

PERSONAL ACCOUNTS



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Senator Redfield Proctor, Speech to the US Senate on March 17, 1898

Senator Redfield Proctor served as the Governor of Vermont from 1878-1880, Secretary of War from 1889-1891, and as a Republican senator from 1891 to 1908. In 1898 he visited Cuba to observe conditions there, and then returned to Washington, D.C. to deliver a speech to the Senate about what he saw.

It is not within the narrow limits of my vocabulary to portray it. I went to Cuba with a strong conviction that the picture had been overdrawn; that a few cases of starvation and suffering had inspired and stimulated the press correspondents, and that they had given free play to a strong, natural and highly cultivated imagination.

I could not believe that out of a population of one million six hundred thousand, 200,000 had died within these Spanish forts, practically prison walls, within a few months past, from actual starvation and disease caused by insufficient and improper food.

My inquiries were entirely outside of sensational sources. They were made by our medical officers, of our consuls, of city alcaldes, of relief committees, of leading merchants and bankers, physicians and lawyers. Several of my informants were Spanish born, but every time came the answer that the case had not been overstated.

What I saw I cannot tell so that others can see it. It must be seen with one's own eyes to be realized....

I have endeavored to state in not intemperate mood what I saw and heard, and to make no argument thereon, but leave everyone to draw his own conclusions. To me the strongest appeal is not the barbarity practiced by Weyler nor the loss of the Maine, if our worst fears should prove true, terrible as are both of these incidents, but the spectacle of a million and a half of people, the entire native population of Cuba, struggling for freedom and deliverance from the worst misgovernment of which I ever had knowledge. But whether our action ought to be influenced by any one or all these things, and, if so, how far, is another question....



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

H.J. Walsh, "With Dewey at Manila"

Henry J. Walsh was an oiler on the USS Olympia during the Battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898. The battle was one of the most decisive naval battles in history, ending with the Spanish Pacific Squadron destroyed and the American Asiatic Squadron (led by Commodore George Dewey) suffering very little damage. Walsh wrote the letter below to a friend on May 4, 1898, and it was published on June 12, 1898 in the San Francisco Call, a newspaper in San Francisco, California.

Dear Friend John: Since I wrote you that last letter a great change has taken place on this coast. Where the Spanish flag flew a short time ago there now flies the white flag of truce, and I can assure you that the Spanish will never forget it as long as they live.

I told you in my last letter that I thought we were going to have a scrap with the Spanish, and we had it.

We left Mirs Bay— twenty miles from Hongkong— on the 26th of April at 2 p.m., and proceeded in the direction of Manila, and we never stopped until we met and defeated, the Spanish in one of the most stubborn contests ever fought in modern times, and with modern guns on both sides. It was one of the greatest sights I have ever witnessed, and one of the most brilliant victories in the world's naval history.

I must give them (the Spanish) their dues. They fought a hard fight, and died at their posts like soldiers. In one ship, the Reina Cristina, the Spanish admiral's flagship, were carried 600 all told, and only sixty are accounted for. And they are all in the hospital. We cut that ship all to pieces, and when she went about to try to get away, a shot struck her square in the stern, and went right through her. All at once she was in a blaze of fire. Those that were not shot away were cremated in the burning ship....

The word was given to fire, and you can bet there was no time lost. Their fleet of fourteen ships, the forts, arsenal and navy yard (larger than Mare Island) fired on us all at one time. Their inner fort has ninety large guns, all told, so you can see we were kept very busy for a while. We were fighting one hour and thirty minutes when the Spanish admiral struck his colors. Three hearty cheers went up from our boys, but it was only for a few minutes, as the Spanish admiral hoisted his flag on another ship, the Castilla, as his first flagship was all ablaze. and sinking fast.

We then went at it again, this time with more determination to do or die. In a short time we had their whole fleet on fire and the torpedo boats driven on the beach. At 8:30 the word came to cease firing, as there was not a Spanish flag floating anywhere in sight to shoot at....

John, our forefathers may be dead, but if you had seen that battle you would think their spirit as much alive to-day as ever it was. I can tell you that we avenged the deaths of our dead comrades of the Maine in good old American style. Before this battle if they knew you were an American they would spit in your face. But since the bombardment things have changed. When they meet an American now they salute him with both hands.



