THE LABOR HERALD.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLY, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

"THAT IS THE MOST PERFECT GOVERNMENT IN WHICH AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL."

VOL. I.—NO. 33. RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 17, 1886. PRICE 5 CENTS

WHY WE ORGANIZE.

We organize to help the poor,
By hand of wealth oppressed;
Those who are sick and far from home
And all who are distressed.

We organize to firmer stand
Upon our platform high;
That weary eyes may on it gaze
And boastful wealth defy.

We organize that we may live
Upon this God-made earth;
That wealth may own the power we wield
And recognize our worth.

We organize to take our part
In all the affairs of life;
And mean to conquer when we can
In its eventful strife.

We organize that wealth shall not
In costly mansions live,
And fatten on the price of toil
That we them must give.

We organize that wealth no more
Shall rich and poor divide;
That all in harmony may live
And labor side by side.

We organize that they no more
Shall at our efforts sneer;
But know that life and pleasant things
To us as to them are dear.

We organize to make us strong,
The golden calf to slay,
To which so many knees bow down
And homage to it pay.

We organize to overthrow
The temple wealth has made;
And we will never cease to work
'Till at our feet 'tis laid.

TOILER.

MY PUNISHMENT FOR PRYING.

BY JUDGE CLARKE.

There was no formal engagement between Kate Morlake and me. Though we had known each other a long time, and though I thought sometimes she liked me, and though *liking* would be a faint word to express my own feelings in the case, and though we had got so far along that I called her Kate, instead of Miss Morlake, and she called me Ned, in place of Mr. Jarman, things seemed to come to a stop there.

More than once, when I looked into her deep blue eyes, so full of truth and tenderness, I felt impelled to make an open declaration of my sentiments, and take whatever answer came with what philosophy I might. But there was, in those same bright eyes, a lurking look of mischief that made me hesitate. The chances were about even that my impassioned speech would be met with one of Kate's ringing silvery laughs and some such answer as:

"Please don't be silly, Ned."

I didn't dare to risk it, and so held my peace.

One day I resolved to play the coward no longer, but to speak out like a man. I was just beginning, and Kate, I fancied, looked as if she was going to listen seriously; but in the middle of the very first word, in bolted a young friend of hers, to full of news and gossip, who, without a word of preface, began to unpack her budget.

All was over, I saw, for that time, and I took up my hat to leave.

"I go to-morrow," said Kate, as we parted at the door, "to spend a week with Aunt Hathaway and cousin Flora Denning. Should you chance that way—they say there's good fishing in the neighborhood—you mustn't fail to call."

That I *would* chance that way—be the fishing good or bad—was from that moment a settled fact. Indeed, the very next day but one found me in Aunt Hathaway's parlor, duly introduced to that stately lady and her niece and Kate's cousin, Miss Flora Denning, a very lovely girl, about Kate's age, and almost as handsome.

I would have given anything for a few words with Kate alone. I was burning to renew the conversation which had been so untimely interrupted. But it was soon manifest there would be no opportunity. Aunt Hathaway never for a moment left the room, and it was quite clear she didn't intend to, while my visit lasted. Kate went to a side table and wrote a note, which she sealed and directed, and placed in my hand when I rose to go.

"Be kind enough, on your return, to deliver this," she said; "it's an important message to a friend of mine."

Then she gave a glance in Aunt Hathaway's direction which plainly intimated that that lady's presence prevented fuller explanation.

I hoped that Kate, according to her custom, would at least see me to the door; but Aunt Hathaway assumed that office, and dismissed me with polite formality.

I was curious to know to whom Kate's "important message" was addressed, and as I was to deliver it, I might as well look and see.

I took the letter from my pocket. It was in a dainty white envelope, such as young ladies use to enclose their enchanting little missives in, and had a decidedly coquettish look. But a glance at the superscription gave me a painful start. The name was that of *Mordaunt Kenneth*, just the last I could have wished to see there!

Mordaunt and I were old friends; but, of late, he had been far too attentive to Kate Morlake for my comfort. On several of my recent visits to her, I found him there before me, and more than once my coming seemed to be an interruption.

As I turned the letter over, I observed that the envelope was open. Kate had either forgotten to moisten the mucilage, or had insecurely closed the fold.

