THE

PEACE MANUAL:

OR,

WAR AND ITS REMEDIES.

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PREFACE.

THIS little work is designed to furnish the most important facts, arguments and explanations, on the main topics embraced in the cause of peace. I hope it will suffice for the satisfaction of most minds; and those who wish for something fuller or more thorough, can resort to the larger publications on Peace by the American Peace Society, such as its *Prize Essays on a Congress of Nations*, a splendid octavo of more than 700 pages, and its *Book of Peace*, containing in smaller compass still more matter from some of the ablest pens that ever wrote, and altogether the best thesaurus or encyclopedia of information on Peace that can be found in the English or any other language.

I flatter myself that nearly every position taken in these pages, will secure the concurrence of all fair minds. I have sought with special care to present those aspects of the subject which I think best fitted to awaken a practical interest in the cause I plead, and to unite all good men in efforts for the abolition of war. For extracts from others, due credit is given, but none of course for anything taken from my own writings.

The cause of peace aims solely to do away the custom of international war; and I trust there will be found in this book nothing that does not bear on this object, nor anything that interferes with the legitimate authority of government. As a friend of peace, I am of course a supporter of civil government, with all the powers requisite for the condign punishment of wrong-doers, the enforcement of law, and the preservation of social order. I deem government, in spite of its worst abuses, an ordinance of God for the good of mankind; nor can I, as a peace man, hold any doctrines incompatible in my view with its just and necessary powers over its own subjects. I condemn *only* THE GREAT DUEL OF NATIONS.

G. C. B.

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INTRODUCTION.

PEACE is no new theme. Ancient prophets foretold it as one of the peculiar glories of Messiah's reign; and the angels, sent to announce his advent, sang over his manger-cradle, *Glory to God in the highest and on earth* PEACE, *good will to men!* Peace was thus the birth-song of Christianity; and its principles, fully embodied by our Saviour in his sermon on the mount, and thickly scattered through the New Testament, were so strictly put in practice by the early Christians, that not a few of them went to the stake rather than bear arms. The church, however, relapsed into a deep, protracted degeneracy on this subject, as on many others; and for more than a thousand years after her fatal union with the state under Constantine in the fourth century, did she lend her sanction to the custom of war with scarce a thought of its glaring contrariety to her religion of peace. Still she was not entirely without witnesses on this point; for the Waldenses bore their testimony in the very midnight of the dark ages, and Erasmus, the day-star of the Reformation and of Modern Literature, wrote in behalf of peace with an eloquence worthy of the first scholar of the world. We know too well how little his voice was heeded by the warring Christians of

that age; but the seed sown by his hand has begun, in the present century, to spring up more or less among Christians of every name, and to promise in due time a rich and glorious harvest.

Every one knows the noble testimonies borne against war by George Fox, William Penn, and their followers for the last two centuries; but it was not till near the downfall of Napoleon, and the consequent pacification of Europe, that any general or effective efforts were made for the specific purpose of abolishing this custom. David L. Dodge, a pious, philanthropic merchant of New-York, was the real pioneer of these efforts in America. He began his labors before the commencement, in 1812, of our last war with England, but delayed any formal public organization until several months after the close of that war, when in August, 1815, there was formed in the city of New-York the first Peace Society of modern times. The first effectual appeal to the public at large, however, was made by Noah Worcester in his *Solemn Review of the Custom of War*, published in December, 1814, and followed the next December by the Massachusetts Peace Society, and by the London Peace Society in June, 1816; societies that ever since have in one form or another sustained the cause through the world. This concert among the friends of peace in the two hemispheres, was without any knowledge at the time of each other's movements or designs, and thus gave striking proof that the hand of an all-controlling providence was at work to call forth and concentrate the benevolent energies of Christendom for the removal of this terrible scourge. Similar societies were in time multiplied. The American Peace Society, as a bond of union among the friends of peace through the United States, was organized in 1828 under the auspices of its venerable founder,

WILLIAM LADD; and kindred efforts have been made, not only in various parts of the British empire, but in France, Switzerland, and other portions of Christendom.

The object of this movement should be distinctly understood at the outset. It aims merely *to abolish the specific, well-defined custom of international war.* All the relations among men may be resolved into the relation of individuals to one another, the relation of individuals to society or government, and the relation of one society or government to another. The principles of peace may be applicable, more or less, to all these relations; but the cause of peace is restricted to the latter class, those between governments alone, and aims solely at such an application of the gospel to the intercourse of nations, as shall put an end to the practice of settling their disputes by the sword. When this shall have been accomplished, a vast deal more will doubtless remain to be done; but the associated friends of peace will then have fulfilled their specific mission.

This view of peace relieves it from a variety of extraneous questions. If our only province is the intercourse of nations, and our sole object the abolition of war between them, then have we nothing to do with capital punishments, or the right of personal self-defence, or the strict inviolability of human life, or the question whether the gospel allows the application of physical force to the government of states, schools and families. All these are grave questions, but come not within our province. We go merely against war; and war is defined by our best lexicographers to be "a contest by force between nations." It is such a conflict between governments alone; and hence, neither a parent chastising his child, nor a teacher punishing his pupil, nor a father

defending his family against a midnight assassin, nor a traveller resisting by force a highway robber, nor a ruler inflicting the penalties of law upon a sentenced criminal, can properly be called war, because the parties are not nations alone, but either individuals, or individuals and government. The cause of peace is not encumbered with such cases, but confines itself to the single purpose of abolishing the custom of war.

For the accomplishment of this purpose, there is *need of specific, associated efforts.* The object itself is sufficiently distinct; as much so as that of temperance, or missions, or any other benevolent enterprise. It is, also, important enough to justify and require such efforts. It is tributary to the highest interests of mankind, fraught with the weal or the woe of our whole race for time and eternity. It is difficult to conceive an enterprise aiming to prevent more evil, or to secure a greater amount of good; and surely an object so immeasuraby important may rightly demand the special, associated efforts of good men. In no other way can it ever be accomplished; for the evil will no more cure itself than would the slave-trade, or intemperance, or paganism, or any other evil wrought into the web and woof of a world's habits for five thousand years. A delusion so long cherished, and fortified by so many and so powerful influences, can be dislodged from the general mind only by specific, concentrated and long-continued efforts. The evil itself is specific; Christianity has provided a specific remedy; and of this remedy, Christians must make a direct, specific application, before they can expect a thorough cure of the war-gangrene festering for so many ages on the bosom of universal humanity. We need this reform, also, to clear the skirts of Christians themselves from the guilt of war, to exhibit our religion

of peace in its original purity, and thus pave the way for the world's speedy conversion; nor can we doubt that the extinction of war through Christendom would operate as life from the dead to the church, and prove the harbinger of her millennial triumphs and glories.

This cause, moreover, requires the cordial union of all its friends. They all believe that war ought to be abolished, but reach this conclusion by different modes of reasoning. A very few assert the unlawfulness of all physical force, and deny the right of one man to punish, coerce or even rule another; —positions to which no peace society has ever been committed, which our own has always regarded as foreign to its object, and which most men would deem subversive of all human government and all social order. Others, assuming the strict inviola bility of human life, oppose war mainly as a whole sale violation of this simple, comprehensive principle;—a principle adopted by a small portion of the friends of peace, but never recognized as the basis of our cause; a principle involving of course the abolition of all death-penalties, and extremely difficult, if not impossible, to be reconciled with the safety or legitimate functions of government. A third class, far outnumbering both the former, discard this principle, yet deem all war contrary to the gospel; while a fourth class, more numerous than all the foregoing, think it right for nations to draw the sword in strict self-defence, that is, when their only alternative is to kill or be killed, yet hold the *custom itself* in deep abhorrence, and sincerely desire its abolition. We wish to unite all these classes of peace men, unless perhaps the first one be too small to be noticed; and we would fain unite them by constructing a platform on which they can all con-

sistently work together for their common purpose, the abolition of war. On this point they perfectly agree; and, since their object is the same, we would let them all labor for it, each in his own way, without making one responsible for the views of another.

