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IMPERIALISM

Address of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, at the Annual Meeting of the Progressive Friends, Longwood, Pa., June 10, 1899

There are times in the histories of nations when the common language of truth and soberness seems weak and inadequate. Then the seers and prophets, the Isaiahs and Jeremiahs, are needed to arouse a slumbering people from lethargy to instant action. Such a period was the anti-slavery days of storm and stress, still fresh in the minds of many of my hearers.

A conflict of principles shakes society. Good and evil struggle for supremacy, and, after fierce and prolonged warfare, one or the other triumphs for the time. If justice prevails the nation continues on its upward course; if wrong is victor, a season of eclipse succeeds.

In 1776 and 1861 our country emerged triumphant from its grapples with oppression. Rejoicing in success, it settled down to that dangerous conviction of security when vigilance relaxes, conscience becomes dulled and material ambitions silence the moral sense. Meanwhile the old enemies of freedom in deceptive garb, plot, multiply and flourish until again the crisis is precipitated and another and more desperate conflict is forced.

To-day the same crucial issue is at the front, the old battle is in full swing; again the clarion is calling manhood and womanhood into the ranks, in the name of civilization. The foes of freedom, insidious and plausible, now, as always, are deceiving the elect. Many with the sacred name of liberty on their tongues are marshaling under the banner of slavery. The parting of the ways is here. What shall the choice be?

A Government founded on the principle of the right of the people to choose their rulers is engaged in the effort to deprive a distant and alien nation of the same right. With opulent professions of love of liberty, it declares that the only possible terms with the Filipinos is absolute subjection. For this end it is taking the same attitude and using the same excuses that might has always employed in a contest with right.

Consider what success means. Withdraw your eyes for a moment from the far islands of the Pacific, and fix them upon our own country. To accomplish the avowed purpose of the Administration the revolution in the Philippines will be nothing as compared with that in the United States. For the sake of territory, which can never be populated by Americans, which can only be retained by military force, and whose commercial cost, compared with possible profits, would make it the wildest and most disastrous investment ever attempted by a free people, we are asked to barter our principles and liberties.

"No man," said Abraham Lincoln, "is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us; our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands, everywhere. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

From Aguinaldo, the enlightened and heroic leader of the Filipinos, comes this responsive utterance, written at Cavite, June 18, 1898, at the headquarters of Admiral Dewey:

"I proclaim in the face of the whole world that the aspirations of my whole life, and the final object of all my desires and efforts, is no other thing than your independence; because I have the

innate conviction that that constitutes your unalterable desire, as independence means for us the redemption from slavery and tyranny, the reconquest of our lost liberties and our entry into the concert of the civilized nations."

Little could he have dreamed when he penned those inspiring words, that the countrymen of Abraham Lincoln were to outdo in savagery the vanishing Spaniards, and to make the name of America one yet more accursed by his hunted and butchered compatriots.

This stirring declaration would have brought quick and enthusiastic response from the United States were another nation undertaking the same role in the Philippines. But it is our soldiers who are committing the criminal aggression. Therefore, the criminal power that directs them must be arraigned. The shots from Otis and Lawten are aimed at the freedom, not only of eight millions of orientals but at that of seventy millions of Americans. The shattered bodies of the brown patriots, battling for home and independence, are not more shattered than are American rights in this conspiracy against justice. Every defense of our nation's course is an attack upon the principles which have made it great. The same bullet that pierces the heart of a Filipino lets out the life-blood of the Declaration of Independence.

Readers of history, show us a nation in which liberty ever survived the repudiation of its ideals! Its pages are strewn with attempts, but always accompanied by wrecks. In ancient or modern times not one success is chronicled. Each proud kingdom or commonwealth emerges in turn from slavery to freedom, wealth, and power. Its sentiments are lofty, its statesmen, patriots and scholars illuminate the period. With the sense of strength comes forgetfulness of the sources of strength. As wealth and power increase, freedom declines. The old catch-words and shibboleths of liberty are flourished long after the goddess herself is in the coffin. Men calling themselves freemen wear their chains with defiant pride. "Oppression, struggle, liberty, peace, wealth, power, greed, corruption, war, hypocrisy, despotism," this is the gamut that describes the history, and answers for the epitaph of once proud peoples.)

