

The Independent

DECEMBER 29, 1898.

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THE INDEPENDENT, 130 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Five Cents a Copy. Two Dollars a Year.

The Independent

VOL. L

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1898

No. 2613

SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

THE YEAR AT HOME.

An Eventful Year.

This has been a real *annus mirabilis* for the United States, the most eventful year since the surrender of General Lee. Its story is little other than that of our war with Spain. Remonstrance after remonstrance had been sent to Spain against the cruelties and the devastation caused by the civil war in Cuba. The methods of General Weyler and the orders which gathered the women and children into the cities, with no proper provision for their support, had excited great indignation. Our Government had set a time after which it would be at liberty, for humanity's sake and in the interests of our own citizens, to intervene. Spain had asked delay, had promised more humane conduct of the war, had proposed a system of autonomy which the Cubans could not accept, and had recalled "Butcher" Weyler and sent General Blanco in his place. Yet it was evident that Spain would be unable to suppress the rebellion and that we should have to intervene. While feeling was already excited came the sudden news of the blowing up of the "Maine" in the harbor of Havana on February 15. The battle-ship had been sent there against the request of the Spanish Government, and when it was destroyed it was immediately surmised that this was caused by the malicious explosion under it of a Spanish mine. Our people were immensely excited over it, but yet were calmed by the prudent dispatch sent by Captain Sigsbee, until the report of the Court of Inquiry declared that the explosion was due to an external mine. This, doubtless, hastened the decision of Congress to authorize the President to intervene in Cuba. The President, who had been vainly trying to persuade the

Spanish Government to grant full autonomy to Cuba, and who seems to have been desirous of postponing war measures until later in the year, now sent an ultimatum to Spain, April 20th, demanding that she evacuate Cuba. This was taken by Spain as a declaration of war.

The War Begun.

On April 22d the President proclaimed a blockade of the principal ports of Cuba. Congress put fifty million dollars in his hands for use in prosecuting the war. The next day he issued a call for 125,000 volunteers to serve two years, which was followed a month later by a call for 75,000 more. Orders were sent to Commodore Dewey, in command of the squadron in the China seas, to destroy the Spanish fleet near Manila as soon as possible, so as to prevent its preying on American commerce. On May 1 he sailed with his whole squadron into Manila, disregarding forts and mines, and destroyed the entire fleet without the loss of a man. This astonishing victory put Manila and all the Philippines in his power, but he delayed taking Manila, as he had no soldiers with which to garrison the city. Meanwhile Captain Sampson had been put in command of the blockading squadron in Cuban waters, assisted by Commodore Schley, these officers being promoted over their elders. But a Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera left the Cape Verde Islands April 29th, whether for Cuba or to attack our coast no one could tell. It caused much alarm, and offensive operations had to wait until it was known where this fleet would strike. The sending of a military force to Cuba was delayed, and a special squadron organized to protect our coasts from attack. At last it became known that Admiral

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the scepter kings and priests and lords could never hold. What shall we do with it?

For more than a century now the common man has ruled America. How has he used his opportunity? It is too soon to answer this question. A hundred years is a time too short for the test of such gigantic experiments. Here in America we have made history already—some of it glorious, some of it foolish, some of it wicked; much of it made up of the old stories told over again. We have learned that the social problems of Europe are not kept away from us by the quarantine of democracy. We find that the dead which the dead past cannot bury are thrown up on our shores. We find that weakness, misery, and crime are still with us, and that wherever weakness is there is tyranny also. The essence of tyranny lies not in the strength of the strong, but in the weakness of the weak. Even in the free air of America there are still millions who are not free—millions who can never be free under any government or under any laws, so long as they remain what they are.

The remedy for oppression, then, is to bring in men who cannot be oppressed.

