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All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farrington Road, E.C. Business communications must not be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

WORKINGMEN and women in factories, workshops, stores or mills, are requested to go around among their comrades and get up a list of subscribers for the *Commonweal*, and lend a helping hand in the struggle for labour's freedom.

J. H. JOHNSON and W. BLUNDELL.—May be used later on.

W. TAYLOR.—We may be able to do what is wished in after issues.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.—For all information as to this order and steps to be taken in organising assemblies, address the General Secretary, Frederick Turner, Lock Box No. 17, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

C. M. M.—Have not time to send anything more than our good wishes to you in your struggle.

VEVETAS.—Canvassing with all its attendant evils, of which not the least is the method of payment of the canvasser, is a necessary part of our miserable commercial system. Join us in the endeavour to get rid, not only of canvassing but of the system.

RECEIVED—*England*: Anarchist—Worker's Friend—Daylight (Norwich)—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—Republican—Journal of Vigilance Association—Justice—To-Day—Der Rebell—Freethinker—Practical Socialist—Leicester Co-operative Record. *Belgium*: La Guerre Social (Brussels). *Canada*: L'Union Ouvrière (Montreal). *France*: Paris: Cri du Peuple (daily)—La Revue Socialiste—Le Révolté—Le Socialiste—La Tribune des Peuples—Revue du Mouvement Social, Le Devoir (Guise)—Le Forcat du Travail (Bordeaux). *Germany*: Neue Zeit (Stuttgart). *Holland*: Recht voor Allen. *Hungary*: Arbeiter-Wechen-Chronik (Budapest). *Italy*: La Question Sociale (Turin)—Il Fascio Operaio (Milan)—*Morocco*: Almoghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers). *New Zealand*: Watchman. *Portugal*: O Campino—Voz do Operario—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon). *Romania*: Drepturile Omului (daily, Bucharest). *Serbia*: Tches (Belgrade). *Spain*: El Angel del Hogar—Revista Social—Acracia (Barcelona)—Bandera Social (Madrid). *Switzerland*: El Socialismo (Cadtz). Sozial Demokrat (Zürich). *U. S. A.*: (New York): Volkszeitung—Der Sozialist—Freiheit—Progress—John Swinton's Paper—Spread the Light—Our Country. (Boston): Liberty Woman's Journal—Index. Denver (Col.): Labor Inquirer—Chicago (Ill.): Alarm—Detroit (Mich.): Labor Leaf—Muskegon (Mich.): Social Drift—Princeton (Mass.) Word—Cleveland (O.): Carpenter—Chronicle. Cincinnati (O.) Unionist—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Petersburg (Ill.) Voices of Labor—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—St. Louis (Mo.): Die Parole—Altruist. Kansas (Mo.) Sun—Philadelphia (Pa.) Socialist—Pittsburg (Pa.) Labor Herald—Paterson (N. J.) Labor Standard—Baltimore (Md.) Labor Free Press—Valley Falls (Kan.) Lucifer—Atlanta (Ga.) New Working World—Newfoundland (Pa.) La Torpille—Litchfield (Minn.) Radical—Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Budget—Portland (Oregon) Alarm.

Notes on Matters Parliamentary.

Big as the passing days are with hopes of events to come, hard as the times are now, and troublous as the outlook is, there has seldom passed a month in which there is so little to say about the proceedings of that "representative" body called Parliament, which according to the views of some worthy persons is the only instrument by means of which the reconstruction of Society can be carried out. It has as usual manifested its mingled tyranny and impotency, and for the rest has been doing nothing but trying hard to sit on two stools at once, with apparently little fear of the consequences, which however duly follow in the shape of a more peremptory dismissal than the

fairly assumes his wish to do all that may be done under the present circumstances. Considering his position, he may be said to admit the existence of hard times to the full, and 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. Chamberlain if he really thinks that useful work (and he clearly aims at that) can be given to the unemployed "without competing with that of other labourers now employed"? And also how long such hybrid work as he proposes can go on if the present distress goes on, or only betters a little? It is after all only playing at finding productive or serviceable work for the unemployed. Surely Mr. Chamberlain knows this. Is he thinking nothing more exalted than, "After me the Deluge"?