The Civil War for slavery brought us to the verge of the Republic's grave. Mrs. Kemble, in her fine poem, "Triumph not Fools," pictures the despair of the weary and oppressed abroad, with anxious eyes fixed on this

"Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
Of power decrepit, and of rule outworn,"

and imagines their despairing cry,

"She has gone down! Woe for the panting world,
Back on its path of progress sternly hurled!
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
Home of far-seeing hope, Time's latest birth,
Woe for the promised land of the whole earth!"

Then came the uprising of the people here and the redoubled brilliance of the star. Another eclipse is upon it. Shall its light be quenched or again emerge to cheer the world? Upon the pending action regarding imperialism the decision rests.

To the conspirators who noisily assume that we are now a "world power," that we have gone too far on the road of conquest to recede, that our ethics are outgrown, let us echo Mrs. Kemble's words, "Triumph not fools!" for the verdict is yet unwritten. The statesman from Ohio and the fluent secretary from Massachusetts may try with honied tongues to prove wrong right, but Lowell provided the answer for them years ago. "Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown and others say shall not cease. I would by no means decry the eminent respectability of these gentlemen, but I confess that, in such a wrestling match, I cannot help having my fears for them."

No despairing mood possesses the anti-imperialists of Massachusetts. Intelligence and conscience are not dismayed by numbers, and with these forces the ultimate decision rests. Out of the tiniest minority they can evolve the overwhelming majority.

What is the confronting situation and what are the forces in conflict? The past is repeating itself, and history furnishes a close parallel of the present. Transport yourselves in imagination forty years backward. It is 1859. John Brown and Harper's Ferry dominate the scene. On one hand is the defeated and wounded enthusiast awaiting the penalty of broken law, the law of Virginia, not the law of God. At the north his friends and helpers, Gerrit Smith, George L. Stearns, and Frederick Douglass flee to Canada or elsewhere for safety. At Concord the attempt to kidnap Frank Sanborn is barely frustrated. Even anti-slavery lips are for the moment paralyzed.

Against Brown are the administration, the subservient press and pulpit, society, fashion, all the material weight and apparent influence of the country. At Brooklyn, in Plymouth Church, amidst the frequent interruptions of a turbulent audience, Wendell Phillips huris his defiance at the powers that be. Listen to his brave words, as true to-day as on the evening of their utterance:

"No civil society, no government, can exist except on the basis of the willing submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man. Whatever calls itself a government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no government. It is only a pirate ship, Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with his commission to sink every pirate he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. In God's world there are no majorities, no minorities; one, on God's side, is a majority."

To Aguinaldo, fighting in the same cause for which John Brown died, sustained by the same hopes and aspirations, our sympathies are due as were the sympathies of all lovers of liberty to John Brown. Would that these burning words of freedom's greatest orator, passing the despotic censorship of a government engaged in throttling free speech, might carry consolation to the betrayed and harassed hero of the Philippines! In the utter defeat of his assailants' purpose rests the salvation of liberty in the United States.

The faint-hearts and temporizers who now put their trust in the President and the military power of the United States will read in future history upon how weak a reed they leaned. Temporarily,

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet the truth alone is strong, And, albeit, she wander ocast now, I see around her throng Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

The contemners of Aguinaldo would have been the denouncers of John Brown in the dark days preceding the glare of the civil war.

What has brought the nation to its present attitude? Righteousness does not in a night blossom into crime. The generation has not yet finished garnishing the sepulchres of the reformers or building their monuments in the public squares. Yet this ostentatious homage to the memory of Lincoln and the abolitionists is the strongest evidence of moral relapse. When did a people drifting away from justice ever cease to protest most loudly its particular regard for that virtue? The truth is clear that the decadent process has been a prolonged one. Material growth and aims have obscured the forces at work sapping the foundation of morals. So at the touch of war the nation stood self-revealed and astonished at its own barbaric instincts.

Students and reformers alone have discerned and feared the decay of public conscience and civic virtue. Private indifference to official scandals cannot long co-exist with a republic. We have been fitting ourselves for the yoke, and at length the tyrant has appeared to place it on our necks. In this respect your own State of Pennsylvania has sounded a depth of corruption and shamelessness that makes its claim to self-government a farce. The vulgarian spoilsmen are your masters.

