

**AMERICAN ILLIBERALISM.**

Written for the Tribune.

Glancing thoughtfully over the manifold manifestations of public sentiment that everywhere surround us, we are impressed by the strong and unmistakable tendency of the American people toward illiberalism. One hundred years or more have passed over the dial of our national history, each in its turn has brought its labors, trials and changes, during their long and eventful course. Political parties have risen, flourished and vanished, wars of defense and conquest have taken their blood and given their recompense, secession and rebellion have come with cruel desolation and left the Union bleeding and faint, the few and scattered colonists of independence fame have multiplied to a swarming nation of sixty millions, the narrowed territory of colonial times has grown and broadened to an extensive continent bounded but by the icy north and the burning south, yet through all these trials and troubles, labors and triumphs, through all these years of growth and progress we have been marching from the manhood of individual sovereignty to state sovereignty, from state sovereignty to national consolidation and from national consolidation to centralization, narrowness and illiberalism. We have become a nation possessed of a characteristic nationality, marred by petty prejudice and narrowed by inherent selfishness. We have become as unreasonable in social discrimination, as illiberal in legislation, as blind to the rights of personal liberty, as jealous and exclusive in our foreign policy, as any of the contracted, conservative countries of the old world. Once America was the synonym of freedom. Once she was the beloved home of the liberty loving people of every class and birth, whether from the straw-covered houses of pauper Europe, the bamboo huts of heathen China, or the palm leaf tents of benighted Africa; the land that welcomed to her shores alike the free and oppressed, the rich and poor, the noble and those of common blood, as friends and co-workers of a free, liberal and cosmopolitan government. But now she is but the home of *Americans*—the mercantile, the money-making, the money-loving; the land that scans with jealous eye every comer from foreign shores, that has emancipated the enslaved and maltreated black but to subject him to the humiliation of scorn and Pharisaic contempt; that has formed treaties of mutual friendship with the Chinese Empire and then in violation of every law of nations and humanity drives her unoffending emigrants from their burning homes, fired by cruel and ruthless hands; that is even now forging iron-clad statutes that shall discourage, and it may be prohibit forever the immigration of European labor; that is encroaching step by step, ever faster and faster, upon the sacred domain of individual right. We do not wish to castrate our country, with wanton malice to charge her with misgivings and wrongs that she is not guilty of, but with an earnest appreciation of the right, and a regard for the eternal principles of human justice, we cannot but regret and denounce the many illiberal acts of our government and the pernicious tendency of public opinion. We believe in national ethics, in a national conscience. We believe it to be incumbent upon public opinion to be as deferential to the rights and civilities of other nations, as conscientious in its advocacy, as responsible for its influence, as regarding to the natural laws of humanity, as any one individual is in duty bound to render those self-same obligations to his fellow men. Yet the American people no longer shape their policy and measure their acts by the sole standard of moral right and impartial justice, but by the standard of financial profit and political and social advantage; they sell their labor and highest efforts for money-value; they play the game of life to satisfy their avarice and increase their personal gain; they seek power and wealth to compliment their ambition and to flatter their vanity and pride. Forsooth it seems as we grow richer, we grow meaner; as we grow greater, we grow smaller. In the earlier days of the republic it was not thus. Then a healthy, liberal sentiment characterized the people and the government. Then no man ever dreamt of closing the gates of the nation to foreign commerce, of retarding the advancing tide of immigration, of employing the government for private ends, and to increase its power at the expense of individual right. But now the old spirit of liberty is dead. That broad and sturdy love for human freedom that burned in the breast of Patrick Henry and inspired the noble Phillips to plead the cause of a downtrodden race has vanished, perhaps forever, and in its home now dwells a narrowed patriotism, warped by prejudice and blackened by avarice and greed. Scarcely have twenty years passed since the emancipation of the southern slaves, during which time they have made unexampled progress in wealth, population and education, a progress that should challenge the admiration of a candid

