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ONLY THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the storm.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My life have never told.

I have gazed on a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood—
All the livelong day and the night beside,
Grazing for lack of bread.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And that night was heaven to see—
I waked with an agony, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give your starving boy,
When you are starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And with a whit in your eye,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you bade me love you till your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to starve in this
Empty breast and skinned of gold.
A skeleton baby to hold—
A baby that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying of want.

With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
While you bade me love you till your child.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That this people is so starved and seen us starve,
Parching, one by one?

Do the men of England care too, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While you are forced to starve in this
Without a care on you.
There is many a brave heart, mother,
Without a care on you.

And the bread they flung to their dogs to-night
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me tenderly, as you hold
My father when he died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother!
My eyes are blind.

Mother, dear mother ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

Pictures.

In a room, brilliant from the rays of incandescent lamps, furnished with the most elegant and softly cushioned easy chairs and divans, its floor covered with a Turkish carpet that sunk under the feet when trod upon, sat a man. He was attired in a fine silk dressing gown, his head encased in richly bejeweled slippers. As he sat in his chair, occasionally puffing a two-bit cigar, comfortable as man can be, a storm raged without. But what cares he for storm or shine; around him all was bright and warm. He need not press the button and servants, trained to unobjectionable obedience, stood ready to minister to his comfort. And he was happy. As he sat muttering a smile would occasionally play around his lips, for he was thinking of his exploits amongst the ladies of upper tendum only a few nights before.

And thus he sat picturing to himself scenes of the past. Among the storm he found his way and rattled the shutters to the windows of the room in which he was sitting. This riot of the elements only added zest to his pictures of gaiety, because the contrast between the comforts of his home, and the inclemency of the weather without. But as the wind howled by, it moaned around the corner with one of those peculiarly human wails, his thoughts suddenly turned to the other scenes. As a sudden gust of wind and thrill came, he started from his chair and gazed out of the window for a second. Then he turned again in his chair and began to puff away at his cigar, for, strange as it may seem, weird sensations crept over him. Before him loomed a picture. But oh, how different was this picture from the one which a few moments before had caused him to smile. He shuddered as he saw a pale anxious face, with pleading eyes looking straight at him.

He closed his eyes to escape that vision, but the pale face and big eyes, full of feebly pleadings still haunted him. "I was cruel," he said. Then arousing himself he said: "Punish, I shall, lawfully, any other man would have done the same." And a cold stern look came over his face as he took up the evening paper and began to scan the market reports.

The storm howled around a miserable cabin, and the cold wind whipped through the cracks, carrying snow with it. Sitting huddled in a corner of the room was a man and a woman. Dreary indeed was the room, with no light but the pale glare of a few embers that embroiled in a cracked cook stove. Chilled with the cold and discouraged by the storm they both sat demented. A tiny nickle clock was ticking away the time, and its tick, tick, tick alone broke the monotonous silence within, while fiercely raged the storm without.

Presently the woman's head sunk lower and lower, and although shivering with cold, she fell asleep and heard the storm only in her dreams. As the man sat wrapped in a ragged overcoat, he saw visions of other days rise before him. His memory re-called with startling vividness scenes of by-gone days. Bitterly did they contrast with his present surroundings. He thought of the days when he toiled, and was glad, for he had enjoyed the rapid flow of blood as his muscles moved in accord with the directing of his brain. Then, too, having accomplished the work in hand he was wont to spend pleasant evenings, out under the soft moonlight, or sitting by theudy fire, with her who now sat sleeping near him. Bitter was his agony, he turned from this picture to look toward her, now so thin and emaciated.

His thoughts then turned to the one who, at this same time, we have seen sitting in such comfort. "Dann him," he muttered, "after I had toiled so hard and honestly, and been thrown down by sick- ness, poverty, and old age. Go, friend Ben, introduce me to the legislature, and here is the result." And again he saw a stern face and heard the words, "I have acted lawfully, any other man would do the same." And a fierce fire burned within him, and he forgot that he was cold.

It was one of those lovely moon-light nights in June. The air was warm and soft. On the piazza of a family hotel sat a couple chatting gaily. Presently one of them, the lady, begged to be excused and went within the hotel. As the man sat gazing out upon the greenwood and rooftops he fell to musing. Before him rose visions of glory. He saw the convention nominating him for office; saw the crowd cheer as he addressed them, and he grew eloquent about "perfectionism and the glory of our country and justness of its laws. But a shadow came over his brow, for before him loomed an opponent; one who aspired to the same place he was seeking. In his imagination he saw his opponent fixing the delegates to the convention. He saw him using money, making promises, deceiving and corrupting all whom he could approach. He shuddered at the thought of such action, but the picture of fame and glory which had just enslaved him came again before him and he bit his lip hard and thought: "I will do it."

