

might follow as fast as circumstances should permit.

They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all, and revered by all, constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere. The assertion that "all men are created equal" was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain, and it was placed in the declaration not for that but for future use. Its authors meant it to be, as, thank God, it is now proving itself, a stumbling block to all those who, in after times, might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to bred tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation, they should find left for them at least one hard nut to crack. . . .

I have now briefly expressed my view of the meaning and object of that part of the declaration of independence which declares that "all men are created equal."

Now let us hear Judge Douglas's view of the same subject, as I find it in the printed report of his late speech. Here it is:

No man can vindicate the character, motives and conduct of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, except upon the hypothesis that they referred to the white race alone, and not to the African, when they declared all men to have been created equal—that they were speaking of British subjects on this continent being equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain—that they were entitled to the same inalienable rights, and among them were enumerated life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The Declaration was adopted for the purpose of justifying the colonists in the eyes of the civilized world in withdrawing their allegiance from the British crown and dissolving their connection with the mother country.

My good friends, read that carefully over some leisure hour, and ponder well upon it; see what a mere wreck; mangled ruin, it makes of our once glorious Declaration.

They were speaking of British subjects on this continent being equal to the British subjects born and residing in Great Britain.

Why, according to this, not only negroes, but white people outside of Great Britain and America, were not spoken of in that instrument. The English, Irish and Scotch, along with white Americans, were included, to be

sure, but the French, Germans and other white people of the world are all gone to pot along with the judge's inferior races.

I had thought the declaration promised something better than the condition of British subjects. But no; it only meant that we should be equal to them in their own oppressed and unequal condition! According to that, it gave no promise that, having kicked off the king and lords of Great Britain, we should not at once be saddled with a king and lords of our own in these United States.

I had thought the declaration contemplated progressive improvement in the condition of all men everywhere. But no; it merely "was adopted for the purpose of justifying the colonies in the eyes of the civilized world in withdrawing their allegiance from the British crown and dissolving their connection with the mother country." Why, that object having been effected some 80 years ago, the declaration is of no practical use now—mere rubbish—only wadding left to rot on the battlefield after the victory is won.

I understand you are preparing to celebrate the "Fourth" to-morrow week. What for? The doings of that day had no reference to the present: and quite half of you are not even descendants of those who were referred to at that day. But I suppose you will celebrate, and will even go so far as to read the declaration. — Speech in Springfield, Ill., June 26, 1857.

Those arguments that are made that the inferior race are to be treated with as much allowance as they are capable of enjoying; that as much is to be done for them as their condition will allow. What are these arguments? They are the arguments that kings have made for enslaving the people in all ages of the world. You will find that all the arguments in favor of kingcraft were of this class. They always bestrode the necks of the people, not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden. That is their argument, and this argument of the judge is the same old serpent that says: "You work and I eat; you toil and I will enjoy the fruits of it." Turn it in whatever way you will, whether it comes from the mouth of a king as an excuse for enslaving the people of his country or from the mouth of men of one race as a reason for enslaving the men of another race, it is all the same old serpent, and I hold if that course of argumentation that is made for the purpose

of convincing the public mind that we should not care about this should be granted, it does not stop with the negro. I should like to know if taking this old declaration of independence, which declares that all men are equal upon principle, and making exceptions to it, where will it stop? If one man says it does not mean a negro, why not another say it does not mean some other man? If that declaration is not the truth, let us get the statute book in which we find it and tear it out! Who is so bold as to do it?—Speech in Chicago, July 10, 1858.

THE ENGLISH STRUGGLE AGAINST IMPERIALISM.

The greater part of an article by George W. E. Russell, which appeared under the title of "The Revival of Imperialism." in the London Speaker of February 24.

It was not until the general election of 1874 that Mr. Disraeli, then in his seventieth year, found himself in a position where he could give practical effect to his political theories. . . . It was clear that Mr. Disraeli (who became Lord Beaconsfield in 1876) had set himself in old age to realize some of the dreams of his youth. Those dreams had long before been given to the world in novels, in which genius, wit, humor, eloquence and pathos were strangely blent with sham culture and genuine vulgarity. The Sensible Men of both parties—the men who read the Times and believe in Lord Macaulay—had agreed to regard Disraeli and all his doings as a joke. His politics and his writings were likened to "a Columbine's skirt, all flimsiness and spangles." But now that the wearer of this skirt had a parliamentary majority of 50 and was evidently determined to use it, the Sensible Men began to study his books in a desperate anxiety to discover what the Columbine believed. They then learned that the two chief factors in the state were the "Monarch and the Multitude;" that the great Middle Class which they worshiped had been destroyed by the Disraelitish Reform act of 1867; that no country could be successful which was "cursed with the fatal drollery of representative institutions;" and that Great Britain was above and before all else an Oriental Power.

Let the Queen of the English collect a great fleet, let her stow away all her treasure, bullion, gold plate and precious arms; be accompanied by all her court and chief people, and transfer the seat of her Empire from London to Delhi. There she will find an immense Empire ready-made, a first-rate army, and a large revenue. Besides which, she gets rid of the embarrassment of her Chambers! And quite practicable; for the only difficult part—

the conquest of India, which baffled Alexander—is all done!

Thirty years before this, had read like a bad dream. But now the Sensible Men discovered to their horror that sometimes dreamers were doers. too; and that the brilliant Israelite who wrote Tancred was now Prime Minister of England. He would not indeed just yet "transfer the seat of Empire from London to Delhi;" but he could dispatch the heir-apparent on a pompous progress through India; could invoke the most august of names to overawe parliamentary debate; and could withstand the imagined advances of the czar on India by butting at him with an imperial crown, while a mountebank vice empress caracoled on a white elephant with gilt tusks. A white elephant with gilt tusks!—apt symbol of that costly clumsiness which its admirers call an imperial policy.