The thought of reading a private message intended for another, in my calmer moments, would have been abhorrent to every instinct of my nature. But I was mad with jealousy, and infuriated at the thought that Kate, who, whatever might be the state of her own feelings, must have long since surmised the nature of mine, should have made me the bearer of a secret message to my rival. I had but one thought or purpose—it was to know the worst, and learn, once for all, whether the love which I had so fondly hoped either was or might be mine, had been already plighted to another.

Without stopping to weigh the impropriety of an act which I would have been the first to condemn in another, and at whose recollection a blush even now rises, I took out and unfolded the letter.

The words it contained were few, but they sufficed to crush my heart. They were these:

"Meet me at eight to-morrow morning, under the elm at the turn of the road, with a carriage. Everything will be in readiness, and we can drive at once to the village church where the clergyman will be waiting. KATE."

I fairly ground my teeth with rage. I would have torn the tantelizing billet to fragments; but the shamefulness of the act of which I had just been guilty broke upon me. I quickly replaced the note and closed the envelope, and putting my horse to his utmost speed, I hastened to deliver it.

I closely scanned Mordaunt Kenneth's face as he read the letter. It beamed with joy.

"You have brought me glorious news!" he cried, wringing my hand warmly. "I can't explain just now, but you shall know all shortly.

I stammered out I know not what confused reply, and hurried from his presence.

That night I could not sleep. Wild projects haunted me of flying from home and country, rushing on and on, farther and farther, as if the victim of unhappiness could ever leave himself and his misery behind!

Next morning, before the sun had risen, I was in the saddle. I rode without thinking whither. It was not till a lofty elm, at a turn of the road, drew my attention, that I discovered that some mysterious influence had led me to the trysting-place named in the hateful letter.

I would have fled from the spot, and did gallop off a little way; but the unaccountable spell which was upon me forbade me to go on. A relentless fate seemed determined not to spare me the pain of witnessing my rival's triumph. I stopped amid a cluster of small trees, whence, unobserved, I could see whatever might take place beneath the elm.

It was not long till Kate Morlake appeared, coming by an almost hidden path leading through a grove of evergreens. It was not without an effort I restrained myself from flying to confront her and tax her with my misery.

The next moment a carriage drove up rapidly, and Mordaunt Kenneth sprang out.

Kate turned and waved her handkerchief, and a third actor appeared on the scene in the person of the pretty cousin I had seen the day before.

No time was spent in greetings, but all three entered the carriage, which was immediately driven off.

I know not how long I remained in the moody revery into which I fell. When aroused at last, the same resistless spell forced me to follow the road taken by the carriage. I rode on heedlessly, till the sound of wheels checked the painful current of my thoughts. The carriage was returning, and I had already been discovered. Retreat was impossible, for I heard my name called, and Kate was signalling me from the window.

In another moment the carriage stopped, and Mordaunt Kenneth was at my side.

"Congratulate me my dear fellow!" he cried; "and come and be introduced to my wife. You'll understand now the good news you brought me yesterday!"

My tongue could frame no answer, and Mordaunt looked up surprised.

"'Pon my word, Ned, you look as *dumpsy* as if I'd carried off and married *your* sweetheart instead of mine! But come along—it's not polite to keep the bride waiting."

It was only one more pang to suffer; so I alighted and followed Mordaunt to the carriage, who in due form, presented me—*not to Kate—but to her pretty cousin, as as his wife!*

I came out of the dumps with a bounce, and was straightway the most hilarious of the party.

"You see," said Mordaunt, "Aunt Hathaway, whom Flora, here, has always lived with, was rather down upon me, and we had to play off a little ruse, in which our friend Kate was kind enough to lend a hand."

It was not till Kate and I had been several years married that I ventured to confess that I had opened and read her note; and when I told her how much I had suffered for it she only said it had served me right.

THE STRIKE.

Address to the Public by the Executive Boards.

