

America. The Yankee believes, no matter how much he may try to be diplomatic on the subject, that the United States is destined to exercise sovereignty over every square mile of territory in North America. He also has a talent for home rule, and can be depended upon to assert his divine right to govern the land whose resources his energy, brains and money develop. Once at home across this imaginary line his principal business will be to produce the raw material which white men eat and wear.

But the protective tariff will hurt his market for such products. What will he do about it? Why, just what free born white men have always done. Seize the responsibilities and opportunities of self-government, and tear down the barriers to prosperity.

Men like Henry Clay and James G. Blaine sacrificed their ambition because they were unable to get out of the protectionist fog. They desired to cultivate the friendship of South America, but were willing for these neighbors to pay the freight. Their policy was a suspicious, instead of a liberal one. The United States can meet the competition of Europe and undersell her in the markets of the world. Our resources stagger the old world. South America cannot be called a competitor because the continent is undeveloped.

Montana wool-growers are afraid of competition with Argentine wool. An isthmian canal and intercontinental railway will make trade and commerce between the two continents thrive. Russia's Trans-Siberian railway gives her command of the orient. The two races are related, just as the Anglo-Saxon and Spanish American Yankees are related. We know what railroad development has done for North America, and we have faith in what it will do for South America. The number of white men at work in South America will be doubled every ten years, for a long time to come. They will have to eat and wear clothes. It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that Argentine wool will be consumed by manufacturing plants located in the centers of commercial and industrial activity on the South American continent.

Free trade with South America will be better protection to domestic wool than a high tariff. Adherence to a Dingley bill, with a decreasing production of wool, which will be caused by rapid growth in population, will have one of two results:

First, it will force the price of the raw material up higher than it has ever been known to go hitherto. Then the manufacturers will have a valid excuse to raise the prices of their goods.

Second, the people will not submit to the extortionate demands of the manufacturers, and will vote to put wool on the free list. Whatever touches the pocketbooks of the greatest number will effect a political revolution.

Prosperity can be prepared for in time of peace as readily as it can be obtained in chunks, by going to war.

JAMES E. FREE.

Billings, Mont., Sept. 4, 1901.

#### IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.

An address delivered by William Lloyd Garrison as presiding officer of the meeting held November 10, in Mechanics' hall, Boston, under the auspices of the United Irish league, to welcome the Irish envoys, John P. Redmond, P. A. McHugh and Thomas O'Donnell, as printed in the Springfield Daily Republican of November 11.

At a time when powerful nations are stifling the independent aspirations of weaker ones, when the clamor of commercial greed drowns the voice of conscience and of humanity, it is especially fitting that we should welcome the distinguished guests of this evening to the city of Boston. Although representatives of a small country and a diminishing population, the rapacious government of Great Britain finds in them and their associates a stubborn obstacle to imperial success. Pitiful in numbers compared with their oppressor, weak in industrial enterprises, baptized in poverty, victim of a land monopoly which closes avenues of labor and multiplies exiles, Ireland still retains her resolute and unconquerable determination to be free. Like Mordecai, she sits at the king's gate, and little wonder that the high Chamberlain is wrath. Many a time have the weak things of earth been chosen to confound the strong, but never has Anglo-Saxon arrogance encountered substantial checks from feeble nationalities so signally as in this day and generation. The element of justice, nerving the outraged champions of liberty to heroic deeds, is an ally more potent than warships and regiments in khaki.

The uprisings in South Africa and in the Philippines, both now and extending into years, have baffled shortsighted statesmen who looked for their subsidence in a few weeks. It is possible for an intimidated press to conceal the gravity of the situation,

but no power can hinder the ultimate confession of the annual budgets, inevitable specters haunting chancellors of exchequers and secretaries of the treasury. Centuries of injustice to Ireland, a record of Britain's reproach and failure, have seemingly brought no lessons to the conqueror. Each and all of the bitter conflicts which curse the earth to-day are simply confirmations of Lincoln's declaration that "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." Ireland and South Africa, common victims of English wrong, are separated by wide seas and the barrier of language. Happily the sturdy burghers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are able to speak through Irish lips in the house of commons with uncompromising effectiveness. The liberal party, disunited, futile in opposition, and embarrassed by imperialistic leaders, has in a measure been shorn of its strength through supporting a wicked war, revolting to the consciences of men bred in the school of Cobden, Mill and Gladstone. The protest of anti-war liberals is stultified whenever they vote supplies to the army and navy. When their acknowledged leader, with mistaken magnanimity and effusive phrase, seconded the tory motion to present Lord Roberts with £100,000 from the pockets of British taxpayers, the true liberal was tempted to

Walk backward with averted gaze  
And hide the shame.

It is to the honor and glory of Ireland that in this crisis her representative sons, compact, undaunted and without reserve, have stood as a bulwark for freedom, measurably redeeming the cowardice so largely infecting the liberal ranks. Ask of the English liberals themselves to whom belong the laurels won on their side in the late parliament. They will tell you that, although Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gained in power of leadership; though John Morley nobly voiced the ethics of peace and justice; though James Bryce ably exposed the ministerial sophistries; for incessant watchfulness, for aggressive attack, for searching questions and for consummate skill in seizing every opportunity to turn the tory flanks and force divisions, it was united Ireland, led by John E. Redmond, John Dillon and their lieutenants, that should be crowned! It is cheering to see Irishmen again in solid phalanx, with reunited front, no longer "discordant and belligerent." American well-wishers trust that the dissensions which have in the past discouraged friendly faith and lost victories almost

within grasp are at an end. Personal differences can well be postponed until home rule has been won for Ireland.

