

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 sorrier 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