The defeat of the Government over the police-managing clauses was not a great matter in itself, as it might have been if the whole bill was anything else but a sham; neither is it by itself of much moment in the game of Ins and Outs: but taken with other matters it becomes a sign that the pendulum is swinging again towards the Gladstonian section of the Whigs.

These gentlemen have a special opportunity now afforded them by the confirmation of the ferocious sentence on Mr. Dillon. They have been raising a great outcry on the illegality of this sentence. That would be a matter of importance if law were what it professed to be, a protection to persons living against violence and wrong-doing: but since it is in fact nothing but a machine for the support of the privilege of successful persons, the legality or illegality of an act of the executive is by itself not worth considering, since an executive which cannot find law enough to put down any act of rebellion is not worth its salt. If the force at its command is overwhelming, its acts will in any case be legal; if there is a general feeling that its acts are illegal, that means that its power is wavering. Mr. Dillon is in prison because he is an enemy of the Government, and, whether he is conscious of it or not, of the "rights of property." Harrison is in prison for exact similar reasons, and always has been the custom for persons in authority to suppress their enemies when they dared: but when their enemies are the friends of society, it is in the long run bad for the suppressors.

However, if the Gladstonian Whigs feel this affair so sorely, what are they going to do? They have done what the Daily News calls "a very wise and very bold thing"; to wit, moved a vote of censure on the Government, which they knew beforehand they could not carry. This may be wise; though its wisdom is obscure to a simple person. As its boldness, the said simple person wonders where that is hidden; its consequences do not seem of a nature to make even a new-born hare tremble.

A bolder course than that is conceivable and can be stated, though even this does not threaten the life, the limb, or even the next day's dinner of the champions engaging in it. If ever there was a case for about as much must have got the whole Gladstonian and Irish party walk out of the House after the due overwhelming majority has been recorded for the Government, and not come back again till at least the Coercion Act was repealed; leaving the Government and its friends to do the best they could without an opposition to help them in playing the game. If the Gladstonians are not bold enough for this, at least the Irish members might strike such a stroke; if they dared or could do so it probably would be enough, and Irish coercion would be laid aside, till a Liberal government found it useful, if indeed it were ever possible after such an act.

But it goes without saying that nothing of the sort will be tried. The Irish party are bound hand and foot to the great Liberal dictum, like the living to the dead in the old story. And as for the Liberals, they are only too conscious of their reason for existence as a party. Their business is to keep the game going steadily, and not to do any thing to interrupt, far less put an end to it. Abstention would look like favouring revolution; it would have to be explained to the constituencies, and it could not be explained away; and explaining away is the great "art and craft" of politicians in the game of Ins and Outs of official success. Such a success as attaining to the end you profess (to your constituents) by the shortest road, being a thing by no means desired by the Liberal side of the game at any rate.

Meantime Mr. Dillon is in prison, and his strictly political friends don't seem in a hurry to get him out of it. It is a comfort to think that he himself must have had a long and understanding his allies, has gone into the trap with his eyes open, knowing well that his imprisonment would further the cause he is striving for. All honour to him for that.

The proclamations of the Kaiser William II. to the Army and Navy and to the Prussian People may be considered by some as mere pieces of conventional official fatuity; but they mean more than this both in what they say and what they refrain from saying; thoughtful persons scarcely need to read between their lines. Reaction of the greatest kind is what they announce. It is possible that this will be less injurious to the cause of the people than the steady respectful bourgeoisie dead weight of inaction which would have been what the late Kaiser would have tried for, probably unsuccessfully as against the more open reactionists.

The proposal of the Rifle shooting Association—or whatever it calls itself—to destroy Richmond Park for the benefit of its annual picnic, fair, and prize shooting match, would be a piece of impudence almost incredible if one did not remember the lazy and thoughtless stupidity of the public. There is any amount of space on the sandy wastes south of London—e.g. about Woking—of no use for any other purpose, since nothing will grow on these places and they are too hideous to be "sold" by anything short of cow-paddling. They would seem to be providentially ordained for the requirements of modern sham-soldiering; and yet there are persons seriously taking consideration the proposed ruin of one of the few solacements of our beastly muck-heep of a London! Really, the horrors of war are on us already.

Note that our friend the Star has the fatuity to favour this cruel injury to the democracy. I fear the reason why is clear—to wit, that it is a chance of attack against the Duke of Cambridge, and royalty through him, too good to be thrown away. "Is it worth the wear and tear?" There are so many occasions for the display of this kind of revolutionary fervour, that surely we need not cut the nose off our face to spite the face and make an occasion. See how foolish party spirit makes us! Surely we can despise the pretentious old martinet without destroying what in a fashion is our own, without handing it over to a private company to make money of.

Mr. Balfour gave an explanation the other day (probably untrue) of the circumstances of the imprisonment of Shane O'Donnell, imprisoned for refusing to give evidence against his fellow resisters to tyranny, and who was said to have been found on the way between jail and court. In the course of this explanation Balfour said that he could scarcely be called an old man as he was only 64. Pray, is Shane O'Donnell a working man? I ask this, since I have seen field-workers in England who were old men at 50 and very old men at 64—if they managed to live so long as that.

