


CURTIS GUILD, JR

URTIS GUILD, JR., an American editor and politician, was born at Boston, Mass., Feb. 2, 1860, and graduated at Harvard University in 1881. Besides acting as assistant to his father, editor of the Boston "Commercial Bulletin," he contributed occasional articles to the "North American Review" and other magazines and periodicals. In political questions he took an active part as a public speaker on the Republican side, and in 1896 was delegate-at-large from Massachusetts to the National Republican Convention. He was brigadier-general in the State militia at the outbreak of the Spanish War, and was on Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's staff in Cuba. Later on, he was offered a colonial appointment by the late President McKinley, but declined it.

SUPREMACY AND ITS CONDITIONS

MR. MAYOR, FELLOW CITIZENS,—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is devoted by the legend beneath her shield to peace and to law and order. We meet to commemorate both a war and a breach of the peace.

Carried beyond restraint by the attempt of a personally virtuous king to re-establish in both England and America the royal prerogative lost by the elder Charles, a mob of men and boys on a moonlight night in the early spring of 1770 assaulted a solitary British sentinel pacing his beat on King Street in the town of Boston. Goaded beyond endurance by shouts of "Lobsters," "Bloody-backs," and more lethal missiles, the sentinel and the nine comrades who rallied to his support fired one volley, and one volley only, on the swarming crowd.

At the trial which followed, John Adams and Josiah Quincy joined in the defence of the soldiers before a Boston

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judge and jury. All the accused were acquitted of murder. Two only were convicted, and punished with what in those days was a light penalty for manslaughter. The circumstances viewed in themselves are not especially remarkable. Similar brawls occur in Berlin, in London, in Albany, in Chicago, without altering the course of history. Yet for over one hundred years, commencing with the oration of James Lovell on March 5, 1771, this deadly street fight, in what was then the largest town in America, has been commemorated by an annual address on American history, delivered under the auspices of the authorities, first of the town, then of the city of Boston.

In the Boston town meeting, on March 5, 1783, after the delivery of the annual oration on the Boston Massacre, it was moved that instead of its anniversary, the Fifth of March, that "The Anniversary of the Fourth Day of July, 1776, . . . shall be constantly celebrated by the delivery of a public oration . . . in which the orator shall consider the feelings, manners, and principles which led to this great national event, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, which have already, and will forever continue to flow from this auspicious epoch."

The first Fourth of July oration delivered in accordance with this motion, which was later adopted, was pronounced by Dr. John Warren, July 4, 1783. The honor of serving as the first orator of the nineteenth century was given to Charles, the gifted son of Robert Treat Paine, so soon afterward cut off in the very flower of promise. It is no small privilege to be permitted to stand in the first year of the twentieth century here in Faneuil Hall, where my kinsman stood a hundred years ago, and if I fail to carry out the noble purpose of the ancient custom may I at least say, as he wrote

to the Boston selectmen of his day, "I trust my imperfect performance will find an apology in the purity of my intentions."

Sismondi, in his introduction to his great history of the Italian Republics, sets forth at the outset that—

"One of the most important conclusions to be drawn from the study of history is that government is the most effective cause of a people's character . . . that government preserves or annihilates in those submitted to it those qualities which originally are the common heritage of man."

If this be but another way of denying that mere race or natural surroundings are the moving cause of a nation's progress, what community has more reason to join in grateful memory of its inheritance than the city of Boston, than the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? The Boston Massacre may have been but a street mob, but with the removal of British soldiers from King street to Castle William there was removed also the principle that an English king had the right to quarter troops in an American city without the consent of its inhabitants. Not without reason was Massachusetts singled out from all the colonies for especial punishment. New York broke her agreement in regard to importations from the mother country, Rhode Island and New Hampshire broke theirs. Delaware and New York did not vote on the question of National Independence. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. Massachusetts stood first, as Virginia most certainly stood second, in enduring determination that neither bribes, concessions, nor privileges should secure from her citizens consent to be taxed by the voice of any government but one of their own choosing.