Let us see on what terms the friends of other causes have united. They have required, not perfect uniformity of views, but only cordial, active co-operation for the attainment of their common object. If a man would from *any* motives unite with them in putting an end to the slave-trade or intemperance, he was welcomed as a coadjutor, and left to take such views, and urge such arguments, as he himself felt most, and therefore thought likely to make the best impression upon others. Every cast of mind was to be met; and hence all were not only permitted, but desired to press each his own favorite arguments upon men of kindred stamp.

Here is sound good sense; nor do we see why it should not be applied to peace, and all its professed friends be allowed to retain their present views, and still co-operate, if they will, for their common object. There are points of coincidence between them sufficient for this purpose. They are one in their desires for the abolition of war; they agree in most of their views touching peace, and differ only on one or two points; they would, in laboring for their common cause, use essentially the same means; and the diversity in their modes of exhibiting the subject, is in fact necessary to reach with the best effect all the variety of minds that we wish to enlist.

The cause of peace, then, ought to be prosecuted with the same liberality as other enterprises, and all its friends be permitted, without rebuke or suspicion, to promote it in such ways as they respectively prefer. The test should be, not the belief of this or that dogma, but *a willingness to co-operate for*

the entir abolition of war; and all that will do this and just as far as they do it, should be regarded as friends of peace. If any doctrine be required as a test, let it be the broad principle on which the first General Peace Convention in London (1843) was constituted, viz., *that war is inconsistent with Christianity, and the true interests of mankind.* We grant that this language is indefinite, allowing a pretty free play of the pendulum; but this is just what we want in order to meet the diversity of opinion among the friends of peace. We can *make* it express the belief of *all* war unchristian; but it *pledges* us only to a condemnation of the custom. To this principle there can be no objection from any one willing to labor for the abolition of war; and hence the test of principle would in fact be the very test of action on which alone we insist. We ask men to abolish war; and, if they gird themselves in earnest for this work, we would let them do it in their own way, nor quarrel with them about their motives.

Any other course must clog our cause with a variety of superfluous issues. Let me suppose you arguing against the slave-trade. Not satisfied with proving it wrong, you try to bring it under the condemnation of some general principle applicable to a hundred other things—the principle, if you please, that all love of money, or all physical coercion of men, both of which are so deeply concerned in that trade, is unchristian. Your antagonist readily admits the *traffic* itself to be wrong, but joins issue on your general principle, and thus compels you to waste nearly all your strength upon what is not essential to your purpose. Were you endeavoring to abolish duelling, would you first establish the principle, that self-defence, or the taking of human life in any case, or all use of brute force,

is unchristian, and then forbid the co-operation of any that did not embrace one or all of these principles? True, if you prove either, you condemn duelling; but if neither is true, that practice may still be utterly wrong. So in peace. I prove it just as wrong for nations to fight as it is for individuals; but a stickler for simplification, presses me to know on what *principle* I condemn war. 'Principle! Why, I have just adduced a dozen in the shape of so many arguments against it.' "But on what *one* in particular do you deem it wrong? What is your stand-point?" If in reply I say, that human life is inviolable, or that the gospel discards all physical force, or forbids my injuring another for my own benefit, he starts at once a new trail of objections, not against my sole aim of abolishing war, but against my principle as applicable in his view to something else which he thinks right. He says it condemns capital punishment, and even subverts all human government; and thus he leads me away from my sole object into disputes which have little or no connection with peace. If you prove human life inviolable, or all use of brute force unchristian, you certainly condemn war; but is it wrong on no other grounds? If it is, then let all that choose, discard it on those grounds, nor insist that they shall argue against it only in your own favorite way.

We plead, then, for the cordial, zealous co-operation of *all* peace-men, and would fain take away from every friend of God or man the last shred of excuse for refusing to co-operate. Associated solely for the abolition of international war, they should be pledged only to that end, and allowed to retain each his own opinions, and to labor for their common object in such ways as they respectively prefer, without insisting upon any other basis of co-opera-

tion than the belief, that war, being inconsistent with Christianity, and the true interests of mankind, ought to be abolished. Such a course would remove not a few obstructions, conciliate a much larger number of co-workers, and pave the way for a speedier and more glorious triumph.

The time has come for a much more extensive rally in behalf of this cause than has ever yet been attempted. It is the grand interest of the world; and its claims we would urge upon every friend whether of God or man. We should spread our sails for every breeze that may waft us sooner into the port of universal and permanent peace. We should press into our service every possible auxiliary. We need and may secure all the good influences of the world; and, should we make our platform broad enough to include all that are really desirous, from any motives, of putting an end to the time-hallowed tyranny of the sword, we might ere-long rally for its utter abolition every well-wisher to mankind.

It is by a very simple process we hope under God to reach this glorious result. Public opinion in the long run governs the world; and if we can once revolutionize the war-sentiments of mankind, and bring the custom under their universal ban, it must of necessity cease everywhere. It exists solely because they choose it; and, when nations shall all discard it as the arbiter of their disputes, or the instrument of their ambition, cupidity or vengeance, it will of course vanish from the earth like darkness before the rising sun, and give place to rational, peaceful methods, such as stipulated arbitration, or a congress of nations, more effectual for all purposes of protection or redress, than the sword ever was, or ever can be. We propose to supersede the alleged necessity of war, by the adop-

tion of feasible, effective and satisfactory substitutes.

TESTIMONIES TO PEACE.

"AMERICA," says the Rev. Mr. JEFFRIES, a distinguished English Missionary in India, "has the honor of inventing two of the most valuable institutions that ever blessed mankind,—the Peace Society, and the Temperance Society; and, if every American viewed them as I do, *he would join them immediately.*" Dr. REED, of London, describes this cause as "a field worthy of the church, worthy of angels," and calls upon Christians to "glorify their religion by banding together as an army of pacificators."

JUDSON, the Apostle of Burmah, says, "I hail the establishment of peace societies as one of the most auspicious signs of the present eventful era, and regard them as combining with Bible and Missionary societies to form that threefold cord which will ultimately bind all the families of man in universal peace and love. Since war has been universally advocated and applauded, it appears to me that it is not optional with any to remain neutral or silent on this great question; since, thus remaining, they must be considered as belonging of course to the war party. Notwithstanding, therefore, I am a missionary, I have determined to make whatever efforts are necessary to comply with the dictates of conscience, and wash my hands of the blood that is shed in war. I regret that I have so long delayed to enter my protest against this practice by some overt act; a measure which appears, in the present state of things, *the indispensable duty of every Christian.*"

Ecclesiastical bodies, representing nearly every

Christian denomination in our country, have borne their testimony to this cause,—Congregationalists, both Unitarian and Orthodox, Baptists, Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, Methodists, Free-will Baptists, and Christians. They "commend this cause to the Christian community as worthy of a place among the benevolent enterprises of the age," and regard "the American Peace Society as eminently entitled to the cordial coöperation and support of all the churches of Christ." They deem it "the duty of ministers to preach in favor of the cause of peace as a prominent part of the gospel, and of Christians to pray for the spread of peace through the world." They think, also, "that the subject of peace, being in its strictly evangelical principles and bearings a part of the gospel, ought to be discussed in the pulpit on the Sabbath, just like the other principles of the Bible;" and that "ministers should continue to preach, Christians to pray, and *all* to contribute in favor of universal and permanent peace."