TO THE PUBLIC:—As showing the sincerity of the railroad managers in their treatment of the Knights of Labor, we respectfully state that pursuant to the order of our General Executive Board we this day sent a committee to the managers of the several roads, offering to return the men to work, and in no instance would they be received or treated with, each official in turn either refusing them a hearing or evading them with specious subterfuges for direct answers or refusing them employment. Hoxie agreed to receive a committee of employees to adjust any grievances which exist. He refuses personally and through his subordinates to recognize any of us as employees, and refuses to receive any but such as he calls employees. In short, after he and Gould have conveyed the impression to the world that they were willing to settle they refuse to settle. Now we appeal to the suffering public, on whom is falling all the weight of this great affliction, if we have not been deceived enough. How much is long suffering labor to bear? This great strike never would have been had Hoxie condescended months ago to hear our complaints. We do not claim to be more than human. It should not be expected of us to be more than human. In this country position makes no king or slave. Imperious refusal on the part of one citizen to confer with other citizens with whom he may have business connections, when such refusal begets great business and social revolution, is not only a mistake but a crime against the public. Gould is invoking the law against the little criminals who are made desperate by his policy of duplicity and opposition, and yet the terrorized public does not invoke the law against the arch criminal of the land. If we cannot be allowed to return to work the strike must go on.

By order Executive Boards District Assemblies 101, 93, 17.

The Aristocratic Workingman.

What can be said of that insolent traitor-dude, Mr. P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers? Has this world any place for him? He is not a capitalist and cannot rank with capitalists. He is not an aristocrat, since he believes "a man ought to work all he is able to when he can get work" (and of course he does so himself), whereas aristocrats pride themselves on their idlenesss. Even his sycophancy to the classes in power—his fondness for pandering to the spirit of capitalism, does not make him one of them. He is not a workingman for he is a traitor to the workingman's interests. He is not a king, a priest, or a god; and as he and his brotherhood "will not affiliate with any other orders," they must be something very peculiar, something unlike anything on earth, or below the earth, or in the heavens above, and perhaps it would be no sin to worship them. Nobody is likely to run the risk of idolatry, however.

He considers himself better than a brakesman, a switchman or section hand; he scorns their unions, denounces their strikes, and says boycotting is a crime. He predicts the speedy dissolution of the Knights of Labor; he says of the eight hour movement: "Now, some of these organizations are so badly off for a strike, that they propose to strike for eight hours. I don't believe in the eight hour doctrine. What a spectacle! * * * I hold a man should work all he is able to when he can get work. Two hours less work means two hours more loafing about corners, and two hours more for drinking."

Why, such a man is worse than Jay Gould! It is a wonder what humanity is going to do with him, as he doesn't seem to belong to it.

But perhaps such men are necessary to show the people that they must take a stand on one side or the other of this great humanitarian question. This passing as an "aristocratic workingman" looks ridiculous as well as mean, and people will avoid it. Sooner or later some great event will place "slavery and freedom face to face and bid them grapple," and men and women must enroll under one banner or the other; there will be no neutral ground —*Ex.*

Jay Gould, the public robber and legal thief, has more power and influence with the so-called Governors of Missouri, Kansas, and Texas than the 500,000 Knights of Labor. Money bags are on top now, but if we mistake not, revenge will be ours yet. The political mendicants who are anxious to starve labor into submission will in due time be slayed with the boycott club.

A True Knight.