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

John Hammer, Jr., “Letter from Santiago”

John Hammer, Jr. served as a private in the 1st United States Volunteer Cavalry, also known as the Rough Riders. In the letter below, written July 8, 1898, Hammer describes the Battle of Las Guasimas (June 24), the Battle of San Juan Hill (July 1), and the beginning of the Siege of Santiago (July 3-17). Hammer's letter was published August 3, 1898 in The Daily Ardmoreite, a newspaper in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Dear Brother: I have just been relieved from a six hours shift in the trenches, so will write you a short letter and see if I can get to mail it. I had written you on the 23d of last month but on the 24th assembly sounded about 3:30 a. m., and we were marched about eight miles over the roughest country that was ever manufactured and rushed into our first battle or ambush and had to fight for three hours. Nearly all this time was spent in locating the enemy who were raining lead into our ranks with the Monger rifle and rapid firing guns. It was simply horrible. We were being mowed down with no chance to defend ourselves or return their rapid fire, I dont think there was a man in the engagement but what would have given five hundred dollars, if he had had it, to have seen a Spaniard and had a chance to kill him.

We were marching in column of fours along the road, leading inland. We were marching on the road from where we landed toward Santiago, about seven or eight miles from the coast, when we run into about two thousand five hundred Spanish soldiers and were ambushed. Had they not been so cowardly we would have been all slaughtered. The Rough Riders were alone on this road. Their spies had evidently told them which way we started out of the little town and they took it for granted that all the regiment would follow the same route. But luck would have it the Tenth Cavalry came by another trail and furnished us support. The Ninth and Tenth are colored troops but they don't know anything but fight. The Spaniards were fortified along the hills and the country we were in was more open. We had to charge. We could not go back and had no desire to do so any way. Our enemy had all the best of us both in equipments and knowledge of the country. It is a wonder we ever gain a victory at all, they use this smokeless powder and we can't locate them even while they mow us down like grass. We captured two Spanish officers the day of the first fight. They said we did not fight fair, that we would shoot and keep on advancing. They are in the habit of firing and falling back.

Our regiment numbered five hundred and sixty-four men when we took up our march that morning. We had nine killed and thirty-three wounded. When they fired on us we dropped to the left of the road in order to lie down. That is all that saved us. We then worked our way forward and made the charge. You can't imagine anything like it. I did not think a single man would live through it. When we were commanded to form skirmish line I felt myself to see if I was truly alive or had been dreaming. We went into camp shortly after and remained the rest of the day (Friday), Saturday and Sunday. Moved Monday.

It was on the first day of July that we had a hard fight but won a glorious victory. Again the Tenth and Rough Riders were side by side. They made one of the most glorious charges that was ever made. Armed only with their little carbines these foreign officers that are along watching and taking lessons in



war fare say they never heard of such fighting in their lives. One old English general who was sent along by his government says to Col. Tedy Roosefelt, "Col. there is no use for you to ever tell when you get back about leading that charge," for he says "no one would believe that you could charge an enemy's stronghold (which was a black bouse) with only dismounted cavalry." The enemy was entrenched and had Gatling guns and rifles as good or better than ours. But when the boys make a charge and give a yell the Spaniards go.

Brother, this old hero's life in the soil of Cuba isn't what it is cracked up to be. It seems sometimes that it is foolishness to think that I will ever get home alive. I was shot last Friday, July 1st. A shell exploded just in front and a little over me and one of the grape shot hit the ground right in front of me, then struck me right square on the shin bone. The same shell killed one man about four feet in my rear, and shot another to my left. They were shelling us pretty bard, but we had to take it. There was an old house there but I would not go into it for fear of timbers, though it was just about as safe outside. I was lighting a cigarette when I was struck, kneeling down on one knee. It paralyzed my leg for a while. It felt just like it was asleep, and every time I tried to step I went down. A friend of mine, a San Antenio, Tex., boy, named Race Smith, helped me to the field hospital, then went back to the firing line and was torn all to pieces with a shell. He is not quite dead but is in a terriable shape. I am going to see him to-day and try to mail this to you. I had one letter written you when we had the other fight and wore it out, so will try to get this one off. I am not having much fun cut of this life- I would love to see you all, love to eat one good square meal with clean dishes and table cloth, cream and sugar in coffee. It would be a great treat. Think of me when you are eating those good biscuit, steak and gravy. Stay at home where you can eat...