"Much may be done," says CHALMERS, "to accelerate the advent of perpetual and universal peace, by a distinct body of men embarking their every talent, and their every acquirement in the prosecution of this as a distinct object. This was the way in which the British public were gained over to the cause of Africa. This is the way in which some of the other prophecies of the Bible are at this moment hastening to their accomplishment; and it is in this way, I apprehend, that the prophecy of peace may be indebted for its speedier fulfilment to the agency of men selecting this as the assigned field on which their philanthropy shall expatiate. Were each individual member of such a scheme to prosecute his own walk, and come forward with his own peculiar contribution, the fruit of the united labors of all

would be one of the finest collections of Christian eloquence, and of enlightened morals, and of sound political philosophy, that ever was presented to the world. I could not fasten on another cause more fitted to call forth such a variety of talent, and to rally around it so many of the generous and accomplished sons of humanity, and to give each of them a devotedness and a power far beyond whatever could be sent into the hearts of enthusiasts by the mere impulse of literary ambition."

"It is high time," says JOHN ANGELL JAMES, "for the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus to study the genius of their religion. A hatred of war is an *essential* feature of practical Christianity; and it is a shame upon what is called the Christian world, that it has not long since borne universal and indignant testimony against that enormous evil which still rages not merely among savages, but among scholars, philosophers, Christians and divines. Real Christians should come out from the world on this subject, and touch not the unclean thing. Let them *act* upon their own principles, and become not only the friends but the advocates of peace. *Let ministers from the pulpit, writers from the press, and private Christians in their intercourse with each other and the world, inculcate a fixed and irreconcilable abhorrence of war.* LET THE CHURCH OF GOD BE A SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF UNIVERSAL PEACE."

"Would to God," exclaims Bishop WATSON, "that the spirit of the Christian religion would exert its influence over the hearts of individuals in their public capacity, as much as, we trust, it does over their conduct in private life! Then there would be no war. When the spirit of Christianity shall exert its proper influence over the minds of individuals, and especially over the minds of public men in their

public capacities, war will cease throughout the Christian world."

"War," said the sainted PAYSON, "is surrounded by a deceitful lustre. The monster, unveiled in all his deformity, is seen steeped from head to foot in human gore, gorging his insatiable maw with the yet quivering limbs of mangled victims, and feasting his ears with the wailings of disconsolate widows and helpless orphans; while the flash of cannon, the glare of bombs, and the red blaze of cities wrapt in conflagration, furnish the only light which illuminates his horrid banquet. Such is the idol whom the votaries of war adore; such is the Moloch on whose altars men have exultingly sacrificed, not hecatombs of beasts, but millions of their fellow creatures; on whose blood-thirsty worshippers beauty has lavished her smiles, and genius its eulogies; whose horrid triumphs, fit only to be celebrated in the infernal world, painters and sculptors, poets and historians, have combined to surround with a blaze of immortal glory.

But let the monster's hideous form be exposed in its true colors; and it will be an honor to Christianity, a powerful argument in her favor, to be known as his most decided and successful foe. To accomplish this work, to place before men in naked deformity the idol they have so long ignorantly worshipped in disguise, and thus turn against him the powerful current of public opinion, is the great object of the associated friends of peace. Nor is it easy to conceive how *any one* who believes the Scriptures, and professes to be the disciple of the Prince of Peace, or a friend to the human race, *can justify himself in withholding his aid from a cause so evidently the cause of God.* Who would not wish to share this honor? After the glorious victory shall have been won, after wars shall have been made to cease

under the whole heaven, who will not then wish to have been among the few that first unfurled the consecrated banner of peace?"

We might, also, multiply testimonies for peace from men of the world. "The very things," says SENECA, "which, if men had done them in their private capacity, they would expiate with their lives, we extol when perpetrated in regimentals at the bidding of a general. Enormities forbidden in private persons, are actually enjoined by legislatures, and every species of barbarity authorized by decrees of the senate, and votes of the people."

"War," says MACHIAVEL, "makes villains, and peace brings them to the gallows."

"How frightful," exclaims WASHINGTON, "is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword! It is time for knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end."

"War," says JEFFERSON, "is an instrument *entirely inefficient towards redressing wrong, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.* Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of their differences than force?"

"All wars," says FRANKLIN, "are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. *There never has been, nor ever will be, any such thing as* A GOOD WAR, OR A BAD PEACE. Better for mankind to settle their difficulties even by the cast of a die, than by fighting and destroying each other. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their difficulties by arbitration? We daily make great improvements in natural philosophy; there is one I wish to see in moral—the discovery of a plan that would induce and *oblige* nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats."

"I have been," says LOUIS BUONAPARTE, "as en-

thusiastic and joyous as any one else after victory; still I confess that even then the sight of a field of battle not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick. And now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but in striving, on the contrary, to destroy each other, as though time did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think, that war, and the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions, and false eloquence."

"What," asks CARLYLE, "is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty

stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway, the word 'fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.—Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governers had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still, as of old, 'what devilry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper.'"

"What a fine looking thing," says JERROLD, "is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it, what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform—Cain taking the sergeant's shilling?

"But, man of war! you are at length shrinking, withering like an aged giant. You are not now the feathered thing you were; the fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes; and that little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy, and the corroding ink, even whilst you look at your sword, and think it shines so brightly, is eating into it with a tooth of rust."

PART I.

PHYSICAL EVILS OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.

WASTE OF PROPERTY BY WAR.

War is the grand impoverisher of the world. In estimating its havoc of property, we must inquire not only how much it costs, and how much it destroys, but how far it prevents the acquisition of wealth; and a full answer to these three questions would exhibit an amount of waste beyond the power of any imagination adequately to conceive.

I. Consider, then, how *war prevents the accumulation of property.* Its mere uncertainties must operate as a very serious hindrance; for while everything is afloat, and no forecast can anticipate what changes may take place any month, men will not embark in those undertakings by which alone wealth is rapidly acquired. This cause alone, an invariable attendant upon war, is sufficient to paralyze the energies of business in all its departments.

Still worse, however, are the sudden changes of war. These discourage enterprise, defeat the best plans, and produce a vast multitude of failures. The mere dread of such changes must paralyze, more or less, every department of business, and cripple nearly all efforts for the acquisition of wealth.

Hence ensue a general derangement and stagna-

tion of business, which leave the main energies of a people, even if not absorbed in the war, to rust in idleness, or be frittered away in fruitless exertions. Enterprise is checked, because there is little reward or demand for its products. There is no foreign market for the fruits of agriculture; and land ceases to be tilled with care and success. There is no outlet for manufactures; and the shop and the factory are closed, or kept at work with little vigor and less profit. Intercourse between nations is almost suspended; and commerce stands still, vessels rot at the wharves, and sea-ports, once alive with the hum of business, are cut off from the principal sources of their wealth, and sink into speedy, perhaps irrecoverable decay. All the main-springs of national prosperity are broken, or crippled, or kept in operation at immense disadvantage. An incalculable amount of capital in money, and ships, and stores, and factories, and workshops, and machinery, and tools, and raw materials, and buildings, and inventions, and canals, and railways, and industry, and skill, and talent, is withdrawn from use, and for want of profitable employment, goes more or less to waste. How much is thus lost, it would be vain even to conjecture; but we should be safe in supposing that in these ways alone war might reduce for a time the value of a nation's entire property, from thirty to fifty per cent.!

