

The People.

VOL. III, NO. 41.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1894.

PRICE 3 CENTS.

DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {28-31}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—I thought that fellow Heinrich Weissmann was a Dutch Anarchist!

UNCLE SAM—He does talk Anarchy.

B.J.—And I thought he opposed the independent political action of the workingmen, and preached “pure and simpledom,” and bombs as the real means to free the workers.

U.S.—So he does.

B.J.—And that he was even imprisoned for a dynamite conspiracy.

U.S.—Right you are.

B.J.—But if all this is so, for what reason can Ben Wood’s policy shop *Daily News* regret that such an ulcer as this fellow was not in the Labor Conference on the Unemployed?

U.S.—Why, for those very reasons. The preachers of violence and opposers of the independent ballot among the workmen are the nasty pets of the capitalists. Didn’t you know that?

B.J.—I never thought of that, but I guess you’re right.

* * *

BROTHER JONATHAN—I understand the employes of the Northern Pacific are considering the advisability of striking.

UNCLE SAM—Yes, and will have to take it all out in “considering.”

* * *



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

BROTHER JONATHAN—I am glad to see that there is a law-abiding Mayor in New York City.

UNCLE SAM—Where did you see that?

B.J.—Didn't Mayor Gilroy say he would do anything for the unemployed, anything the law allows him, but that he was bound by the law?

U.S.—That's what he said, but people are not always what they say. The man who appointed a horse thief and other criminals to judicial offices in the city could hardly brag about law-abiding. But apart from that, you will probably see him ignore the law with regard to these very unemployed. If he only did one half what he has the power to do, no one would need to starve just now in the city; but he will not do one-millionth part of what the law allows him. He is not that sort of a hair pin.

* * *

UNCLE SAM—I have a conundrum for you.

BROTHER JONATHAN—What is it?

U.S.—What class of people ought to be the happiest in the world?

B.J.—Give it up; ask me something easy.

U.S.—The working people.

B.J.—Are you guying me?

U.S.—No, indeed.

B.J.—The working people! If I were to pick out the unhappiest class I would pick out that. They are the most thoroughly disinherited of any disinherited. Not only are they deprived of the inheritance left to the world by previous generations, they are also deprived of the inheritance they themselves produce! What are you giving me?

U.S.—I repeat—"the working people;" I did not say they WERE, I said they OUGHT to be the happiest. Now look you here into this little scrap book; I have here collected all the expressions with regard to them that I could find from the rulers of all nations.

Here is Lord Salisbury; he says of his party: "We should do nothing without considering the welfare of the working people; upon their welfare depends the welfare of all of us."

Here is King Humbert of Italy, who declares: "The well being of the Italian workers is my perpetual concern."

Here is Cleveland who announces: “The hard earned wages of the laboring man must not be allowed to be taken from him; I shall do all in my power to put down the system that robs the masses of their products.”

Here is the Queen of Spain who weepingly says: “The workers’ welfare is as close to my heart as that of the only son my lamented husband has left me.”

Here is our own Governor Flower: “The man who wields the hammer, the plow and the saw, the man who with the sweat of his brow earns his living is the bone and sinew of our great and glorious Republic, and is the main object of the solicitude of our laws.”

Here is Casimir Perier, the coal mine baron and Premier of France: “The workers must be protected from the schemes of the men who would rob and enslave them.”

That is as far as I have got; is not that enough to prove my point? The class of people whose welfare is the universal object of solicitude on the part of the ruling class—that class should certainly not be in poverty, it should be rioting in happiness. Eh!?!

UNCLE SAM and BROTHER JONATHAN exchange sly glances and walk off with their heads down.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.
Uploaded October 2007

slpns@slp.org