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The PLEBS MAGAZINE

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MONTHLY TWOPENCE

The "Plebs" League

Object

To further the interests of the Central Labour College, for working men and women, at London, and to assist in the formation of similar institutions elsewhere, all of these institutions to be controlled by the organized Labour bodies.

Methods

The holding of an Annual Meet: the issuing of a monthly Magazine, the pages of which shall be open to any proposed application of reason to human problems: and the formation of Local Branches to promote the object of the League, and for the study of Social Questions, History, and Economics—from the working-class standpoint.

Membership

All Students (R. C. and C. L. C.), past and present (Resident and Corresponding) and Sympathizers are eligible for membership

Each Member shall pay 1/- a year towards the Central Fund for general expenses in connexion with the Annual Meet, &c.

Management

An Executive of five members elected annually, and the Editor of Magazine, who shall be responsible as to publication and meets, &c.

The Magazine shall be 2d. per copy, 2½d. post free.

Subscriptions payable in advance: Quarterly 7½d., Half Yearly 1/3, Yearly 2/6

☞ **The Sixth Annual Meet will be held in London (Bank Holiday), August, 1914**

G. SIMS, Secretary-Treasurer

To whom all P.O's should be made payable

13 Penywern Road, Earls Court,
London, S.W.

The PLEBS MAGAZINE

Vol. VI April, 1914 No. 3

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Will You Help?

Last month we wrote:

We invite all our readers, who are sufficiently interested to make a little sacrifice to save the Central Labour College, to obtain 4/- a month till July next, or pay £1 in the most convenient form.

The result has not been all that we might reasonably have anticipated. Perhaps the next month's list will be more encouraging. In any case we thank those who have responded and suggest to the rest of our readers

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

We want £500 by July next! we should like it in monthly instalments of £100. If YOU cannot give it you can probably get it off your friends or workmates, or Union, or Society.

TRY!

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Griffiths, G.	2	6	Moore, C.	5	0
Gwenallt Lodge, S.W.M.F. ...	20	0	N.U.R. Member (Salop) ...	2	6
Keating, T. P.	5	0	†Pendrey, C. T.	2	0
†Keating, A.	5	0	†Sale Branch B.S.P.	4	0
†Lord, Ben	4	0	†T. W. M. (Manor Park) ...	4	0
Millar, J. P. M. (collected) ...	4	0	Westrope, Mrs. (Collected) ...	6	2

† First Instalment of £1 Guarantee.

"Labour in Irish History*"

THE Dublin dispute has made James Connolly's name familiar to the organized workers generally; he was already well known to some of us, and the issue of a cheap edition of this work on the Movement in Ireland, reminds us that he is something more than a mere orange-box agitator and Trade Union organizer. If ever there was anything in the sneer of our opponents regarding the ignorant agitator and demagogue, the taunt cannot stand for much at the present time. Modern democratic agitators have to be fairly well grounded in the subject-matter of the questions with which they deal; and the literature circulating among the proletariat, largely the product of the workers themselves, compares very favourably with that issued by the cultured-class writers of the established order, both for style and matter. On purely social subjects, indeed, the proletarian literature is immensely superior in its analytical power and its handling of scientific theories to most of the academic contributions of the professional class; these writers are generally overwhelmed by the mass of material bearing on a given period of history or phase of social life, and therefore content themselves by marshalling the facts in more or less orderly manner, without disclosing the principles at work, and thus bringing order and relationship into the apparently isolated and spontaneous modes of their expression. It is just this orderly method of presentation, this causal connexion underlying the apparently individualistic character of the various movements of a given time or in the successive movements of a given period; the reduction of the spectacular personages and expression of events to their proper place and proportions in the onward march of social forces; it is just this power of selection and arrangement of the things that count in social evolution that gives point and vim to the writings of a growing number of proletarian scribes. Even those of us who consider ourselves emancipated from bourgeois traditions and idealism are prone to give undue weight to bourgeois judgments on the standing of the theorists in our own ranks, forgetting that the standards of judgment set up by the bourgeois are just those standards that we ourselves refuse to accept as a reflex of the facts they attempt to measure. The capitalist Press writers, who would assuredly boom any work on Ireland from any of the "public men"—a not inapt description!—of the orthodox political parties, and have a not unkindly word, for some "sane" Labour and Socialist writers have had little or nothing to say on Connolly's book, published these three years; and for this neglect there is a good reason. Connolly's book tears up more than one bourgeois hero's traditional character, pitilessly exposes many a nasty phase of bourgeois administration, and gives many historical instances of bourgeois duplicity and

* *Labour in Irish History*, by James Connolly, 1/2 net (Maunsel and Co.) (can be obtained from the "Plebs" post free).

treachery in the struggles for Irish self-government, and the improvement of the social conditions of the Irish workers ; and suggests a class-policy for, and class action by the workers.

Connolly opens the work with a chapter on the lessons of history. After that he deals with the various events and movements in Ireland from the Jacobite wars. Some very necessary things, unpleasant ones mainly, are said about the idolized leaders of the past whose names are to-day used by the politicians for their own ends, for Connolly says we have to face the facts and not hug illusions if we are to learn anything from the past as a basis for "something attempted, something *done*," in the present. On the other hand, he says much to show that many so-called "Irish patriots" were in reality the advance guard of the modern international proletarian movement, men and women who looked upon the Irish movement as a national phase of the international movement for social freedom.

The two propositions on which the book is based are :—

> First, that in the evolution of civilization the progress of the fight for national liberty of any subject nation must, perforce, keep pace with the progress of the struggle for liberty of the most subject class in that nation, and the shifting of economic and political forces which accompanies the development of the system of capitalist society leads inevitably to the increasing conservatism of the non-working class element, and to the revolutionary vigour and power of the working class.
>
> Second, that the result of the long drawn out struggle of Ireland has been, so far, that the old chieftainry has disappeared, or through its degenerate descendants has made terms with iniquity, and become part and parcel of the supporters of the established order ; the middle class growing up in the midst of the national struggle, and at one time, as in 1798, through the stress of the economic rivalry of England almost forced into the position of revolutionary leaders against the political despotism of their industrial competitors, have now also bowed the knee to Baal, and have a thousand economic strings in the shape of investments binding them to English capitalism as against every sentimental and historic attachment drawing them towards Irish patriotism ; only the Irish working class remain as the incorruptible inheritors of the fight for freedom in Ireland.