That the colonies ever did unite is extraordinary. Up to the Revolution it had never been possible, even when

threatened by annihilation by Indians and French, to secure united action from the various colonies for the common good. Boston and Massachusetts declined to contribute one shilling or one soldier to preserve the settlers in other colonies from the tomahawk of Pontiac. Colonies that did not feel themselves the pressure of the Molasses Act or the Boston Port Bill were similarly slow to come to the rescue of Massachusetts.

Yet somehow, thanks to the steady education of public opinion, neither by making taxed goods cheaper than untaxed, nor by conferring the government patronage of the Stamp Act on Americans alone, nor even by force of arms, was a British parliament or a British king able to collect money in Massachusetts by any means that did not include the consent of those who contributed, or to prevent the union of the thirteen colonies.

It is the judgment of the English historian, Lecky, as to the colonies—and there are many who will agree with him—that—

"The movement which at last arrayed them in a united front against England was not a blind, instinctive patriotism or community of sentiment like that which animates old countries. It was the deliberate calculation of intelligent men, who perceived that by such union alone could they obtain the objects of their desire."

Among such Americans Bostonians have a noble place. It was Benjamin Franklin who urged, in the Albany Plan, the union of all the colonies for the common defence. It was James Otis who, springing to leadership with his denunciation of the blanket warrants that left no warehouse, no home sacred from the just or unjust search of the custom-house officer, steadily pleaded year after year for permanent

principle rather than present advantage. It was John Hancock who not only risked fortune, but faced the felon's rope, that he might preside in turn over conference, convention, and Congress.

Finally, the very author of resistance, the "Father of the Revolution," the busy patriot whose brain framed the conception of committees of correspondence for Massachusetts, which were to expand into committees of correspondence for the colonies and finally into the Continental Congress; the statesman whose advice in the debate over the Declaration of Independence was, "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and one out of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty"; the American who sought no rank for himself but the first rank for his country was Samuel Adams of Boston.

The future of the United States, the results that have since flown from the "auspicious epoch" of American Independence, were foreseen, and by some even before independence itself was a fact. Forty years before the first gathering of American statesmen in Philadelphia the Marquis d'Argenson, foreign minister of Louis XV, described not only the United States of a hundred years ago but the United States of today. George Washington, too, viewing almost with inspired eye the stress and trials yet to come, urged upon his fellow countrymen in his will some plan "which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away with local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would or indeed ought to admit, from our National Councils."

The inspiring principles of the epoch laid the axe to the root of the upas tree of feudalism in France. They inspired,

as George III foresaw they would inspire, the Reform Bill in England. They led Kossuth in his struggle for an independent Hungary, and cheered the dark hours of Garibaldi with hopes of a united Italy.

The words in which those principles have been expressed have been found too, alas, in the mouth of every demagogue who has since sought to establish a dictatorship or an oligarchy on the ruins of law and order, from Maximilien Robespierre in France to Juan Gualberto Gomez in Cuba.

With the opening of the new century we have entered upon the inheritance promised us over one hundred and fifty years ago by the minister of the most absolute despot of his time, but in the spirit, let us hope, of the first republican of modern times. The dream of the great minister of Louis *le Bienaimé* has been more than realized, and with a speed that in the light of history may well stimulate, if not apprehension, at least caution among such Americans as are eager not so much for brilliant achievement as for enduring success. Not with the ordered march of a great star, but with the headlong rush of a comet, have we risen not merely to the ranks of the great Powers but to that dominant position that can be challenged alone by a coalition of the nations.

Not until five hundred years after the date set for the foundation of Rome did the Roman republic rise as a world power upon the ruins of Carthage. The first German emperor was not crowned till eight hundred years had rolled by after the victory of Arminius checked the advance of Rome beyond the Rhine. Not till six hundred years after Sempach did England, Cromwell's England, sit at the board of the masters in the councils of Europe, and half a thousand years drenched unhappy Italy with tears and blood before

Giuseppe Garibaldi succeeded where Cola di Rienzi had failed.