But the most direct waste comes from the sudden withdrawal of men in the vigor of life. In such men are found the mines or laboratories of a nation's wealth; but what multitudes of these does the war system require for its support! The standing warriors of Europe are (1846) about three millions even in peace, and exceed four millions and a half in war. Not a few of these millions may have been the main-springs of business, and all of them must

possess an unusual share of strength for labor, since no others would be equal to the hardships of war; and the sudden abstraction of such men by thousands from every part of a country, and from every kind of employment. must paralyze the entire industry of a nation.

Still worse is the influence of war on the habits indispensable to the thrift of a people. It mars the character necessary for the acquisition of property. It renders them idle, dishonest and profligate. It destroys the habits needed to enrich a people, and introduces others fatally calculated to impoverish any country.

Such considerations we might pursue to almost any extent; but enough has been said to show, that all the enormous expenses of war would not equal the loss of property occasioned by such causes alone as we have here specified. Take an illustration. When our population was some fifteen or sixteen millions, the annual production of the United States was estimated at $1,400,000,000; and, if we suppose war to prevent only one-fifth of all this, the loss would be $280,000,000 a year! If our population were forty millions, the annual sacrifice would be about $700,000,000; and at only half this rate, the whole globe, with 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, would lose no less than $8,750,000,000 a year! Hardly credible; and yet the calculation is moderate, and may serve as a clue to the boundless waste of property by war, even in ways generally overlooked.

II. Glance next at *the incidental havoc of property by war.* Follow an army, savage or civilized; trace the course of the French in Russia or Portugal, setting fire, in one case, to every house for one hundred and fifty miles; look at even British troops in Spain or India, trampling down harvests, and burn-

ing villages, destroying towns, ravaging entire provinces, and pillaging city after city; and can you conceive the amount of property thus wasted?

We can ascertain more nearly, yet very imperfectly, *what is destroyed on the ocean.* Our own exports and imports range from two hundred to two hundred and forty millions of dollars a year; a still larger amount is interchanged along our immense coast; and no small part of both would be liable in war to be seized by our enemies. Since the close of our Revolution, we have been (1846) engaged in foreign war less than three years; but it would probably require some hundreds of millions to cover all the losses sustained in our commerce alone.

Another source of pecuniary loss is found in the *waste of life by war.* It takes men at the very age when their labor would be most productive, and shortens their life more than twenty years in war, and some ten or fifteen in peace! The statistics of mortality among men devoted to this work of blood, are truly startling. Soldiers, though generally young and vigorous, live on an average only about three years in war, and die even in peace twice as fast as galley slaves, and more rapidly than men ordinarily do at the age of fifty and sixty!

What a loss of property is here! Let us suppose it costs an average of $500 to raise a soldier, and reckon his labor for the ten years of his life shortened in peace, and twenty years in war, at $150 a year. If the standing armies of Europe are three millions in peace, she sustains, at this rate, a loss of $1,500,000.000 for their training, $450,000,000 a year for labor, and $4,500,000,000 for the shortening of their life ten years; an average in peace of $840,000,000 a year from this source alone!! Reduce these estimates one half, and you still have, even in peace, the enormous sacrifice of $420,000,000

a year. In a time of war, the armies of Europe, when full, are supposed to be some four millions and a half; but putting them in round numbers at four milions, the loss would be for their training $2,000,000,000, for their labor $600,000,000 a year, and for cutting short their life twenty years, $12,000,000,000; an average loss in war, if we suppose a soldier's life then to be only three years, of $5,266,000,000 a year!!

III. Look, now, at *the actual cost of war.* Even in peace, it is enormous. The amount of money wasted on fortifications and ships, on arms and ammunition, on monuments and other military demonstrations, it is impossible to calculate. France alone has more than 120 fortified places; the expense of the wall round Paris was estimated (1840) at 250,000,000 francs, or nearly $50,000,000; and a single triumphal arch in that city, only one among the hundreds scattered through Christendom, cost 10,000,000 francs. Go to Greenwich or Chelsea, and there see what immense sums are spent on England's diseased, crippled and worn-out servants of war. She has about 100,000 pensioners, nearly all the offspring of her war-system. Survey her grand arsenal at Woolwich, and imagine how many millions have been wasted on its 27,000 cannons, and its hundreds of thousands of small arms. Millions of dollars have been expended on some single forts in our own country; and a hundred millions more would not suffice to complete and fully arm the whole circle of fortifications demanded for our defense. The single arsenal at Springfield, contains muskets alone to the value of $3,000,000; upon the Military Academy at West Point, we have (1846) already squandered more than $4,000,000; and in our Navy Yard at Charlestown are sunk nearly five millions more! The average cost to us of a

line-of-battle ship is $830,000, though some of ours have absorbed in construction and repairs more than a million each; and the war ships of all Christendom probably amount to some 2,000, the cost of which, at an average of half a million each, would be $1,000,000,000 in all. Merely to keep the materiel or instruments of war in full repair, must cost Christendom nearly $100,000,000 a year.

Still more expensive, however, is the maintenance of warriors even in peace. Thiers, the distinguished historian of France, reckons the expense of supporting a soldier to be in Austria about $130, in France $146, in Prussia nearly $200, in England still greater; an average through Christendom of at least $150 a year. The whole number of standing warriors in Christendom, cannot be less than 3,000,000 in peace. The army of Spain has been 120,000; that of England 100,000, with the addition of 200,000 in war; that of France from 350,000 to 400,000, in 1840 even 900,000; that of Austria 750,000 in war, probably not less than 400,000 in peace; that of Russia 850,000 in peace, and reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000. These 3,000,000, at $150 each, would require $450,000,000 a year for their sustenance; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and awarding to each of the latter an English shilling a day, or $87 a year for wages, and to the former an average salary of $500 a year, or less than six shillings a day, we should have, for the pay of the whole, no less than $385,000,000 a year, or a grand total, for both sustenance and pay, of $335,000,000!

Few suspect how much our own country spends for war even in peace. When our population was about fifteen millions, Judge JAY reckoned "the yearly aggregate expense of our militia not much if any short of fifty millions;" and besides all this,

no less than 80 per cent. of all our national expenditures have for years been for war purposes alone. These expenditures have been growing more and more prodigal. Under Washington's administration, they were for the army and navy less than $11,000,000 in eight years, or $1,365,000 a year; while those of the eight years preceding 1844, reached nearly $164,000,000, or $20,417,000 a year; an increase of 1500 per cent. in war expenses, against an increase of some 400 per cent. in population! In 1817 our war expenses were about nine times as large as those for all other purposes, and in 1832, seventeen times as great as for all civil offices. From 1791 to 1832, a period of forty-one years, the aggregate of our expenditures, with some two years and a half of actual war, was $342,250,891; and of this sum at least eight-ninths were for war-purposes, and merely $37,158,047, or about one twenty-third part of the whole, for civil offices; one dollar for the support of civil government, to twenty-three dollars for war! During our revolutionary struggle, we borrowed of France $7,962,959, expended from our own resources $135,193,703, and issued of paper money $359,547,027; in all, $502,703,689, besides an indefinite amount of contributions from individuals and states. From 1816 to 1834, eighteen years, our national expenses amounted to $463,915,756; and of this sum, nearly four hundred millions went for war, and only sixty-four millions for all other objects! Here we have, even in peace, twenty-two millions a year for war, and about three millions and a half, less than one-sixth of the whole, for the peaceful operations of our government!

