

My thoughts were: "O God, the shame and disgrace of it! What right has any American citizen to sing of 'freedom' and the beauties and glories of 'freedom' and 'freedom's cause?'"

My heart burned with shame within me! My thoughts flew across the seas to the Boers and the Philippine islanders, one being robbed of freedom by England, grasping, relentless, heartless England, and the other being robbed of liberty and freedom by America! Robbed of the very blessing we so greatly prize, the blessing we once fought to secure!

I'll stop right here for fear I shall say too much; but let me ask the readers of these words to hereafter keep silent about "liberty and freedom," at least during the time our soldiers are shooting the liberty-loving citizens of another nation into subjugation. This request, of course, does not apply to, nor is it addressed to any other than those who voted to indorse McKinley's policy in the Philippines and Puerto Rico. I would ask these same voters, who prate of liberty, where they fancy we would "be at," even to-day, had it not been for Lafayette and the French nation, for the aid we received from France in soldiers, war vessels, munitions of war, money and moral aid?

O God! the awful shame of this war of conquest in the Philippines! It is the greatest disgrace known to history in all time. Had we not always claimed to be lovers of and defenders of freedom and liberty and the friend of all nations fighting for freedom and liberty, we would have some excuse to offer, but now! Oh, how pitiful!

F. GEORGE FLOWER.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 10.

SOLDIERING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A private letter written by an American soldier in the Philippine islands on the 5th of last July. The original manuscript of this letter has been copied in the office of *The Public* for use in these columns. As military officers in the Philippines, acting under orders cabled by the war department, have coerced soldiers into making denials and retractions of damaging statements they have made in private letters published in the American press over their signatures, we withhold the name of the writer of this letter, the names of the place he wrote from and the places to which he refers, and the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed. This precaution is necessary for his security.

This was the first Fourth of July that we have celebrated in the Philippine islands, and indeed we took advantage of it. There were but few able to report for duty. The guard-

house is filled up this morning. But I was fortunate enough—or, you might say, had too much sense to come home; so staid out all night with some of my Filipino "amigos."

Friend, it is a rather poor idea to stay among them, especially when a man is intoxicated. But then, this is done very often. Also, some never show up, and it is never known what became of them. It is not safe to go anywhere without a weapon. I always have a gun strung round my hips ready for action at any time.

Say, old boy, a man's life isn't worth a hill of beans in this country, or any other enemy's country. A man can never tell when his time may come. These people are the most treacherous natives I have run up against yet, but then we are leaving them some ruins.

Yes, indeed, we are kept busy. The insurrection is getting worse up here, and [we] don't know where to go. Our men are attacked and shot at every time we go out, but there is one good thing—their bullets never do very much damage. They are not recognized as insurgents here, and no mercy will be shown whenever they are caught up with. It is nothing but a rebellion—parties who gathered after we came here and took the place. They have gathered in large numbers, and are attacking almost every little small garrison in this district. Our first battalion has been attacked twice in B—, and there is not a house in B— but what has bullet marks. The natives have mostly all left that place and come to —.

I believe I told you that I was up there before I came here, and was one of the first Americans that entered that place. The old presidente—you know every town in the Philippine islands has a presidente; he is ruler of the town—but what I want to say about the B— presidente is that we deposed him and made another, whom we thought a friend of the American ruler of that town. The old presidente is one of the most daring insurrectos that ever existed. He and his miserable force have killed every one that they could get of their own people who were friendly and showed us the trails, and places where we could find them. God have mercy on every one we can get in reach of!

B— is a nice, large place. It is built on the foot of the mountain, and it is a pleasure to live there. To-day the entire place is nearly in ashes. About half of its inhabitants are with the insurrectos. The First battalion burned one side of the town

to the ground, and would have destroyed the whole place had it not been for our quarters. The major sent a dispatch to — during the scrap up there, which said: "Hot fire from the insurrectos located in the mountains. Town on fire. Soldiers uncontrollable." Our men didn't show any mercy, and killed every living Filipino they could see, except women and children, but several of them were killed. Of course such things can't be helped. Women are as bad as men here. They even went as far and came to our quarters for our washing, and were caught taking our ammunition. You know several of the insurrectos have our guns, which can't be helped. . . .

I tell you I could kill everything that looks like a Filipino. They are all insurgents. It is an impossibility to keep up any wires. They are cut in every direction. Nearly every small town in this district was full of insurrectos. Our troop has been out every day of late, and has done away with these places—burnt every one to the ground. The wires have since been all right.

Well, old boy, about relics—there are plenty of them to be had, but you know a little 15.66 doesn't go very far, and the postage is very much, although I will send you a native hat. This is the kind of hats the natives wear, that is, the poorer class of natives, and they are very plentiful. I had all kinds of things during our march, but I could not take them in with me. I just was glad to get myself along. We didn't have any clothes nor shoes when we came here—no mess kit, spoons or knives. Half starved, sore-footed, sick—there was never a sorer looking crowd than we were at the time we returned from the mountains. It will be a memory for the rest of my life, and no doubt will bring its results at the time of old age.

AN ENGLISH INDICTMENT OF THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

From an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* of Oct. 24.

