

James Connolly

An Object Lesson

(15 December 1900)

From **The Workers' Republic**, 15 December 1900.

On Wednesday November 28, there appeared in the Dublin newspapers an advertisement announcing the issue of shares in a new electrical syndicate, the "British Electrical Street Tramways, Limited". We do not suppose our readers are interested in that fact as probable subscribers for the shares of this company, but we nevertheless venture to draw their attention to the circumstance, because the advertisement in question was in itself an eloquent tribute to the validity of many of the points raised by Socialists in their criticism of the capitalist system. The Syndicate is formed, the advertisement tells us, "to construct and work lines of electric railways and tramways licensed by special Acts of Parliament, or by Municipal or other authorities, and to extend the service of traction vehicles in large towns".

Here we have a proposal by a number of rich men to engage in the business of constructing and working electric trams, etc, in any town of Great Britain and Ireland where they can procure permission to do so, and coupled with the proposal is an estimate of the large profits to be acquired by such a proceeding – to be acquired by whoever purchases shares in this company, even though the person so purchasing may be entirely ignorant of all that pertains to electric traction, or unable to visit any of the towns where the profits are to be earned.

Tender-hearted humanitarians and benevolent persons generally, aghast at the miseries of the workers but loth to relinquish their belief in the institution of private property, are never tired of proclaiming that the cure-all for those miseries is to be found in the cultivation of feelings of friendship between capitalists and their workers. They affirm that strikes, lock-outs, and industrial disputes of all kinds would be rendered impossible if the employers and employed were only to meet and know each other better.

To this contention Socialists have always replied that the development of modern industry renders impossible any such *rapprochement* between the classes; that the employer is no longer a person but a thing – a company; that, the shares of said company being saleable on the market, the personality of the shareholder is of a fleeting character, and that consequently the possibility of human, personal, intercourse between master and man is fast being destroyed by the inevitable tendency of industry to fall into the hands of companies, and of companies to form combinations or trusts. The man who holds shares in companies situated a hundred or a thousand miles distant from his home cannot have a personal regard for the employees who earn his dividends, and the employees cannot be expected to remember in their prayers shareholders whose very names are unknown to them. The fact of this company offering its shares promiscuously to all who choose to buy, and proposing to exploit the needs of towns wherever possible, proves this Socialist contention to be absolutely correct. How can anyone believe that the monied people rushing to buy these shares could be brought to regard as men and brothers the unfortunate workmen whose labours they hope to profit by?

One other and more important point is brought out by this advertisement, viz., that the private capitalist is no longer necessary. Apologists for capitalism claim that the profits of the capitalist are the reward of his brains and skill in organising; that without the brains and organising genius of the capitalist industry would be impossible. But here we observe in this case, as in the case of all capitalist companies, that the profits are to be reaped by people who bring neither brains, skill, nor even technical knowledge to the work – who bring nothing but cash to purchase the brains and muscle of other men.

All the organising and managerial functions of the company will be performed by experts hired for the purpose. These experts need have no interest in the company other than their salaries. It is obvious, then, that when private capitalist companies can hire servants to perform the brain work necessary for their schemes, the same class of persons could be hired, if need be, by the public bodies, state or municipal, to perform the same functions in the service of, and for the interest of, the entire community.

By the hiring of salaried managers the capitalist class abandon all right to use the plea that the community could not progress without their aid; since personal supervision and direction by the capitalist himself is not required, the public bodies who represent the community can safely undertake the ownership and control of all the work of production and distribution; and solve the problem of organising skill and genius by the same method as that employed by the capitalist class today, viz., by hiring technical experts to organise and direct.

Thus the first step in the Socialist organisation of industry is illustrated by the last step in capitalist organisation. The capitalist having voluntarily abdicated his personal *supervision*, in his own interest, must now abdicate his personal *ownership*, in the general interest.

James Connolly

The Corporation and the Children

(24 November 1900)

At last meeting of the Dublin Corporation a motion was under consideration dealing with the practice of street trading by children. It was resolved to refer the matter to the Law Agent to see if the Corporation had power to frame bye-laws dealing with the subject.

So runs the bald newspaper report. Not a word in the Corporation, never a sentence in the papers as to the evil social conditions which compel parents to send their children out to hawk articles on the street for the sake of the help to be derived from the few additional pence so earned. The Corporation, it is true, recognises that there is an evil, but the evil recognised by the Corporation is only that resulting from the noise and importunities of the youthful merchants in their efforts to sell their wares – that, and the competition which these embryo capitalists offer to the shopkeeping class to which our corporators belong. The other and greater evil, viz., the hopeless misery in which the parents of such children must exist to compel them to expose the latter to all the dangers of street sellers – dangers including the inclemency of the weather, inevitably sowing the seeds of disease; the pollution of the filthy talk they must hear going on around them; the temptation to immorality to which the young girls are exposed by the attentions of all manner of dissolute blackguardism; the education of the streets supplanting and obliterating the influences of school and home – that parental misery and degradation the Corporation will not refer to. Why? Because that misery cannot be investigated without publicly incriminating the capitalist class and the capitalist system. The corporators know that as long as the wages of the working class are at the present low level, the lower grade of manual labourers will always find it to be next to impossible to live and rear a family without taking the earliest possible opportunity to utilise the services of the youthful members of the family to assist in their own maintenance, by street selling or otherwise. Knowing this, the astute middle class who control the Corporation recognise that to evoke a discussion upon the conditions which compel children to act as street

sellers would lead to an investigation into the social conditions, wages, etc., of the parents, and this could not be investigated without condemning the majority of the capitalist class, for whose benefit those parents are exploited.

Thus the question of street trading by children is seen to be linked inextricably with the capitalist system. In every country capitalism brings in its train the exploitation and degradation of children; coins into profit their tender limbs, and blots the sunshine out of their young lives. In countries where the factory system has taken root, as in England, the children are caught up into the factory, and there made to supplement by their pitiful earnings the wages of their parents. The millowner reduces the wages of the factory hand and, when remonstrated with, tells his wage-slave to send the children to work and their earnings will make up for the reduction in wages. In Ireland there are few factories, so when the competition for employment drives down labourers' wages, or trade depression throws the labourer out of work, he uses his children also to supplement his earnings, and as he cannot send them to the factory he sends them, too often, to the street. Whose is the fault? The capitalist class, and all who uphold the capitalist class and their accursed social system.