But look at the direct expenses of war. A single first-rate ship of the line is supposed to cost us, in active service, full half a million of dollars a year;

and the expense of every gun in our navy averages, even in peace, some $15,000 a year. The pay of officers alone amounts to a very large sum. A captain in the navy has $4,500 a year in service, and $3,500 when off duty, or doing nothing; and we have for every ship nearly three captains, five lieutenants, and eight midshipmen, with salaries ranging from $4,500 to $600. For 68 ships, we had, two or three years ago, 1552 officers; about 23 to each ship, with an average salary of some $1500; and, consequently, about $35,000 for the officers alone. The cost of merely officering 45 ships in actual service was found, at one time, to average some $45,000 for each ship; and there was more than one officer to every gun, with a salary of $1300 a year! Should any of these men be disabled, they would of course retire on a pension, thus charging the government with their support through life—a favor shown only to men of blood; and the appropriations made by Congress for such pensioners in 1844, more than sixty years after the close of our revolutionary war, amounted to nearly a million of dollars ($958,000). In England it is still worse. Her navy consists of nearly 600 ships, with an average of two admirals to every ship of the line, upon a salary varying from $10,000 to $5,000. The pay of some single field officers exceeds $30,000 a year; and Wellington alone has received for military services about $11,000,000 in all!

Look at the actual cost of some wars. From 1688 to 1815, a period of 127 years, she spent 65 in war—three more than in peace. The war of 1688 continued nine years, and increased her expenditures $180,000,000. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, and absorbed in eleven years more than $300,000,000. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, which cost in nine years $270,000,000.

Then came the seven years' war of 1756, in the course of which England spent $560,000,000. The next was the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years, and cost $680,000,000. The French Revolutionary war of nine years from 1793, occasioned an expenditure of $2,320,000,000. During the war against Bonaparte from 1803 to 1815, England raised by taxes $3,855,000,000, and by loans $1,940,000,000; in all, $5,795,000,00, or an average of $1,323,082 every day! From 1797 to 1817, 20 years, England borrowed $2,160,000,000, and raised by taxes $6,192,866,066; in all, $8,352,866,066, or an average for the twenty years of $1,143,444 every day, and more than a million of this for war! During ninety days, before and after the battle of Waterloo, she is supposed to have spent an average of about five millions a day! During seven wars, lasting in all sixty-five years, she borrowed $4,170,000,000, and raised by taxes $5,949,000,000; making a total expenditure of $10,115,000,000! It has been estimated, that England spent about ten thousand millions in wars undertaken first to humble the Bourbons, and then to restore them to the throne which Napoleon had usurped. The wars of all Europe from 1793 to 1815, twenty-two years, cost some $15,000,000,000, and probably wasted full twice as much more in other ways, thus making a grand total of more than forty thousand millions of dollars!

No wonder that war has loaded the Old World with enormous debts. Their exact amount it is impossible to ascertain; but of England's war-debt we subjoin a brief tabular history:

1660—1689.	Debt contracted under Charles II. and James II., ...	$3,300,000
1689—1697.	Contracted in the Revolution under William III., ...	105,000,000

1702—1713.	In the war of the Spanish Succession under Anne,	187,500,000
	Total Debt in 1713,	270,000,000
1739—1748.	In the war with Spain, and the Austrian Succession,	157,500,000
1756—1763.	In the Seven Years' War,	357,500,000
	Total Debt in 1763,	732,500,000
1775—1783.	In the American War,	515,000,000
	Total Debt in 1783,	1,195,000,000
1793—1802.	In the war of the French Revolution,	1,460,000,000
	Total Debt in 1802,	2,630,000,000
1803—1815.	In the peace of 1802-3, and war with Napoleon,	1,695,000,000
	Total Debt in 1815,	4,325,000,000
	Total Debt in 1838,	3,960,000,000

When we remember that the mere interest and management of this debt require about $140,000,000 a year, besides all the current expenses for her army, and navy, and civil list, we are prepared for Sydney Smith's graphic sketch of England's taxation:—"Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes upon everything on the earth, and in the waters under the earth; taxes on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, and upon every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride. Taxes we never escape; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, upon a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two

per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and then he is gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

The condition of Holland is still worse. In 1840 her debt was 800,000,000 German dollars; an average of $266 to each inhabitant. Her solvency is very doubtful; for her expenses since 1830 have almost invariably exceeded her income. The Dutch have tried every expedient to extricate themselves, reducing the perquisites of royalty so low as to make their king little more than a burgomaster, and paring down their protective duties so as to secure the largest possible amount of revenue; yet, after all, bankruptcy is staring them in the face. What a catastrophe for a nation that once stood at the head of the commerce of the world!

Europe, as a whole, has of late been gradually paying off her war debts; but in 1840, they amounted to some TEN THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS; an average of about fifty dollars to every inhabitant; the bare interest upon which, at five per cent., would be $500,000,000 a year. The annual cost of her war-system to all Christendom, including interest on her war-debts, cannot fall much short of $1,000,000,000.

What a maelstrom of the world's wealth has war been! Give back all the property it has wasted from the first, and the interest alone would suffice, ere long to make the whole earth a second Eden; to build a palace for every one of her nobles, and provide luxuries for all her now famished and suffering

poor; to spread over her entire surface a complete network of canals and railways; to beautify every one of her cities, beyond all ancient or modern example, with works of art and genius; to support all her governments, and give a church to every village, a school to every neighborhood, and a Bible to every family. "Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth, and will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; I will establish a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace, and will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven." There is no end to calculations like these. All the contributions of modern benevolence are scarce a drop of the bucket in comparison with what is continually wasted for war-purposes. We stared at the first suggestion of a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but a single year's cost of the war-system to Christendom would build that road, and two more round the globe!

CHAPTER II.

LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.

THE chief aim of war is the destruction of human life; and, in order to ascertain how far it accomplishes this fell purpose, we must consider, first, how it prevents the increase of mankind, and, next, how it actually destroys them.

We cannot dwell on the thousand ways in which war prevents the salutary growth of our species. The general poverty which it creates, must tend to hold back the mass of the community from marriage. Virtue is the chief nurse of population; but this custom is a hot-bed of vice and crime. It reeks with licentiousness; and every one knows that such habits in a community are fatal to the increase of its members, and often suffice alone to insure, as in the South-Sea Islands, a steady and rapid diminution. Its stern exigencies forbid in most cases the marriage of its agents; and the great body of them become reckless libertines, whose intrigues debauch more or less every community they visit. There is no record of their countless victims; but the effect in war-countries is seen in the fact, that in Paris every third child is a bastard. In some European countries, no man is permitted to marry until he has served in the army a long term of years; and during this time, the common soldiers indulge in the loosest debaucheries, and the officers live on a species of tolerated concubinage. Hence ensues such a general relaxation of morals and domestic ties, as must greatly diminish the number of law-

ful marriages, and the growth of a legitimate and virtuous population.