Out under the trees, where the moon filtered its rays down between the branches, lay a man. He was nearly cold and did not look happy. As he lay there with his head resting on the root, he reviewed the past, painted pictures which he could not shut out, vague pictures of happier days floated dimly before him, but were succeeded by visions of gloom and suffering. In his mind he again saw a dingy room, and heard the storm howl by. He saw the faint light of dying embers and how one whom he had loved had fallen asleep, never to wake again, as the snow filtered through the cracks, making miniature mountains ranges on the floor. And bitterly again rang in his ears the words of the minister who performed the last ceremonies over his lost companion, "The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." And again he warmed with an inward fire, and he received anew to strike a blow at the messenger that had crushed his hopes and marred his life miserable—A long drawn agony.

Before him stood an array of officials—the embodiment of the State— and he said: "Here is my enemy, here is the enemy of mankind. I will make war on the Slaves."

In the room in which they were gathered a crowd of curiosity seekers. The judge sat in his chair, far above the rabble, and regarded them, at respectful distances, were many attorneys. The first case called was a bald-box stealing. One party had already been convicted, but a rising politician was now on trial as
The Inquisition at Work.

Since our Christmas number I have been arrested by
the Government at Washington, also by the local
United States District Court in Los Angeles, on
charges I do not know. But the fact remains that I
am under bonds for one thousand dollars to appear at
the call of the inquisition and answer to crimes I have
never committed. As a matter of course you can infer
why I am in such a position, 1) and it proves that no
man's liberty is safe in the United States to-day. That
any man who dares to express an honest opinion or
raise his voice in behalf of humanity or condemn by
words the doctrines of the antigovernmental religions
supposedly practiced by the blacks, is gone to the
wall, and I will oppose everything that comes near
him whom he may oppose and will use the power of
the Government to crush him. And if you are poor
you have no redress even if you may be innocent. You
rural man or Negro who is in a hurry will not find
it may ruin you in life, drive your family to starvation,
render you homeless. All this is taught to the federal
inquisitors. In the future some day it will be the
poor, while the rich with bribery and political corrup-
tion go free. The cowardices of the United States
government is something appalling when you stop and
think. Then you read or hear the thousands of poor
men who are arrested annually for some small so-called
crime, such as shaving a few sticks of wood on govern-
ment property. To be a miser, to sell, to own a
shack of fuel to feed their hungry family, he is condemned
to six month's imprisonment in some bastille and his
family left to starve. So goes down the line, all the
poor men suffer. When the mighty and rich commit
a great crime against the government, do they
suffer? No! Money, power, politics, religion, society,
nasty, all are brought into active operation and he
goes free. (Go back to the days of France, previous to
the falling of the bastille, men and women who were
innocent, were incarcerated in jail for life, torn away
from their families, the dead of ages.) Never to see
them again; and such acts and general oppression of
the poor, brought about the downfall of the
French Nation.

Again, my case is based on the same system as
an imperial decree issued by the czar of all the Rus-sias;*
who signs an imperial mandate to arrest instantan-
ously a subject and keep him without a trial in jail
and death or imprisonment for life. Such is the action
of the government to-day in my case. Every
person asks what you have done. Why have they arrested
you? I cannot tell or answer that question, but I can
surmise much. First, I have openly denounced the
present existing form of government. I have given
my talk of magnanimity at the National University in
Chicago on Nov. 11, 1887. I have condemned the
bankers and their robbing system. I have denounced
the government. I have defamed the moralists and
ridicule on so-called society. I have exposed the
rottenness of all so-called orthodox religions. I have
found that the religious reformers have attacked the
police system with its rottenness and corruption.
I have assailed Clear Glass and shown the public that his
career has been foul. I have written an article on
paper to get out, but it is still true, I passed my
unbiased opinion on Mau-
sions and Masculine. I have always resisted the abuses
and unjust detriments always in force against the
poor. I have pointed out that the great impregnated
women and the Captain is mistaken. All the great dollars would
be able to crush him, were he editor of a daily paper, just as
some of the rich men are.
Ye Songs of Samuel.

I've a patent upon
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Which enjoys a legal status,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw.

It has cognizant wheels and pinions,
But has not half the merit of
It has done gigantic service therein,
Johnny Raw.

Don't imagine this invention,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Was conceived with such intention,
Johnny Raw.