The book is a good critique of the middle class politician, who, in Ireland as elsewhere, is prepared to talk in mighty words, but whose whole political aim is to obtain just that measure of political liberty that enables him to pursue his own selfish interests, while taking good care that nothing is done in any way to weaken the maintenance and reproduction of a plentiful supply of cheap, docile, dependent labour. In all such struggles the middle class unselfishly reserves one duty and one right entirely for the working class, the duty of fighting and the right to suffer. The propertied class, on the other hand, have "exercised its rights with a rod of iron and

renounced its duties with a face of brass." And it is historical instances of both these phases of "social progress"—and the underlying economic needs that shaped their expressions—that Connolly sets himself, successfully, the task of proving.

This is a book that *must* be read by those who want to know the working class side of the "Irish Question."

Marx and Engels

Continued

DURING the period 1850-1860 Marx completed the *Brumaire* in its finished form and the *Critique of Political Economy*. Complementary to this he was spending five hours daily in the British Museum on research work: taking educational classes and giving public lectures to the members of the Communist Workingmen's Educational League; acting as general adviser to the Continental Labour Movement, &c. What this meant both his daughter and Liebknecht have told us. The *Brumaire*, the *Critique*, and articles for the Press were frequently written in one of the two Soho rooms, while friends chatted to him and his three children climbed his chair and made him their horse. He was always offering hospitality to political refugees, the £1 a week being stretched to its utmost limits. In 1850 one of the children died, in 1851, another was born, and in 1852 a second child died and was lying in one of the two rooms for over a week before they could borrow the money to bury it. On the other side we have the humour and the unconquerable good spirits of the "greathearts" of the revolution. Mrs. Marx's people were partly Scotch. As a matter of fact some relationship existed between them and the Argyle family. And among the plate owned by the wife's family were some stamped with the Argyle crest. During their early days in London Marx made a visit (one of a series) to the pawnbrokers to pledge some of this plate. As a consequence of the crest referred to he was detained by the pawnbroker who called the police and it needed some proof to establish the property-relation between Marx and the goods. Liebknecht in his *Memoirs of Marx* (Kerr, 1/7) tells many other amusing tales of Marx and his household. However he is not altogether an hero-worshipper and perhaps this attitude is understandable when one remembers the brusque criticism which Marx never hesitated to use when he was annoyed or disappointed by the actions of his friends. And the fault was not always with his friends.

Marx lived in Soho for about eight years. He then moved to a cottage in Grafton Terrace, Kentish Town. From this address he sent forth the *Critique*: prepared his first volume of *Capital* (and outlined in MS. the 2nd and 3rd Vols.): carried on the work of the International Workingmen's Association, started in 1864 at St. Martin's

Town Hall and for the first conference of which he wrote *Value, Price, and Profit:* here also he carried on the agitation for the cause of the North in the American Civil War, services that were acknowledged by Lincoln in an autograph letter to the Council of the International. In this connexion it is interesting to note that quite recently the Austrian Socialist party have recovered a whole series of articles contributed by Marx to *The Presse*, a Vienna paper, and covering the period of October, 1861, to December, 1862. An article on the *American Civil War*, which appeared in two issues of *The Presse* and outlined the economic causes of the War, has recently been translated into English. They appeared in the New York *New Review*. We hope to publish them in the *Plebs Magazine* before long.

With the rise of the International Working Men's Association began another period of European agitation. The manifestoes issued, by Marx, in its behalf from time to time set the European Governments by the ears. They are classics and it is to be hoped that they will all be collected soon and published in one volume, the honour of the Socialist movement demands it. The manifesto relating to the Paris Commune and issued under the title of the *Civil War in France* met with exceptional hostility from the governing class of Europe. Demands were made that legal action should be taken against the General Council of the International and the cry being taken up Marx proclaimed himself the author and the person solely responsible for its issue. On the motion of a Mr. Cochrane, a debate on the subject took place in the House of Commons in 1872. However, after a wild speech on the iniquity of the International from this gentleman, he had to listen to a rebuke from Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, who told him he knew nothing of Labour affairs. After that the discussion became flat, and the reports in the principal papers the next day severely ridiculed Cochrane.

The attitude of the English Government was no doubt due to a secret understanding with the Trade Union leaders, Odgers and others, who at this time were anxious to get the Trade Unions put upon a legal basis so as to protect the Union funds. For this purpose they had to secure the support of middle-class people and this meant breaking with the economic theories kept to the fore by the General Council of the International. These Trade Union leaders took advantage of the support accorded by the International to the Paris Commune to sever their connexion with the Association. This action had no ill effects upon the International as the relations between it and the Unions were of the friendliest kind. At the best the support of the Unions had been moral rather than material and thus it remained to the end.

The greatest trouble of the International arose from the anarchist section of the movement led by Bakunin, of which a short account recently appeared in the *Plebs Magazine*.

From 1873 on till his death, Marx practically became the advisory agent of the various national Labour bodies. In between whiles he prepared articles for the Press and the MS. for the additional volumes of *Capital*. The long years of literary work and agitation, and lack of proper nourishment and rest had begun to play havoc with even his vast physical resources. Time after time he was compelled to give up owing to illness, and in addition, family losses fell heavily upon him. He lost three children, one of whom, his only son aged nine, had already shown much promise, and also some grandchildren in the '70's, and these blows were intensified by his wife's long and painful illness, which finally ended fatally in December, 1881. In 1883 his favourite daughter, Jenny (Mrs. Longuet), also died. After that it was apparent that his days were numbered and he died as before stated at 41 (formerly No. 1) Maitland Park Road on March 14th, 1883.