On one of my lecture tours, I had the misfortune to be caught in—what often happen in cold countries—a severe snow storm, and so heavy was the fall of snow that further progress was an impossibility. We had fortunately stopped at a station where the wants of the inner man could be comfortably attended to, at an inn or hotel which formed part of the station. Seated around the table were several ladies and gentlemen—excuse me, there was one who was not a gentleman, as I shall prove to you—but of those at the table there were three men of whom my story has reference—a fine, hale and hearty old gentleman, who, though life's winter had frosted his hairs, yet showed a constitution well preserved; a monkey-faced dude, one of those—what is it gents? all shirt collar and tight pants; and your humble servant—myself. The old gentleman sat at the upper end corner of the table; the dude at the head, and I directly opposite the old gentleman. A young girl, the waitress or servant of the hotel, a girl possessing a fine form, of perfect symmetry, and though not extremely handsome, yet had a most pleasing face, and apparently about sixteen years of age, entered the room and approached each one to take his or her order. All present stated their wants with the courtesy that is due to a woman, no matter what may be her position—if honest—until she came to the miserable animal that occupied the end seat, and when she asked his wishes, he placed his hand to his mouth and made a remark that was too vile and uncouth for even a man to hear, let alone a woman. I heard the remark plainly, as did the old gentleman opposite, and my blood began to boil and tingle in my veins that I felt it would be a relief to me if I killed him. The young girl said nothing and retired to fill her orders, and when she returned and again approached this lump of poisonous brass, he again put his hand to his mouth and made another remark, more vile and gross than before. The girl's face reddened with shame, and her lips twitched nervously, when in a twinkling of an eye, quicker than I can tell it, the old hero arose from his seat and striking straight from the shoulder, sent the audacious libertine flying to the middle of the floor as if he was shot out of a cannon and landed him on the broad of his back. As might be expected, this started the rest of the guests, who knew nothing of the insult, and in a moment everything was confusion. The landlord came in at this time and demanded to know the reason of—as he thought—this outrageous assault. The old gentleman turned to him and said: "Landlord, it was I who hit him, and you have the right to arrest me"—that you must know, brothers, is the power of men situated in an isolated district, there they have to act as their own guardians of the peace. "Arrest me," said the old gentleman, "but first send your wife to me." The landlord did so, and he (the old gentleman) stated the case to her. She, with true womanhood, turned and gave the prostrate villian a look of contempt that ought to have driven him through the floor, and turning to the old man said: "Sir, you were right." "Yes, landlord." and the old gentleman seemed in my eyes to grow every minute, "I hit him, and would do so again. That girl's father was a painter, and while employed painting the steeple one day, when near the top, the scaffolding gave away, and he fell a bleeding mass in death to the ground below. Sir, I am a Knight of Labor, and that girl's father was a member of my Assembly. She is here, earning a few dollars to help support her aged and widowed mother, and I made a promise as a man, with one hand on my heart and the other raised to heaven, that I would defend the life, interest, reputation and family of all true members of the order; and by the Eternal! if you don't take him away I'll kill him!" Up to this time, I had no idea he was a Knight; and, brothers, that grand old man stood there looking as majestic as ever did a prince of honor, that I felt like going up to him and hugging him. As for the miserable, dirty hound, I wanted to hit him one on my own account.

This, brothers, shows the necessity of our following strictly and firmly the principles of the order. It is the duty of a man of honor to protect a woman at all times, and we shall never fail to offer her protection if we remember the promise to defend the life, interest, reputation and family of all true members of the order. Wherever that grand old Knight is, I say God bless him.—*R. F. Trevellick.*

Rats as Kickers.

The past six months has witnessed considerable uneasiness among the rats in every branch of industry in Philadelphia, and in some cases they have tried to secure recognition from legitimate organizations by combining together and announcing to the public that they have formed a Union. Some of them have even become bold enough to ask for admission to the Central Labor Union, but, it is hardly necessary to state, without success. It was only a few weeks ago that credentials were received from an organization called the Musicians Union, which, upon investigation, proved to be nothing less than an amalgamation of several of the "bogus street bands." The committee appointed on their case very properly reported against their admission, believing that they had some sinister purpose in securing recognition from the Union.

Not more than two weeks ago a number of Philadelphia "rats" issued a circular with the idea of forming an organization which could be utilized to destroy legitimate Unions, of which the following is a copy:

TO WORKMEN.

Organized labor is a good thing, so long as it benefits the workingmen, collectively and individually, but when it becomes simply a means whereby the head men can draw big salaries and ride in parlor cars, then it is more of an injury than a benefit.

There are in this and every other community a number of men who do not care to affiliate with any trade unions. These men have a right to their opinion; they have a right to live, and to earn money that they may live.

The trade unions say no. You must pay in a certain assessment to provide parlor cars for our officers. You must support loafers who are willing to quit work on the slightest pretext. You must, on command, drop your tools because one man has a fancied grievance. You have no rignts, and instead of being the slaves of the bosses, you are the slaves of the men who never work, and make a good living out of it.

You are invited to join with us in forming a union which shall have no paid officers, and which shall be composed of men who own their own opinions; every member to sell his labor to the highest bidder, and not to be prevented from earning a livelihood at whatever price he may set upon his own work; every member to be the judge of his own ability, and not to be ordered to obey the dictates of men who only measure his ability by their standard.

Bossess are bad enough, but tyrannical trades unions are worse a hundred fold. You will be notified to attend a meeting as soon as a hall can be procured.