It is the fashion in all countries, when liberty seems for the moment overwhelmed, for faint-hearted men, professing allegiance to her suddenly to lose faith in moral law, discovering that, after all, the true deity is "the god of the things that are." Then they make haste "to sell unto the cunning enemy their swords." Feigning to regret the accomplished fact, they ask: "Under the circumstances, must we not as practical men accept the situation?" It is to Ireland's lasting credit that she spurns such brazen materialism, staking allegiance on the god of the things that ought to be. Foul situations are to be reversed, not accepted. When evil conditions confront right theories, who shall doubt the final issue? In their nature conditions are changeable, while principles are fixed and eternal. The echo of Charles Sumner's words still lingers in freedom-loving hearts: "Nothing can be settled that is not settled right."

It is predicted by a leading paper that the visit of the friends we are to welcome "will be the occasion of many demonstrations of the anti-English feeling of Irish-descended Americans." I venture to hope that the demonstrations will be just and discriminating, intelligently directed against the real enemy, the autocratic and plutocratic classes now holding political control. I trust that generous recognition will be made of that better England, at present stigmatized as "little," temporarily eclipsed and courageously bearing public disfavor and abuse. Stigmatized as pro-Boers and traitors, the English men and women who stand for true democracy are a legion yet to be reckoned with in national politics. They are typified by John Morley, Frederic Harrison, John Burns, Miss Emily Hobhouse and Dr. Spence Watson, and are a body always to be counted upon whenever and wherever liberty is imperiled. In many an English home I have found the names of John Dillon, Michael Davitt and William O'Brien held in admiring esteem. The Irish cause will gain respect and strength by recognizing common kinship with oppressed peoples the world over, its leaders standing for universal liberty, their sympathies including every land and race. Mere national and racial hatred never appeals to lofty minds. John Boyle O'Reilly touched the chord of true unselfishness:

O, blood of the people! changeless tide,  
through century, creed and race!  
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one,  
though tempered by sun and place;

The same in the ocean currents, the same  
in the sheltered seas;

Forever the fountain of common hopes and  
kindly sympathies;

Indian and negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton  
and Latin and Gaul—

Mere surface shadow and sunshine; while  
the sounding unifies all!

One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No  
matter the time or ken,

There never was separate heart beat in all  
the races of men!

Our friends will find many sympathizers in the United States on the burning land question, which in every country, as well as in Ireland, lies at the base of tyranny. Where land is not free, men cannot be free. No political changes which allow the landlord to absorb without return the earnings of labor can be of lasting good. Ireland for the Irish? Yes. The right of self-government upon God's acres? Yes. The abolition of alien ownership of land? Yes. But in that struggle hide not the truth that landlordism is the same evil thing whether the power be vested in English or in Irish hands. Landlordism is the heart of privilege. So far it has proved a citadel surviving every battle, and leaving the most ruthless foes of freedom undislodged. Keep in the forefront the only legend under which victory can be assured. "The land belongs equally to all the people of a nation, to whom its use can and must be equitably assured." With this free expression of my own views, for which alone I am responsible, and bespeaking the same untrammelled speech for the distinguished gentlemen who are to address you, I welcome with cordial sympathy this delegation from an oppressed and long-suffering people. May their appeal for substantial aid find ready response, and may Americans ever remember that in helping the downtrodden of other countries they, in like measure, help to uplift and save their own land.

#### MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

Rev. Harris R. Cooley, director of charities, made a statement yesterday answering those who have been criticising the acts of the workhouse pardon board. Incidentally he spoke of the Jeha case, about which Judge Phillips has made a stir.

"The question has been raised concerning the pardoning of George Jeha, the Syrian, from the workhouse," began Mr. Cooley. . . . "Personally I had known from experience something of the Syrian people in their own country and realized that there was back of them centuries of oppression and wrong by the Turkish government. These facts entered into the consideration of the

case, but there was no thought of reviewing or criticising the action of the court. The real difference was a difference of standpoint. One standpoint was judicial; the other standpoint was that of the mother with her five children—a stranger in a strange land, and at the beginning of the cold and severe winter. For my part, I considered the case from the standpoint of the director of charities, and not from the standpoint of the court. Personally I have a high regard for Judge Phillips and I trust that no one will believe that in any wise I thought of criticising his official acts. We look at the thing from a different standpoint, and I feel sure that this fact will not change our friendship and regard for one another.

"Passing from this special case to the general criticism of the pardon board, which has come from many quarters, it might be proper to say a few words: We have great respect for just judges, but not for all judicial precedents. This action of the pardon board is not the result of a temporary sentiment, but of an abiding feeling that in the treatment of the so-called 'criminal classes' our principles have been essentially pagan. These people are all the children of the same father. In our work we have deliberately and steadfastly tried to apply the teaching of brotherhood to these men and women and boys. As was foreseen and inevitable, we have come into conflict with the old conceptions and traditional forms of the courts. On the part of many good people there is a fear of any departure from these conventional customs which have been crystallized into a law.

"We have taken the ground that the traditional system of fines is not true justice. Here are two men guilty of the same offense. They were sent to the workhouse each with a sentence of ten days and a fine of ten dollars. One of them has plenty of money, or a father, wife or friend who pays his fine, at the end of the ten days. The other one is poor and cannot get the money; he remains in prison. He is really in prison because he cannot raise ten dollars. It seems to us simply a case of imprisonment for debt, or imprisonment because a man is poor.

"Another is that of Henry Jones. He was sent to the workhouse for 30 days with a fine and costs amounting to \$56. We found that he was a professional pickpocket with a rec-