To return to Engels. Apart from his work in connexion with the International, where he was naturally a part-timer and was just as naturally dwarfed by the figure of Marx, he was also very active in all forms of propaganda work. He gave up business in 1870 to attend to the more serious work of agitation and took up his residence in London, at 122 Regent's Park Road. In 1872 he wrote a series of articles on *The Housing Question*, as a reply to a Proudonist of Germany. In 1875 he contributed a series of articles against Bakuninism entitled *Social Conditions in Russia*. In 1877 appeared *Anti-Duehring*, one of the socialist classics, its aim was to expose the shallow reasoning of one, Eugene Duehring, a German intellectual, who on the strength of his scientific attainments had written two volumes to put the Socialist Movement straight. Duehring was no mean opponent, he was an eminent writer of all-round ability, judged by bourgeois standards, he having written books on such subjects as Mathematics and Mechanics, Philosophy and Economics, Jurisprudence, Ancient History, &c. Engels, in response to the appeals of the German Socialist Party, took up the defence of the Marxian principles. He followed Deuhring into all fields of science and once and for all settled his pretensions to become the Messiah of the Labour and Socialist Movement. In 1878 Engels had the misfortune to lose his wife, a charming and cultured Irish lady. In 1883 he edited and published the first volume of *Capital* in English—the work of translation was chiefly done by others, but alterations, already outlined by Marx, were necessary and upon him fell all the responsibility for the correctness of the text. In 1884 he wrote, partly from notes left by Marx, the *Origin of the Family;* another socialist classic, which succeeded in bridging over the gap from Morgan's investigations, contained in *Ancient Society*, to the theoretical principles of Marxian science—to say nothing of a little needed Socialist interpretatation of Morgan's own investigations. From that time until his death he was mainly engaged, on the literary side, in revising and reissuing the joint works of Marx and himself

and also in arranging for the completion of Vol. II and III of *Capital.* While in practical affairs he took the place of Marx as advisory agent to the Socialist and Labour Movement at large, in addition to many contributions in defence of the Marxian principles. Finally death took him full of years to a well-earned rest on August 5th, 1895.

In this sketch of the part played by both in the everyday struggle of the proletariat, sufficient has been written to make the point that: both men brought to the theoretical study of the Social Question an immense amount of experience of the facts which were to be the starting point of theory. And this apparently needs to be emphasized as much to-day, as ever—with just this amendation or addition. We, as Marxians, do not wish to claim any dispensation from proofs for our beliefs because the founders had this practical experience, but merely to show, for whatever it is worth, that the charge of ignoring the *facts* can hardly be held in face of the evidence produced. Both men had "roughed it" under proletarian conditions in most of the European States. Such experience rules out any charge of "mere armchair philosophy," and was of immense service in keeping them with their feet firmly planted on the earth. Both men had their full share of that courage which Wellington once declared to be the greatest courage of all, viz., the courage to look defeat in the face, retire in good order, accept the present reverse, and prepare for another advance.

* * * * * * *

A word as to the personal appearance of the two men. *Engels* was a tall, slim, good-looking man, with sprightly manners and full of good nature and fun. He is described as looking like an ideal cavalry officer.

Marx was short, powerfully built, with a wealth of black curly hair—on this account he was known as "Nigger." His wife is described by Lessner in very glowing terms. "There shone before all the excellent Mrs. Marx, a tall very beautiful woman, and of noble bearing, but for all that so extremely good-natured, amiable, spiritual, and so free from any pride and stiffness, that she seemed like one's own mother or sister. Her whole nature reminded me of the words of the popular Scotch poet, Robert Burns, 'Woman, lovely woman, heaven destined you to temper man.' She was full of enthusiasm for the cause of the Labour movement, and every one, even the smallest success in the fight against the middle classes gave her the greatest satisfaction and joy."

The "Letter from Dietzgen to Marx in London," appearing in last month's magazine, was translated for the *Plebs* by Mr. A. J. Hacking, M.A.

On Reading Plays

UNDER the heading, "Light & Leading," a writer in the *Plebs* a few months ago drew up, for the guidance of serious students, a short list of books without which no intelligent Socialist's bookshelf could be considered complete. The significant feature of that list, from the point of view of this present article, was the inclusion in it of some plays. The writer was cataloguing the books of a Modern Bible, a Bible for Scientific Socialists; and a place was awarded in the canonical scriptures to the plays of Bernard Shaw.

The real difference between the modern school of dramatists, British and Continental, and the playwrights of the Victorian period is that the plays of the moderns *can* be read. Since Ibsen created the drama of ideas, men with ideas have used the dramatic form as a means whereby to express themselves. The older dramatists relied on the glamour of the footlights and the art of the actor to conceal the lack of intelligent ideas in their plays. And it is astonishing what a hypnotic power that 'glamour of the footlights' possesses: one meets to-day—even among scientific Socialists—intelligent people who will rapturously applaud stuff in a theatre which, if they read it at home in quiet, they would laugh to scorn. The art of the actor and the producer has blinded them to the poor quality of the dramatists' art; they forget, for the time, that the drama is literature, and that a play must be criticised as a piece of literary work—quite apart from those other arts of acting and production.

Nowdays most of the dramatists who count publish their plays in book form. And it is the purpose of this article to suggest that the intelligent Socialist who goes on to enlarge his bookshelves, so that they include not only the absolutely essential volumes but also some of the eminently desirable ones, should certainly get together a collection of modern plays. It is neither a difficult nor an expensive business; half-a-dozen publishing firms are issuing series of modern plays, British and foreign. The free libraries are discovering that the taste for reading plays is growing; and the publishers are accordingly taking full advantage of that fact. Just over a dozen years ago, in the Preface to *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, Mr. Shaw wrote:—

> The presentation of plays through the literary medium has not yet become an art, and the result is that it is very difficult to induce the English public to buy and read plays. Indeed, why should they

(it being impossible to make a modern stage-play intelligible by dialogue alone) when they find nothing in the books except the bare words, with a few carpenters' and costumiers' directions as to the heroine's father having a grey beard, and the drawing-room having three doors on the right, two doors and an entrance through the conservatory on the left, and a French window in the middle.

He proceeded to prophesy, moreover,

that before these two volumes are ten years old, the the bald attempt they make at this 'new art' will be left far behind, and the customary brief and unreadable scene specification at the head of an act will have expanded into a chapter, or even a series of chapters.

No dramatist has yet given us a 'series of chapters'; but certainly since Mr. Shaw initiated the 'new art' by introducing not only fulness of detail, but even wit and dramatic effect, into the printed 'stage directions,' plays are no longer unreadable. Such hideous technicalities as the older writers considered necessary—"He crosses R.," "She comes down centre," "Exit L.C. (left centre)"—have been discovered to be by no means indispensable. The dramatist talks English instead of "shop"; and no reader whose powers of imagination and concentration have not been utterly killed by intemperate indulgence in fifth-rate fiction has to-day any excuse if he finds any difficulty in reading plays with enjoyment.