We have crushed the work of six centuries into one. England sought to oppress us. We obtained our freedom. France seized our merchantmen. We became a naval power. The Barbary States demanded blackmail, and piracy vanished from the Mediterranean in the smoke of Decatur's guns. England sought to press our seamen. We seized from her the freedom of the seas. Mexico tried to subject Texas. She lost California. A State made independent of England in spite of its own vote fired upon the emblem of the Union at Sumter, and from the ashes of the old federation of South Carolina and her sister States there rose up at Appomattox a united nation. Spain forgot that the American people, slow to anger, will never endure the murder of those who serve beneath our colors, and to the Spanish islands of the sea have gone the free American election, the free American public school, the fruit, the seed of modern civilization.

The aged fingers of the dying century seize the stylus to record as the last startling deed of the world's most startling hundred years, the partition of the great Empire of the East among the great Powers of the West. The stylus falls. The Powers have paused. Diplomacy no longer masks destruction. A new century grasps the tablets, and above the guiding hand that writes there bends a new face, child's no longer, calm with the serene strength that seeks for peace but fears not war—the United States of America.

The United States that Washington left was an undeveloped federation of jealous, almost of incongruous States. The United States that Lincoln left was a nation fused in the crucible of war, but with resources undeveloped and with few responsibilities beyond its own borders. The United

States of McKinley is one of the Powers of earth with the destiny of nations in its grasp, and with a responsibility not to itself alone but to the Greater Power that has made it great.

Barely a century ago Franklin was seeking the alliance of France to aid us against a single European nation. Now Europe seeks the coalition of a continent against the supreme influence of the United States. Five years ago Massachusetts manufacturers were asking protection against European goods in the United States. To-day, the Vienna Chamber of Commerce asks that the sale of Massachusetts shoes be prohibited in Austria.

Russia has passed the United States as a producer of petroleum but we surpass all other nations in the production of cotton, of corn, of wheat, of copper, of iron, of coal. No nation surpasses us now as a manufacturer of iron or copper or leather, and we are passing England as a manufacturer of wool and cotton and France as a manufacturer of silk.

The little nation of farmers and fishermen, so barren of industries that they fought their first pitched battle with British guns and French powder, has become the greatest industrial, the greatest commercial, but, alas, not yet the greatest maritime nation in the world. For the first time in this first year of the twentieth century it is possible to say that no other nation excels or equals the United States in exports. The exports of American manufactured products alone are more than the entire exports of Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Italy, or Russia.

The nations of the East who sold cotton textiles to the fathers have become the customers of the sons. American shoes tramp the "back blocks" of Australia, American bicycles spin across the sun-baked plains of South Africa, Ameri-

can reaping machines rattle across the pampas of South America, American rails traverse the steppes of Asia, American trolley cars whiz beneath the shadows of the Parthenon, American hardware fills the markets of Germany, American bridges span the swamps of Burmah, American-built cruisers fly the blue saltire of Russia in the very face of the Tsar's window, American telephones convey the bargains, the hopes, the aspirations of humanity to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The first President of the Republic in his second message to Congress congratulated our well-nigh creditless nation that a loan of three million florins had been secured in Holland. Europe now floats her securities in the Western Republic which, in spite of a pension list enormously exceeding the cost of the war establishments of Europe, has a national debt smaller than that of any great Power and a per capita debt smaller than that of any nation in the world except Mexico, Japan, and India.

In the last generation, the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, the Latin-American nations have increased their indebtedness fifty per cent, the continental nations of Europe one hundred per cent, those of Asia two hundred per cent, the British colonies, except India, four hundred per cent. Two great nations only reduced their indebtedness in that period. The United Kingdom reduced its national debt twenty-five per cent. The United States reduced its national debt fifty per cent.

Not without reason does American credit head the list. Not without reason does London wait upon New York. Not without reason can we claim, at last, by the test of finance as well as by that of industry and commerce, the leadership of the world.