Well, at least he is resigning his place, and his motives for doing so are being much canvassed. One can easily imagine them. Perhaps he thinks Mr. Gladstone will not carry his Irish measure, as he probably will not. Perhaps he is not very anxious to see the Irish landlords rather more than compensated for their land, which pleasure Mr. Gladstone's bill will probably do for them. Perhaps also he sees that, the arrangements made, the Irish peasants will decline to pay this "compensation" to the landlord, unseen, indeed, but still existing; and that the English taxpayer will have to pay it; and Mr. Chamberlain may well dread the English taxpayer.

But perhaps, again, he sees that Mr. Gladstone's scheme means 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 rather undignified rage, and will serve out those politicians who brought matters to this pass, and Mr. Chamberlain naturally does not want to be sated out. Yet it would scarcely answer his purpose to find himself the representative of the stupid prejudice of Englishmen against Irishmen, which is quite as 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 side and Home Rule will he can say, "How could I consent to buying out the landlords on their own terms, with all the dangers obviously apprehending thereto?" If the Whig-Radical integrity of the empire wish, he can say, "How could I consent to the injury done to the great Anglo-Saxon race and its future—by admitting that a nation of Celts don't belong to that race?" The temptation towards shuffling is great; but it might be better not to yield to it. 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 lair;
Yes he and I and my wife were together here and there;
And at last as my work increased and my den to a dwelling grew,
He came there often enough, and yet more together we drew.
Then came a change in the man; for a month he kept away,
Then came again and was with us for a fortnight every day,
But often he sat there silent, which was little his wont with us.
And at first I had no inkling 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 flame,
And he seemed himself for a while; then the brightness would fade away,
And he gloomed and shrank from my eyes.

Thus passed day after day,
And grieved I grew, and I pondered: till at last one eve we sat
In the fire-lit room together, and talked of this and that.

So sore as my longing return 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 I knew that something had happened, and my heart to my mouth did arise. "It is over," he said—"and beginning; for Paris has fallen at last. And who knows what next 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 flushed up red, And she no less as she hearkened, as one thought through their bodies had sped. Then I reached out my hand up to him, and I kissed her once on the brow, But no word craving forgiveness, and no word of pardon e'en 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 and I took; but yet alone and apart In the fields where I once was a youngling 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, and we drew together more, And whiles we differed a little as we settled what to do, And my soul was cleared of confusion as nigher the deed-time drew.

Well, I took my child into the country, as we had settled there, And gave him o'er 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, Lest we three, or I and Arthur should perish in tumult and war, And at least 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 Undo the manhood within him and his days and their doings 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 all sternly aback and again 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, In Paris to do my utmost, and there in Paris to die!" And I said, "The day of the deeds and the day of deliverance is nigh."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

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

We have, following "Das Kapital," taken an example of the shameful devices of the exploiter to obtain unpaid labour from the exploitee, 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 terrible and disgraceful history, first let us remind ourselves of the general provisions of that Act of 1850, which in the first place marks

the regularly recurrent crises in our capitalist method of production only after the lust of the capitalist for surplus-labour in degree. His anxiety to prolong the working day becomes at these times more 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 working-time. Hence the worse trade is, 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 recognise the formation of surplus-value by this surplus (unpaid) labour. "Let me work my factory 10 minutes 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 only 6 a day. Unconsciously, they in the very names, recognise that they are to the capitalist and under our modern method of production, nothing but personified labour.

Press of other matter in the *Commonweal* 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 detailed history of the cruel exploitation of English workers can well begin in our 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	1 hour, 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 those 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 "insult added to injury," is now being perpetrated by certain of our 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 shoals—so numerous indeed, that even here competition has asserted its dread 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 *extravagance of the working classes!* In other words, the British workman 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 hideous privation, might be expected to have been promptly laughed out of existence. Emanating however from a bourgeois source, the

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