And if he wishes his bookshelves to include at least a few representative examples of the best contemporary literature, he cannot omit entirely the plays of such men as Wilde, Granville Barker, Galsworthy, Masefield, Synge, or Arnold Bennett. All or most of their plays are available in comparatively inexpensive editions; so that though one may live far from repertory theatres, one need not remain unacquainted with their work.

Wilde's plays, for example, are none too frequently seen on the stage; but the shilling edition of *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, published by Messrs. Methuen, afford to everybody the opportunity of enjoying his wit, his intellectual keenness, his individual point of view, and his genuine dramatic power. Wilde wrote at a time when the work of Ibsen was only beginning to be known in this country; his plays were written for the commercial theatre of his day, and within the limitations which that theatre imposed. One can only sigh for the plays he might have given us ten or fifteen years later, when even the commercial theatre had felt the influence of the new school, and when repertory theatres, caring more for artistic than financial success, had actually come into existence. Even admitting his limitations, however, Wilde the dramatist is certainly not to be ignored. His shafts of satire and his epigrams, although not aimed by a stern propagandist, yet go home.

Galsworthy and Barker,* of course, are dramatists of more recent date, each of them, in varying degree, standing in the Ibsen-Shaw

* Their plays are published separately at 1/6 each, or in volumes of three plays at 4/6: Galsworthy's by Messrs. Duckworth; and Barker's by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

line of descent. Their work in the main is inspired by that "social conscience," the influence of which is apparent in almost all that is best in the literature of to-day. Granville Barker, in such plays as *The Voysey Inheritance* and *Waste*, has proved himself a realist-satirist of genius: those two plays being smashing attacks on contemporary middle-class ideals and morality. They are "slices of life"; of life, moreover, observed from a very definite, critical point of view. Galsworthy, on the other hand, is pre-eminently a man of feeling; plays like *The Silver Box*, *Strife*, *Justice*, and *The Fugitive*, are inspired rather by moral indignation—indignation at white heat—rather than by detached intellectual criticism. No writer has aimed more deliberately at impersonal detachment; and none has more completely expressed himself, and his own individual passions and hatreds, in his work. And his strong feeling is infectious; you cannot put down a Galsworthy play, and instantly resume your normal attitude of complacence towards thing in general.

Neither can you after reading *Nan*. That play of John Masefield's is as brutally direct and as full of real beauty as are his poems. Masefield is concerned with individual rather than with social problems; his implied remedy for existing evils is rather the religious idea of individual regeneration than the alteration of general social conditions. He is concerned less therefore to attack those conditions than to study individual character, its strength and its weakness. But he is much too clear-sighted an observer—and too intelligent a thinker—to be blind to social conditions; and even in *Nan* there is not a little of a "social conscience" apparent.

So, too, in the work of Synge; and that despite his avowed dislike of the "joyless and pallid" realism of Ibsen, and his aim of expressing joy in life rather than of criticising it. Synge certainly did not directly attack contemporary middle-class ideals, but he turned to, and found pleasure in depicting, a life so utterly different from the lives of the great mass of the men of his own day, that the attack and criticism were sufficiently implied. To turn from Ibsen or Shaw to *The Playboy of the Western World* or *Riders to the Sea** is like going into a different air; but it leaves one equally discontent with that which most of us have normally to breathe!

I come back to the point from which I started—the suggestion that a corner in every library should be reserved for good plays. The middle-class Puritan idea that the drama could not possibly be serious, and was at best merely frivolous, has long since been proved absurd, though quite a lot of people still allow themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to be influenced by it. Start off with the three volumes of Ibsen (sold separately) in the Everyman series; and go on to some of the plays mentioned above. It will be a good investment, both of time and money. J. F. HORRABIN.

* Published, along with the plays of many other of the Irish dramatists, by Messrs. Maunsel.

WHEN THE RANK AND FILE GETS RESTIVE

The Official (in chorus) :—"You made me love you ———
I didn't want to do it! &c., &c.

[Drawn for *The Plebs* by Harold Batho

Central Labour College Provincial Classes

BARRY

Under the Auspices of the above, an Economic Class was formed in October last. Mr. A. J. Cook, of Porth, has been lecturer throughout, he has given his services free, for which we are very grateful, and tender our thanks.

Fourteen lectures were given on Economics and six on Industrial History. A fair amount of Literature has been sold and 14 members have taken the *Plebs Magazine* for February and March, and we hope they will continue to do so, thereby keeping in touch with the College. Mr. W. W. Craik gave us one lecture and we are hoping to have him with us again on Easter Sunday. We have had an average attendance of 20, and splendid interest has been shown.

We feel we have made a move in the right direction and hope to go on next winter on a much larger scale.

W. G. DAVIES

The Swansea Branch of the Operative Bricklayers' Society have placed a collection box on the table in their Branch meeting room for voluntary contributions. The Box is to be opened quarterly and the contributions equally divided between the Building Trades Amalgamation Committee and the Central Labour College.

GEO. HICKS,

National Organizer, O.B.S.

"Relief to Main" Reprint from February number of *Plebs* can now be obtained from J. Reynolds, 13 Penywern Road, Earls Court, London, S.W., at 1/- per 100, 4/6 per 500, post free.

The Jewish Question

(Being the sixth chapter of "The Holy Family, or a Critique of Critical Criticism" published by Marx and Engels in 1845.)

Introduction

IN September, 1844, Engels returned from Manchester and spent some ten days in Paris with Marx. During this time the attention of the two friends was drawn to the eighth volume of the *Universal Literary Journal*, which had just then appeared in Paris. In this publication Professor Bruno Bauer referred to those political and philosophical differences of view which had shown themselves at the first meeting of Marx and Engels in Cologne: he dwelt upon these differences and brought them polemically forward to attack the position which Marx and Engels had taken up in the Franco-German Annuals.

They at once decided to answer their old friends. Engels almost directly jotted down what he intended to say, and Marx took care of the rest. In his thorough way, he went deeply into the matter, expanded it to a size that should place it beyond the reach of the Press Censor of that period, and sent it to the publisher, Dr. Lowenthal, in January, 1845. The latter preferred the title of "The Holy Family," to that first chose by Marx, "A Critique of Critical Criticism." Upon this head, however, Engels wrote to Marx in the spring, saying: "Your new title, "The Holy Family" will probably involve me in further squabbles with my very pious and already exasperated relations, but how were you to know that? You need not have put my name first, anyhow: I hardly wrote a quarter of it, and everybody knows your style." Later on, he says: "Your 'Critical Criticism' is splendid. The disquisitions upon the Jewish "Question, the History of Materialism and Mystery are excellent, and "will have an admirable effect. All the same, the thing is too big. "The sovereign contempt that we show for the *Universal Literary* "*Journal* is out of keeping with the number of pages that we have "dedicated to the refutation of the same. And the greater part of the "criticism of speculation and abstract being will be uninteresting and "incomprehensible to the general public."