Alexander, sighing for more worlds to conquer, had his antithesis in the blessed Michael, sometime Seigneur de Montaigne, who, in his essay on vanity, quotes with approval the lines of a worthy gossip:

"Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre.
S'il est royal ayme la royauté,
S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté
Ayme l'aussi, car Dieu t'y a facit naistre."¹

Unhappily the world will not stand still. We cannot return to the isolated little nation that our fathers left us or to the political conditions of our infancy, and much as we may love the exact governmental setting and usage to which we were born we must either develop or die.

We may cordially agree with Macaulay that "mere extent of empire is not necessarily an advantage." We may even say of the alien peoples whom the new century has placed upon the lap of the United States, as Macaulay said of the people of India, "It were far better that these people were well governed and independent of us than ill governed and subject to us."

Yet with India in his day, as with the Philippines, as with Porto Rico in ours, that alternative is not possible. India loosed from English leading-strings, would have lapsed again into the perpetual condition of pestilence, warfare, unrelieved famine, infant sacrifice, and private murder that existed before the English came. Porto Rico, without the restraining hand of an American governor, would have already bankrupted its credit to pay the private debts of its coffee planters. Cuba would have followed Lactet into a slough of corruption with

¹ "Love the state such as thou seest it.
If it is royal love royalty,
If it is of small account or well inhabited
Still love it for God made it your birthplace."

his plans for a Cuban navy of sixty vessels and a huge staff of highly salaried admirals. Luzon ere this would have been well on the way to the present condition of Hayti with Aguinardo in the rôle of Dessalines.

Recognizing the dangers, recognizing the perils, recognizing the risks and the burdens that would follow, the greatest of English essayists in the great speech from which I have quoted, predicted upon the floor of the House of Commons that England would not shirk her duty in India.

We shall not shirk our duty in the Philippines.

We are asked to abandon them because the task of lifting them up from ignorance and slavery does not pay. We are asked to follow the easy path of leaving them to their own devices. That course was once adopted in the West Indies in regard to a people nominally as Christian as the Tagalogs, and to the awful horrors of outrage and massacre of all whites, regardless of age or sex, there has succeeded a century's carnival of robbery, lust, and murder.

Leaders with a superficial education, a superficial acceptance of the Christian religion, but untrained in restraint or self-government and suddenly left to themselves, have brought the richest district of the Antilles back to the conditions of the jungle. Martial law, oligarchy, republic, empire, kingdom, and dictatorship have succeeded each other in a whirling round of delirium until almost within sight of the coast of Florida there exists to-day not merely the pathless wilderness, but the snake worship and cannibal sacrifices of West Africa.

Our withdrawal from the Philippines would not mean the establishing of a second United States. It would be criminal to permit the existence of a second Hayti.

The lions in our path are many. The supreme court has

disposed of one. We have the constitutional power to govern Porto Rico or the Philippines as we have for years governed Alaska.

We have not been particularly successful in handling the Indian race within our borders. The Indian has passed through a process not so much of assimilation as of deglutition. We have as yet failed in our attempt to establish equal social and political rights for the negro, and we have frankly run away from the Chinaman as a domestic problem.

To say that a problem is difficult, however, is not to say it is impossible. We have failed to induce most Indians and Eskimoes to become other than wild men. We have not failed in governing Alaska. We have failed to set the negro by the side of the white man, but we have raised him immeasurably above the level of the slave.

American rule in the tropics has not meant their translation to the seventh heaven, but at least it has meant that the world for the first time is free from yellow fever. It has meant law and order. It has meant, too, the only measure of self-government those lands have ever known.

Two years ago we inherited two island dominions and entered temporarily upon the occupation of another. Neither Cuba, Porto Rico, nor the Philippines were completely civilized. A band of organized bandits roamed in Porto Rico, Cuba had never known what it was to be free of roving guerillas, and every traveller's letter on the Philippines expressly stated that the Spaniards were masters only of the towns, and not of the lawless savages of the interior.

Corruption masqueraded as government, the great mass of the people were hopelessly ignorant, yellow fever and leprosy grinned from century-old deposits of filth, and the grossest immorality was the commonplace of life. To such