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America's Apostasy.

It is time to be alarmed. The republic is among precipices. It has become "treason" to express allegiance to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The land resounds with the whoop of war and our throats burn with the red thirst of the beast. The republic of Washington has become a band of corsairs. The land of Lincoln and Jefferson can find no higher mission than the hypocritical hacking of invalid states and the crucifixion of peoples whose only crime is the love of liberty. No sober citizen of this country with a spark of patriotism in his veins can any longer remain silent. Justice is being assassinated before our very eyes and the expenses of the tragedy are being extravagantly paid for by money clandestinely filched from our own pockets. We have actually paid \$20,000,000 for the fictitious privilege of attacking a brave and liberty-loving people on the other side of the world, and we now purpose to spend innumerable millions more to slaughter them into submission. What is worse, it is now proposed that this country go into the scandalous business systematically. If the advice of persons in authority is followed (persons who deserve to be heeded when the country goes mad) we shall have a great standing army and navy for the prompt and systematic prosecution at home and abroad of the barbarous pursuit of war. If such stupendous expenditures and such atrocious proposals are not enough to terrify the taxpayers of this country they deserve to be robbed. Any sane-minded lover of simple justice who can contemplate the enormities now being perpetrated by this country on brave and innocent peoples without feeling his soul shrivel in shame and his blood hiss with indignation, must be actuated less by the promptings of righteousness and humanity than by the instincts of the bandit. American guns, fired by men wearing the blue and with the stars and stripes waving over them, are shooting down men for contending for the same sacred cause as that for which American chivalry

bled at Bennington and Bunker Hill. We denounce as "rebels" a people who dare to defend their own shores and firesides from foreign invasion. The stars and stripes have become the ensign of tyrants and a black flag and a menace to struggling republics. America has become a stench in the nostrils of its own citizens. "Columbia, the gem" stands before the civilized world as a convicted hypocrite and butcher. We have no more right to invade the Philippines, now that the Spaniard is not there, than the minions of George III had to invade New England in the days of Hancock and Adams. We are invaders and buccaneers; nothing else. The impertinent blue coats of Manila are the hated and felonious red coats who camped on Boston commons and killed citizens of Massachusetts four generations ago. Every American soldier who kills citizens of that guiltless land is a murderer. Every sword that pierces the breast of a Filipino is the dagger of an assassin. Every man who leaves Europe or America to help those valiant islanders in their struggle for independence is a Lafayette. And every Filipino who falls fighting in defense of his native soil is a hero as noble as ever faced English regiments on the sacred sward of Lexington. If I were a Filipino, as I am an American, I would never lay down my arms as long as an impious blue coat remained in my country. I would rather die fighting for my own liberty and the liberty of my children and leave my bones to moulder honorably beneath the arms of my native palms than bend my neck beneath the yoke of any power on earth.

Aguinaldo is the George Washington of the antipodes. As peerless a heart beats in the bosom of that dauntless young Malay as ever pulsated in the breast of the great Virginian. All under heaven he and his people ask is to be left alone. And could any people with the blood of men in their veins ask less? We have invaded their country and captured their cities. We have made ourselves more odious than the Spaniard. We have supplanted one tyranny by a worse one. We have snubbed their supplications and commanded them to lick the dust of submission from our insolent feet. We have treated them as if they had no right to the land in which they and their fathers were born. We have

gone 12,000 miles to commit these outrages. We have selected a people who have fought for years against the unrighteous aggressions of Spain—a people whose unshrinking valor challenges the admiration of every person capable of appreciating courage and nobility of purpose—a brave, patient and magnanimous people, whose only thinkable offense is that they are doing that which every manly American would do under the same circumstances. Think of it, shades of Hancock and Adams! A posterity of burglars! Heroes of '76, who sleep in the unsullied sod of New England battlefields! Save us from the headless repudiation of the precious principles you died to immortalize among the sons of men!

Cannot something be done to stay our headlong plunge into degeneracy? Must these things go on and on, unchallenged and unrebuked, until we are lost to all sense of iniquity? Is our disgrace irretrievable? Must we stand forever before the eyes of an indignant universe as a herd of swinish and hypocritical Yankees? Is there no national conscience to rise and cry out against the unconscionable thaw of barbarism in our midst? Where is the fire of eloquence and verse? Where is the vehemence of Henry in this hour of peril? Is American manhood so flimsy and our American sense of justice so false that we will allow ourselves to stand by and witness the perpetration—the cold-blooded, serpent-like perpetration—of crimes which if perpetrated upon us would arouse us to fury? Shame on our apostasy! Shame on a republic that will offer the fratricidal thrust of the knife instead of the hand of fellowship to a struggling sister republic! Shame on the hypocrites at Washington, who, under the sanctimonious guise of virtue, are turning civilization into ways of darkness and traitorously driving our blood-bought republic on the ruinous rocks of imperialism. Shame on a president who will openly advise prostitution as a national policy and who parades the country as an uncandid peddler of sedition against the time-honored principles of the republic! And shame on a people, so recreant to the high trust of humanity and so lost to sensibility and to the esteem of mankind that they will turn their backs upon honor and righteousness and even decency and spend their substance in nulli-

fication of the very principles which throught their national existence have rendered them distinct and glorious!

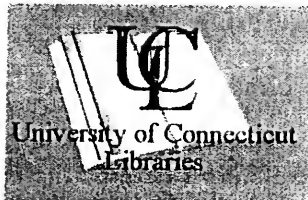
These are the times for patriotism—not that hollow, meaningless infirmity which spawns in the pate of the provincial, but that fair and transcendent passion which flames in the heart of the immortal—that patriotism which guards with sleepless vigil the inviolable honor of country and cries aloud in the interests of a pure and untrammelled humanity. It is a time for the utmost heroism. A brave people are being crucified. The eagle of freedom has become a harpy. Well may we be dazed by the horrible metamorphosis. Dark days are upon us. The pendulum of civilization trembles, as if to swing back to the inglorious twilight of the past. Imperialistic tendencies are laying their damning clutches on the unsuspecting form of the republic. Fearful questions confront us. Whether we are to be compelled henceforth to read with downcast gaze the matchless axioms of Jefferson and to mumble in confusion the heroic history of our dead—whether the Fourth of July is to be henceforth a day of embarrassment and shame instead of, as hitherto, an occasion for spontaneous and boundless pride—whether Yorktown and Monmouth are to become events which, instead of inspiring a continent to eulogy and song, shall provoke no higher eloquence than that which gutturals from the limping lips of apology—whether the political wisdom of the founders of the republic, gleaned in terrible hours, by anxious eyes, from the travail of ages past, shall be swept away by the heartless levity of upstart statesmen—whether, in short, we shall turn our backs inexorably upon the past—a past glorious in achievement and unrivaled in precept—and become the wretched exemplars of a policy, ruinous to ourselves and to our children, repulsive to every truly civilized mind and destructive of the fairest hopes of humanity—*these* are questions that assail with relentless emphasis the consciences of a great people.—*J. Howard Moore in Chicago Chronicle, March 6th, 1899.*

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