The Keystone State is a type of the nation at large. The probabilities of the next Presidential election are not reckoned on the enlightened opinion of the people, but on the management of Mark Hanna and the opposing Democratic bosses. The largest purse and not the highest principles are expected to secure the race and it will, unless there is another moral uprising as in 1861, and a fresh insurrection of conscience.

Disinterested observers have noted the steady lapse of the nation from its high standards. Goldwin Smith has graphically described it: "Multimillionism," he says, "with its boundless luxury, its palatial mansions and its matrimonial alliances with the European aristocracy; the decay of religion, which, though still the social rule, at least in the East, has been losing its hold upon practical life; the growing thirst for pleasure and for money as the means; the intensity of commercial speculation consequent on the thirst for money; a yellow press, appealing not only to love of sensation but to immoral tastes—all are factors in the change which has been going on in the national character, and the cause of its visible departure from the old Washington and Jefferson ideals.

Our friendly critic might have gone deeper and developed the causes whose symptoms he has only enumerated. The disregard for human rights shown in the monopoly of land and the tariffs for private revenue only, have been prime factors in the moral rottenness noted, although the second is a necessary sequence of the first. The greed for land and the power which its possession gives, is the source of wars. From wars come heavy taxes and their makeshift tariffs, and tariffs are nesting places for privileged and special interests. The seeds of the revolutionary war developed in the compromises of the Constitution from which came naturally the civil war, and from

the conditions left by the civil war the Spanish war came in logical order. "For what can war but endless war still breed?" The culmination of all these struggles of force is concentrated in the issues we are now facing.

The vitally important issue is not the substitution of the American for the Spanish rule in the Philippines. It is the complete substitution of Spanish for American methods of government in the United States. The truth has forced the partisan upholders of the Government to decry the theories that are the foundation stones of the Republic. In their place a bald and atheistic reliance upon brute force is preached. No imperialist appeals to the high instincts of the people. Temptations to their greed, vanity and conceit are offered as sufficient substitutes. Great individual fortunes, a big navy, interference in the world's squabbles, the supremacy of force, are their not of more value than that ridiculous abstraction of Jefferson that all men are created equal and with certain inalienable rights?

Like France, though we may retain the features of democracy, we must yield the spirit. The form of casting the ballot may soothe susceptibilities, but the machine must throw the real vote, the necessities of the case demanding it. So say our masters.

It is impossible to carry on wars of aggression and permit freedom of the press or platform. How absurd to think of regulating armies by town meeting or of allowing discussion of the administration's plans of action. The mails must be watched and guarded from incendiary matter, the news from the scene of war must be modified or withheld at the will of the censor, the protest of conscience must be stilled. The national authorities are acting in a strictly logical manner according to the new premises of government adopted at Washington. Are you prepared to exchange your priceless rights for the mess of pottage in the far Pacific and the privilege of joining in the subsequent piratic dismemberment of China? If not, now is the time to proclaim it. "Now, while the padlocks for our lips are forging, silence is crime."

If the present infamy were the result of the people's deliberate expression at the polls, after careful discussion and thought, the outlook would, indeed, be dark. As yet the responsibility rests with a handful of men who have taken care that no authoritative public expression shall be allowed until they believe the question beyond debate. In preparation for the final decision such meetings as this all over the country are now considering earnestly the question of democracy's survival. So rapid has been the course of events, so plausible have been the reasons and excuses for this unspeakable dilemma, it is no wonder that bewilderment abounds. The church has blessed the iniquity, the lawyers have found precedents for evil acts, the press has been muzzled by political pressure and mistaken self-interest. Therefore, we have no means of knowing the true public sentiment. And yet, I have faith that "duty and destiny" will have a different meaning when interpreted by the people themselves, and not by the cheap clamor which greets peregrinating presidents haranguing from the train platform. And the responsibility, about which we hear so much, will be duly placed.