The Corporation will take action in this matter. They will pass bye-laws to empower the police to harry these unfortunate youngsters; to chase them from their standings, to cuff them and maltreat them as if they were criminals, and eventually to make criminals of them. Thus the "respectable" traders for whom the Corporation caters will no longer be bothered by their poor competition; thus the precious children of our masters will no longer have their susceptibilities shocked by the sight of the ragged and shivering children of the poor endeavouring to earn a living; thus the misery and squalor of our life will be pushed into the background and only the bright side allowed to show itself – and what more could the municipal statesmanship of the shoddy capitalist class devise?

Where, it may be asked, were the Labour men in the City Hall when the subject was under discussion? Why, they were wirepulling with the politicians as to which middle class candidate they would agree to sell the labour vote to in the various contested wards at the municipal election. That is all the Labour

members, save the mark, are good for. At least two of them, Alderman Doyle and Councillor Richardson, publicly accused each other in the Trades' Hall of such conduct, and in the opinion of their hearers, each fully substantiated his charge against the other.

Thus while the rich proceed with their schemes for the aggrandisement of their class, the working class are betrayed by their representatives who spend their time in political intrigues for personal profit.

James Connolly

Home Thrusts

(1900)

Workers' Republic, 10 November 1900.

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The Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt!

I suppose you have all heard that phrase. You may not understand what it means, but that, as the vulgar phraseology hath it, “makes no matter”.

Nowadays the spiritual inheritance of the Celt is in evidence at almost every public meeting in the country: every public speaker who finds himself too densely destitute of the faintest traces of originality to evoke the applause of his audience, or is too ignorant of the question under discussion to speak even tolerably upon it, falls back as a last and never failing resort upon an appeal to the spiritual inheritance of the Celt.

That is always apropos. No matter what the subject of the meeting may be – Catholic University, Financial Relations, Home Rule, or the location of the Pig Market, it can always be embellished and improved by a reference to the spiritual inheritance of the Celt.

What that spiritual inheritance is remains to me somewhat of a problem. I am a hard matter of fact individual and inclined I daresay to place too much stress occasionally upon material things as the first necessity, but I am open to conviction (no allusion Mr Mahony) and hope some of my well informed readers will please enlighten me by answering this question.

The legends, romances, fairy tales, 'pishrogs', and general folk-lore of this country deal largely in popular interpretations of the manifestation of the unknown forces of Nature; always giving, as is the wont of a half-educated people living in close contact with Nature, a personal form and intelligence to every natural phenomenon whose origin is unknown to them.

In other words, where the investigations of modern science have laid bare the working out of natural processes, our forefathers saw only the labours, or heard only the voices, of spirits – the roar of the tempest on the hilltops, the sighing of the wind through the valleys, the myriad undefinable noises of night, the phantasms across the minds of the insane, the weird phenomena of birth and death – all these were to the Celts of old the result of a perpetual war between superhuman intelligences, beneficent and diabolic.

Thus the Celt clothed the mechanism of the universe with form and colour; thus sprang into existence in his brain all the spirits of good and bad, with which his fancy has invested every hill and dale, river, loch, and island in Ireland: thus

originated the spiritual inheritance of the Celt – in an unprogressive desire to escape the responsibility of investigating phenomena by placing their source beyond the reach of human activity.

But, I may be told, is not the fact that the Celt did show himself prone to place a spiritual interpretation upon the material manifestations of natural phenomena, proof in itself of the spirituality of his mental bias, or inheritance?

It may be, but if it is, then the same proof holds good of the Teuton, of the Russian, of the Indian; all of whom have under the same conditions cherished similar beliefs, and all of whom have in proportion as their material conditions were modified and altered by the development of industry, and the growth of towns and cities, abandoned such ideas in favour of the scientific explanations.

The characteristic marks of Celtic spirituality are all to be found paralleled in the Hindu and the Brahmin; the legends of the Brocken and the Black Forest show the German mind as fertile in weird conceptions as ever was Irish Seanchaí; the Russian moujik and baba still tell each other of the spirits of forests and mountain steppes; and the peasantry of Somersetshire and other English rural counties credit such details of occult happenings as sufficiently demonstrate the affinity of their intellectual state to that of the spiritual Celt.

I do not war upon this quaint conceit of ours; I am only tired of hearing it belauded and praised so much by superficial thinkers and spouters.

You will hear a man or woman denouncing 'the gross materialism' of England as contrasted with Celtic spirituality one day, and the next you will find the same person showing a most laudable (?) but 'grossly material' desire to establish Irish manufactories where Irish wage slaves can be robbed by Irish capitalists; or joining with rackrenting landlords and scheming company promoters to demand an abatement of taxation on their own precious incomes.

Now, I believe that the mental traits upon which our Celtic enthusiasts base their claims, or should I say *our* claims, to spirituality, are but the result of the impression left upon the Celtic mind by the operations of the natural phenomena

of his material surroundings; that most, if not all, races have had similar experience at similar periods of their history; and that there was therefore nothing unique in the intellectual equipment of the Celt, and nothing that he needs must cherish lest he lose his individuality.

The influences which go to the destruction and debasement of the Irish Celtic character are not racial in their character, they are social and industrial; it is not Anglo-Saxonism but Capitalism which pours its cheap filth into our news-agencies, and deluges our homes with its gutter literature.

This fact is obvious to all who choose to open their eyes and note that Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have each their gutter literature, corresponding in all its vulgarity and inanity to the Cheap Jack rubbish and filth which some people would have us believe is Anglo-Saxon.

The debasing literature is common to all these cities because its source is common to all; that source being, of course, not the language but the capitalist system.

It is only a trifling degree worse in England because the capitalist system is more developed in England than in the countries named. As the people become brutalised by overwork under capitalism they are incapable of appreciating healthy literature, and require the strong meat of sensationalism and suggestiveness – the stronger and more pungent the flavour the easier it can be assimilated by the degraded wage slaves.

If you desire to pursue this line of thought further you can do it by tracing the appetite for unhealthy literature in capitalist countries, such as England, America, and France; and the corresponding absence of such literature in countries such as Spain, Portugal, or Norway, where capitalism is in its undeveloped, infant, state.

As long as it was a question of Celt versus Saxon in Ireland the Celt (considering the enormous odds against him) held his own fairly well for six hundred years, without much deterioration in his national character – held his

own so well that one hundred years ago many districts were as un-English as at the Norman Invasion.