The first three chapters and part of the fourth are by Engels, and can be described as "skirmishes among the outposts of the main question." They are, generally speaking, too allusive and dependent on a close knowledge of the literature of the forties, to serve our purpose. But, in the beginning of the fourth chapter, Engels makes clear the main theses of the whole book in a few paragraphs upon the "Workers' Union" of Flora Tristan. It is only the emancipation of the proletariat, says he, that can create a new world: the finest culture of the bourgeoisie is incapable of such a task. In the latter part of the fourth chapter, Marx takes up the battle in a little polemical attack upon Edgar Bauer, of no great interest to us at present, and passes on to a serious consideration of Proudhon's economics. Other reviews or disquisitions follow, having to do with names and persons that are long since dust, but in the sixth chapter Marx gets down to his work in the "Three Campaigns of Absolute Criticism."

The German word "Kritik" has a much wider significance than its natural rendering in English "Criticism." According to the context it may mean a study or examination of any subject—in the abstract sense, it approximates to our use of "culture," and now and again it appears to have well-nigh the force of "philosophy." Criticism, by which we chiefly mean "reviewing" nowadays, was, in the forties, a serious and thorough business; when performed by a German it was likely to be more thorough-going still.

The first of the "three campaigns of absolute criticism" deals with two essays published by Bruno Bauer in the first volume of the *Universal Literary Journal.* In one of these essays Bauer replies to a number of comments from the Jews, which his writings upon the Jewish question had called forth; in the other he reviews the first volume of Hinrich's political lectures. In these essays he renounces the Liberal and Radical movement of 1842, in which he played so important a part, and declares that this movement must necessarily be wrecked upon the distinction between "the spirit" and "the multitude," or even between "Idea" and "Interest." Multitude and Interest are says he, the true opponents of Spirit and Idea.

Marx goes very thoroughly into this contrast which Bauer tries to work out. By the example of the French Revolution he shows how the "Idea" has always done itself harm when it has acted apart from "Interest." "Interest" in this Revolution strode vigorously forward by means of the pen of Marat, the guillotine of the Terrorists, the sword of Napoleon and the crucifix of the Bourbons, while the "Idea" fell to pieces whenever "Interest" failed to come to its aid. The class-interest of the bourgeoisie was embodied in this Revolution; but this great movement was of no use to the working classes, because the proletariat was merely an "Idea" to the bourgeoisie of that period, and possessed no definite "Interest" for them.

Then Marx, appealing to the leaders of French and English Socialism showed that the continual shipwreck of the Idea in the history of the world led to consequences quite different than those drawn by Bauer from those foundations. If all historical progress hitherto made by the Idea had indeed been progress contrary to the welfare of the "mass" (which had been driven into more and more unendurable positions) then Fourier and Owen might have brought a basic indictment against the whole civilised world, and applied a most destructive criticism to the real foundations of society; such criticism would have practically denied the movement of the mass, in opposition to which all historical development had hitherto proceeded. But Bauer makes the terms "Spirit" (or Ideas) and "Mass" stand for ideological categories, deprived of all historical definiteness, and falls away through his exaggeration of the Hegelian philosophy, into the Germano-Christian dogma of the eternal opposition between spirit and material, God and the world. . . . . After Marx had dealt with Bauer's philosophical position, he went on to a closer consideration of Bauer's articles upon his Jewish critics and Professor Hinrich. The Liberal and Rationalist Jews who had risen up against Bauer were in themselves "poor opponents," and we can understand Bauer's contempt for the "mass" on this head very well, even at the present day. When the Jewish leaders required that the critics of Judaism should be officially silenced, the noisy Germano-Christian apologists began to

fancy that every pen which attacked their profitable jobs was inspired by "Jewish gold," and made fearful outcries to the effect that the whole Press was rapidly becoming Judaised, and so on—outcries not wholly unfamiliar to our own ears at the present day. Well might Bauer exclaim "What a miserable conflict! It is the pot calling the kettle black!" But when he concluded from this that both sides were on the point of withdrawing, worn-out, to leave the field open for pure criticism, he was but a pleasing optimist, and Fate willed that he should live long enough to find these passages of mutual denunciation as lively in the eighties as in the early forties. With these general explanations we may now pass on to Marx's own words.

Of Absolute Criticism, or, Criticism Exemplified, by *Herr Bruno.*

1. "Spirit" and "Multitude."

Hitherto pure criticism has concerned itself mainly with the treatment of various generalities and circumstances—now it is beginning to deal directly with the object, and with itself. Formerly, critics grew famous by the defeat, overthrow, and transformation of certain objects and persons pertaining to the multitude; but now they draw their fame from the defeat, overthrow and transformation of the multitude in general. Relative criticism had relative bounds: absolute criticism has also absolute bounds, the limitations of the multitude. Relative criticism therefore in its opposition to definite limits was in itself definitely limited; but absolute criticism in opposition to such indefinite bounds, is of necessity individual and absolute. . . . . Once upon a time criticism seemed more or less a faculty of those critical individuals, Reichardt, Edgar, Faucher, &c. But now it is purely subjective, and Herr Bruno (Bauer) is the incarnation thereof. . . . . .

> "A few months ago"—so runs our absolute criticism—"the multitude believed itself to be gigantically strong, and destined to rule the world very soon, so soon that men might count the intervening years upon the fingers of their hands."

Now it was Herr B. B. himself who in "the good cause of freedom" (when writing upon the Jewish Question) was prepared to reckon the nearness of future democratic rule upon the fingers of his hand—so he is making the unlucky multitude responsible for the multitude of his own sins.

> "The crowd believed themselves to be in actual possession of those truths which they could comprehend." But we can only be said to *grasp* a truth when we can follow it through the processes of its proof."

But for Herr Bauer as for Hegel, Truth is an Automaton that proves itself; and men have only to follow it. As with Hegel, the result of actual development is for him nothing more than the proven truth,

or, truth brought home to the general consciousness, Thus absolute criticism can join with the narrowest theology in asking

> "What would History be good for, if its use were not to establish proof of the simplest truths, such as the motion of the earth round the sun?"

