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DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {168}

By DANIEL DE LEON

BROTHER JONATHAN—I am going to the woods.

UNCLE SAM—You will certainly feel cooler there than in the city.

B.J.—I don't do it for the sake of coolness exactly; I propose to stay there even after the cool weather has set in. I want to escape the Presidential campaign.

U.S.—But you'll be back in time to vote?

B.J.—Not much; that's the very thing I want to escape.

U.S.—And let the thing go by default?

B.J.—There's no default in the case. It is a choice of rotten apples.

U.S.—I certainly don't share that view.

B.J.—Would you vote for that "Advance Agent" of humbug, Hanna's man?

U.S.—Indeed, I wouldn't. His programme is partly the dry rot of "protection," partly the false pretences of the gold standard. The one and the other have been tried; wages go down in both; in both the workers are thrown out of work; in both pauperism increases for the masses and riotous wealth increases for the idle few. I'll certainly have none of him.

B.J.—Nor would I. Or would you bestow your ballot upon that blatant combination of Bryan and 16 to 1?

U.S.—Most assuredly not. In the first place, this gang is as much after a comfortable seat on the backs of the workers as its gold rivals. In the second place, it is a



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preposterous crew. It wants the private ownership of the means of production, it wants to keep that up, and yet it is up in rebellion against the results of such private ownership. It wants to uphold the system of private exchange, and yet it wants to destroy the measure of value by making 1 grain of gold equal to 16 of silver, whereas, in fact, it is equal to about 32 grains. If these people have their way we shall have a crash.

B.J.—So say I.

U.S.—Between the two, the gold bugs and the silver bugs, labor is between the devil and the deep sea. I'll none of either.

B.J.—And don't you get tired hearing the two sets of pudding heads and rascals making faces at each other?

U.S.—And disgusted too.

B.J.—That's the reason I am going to the woods.

U.S.—But have you no choice other than these two?

B.J.—None other.

U.S.—What about the Socialist Labor party?

B.J.—Give me a rest.

U.S.—You shan't have a rest till you explain.

B.J.—Well, I will explain. The Socialist Labor party is a political party like all others; and the same as the Democratic and Republican parties, it will become corrupt when it gets into power.

U.S.—Are the Republican and Democratic parties corrupt?

B.J.—Are they not?

U.S.—As far as I can tell they are not.

B.J.—(amazed) What!!!

U.S.—They are not. I have never heard of a single instance in which a Republican or a Democratic politician, from Presidents down to Alderman, has sold out to the working class.

B.J. looks puzzled.

U.S.—Do you know of any instance to the contrary?

B.J.—I can't say I do.

U.S.—Consequently they are not corrupt. They are put there by the capitalist class

and they remain true as steel to the capitalist class.

B.J.—Coming to think of it that's so. Even though they quarrel among themselves, and even amidst their bitterest wrangles, just so soon as a labor issue is up, they form one solid body against the workingman.

U.S.—Once more, I, therefore, repeat, they are not corrupt. As your premises fall through so must your conclusions. The Socialist Labor party cannot become corrupt. As the representatives of the old parties are uncorruptible and remain true to the capitalist class that runs them, so will and must the representatives of the Socialist Labor party remain true to the class that puts them in power and whose interests they represent. There is no instance of the representatives of a revolutionary movement having sold out; the labor fakirs sell out, but they do not represent the working class nor any revolutionary movement. They represent themselves, and a coward movement. Don't go to the woods. On election day cast your ballot solid for Matchett and Maguire and for the Socialist ticket. Anything else you may do is aiding our common foe.

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