This was the first act in the drama of imperialism; and the second was like unto it. An insurrection had broken out in Bulgaria, and the Turkish government dispatched a large force to repress it. This was soon done, and repression was followed by a hideous orgy of massacre and outrage. A rumor of these horrors reached England, and public indignation spontaneously awoke. Lord Beaconsfield, with a strange frankness of cynical brutality, sneered at the rumor as "coffee house babble," and made odious jokes about the oriental way of executing malefactors. But Christian England was not to be pacified with these Asiatic pleasantries, and the country rose in passionate indignation against what were known as "the Bulgarian atrocities." Mr. Gladstone, who had resigned the liberal leadership in 1875, rushed from his library at Hawarden and flung himself into the agitation against Turkey with a zeal which in his prime he had never excelled, if, indeed, he had equaled it. He made the most impassioned speeches, often in the open air; he published pamphlets which ran into incredible circulations; he poured letter after letter into the newspapers; he darkened the sky with controversial post-cards; and, as soon as parliament met in February, 1877, he was ready with all his unequalled resources of eloquence, argumentation and inconvenient inquiry, to drive home his great indictment against the Turkish government. Of that government, Lord Beaconsfield, swayed partly by racial and partly by religious considerations, was the supereminent champion. Im-

perialism proved to be the sworn ally of barbarism. The prime minister was followed by every imperialist in England, and was backed by the financial influence of Turkish bondholders all over Europe.

Then, as now, the sordid thirst for gold was the inspiring force of imperial policy. It is unnecessary at this time of day to trace in detail the history of a great controversy so fresh in every memory that can reach back for 20 years. For our present purpose it is enough to say that Mr. Gladstone's resolute and splendid hostility to Lord Beaconsfield's whole system of imperial policy restored him to his paramount place among English politicians. For three years he sustained the high and holy strife with an enthusiasm, a versatility, a courage and a resourcefulness which raised the enthusiasm of his followers to the highest pitch and filled his guilty and baffled antagonists with a rage akin to frenzy. By frustrating Lord Beaconsfield's design of going to war on behalf of Turkey he saved England from the indelible disgrace of a second and more gratuitous Crimea. But it was not only in eastern Europe that his saving influence was felt. In Africa and India, and wherever British arms were exercised and British honor was involved, he was the resolute and unsparing enemy of that odious system of bluster and swagger and might against right which its admirers and its enemies alike epitomized in the one word: "Imperialism." In his own phrase, he devoted himself to "counterworking the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield." As the general election approached, one and only one question was submitted to the electors: "Do you approve or condemn Lord Beaconsfield's imperial policy?"

The repudiation of that policy reunited liberalism. All shades and sections of the liberal party criticised it, reviled it and ridiculed it with an unanimity and a vigor which they had not displayed since 1832. Some (like the present writer) were men in the twenties, just beginning politics. Some, like the duke of Argyll, were veterans made splendid by past achievements and present powers. But dukes' sons, cooks' sons, solicitors and screwmakers, whigs and radicals, Gladstonians and Hartingtonians, were of one heart and one mind and one speech in hostility to imperialism and all its works and ways. Our triumph came at Easter, 1880. Imperialism was crushed; Mr.

Gladstone was again prime minister, and the godless old cynic who had scoffed at the red horrors of Bulgaria was driven forever from public life. "I don't wonder," wrote Dean Church to a friend, "at your remembering the Song of Miriam."

Just 20 years have elapsed since the last months of that celebrated strife. To remember it is a joy; to have had part in it is a pride. And to-day, as I look round me, I seem to see a revival—and not a revival only, but "the very scarlet fruitage and fullness"—of a poisonous evil which we thought we had crushed forever. We see lust of territory, lust of gold, lust of blood; the idolatry of material interests; the shameless repudiation of all moral appeals; tawdry histrionics and pot-valiant swagger. "The oriflamme hangs heavy with foul tissue of terrestrial gold," and ranged under it, to my unspeakable surprise, I see some of my comrades of the old campaign. Men who were loudest in their devotion to peace, humanity and brotherhood now discover—as much, I should think, to their own astonishment as to mine—that they were "imperialists" all the time. Perhaps it was lucky for them that Mr. Gladstone never found it out; but the shade of Lord Beaconsfield must chuckle over the discovery.

AFTER BATTLE.

Lord of the conquered land we gain,
Lord of the foe our hands have slain!
Glory to Thee amidst the dead
That Thou hast still Thy people led,
And shattered thus, O Lord benign,
This people that was also thine.

Lord of our silence and our speech,
While to Thy throne our hymns upreach,
Surely each blackening wound that gapes,
Here in these broken human shapes,
Mouths but its praise of all Thy powers,
Thou wert their God no less than ours.

Nay, we were best be mute, and raise
No blasphemy of boastful praise,
Scatter no incense on the air,
Nor lift our reddened hand in prayer,
But dig the earth our steps defame,
And hide these trophies of our shame.
—A. St. John Adcock, in the Echo.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Present Crisis," Edwin D. Mead's splendid paper on imperialism, which was originally printed, in part, as an editorial in the July (1899) number of the New England Magazine, has been published by Ellis, 272 Congress street, Boston.

James Hagerty, of Burlington, Iowa, has issued a pamphlet entitled "No Highways—No Civilization," in which he makes a brief and interesting as well as instructive presentation of the history of highways; and in a plea for good roads and streets in this country, shows how they may be secured without expense by charging the