world, rather than the malicious jealousy of both North and South views this remarkable development of a deserving people with alarm and ill-concealed hate. When writers of marked ability and national reputation fill the columns of our reviews and press in advocacy of some heartless, expeditious scheme to check the march of negro development, to drive them from the whites through the false fear of moral and social contamination, and then to lock them within the narrow confines of an impoverished south, we are fully assured that the odium and scorn that an innocent race has so long endured comes not alone from the unreasoning ignorance of the lower class, but from every rank and file of American society. Our fathers and brothers marched through four years of rebellion and blood to give to the benighted, enslaved black the priceless boon of freedom, ballot and books, and now we look upon this heroic act, this deed of immeasurable commendation and worth with spirit of envy and feelings of apprehension and hate. Why fear the advance of the negro? Why hate and scorn a deserving race? Generations of history, centuries of reason, have demonstrated again and again beyond every possibility of doubt, that in the development of civilization, the more civilized, the more industrious, the more capable people, unflinchingly, overcome, suppress and crush out their inferiors. This law of the supremacy of the strongest and survival of the fittest governs alike the realm of history and the domain of physics. Then, if the negro, in possession of the many privileges and advantages that the whites enjoy, is able to outstrip his rivals in the race of material and intellectual progress and assert his superiority, he is welcome to his power and success.

(To be Continued)

**Onion Bill's Proclamation.**

In the rip-roaring frontier town of Beef Gap, Idaho, the new city marshal posted the following notice which had a salutary effect:

**NOTICE.**

This is to inform the citizens of Beef Gap and strangers adjoining therein that on and after this date it will be unlawful for any person in this town to carouse! cuss! or whoop!

On and after this date, also, there will in this town

No more compelling people to drink when they don't like it.

No more shooting at plug hats.

No more short card games of chance.

No more drinking of whiskey out of bottles when the bars are open.

No more noisy deviltry.

Any man riding or driving a horse into a bar-room will be shot.

Any man or men compelling a man to dance will be shot.

Any man raking down the pot at a poker game without the cards to back it up will be shot dead.

Tramps, tin-horn gamblers, back-door lunchers, bone yard lumbers, horse thieves, three-card men, swill pail scrapers, and coffin-paint de-polishers are warned away from Beef Gap. It is the determination to usher in an era of reform and all good citizens will array themselves on the side of the law. All others will be turned over to the coroner.

By the Mayor. Bill Birdell, Chief

—E.

**Kicked an Eagle to Pieces.**

"Here's a curious item," said Mr. Flicker, gazing at his wife over the open newspaper before him. "The paper says a large eagle attacked a twelve-year-old boy succeeded in kicking the eagle to pieces."

"Well, what of that?"

"Oh, I was only thinking that that boy would have been awful tired if he had kicked to pieces that hen which you billed for dinner today. I couldn't have done it, and I'm stronger than any ordinary twelve-year-old boy. I would give a dollar to see that boy tackle the remains of that hen. A rubber foot-ball is tenderer, old woman, than any ken you ever cooked."

The conference ends in a tableau of tears.

**A Dude's Little Joke.**

"Aw, me deah boy, but may I taste of your mugwump?" drawled an Anglo-maniac at the Exposition building yesterday.

"Taste of my what?" screamed the boy who gives explanations and catalogues of Phil Armour's exhibit.

"Your mugwump," replied the dude, tapping a stack of butterfat with his Malacca wood cane.

"But that is butterfat," said the boy with considerable emphasis.

"Same thing," chuckled the dude; "same thing, you know, neither the one nor the other. Oh, ah, ah. Same thing. See?"

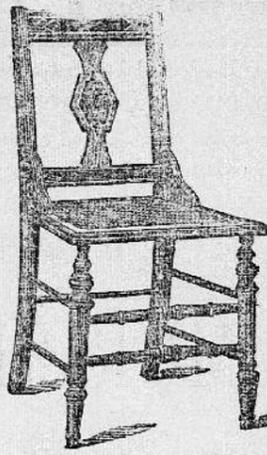
—Chicago Herald.

**About Correct.**

Montana's total vote at last election was 31,644, a gain of 4,675 over that of 1884. This indicates an increase of population of about 25,000 in two years. The present population of this prosperous Territory is probably about 160,000.—Northwest Magazine.

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