Meanwhile, what awaits us? One is ashamed to say it of a community which parades its conscience and reason, but the most effective argument against expansion and territorial robbery will be the material cost. The pocket nerve will be the first broadly to reveal the wrongfulness of conquest. The revelation will come in the form of burdensome taxation, commercial revulsion, and aggravated social conditions, now strained almost to the point of breaking. The war with Spain was forced to cover the failure of the Dingley tariff and save the party in power. The situation was men-

acing enough then, with a financial system which was a reproach to an enlightened nation, a distribution of taxes, unequal and unscientific, an unrest of labor that foreboded trouble, a system of politics in which office and spoils were the most powerful incentives, and a race problem of huge proportions in the South. Foreign war has only increased these perplexities, the agitation of which will be renewed with fresh ardor the moment the ordinary conditions of peace return. Meantime, neglected domestic evils have grown with the rapidity of weeds. It has been a postponement of reform with heavy interest added, but not the settlement of a single one.

If we are to keep the Philippines, the promised independence of Cuba will be a case of hope deferred. The system of imperialism will be fastened upon the country and the government must adjust itself thereto. The curses which Spain has unloaded have settled upon the shoulders of the United States, not a white man's burden of duty, but a crushing one of greed and lust for power. Like Spain, we are to send the youth of the country to learn lessons of murder and barbarism, to gather and disseminate the vices and diseases inseparable from military life, to help fill the graveyards of the tropics. "It is a terrible business, this living among inferior races," was the testimony of Lord Elgin. In 1857 he wrote, "I have seldom from man or woman since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object." A year later he declared, "The truth is, the whole world just now are raving mad with a passion for killing and slaying," which, alas, after a lapse of over forty years, remains a faithful description of the world to-day.

The moral perils of our situation are ignored in the seeming material prosperity which absorbs attention. The steel and iron industries are active, the great trusts are booming their inflated securities, fortunes on paper are made with rapidity in the stock market, and why should we listen to croakers and "little Americans?" But the demand for steel and iron to put into enormous naval vessels for destructive purposes serves only to make a brief and fictitious prosperity. The water in the great combination is certain to gush out when the stock is unloaded upon the unwary or guileless, and the lambs along with their decees will be washed away. Nemesis surely follows the financiering that now looks so dazzling.

Labor takes another view of the situation. It is growing wise. It sees manufactures checked and men thrown out of work because the trust must curtail product to raise prices. It is not sharing duly in the profits of the game. Where strikes are precipitated by the hard terms of the employers it notes the prompt appearance of the military to guard the interests of capital, and it reflects upon the possible condition of wages when militarism, which the earnings of labor must chiefly support, is freely used to keep it in subjection. The labor unions are a factor to be considered in the settlement with imperialism.

As discontent increases the multiplication of barracks will not be confined to tropical islands. "They are the outward and visible sign," as Cobden affirmed, "of the increased discontent of the mass of the people, and the growing alarm of the governing classes. It argues great injustice on one side or ignorance on the other, perhaps both. The expense is too obvious to require comment." It is this expense that reduces the wages of workers, breeds dangerous conditions of poverty and crime, and turns the image of God into the likeness of the beast.

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?"

The statisticians will in due time figure up the cost of the war in dollars and cents. They will note the enormous swelling of the national debt to pay for armies, navies, and the inevitable and constantly increasing pensions, which not only wax steadily in the long years that follow war, but are hotbeds of fraud and promoters of dependency and pauperism. It will be left for the moralist to show the damage, incalculable in money, of the national demoralization.

Of all the hypocrisies which stain the time, the excuse given by a tariff-ridden nation for exploiting foreign lands, the extension of trade, is the most shameless. Not since the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, has there been a more sudden change of base than that of the home market enthusiasts who are now grasping for the trade of China and the rest of the semi-civilized orient. Yet the one thing that will insure us the trade of the entire world, without a cent of cost or destruction of a human life, the taking down of our own bars, which shut out wealth, there is no thought of proposing. Our people are like the Peterkin family who never conceived the idea of doing the sensible and obvious thing until the lady from Philadelphia suggested it. The President needs to call her in.

Economic success was never obtained for any nation by military force, the fallacious claim to the contrary made for England notwithstanding. Violence has wrenched open ports, forced upon unwilling peoples a traffic unsought and unwelcome, but, as in the case of British conquest, if you put in one column the net profits accruing to the English merchants who have been the chief gainers, and, in the reverse column, the cost of securing trade privileges, comprehending not only the direct military outlay, but the resultant tax burdens on the English people, and still further the low social conditions following those taxes, the balance of loss far outweighs the gain. To benefit a class, the masses have always been impoverished.

