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EDITORIAL

## SACRIFICIAL LAMBS.

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**M**ADRID, Spain, was the city; the reception hall of the palace, gorgeously ornamented, was the scene; the Queen Regent's formal surrender of the her guardianship was the occasion; the time was the 12th instant. Then, and there, and thusly circumstanced, Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, rendered his contribution for the guidance of the Movement that is destined to overthrow the social system at a top corner of which he is part of the filigree. Addressing Her Majesty, Sagasta said:

“During these seventeen years the noble Queen has sacrificed herself to the country in the jealous guardianship of the country's glory.”

Some who may not be generously enough disposed, might be inclined to carp over the merit of this solid chunk of a hint given to the people by Sagasta. But let the ungenerous carp; the well-intentioned will bestow praise even upon a Sagasta, if a Sagasta deserves it.

Who has not come across the breed of self-immolators on the altars of their country, or their cause? Who has not come across the breed of the self-sacrificers?

There is Roosevelt, who is “sacrificing himself” to the tune of tall salaries and perquisites.

There is Hanna, who is “sacrificing himself” to Harmony in ways that remind one of the Heathen Chinees, whose smile was pensive and bland as he sat to “the game he did not understand.”

There are lawyers by the bushel in the Labor Movement, who are “sacrificing themselves” to the Cause of Labor with the leer of the wolf ready for his prey.

There are parsons by the wagon-load who pant after martyrdom, in the Cause of the

Workingman, with the facial convulsions of a timid mouse scenting its way to the cheese.

The are “Unionmen,” who long for nothing better than to be broken on the wheels in behalf of the “Yunion,” and thus “sacrifice themselves” to a good fat job on some “Agitation Committee,” or any other \$5 a day little sport like that.

There are literati by the yard, who push the quill, God-ordained, and “sacrifice themselves” in their editorial pursuit, lest the Labor Movement jump off its hinges.

And politicians? Their name is legion. Mounting upward and coming down again, the genus “self-sacrificer” is as prolific as fleas. And yet, however numerous they be, people are frequently taken in with them. Senor Sagasta, as a sagacious statesman, not only sees through false pretences, but also has a way of his own to expose these. In availing himself of the opportunity, offered by the Queen Regent’s withdrawal, he surely must have meant to expose by illustrating the fraud from a conspicuous height. And he surely did. To refer to the seventeen fat years, in which the Queen Regent rioted in wealth and vanity, while the nation went through the leanness of bread riots and the disgrace of being stripped of all her remaining colonies;—to refer to those years as years of “sacrifice” was to cast the electric light upon a wide-spread Fraud that finds its manifestations in the highest as well as the lowest walks of life. To cast an electric light upon the Fraud is to do much towards its uprooting.

Sagasta has done nobly. Let all learn, and look out for the “sacrificer.”

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