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Richard Harding Davis, Notes of a War Correspondent

Richard Harding Davis was a journalist and writer who wrote for numerous publications, including the New York Journal, New York Herald, The Times of London, and Scribner's Weekly. He worked as a war correspondent during multiple conflicts, and the 1911 book Notes of a War Correspondent contains a collection of his dispatches from the Greek-Turkish War (1897), Spanish-American War (1898), Second Boer War (1899-1902), and Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905). The excerpt below is taken from the chapter on the Battle of San Juan Hill, Cuba, which occurred on July 1, 1898.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail and along the whole border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders....

For a time it seemed as though every second man was either killed or wounded; one came upon them lying behind the bush, under which they had crawled with some strange idea that it would protect them, or crouched under the bank of the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lapping up the water with the eagerness of thirsty dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were magnificently silent, they neither complained nor groaned nor cursed....

This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflame, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes rolling....

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture-papers the men are running uphill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if some one had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that some one had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely absurdly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.



They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their chests and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and poised for instant flight, fired a last volley, and fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang after them.

The men of the Ninth and the Rough Riders rushed to the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Tenth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the flag of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

John McNeil, "Letter from Santiago"

John McNeil was a private in the 1st United States Infantry, which served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. McNeil wrote the letter below on July 25, 1898, describing the siege of the city Santiago de Cuba. While the letter was originally written to McNeil's relatives, it was published in the Dalles Daily Chronicle, a newspaper in Dalles, Oregon, on August 21, 1898. Note that McNeil's estimates of the battle casualties were not accurate – there were about 1,600 American soldiers and 2,000 Spanish soldiers killed or wounded.

I thought I would write and let you know that I am alive and well. Was afraid you might be worrying about me after hearing of the big battle we had. It was surely a hard fight. The first shot was fired at 6:20 on the morning of July 1st, and it was a continuous fight until 12 on the 3rd, when a flag of truce went up and a conference (a council of war) was held. Gen. Shafter gave them a week to get out of the country – that was to turn over their arms to us and be ready to surrender and leave for Spain; but when the time was up they had not done so, and at 4 p.m. on the 10th we turned loose on them again. Talk about a celebration! May be you think we didn't have one. There were dynamite guns, seige guns, and we had thirty-six field guns, besides big shell. When they are going through the air you would think an overland express was coming, and when they light you would swear a machine shop had exploded. Everything you could think of flies through the air, from a monkey wrench to a steam hammer. I'll tell you we gave them a merry time. One of our dynamite shells hit a big gun they were shooting at us and blew Spaniards, gun and all up in the air. I don't believe half of the Spaniards have lit yet; but you can bet we paid for the fun we had with them. They sent back very nearly as warm a fire as we sent, and many a comrade got killed or wounded. There were four wounded out of our troop (troop E). But when we got a bead on one of them, down went his meat house. I think the whole loss on our side was about 1800 killed and wounded; the Spaniards had over 6000 killed, and mercy only knows how many wounded. I tell you the buzzards lived for awhile. I think we had revenge for them killing our sailors on Maine. When the last charge was made every soldier's battle cry was "Remember the Maine!"

One evening about 5 o'clock about 1200 Spanish cavalry made a charge on us. The First and Tenth U.S. Cavalry were dismounted and we waited until they were about 500 yards from us when we poured it into them. Not one got to our line, and I don't believe that over 200 got back to Santiago.

Well, I have told you all about the fight, but that they surrendered on the 14th and we are now in Santiago.

I had one pretty close shave. A bullet hit a rock at my feet and bounced up and went into my canteen. I have the bullet yet and am going to keep it as a souvenir. One went through my hat, but I did not know it until in the evening. There was many a one whizzing around my ears.