But with the advent of capitalism all that was changed; the cheapness of its wares opened a way for English capitalism into districts where the political power of England had only excited aversion; the use of the English product paved the way for the use of the English speech, which in its turn made possible the debasing floods of cheap literary garbage.

Thus capitalism has done more in one hundred years to corrupt the Celt, and destroy his spirituality, than the previous six hundred were able to accomplish.

Yet the 'Spiritual Inheritance' orators and writers are all in favour of capitalism, and opposed to Socialism.

Why? Because their belief in a spiritual inheritance does not weaken their determination to hold firmly on to the incomes derivable from their material inheritance of land and capital, – and the legal title it confers to a share in the plunder of the Irish worker.

I could mention one poet in this city who writes some most weirdly spiritual poems in the intervals of drawing rack rents from one of the most filthy slums of Dublin.

He is a patriot, a town councillor, a slum landlord, a publican, a poet, an heir to our spiritual inheritance – and other things.

A beautiful blending of the material and the spiritual – of both kinds.

Well, well! I have rambled a bit from my text, or rather the incident that suggested the text. That incident was a complimentary dinner given D.J. Cogan, MP for East Wicklow. Mr Cogan in thanking the friends who had feasted him gave this gem to the world. I quote from the **Evening Telegraph**:–

The sentimental was the spiritual side of man – it proceeded from the soul, and the man who was without sentiment would be without a soul (hear, hear). He

therefore had no hesitation in admitting that the Irish character was highly sentimental, and he was proud of it. But why was it so? Because it is highly spiritual, and he thought it would be a sad day, indeed, for our country when the sentimental or spiritual side of it would become paralysed or lose any of its attributes (applause). In conclusion he would do what one individual could to further the interest of that branch of trade to which he had the honour to belong (hear, hear).

Now that is what I call 'lovely'. Mr Cogan is a provision dealer, and the beautiful and entirely ingenuous manner in which he promises to combine in his own person a solicitude for the spiritual side of the Irish character, and the interests of the provision trade is worthy of all praise.

But if an Irish workingman were to rhapsodise about our spiritual inheritance at the beginning of his speech, and at the end of it to denounce the tyranny of capital his audience would be shocked.

Perhaps that is the reason why the Socialist Republicans are not counted in, in the functions organised by the new cult. Perhaps! Yet I think we are favourable as need be, but we cannot work up any enthusiasm for things spiritual while lacking things material, and we cannot forget that there are thousands of our brother and sister Celts so poor to-day that if they could barter their spiritual inheritance for a loaf of bread and a 'rasher' it would be a profitable exchange.

But, gentlemen, before we part allow me to give you a toast. You will drink it, please, in water – the purest Vartry blend, with microbes of Irish manufacture only – and pledge me accordingly: "Here's to the union of two mighty, epoch-making forces, 'The Spiritual Inheritance of the Celt', and 'The Interests of the Provision Trade'; these two, linked in indissoluble union, to go marching down the ages to immortality together."

Sláinte!

SPAILPÍN

James Connolly

Parliamentary Democracy

(1900)

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Parliament is dissolved! By whom? By whom was Parliament elected? By the voters of Great Britain and Ireland. Was it then the voters of Great Britain and Ireland who called upon Parliament to dissolve? No, it was the Prime Minister of England, Lord Salisbury to wit, whom nobody elected and who is incapable under the laws of his country of being a parliamentary representative; it was this gentleman with whom lay the power of putting an end to the deliberations of Parliament and sending its members back to the ordeal of the hustings.

This ridiculous situation is highly illustrative of many anomalies and absurdities with which the English Constitution abounds. Eulogised by its supporters as the most perfect constitution yet evolved it is in reality so full of illogical and apparently impossible provisions and conditions that if presented to the reasoning mind as the basis of a workable constitution for a new country it would be laughed out of court as too ridiculous to consider.

Let us examine a few of its provisions in order that we may the more effectively contrast this parliamentary democracy with the democracy of the

revolutionist. Parliament is elected by the voters of Great Britain and Ireland. When elected that party which counts the greatest number of followers is presumed to form the Cabinet as representing a majority of the electorate. But it by no means follows that a majority in the House represents a majority of the people. In many constituencies for instance where there are more than two candidates for a seat it frequently happens that although a candidate polls a larger vote than either of his opponents and so obtains the seat, yet he only represents a minority of the constituents as the vote cast for his two opponents if united would be much greater than his own. The cabinet formed out of the members of the party strongest numerically constitutes the government of the country and as such has full control of our destinies during its term of office. But the Cabinet is not elected by the Parliament, voted for by the people, nor chosen by its own party. The Cabinet is chosen by the gentleman chosen by the Sovereign as the leader of the strongest party. The gentleman so chosen after a consultation with the Queen (who perhaps detests both him and his party) selects certain of his own followers, and invests them with certain positions, and salaries, and so forms the Cabinet.

The Cabinet controls the government and practically dictates the laws, yet the Cabinet itself is unknown to the law and is not recognised by the Constitution. In fact the Cabinet is entirely destitute of any legal right to existence. Yet although outside the law and unknown to the Constitution it possesses the most fearful powers, such as the declaration of war, and can not be prevented by the elected representatives of the people from committing the nation to the perpetration of any crime it chooses. After the crime has been perpetrated Parliament can repudiate when it meets the acts of the Cabinet, but in the meanwhile nations may have been invaded, governments overturned, and territories devastated with fire and sword.

The powers of Parliament are also somewhat arbitrary and ill-defined. Every general election is fought on one or two main issues, and on these alone. It may be the Franchise, it may be Temperance, it may be Home Rule, or any other question, but when Parliament has received from the electors its mandate on that

one question it arrogates to itself the right to rule and decide on every other question without the slightest reference to the wishes of the electorate.

If Parliament, elected to carry out the wishes of the electors on one question, chooses to act in a manner contrary to the wishes of the electors in a dozen other questions, the electors have no redress except to wait for another general election to give them the opportunity to return other gentlemen under similar conditions and with similar opportunities of evil-doing.

The democracy of Parliament is in short the democracy of Capitalism. Capitalism gives to the worker the right to choose his master, but insists that the fact of mastership shall remain unquestioned; Parliamentary Democracy gives to the worker the right to a voice in the selection of his rulers but insists that he shall bend as a subject to be ruled. The fundamental feature of both in their relation to the worker is that they imply his continued subjection to a ruling class once his choice of the personnel of the rulers is made.