The flag of England has been a flag of blood. As an English pen has written

"And the winds of the world made answer

North, South, East and West,
Wherever there's wealth to covet,

Or land that can be possess't;

Where there are savage races

To cozen, coerce and scare,

Ye shall find the vaunted ensign;

For the English flag is there."

The Maori, the Arab, the Fellah, the Zulu, the East Indian have all cursed it with dying lips, and the execration has been merited.

But, England, following her subjects with the protecting arm of force, has enabled them to maintain perilous positions and displace or dominate the weaker peoples. Yet the cost of all this wrong and outrage and conquest, involving untold lives and millions of wealth, has, in large measure, been charged to the suffering people of Great Britain. With princely nabobs in Calcutta, the depth of poverty in London has been beyond the power of conception. The officials of the East India company and the comparatively few interested parties who profited by monopoly and trade, the aristocratic families which found occupation for idle sons in positions where services were nominal and salaries substantial, or in the army where commissions were on sale—these made the subjugation of India a theme of English glory. But the great gains went to the few, and the monopolists flourished while the many toiled and starved. Trevelyan in his life of Macaulay, speaking

of the reluctance of the East India Company finally to surrender its vast power, attests that it held the most valuable patronage existing in the world "since the days when the Roman Senate sent proconsuls and propraetors to Syria, Sicily and Egypt." But, bear in mind that prosperity to a class is not prosperity to a people, more often the reverse. As Goldsmith noted:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

and the prosperity of the Rockefellers, Hannas, Quays, and Crokers is not synonymous with, but adverse to the prosperity of the United States.

The fact, however, which I wish to emphasize is, that in estimating the commercial advantages of England's colonies, it has been the custom to consult only one side of the ledger, the profit of the individual gainers. The debit side does not appear in trade statistics but is hidden in the budgets of taxes ground out of the toll and sorrow and hunger of the English masses. The monopolists have appropriated the honors while the laboring people have all the scars.

But taking colonial commerce on the basis of current deceptive estimates Cobden showed in 1843 that the whole West India trade amounted to only £10,000,000, while it cost the mother country £5,000,000 to maintain it; that is, £5,000,000 were spent to secure the percentage of profit yielded by a gross traffic of £10,000,000, a dead loss of millions. With the Philippines it is estimated that our merchants may do a business of \$10,000,000. Estimating the liberal profit of 25 per cent. to the capitalists and syndicates now straining their leashes to get at the quarry, what will it cost the United States to enable these gentlemen to win their stakes? How much is bid to present the privilege of making an annual \$2,500,000 to a few select parties?

The United States have paid \$20,000,000 to Spain for the right which the latter never possessed, to control the territory of the Philippines and to assume the contest against self-government which Spanish soldiers so long unsuccessfully waged, and which heaven grant will never be accomplished by American troops. A gold brick swindle is economical in comparison with this purchase. You can throw away a brick.

While England spends \$400 per man upon her regulars, the other Powers spend only \$200, but in the munificent estimate of the Secretary of War an American soldier is to have \$1667.25 lavished upon him. He comes high, but imperial trade and glory are costly blessings according to the American idea. If only 25,000 soldiers are enough to hold in subjugation 8,000,000 Filipinos, and General Lavton has given the opinion that 100,000 will be needed, we shall spend \$46,675,000 upon them alone to get the profit from \$10,000,000 worth of trade for a few concessionists. This does not count the additional cost of \$50,000,000 for the estimated increase of the navy, made necessary by this brilliant trade movement in the Pacific. Nor does it count the swelling of the pension list, nor the hospital support of the army of diseased and exhausted men who will return to us in a continuous stream, bringing the physical and moral taints of tropical life. More than all, it forgets entirely the working people of the United States who are to earn and contribute the money to pay these bills of infamy.

One of the most effective weapons used by Richard Cobden in the Corn Law struggle was the exhibit of tax distribution. He showed the House of Commons that the family of a nobleman paid to the bread tax about one-half penny in every hundred pounds of

income, while the effect of the tax on the family of the laboring man was not less than twenty per cent.

Already in this country, according to Thomas G. Shearman, less than four per cent. upon the easy savings of the richer class are taken in taxes, but seventy-eight per cent. upon the hard savings of the poorer class. With militarism enthroned, the contrast will be wider. When the duped people awake to a sense of their deception, how long will your puerile trade calculations and national glory-pretenses prevent the whirlwind? As John Morley says, "When the giants of social force are advancing from the sombre shadow of the past, with the thunder and the hurricane in their hands, our poor prayers are of no more avail than the unbodied visions of a dream."