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

Thomas Mason Brumby, “The Fall of Manila”

Thomas Mason Brumby served as Admiral George Dewey’s flag lieutenant aboard the USS Olympia. Brumby wrote the letter below on August 17, 1898, and in 1960 it was published in the magazine Proceedings of the Naval Institute. In the letter, he describes the battle of Manila, which was not much of a battle. The Spanish realized they could not hold the city, but did not want to surrender outright, so they negotiated with the American fleet to hold a “mock” battle. The American ships bombarded a fairly empty fort on the outskirts of Manila, and after enough show was made, the Spanish surrendered. After the “battle,” Lieutenant Brumby went ashore as Admiral Dewey’s negotiator, and it was he who raised the first American flag over Manila.

My darling Sister,

"News, news, my gossiping friends! I have wonderful news to tell. Some will be old when it gets to you in this letter, and there is so much of it that I hardly know where to begin. Still I hope it will prove interesting to you in the telling, so I will write whatever comes into my mind, without order or method.

To begin with, Manila is ours, and that, wonderful to relate, without the loss of a life on the part of the Navy, and only a very few in the Army. So we have gained two important victories without the loss of a single man in the naval forces. This is absolutely without a parallel in history, and the more one thinks of it, the more marvelous it seems. It demonstrates the value of sea power as nothing else in modern times has done. The 1st of May secured the complete protection of the west coast of the United States which otherwise might have been harassed by the enemy's cruisers. The 13th of August the Navy made it possible for General [Wesley] Merritt to take Manila with the most insignificant loss—10 killed and 40 wounded—when it would have been impossible for him to have taken it, had the Navy not assisted, without terrible loss of life. It was only our guns and the diplomacy of Admiral Dewey that planted our banner on the walls of Manila, where with only a short interval, had proudly flown the Spanish flag for nearly three hundred years.

On Sunday, the 7th inst., at the urgent request of General Merritt, a joint letter was sent from the General and Admiral of our forces to the Governor of Manila stating that any time after the expiration of 48 hours the bombardment of the city might be expected and asking that the non combatants might be sent out of the city. The Governor replied that there were thousands of sick, women and children in the city, that he was besieged by land and sea and had nowhere to send them.In the meanwhile the Belgian Consul [Edouard Andre] had been an intermediary between the Admiral and the Governor General of Manila and had made every effort to get the Spaniard to surrender. But the honor and reputation of one man had to be maintained at the expense of the soldiers in the trenches and, as we thought, the women and children. (Profiting from his predecessor's example, Jaudenes was determined to surrender only after some display of resistance. Accordingly he arranged with Dewey that the batteries of Manila would not fire upon the American ships if they did not shell the city but only the southern shore batteries. In case of surrender, a white flag would be flown from a selected spot inside



the city walls after the flagship had hoisted the signal flags calling for surrender. Sketches of the building and the signal flags to be flown were exchanged. But still he made concessions. He said the batteries in front of the city, and where most lives would have been lost, would not fire unless we fired upon them. To this, the Admiral actuated by the most humane motives consented. So we went into the action confident that little harm would be done unless there was treachery on the part of the Spaniards, and then we would be no worse off than before, as the Admiral wisely took care to make his disposition for battle just as if we were expecting a general attack....

The fire was short at first, but soon the range was obtained and then a hail of shell fell on the doomed Fort, batteries and trenches, making it impossible for the enemy to remain in them. In the meanwhile the Monitor (Monterey), Charleston, Baltimore, Boston, and Concord had moved up opposite the main batteries of the City, ready to go in at the signal from the Flagship. That signal was not made, as it was not necessary. Not a shot was fired from those batteries. We soon saw the enemy deserting their positions at Malate, and our troops coming out of their trenches ready to advance. The little Callao and the tender had gone inshore in shoal water and were doing splendid work with their rapid fire guns, protecting the left flank of our troops. At 10:32, the enemy being seen in full retreat and our troops as now advancing rapidly and gallantly to take the enemy's trenches the order was given "cease firing" and the day was won. The Flagship then advanced up the coast toward the walled City, hoisted the International signal "Surrender" and soon the white flag was hoisted on Fort San Juan, and also International signal "I want to parley."...