According to the early teleologists, plants exist so as to be food for animals, which in their turn are food for man; similarly History exists to provide the final act of theoretical eating, the proof. Man is there to make History, and History is there to afford proof of certain truths. To such trivial form may we reduce the great speculative utterance that the ultimate purpose of the history of mankind is to make men conscious of the truth.

So History and Truth become personifications apart, Metaphysical and Subjective, to which mankind acts as a means of transmission solely. And absolute criticism used phrases such as

> History does not allow herself to be mocked . . . . History proves . . . . History reveals Truth.

[The translator suggests that for the better understanding of this passage, we should remember, the average critic of the forties felt sure of having grasped a considerably larger body of "truth" than we at the present time can claim to hold. Theology, offering a definite, complete and satisfactory explanation of the universe, was still powerful: the utterances of science on this head were still tentative and limited. To many people Truth was something abstract or absolute, yet certainly discoverable, inherent in every department of human life. We are nowadays sometimes inclined to ask whether such a quality as Truth exists at all for us finite and variable creatures, outside a group of scientific facts; in our most hopeful moments we can only define Truth, for us, as something which the majority of mankind, taken over a very large space of time, have agreed to hold for correct].

Thus the absolute critic continues:

> Truth which seems so limpidly clear to the multitude that they are self-confessed or do not require proof, are really not worth the attention of History: they form no part of the task which concerns her.

And so in this hurry to attack the multitude, our absolute critic is on the contrary offering them the most delicate flattery. If a truth is limpidly clear because it *seems* so to the multitude, if History selects or refrains from certain truths according to the judgment of this same multitude, then who, but the multitude in question, is appointing to History her "task," aud the matters which concern her?

Our absolute critic also speaks of "self-confessed truths" and of an abstract unalterable "Multitude." Thus the "self-confessed truths" of the 16th century, and those of the 19th, are as little different in the eyes of our critic as the "Multitudes" of these two periods . . .

A truth which is self-confessed has lost its value and its salt for absolute criticism as well as for divine dialectic. It is as jejune as as stagnant water. Absolute criticisms proves on the one hand all that is self-confessed, and on the other a number of things which are lucky enough to be quite incomprehensible at the present day, and are likely to remain so for some time yet. For "*the* truth," like History, is an ethereal affair, separate from the material multitude, which addressed itself, not to empirical humanity, but to the "inmost soul."

To be continued.

Translated from the German for the *Plebs Magazine.*

His Glorious Inheritance

THERE was once a hard-headed, honest, industrious, sober, reflective, intelligent British workman, whose name was John Smith. He worked for a good, kind, generous master, and received the handsome remuneration of a guinea for the trifling duties of pushing a handcart, carrying parcels, and performing other light and pleasant operations for about 90 hours a week. He always had Sundays to himself, except at stock-taking, but having such a good, kind master, he did not begrudge a little extra effort now and then. With so much leisure he had plenty of time to think, and being intelligent he thought to some purpose. He was far too shrewd to be led away by the foolish talk of agitators, but relied upon the wise and patriotic teachings of The National Service League. This was how he came to know of his glorious inheritance; that he was a co-legatee in the noble bequest of the ages, and that he had a share in the Empire on which the sun never sets. This filled his manly bosom with pride. It is true that he sometimes thought the executors were rather too deliberate in paying over, but he knew it would be all right, because Lord Roberts said so, and Lord Roberts never told a lie!

He frequently told his wife and children about his glorious inheritance. He was, in a sense, an emperor, Mrs. Smith an empress, and their dear little ones princes and princesses of the blood. His wife received it all with qualified enthusiasm, but it is well known that the female bosom is not amenable to the higher patriotic emotions. Mrs. Smith was sceptical, in fact, and would have her share in hand before she believed it. John, however, was filled with the spirit of contentment, and pushed his hand-cart with undiminished enthusiasm, though as the years passed his physical energy unfortunately lessened. Still he thought that as a shareholder in so large a concern as the glorious Empire upon which the sun never sets, he had always something to fall back upon.

One day his good, kind master sent for him, and said: "Smith, I find from examination of the books of the firm that you have been in our employ for 25 years." And John said: "Yes, sir."

"During that period," continued his kind master, "your wages have been one guinea per week—one pound, one shilling—that is a large sum of money, John." And John said: "Yes, sir."

"I also find that your aggregate earnings have amounted to no less than one thousand three hundred and seventy seven pounds, ten shillings; a stupendous sum of money, John." And John said: "Yes, sir."

"John," pursued his good, kind master, "there is nothing so honourable as a life of labour; after a life of labour there is nothing so appropriate as rest. I have noticed, John, that lately you have not evinced your wonted activity and energy in the discharge of your duties. But having been in receipt of such high wages you will doubtless have made provision for old age." And John said: "Yes, sir," thinking of Lord Roberts and his Glorious Inheritance.

"I shall not forget you, John," said his good kind master; "you have been honest and punctual, and—er—not unintelligent. I shall think of you with interest and sympathy. As a Christian employer, I shall—er—pray for you, and—er—therefore you will be paid-off tomorrow at twelve o'clock—God bless you, Smith." And John said: "Thank you, sir."

John thought what a lucky man he was to have had such a good, kind master, and was very thankful to Providence for the good fortune that had followed him. Mrs. Smith did not regard it in the same light; but, then, she was only a women. John's first fortnight out of work was not so bad, but after that it became necessary to translate the furniture into food by the usual process. Then came the time when there was nothing to sell, and the only support of the family was the "glorious inheritance," which, I need not remark, was not satisfactory. John tightened his waist-belt every day until he had used up all the little holes, and had to poke three fresh ones in with the prong of a fork, but neither his courage nor his patriotic enthusiasm diminished. "I am a partner," he said, "in the mighty association of races. My glorious inheritance is a share of this noble Empire upon which the sun never sets. The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, floats proudly over me. When I get my share of the Empire I shall be secure for life." When he presented this view of the situation to his wife and family, the response was not encouraging. Mrs. Smith suggested, with some acidity, that John should try to induce the landlord to accept the "glorious inheritance" in part payment of five weeks' rent. Little Tommy said he didn't want any Empire, he'd sooner have a bottom crust. Susie thought she'd have her piece of the Empire boiled with some red currant jam on it. How foolish women and children are—how unsusceptible to those ennobling thoughts of which the robust intellect of man is capable.