The meeting was held as above announced, but by far the number of those present were genuine labor men, who had been attracted by the announcement that a "union of rats" was to be organized. When the meeting had been called to order, the election of a presiding officer resulted in the selectiod of a Knight of Labor. This being too much for the rats, they withdrew, and a rousing labor meeting was held until the time for which the hall was rented expired. Who the progenitors of this meeting were it has been impossible to find out, the employees of Goodwin's Meter Works, Stetson's Hat Factory, and the Pennsylvania Woolen Mills all being suspected of having something to do in the matter.

The "rat" printers employed in the *Tageblatt* and *Gazette*, German newspaper offices, have also organized a union, which is known as the "Guttenbergbund." They have never attempted to gain admittance to the Central Labor Union, though it has recently been stated that application would be made, and, if refused, an effort to secure a charter as an Assembly of the Knights of Labor would follow. There need be no apprehension about this latter, as they would necessarily have to make application to the Printers Local Assembly, to the members of which the records of the "rats" are familiar.—*Tocsin.*

The St. Louis Riots.

The situation in St. Louis grows more serious and complicated, and thoughtful people can but regard the condition of affairs with a feeling of anxiety and alarm. Mob violence and angry passions rule the hour, and mad men take the lead and urge the crowds to lawless deeds, while the calm counsels of Mr. Brown, the orator and lecturer of the Knights of Labor, who begs in vain for quiet and order, are hissed and jeered at. As is always the case in disturbances of this kind, the worst elements of society come to the surface, and by incendiary appeals, urge the infuriated mob to deeds of violence and blood, and the Knights of Labor who, as an organization, are not responsible, find that their leaders are powerless to control the unreasoning masses, whose cry is "burn, kill and shoot."

That the workmen have their grievances and are entitled to the sympathy of the country in their struggles against the oppression under which they, in many instances groan, is not to be questioned; but when the mobs attempt to rule or ruin and take the law in their own hands as they are now doing in St. Louis, the cause of the laboring man is made to suffer, and many who are innocent are called upon to bear the reproach that should fall to the lot of the guilty.

In behalf of the Knights of Labor, whose leaders bitterly denounce such proceedings, and in behalf of the peace and well being of the entire country we think it high time that the strong arm of the law should be invoked. Reason and argument are no avail in such a crisis as this.

If those whose duty it is to enforce the law and keep the peace have transcended their duty, and provoked the outbreak of yesterday, they should be punished to the fullest extent, but, if as they claim, they were first fired upon, and returned the fire in self-defense, then the guilty leaders should be made to suffer for the blood that has been spilled and the property that has been destroyed.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the leading Knights of Labor, who exerted themselves to their utmost in their efforts to quell the mob and restore order. They have thus gained a stronger hold upon the sympathies of the public to whom they appeal for the justice of their cause.—*News.*

For The Labor Herald.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

This seems to be a knotty subject, but if properly handled and the employer and employee view the subject in a proper light, the matter can be adjusted equitably.

I use the word "employer" instead of capitalist. All employers—and they are largely in the majority—are not capitalists by a long way. The capitalist like Jay Gould, is souless, he does not make his money in a legitimate way, but by speculation or gambling, and consequently does not progress step by step in the acquirement of the riches he may attain.

The question often is met to a request for more wages, with the answer "we are not receiving enough to justify it." This may be strictly true, but let it in future be remedied.

If wages of each class of mechanics in every locality are uniform, and at a fair living rate, then the employer can properly and fairly compete for any work let by contract. All work is bid for upon the bases paid for the labor to produce it, and the lower wages are, the less the work is bid for, and consequently the working man is the sufferer. No right-minded man will grind down his workmen if he is getting a good price for his work. Any employer that does so, is a heartless wretch, and unworthy the support of any community in which he does business.

The Jay Gould class of capitalists are the curse of a democratic country; and if their soulless acts are not circumscribed, the day may come when this country will be plunged into anarchy, and the crown of wealth they wear, be as unsafe as that of some of the crowned heads of monarchial Europe.

It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Let the wise and the lovers of right and justice, ponder well the question as now presented.

BOYCOTT BAUGHMAN BROS.

How Mr. Powderly Saw It.

Over one month ago, Mr. Powderly went West to make his first attempt at settling the strike by arbitration. When he returned to his home at Scranton, he gave an account of the hardships of various classes of railroaders on Gould's lines. For example:

"The bridgemen are obliged to leave their homes and travel out along the line some 300 or 400 miles at a stretch, and be gone from four to eight weeks at a time. The time spent in traveling to and from their place of work is deducted from their wages. They receive $1.10 per day, and the work is so divided up that they make but half time, bringing their actual wages down to 55 cents a day. While away from home they pay from $15 to $16 per month for board, and are often in debt for it. This leaves them nothing for the support of their families at home."

