few?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

NOTES.

The British raid in the Sudan which took place at the beginning of last month has not been followed up. General Stephenson has returned together with the additional troops sent to the front, and the project of any further advance is evidently abandoned, for the present, at all events. Meanwhile it is instructive to note the exasperation of the little ring of journalistic stock-gamblers at Cairo and their frantic efforts to obtain another expedition whereby increased activity in "Egyptians" might be effected. Their telegrams to the "dailies" contain reiterated accounts of "reported advances of the Arabs in strong force," of "consternation among the European residents at Cairo," and other items of news to the same effect.

We are glad to see that the Burmese are not submitting tamely to the British marauders. "Disunity," we are informed, is "rampant." Would that General Prendergast and his dacoits might be effectually "suppressed" by their victims! But of course, this is impossible. If the native races of India and the neighbouring states would but unite as one man against the oppressor, then even the resources of the British empire might be insufficient to prevent their freeing themselves. But the power of a little ready cash and any amount of promises, seems unfortunately in these cases, always enough to make one or other of them prove "friendly," i.e., traitors to their country.

The following extract from a letter received from a comrade shows us the manner in which the police-slaves do their lords' work on those who are trying to set them free:

"7 Clyde Road, Tottenham, London, N., 13th Jan., 1886.

"I was arrested at the High Cross, Tottenham by Sergeant Murphy, while addressing a crowd of about 100 people on the "crisis." Murphy was in plain clothes and quite unknown to me. He thrust and shook me for some moments without giving any sign of authority. I was hurried to the Tottenham police station, and after some bullying, I was offered my liberty if I would promise not to address the public. That I refused; after which a charge of obstruction as usual was made out and as I refused to send for bail, I was confined in the usual ignominious cell with insufficient bedding all night."—R. THOMPSON.

Ultimately Comrade Thompson was remanded on bail, and finally fined 10s.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Malthusians." By P. J. Proudhon. International Publishing Company. Rhetoric rather than argument. And the great pity of this is in the fact that it is evident Proudhon understood the real fallacy and the evil teaching of Malthusianism: Both fallacy and evil teaching stand condemned the moment the Malthusian offers over-population as an explanation, and parental prudence as a solution, of the misery of the working-classes.

"value" means use-value is not recognised (p. 45). Should it not be "realised"? For a product is not a commodity if its utility be neither imagined nor recognised (p. 21). 7. Is it just as you say (p. 57) "orthodox economists believe they find surplus-value by reason of a confusion . . ." and of an ignoring . . .? Why not briefly state their argument?

R. F. E. W.

[(1) and (4) Confusion between the three values, of which only one, "value", is due to human labour. (2) and (3) Land has a price, though it "ought" not to, because it can to-day be used as a means for exploitation. Fabulous value (so-called) of land in cities, to wit. (5) Value of gold dependent on labour expended in getting the gold. 6. Recognition involves potential realisation. (7) I think it is just.—E. A.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

[Under this heading will be found a collection of pithy paragraphs collated from various journals published in the interest of the workers. Comrades and friends are invited to forward cuttings from English and translations from foreign labour journals.]

It is no use striking against the introduction of machinery. The only way to reap the benefit is to own it.—*Labor Leaf*.

There is much prating about Capital and Labour being brothers. Yes, such brothers as Esau and Jacob—the one defrauding the other of his birthright.—*John Swinton's Paper*.

The danger is not in the possible uprising of the people. It is in their submission to the wrong. "If the people remain quiet under oppression," said Jefferson, "it is lethargy, the forerunner of death to public liberty."—*Our Country*.

Toilers, organise for co-operation; organise not to strike against capital under a wage-system; but to free yourselves from both the capitalist and the system which has made him one.—*Declarator* (Ill.) *Bulletin*.

Because all that is produced is not consumed is no reason for saying there is overproduction—by no means. If a man cannot get employment whereby he can buy a dinner, that doesn't argue that he is not hungry.—*Denton* (Tex.) *Siftings*.

For every one who is poor because he is ignorant, there are twenty who are ignorant because they are poor; and for every one who is poor because of intemperance there are twenty who are intemperate because they are poor.—*Alarm*.

The day is coming when the toilers will demand to know "the reason why" in plain English; and will refuse to yield up three-fourths of the products to the non-producers without a clear explanation of the necessity for so doing.—*Hayes Valley* (Cal.) *Advertiser*.

When labour combines for the purpose of securing to itself a portion of its products as it produces them, it is communism; but when monopoly combines to take all and reduce labour to want, it is shrewd business management, and even the enslaved labourer looks on with admiration and wonders when he will be a monopolist.—*Industrial News*.

The railroads take about half the products of this country, and then the banks come in for a good share of what is left. When both banks and railroads are satisfied, the people are left to quarrel over the balance. And the balance is so small that there is a struggle for it among those who produced it. The people had better quit quarrelling over the crumbs, and direct their attention to the fellows who are getting away with the loaves.—*Kirwin* (Kan.) *Independent*.

At a political meeting a few days since one of the speakers took credit to himself for coming to the town and giving employment to the citizens. He might be entitled to credit if he reaped no benefit himself. He might then pose as a philanthropist. But, like most capitalists, his idea was to reap a return for himself. The employment was preliminary to this. He would reap nothing without sowing the seed first.—*Labor Leaf*.

You may strike till steel congeals, but as long as you sell your labour to another that other will try to reduce your wages, and if you object to a reduction and quit work and try to dissuade others from taking your place, fraud and force are used to intimidate you and compel you to yield to the will of capital. This will be the way as long as a few men have the power to buy your labour. Under our present social system you are forced to sell your labour or starve, and if you would better your condition you must change the system.—*Topeka Citizen*.

The labour movement is not a political movement. It is essentially a social