John lived upon his expectations for some few months, assisted by the empress, who earned a few odd shillings by the unimperial occupation of taking in washing.

It is a generally admitted fact that even inheritors of glorious empires want something to eat, and that patriotic sentiments, however exalted and noble, have a very small alimental value. As a result of John's waiting for the realization of his bequest, his accession to the estate was unfortunately posthumous. But he got his inheritance after all.

When he was dead, his friends, who had forgotten all about him while he was starving, thought his great love of the Empire should be fittingly memorialised, so they clubbed together to raise upon his grave a chaste headstone, upon which was inscribed the following beautiful legend :—

HERE LIE

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

JOHN SMITH

Who worked hard and died poor, supported through all the trials and vicissitudes of life by

THE REFLECTION

THAT

HE WAS THE PROUD INHERITOR

OF A SHARE

IN THE GLORIOUS EMPIRE UPON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.

At his death he was placed in this grave, and his share of **The Glorious Empire** was shovelled in on top of him, so that he came by his own in

THE END.

Logic of Socialism

THERE are people who say: "You Socialists have a beautiful ideal. It may be realised some day, but men will have to be angels when it is. Things have always been as they are and I am afraid will always be so." Whoever raises this as an objection against Socialism shows his lack of knowledge of the development of the race. The fact is that man in every quarter of the globe has developed from a lower state than any of the savages to-day in existence. All of our ancestors were at one time man eaters, and they ate human flesh because they could not otherwise so easily satisfy their wants. Civilized man to-day, when reduced to the last extremity, will not hesitate to do what his barbarous ancestors did when they were in like straits—that is, eat the flesh of his fellow man. When man

started on his career it was with great difficulty that he could supply his wants at all. When he fashioned rude tools and weapons out of stone, and domesticated certain animals, he had taken an immense step forward. It is this ability of man to make tools, and by their use render the forces of nature subservient to him, that distinguishes him from all other animals. Franklin, the greatest of Americans, defines man as the tool-making animal. It is this ability of man, developed through the ages, that permits us to-day to harness Niagara's power, to chain the lightning, to rush through space at terrific speed, to produce things in immense quantities and quickly. Men boast of this as the most wonderful of all the ages, and perhaps it is, but there is not a single thing that we could do to-day were it not for the developments that went before. We brag of four-day boats to Europe, but such thing would be impossible had not some savage ancestor brushed back the hair from his eyes and by fire or rude implement hollowed from the log the first canoe.

We can go from New York to Chicago in 18 hours, but we could not do so had not some savage genius invented the first wheel. Nor could we rush through space at the rate we do to-day had there not been the long development from that log wheel to the fast flying express. So intimately is man's development on every line, connected with the development of the tool, that we name the several periods in his history by the material out of which he fashioned the tool, as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age. By the aid of the tool, man added to his height and his power; for if you are able, by the aid of a contrivance, to move a ton weight, it is just the same as if you physically possessed a power to do it. And as this power over nature, by reason of the tool, increased, man's ideas changed. When the cannibal found it was more profitable to keep his prisoners alive and turn them into slaves to work for him, cannibalism became wrong. The development of the tool changed not only his habits of living, but his habits of thought. And so it has been through the career of the race; as the methods of production changed, change after change in the social structure had to keep pace with it. It would take too long here to go into a history of the changes in the manner of producing wealth and the social systems based upon the various methods. It may be said, however, that they all grew, one from the other, and could no more have come in any other order than they did, any more than the fruit can precede the blossom.

He who argues against Socialism in the manner above described seems to think that changes in the social order are a matter of whim. They look at Socialism very much as if it were a ready-made suit of clothes which they could put on to-morrow. Socialism is not an ideal state imagined by feather brains, nor is it the whim of cranks. The Socialist is one who, with the history of the past before him, applies his knowledge to the present. He realizes that a social change is necessary and that it is near. He also realizes that unless that needed change is intelligently brought about there is danger that

the civilization of to-day may be blotted out, as has happened in the past. As all the means by which we live pass into fewer and fewer hands, greater and ever greater becomes the power of the few. And so long as we recognize the right of the few to absolutely own, as their private property, the things that we all need whereby to live, our condition cannot help but grow worse.

One hundred years ago, and even less, the private ownership of the tool tallied with the method of production. Then the tool was operated by its OWNER, and whatever he produced was his. To-day the tool has grown so gigantic that only large aggregations of men can operate it, and among them you will never find the owner. The introduction of machinery and its perfection has changed the social basis. You no longer find the family substantially self-supporting, as in the days of small production. Machinery has revolutionized society. Whereas, under small production the producer completed the article he made, to-day he may do but the one-hundredth part towards its completion. Before the introduction of shoe-making machinery the shoemaker made the shoe complete, taking two days or more. To-day it takes some sixty or more operations to complete the shoe and but a few minutes in time. To-day the workers are co-operating. Under Socialism the benefits of their co-operative labour would go to themselves. Under Capitalism the benefits go to the capitalist because he owns the tool of production. In the day of individual ownership and production the fruits of a man's labour belonged to himself for the sole reason that he OWNED the tool. The capitalist reaps the fruit of labour's effort because he—the capitalist—OWNS the tool. The workers who collectively operate the tool cannot reap the fruits of their labour until they COLLECTIVELY OWN the tool of production.

The possibilities for good to the workers that lie in the modern tool of production cannot be comprehended to-day. Abundance, beyond the dreams of the dreamers of the past, is a possibility. Mankind stands at the gateway of civilization, but the capitalist blocks the way. Man's command over the resources and forces of nature is now so great, that we all could, under a proper social system, live in luxury.

The Socialist points out to the worker the contradiction that exists between the capitalist system of property and the modern productive forces. He also points out that only by transforming the system of property from capitalist ownership into collective ownership by the workers, can the revolutionary line be followed along which the race has travelled in its development from the stage of Barbarism and its aspiration to that of Civilization.

The Socialist points out that production has reached that state at which Socialism is demonstrated and becomes a necessity. He recognizes that one hundred years or even fifty years ago it could not have been inaugurated. He also recognizes that if it were not in

harmony with evolution it could not be inaugurated to-day; but he demonstrates that the only logical system of ownership of a collectively operated tool is collective ownership, as collective as it is operated. And that is Socialism.