I had taken an American flag and two signal boys ashore with me. We at once proceeded to the ramparts, hauled down the Spanish flag amid the audible crying of a number of Spanish women and scowls of Spanish soldiers and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As the latter went up a U. S. regimental band that I had not seen outside the walls played the Star Spangled Banner, just as if the band had been placed there by design. You could hear the cheers from the ships as the Spanish flag came down and ours went up, and a salute from all our ships greeted the hoisting of Old Glory. It was a most dramatic scene. An empire had changed hands....

I believe the campaign at Manila will have a great effect on future wars. Admiral Dewey has shown that it is possible to conduct war on humane principles. What a grand thing it is to have taken Manila without the loss of life of a single non combatant! Compare his methods with that of the Spaniards themselves against Barcelona, or more recently in the Philippines at Cebu when thousands of innocents were killed, the ships firing down the streets of the town killing right and left. The victory of August 13 is greater than that of May 1. This is an epoch-making war. The-French Admiral said to me yesterday Admiral Dewey was humane to the last." He had the power to utterly route the Spaniards and destroy their city, yet he fired not a shot against it....



PERSONAL ACCOUNT

George King, Letters of a Volunteer in the Spanish-American War

George King joined the 6th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Regiment in April, 1898. The regiment arrived in Cuba in mid-July, and after a few weeks continued on to Puerto Rico, where they remained until October, 1898. 30 years after the war, King published his letters home as the book Letters of a Volunteer in the Spanish-American War. The excerpt below comes from a letter sent from Utuado, Puerto Rico, on September 8, 1898.

The saddest of things is likely to happen today. X has been almost given up by the doctors. I can hardly realize it. He was watched last night with special care for fear he would not be able to pull through and though the shock didn't come the hope is no better for him this morning. I am afraid that the awful news will get to Concord long before this letter.

There are many more fellows—some from our company—almost as sick as he is. The life in that swamp was an awful thing. It developed among 1,080 men, 116 pronounced cases of fever, three or four of them already fatal. We have had no ordeal like it, and of course shall have no other like it. For a week or so after we came up to town, fellows who had staved it off for the few days were constantly coming to light, but now for a week, everybody outside the hospital is bracing up.

The life we had been living was a terrible strain. I had been going as much on my nerve as anything else. When a chance came, I slept and squared up; but when it didn't come I lived on my nerve. Just how long I could have done it I don't know; luckily better quarters and news of peace came while I was still well within my strength. I slept all day for about two days and felt cheered up. Luckily there hadn't any fever settled on me. I never was much on fever. But some of the fellows,—all undergoing the same unnatural strain ever since we stepped aboard the Yale,—hadn't strength to stand it and among them the climatic ailments are making fearful havoc.

HISTORICAL COMMENTARIES



HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

Alfred T. Mahan, The Influence of Sea Power Upon History: 1660-1783

Alfred T. Mahan was a United States naval officer and historian. In The Influence of Sea Power Upon History: 1660-1783, Mahan described factors needed to support sea power and the role sea power had played in wars during the 17th and 18th centuries. The book was published in 1890 while Mahan was president of the U.S. Naval War College, and the naval strategies it describes were adopted by many different countries.

Colonies attached to the mother-country afford, therefore, the surest means of supporting abroad the sea power of a country. In peace, the influence of the government should be felt in promoting by all means a warmth of attachment and a unity of interest which will make the welfare of one the welfare of all, and the quarrel of one the quarrel of all; and in war, or rather for war, by inducing such measures of organization and defence as shall be felt by all to be a fair distribution of a burden of which each reaps the benefit.

Such colonies the United States has not and is not likely to have. As regards purely military naval stations, the feeling of her people was probably accurately expressed by an historian of the English navy a hundred years ago, speaking then of Gibraltar and Port Mahon. "Military governments," said he, "agree so little with the industry of a trading people, and are in themselves so repugnant to the genius of the British people, that I do not wonder that men of good sense and of all parties have inclined to give up these, as Tangiers was given up." Having therefore no foreign establishments, either colonial or military, the ships of war of the United States, in war, will be like land birds, unable to fly far from their own shores. To provide resting-places for them, where they can coal and repair, would be one of the first duties of a government proposing to itself the development of the power of the nation at sea....