Here is an illustration of the way in which Gould enforces his boast of last year that he would "reduce wages to the European basis."

Again, in his letter to Congressman Curtin, Mr. Powderly refers to a "corporation that requires its employees to work for $16 a month, while paying $15 for board," and adds: "Indignities most foul are imposed upon the laboring men on the Gould lines of railway. Through the medium of press or telegraph their side of the case cannot reach the American people."

Now, notwithstanding all that has been said, we do not believe that Mr Powderly would have closed any arbitration without having secured redress for what he so vividly describes as "indignities most foul imposed upon the laborers of the Gould lines."

The fly-gobbling reporters of New York have attributed to the General Master Workman a hundred vagaries that grew in their own heads.—*Ex.*

For white teeth use Dowden's Dental Fluid. For sale by all druggists.
H. M. SHEILD & Co., Proprietors,
Fifth and Marshall St.

THE CITY'S MONEY.

RICHMOND, VA., April 7, 1886.

Editor of The Labor Herald:

Your correspondent has been laying low for the past two weeks—waiting events, and as we expected the events have come. Now we see that the capitalists are again wanting to spend the dear people's money. A petition is being circulated asking the Council to make an appropriation to grade Broad street road and Grove road, etc. Well the next thing we shall expect that a petition will be circulated asking that the big flag—electric lights—be run up the aforesaid roads to lighten the drives on the boulevards. Oh, yes, grade these roads, gravel these roads, and make pavements for the good people of Henrico county, out of the taxes ground out of the laboring men of Richmond. How very kind you are to the people of dear old Henrico, but *let us be just before we are liberal.* Now we see from a report in the proceedings of the City Council that two thousand children of Richmond are deprived of a common school education for want of room to accommodate them. Now just here let us ask the dear superintendent of public schools of Richmond to report through the columns of the *Herald* how many children are there who live in Henrico county and go to the city schools, and upon what terms are they taken, and to what fund does the money go? Now, we know that this fund does not help the poor man of our city, when it keeps their children out of school. Now, Mr. Editor, to-day we see another petition to the Council to give the State Agricultural Society $3,000. Now, Mr. Editor, we are perfectly willing to help the State Fair and do other charities, but first we demand that before one dollar is spent in charity that all the streets in the suburbs of the city be first graded, bricks walks be layed, curbing be run, gutters be paved, gas and water supplied and culverting done. We don't want any electric lights if they are not any better than they have been, and we now give notice that we will watch the Street Committee in the coming contest, and will see if they can explain why it is we are left in mud, when they can vote thousands away for electric lights for favored parts of the city.

My dear *Herald*, with one word for Mr. Powderly; let one who is excluded from the Order enter here his prayer for his speedy recovery, and may he and all good men live to adorn the homes of the workingmen; and one word to you, Sir Knights of Labor, stand together for your rights; do not act that the Citizens' Committee can justly complain of; keep the fear of God in your hearts; demand what is right and take nothing less; give an honest day's labor for an honest day's pay, and see that in the future your sons and daughters have not to toil their life away for a pittance. It takes you mechanics four years' apprenticeship to learn your trade and obtain sufficient knowledge to do your work. Your lives and limbs are daily exposed to peril, and get enough for it to give your wives and little ones a decent support. We say to all that good wages make good times, good times make good men.

In our next we will see if we can't show that good wages robs no one, and helps all. A BOY OF 1861.

THE GOULD WAR.

Ringing Words from the City of the Liberty Bell.

When capital conspires, labor must combine. This is not a struggle for a few extra pennies on the part of the Knights of Labor, (although it is nothing else on the part of Gould & Co.):—but it is a contest between the makers of law, the creators of power, and the usurpers who have so long defied the one and misused the other.

It is the irrepressible conflict between right and wrong, and although retributive justice travels with a leaden heel, she will smite with an iron hand the concentrated villiany of this century.

It is the old, old story of insatiate greed—consuming ambition—and its inevitable train of misery, suffering and death.