But the freedom of the revolutionist will change the choice of rulers which we have to-day into the choice of administrators of laws voted upon directly by the people; and will also substitute for the choice of masters (capitalists) the appointment of reliable public servants under direct public control. That will mean true democracy – the industrial democracy of the Socialist Republic.

James Connolly

Home Thrusts

(1900)

A Critic

Cork's own city has provided itself with a critic who, in the **Evening Special** of last Saturday, runs full tilt up against the President of the British Trades' Union Congress, and against Socialism in general.

The Cork critic is a curiosity in his own way. He is in the first place a born journalist; you can see that with the first glance at his writings. The first qualification of a journalist on a capitalist paper is a perfect readiness to write columns of matter upon any subject which may turn up, without wasting any time acquiring a knowledge of what he is writing about.

So with this Cork critic. Every line he writes gives evidence of the density of his ignorance on all matters Socialistic, but he apparently conceives that fact to be of trivial importance for he continues to spread himself out on the question with a recklessness of grammar and an ignorance of economic teaching not to be surpassed by any collection of old women in the land.

As to the grammar, will the reader cast his eye over this gem from the editorial in which this critic lets himself loose upon an unoffending community.

Speaking of the President of the Congress he writes: "He does *not* look at Labour and Economic questions from *no* mere sordid bread and butter point of view."

If the schoolmaster was indeed abroad when this journalistic critic was developing I would suggest that for the sake of that schoolmaster's reputation this Cork critic should never tell what school he had attended.

Further on in this interesting article he declares that the President “soars aloft into the regions of Philosophy, and lectures the world on the prehistoric state of man *and other wild animals.*”

The confusion of thought shown in the paragraph, the entire inability to discriminate between a reference to the accepted facts of biological and ethnographic science and the mere speculations of philosophy is proof enough that the writer’s sole acquaintance with these subjects was limited to the names he juggled with so deftly, and used so wrongly.

But it is when he essays to argue out his position that this poor scribe becomes really touching in his simplicity. Here, for instance, is a specimen of his reasoning, and a sample of his knowledge, which should not be lightly passed over but should rather be preserved and carefully framed as a literary curiosity, born of an intellectual freak.

Pickle’s Philosophy of Collectivism [\[1\]](#) put into a nutshell amounts to this: Everybody is to own everything, and nobody is to own anything. A nice comfortable philosophy for a considerable section of the world. Take for instance the man without any brains. What need he care if he has none? His neighbour has enough for the two, and as he would have the same right to an even share of the country’s wealth as his brainy neighbour he would be the better off of the two, because he would have everything without worry or exertion.

There now, that is a gem. You will observe that the idea it means to convey is that Socialism means an equal divide of the wealth of the world – an idea which nobody holds now outside of lunatic asylums or the editorial rooms of capitalist newspapers.

Nobody ever heard a Socialist advocate a divide up, and when you hear any person tell you that Socialism means dividing up depend upon it he is either a fool who does not know what he is talking about, or else a rogue who means to deceive you.

Socialists say the land and all things necessary to life should be made public property and the journalistic tout for the capitalist class shouts out that that means an “equal divide”.

Now just to emphasise the foolishness of such talk remember that “all things necessary to life” includes the rivers and canals. Do you suppose then that Socialists propose to divide up the Lee, the Blackwater, or the Liffey, and apportion to each inhabitant of Ireland a share which he can carry away in his pockets?

We do not propose to divide anything but the labour and that we hope to divide if not equally, at least equitably. When that division comes off I think that an enlightened community will find for this Cork scribe some function more suited to his intellect, or to his lack of it, than writing articles upon subjects he does not understand.

“Take for instance”, he says, “the man without any brains.” Certainly my friend, anything to oblige you, I will take your case – your case in every sense of the word. And really it is touching to observe how the poor uninstructed instinct of this scribe brought him at once to the point which affected him most – the man without any brains.

Under Socialism those who labour will receive the full reward of their labour, no part whatever being deducted for the upkeep of a master class. The only deduction permissible being that proportion of the product necessary for the renewal of raw material and appliances.

The man who has brains will be expected to do his best, and the man who has no brains (a curious kind of animal he would be) will be expected to do his best, and both would be rewarded according to the length of time they spent per day, week, or year, in the service of the community.

Possibly the man with brains would not receive more per hour than the man not possessed of brains; he would however have that incentive to exert his

intellect which would come from the knowledge that he would be honoured and respected by his fellows in proportion to the worth of his labours.

The respect and honour of our fellows is payment enough for full grown men after our material wants are satisfied, and only perverted intellects and debased natures conceive a useless superfluity of wealth or powers of mastership to be necessary as an incentive to human ambition.

A truly civilised society would no more think of rewarding a man because nature had endowed him with brains, than it would think of rewarding another man because nature had endowed him with good looks.

Yes, my Cork friend, the man without the brains will be looked after. Be under no apprehension.

Then our friend asks again: – Is the man who spends most of his share in public houses and lets his family suffer, to be entitled to an equal share of the spoil just like the industrious man who spends his money to good account.

The question thus put implies that the questioner would answer in the negative. The question has little bearing on Socialism, as Socialism only proposes to secure a man the reward of his labour and does not presume to dictate how he shall use that reward.

But observe the folly of the question and the implied answer. A man is presupposed to have a certain share of wealth, to drink that share and leave his family to suffer. As a remedy it is proposed to decrease his share as a punishment for his drinking. But by decreasing his share you shorten the period required to exhaust his funds, and therefore bring to want so much sooner the family about which you professed to be so solicitous. Which is as absurd as the remainder of your attempts at reasoning.

It is like the case of the henpecked husband who had his wife charged at the Police Court with assaulting him. The lady was fined, the husband had to pay the fine, and he spent the rest of the week trying to figure out where his satisfaction came in.

The question belongs to the regime of capitalist society and not at all to Socialism, under which the family would not be dependent at least for necessities upon the dissolute husband, but the fact of the question being put is here mentioned as showing the habit some people have of thinking the conditions of the present into the future, instead of honestly attempting to master the problem they pretend to discuss.

The greatest minds of our time both in Science and Philosophy have given in their adhesion to Socialism; their works on the subject are accessible to all in most of our free libraries; the fact that such libraries are free does not surely lessen the educational value of the books contained therein; what then can be thought of the scribe who sneers at “Free Library Philosophy” and “Free Library Gleanings”?

What can be thought, except that this sneer is the only honest thing in his writings, betraying as it does the hatred with which his class view every facility for popular education, everything which would equip the worker for the task of measuring his intellect with the much vaunted brains of his masters.

