

# The People.

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DIALOGUE

## UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {68}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**U**NCLE SAM—Do you know one Senator  
T.C. O’Sullivan?

BROTHER JONATHAN—He is a  
Tammany Senator.

U.S.—Do you know all his several occupations?

B.J.—I know some of them.

U.S.—What are they?

B.J.—Well, in the first place, he is a lawyer  
without a diploma, his professor refusing to sign it.

U.S.—That’s one. Which other?

B.J.—He is a professor of elocution.

U.S.—That’s two. Which other?

B.J.—Well, he is a permanent office-seeker, and as he is a close associate of the  
corporationists in the Legislature he may have several “occupations” there.

U.S.—Correct; we shall call that three. Which next?

B.J.—I don’t know. Has he any other?

U.S.—Yes, indeed; he turned up last Sunday in this city in the newest of the lot.

B.J.—Which?

U.S.—Sexton, undertaker and funeral orator, all in one.

B.J.—You don’t mean that?

U.S.—Yes, I do.

B.J.—And has he begun to ply those new jobs?

U.S.—He has.

B.J.—Whose funeral oration did he pronounce?



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U.S.—He pronounced the funeral oration of the old, crusty Railroad Employees' Organization, which a combination of superlative grand chiefs has led to the devil for the benefit of the bosses.

B.J.—Well, well!

U.S.—Yes, these superlative chiefs feel that the day for their capers is gone, and that, what is worse, the bosses, having squeezed them dry, and got out of them all they wanted, have cast them away like squeezed-out lemons.

B.J.—What makes you think that they feel that way?

U.S.—The treatment they are getting. Accordingly they have made a frantic effort to get up a big convention. In the West the American Railroad Union, the new and more progressive organization, has driven them out of existence; so now they tried to gather their forces here in the East.

B.J.—I read about that convention. It was a grand failure. Not one-half the men they expected turned up.

U.S.—No, indeed. Those old Superlative Labor Cheaters feel pretty blue. In the air is the song of better methods. They feel they must yield to that if they are at all to hold their own, and they talk a little radical, but they deceive nobody.

B.J.—And O'Sullivan laid them to rest.

U.S.—Virtually. He appeared before them, and welcomed them in the name of the Tammany Mayor, and held up before them the stock of phrases of such occasions.

B.J.—How did they act?

U.S.—It was funny to see how they acted. They had wanted to be “radical, and yet not too radical”—you know that “Pure and Simple” swindle of not wanting to go faster than the masses.

B.J.—Indeed, I do.

U.S.—O'Sullivan's claptrap was too too even for them.

B.J.—That must have been funny.

U.S.—So the speaker who replied to O'Sullivan put in a little radicalism.

B.J.—Well, I declare!

U.S.—But the words had hardly been uttered when they were felt to be too too on the radical side.

B.J.—You don't mean to say that any of those superlative "Pure and Simple" leaders really uttered too radical a language?

U.S.—No; it was too too for a bunco steering leader.

B.J.—Aha! I see!

U.S.—Whereupon the next speaker swung further back into "Pure and Simple" too-tooism.

B.J.—Immense! Better than any show!

U.S.—There never was a show like it. So they kept on, swinging backward and forward, not knowing what to say exactly.

B.J.—Well, that ends them!

U.S.—It should, and it must be admitted that Senator O'Sullivan did the sexton-undertaker-funeral-orator business well. Never yet was a deader corpse orated upon.

B.J.—Well I am happy.

U.S.—So am I. Here you have, all in a bunch, a fine set of subjects for a fine set of speeches.

B.J.—Tell them to me.

U.S.—You never would have thought that a Tammanyite could do any useful service to society?

B.J.—I never did.

U.S.—Well, here you have an instance how no man is absolutely useless. Here is O'Sullivan performing the obsequies of the d----d lot of fellows, his own Tammany not excepted.

B.J.—That's true.

U.S.—Senator O'Sullivan has, I hope, found out at last a field of honorable endeavor. May he persevere and pronounce the funeral oration of all the "Pure and Simple" misleaders{,} of all those fellows who, owing to their own incorrigible stupidity, do not see the way out of this system where one man rides another, and consequently themselves try to ride the workers who are credulous enough to take stock in them.

B.J.—Amen!

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