“New” Imperialism

Late 19th Century
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT

INDIA

1857
1895

1853
MAINTAINING HIS EQUILIBRIUM

Chinese Emperor: “Oh, do let me go! you’re pulling me to pieces between you.”

The Powers: “Don’t be afraid. We’re only maintaining your equilibrium.”
• Early 1900s
White Man’s Burden

Readings, Advertisements, Cartoons and Photographs
The White Man's Burden
By Rudyard Kipling (Feb. 1899)

Take up the White Man's burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden--
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden--
The savage wars of peace
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden--
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward--
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard--
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden--
Ye dare not stoop to less--
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.

By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.
The Poor Man's Burden

By Howard S. Taylor (Feb. 18, 1899)

Pile up the poor man's burden—
The weight of foreign wars;
Go shrewdly yoke together
Great Mercury and Mars,
And march with them to conquest,
As once did ancient Rome,
With vigor on her borders
And slow decay at home!
Pile up the poor man's burden,
Accept Great Britain's plan;
She does all things for commerce--
Scarce anything for man.
Far off among the pagans
She seeks an open door

While Pity cries in London,
"God help the British poor!"
Pile up the poor man's burden--
His sons will hear our call,
Will feed the jungle fever
And stop the Mauser ball;
Will fall far off unnoted,
For spoils they may not share,
And spill their blood to water
A laurel here and there!
Pile up the poor man's burden;
Keep in the old, old track!

Let glory ride, as ever,
Upon the toiler's back.
Lay tax and tax upon him,
Devised with subtle skill--
Call forth his sons to slaughter
And let him pay the bill!
Pile up the poor man's burden!
The lords of trade, at least,
May drink, like King Belshazzar,
In comfort at the feast;
May boast, as did the monarch
Within his palace hall,
While God wrote out his sentence
In fire upon the wall!
The Brown Man's Burden

By Henry Labouchère (Feb. 25, 1899)

Pile on the brown man's burden
To gratify your greed;
Go, clear away the "niggers"
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.
Pile on the brown man's burden;
And, if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With Maxims up to date.
With shells and dumdum bullets
A hundred times made plain
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.
Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free;
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthropy.
And if with heathen folly
He dares your will dispute,
Then, in the name of freedom,
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone...
Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done;
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run,
And, though 'tis freedom's banner
You're waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred "rights of man"!
And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.
The Gospel of Force
By Bertrand Shadwell (1899)

Take up the sword and rifle,  
Send forth your ships with speed,  
To join the nations' scramble,  
And vie with them in greed;  
Go find your goods a market,  
Beyond the western flood,  
The heathen who withstand you  
Shall answer it in blood.  
Take up the sword and rifle,  
For so does all the world,  
There's none shall dare upbraid you,  
When once your flag's unfurled,  
The race is to the swiftest,  
The battle to the strong,  
Success is the criterion,  
None cares to count the wrong.  
Take up the sword and rifle,  
And know no fear or pause,  
What though your hands be bloody,  
Who calls ye to the laws?

The ports ye wish to enter,  
The roads ye wish to tread,  
Make them with heathen living,  
Mark them with heathen dead.  
Take up the sword and rifle,  
Rob every savage race,  
Annex their lands and harbors,  
For this is Christian grace.  
E'en though ye slaughter thousands,  
Ye still shall count it gain;  
If ye extend your commerce,  
Who dreads the curse of Cain?  
Take up the sword and rifle,  
Still keep your conscience whole--  
So soon is found an unction  
To soothe a guilty soul.  
Go with it to your Maker,  
Find what excuse ye can--  
Rob for the sake of justice,  
Kill for the love of man.
By Whose Command?
By E. C. Tompkins (1899)

Who kens the White Man's Burden?
Where is it writ or said
Go cross the seas to seek it
And strike the Brown Man dead?
Why bind our sons in exile?
What captives pray, have we?
Our one-time human chattels
We long ago set free.
Who hath the verdict given --
This color of the clod
Shall line the world's adjusting,
Is there a white man's God?
Who bids us spurn the calling
Of freedom to her sons?
Who says go preach the gospel
From the mouth of Gatling guns?
Who comes to search our manhood
With taunt of thankless years?

Who boasts of dear-bought wisdom?
Who prates about our peers?
Whose is this plea for slaughter?
And if ye would and could,
Go trace thro' God's green springtime
The Briton's trail of blood.
You, when your stricken Tartar
Lies prone upon the plain,
You lift aloft your "burden"
And thrust him thro' again.
You tear his tombs wide open
And desecrate his dead,
"To slay his superstition
And make him wise instead."
You would share with us this glory --
Great Heaven, what say we
Unto this Christian Vandal
With his fine Apology?
• Lightening the White Man's Burden
• Pears' Soap Advertisement
• McClure's Magazine (Oct. 1899)
• The White Man's Burden by May
• Detroit Journal, (Feb. 18, 1899)
• Life cover
• March 16, 1899
• Take Up the White Man's Burden, and Reap His Old Reward
• By William H. Walker
• Life (March 16, 1899)
• Uncle Sam: "I don't like the job, Rudyard, my boy!"

• *Denver Post* (1900)
Detroit News,
(May 4, 1901)
• Grape-Nuts Cereal

• Boston Globe (Jan. 22, 1902)

Good Things in a Bad Place

Pies, puddings, cake and goodies of all sorts (missionaries excepted), are intended for human use, but such good things should not be put in a bad stomach. They are nearly always made up of nourishing articles such as milk, sugar, butter, flour, etc., etc., but the combinations are too hard for any but healthy stomachs to digest.

You must use carefully selected food if you are a little below par, and the sooner you do this, the sooner your stomach will heal up and get strong again, so that you can eat whatever pleases the appetite.

Don’t be a crank and think you can only drink hot water and eat white bread.

Use Grape-Nuts breakfast food with some rich cream, and you will discover the food will agree with the weakest stomach, and supply the highest form of nourishment, pre-digested and ready for quick change into good, rich blood.

Strength (true strength) comes from feeding on Grape-Nuts. There’s a reason. Try it and prove for yourself.

It seems good to be perfectly well and feel well fed.
King Leopold is confronted with a report of "Harrowing Tales of Torture from the Congo" and exclaims, "Lies! My dear sir!"

Photographs now clutter the ground, and the camera asks, "Who said lies?" The report of "Harrowing Tales" is now rolled up and reads, "Reform Association Report."
• Photographs of mutilated Congolese
• Congo Reform Association, 1904
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