That sneer and that hatred reveal who has most to fear from such a contest.

SPAILPÍN

Note

[1.](#) Pickle was the British TUC president under the critic's gaze.

James Connolly

Ireland Sober is Ireland Free?

(1900)

Workers' **Republic,** 15 July 1900.
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Political **Writings,** New York 1974.

Strikes.

In Dublin at present we have two very important strikes each affecting hundreds of men.

The Tailors' strike or lockout and the strike of Dockers on the Quays.

In each case we are confronted with the grim fact that in the world today there are but two classes – the Master Class and the Working Class – and that those two classes are at perpetual war with each other.

The Master Class, the dominant ruling class, strives by every means in its power to keep the Working Class in such a state of subjection that the process of spoiling or robbing the worker of his earnings, may go smoothly on with as little risks or dislocation as possible.

The Working Class on the other hand perpetually rises in protest against the incidental details of the robbery, organises to reduce the stealings of the Masters, and ever and anon throws down its tools, and enters on a bloodless insurrection against the conditions of its servitude.

These protests, these organised movements, these unarmed insurrections of labour, these strikes are the inevitable accompaniment of the capitalistic system of society – they are the salient proofs that the Socialist alone knows what he is talking about when he declares that the normal condition of society is not peace, but war; that the Class War is the one, great fact in the modern world.

“Ireland sober is Ireland free,” said Mr George Leahy, President of the Irish Trades Union Congress. How utterly inane and idiotic the saying was should now be apparent to the most unthinking. If all the Tailors and Dockers of Dublin were total abstainers would that alter the fact that in order to obtain a remedy for some paltry grievances these men were compelled to surrender their means of livelihood and leave themselves workless upon the streets.

“There is no antagonism between Capital and Labour,” Mr George Leahy declared also at the same Congress, and, lo! strikes on the Dublin quays, lock-out of the tailoring trade, strikes in Limerick, disputes in half-a-dozen smaller concerns every week, why it looks as if masters and men alike resolved to show the world how little Mr Leahy knows, or how incapable he is of talking common sense.

The Dock Strike has for us certain attractions greater than most industrial disputes in Ireland. The reason being that work on the docks is carried on under thorough capitalist conditions.

There the capitalist system of exploiting labour can be seen better than in most industries in this undeveloped country.

There are no small employers, no working capitalists, no personal relations between masters and men. There is only one connecting link between the employers and the employees, and that link is to be found in the gold, silver, or copper coins the worker draws as the reward for his labour.

The ‘Cash Nexus’ abhorred of Carlyle is the only point of contact betwixt the dockers and the men who live upon their labour.

Down the quays the workers are not regarded by their masters as human beings – they are only reckoned as so many items in the balance-sheet, and troublesome items at that.

This is Capitalism pure and simple, and to it the workers oppose their organisation – trade unionism pure and simple.

With the accent on the word ‘simple’.

The workers on the quay have such voting strength that they can return as their representatives on the City Council practically whoever they like, yet in the North Dock Ward their representatives are a lawyer, a publican, a shipping agent – and Alderman Fleming.

It is hard to classify Alderman Fleming. He is what the Americans style a ‘Labour Fakir’, that is to say a man who was once a worker, and has used the labour vote to crawl into a position in a public body where the capitalist class find it to their interest to ‘square’ him, and use him in order to delude the working class to support capitalist nominees.

That is Fleming.

The dock workers are thus pitted against a powerful combination of interests representing the entire propertied class; and the shipping companies have not only the power of their stored up capital against the poor funds of the men’s union, but have also their representatives and friends in the City Council and Parliament, elected by the men themselves.

The masters have the power of money, they have the political power, and they have the municipal power, and in every case they have derived that power from the men against whom they are now using it.

But of course it is better to be thus fought with the weapons you handed to your opponent, than to vote for a Socialist, isn’t it?

Under Socialism the docks and the shipping would belong to the nation, and the work would be carried on co-operatively by the dockers in the public interest, under the management of men elected by the dockers. The stevedores, instead of being tyrannical bosses over the men, would be elected from the ranks of the men for their skill in organising effectively the work required, would be the servants of the men, and all labour would be remunerated according to the full value of the work performed.

Strikes would be impossible, because, as the workers would be their own bosses, there would be nobody to strike against. The Municipal Council would be an executive body representing all the industries of the city, and charged with the supervision of the industrial affairs of the population; and with the Municipal Council, and not with any private individuals, would all trades and industries require to deal in all matters affecting trade organisation, labour, and the reward of labour.

But that would be Socialism, and Socialism is an awful thing to contemplate, you know. And so the dockers are left to the leadership of men, some of whom are politicians of the same stripe as their masters, and others of whom told them a few weeks ago that if they were only sober their masters would not oppress them, they and their country would be free!!

SPAILPÍN

James Connolly

The Coming Generation

(1900)

Workers' Republic, 15 July 1900.
Republished in Owen Dudley Edwards & Bernard Ransom (eds), **James Connolly: Selected Political Writings,** New York 1974.

The Coming Generation.

Last week we witnessed in Dublin the first political parade of the coming generation.

Between twenty-five and thirty thousand children turned out and walked in processional order through the streets of the city, to show the world that British Imperialism had cast no glamour over their young minds.

And that in the person of Her Britannic Majesty they recognised only a woman – no better than the mothers who bore them, if as good.

It was a great sight to see the little rebels taking possession of the city – a sight more promising for the future of the country than any we can remember.

Well, the children did their duty. Now are you prepared to do your duty to the children? Listen, my patriotic friend! Every child in that army of processionists – being the children of the poor as they all were, for it is only in the veins of such the stream of patriotism flows pure and undefiled – is destined to become, if it lives, the slave of a master, and will grow up in a world which nowhere recognises its right to life, except on the supposition that it will make a profit for a master.

You rear your child up to love its country, and you support a social system which declares that the child has no right to the country, but must pay for permission to live on it as it is the property of private individuals.

You shout for liberty, and you surrender your children to the mercies of capitalism which will seize them as soon as they leave school, and will devote

their little bones, muscles and undeveloped brains to the task of grinding out profits for a boss.

Are you doing your duty? Love Ireland! Yes, if by 'Ireland' you mean not only the earth and the waters, but the men and the women, the boys and the girls – the people of Ireland, in fact.