The thinkers of Great Britain are quoting with approval Napoleon's dictum, "Empires generally die of indigestion through swallowing too much territory," and the signs of decadence are not wanting. Trade has refused to follow the flag. It goes to the best markets, passing by the half-clad populations of the tropics, and reveling in countries where another flag waves and much clothing is in demand.

With all the colonial additions made by England in recent years, an empire of 307,000,000 in 1887, increasing to 423,000,000 people in 1896, the percentage of colonial trade shows no corresponding increase. England finds no better market for her goods than she did ten and twenty years ago. Indeed, her exports have fallen from £6 17s. 2d. per head of her population in 1882 to £5 11s. 3d. in 1894. Consider the pregnant fact; while the value of her commerce, import and export together, for the last twenty-five years has not risen 15 per cent., the cost of her navy has risen 100 per cent. in the same time.

And the United States, whose best foreign markets and most natural customers are those of Canada and Great Britain, having the vast wants of highly civilized communities, we deliberately separate by tariff fences from our trade, while losing our heads over the idea of exchanging commodities with naked races in the bow-and-arrow stage. And we call ourselves Yankees! Our whole dreary situation is like opera bouffe, with the fun turned to deepest tragedy.

The point of contrast in colonial rule between a government like that of England, where a trained civil service produces men of regal qualities and probity unblemished, and our home-made sovereigns of the Pennsylvania type, trembling with uncertainty between the penitentiary and the national senate, needs only to be suggested, not pressed. Until we have thrown off the yoke of our own bosses we are hardly in shape to furnish bosses for the strange people of whose needs and genius we are as ignorant as Hottentots. If they would send us a few missionaries we could furnish a promising and fruitful field of labor.

We are not crowded with population as in Great Britain, although that country could under just laws support in peace and plenty vastly more inhabitants than at present. Twenty-three people to the square mile is the pitiful average of population in the United States; yet ours is the greatest and most valuable trading community in the world. We have more wants and more ability to supply those wants than any other people on the globe. This enviable position is ours because, freed from the necessity of foreign entanglements, we could develop our own incomparable opportunities. Our total foreign commerce is secondary compared with the traffic that yearly passes through the waters of the Great Lakes.

And this is only a suggestion of the still greater commerce that is within our grasp, in our own borders, when we stop pursuing the costly bauble of expansion and the delusive phantom of

enforced trade with tropical countries and permit the development of the country under conditions of peace and justice.

In this assertion lurks no home-market fallacy. Let the principles of that cult prevail, and no patent would turn fruitfulness into a barren waste with half the rapidity. We owe our exceptional condition to the fortunate provision of the constitution that fixed in fundamental law the right of absolute free trade within our vast and royal domain. With no interstate barriers and with obedience to the advice of Washington in his recently discredited Farewell Address, in spite of the incubus of slavery, and the stupidity of tariff laws to limit opportunity and wealth, we have reached our present stature. Apparently unmindful of the true causes of our greatness we have attained that species of head so aptly described by the American word "big." We must now whip all creation. We are like a youth reared in habits of industry and thrift who, suddenly awakening to the fact of his acquired wealth, at once turns profligate and proceeds to squander it in riotous living. The headache and remorse are never detached.

That which keeps the United States from the proper and adequate development of their matchless resources is the very thing which now sets us off on foreign conquests, namely, greed for land. We are realizing that control of land means control of the people who must use that land. With ownership of natural opportunity comes power, the master's right. What matter the rights of the slave? Our own immeasurable unused acres having been appropriated, we are going afield for more.

The voices of the brown and black man are listened to with impatience. Read the published letters from the soldiers in the Philippines and their concurrent contempt for the "niggers," which they shoot down like rabbits. Note the barbaric lynchings in the South. The white man's point of view is all our people can understand. The grandiloquent talk of conferring liberty and "benevolently assimilating our vassals" is illustrated by Macaulay's frank confession that "the same words stand for very different things in London and at Calcutta. We hear much about public opinion, the love of liberty, the influence of the press, but we must remember that public opinion means the opinion of five hundred persons who have no interest, feeling or taste in common with fifty millions among whom they live; that the love of liberty means the strong objection which the five hundred feel to every measure which can prevent them from acting as they choose toward the fifty millions; that the press is altogether supported by the five hundred, and has no motive to plead the cause of fifty millions."

