

Transplanted? Thrives it in the stranger-earth

As in the native soil which gave it birth? Lonely? But in the sea of loneliness, The great sea where the tide of death's distress

Rises and ebbs and rises till the press Floods our own nostrils with its bitterness, In that sea is a Beacon, and its flame Kindles the heart of man to-day the same As in the uncounted centuries which are fled—

Faith of reunion with the loved and dead.
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in *The Book-lover's Magazine*.

LET US BELIEVE THAT THE AMERICAN HEART IS ON OUR SIDE.

Prof. William James before the Anti-imperialist League in Boston, as reported in the *New York Evening Post* of December 3, 1903.

Our tactics in this situation would seem to be the simplest in the world. We must individually do all we can to circulate two phrases, so that the public ear becomes inured—"Independence for the Philippine Islands," and "Treat the Filipinos like the Cubans"—and we must do all we can to force the hands of both parties to a positive declaration before the next presidential campaign. The Republicans will certainly not make a declaration for perpetual retention, and every open spring from that issue helps public opinion the other way. Constant dropping wears the marble. Phrases repeated have a way of turning into facts.

I hope you have not all forgotten the great speech on "Public Opinion" which Wendell Phillips made in 1852. Read it again, anyhow, for it is full of inspiration for us here. "Hearts and sentiments are alive," said Phillips, "and we know that the gentlest of nature's growths or motions will in time burst asunder or in time wear away the proudest dead-weight man can beat upon them. You may build your capitol of granite, and pile it as high as the Rocky Mountains, but if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down. . . . This heart of mine, which beats so uninterruptedly in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. Your capitol, Daniel Webster," continued Phillips—if he had been speaking here, he would have used other names—"your capitol is marble, but the pulse of every humane man is beating against it. God will give us time, and the pulses of men shall beat it down. The day must be ours, thank God, for the hearts, the hearts, are on our side."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

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Dear John: I notice your action in Thibet, but I'm tendin' more to my own business than I was. I guess the Japs will look after the Eastern question now, anyway. After they get well in the saddle, with 440,000,000 enthusiastic Chinese at their backs, will it be Asia for the English? I guess not. The mountain air of Thibet will be too rare for your lungs, John; and, soon or late, you'll retire.

But I'm interested chiefly in my own politics. I'm a-gettin' scared. I mistrust my Republican party has been in office long enough. I turned in with 'em about 40 years ago, and freed the slaves, and then I quit. Since then, just anybody could run it and it was all right. Anything goes. I liked the old party mighty well. In Fremont's time, and Lincoln's, it was pure and fine. It staked money and life for principle; to join it was a spiritual lift. To belong to it was to belong to the only nobility. But it's a long fall from Lincoln to Roosevelt, from Appomattox to Cripple Creek, from old-fashioned Republican principles to slaveholder principles before the war; and that's where the modern Republicans have landed at last. Blamed if it don't look to me as if I'd got to fight that old slavery fight over again, this time against the conquerors! Well, hurrah for Fremont and Dayton! Hurrah for Lincoln and Hamlin! At 'em again, boys! At 'em again! Why, it looks to me if I don't get a move on pretty soon I won't have any country, and no liberty at all. The Republicans are all gone anarchists. The sentiment of the Colorado officials, "to hell with the constitution," runs through the entire party, from the Supreme Court of the United States to Victor. If you don't believe it of the Supreme Court, read the dissenting opinions of its members, where it is charged and proven. If you don't believe it of Colorado, eat fish for more brain power. Think of the darn impudence of turning out duly elected men—men elected by a majority—and appointing sheriffs! Well, what could such fellows do with the constitution, anyway?

I'm a-growin' tired. The Republicans have muzzled the press by bribery. They have suppressed free speech. They have overthrown two republics, and divided and despoiled a third. They have disregarded treaties, and soiled the national honor. They have stained the flag of the free. They have made the rich wealthier; they have

made the poor poorer. They are lost to shame.

They have handed to the banks the money of the people, and have shared with them the spoils. They have waged a war of infernal cruelty against an unoffending people, where the command was, "Shoot all over ten," and wage it still. They pose as decent men. They have slaughtered innocent thousands, and laid taxes for the expense. The Sermon on the Mount, the charter of John, the Declaration of American independence—chief flats of human equities and rights—are all ignored. Their judiciary have cast aside the revered ermine of the court and stooped to politics and affairs. The old ideals are abandoned, the old principles of America are treated with ignominy and contempt. Root and branch, twig and leaf, flower and perfume, the old party is lost beyond redemption, seems to me. In self-defense I've got to turn it out.

UNCLE SAM.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW'S RELATION TO POLITICS.

From the *Citizens' Bulletin* for June 4. The *Citizens' Bulletin* is a small, clean-looking weekly paper, published by Elliott H. Pendleton at 519 Main street, Cincinnati, "for the information of all citizens who believe in a clean government and an honest and economical administration."

You have asked me why I went into politics and why I went out.

I might make short work of this subject by quoting a facetious editor who said that the announcement of my intention to step out was superfluous, because really I was never in.

I am glad, however, of an opportunity to state to the readers of the *Bulletin* precisely what my motives have been.

Three years ago Mayor Johnson announced his purpose to devote the rest of his life to politics. What was his aim? His adversaries said: "Personal ambition." I knew better.

Mr. Johnson believes that our system of taxation is fundamentally wrong. He believes that the first step toward a better system should be an amendment to the State constitution permitting the exemption from taxation of personal property and improvements. His activity in state politics has no other motive than this, namely, to secure, eventually, a State legislature which shall remove the constitutional barrier to reform in taxation.

Being in perfect accord with Mr. Johnson in this matter, I undertook, at his suggestion, to find some one in Hamilton county who would take the lead in this new movement within the Democratic party. The opposition