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EDITORIAL

AMERICAN LABOR AS MANURE FOR EUROPEAN ARISTOCRACY.

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THE cable despatches announcing the birth of what in time will be the tenth Duke of Manchester at Tanderagee Castle, County Armagh, together with the ringing of church bells at Kimbolton, the present Duke's English seat, in a celebration of the occasion, simultaneously reopens a vista of the past, and gives a peep into a vista of the future.

About twenty-six years ago, the eighth Duke of Manchester—the dilapidated scion of the dilapidated dukedom of that name—married the American heiress Consuelo, a daughter of the Ravenswood, La., capitalist Antonio Yznaga del Valle. Her dower was a cold \$3,000,000. Of course, not in cash: that would have been little, comparatively, and would have been dissipated in less time. The dower consisted in a Three-million-law-given power to drain the working class of America. And it did. The drainage drew from the mines, railroads and factories a manure that caused the parks of the dukedom of Manchester to revive, its game to spring up anew, and the sap of which rose into the belfries producing new bells to celebrate the happiness of the Duke.

Twenty-four years later these bells were again called into violent requisition. The son and successor of the eighth Duke—the ninth Duke of Manchester—following the agricultural-matrimonial instincts of his father, secured from the same quarters fresh manure for his dukedom: he married another American heiress, Helena, the daughter of the Cincinnati, O., millionaire Eugene Zimmerman. Her dower was a colder \$5,000,000. Like the previous dower, neither was this in cold cash. It was again a law-given power to drain the working class of America, this time with a five-million suction. And it did. From all parts of the nation the stream ran; and, drawing its sustenance from the drainage, the dukedom of Manchester flourished apace—to the tune, of course, of

declining earnings for the workers of America, whose labor secreted the rich manure on which the insect Manchester Duke Vulgaris thrived and grew fat.

Such is the vista of the past. It allows a peep into the vista of the future. What is to be the tenth duke has just been born. Will the insect decline? Not if Democratic-Republican political power continues. On the contrary. If that power continues, the insect in this third generation will thrive still better. Since his grandfather's days, even since his father's days, the earnings of the wealth-producers of America have tumbled down perceptibly. If the grandfather could fatten on what he extracted from American Labor, if the father could grow still fatter on the still greater plunder of the American workingman—how rosy must not be the future of the recently born tenth Duke to-be, when he will be old enough to wed, in his turn, some American heiress!

No wonder the church bells of Kimbolton ring out in merry glee.

But church bells have not always been truthful prophets. Who will venture to deny that between the time of birth and the age of marriage, the working class of America will not have got tired of figuring merely as manure for a parasite class, and that, as their predecessors of American Revolution memory, they may not have thrown off their backs both the foreign parasites and his {their?} native satraps?

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