Ireland without her people is nothing to me, and the man who is bubbling over with love and enthusiasm for 'Ireland', and can yet pass unmoved through our streets and witness all the wrong and the suffering, the shame and the degradation wrought upon the people of Ireland, aye, wrought by Irishmen upon Irishmen and women, without burning to end it, is, in my opinion, a fraud and a liar in his heart, no matter how he loves that combination of chemical elements which he is pleased to call 'Ireland'.

If you are proud of the children who responded to the call of their country, and passed unheeded the seductions of the tyrant, then bestir yourselves to win for them a right to live in that country, a right to enjoy its beauties, and revel in its abundance, irrespective of the wishes of any employer or landlord.

When Socialism is realised every child in our Irish soil will by the mere fact of its existence be an heir to, and partner in, all the country produces; will have the same right to an assured existence as the citizen has today to his citizenship – in fact that will then be the right of citizenship, the right to live in the country, and the right to enjoy those fruits of labour the country will yield to its children.

That is the reward you should render the children for their love of country; win the country for them and leave it behind you as theirs to enjoy free and unfettered – neither under the heel of foreign tyrant, nor yielding disguised tribute to native slave driver.

You cannot be doing, you are not doing, your duty to the children while you leave them to grow up amidst such surroundings as are to be found in the tenement houses of our city.

You are neglecting your duty as long as you allow your City Hall to be in the power of men who as landlords derive their living from the rents they extort out of the poisonous slums in which they are slowly murdering the children of the working class – those very children you professed to admire on Sunday.

You are traitor to your duty as long as you elect to Parliament the members of a political party which, like the Home Rule Party, is officered, managed and financed by that same class – the landlords of our city slums.

Ah, be true to your class, to your duty, to our children, and you cannot fail but be worthy of your country, and when next the non-Socialist politicians, or the municipal wirepuller solicits support:

Think of the children who swarm and die
In loathsome dens where despair is king,
Like blackened buds of a frosty spring
That wither sunless, remote they lie
From the love that nurtures each quickening sense,
While Vice, and Hunger, and Pestilence,
Breast-poisoned nurses, the babies drain dry.

And so thinking, take your place in the ranks of the Socialist Republican Party.

SPAILPÍN

James Connolly

Resolution of Sympathy with the Boer Republics

(1899)

Workers' Republic, 30 June, 1900.

**Resolution Drafted by James Connolly and Adopted at a Public Meeting to
Express Sympathy with the Boer Republics,
Held in Foster Place, Dublin on August 27th, 1899**

WHEREAS the government of this country is maintained upon the bayonets of an occupying army against the will of the people;

WHEREAS there were in India, Egypt and other portions of the British Empire other and much larger populations also kept down in forced subjection;

WHEREAS a country that thus keeps down subject populations by the use of the hangman, the bullet or the sword, has no right to preach to another about its duties towards its population; THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that this meeting denounces the interference of the British capitalist government in the internal affairs of the Transvaal Republic as an act of criminal aggression, wishes long life to the Republic, and trusts that our fellow-countrymen will, if need be, take up arms in defence of their adopted country.

This meeting was held by the Irish Socialist Republican Party, and was their first public meeting held in Ireland to express sympathy with the Boers.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

The British Army is getting its hands full in South Africa. The defeated, demoralised, disheartened, subjugated, routed, dispersed, conquered, disarmed and humiliated Boers are still toppling over British battalions, capturing British convoys, cutting British lines of communication, and keeping Lord Roberts and all his generals in a state of almighty panic and unrest, and not a single soldier can be spared from South Africa for a long time to come.

The Boxers in China have developed a sudden aptitude for war, are prowling around on the hunt for foreign devils, and with a smile that is child-like and bland are offering to box all Europe, with Japan and America thrown in as appetisers. Great Britain is in want of soldiers there also.

Now it only wants a native rising in India, and then would come our Irish opportunity.

With war in Africa, war in China, war in India, we of the unconquered Celtic race would rise up in our millions from Malin Head to Cape Clear, from Dublin to Galway, and – and well, pass ‘strong’ resolutions, and then go home and pray that somebody else may beat the Sasanach.

The Boers are invulnerable on kopjes, the Boxers are death on missionaries, but we are irresistible on ‘resolutions’.

James Connolly

Home Thrusts

(3 June 1900)

The Irish Trades' Union Congress.

What have the working class of Ireland a right to expect from that gathering?

We know what we have received in the past – much talk, and many schemes whereby we might through combination better our lot as slaves, but never a suggestion on the point of how we might proceed to abolish our status as slaves, and elevate ourselves instead to the dignity of freemen.

For what, after all, are the various nostrums of Technical Education, Fair Wages Clause in Public Contracts, Amendments to Employers' Liability Acts, etc., what are they in essence but devices to modify the severity of the slave driver's lash, whilst still expressly recognising his right to apply the lash?

Take Technical Education. It is a scheme to provide the workers with increased knowledge of how to handle the tools with which they make a profit for their masters; it will not increase the wages of labour, but it will increase the number of really efficient workers seeking for employment, and competing against each other for wages.

If thorough Technical Education were made universal it would make skilled labour as plentiful as unskilled, and wages would be adjusted accordingly.

That is in any event the tendency introduced into modern industry by machinery; it is the inevitable result of the division of labour in the workshop, consequent upon the use of steam and electricity; but why trade unionists should imagine that it is their duty to spend valuable time in advocating reforms (?) which will destroy the distinction between skilled and unskilled labour, not by uplifting the latter but by degrading the former, we fail to understand.

It may be pleaded that as Technical Education would enable us to compete better with other nations it is a beneficent measure to that extent. Granted. But what is most urgently needed in Ireland is a frank discussion by organised labour of the basis and principles of the vile capitalist system which compels you to compete or die; to snatch the bread out of your neighbour's mouth, or starve yourself.

Technical Education will come. Of that be assured. The master class will introduce it in their own interests, my friends, so please use your time at your annual palaver at something a little more useful to yourselves and your class.

The Fair Wages Clause is somewhat more sensible, but does not deserve all the enconiums passed upon it. What is it at most? If carried out in its entirety it would ensure that the rate of wages paid in Government or Municipal service or contracts would be as high as the terms your trade unionists are able to force upon private employers. That is all!

Not a great lot to talk about, is it?

Especially in view of the fact that were you wise enough to think for yourselves, instead of blindly following the interested advice of the middle class on the one hand, or the muddle-headed traditions of English trade unionism on the other, you could carry your trade unionism into politics, and elect sufficient men of your own class to all public bodies, parliament included, to make these bodies the mouthpieces of your own interest, and their conditions of employment the ideal standard.