The general result you may see in war countries, compared with those which have pursued a pacific policy. Such has been our own policy; and in fifty years we have quadrupled our population. Such has been the policy of China; and, with a territory equal to little more than one-third of Europe, she has more than one third of all the people on the globe. While our own population was doubling every quarter of a century, that of Europe, according to Adam Smith, was increasing at a rate so slow as hardly to reach the same result in five hundred years; but since the downfall of Napoleon, the inhabitants of Prussia have been doubling in 26 years, those of Great Britain in 42, those of Russia in 66, and those of France in 105. During this period of general peace, (1846,) the population of Europe, with the exception of Spain and Portugal rent with civil wars, has probably increased more than in any two centuries before for a thousand years. The sum total of prevention from war, we cannot of course estimate or even conjecture; but, had this custom never existed, there might hitherto have been full twice as many human beings on the globe, with four times the amount of happiness.

War also introduces a variety of customs destructive to life. It has written the code of even some Christian states in blood. In England itself there were, in the time of Blackstone, no less than 160 crimes punishable with death; and in the reign of Henry VIII., there perished by the hands of the executioner 72,000 persons! War, likewise, originated duelling, judicial combats, and other practices which have swept off immense multitudes. In certain departments of France, five, six, and even ten per cent. of all the deaths in the army have

some years been occasioned by duelling, that spawn of the war system!

But the *immediate* destruction of life by war, is vast and appalling. Contemplate the thousands and millions of its agents—bold, blood-thirsty and reckless, trained with all possible skill to the trade of human butchery, armed for this purpose with instruments the most terribly effective, plying every art, and stretching every nerve to destroy mankind, and stimulated to desperation by the promise to success of the highest earthly rewards; and can you adequately conceive the havoc likely to ensue?

Mark the *incidental* loss of life. In transferring troops from one country to another, especially to sultry regions, statesmen coolly calculate on losing every third man! In certain climates, and under certain circumstances in every climate, it requires only a few brief years or even months of hardship, exposure and disease, to annihilate whole crews or regiments without shedding a drop of blood.

Let us quote a single instance of the fatal effect of climate. "The climate," says Lord Collingwood, "was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects. At San Juan," near the Isthmus of Darien, "I joined the ship, and succeeded Lord Nelson, who was promoted to a larger ship; but he had received the infection of the climate before he went from the port, and had a fever from which he did not recover until he quitted his ship, and went to England. My constitution resisted many attacks, and I survived most of my ship's company, having buried, in four months, one hundred and eighty of the two hundred that composed it;" *a loss of ninety per cent. from the climate alone!* "Nor was mine a singular case; for *every ship that was long there, suffered in the same degree.* The transports' men *all* died; and some of the ships, having none left to

take care of them, sunk in the harbor. Transport ships, however, were not wanted; for the troops they had brought, were no more—they had fallen, not by the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate."

Deaths in the army and navy, from hardship or disease, are seldom reported; but take the case (1845) of a single British regiment in Scinde: "The wreck of this unhappy regiment arrived at Hyderabad on new-year's day. Only one man was able to walk; 96 men had died in ten days, and 70 in one week after their arrival: there were eighteen funerals in one day. Since the first of September, they had lost in all 557 men, women and children. Not one man in three of the survivors will ever be fit for field service in India. They will be sent home incurable invalids, or drop away one by one, so that of 1100 men on the roll in October, 1844, not 200 will remain in December, 1845." So rapid, says an English paper in 1842, is the waste of an army by other causes than the sword, that there now remain of one of the regiments that carried Napoleon to his tomb, only four men, though the corps then consisted of 1200.

The common usage, discipline and hardships of soldiers, prey upon them like murrain. It would seem impossible for them to survive some of their punishments that are not *designed* to take life; and multitudes die either by the process, or from its immediate effects. The ill treatment they receive, frequently drives them to suicide; and their scanty clothing, their unwholesome food, their unhealthy encampments, their want of shelter and bedding, their repose on the damp, cold, frozen earth, their exposures on duty, day and night, in all seasons, all weathers, and every clime, cannot fail to hurry countless multitudes to the grave.

How many perish from such causes, we cannot conjecture; but in the Russian campaign of 1812, so fatal was the effect of hunger and fatigue, exposure and disease, that of 22,000 Bavarians, though they had been in no action, only 11,000 lived to reach the Duna, and the very flower of the French and the allied armies perished. A division of the Russian forces, amounting to 120,000 at the commencement of the pursuit, could not, near Warsaw, muster 35,000; and a re-enforcement of 10,000, that had marched from Wilna, arrived with only 1500, of whom one half were the next day in the hospitals. Not a few companies were utterly annihilated, without a single stroke from the enemy!

But no record is kept of peaceful inhabitants who perish in every country where war rages. In Madrid and other cities of Spain, the French, in the days of Napoleon, forced their way into the houses of citizens, bayonetted all within that chanced to have arms, and stationed parties of cavalry at the different outlets of the town to cut off those who should try to escape. In Portugal they burnt villages and towns, butchered prisoners, and massacred without distinction all classes of society; and, in their retreat from that ill-fated country, they literally strewed the roads with the dead bodies of nobles and peasants, of women and children, and priests, all put to death like so many dogs. In the single province of La Vendée, there perished, in seven or eight months, 952,000 of the inhabitants, besides the loss of the Republicans; in all, more than 1,000,000.

Of such havoc it is impossible to form any estimate or conjecture; but we know that war has sometimes entirely depopulated immense districts. In modern as well as ancient times, large tracts have been left so utterly desolate, that a traveller

might pass from village to village, even from city to city, without finding a solitary inhabitant! The war of 1756, waged in the heart of Europe, left in one instance no less than twenty contiguous villages without a single man or beast! The Thirty Years' war, in the 17th century, reduced the population of Germany from twelve millions to four millions, three-fourths; and that of Wirtemburg from 500,000 to 48,000, more than nine-tenths! Thirty thousand villages were destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and over districts, once studded with towns and cities, there sprang up immense forests. In one ancient campaign, 50,000 laborers died of hunger; Hannibal alone, in sixteen years, plundered no less than four hundred towns; the barbarous invaders of the Roman Empire sometimes swept *all* the inhabitants from province after province; and some of the most notorious conquerors have, like Jenghiz-khan, waged wars of utter extermination, and butchered thousands and millions of unarmed men, women and children, in cold blood.

Let us quote the testimony of an eminent reviewer: "The levies of soldiers in France, during her late wars, exceeded four millions; and not less than three millions of these, on the lowest calculation, perished in the field, the hospital, or the bivouac. If to these we add, as we unquestionably must, at least an equal number out of the ranks of their antagonists, it is clear that not less than six millions of human beings, in the course of twenty years, perished by war in the very heart of civilized Europe, at the commencement of the nineteenth century. But even these stupendous numbers give us no adequate conception of the destruction of human life directly consequent on the wars of the revolution and the empire. We must add the thousands

who perished from want, outrage and exposure, and the hundreds of thousands who were subsequently swept away by the ravages of that pestilence which took its rise amid the retreat from Russia, and the crowded garrisons of the campaign of 1813, and for several years afterwards desolated in succession every country in Europe."