The question is eminently one in which the influence of the government should make itself felt, to build up for the nation a navy which, if not capable of reaching distant countries, shall at least be able to keep clear the chief approaches to its own. The eyes of the country have for a quarter of a century been turned from the sea; the results of such a policy and of its opposite will be shown in the instance of France and of England. Without asserting a narrow parallelism between the case of the United States and either of these, it may safely be said that it is essential to the welfare of the whole country that the conditions of trade and commerce should remain, as far as possible, unaffected by an external war. In order to do this, the enemy must be kept not only out of our ports, but far away from our coasts.



HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

Albert Beveridge, *The March of the Flag*

Albert Beveridge was a historian and Republican senator from Indiana, serving from 1899-1911. The following excerpt comes from a campaign speech he delivered September 16, 1898.

...Therefore, in this campaign, the question is larger than a party question. It is an American question. It is a world question. Shall the American people continue their march toward the commercial supremacy of the world? Shall free institutions broaden their blessed reign as the children of liberty wax in strength, until the empire of our principles is established over the hearts of all mankind?....

Hawaii is ours; Porto Rico is to be ours; at the prayer of her people Cuba finally will be ours; in the islands of the East, even to the gates of Asia, coaling stations are to be ours at the very least; the flag of a liberal government is to float over the Philippines, and may it be the banner that Taylor unfurled in Texas and Fremont carried to the coast.

The Opposition tells us that we ought not to govern a people without their consent. I answer, The rule of liberty that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed, applies only to those who are capable of self-government. We govern the Indians without their consent, we govern our territories without their consent, we govern our children without their consent. How do they know what our government would be without their consent? Would not the people of the Philippines prefer the just, humane, civilizing government of this Republic to the savage, bloody rule of pillage and extortion from which we have rescued them?

And, regardless of this formula of words made only for enlightened, self-governing people, do we owe no duty to the world? Shall we turn these peoples back to the reeking hands from which we have taken them? Shall we abandon them, with Germany, England, Japan, hungering for them? Shall we save them from those nations, to give them a self-rule of tragedy?

They ask us how we shall govern these new possessions. I answer: Out of local conditions and the necessities of the case methods of government will grow. If England can govern foreign lands, so can America. If Germany can govern foreign lands, so can America. If they can supervise protectorates, so can America. Why is it more difficult to administer Hawaii than New Mexico or California? Both had a savage and an alien population: both were more remote from the seat of government when they came under our dominion than the Philippines are to-day.

Will you say by your vote that American ability to govern has decayed, that a century's experience in self-rule has failed of a result? Will you affirm by your vote that you are an infidel to American power and practical sense? Or will you say that ours is the blood of government; ours the heart of dominion; ours the brain and genius of administration? Will you remember that we do but what our fathers did—we but pitch the tents of liberty farther westward, farther southward—we only continue the march of the flag?



HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

Carl Schurz, *Manifest Destiny*

Carl Schurz was a German immigrant who had a lifelong career in politics and journalism. After fighting for democratic reforms in his native Germany, he served as a general in the Union Army from 1862-1865, Republican senator from Missouri from 1869-1875, Secretary of the Interior from 1877-1881, and worked as the editor of the New York Evening Post and The Nation in the 1880s. The following excerpt is from an article of his published in Harper's Magazine in October 1893.

Whenever there is a project on foot to annex foreign territory to this republic the cry of manifest destiny is raised to produce the impression that all opposition to such a project is a struggle against fate....The new manifest destiny precept means, in point of principle, not merely the incorporation in the United States of territory contiguous to our borders, but rather the acquisition of such territory, far and near, as may be useful in enlarging our commercial advantages, and in securing to our navy facilities desirable for the operations of a great naval power....

...The advocates of the annexation policy advance some arguments which require but a passing notice. They say that unless we take a certain country offered to us Hawaii, for instance some other power will take it, and that, having refused ourselves, we cannot object. This is absurd.

We are told that unless we take charge of a certain country it will be ill-governed and get into internal trouble. This is certainly no inducement. This republic cannot take charge of all countries that are badly governed. On the contrary, a country apt to get into internal trouble would be no desirable addition to our national household.