But that would be Socialism, you say. Oh no it wouldn't, not by a long shot. But if you had a majority of your representatives in the legislative chamber, and that majority proceeded to make capitalist property illegal, and to vote that all the land, mines, railways, canals, factories, shops, docks, and shipping belonged to the people of Ireland, and would in future be worked by them on a co-operative, democratic basis, that would be Socialism – and that would be freedom.

But as long as you recognise capitalist property, as long as you yield up to the master class the private property you of right possess in the product of your labour, and accept instead a fraction thereof in the shape of wages, then no matter how you may strive to limit the power of the master, he is master still – and you are but his slave.

Probably you won't talk about Socialism at the Congress. You will rather orate about the "dignity of labour," although well aware that the majority of delegates have to ask their masters' permission before they dare venture to attend the Congress.

Last year you resolved against the Overtaxation of Ireland, which only concerns our Irish upper class, who wanted your help against the English upper class. That was the result of your leaders being more anxious to get a word of praise from the Home Rule press than to know what they were talking about.

Last year your president said there was no antagonism between employers and employed. This year the same individual is in Dublin, busy organising the men of his trade who have been shamefully locked out by their masters. Does he still think there is no antagonism?

Consider, my trade unionist friends. We Irish are today the only working class in Europe who are not in revolt against the slavery of the capitalist system; we are the only people with whom the highest ambition in life is to get a good wage from their masters; we are the only people who have not risen intellectually to a conception of what life might be without masters; we are the only people, outside of England, who are trade unionists only in the shop, but become the veriest lackeys of our masters at the political ballot box; and we would all die for the freedom of our country, yet would continue that country in the hands of employers and landlords, who could at their will refuse us the right to live upon it.

Are there amongst the delegates to the Congress sufficient MEN to retrieve our name in the eyes of the world?

Then let them stand up for the only hope of the disinherited working class – the Socialist Republic.

Spailpín

James Connolly

Difficulties of Socialism

(1900)

Workers' Republic, 3 June 1900.

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In every discussion on the aims and objects of a Socialist Party some one is sure to bring up the objection that even if the Socialist Party were to conquer their opponents, and make an effort to establish their ideal as a political and social edifice, the difficulties which would arise out of the inability of the common people to understand the complexity of the social system they were called upon to administer, would infallibly produce the downfall of the new order. This objection is, it seems to us, rather far fetched in view of the circumstance that the majority of those who at the present day are entrusted with the work of

organizing and administering the capitalist system are completely ignorant of every development of the system outside of their own particular sphere of employment.

It is not at all necessary that everyone, or even a very large number, of those engaged in labour should be able to give an intelligent account of the multifarious processes of production, nor yet that they should be qualified even to trace the passage of the commodities upon which they are employed through all their stages from the crudity of the raw material up to the perfection of the finished product as it eventually reaches the hands of the purchaser. It is only necessary that each worker should perform with due skill and scrupulosity his own allotted task; to the few required as organisers of industry may be left the work of adjusting and interlocking the parts. Even this latter function – formidable as it may look when thus baldly stated – may be reduced to a mere automatic function to be executed as a part of the routine work of a clerical staff.

Any person reflecting upon the mechanism of the capitalist system can readily perceive how little its most important arteries of commerce are dependent upon international organization, and how much upon the reciprocal action of the economic interests involved at first hand. Where the international organization of Socialism will indeed come into play it will come to smooth over and simplify many of the difficulties which are constantly arising under capitalism as a result of the clashing of personal interests. Hence the Socialist organization of industry will preserve the effectiveness due to the development of capitalism whilst entirely obviating the friction and disputes capitalist competition entails.

It is well also to remember the multitude of things which in civilised society we are all compelled to take upon trust at the word of others. It is safe to say that what is called 'progress', or civilisation, would be impossible were each individual in the community, or even a majority, to insist upon acquiring a complete theoretical and technical mastery of, say, each new application of Science to the needs of life before consenting to allow its use. There are few persons nowadays who would shrink from trusting themselves to railway trains, even although in all but complete ignorance of the mechanism of the steam engine, signal-boxes, points, and brakes; we have had gas in our houses, shops, and public buildings

for several generations, but to this day the number of those who really understand the processes of gas production, storage, and distribution are extraordinarily few, yet that does not prevent us using it despite its well known poisonous and explosive nature. And so we might go on enumerating many things in daily use – the use of which involves risk to life – which are accepted and freely utilised by people at large without stopping to acquire a perfect knowledge of their active principle.

Much the same might be said of the pretended wonderful and mysterious results to be attained under Socialism – results too wonderful to be realised. In Socialism there is nothing so abnormal that its realization could exceed in strangeness things we see around us every day, and composedly accept with the greatest equanimity. In the proposition that the community can so arrange the work of production and distribution that plenty can be provided for every human being, there is nothing, in view of present day machinery, half so extraordinary as the fact that if a gentleman sitting down to dinner in Dublin sends a telegram to a friend in Australia that friend will have received said telegram before his Dublin correspondent could have finished the final course of his repast. The fact that people in Ireland were reading accounts of battles in South Africa, 7,000 miles off, while those battles were still in progress, is far more intrinsically wonderful than a system of society in which labour enjoys the product of its toil, and neither hereditary tyrants nor capitalist exploiters are tolerated.

If these stranger developments have been accepted whilst Socialism is still rejected, it is because the personal economic interests of the classes controlling the educative and governing forces of the world are in line with such developments, while the same personal economic interests of those classes are as directly opposed to Socialism. But the workers are in the majority, and their interests are in line with Socialism, which may, therefore, be realised as soon as they desire, and are resolute enough to put their desires into practice.

James Connolly

Bruce Glasier in Ireland

(31 March 1900)

Bruce Glasier in Ireland, Justice, 31 March 1900, p.3.
Transcribed by Ted Crawford.

Our friend and quondam comrade, Bruce Glasier, has been giving in the **Clarion** his impressions of Ireland; it is, then, in order, for someone in Ireland to give their impressions of Bruce Glasier. This article is a feeble contribution in that direction; where this article fails of its purpose it is to be hoped the reader will be lenient, and remember that it is not at all possible to reproduce in cold print a vivid picture of the gyrations of a lightning-change artiste – whether the performance be on the stage or the platform, or the changes be of clothing or of principles.