We can scarcely glance at the multitudes that perish in sieges and hospitals. In the latter alone nearly as many die as on the field of battle. Look at the havoc of sieges. In that of Londonderry, 1689, there perished more than 12,000 soldiers, besides a vast number of the inhabitants. During the siege of Paris, in the sixteenth century, the famine was so severe that mothers ate their own children, and 30,000 persons died of hunger alone. In the siege of Magdeburg, 1631, more than 5000 of the slain were thrown into the Elbe, to clear the streets, and a much greater number had been consumed in the flames; the victims of famine, disease and hardship could not be reckoned; but the sum total of the lost was estimated at 30,000. Such was the havoc of life at the storming of Belgrade, 1717, that "the Jews were compelled to throw into the Danube the bodies of 12,000 slain, merely to spare the trouble and expense of burying them." In the siege of Malplaquet in the north-east of France, 1709, there fell on both sides no less than 34,000 soldiers alone. The storming of Ismail by Suwarrow, 1790, cost 40,000 men. In the siege of Hamburgh, 1813, there perished 15,000 of the garrison, besides all the victims among the inhabitants, and the besieging army. In the siege of Mexico, more than 100,000 were slain in battle, and upwards of 50,000 more died from the infection of putrefying carcasses. The siege of Vienna sacrificed 70,000 lives, and that of Ostend 120,000. At the siege

of Acre, by the crusaders, 300,000 fell; ancient Carthage, containing 700,000 inhabitants, was so utterly destroyed, that not a single edifice was left standing; during the siege of Jerusalem, 1,100,000 persons perished, and during that of Troy, according to Burton, not less than 946,000 Trojans, and 870,000 Greeks; in all, 1,816,000 for a worthless courtesan!

Mark the havoc of single battles. At Durham, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidonhill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement, 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouth, 150,000; at Chalons, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone! The Moors in Spain, about the year 800, lost in one battle 70,000; in another, four centuries later, 180,000, besides 50,000 prisoners, and in a third, even 200,000. Still greater was the carnage in ancient times. At Cannæ, 70,000 fell. The Romans alone, in an engagement with the Cimbri and Teutones, lost 80,000. Marius slew, in one battle, 140,000 Gauls, and in another, 290,000. In the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, 110,000 were slain, and in that of Arbela, 300,000. Julius Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in a battle with the Usipetes, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion, he massacred more than 430,000 Germans, who "had crossed the Rhine with their herds, and flocks, and little ones, in quest of new settlements." The Old Testament records an instance, (2 Chron. xiii. 3–17,) where one side lost 500,000 lives!

It is difficult to conceive the havoc of ancient warfare. During a single war of the northern barbarians in Africa, no less than five millions, accord-

ing to Procopius, perished by the sword, famine and pestilence; and in the war of twenty years waged by Justinian against the barbarous hordes that poured into Italy, the Goths alone are supposed to have lost more than fifteen millions!

Look at two cases more. The army of Xerxes, according to Dr. Dick, "must have amounted to 5,283,320;" and, if the attendants were only one-third as great as common at the present day in Eastern countries, the sum total must have reached nearly six millions! Yet in one year this vast multitude was reduced to 300,000 fighting men; and of these only 3000 escaped destruction. During the thirteenth century arose Jenghiz-khan, and ravaged the heart of Asia. On the plains of Nessa, he shot 90,000 persons in cold blood. At the storming of Kharasm, he massacred 200,000, and sold 100,000 for slaves. In the district of Herat, he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000. During the last twenty-seven years of his long reign, he is said to have massacred more than half a million every year; and in the first fourteen years, he is supposed by Chinese historians to have destroyed not less than eighteen millions; a sum total of 32,000,000 human beings sacrificed in forty-one years by a single hand on the Moloch shrine of war!

Do you ask, now, for an epitome of the havoc war has made of human life? In the Russian campaign there perished in less than six months nearly half a million of French alone, and perhaps as many more of their enemies. Napoleon's wars sacrificed full six millions, and all the wars consequent on the French Revolution, some nine or ten millions. The Spaniards are said to have destroyed in forty-two years more than twelve millions of American Indians. The wars in the time of Sesostris

cost 15,000,000 lives; those of Semiramis, Cyrus and Alexander, 10,000,000 each; those of Alexander's successors, 20,000,000. Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; Jewish wars, 25,000,000; the wars of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000 in all; the wars of the Romans before Julius Cæsar, 60,000,000; the wars of the Roman Empire, of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; the wars of the Reformation, 30,000,000; those of the Middle Ages, and the nine Crusades in two centuries, 40,000,000 each; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000; those of Africa, 100,000,000! "If we take into consideration," says the learned Dr. Dick, "the number not only of those who have fallen in battle, but of those who have perished through the natural consequences of war, it will not perhaps be overrating the destruction of human life, if we affirm, that *one-tenth* of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war; and, according to this estimate, more than *fourteen thousand millions* of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world." Edmund Burke went still further, and reckoned the sum total of its ravages from the first, at no less than THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILLIONS!!

CHAPTER III.

PERSONAL SUFFERINGS FROM WAR.

SECTION I

GENERAL TREATMENT OF WARRIORS.

War begins its work of cruelty and outrage with its own agents. Think of the violence practised in procuring seamen and soldiers. Where the war-spirit is predominant, they are forced into the army and navy at the pleasure of their rulers, and doomed to all the hardships, perils and sufferings of war, with little or no hope of release till death. Just imagine the process of manning a fleet or an army. In some countries, they call first for volunteers; yet most of these are obtained by false representations, or the use of intoxicating drinks. The beardless boy, the thriftless husband, the reckless, desperate adventurer, bereft of reason by the maddening bowl, are coaxed to the fatal pledge, and then hurried away from home and friends to the camp or the war-ship, and forced into the work of human butchery as the business of their life. Most commonly, however, the ranks of war are filled by some species of compulsion. In England press-gangs, in a time of war, prowl around every sea-port, to seize on any seaman, if not upon any landsman, they may chance to find, and drag him, handcuffed and manacled, on board some war-ship. Not a poor man in the British empire is safe from this species of outrageous oppression; and yet has the practice been continued for so many ages as now to form a part of

the common law of the land, and to be justified not only by popular leaders in Parliament, but by grave, upright judges, the brightest luminaries of English law, as indispensable to her war-system. On the continent of Europe, conscription is the usual process. Every monarch there claims the right to force into his service every well-formed man in his dominions; and so far did Frederic the Great carry this species of tyranny, that it became hazardous for any able-bodied man to travel in Prussia, and even some foreigners of distinction were dragged into his army without reparation or apology.

One mode of procuring seamen in the United States is called *crimping*. 'The crimp persuades the seaman by fine stories to ship, tells him he will have three months' advance, gets his name affixed to the articles, and, if he is what is called a green hand, induces him to go on board the ship for the purpose of just looking at her. While there, the crimp produces a certificate of his having entered at the rendezvous; and the poor fellow is not permitted again to go on shore. His decoyer then brings against him a bill amounting to nearly or quite the whole of his three months' advance. This result is generally reached through the intoxicating bowl, a vile decoction of rum and sugar, mixed sometimes with opium or some other drug, that produces a drunken sleep, and in that state the recruits are frequently carried on board.'

Do you know how soldiers are generally treated? They are subjected to the most iron-hearted despotism on earth; to a bondage far worse than that of a Turkish peasant, or a domestic slave. They are at the mercy of every superior, from the commander-in-chief down to the pettiest officer. They have little or no protection against hourly abuse, insult and violence, nor any adequate security for life

itself, against the lawless passions of officers seldom called to account in war for the worst treatment of soldiers. "It is generally understood," says a very competent witness, "that the word of a commanding officer is law. He can punish at will; his authority is well nigh absolute; for the process of redress for a common sailor, under any ordinary circumstances, by an appeal to a court-martial, would be so tardy and dubious, as hardly to be considered a qualification of the statement, that the system is one of unlimited despotism." "Desperation," says another, "seems to be the parent of many of those acts of insubordination which expose soldiers to punishment; and this desperation is apparently induced by the severe restraints to which they are subjected, joined with the painful conviction, that their sufferings can end only with their lives. Of this we have fearful evidence in the fact, that one death out of every twenty in the cavalry regiments (English) is from suicide."