And this, too, on the fairest portion of God's earth, in the high noontide of the nineteenth century, under the best government that the sun ever shone upon—in the face of an enlightened christian civilization—against the descendants of men who sacrificed everything but honor and manhood to establish on this Western continent the modern Mecca, to revive the hopes and quicken the aspirations of the oppressed and benighted humanity of the Old World.

And it has come to this, that the strong arm of military power is invoked through a mercenary press, and by craven politicians and traders, to uphold the *forms* of law, in the interest of corporate thieves, who have neither legal nor equitable right to that which they have assumed to control, and do control, for their own selfish ends, to the injury and ruin of the people whom they have defrauded and plundered. And is this justice? Is it law? Is it right? No! it is a burning, blistering lie, written across the face of our hundred years' history.

What a spectacle! to see a great government of 50,000,000 free men so abjectly stultifying itself, so betraying its high trust—so completely going back upon itself as to supply the janizary and commissary for a thief.

But the Knights of Labor are "violating the law," and when they do this they must be punished. Is opposition to a tyranny consummated by blackmail and bribery—by wholesale robbery, through pretended legislation and corrupt judicial aid, a violation of *law?* If so, then that law that makes such a condition of affairs possible is infamous—not binding upon any honest man; for the fraud in which it was conceived vitiates it. And the high court of public opinion, sitting in judgment upon the crimes and outrages and robberies committed under the forms of law, will so decide it.

To think that the men who, while they were battling for the salvation of the Government, enduring the hardships, sufferings and privations of camp, and facing death on a hundred battlefields, and who marched and fought to emancipate the black man from the bondage of a century—that they should, while doing this, involuntarily and unconsciously forge the chains for their own and their children's enslavement to a tyranny more hateful than negro slavery ever was! Why, it is the very incarnation of crime—yes, it is material and moral suicide to attempt thus to paralyze the strong arms which build up the prosperity of the country in time of peace, and to break the stout hearts which defend it in time of war.

Is there no conscience left in those who occupy the high places of the land? Have they taken leave of all their senses except that of sordid selfishness, and is barter the sole aim and end of government? Can they not see that the *law* is but a mockery, and that its edicts are inexorable, irrevocable, against the helpless, unfortunate poor!

And they would—after having forced these men, through trickery and fraud, into a position where they have no alternative but resistance or slavery—put them to the knife, if they attempt to assert their manhood. The curse of God upon such arrant hypocrisy!—*John Swinton.*

The Knights of Labor.

For the three weeks the great battle for bread has been fought by the wage-slaves of the Jay Gould railway system of the southwest. All eyes have been riveted upon the conflict, and with the reports of each day's struggle the hopes and fears of the millions of sympathetic wage-workers have risen and fallen.

The battle has been bravely fought inch by inch, but the workers have been overcome in spite of all. Capital entrenched behind legal privilege comes out of the conflict triumphant.

The vantage ground was all in favor of capital. The workers had to contend with all the legal forms, superstitions and prejudices and customs of the past.

The whole affair, however, will be productive of untold benefit to the workers in the end.

This strike resulted in settling many heretofore disputed points. It has established beyond gainsay of indifferent wage-slaves or hypocritical labor exploiters that in America there is a raging conflict between capitalists and laborers. The acknowledgment of this fact by all will have much to do with the relative positions of the parties to the dispute in the future and in furnishing an intelligent perception of the issue.

The Knights of Labor and trades unions have been dislodged from their position that capital as private property has interests identical with the propertyless laborers. They have been forced to learn in the school of experience that arbitration is a failure where one party possesses the acknowledged right to compel submission of the other under penalty of starvation! They have now discovered that private capital hedged about by laws and constitutions, enforced by the civil and military arms of the state is all-powerful to enforce its decrees upon those who concede its legal or legitimate rights to do so. They have learned that while the public—that intangible but all powerful force—may give its sympathies, it will, nevertheless, withdraw them if its interests are encroached upon; that the true policy of the future is not to stop the wheels of transportation and communication, of production and exchange, but on the contrary, take charge of and run these institutions in the interests of the whole country! In other words instead of allowing their capitalistic masters to discharge them, they must at all hazards, and by any and all means discharge their masters.

These are some of the lessons taught by this great strike. May the wage-slaves of America profit by them and prepare for the fast approaching struggle which is to decide for all time whether or not the producers of the world's wealth are to remain slaves or be forever free!—*Alarm.*