After the result of the first elections in Ireland under the Irish Local Government Bill had astounded the world with a clear-cut manifestation of class-feeling on the part of the Irish workers, the news was announced, with much of the usual trumpeting, that the Fabian Society was about to send a lecturer to Ireland. The real inwardness of this move will only be apparent to those Social-Democrats who have so far cut their economic wisdom-teeth as to appreciate the overwhelming importance to our cause of a sound comprehension of the principle of the class struggle. Where this principle is understood and battled for the Labour movement is certain to develop along paths leading direct to political action on Socialist lines; where this principle is obscured or denied, the

organisations of the working-class, even when professedly Socialist, only serve as decoy ducks to the political parties of their masters. The Fabian Society recruits itself principally among the astute bourgeoisie, whose aim it is to emasculate the working class movement by denying the philosophy of the class struggle, weakening the belief of the workers in the political self-sufficiency of their own class, and by substituting the principle of municipal capitalism and bureaucratic State control for the principle of revolutionary reconstruction involved in Social Democracy. How far this policy has succeeded in England our English comrades can tell. But as a mere outsider I would suggest that the harm wrought in the electoral prospects of Socialism by the plentiful crop of “advanced Radicals” and “Liberal Labour” candidates which spring up in every constituency where the Socialist doctrine has taken partial root, is one sufficiently obvious proof of the danger to Socialism of Fabian tactics. Ireland has not, until last year, received much attention from the Fabian gentry. The Irish worker had not the municipal franchise, therefore Fabian gas and water schemes would have been lost on him. But as soon as he obtained the franchise and manifested a desire to use it in a true class spirit, the cry went up for the Fabian missionaries. In order to prevent the Irish working class from breaking off entirely from the bourgeois parties, and from developing a revolutionary tendency, the Fabians sent their lecturer to Ireland, to induce the Irish working class to confine themselves to the work of municipalising, and to fritter away their energies and break their hearts on the petty squabbles of local administration, to the entire neglect of the essential work of capturing the political power necessary for social reconstruction. For this work Bruce Glasier was chosen as the man most fitted to succeed. What the character of his teaching was may best be judged by a short resume of the answers to some questions put to him whilst in Dublin by some members of the Irish Socialist Republican Party.

In one lecture he had given an elaborate and overdrawn picture of the great benefits accruing to some English towns through municipalising – ½d. per £ off the taxes in one place, and 1d. in another, so much saved to the rates from gas, so much from water, so much from electric light. “This,” he declared, “is all the work of the last ten years, *and is due entirely to the new trade unionism.*”

Question: "Seeing that the new trade unionism was conceived in the brains of, was officered by, and largely composed of Socialists, why does Mr. Glasier not give credit where credit is due, and state that the reforms he speaks of were owing to Socialist agitation?"

Answer: "I wasn't speaking of the origin of new trade unionism."

Question: "You speak of peasant proprietary as a solution of the Irish land question; now, under peasant proprietary would not the labourer be exploited by the peasant proprietor?"

Answer: "Of course there is nothing in peasant proprietary to prevent that, and the farmer might still exploit the labourer."

Question: "You say the farmer *might* exploit the labourer; did you ever know of one man employing others for any other reason than to exploit them?"

Answer: "No, but under the circumstances in Ireland peasant proprietary is the most likely solution."

Question: "You speak of the enormous profits made by the Corporation out of the tram service. Now we object to the exploitation of labour, and consider it the basic injustice of the present system; and what difference can it make to the Glasgow tram worker whether the profit wrung out of him goes to a corporation or to an individual? He loses it anyway."

Answer: "The labourer is not exploited, but the community. The profit is not made out of the worker, but out of the people at large."

According to this theory, the payment of good wages, to municipal employees is a matter of charity, not justice.

Question: "Is it not a fact that in all the cases of municipal enterprise spoken of the original. Owners have had to be bought out at an extravagant valuation, that this is done by the creation of municipal interest-bearing bonds, and that thus

you only succeed in replacing the private, responsible capitalist by the private, irresponsible bondholder?”

Answer: “Yes, that is certainly so. But we hope, when we have paid off this debt and interest, to create a fund from the profit thus accruing to enable us to purchase without the necessity of borrowing.”

As it generally requires from 15 to 20 years to pay off the debt on even the smallest municipal enterprise, during which time other debts are being contracted, we can all see how long an innings the middle class hope for from Fabianism, and also how delightfully “immediately practicable” are their reforms.

Question: “Do you consider that the working class should strive to capture political power by supporting only the candidates of their own class?”

Answer: “As a matter of fact the working class are often the most conservative, and great reforms are likely to come, in the immediate future as in the past, from the action of generous-minded members of the upper or middle classes.”

Of course; the moral intended to be drawn was to look to the master class for guidance and not to the working class.

Question: “Would it not be more advantageous to the cause of municipalising if the municipal employees were to be paid as nearly as possible the full fruits of their labour? Would this not induce employees of private firms to clamour to be taken into municipal service?”

Answer: “I consider that to pay municipal employees much more than private employees would be to make of them a privileged class, and arouse the jealousy of the employees of private firms.”

These few questions and answers will serve to illustrate the character of Mr. Glasier’s teaching. He was also asked if he was a Socialist, and answered it in such a “smart” manner that the audience present were left in a complete fog of bewilderment as to his real position. I remembered him as a man who was first a “revolutionary” Socialist for whom the SDF was too moderate, then as an I.L.P.-

er for whom the S.D.F. was too extreme, but I had still retained a wild hope that the change might have been the result of conviction. As he came down from the Trades Hall platform in Dublin I spoke to him, saying:

“Well, Glasier, I am sorry you have turned Fabian.”

“But I’m not a Fabian,” he answered.

“Then what are you,” I asked, a little bewildered, “aren’t you speaking on the Fabian platform and advocating Fabianism?”

“Oh, yes,” he answered, “but you see I’m paid by the Fabians and must do what I am paid for.”

And so I left him. How I envied his self-restraint and sense of responsibility. And how much more I envied him when I read his article in the **Clarion**, and noted how in the front page he played to Nunquam’s ear by a simulated indignation over my participation in an anti-war meeting, and in the latter part of the same article beslavers another Irishman who had been deposed from a J.P.-ship for his sympathy with the Boers.

But that is Bruce Glasier, his mark.

Honesty, it is said, is the best policy. But with some natures the practical application of the maxim is an organic impossibility.

James Connoly