The Sweating Commission has been receiving evidence of a different character to some that it had received before. Mr. Lionel B. Alexander has tendered it what the press calls "rebuttering evidence." But his evidence was on the main a defence of the Jewish workmen against the attacks of Mr. Arnold White, and a calling attention to the fact that the last link in the chain of sweating, the poor sweater, is not the criminal in the case, but the employer of the said sweater, who is himself swept to the bone. As to his defence of sweating it amounted to little more than his perception of the necessity for it in some form or other as long as competition under privilege exists. Un岑ess at any cost he sees is necessary to our system of manufacture, and he does not see his way to limit it—nor will the Commission.

The position has often been stated, but one may be allowed to state it again. Wage-slaves like other slaves can only consume slave wages; but our wage-slaves are so numerous that the production and sale of slave-wages is an important branch of commerce, and any check to it would lead to a great number of the poorest labourers being unemployed; for none but those who are driven down by competition to the lowest point can be used for producing wages cheap enough for this shameful market, and these must take any wages that will keep them alive.

Moreover since this mass of cheap labour necessary for the produc-
striking idea, was not snapped up by the men as readily as was ex-pected. They were asking to go to the masters’ casting in a body. It was espoused that, back as it was arranged that if this were so, the society’s banner should be turned round as a signal for the men to proceed no further. This was done. The Employers’ association was supplied with a worker, and there followed the banner to a piece of waste land called by the euphonious name of the “midden,” where a platform was arranged, and speeches delivered by Mariage, Kemmelbeek, Taylor, Hill, and Cohen. The additional sweating was put on with the greatest possible energy. The workers wanted to love so well, held a meeting composed of a sprinkling of slipper-makers, drawn thither by curiosity, and the previously mentioned Mcssaggero. The composition of this party was a rather peculiar one. Two of them—Korn and Balsam—proved themselves scab during the strike, another of them—Lewis Rosenberg—was a nondescript, and the fourth—Sweeney—is a shoemaker, who previous to this was always in court and at resolutions. We have reason to put the audience to a good-sized resolution—and then some of the middlemen who had walked down to the meeting to benefit—be it borne in mind these men actually stood a very good chance—who couldn’t see these things as masters see them—should punch their benefactor’s heads. Such is the perversion of a “sweater’s” intellect! The “four” have had a bad time of it since, one or two having to be escorted to and from work by the police, to the music of a hissing crowd.

The right nail has been struck on the head, I believe, in this co-operative idea, and we must not believe, we can make a success of this, there will be no resting until every sweater is driven back to his original avocation of tinkering, glazing, organ-grinding, etc. The shop is one of the brightest and cleanest in the town, and the workers are using the factory, and the society, and have obtained plentifully, and we hope this week to see it thoroughly busy. In only one direction has there been a drawback. Singer and Co. would not let us have machines without some very stringent restrictions, and the idea is freely circulated among the street boys that there is no pressure to bear upon them. We hope our London comrades will notice this, especially the tailoring portion of the machine. Machines were eventually got elsewhere, and Singer at Finsbury Park two weeks ago, and they are now, after all this time, sentenced to several months’ imprisonment! This is a specimen of the action of the London—The Maccabees has it seems, relative to the elections of Livorno, called upon the Socialists not to vote for Amilcare Ucipiani, as their votes are necessary to ensure the election of the Democratic candidate as against the two Moderates. We seem to have heard of these sorts of appeals to the English in England, and not very long since. If Socialists are to meddle with politics at all, they have a duty to place their candidate without exciting the wrath of Liberal or Radical prints for not being a member of the society. These quibbling complaints are ludicrously unreasonable.

RIETI.—In a recent sitting of the Municipal Council here, eight of the communists voted against the proposal to abate the taxes on the expected visit of the King and Queen to Romagna. The Democratic and Socialist part of the town express their lively indignation at such waste for in times of distress like the present.

Odessa, another member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, declared himself to be a Socialist, one day during a sitting, but was not, said he, one of those who wish to "transform Society by means of dynamite, but of those who wished the State to put forth a helping hand to all co-operative societies." This is a specimen of the action of the Livorno—The Maccabees has it seems, relative to the elections of Livorno, called upon the Socialists not to vote for Amilcare Ucipiani, as their votes are necessary to ensure the election of the Democratic candidate as against the two Moderates. We seem to have heard of these sorts of appeals to the English in England, and not very long since. If Socialists are to meddle with politics at all, they have a duty to place their candidate without exciting the wrath of Liberal or Radical prints for not being a member of the society. These quibbling complaints are ludicrously unreasonable.

A considerable number of working-men’s and mechanic’s societies and associations have issued an abstentionist manifesto, addressed to the “elections of Rome,” in which they express their determination to abstain from voting in the coming election, and that if the candidates over the onus of the abso-