This is the remedy our fathers sought; we shall find no other. The problem of life is not to make life easier, but to make men stronger, so that no problem shall be beyond their solution. It will be a sad day for the Republic when life is easy for ignorance, indolence and apathy. The social order of the present we cannot change much if we would. The real work of each generation is to mold the social orders of the future. The grown-up men and women of to-day are, in a sense, past saving. The best work of the republic is to save the children. The one great duty of a free nation is education—education, wise, thorough, universal; the education, not of cramming, but of training; the education which no republic has ever given, and without which all republics must be in whole or in part failures. If this generation should leave as its legacy to the next the real education,—training in individual power and skill, breadth of outlook on the world and on life,—the problems of the next century would take care of themselves. There can be no industrial problem where each man is capable of solving his own individual problem for himself.

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

ANTI-IMPERIALIST PATRIOTISM.

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

It makes a man restive to have to lie under the imputation of lack of patriotism when in his own heart of hearts he knows he is just as sincere a patriot as the man who puts the slur upon him, and not only as sincere a patriot, but, in his own judgment at least, a good deal more intelligently so.

This line of remark I am incited to by a column of editorial criticism which, as it appears in a magazine of great theological breadth, might be expected to be marked by similar latitudes in its civic and political characterizations. Unfortunately, however, it is very rarely the case that one has so large a stock of breadth as to be able to cover with it the entire area of his interests and opinions. If we are made wide at one spot we shall probably be found to be scrimped

somewhere else sufficiently to make up for it.

In the article referred to the writer says in his discussion of the Philippine matter:

"In too many quarters there is a disposition to assume that because questions of domestic administration have not yet been finally answered questions of foreign administration are therefore beyond our skill and strength."

He presently goes on to say:

"This attitude is distinctly and unequivocally un-American and unpatriotic. Patriotism is the one word in the language which adequately expresses love of country; but there can be no love without faith, and to love one's country without believing in her is a contradiction in terms."

This criticism I understand to be directed

against those of us who have been pleading that the United States should not undertake to govern the eastern hemisphere till it displays more proficiency in transacting the business already on its hands in the western hemisphere. And because we are so conservative in our views as to agree with the Lord that the right to rule over many things is conditional upon having first shown ourselves faithful over a few things, we are charged with not loving our country, with not having faith in her and with being un-American.

Instance the case of a mother's love and care of her child. The child is learning to go alone and still evidences the imperfect control it has over its legs by preferring to creep when it is encouraged to walk and by frequent tumbles when it undertakes to walk. The mother loves the child; but the writer from whom we have quoted will say that if she loves the child she must believe in the child; and this, in his judgment, means confidence in the child's ability to do some new harder thing without regard to its inability to do some previous easier thing. The mother, therefore, on that principle, if the baby, bruised and fragile-legged, shows a disposition to crawl over the threshold and out on to the steps and away through all out-of-doors, will say to the nurse, "Let the dear thing go, he is already black and blue from tumbling down on the even floor, and has already come near to breaking his neck right here in the nursery, but I love the little darling and *The Outlook* tells me that I can't love anything without having faith in it and so I suppose the only thing I can do and still be 'motherly' is to have confidence in this sweet, little limp, human rag, and let the poor dear trundle himself wherever his battered knees and insatiable ambition will take him."

The above illustration is a fairly intelligible one, but perhaps there is another that will come yet closer to the case, particularly if, as is quite probable, the editorial from which I quoted, is from a resident of Brooklyn. Two years ago we were facing the question of the amalgamation of New York and Brooklyn. The supporters of the measure called it the union of the two cities, the matrimonial alliance of the two municipalities—such euphemisms being availed of

to conceal the real fact in the case, which was that there was no union at all except of the kind that exists when the dead lamb lies on the inside of the lion. We are not New York and Brooklyn, but simply Greater New York. Brooklyn has disappeared; New York has absorbed her. It is a case of "expansion" worked out in a small corner of the map. This situation then, I say, we were confronting two years ago. Some of us at that time loved our city (New York), or at least we thought we loved her. We had been willing to put ourselves to some inconvenience in her behalf and that, too, without any very distinct prospect of personal reimbursement—all of which is usually regarded as *primò facie* evidence of affection. It appears, however, from the authority which we have been quoting, that what we had confidently been calling our love for New York was not love at all, for it lacked the ingredient of belief; that is to say, if our love for her had been real we should have been ready to see her branch out into untried lines and extend her sway across the East River and over into Brooklyn and clear down to Montauk Point, if need be, regardless of the way in which she had behaved herself previously and of the skill or incompetency which she had evinced in caring for the people's interest while working within lines that were narrower.