For it's no base vulgar patent,
It's patented with a point,
Twas designed to grind out sober men by law,
Johnny Raw.

Then, it has all the improvements,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
Over six hundred flowing movements,
Johnny Raw.

Shakes out chin or single-tax,
Mesmerizes one and all,
Thus do moderns turn off honest men by law,
Johnny Raw.

You must surely crave this patent,
Johnny Raw, Johnny Raw,
With its demands, (interests latent)
Johnny Raw.

Here's a chance for honest hoodlum
Selling stock to every moody,
Lucky chap to be on earth now,
Johnny Raw.

S A M F O N D R A T.

Note and Comment.

Our German, French and Italian co-workers of Science have been breaking bread and dancing and dashing around entertainment and dance for the benefit of the propaganda. The entertainment will take place the 56th of January at the "Vorwarte Turnhalle" [201 O'Farrel St.]

A great workingmen's entertainment, with concert and ball, has been arranged for the benefit of the German Turn of America. For many of the German and Bohemian groups of Chicago. The ball will take place at the "Vorwarte Turnhalle" [201-203 W. 12th St.] at 8 o'clock p.m. Speeches in Bohemian and German will be made.

From a private letter we learn that "Croateten," the German publication of the German press in Copenhagen, Denmark, was lately confiscated by the Danish government, and that the editor, J. Moller, is under arrest. He states that the paper is not published now, and thinks that the public will take all well addressed to it, as he does not receive it, and understands that some of the exchanges are still being sent. Exchanges please copy.

The county clerk of Pierce County published the statistics of marriage license taken out in his office in the last few years. The figures are:


These figures explain nothing to a plain thinker but not to our leading moralists and "scientific" investigators of the "social problem" who have come to the conclusion that the bachelors are getting too bashful to be nuptial candidates. I am, myself, a bachelor and confess to you that I am able to manage my affairs without a license. It is quite time to be convicted about the uselessness of your marriage laws altogether, and leave unenforced the natural selection.

A. K.

When a bomb explosion occurs somewhere, thrown by a poor worker that has nothing to lose but his chains, and an individual is killed by it, all papers howl and lament about the outrages of the Anarchists, who assassinate innocent people and destroy property. But when Anarchists in Spain are tortured for a crime which has the history of the so-called dark ages hardly anything to show as cruel and barbarous, and such cruelties are practiced for the only reason that those men are Anarchists, for believing in a better society. They were fed on salt fish without giving them any water, hung up by their feet, their lips were cut, their testicles were pressed in and made them "confess" under the pressure of such tortures, and on the ground of such confessions they were sentenced to death. Oh, tremble you accused sanguinaries! There will come a time of 'judgment' and then you will weep, and pray for mercy, which I hope will not be given. A. L.

E. EMERIC, who deals himself "public educator," writes a long sheet of "Sezology," and finishes with the following, which contains in a more pronounced form, all that precedes it. To save space we have left all but that part which announces his position. It is not that he maintains his position but all his argument. Here it is:

"Monarchy is based on the intellect and the affections, subordinating the physical love while polygamy is based on, on sexual love wholly and from opinion the world has received all its sex plagues, its diseases, and the diseases of women today are evolved because of the subversion of love's true function. Let love exist a boisterous liberty will come in all of set. Let sex love exist and health, joy and human beauty are here."

I consider the above assertion as pure assumption, godless, indefensible, and indefensible. Intellect revolves at monology, for no person's affections attach themselves to any other person, but are constantly finding affinities in various persons. Monogamy stands, a ridiculous, ghastly monster, crying out the right of the affections to make their existence known. Instead of it subordinating sexual love, every student of sex matters knows that the denial of monogamy is a denial of the affections in which he terms "physical love." Monogamy, and the unavoidable reaction against it—prostitution—is responsible for the ills which it attributes to Polygamy. The subversion of the family is indeed the cause of these ills, but Monogamy, and all other forms of reform and repression, is the direct cause of the subversion. When bodies find love existing? By all means let love exist, and leave the one in whom it exists free to express his love in such manner as he may desire, and can find means to support himself. Free all persons from outside restraint in the expression of their love and then we may expect "health, joy and human beauty." H. A.

Gods.