We are told that the people of a certain country wish to join us, and it would be wrong to repel them. But the question whether a stranger is to be admitted as a member of our family it is our right and our duty to decide according to our own view of the family interest.

We are told that we need coaling stations in different parts of the world for our navy, also if it be a small one, and that the rich resources of the countries within our reach should be open to American capital and enterprise. There is little doubt that we can secure by amicable negotiation sites for coaling stations which will serve us as well as if we possessed the countries in which they are situated. In the same manner we can obtain from and within them all sorts of commercial advantages. We can own plantations and business houses in the Hawaiian Islands. In the American tropics we can build and control railroads; we can purchase mines, and have them worked for our benefit; we can keep up commercial establishments in their towns-in fact, we are now doing many of these things and all this without taking those countries into our national household on an equal footing with the States of our Union, without exposing our political institutions to the deteriorating influence of their participation in our government, without assuming any responsibilities for them which would oblige us to forego the inestimable privilege of being secure in our possessions without large and burdensome armaments. Surely the advantages we might gain by incorporating the countries themselves in the Union appear utterly valueless compared with the price this republic would have to pay for them.



HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

William Jennings Bryan, *The Paralyzing Influence of Imperialism*

William Jennings Bryan was a prominent Democratic politician and orator from Nebraska who served in the House of Representatives from 1891-1895, as Secretary of State from 1913-1915, and unsuccessfully ran for president in 1896, 1900, and 1908. The following excerpt is from a speech he delivered at the Democratic National Convention in July 1900.

Those who would have this nation enter upon a career of empire must consider not only the effect of imperialism on the Filipinos but they must also calculate its effects upon our own nation. We cannot repudiate the principle of self-government in the Philippines without weakening that principle here....

The principal arguments, however, advanced by those who enter upon a defense of imperialism are:

First, that we must improve the present opportunity to become a world power and enter into international politics. Second, that our commercial interests in the Philippine Islands and in the Orient make it necessary for us to hold the islands permanently. Third, that the spread of the Christian religion will be facilitated by a colonial policy. Fourth, that there is no honorable retreat from the position which the nation has taken....

It is sufficient answer to the first argument to say that for more than a century this nation has been a world power. For ten decades it has been the most potent influence in the world. Not only has it been a world power but it has done more to affect the policies of the human race than all the other nations of the world combined. Because our Declaration of Independence was promulgated, others have been promulgated. Because the patriots of 1776 fought for liberty, others have fought for it. Because our Constitution was adopted, other constitutions have been adopted....

....[The commercial argument] is based upon the theory that war can be rightly waged for pecuniary advantage and that it is profitable to purchase trade by force and violence.....

To me it seems that neither the obtaining nor retaining of any trade, howsoever valuable, is an object for which men may justly spill each other's blood; that the true and sure means of extending and securing commerce are the goodness and cheapness of commodities, and that the profits of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of compelling it and holding it by fleets and armies....

The religious argument varies in positiveness from a passive belief that Providence delivered the Filipinos into our hands for their good and our glory to the exultation of the minister who said that we ought to "thrash the natives (Filipinos) until they understand who we are," and that "every bullet sent, every cannon shot, and every flag waved means righteousness."

We cannot approve of this doctrine in one place unless we are willing to apply, it everywhere. If there is poison in the blood of the hand, it will ultimately reach the heart. It is equally true that forcible Christianity, if planted under the American flag in the far-away Orient, will sooner or later be transplanted upon American soil....

The argument made by some that it was unfortunate for the nation that it had anything to do with the Philippine Islands, but that the naval victory at Manila made the permanent acquisition of those islands necessary, is also unsound. We won a naval victory at Santiago, but that did not compel us to hold Cuba.

....The fact that the American flag floats over Manila does not compel us to exercise perpetual sovereignty over the islands; the American flag waves over Havana today, but the President has promised to haul it down when the flag of the Cuban republic is ready to rise in its place. Better a thousand times that our flag in the Orient give way to a flag representing the idea of self-government than that the flag of this republic should become the flag of an empire.