The Recruiting Ground for the Socialist Army

The establishment of Socialism means the overthrow of the capitalist system of production, which benefits the idler class and is productive of naught but misery to the working class. Whereas the machinery of production is now held and owned by the capitalist, under Socialism the machinery of production—land and capital, i.e , machines, tools, &c.—would be collectively owned by all the people, to be operated for the use of all and not as now for the private profit of the few.

The same as slavery was an injury to the individual shareholder, and its abolition tended to promote his highest interests, so is the present system of private ownership in the implements of labour injurious, in the highest sense, even to the capitalists themselves, and its abolition would redound to the benefit of these as well. One set of them rots in idleness, another wears itself out in a neck-breaking hunt after profits, and over the heads of all hangs the Damocles sword of bankruptcy, of shipwreck and of final downfall into the class of the proletariat—the class that has been stripped of all things necessary for production, except its labour power, which lest it perish outright, it is compelled to sell for starvation wages—happy if it succeed in doing that.

It would be thought from these premises that all classes of society, capitalists no less than proletarians, would join in the establishment of the Socialist Republic. The reverse is the case. The bulk of the property holding and exploiting class not only looks upon Socialism with suspicion, but stands up against it in an attitude of the most bitter antagonism. Can this be due to ignorance simply? Indeed, so shocking are the conditions in modern society that no one who wishes to be taken seriously in politics or in science dares any longer to deny the justice ot the charges preferred by Socialism against the present social order. On the contrary, the clearest heads in all the various capitalist political parties admit that there is "some truth" in those charges; some even declare that the final triumph of Socialism is inevitable, unless society suddenly turn about and improve matters —a thing that these gentlemen imagine can be done offhand, provided this or that demand of this or that party be promptly granted and enforced. Others, again, admit unconditionally the ultimate triumph of Socialism, but—having the "one thing at a time" notion in their heads, and that thing always the wrong one—they ride a hobby and fly off at a tangent.

Nor is the reason for this odd phenomenon hard to discover. Although certain important and not to be underrated interests of the property

holding classes plead AGAINST the system of private ownership in the means of production, other interests, which lie nearer to the surface and are more quickly felt by property holders, pull in an opposite direction.

This is especially the case with the rich. They have nothing to gain forthwith by the abolition of private property in the means of production. On the other hand, the disadvantages that they would suffer are self-evident and would be felt on the spot; the power and distinction they enjoy to-day would be gone at once, and not a few might be deprived also of their present ease and comfort in idleness.

Matters stand otherwise with the lower ranks of the property holding and yet exploited classes—the small producers, traders and farmers. These have nothing whatever to lose in point of power and distinction, and they can only gain in point of ease and comfort, by the introduction and development of the Socialist system of production. But in order to be able to realize this fact they must first rise above and look beyond the horizon of their own class. From the narrow field of observation occupied by the small producers, merchants and farmers, the capitalist system of production cannot be understood, however much they may and do feel its harrowing effects, and consequently modern Socialism can be understood by them still less. The one thing they have a clear understanding of is the absolute necessity of private ownership in their own implements of labour in order to preserve their system of production. It is a forced conclusion that so long as the small manufactureer stands up as a small manufacturer, the small farmer as a small farmer, the small merchant as a small merchant, so long as they are still possessed of a strong sense of their own class, so long will they be bound to hold fast to the idea of private ownership in the means of production, and to resist Socialism, however ill they may fare under Capitalism.

Private ownership in the implements of labour fetters the small producers, farmers and merchants to the sinking ship of their respective pursuits long after these have ceased to afford them a competence, and even when they might improve their condition by becoming wage-workers outright. Thus it happens that private ownership in the instruments of production is the secret force that binds ALL the property holding classes to the capitalist system of production, notwithstanding the ill effects of the system upon the large capitalists, and notwithstanding its subjection of the small holders themselves to exploitation, and the caricature into which it has turned "property" in the hands of the latter.

Only those individuals among the small producing classes who have despaired of the preservation of their class, who are no longer blind to the fact that the industrial or agricultural form of production upon which they depend for a living is doomed—only they are in a condition to understand the teachings of Socialism. But lack of information and a narrow horizon, both of which are the natural

results of their condition, makes it difficult for them to realize the utter hopelessness of their class. Their misery and their hysterical search for a means of salvation have hitherto only had the effect of making them the easy prey of any demagogue who was sufficiently self-asserting, and who did not stick at making promises.

Among the upper ranks of the property holding classes a higher degree of culture is found, commanding a broader horizon, and among them not a few are still affected by ideologic reminiscences from the days of the revolutionary struggles carried on by the oncoming capitalist class against the feudal regime. But woe to that member of those upper ranks of the property holding class who should be foolhardy enough to show an interest in Socialism or to engage in its propaganda! The alternative promptly confronts him either to give up his ideas or snap all social bonds that have held and supported him. Few of these are equipped with the requisite vigour and independence of character to approach the spot where the roads fork; very few among these few are brave enough to break with their own class when they have reached that spot, and, finally, of these few among the few, the larger portion have hitherto soon grown tired, recognized the "indiscretions of their youth," and become "sensible."

The ideologists are the only ones among the upper ranks of the property holding classes whose support it is at all possible to enlist in favour of Socialism. But even with these, the large majority of those among them who have gained a deeper insight into social conditions and into the problems that spring therefrom, the information they have acquired moves them mainly to wear themselves out in fruitless searchings after what they style a "peaceful" solution of the "Social Question," that is to say, in searching after a solution that shall reconcile their more or less developed knowledge of Socialism, and their conscience, with the class interests of the capitalist class.

But the task is as impossible to produce as a wet fire or burning water. Only those ideologists who have not only gained the requisite theoretical knowledge, but who are brave and strong enough to break with their class, are able to develop into genuine Socialists. Accordingly, the Cause of Socialism has little to hope for from the property holding classes. A few of the members may be won over to Socialism, but these will be only such as no longer belong by their convictions and conduct to the class to which their economic position assigns them. These will ever be a very small minority, except during revolutionary periods, when the scales will seem to be inclining to the side of Socialism. Only at such times may Socialists look forward to a stampede from the ranks of the property holding classes.

So far, the only favourable recruiting ground for the Socialist army has been, not the classes of those who still have something to lose, however little that may be, but the class of those who have nothing to lose but their chains, and a whole world to gain—the Proletariat, the Working Class.—NEW YORK *Weekly People*

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