It is pitiful to see those who profane to be free, displaying their slavery. It is equally pitiful to see those who profess to have discarded all gods erecting upon themselves objects of worship. Such is the necessity of many of the adherents of Secularism, and this frame of mind is fostered by such papers as The Truth Seeker, and such public orators as John E. Reed. I considered it a local affair when W. W. Jussey, in a speech at a Thomas Paine Anniversary, pointing to a portrait of Paine, said, "we worship that man." But now, the attacks on the public press are alarming the money;

The postal service is a yeartold profit of over two millions. I know not whether it is possible to recover the expenses or not, for you can not. If the government of the State should have control over the United States do you think you could mail your letters for 2 cents on such a vast territory as North America? I do not know. For many years the public has been clamoring to reduce the tariff for letters to 5 cents, but it is all in vain, the congressmen, city and county officials are used to free letters and can not be made to see it even now. They want a cheaper price; yet they don't cost them anything. They don't care for the public concern.

The postal department derives a yearly profit of over two millions, but it goes to subsidize the officers of the public press. As to overwork, the Swiss mail clerks are even worse off than the American, but the postmasters are equally well paid and invested with some authority.

FRANCE.

Here is a sample of conditions in the country with the largest per capita of newspaper circulation. The following statements are from the "Office du Travaill.

At Roubaix, 5,000 dyers and other skilled workers were forced to accept a reduction of 20 per cent on their wages. The strike was only work for a few days. Meanwhile the Socialist congress from that district get 25 francs per day, and steady pay is to be sure; whereas the workers can earn a nice picture for a few francs (20 cents) when it comes down to practice among the State Socialists. It pays even now in these hard times, to be a reformer of that kind.

At Bordeaux, three-fourths of the lithographs are unemployed. The barrel makers were ordered to accept a heavy reduction on their piece work. A great iron works for 2 francs per hour, the wages were reduced 50 per cent last year.

At Saint Rhiems the workers in the passamentum establishments are paid 1 franc 25 cents per day, but the women 50 cents. This is in American money, 35 and 20 cents respectively. In the department of Tarn, less than one half of the men in the textile industry are employed at any reduced wages. As a result of wheat speculation the price of bread was raised in many departments to 10 centimes on a lb. In Paris.

There were twenty-four strikes in October, 1890, and twenty-two in October, 1890. The number of strikers was 65,827. The results were very small. They seemed to have been an attempt to make the public believe the condition was bad. On the contrary, the number of registered strikes was 68,657. Eighty modified the conditions and six of them were lost altogether.

BELGIUM.

There were seventeen strikes during October last, 1,800 workers tried to shake off the
clauses of slavery. Eight strikes were in the textile industry, and five in the mines.

The reports show that the number of strikes during October last, the number of strikers was 11,000: fifteen strikes were in the construction trades, the rest of them were in the mining and coal industry, and 30,000 more, the strikers improved their conditions, seventeen totally lost.

In a single day, during the second week of October, 2,000 New York men went out of work. This would show 207 paperers to every 10,000 of the total population in thirty-five urban districts "selected" as typical. (From the Labor Department.)

We have been surprised at the American gold does no good to the English workers. England, the mode of making and the care of the foundries, the cost of tools, the finishing of the iron, the labor of the smith, has increased the cost of the capitalistic form of industry. In many cases, this has been found to be a capitalistic form of industry. In Transvaal, the republic government of Transvaal decided to name the capital of Cape Town to continue the distance by the "long way," the distance by the "short way," or the distance by the "swift way." The capitalistic form of industry is clearly as all over the world.

A. KLEEMENS.

KUMEL. In St. Petersburg some workmen issued the following leaflet:

"To the workers of the Baltic factory. Comrades, beautiful things occur in our factory. Many workers are seen on the street on account of the increase of work; even workers that have worked for a month are not considered. The social-mindedness of finance, Wille, declared last summer in his appeal to the weavers, that the interests of employers and employees are equal to the government. We see the social-mindedness of a capitalist spirit, that, in force, we are to tolerate death through the various kinds of work, and when the work decreases we are thrown on the streets with no explanation. What is the significance of Comrades, how long will we endure the life of the government? To-day one is shut out and tomorrow the other. We all have a common fate: to die, our strength is exhausted, to be afterwards starved; we produce all wealth in order that a host of parasites can live at the top of the pole, and the government must be in war and keep hundreds of thousands of soldiers, policemen and spies against ourselves, against producing the people. No, comrades, we will not any more "order" with food, clothes, and work. We, the Russian workers, begin also to tear off the net of ignorance and slavery, which the manufactures and the government have woven around us. We know the net of our freedom rights through our oppressors by raising one man, and can only better our condition through a united mutual struggle. Let us, then, unite, for the first time in our lives, for our greater strength; let us establish treasures, and battle till the hour of our liberation arrives.""