I desire to express my conviction that the welfare of the meanest and most degraded negro in the African jungles is in essence as precious and important as that of the highly civilized Englishmen

whose ancestors not long ago adorned the savage life of British forests; and who, like Cecil Rhodes, now in civilized garb are vindicting their descent and showing the brute survival that Christianity has failed to extinguish. It is Zachary, Macaulay, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Cobden and Bright whom the future Englishman will exalt when the Rhodeses and the Kitcheners are remembered only as examples to be shunned.

The reason for our own social problems, our extremes of riches and poverty, in a land of abundance, is inattention to our own doors. Those that should be wide open are closed. The pressure to open them has alarmed the monopolist, and it is he who leads us off the true scent to the morasses of the tropical Pacific. The protectionist and the landlords will be held by history to be the fomenters of the Spanish war, into which this nation was cajoled and canted under a humanitarian pretense. The cry of war was raised to divert the attention of the reformers from the failure of protection and from a financial system which Secretary Gage describes as "condemned by the wise both at home and abroad, its evils illustrated in daily business, and emphasized by the impending deficit." The ruse succeeded, but with what infinite labor and added perplexity must we address ourselves to the ominous evils which appalled us even before they were loaded with the deadly burdens of war.

It is always humiliating for a believer in abstract justice to waste time in proving self-evident truths by mathematics. To show by figures that honesty is the best policy, that justice is safer than robbery, or that righteousness exalts men and nations, is a useful function that may be safely left with statisticians. Fortunately nature has imbedded in every seam of truth supporting facts. Leaving, therefore, the material part of the discussion, which I should like to amplify did time permit, let me close with a consideration of some other possessions which a country counts precious, although not easily measured in dollars and cents.

Whittier's ringing question at the time of the wicked annexation of Texas is again in order:

"Is the dollar only real? God and truth and right a dream?

Weighed against your lying ledgers, must our manhood kick the beam?"

In comparing the gain and loss in the fateful year of 1898, how will the balance read? On one side we place Hawaii, on the other perfidy and oligarchy. On the credit side Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. On the debit side the loss of production by abstracting men from labor to murder innocent people against whom they had no enmity or grievance; the irreparable cost of militarism following such heathenism, to be paid for by taxing the producers of the United States and lessening their power to consume; turning to tramps and idlers many who would else have been builders of the nation's prosperity;

distrust of republican institutions; political rascality which, since attention has been drawn from it, has burrowed deep beneath the foundations of the capital.

More than all else we have weakened faith in ideals; accustomed ourselves to brutality; retrograded to slaveholding views as regards the treatment of so-called inferior races; discarded the saving and immortal essence of Lincoln's Gettysburg address and Lowell's supreme gospel of Democracy.

Brotherly love, self-respect, honesty, character, decency, all these we are asked to barter for the Philippines with their inevitable train of new wars, hatreds, self contempt, murder, disease, indecencies and all the baleful brood. Take up the white man's burden, and let go the humble and the contrite heart.

