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DIALOGUE

## UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN. {109}

By DANIEL DE LEON

**B**ROTHER JONATHAN—I read a Socialist paper the other day, and it made my skin creep.

UNCLE SAM—Why? Did it make false charges?

B.J.—No; the charges were true enough.

U.S.—What, then, was amiss?

B.J.—The temper, man; the tone. It was bitter.

U.S.—Oho!

B.J.—You don't need to look at me so winkingly and insinuatingly.

U.S.—Would you fight with spit balls?

B.J.—No. But I would not fight with vitriol.

U.S.—Let me understand you. To do so I wish you would give me your opinion of some of the leading apostles of Abolitionism. There was Wendell Phillips, for instance. Did his style suit you?

B.J.—Yes. He was gentle and kind.

U.S.—At all times?

B.J.—Of course.

U.S.—Well, now I understand you.

B.J.—You do?

U.S.—Yes, exactly. In the first place, you prove, like most of those who quote Phillips, that you don't know anything about him. Read James R. Gilmore's account of Phillips. You will there discover that he was bitter in controversy. And that was right. An earnest man has no syrup for the wrong he combats. Don't fall into the bad habit of



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blasphemers, who take up the pure name of Phillips in vain.

B.J.—Well, I do remember he was bitter, but these Socialist papers run a good thing into the ground. They are too immoderate—

U.S.—And you would have them not “run things into the ground,” and be more “moderate”?

B.J.—Yes; they would get along a good deal better. Wendell Phillips made friends everywhere.

U.S. (with a twinkle in both eyes, takes out Gilmore’s article)—See here, Jonathan, you are in bad luck to-day, particularly, exceptionally bad luck. Let me read you a passage out of this account of a conversation with Phillips.

Gilmore—“You always run a thing into the ground. You would make more friends if you used a little more moderation.”

Wendell Phillips—“I don’t agree with you. To get a small slice we must ask for the whole loaf. Nothing will split a rock like gunpowder.” How do you like that?

B.J. drops his jaw.

U.S.—Mistaken again; off again; eh?

B.J. looks sheepish.

U.S.—Brace up, and don’t fall into the error of imagining evil can be combated by handling it with gloves; especially don’t fall into the error of imagining you can knock down a Socialist’s argument by the quoting of a great name. Socialists don’t scare worth a cent. And they’ll be able to refute you every time.

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