Imperialism is the desire for supremacy. Its opposite is the desire for fraternity, or, if we prefer a less ambitious phrase, the belief in government by consent. The natural man desires supremacy. Mill long ago pointed out that men are more prone to love ordering their neighbors than to make rational provision for their own liberty. As it is with individuals so is it with nations. Few nations in the world's history have

shown any symptoms of self-restraint when the possibility of extending their dominions lay within their power. But a change for the better seemed to be coming over the world some 60 or 70 years ago. The British empire, in particular, became in large measure transformed by a true liberal imperialism, if ever there was such a creed, from an empire dominated from the center and resting on the idea of supremacy into a great commonwealth of free nations resting on the idea of equality and reciprocal affection and trust. This is the idea which has borne fruit in the one bright event of the present unhappy war, the unity of the colonies and the mother country. Modern imperialism goes about trumpeting the loyalty of the colonies as its work. If modern imperialism has its way much longer there will not be much loyalty left. Already it has destroyed it in one great colony; it has strained it among two-fifths of the population of Canada, and narrowly escaped a serious crisis in its dealings with the federation of Australia. It is not modern imperialism but old-fashioned liberalism which has made the empire what it is. If the imperialists go on as they have begun they will soon, as Mr. Morley once said, make the empire "small enough" to satisfy the little Englander of their imagination. The liberalism of Cobden and Bright opened a new era in empire-making and empire ruling. It showed men a more excellent way than that of dominion. It preached contentment with the already vast sphere that is our own; outside that sphere, regard for the patriotism that others feel as much as ourselves; and within it, freedom and equality for all British subjects. For white communities the ideal was well carried out, and even in the government of a dependency like India the same spirit for a long time combated, not without success, the prejudices of race. Now we are supposed to have learned a higher wisdom, a wisdom so lofty, indeed, that its best exponents can only express it in the form of meaningless platitudes. We are taught once more that we are the race to govern all the world, and more particularly its gold fields. The rights of another nationality are as nothing to us. We are to be masters, and when we have imprisoned a whole population and laid its homes desolate from the rising to the setting of the sun we will teach it what freedom means as we alone can do.

Of the new imperialism the pres-

ent state of South Africa is the most conspicuous result. Looking below the tangle of controversy, the real motive of determination to have the mastery over a people no less brave and hardy but numerically far weaker than ourselves was made clear long before the war began by the methods by which the war spirit was fanned into a flame. Little by little we believe that people are being re-awakened to the sense that great power carries with it great obligations. If we have annexed all South Africa to the Zambesi we must not turn it into a desert. We owe something to those on whom we have forced our authority, something to the outlanders now deprived for over a year of their means of livelihood, something to the colonies torn by the dissensions which the war has produced. Week by week it becomes clearer that the present methods will produce no settlement. We may make them still more severe, but we cannot add much to the sum of present suffering, and there is no reason to think that to do so would make those who remain in the field less desperate. Even if we could thus curtail the actual campaign we should only deepen the resentment which will in any case be the principal factor in South African politics for long years to come. People still repeat platitudes about the reconciliation which is to be effected as soon as the victory is completed. No series of prophecies have ever been more persistently maintained nor more repeatedly and conspicuously falsified than these optimistic assurances that the Boers would in the end take beating kindly. The time has surely come to throw aside these optimistic delusions and try to get at the real situation. The country wants independent information from men not prejudiced by their antecedents in South Africa as to the possibilities of rebuilding the shattered fabric. Men talk vaguely of the broad and liberal principles that are to be put in force at some indefinite period in the future. Why is no attempt made to put them in force to-day, and to terminate the war by convincing the Boers that defeat is not going to rob them of everything? The old notions of supremacy could not go further than the demand for absolute surrender from a whole nation. Seldom in modern history—never perhaps since the partition of Poland—have they been pushed so far. What the empire needs is a man with courage enough to remind it of the rival principle of

justice, and to teach it anew that its greatness has grown and must forever rest on the basis of the free consent of all its subject peoples.

BEN ZEIDLER.
For The Public.

Deep in the coal mines of Carbonado, Wash., on a December day near the end of the century, the lives of nearly 40 underground toilers went out in one blast of the deadly fire damp; and all that is known of the cause of the disaster is the story told by the body of old Ben Zeidler and, lying beside it, the open lamp and an unlighted pipe.

Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, look well to the damp;
Unmuzzle the devil of fire in that lamp
And your life will go out, with the lives of the men
Who delve with you deep in that dark tunnel den.
Ben Zeidler, Ben Zeidler, let me tell what I see:
The death damp that rolls from the foot to the knee
Is thick with red demons that, caged in the dark,
Await for release but one fire-laden spark.
You would have a bit smoke, would you?
Ben, have a care!
For all you hold dear, stay your hand! Don't you dare!
All the forces of ill and disaster are rife;
Uncage that wild demon, you choke out your life.
The vision I see is the shroud of despair;
The blackness of death hides the darkness of air.
One blast of the damp, and the terrors of hell
Wall out through the up-raise, the story to tell,
To broadcast the tidings of evil; to start
The wheels of the grinding that crush out the heart
Of weary ones waiting the day of their dread
When, bled of their living, they beg for their dead.
Then listen, Ben Zeidler, look well to the damp,
And don't you unmuzzle the Thing in your lamp.
And still you will smoke, Ben! My God!
Do you dare!
You are letting it loose now! Hold, hold, man, beware!
Great God! You have done it! Too late, oh, too late!
My eyes turn away from the curse of your fate!
A flash and a crash, a low rumble, a roar,
A darkness and—silence. Nor yet is it o'er;
A moan and a groan, here a cry, there a shriek;
I call to you, Ben, and no word do you speak;
All mangled and maimed lie the men in the drift,
Nor knew what had come to them, came it so swift.
And through the chill damp of that black, snaky den
A thousand feet bowelled, are forty brave men;