Call it love or hatred, we opposed the scheme of consolidation. We had had some means of learning the inveterate grip that corruption had upon the town and could see no reason for supposing that if New York had been unfaithful over a few things it was therefore in a condition to become ruler over many things, or that if it had converted an area of 39 square miles into a sink of iniquity it would be ambitious to convert an area of 360 square miles into a garden of the Lord. Men do not reason in that loose-jointed sort of way except when they have a conclusion which they are anxious to have sustained, but with no palpable facts in sight of a kind to sustain it. It is like Dr. Barrows's proposition to cure our municipal malady at home by dosing it with an application of Malays from abroad, and to cleanse the body politic of the foulness loaded into

it by Tammany by a purgative of a few million savages injected into it from the Pacific. The delirious character of the expansion movement is in no other way more clearly indicated than by the delirious apologies offered for it by some of its advocates.

Nevertheless it is "timid" and un-American not to believe in one's city "even if questions of domestic administration have not yet been finally answered;" and so, two years ago, we surrendered to the march of destiny, or to the pillar of fire, or with whatever other pretty phrase we may like to veneer the atrocious blunder into which infatuated "jingoism" precipitated us, and as a consequence we have to-day, instead of thirty square miles of Crokerism, ten times that number of square miles of it and a city that is a colossus of administrative shiftlessness and municipal degradation, unrivaled, perhaps, by anything outside of ancient Sodom or modern Constantinople. That is what comes from "loving" our city and "believing" in it and not being "timid" but being "American." I should rather say it is what comes from bidding good-by to one's intelligent faculties and everyday good sense, and settling earnest questions by the inspiration of a wild and windy irrationality. It comes from being credulous and gullible enough to imagine that because a bush bears thorns when it is small is no reason for imagining that it will not blossom out into roses and fructify all over with figs, oranges and grapes when it becomes grown.

The writer from whom we have quoted bases also his confidence in our national ability to expand on the known fact of our abundant resources, and "is impatient with the lack of faith of those who declare that we could not rule the Philippines wisely if we attempted the task." The question is not so much on what we can do if we try, but on what we shall be likely to do if we try.

We certainly have wise and good men enough to administer the Philippines honestly and ably. We could put a competent governor-general on each of the twelve hundred islands and still have sufficient left to supply all the rest of the Pacific. But because we have good men to send is no reason for supposing that we should send good men. Practically speaking, competency and integrity are barriers to official position. We have good men enough that we might send out as agents to the Indians, but we have not sent them, and that is the secret of the "Century of Dishonor" in our dealings with them. So of Alaska and so of the carpet-bagging deputies that we put over the unreconstructed South after the war. We "can" do all these things, but that is a good ways from saying that we do do them or shall do them. So here in our own city we "can" govern New York if we try to, but we do not try to. Our resources are ample; there is no such dearth of decent and competent men that we need to take a Chief of Police from the ranks of the debased and polluted or a Deputy-Chief from the ranks of those who have been adjudged guilty of crime and sentenced to Sing Sing. It is whimsical in our author to make our resources the measure of our achievement, when he knows that up to to-day our achievements have been not at all commensurate with our resources. It is putting a great deal more in the conclusion than first lay in the premises, and is misleading. It is a process of artificially inflating skeptical anticipations. It is not arguing toward the unknown by the light of what we know. It is making ambition take the place of ratiocination, and of decking out an unprepossessing cause in the inexpensive millinery of rancies that are extemporized and of hopes that are unguaranteed.

NEW YORK CITY,