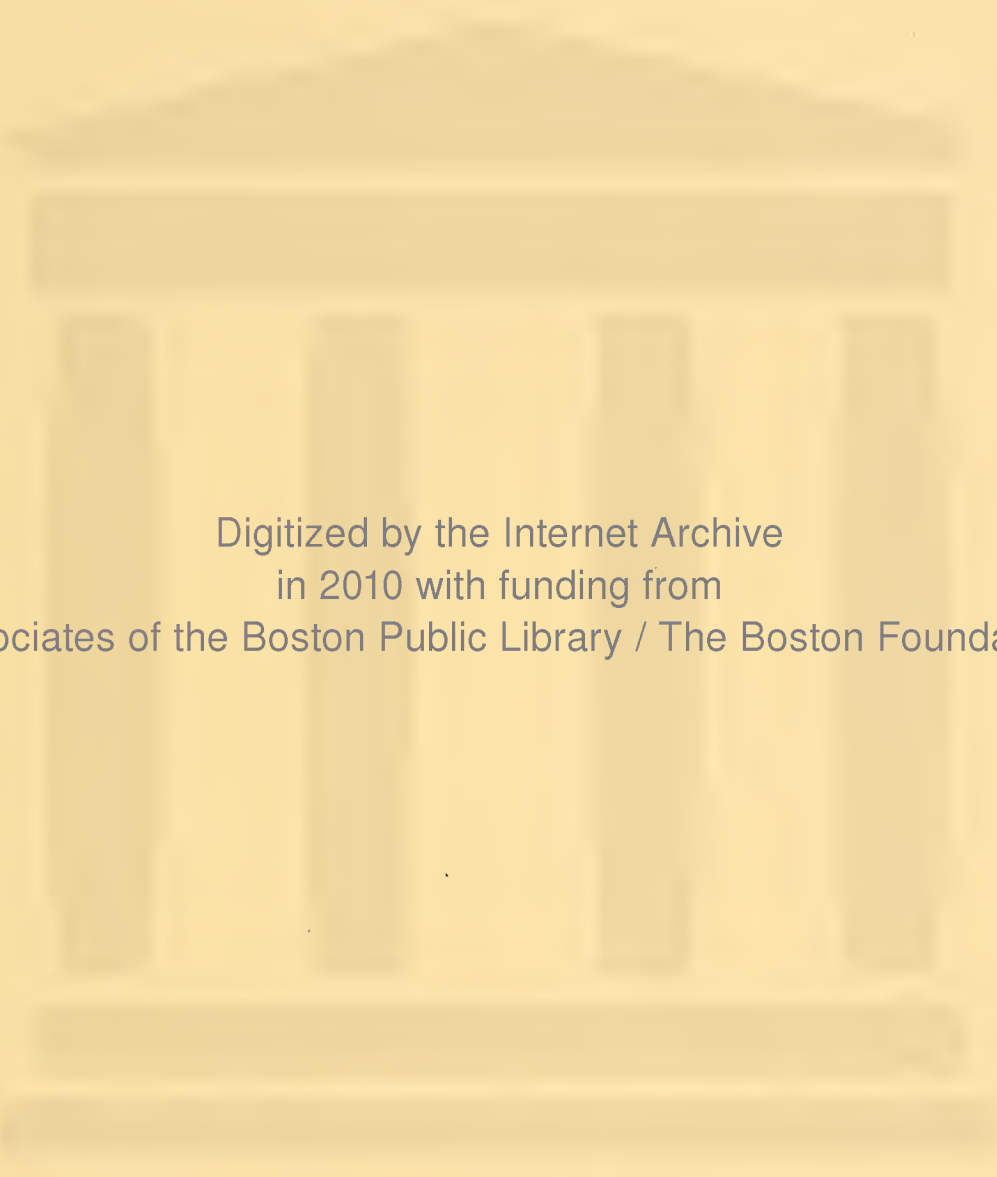
I leave out of the credit side the large and vague "winds of duty and destiny that are sweeping through our hearts," for I know not what value, material or ethical, to place on wind of this description. But on the debit side I would fain add the shame which all decent men feel over this ghastly horror and recrudescence of barbarism.

I like to recall Cobden's answer to the proposition that England should promote the good of her neighbors and the peace and happiness of the world by the cudgel: "Experience is against it, it has been tried for hundreds of years and failed. It cannot be right, because it assumes that you are at all times able to judge what will be good for others and the world—which you are not. And even if your judgment were infallible the method would be equally wrong, for you have no jurisdiction over other States which authorizes you to do them good by force of arms."

We open our morning paper to read of atrocities in the South and in the Philippines, which when committed by the Turk brought horror and indignation. Now we are a great assassin nation and the slaughter of patriots stains our hands. Helpless, as in a nightmare, we cry out in agony, and Christian ears are deaf. In hypocritically professing to democratize the possessions of Spain we have imperialized ourselves.

Whatever the immediate shame and sorrow that await us, to him who loves liberty, and places her above all treasure, there is work ahead. Once more the conscience of the State and country must be aroused.

"Mid many counsels sure the noblest
one
Is to do justice though the heaven
should fall.
And truly, heaven shall fall not, this
being done.
Yea, and no whit less truly, upon all
Who to the voice of justice give not
heed,
At last, in fire and storm, heaven falls
indeed."



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