Look at the provisions usually made for warriors. Go to a camp or a fleet, and there see human life rotting in masses into the grave. When seized with sickness, there is little or no care taken of them; no mother, wife or sister near to tend their couch; no pillow of down to ease their aching head; no escape from pinching cold, or scorching heat; no shelter from howling blasts, or drenching rains. Thus they "languish in tents, and ships, amid damps and putrefaction, pale, torpid, and spiritless; gasping and groaning unpitied among men rendered obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery, and are at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice or remembrance."

Glance, also, at their food, often provided by avaricious, unprincipled contractors with less care than a farmer ordinarily takes in feeding his swine!

It has been sometimes so intolerably bad as to be refused even by wretches dying with hunger; and an eminent physician once testified under oath before the British Parliament, that in the military hospitals of Aracan, "monstrous reptiles, engendered in the mass of *filth* which the soldiers had been *obliged* to take for food, were often seen crawling from the mouths of the sick!"

Let us select a specimen or two of the treatment of prisoners. 'Our numbers,' says one of the sufferers, a Frenchman in Spain, 'thinned rapidly on the way. Fatigue and insufficient provision rendered many incapable of rising to renew their march after a night's halt; and the dawn exhibited to us the stiffened limbs of such as death had released from further earthly trouble. The survivors were gaunt and emaciated; and frequently would a poor fellow drop to the ground in the extremity of weariness and despair. No effort was made to assist these sufferers; but they were either left behind to perish, or bayonetted on the spot. On our arrival at St. Lucar, we were thrown, some of us into prison-ships, and others into stinking casements. Here the extremity of our anguish exceeded all powers of description. With scarce strength enough to crawl to our detestable dungeons, many of us reached them only to lie down, and die broken-hearted; and the fare was so wretched as to be refused in many cases, even by men fainting with weariness, and famished with hunger. We were not only crowded together like cattle amidst vermin and pestilential effluvia, but treated with such unrelenting severity, that many of my companions sought refuge from their misery by plunging into the sea. When landed, at length, on the desolate island of Cabrera, we were exposed to every species of privation. Without shelter, or sufficient cloth-

ing, or a regular supply of food, we sometimes resorted to grass and dust to answer the wants of nature. A great many died; and we buried them immediately in the sea, under the horrible apprehension that, should their bodies remain before us, the savage longings of the cannibal would rise in our hearts. A cuirassier was in fact killed for food by a Pole, who was discovered and shot, confessing he had before done the same by two other comrades.'

SECTION II.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS

I would gladly excuse myself from a theme so painful and disgusting as this; but fidelity to truth requires me to give from eye-witnesses a few specimens of the barbarous and brutal severity with which soldiers are punished for the slightest offences.

'I have heard,' says the late William Ladd, 'the captain of a British man-of-war order one of his men to receive a dozen lashes for having on *blue* trowsers Sailors are subject every moment of their lives, not only to a torrent of imprecations and curses, but to the boatswain's cat-o'-nine-tails. The least complaint brings them to the gangway; and not unfrequently is a sailor sentenced to receive five hundred and even a thousand lashes, to be inflicted day after day as he may be able to bear them. He is attended at each whipping by a surgeon, to determine how much he can bear without immediate danger to life; and often does the flagellation proceed till the victim faints, and then he is respited

to renew his sufferings another day. This account I had from a British surgeon. I have often shuddered at the recital of the whippings through the fleet, the keel-hauling, the spread eagle, the gagging, the handcuffing, and other punishments inflicted on sailors who have been trepanned or forced into a service from which death is the only release.'

"I have been," says an American seaman, "several years in the service, and have served in three different ships; and I can truly say, I have seen quite as much flogging in a year on board the last ship, as there ever was on a southern plantation during the same space of time. I have seen seamen flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails until the blood ran down through their pantaloons, and formed little puddles on the ship's deck." John Randolph declared in Congress he had witnessed, in a few months, more flogging on board the man-of-war which carried him to Russia, than had taken place in ten years on his plantation, where there had been five hundred slaves.

"The worst species of punishment," says Leech, "is *flogging through the fleet*. After the offender is sentenced, he is conducted into the ship's launch—a large boat—which has been previously rigged up with poles and grating, to which he is seized up, and attended by the ship's surgeon, to decide when the power of nature's endurance has been taxed to its utmost. A boat from every ship in the fleet is also present, each carrying one or two officers, and two marines fully armed. These boats are connected by tow-lines to the launch. These preparations made, the crew of the victim's ship are ordered to man the rigging, while the boatswain commences the tragedy. When he has administered one, two or three dozen lashes, according to the number of ships in the fleet, the prisoner's shirt is thrown over his gory back; the boat-

swain returns on board, the hands are piped down, the drummer beats a mournful melody called the rogue's march, and the melancholy procession moves on. Arriving at the side of another ship, the brutal scene is repeated, until every crew in the fleet has witnessed it, and from one to three hundred lashes have lacerated the back of the broken-spirited tar to a bleeding pulp. He is then placed under the surgeon's care, to be fitted for duty—*a ruined man*—broken in spirit! all sense of self-respect gone forever! If he survive, it is only to be a hopeless wreck, a living, walking shadow of his former self."

Nor is the punishment of soldiers much less revolting. 'One day,' says Ladd, 'I was on parade when preparation was making for a kind of punishment called the *gauntlet*. All the soldiers in the regiment were placed in two ranks, facing each other, and about five feet apart. To each soldier was given a stick three feet long, or more. I could not bear to stay and witness the execution; but I was afterwards informed that the culprit, stripped naked to his waist, and his hands tied before him, was marched between the ranks, preceded by a soldier walking backwards with a bayonet at the sufferer's breast, to keep him from going too fast. In this way he was struck once by every soldier, officers going down on the outside of the ranks to see that each man did his duty! and, if any one was merely suspected of not laying on hard enough, he received over his own head a blow from the officer's cane. Sometimes the criminal has to retrace his steps; and, as a regiment consists of six hundred or a thousand men, and some German regiments of two thousand, he must receive from twelve hundred to two or even four thousand blows! The punishment often proves fatal; and to such a pitch of despair were those soldiers carried by their suffer-

ings, that many of them committed suicide, and one poor fellow shot himself near my lodgings.'

'Flogging is certainly a tremendous punishment. The delinquent is stripped to the waist, tied up by his hands, and then flogged with a whip having nine lashes, with three knots each, so that each stroks makes twenty-seven wounds; if a capital sentence is awarded, he receives nine hundred and ninety-nine of these stripes; and, at every twenty-five strokes, the drummer, who inflicts them, is changed, in order to insure a more energetic enforcement of the penalty. This punishment occurs very frequently in the English army, drunkenness and other acts of insubordination being often punished with from one to two hundred lashes.'

"One wintry morn," says another eye-witness, "when the bleak wind whistled along the ranks of a regiment paraded to see corporal punishment inflicted, every eye was turned in pity towards the delinquent"—his offence was drunkenness—"until the commanding officer, with stentorian lungs, cried out, 'Strip, sir.' The morning was so bitterly cold, that the mere exposure of a man's naked body was itself a severe punishment. When the offender was tied, or rather hung, up by the hands, his back, from intense cold and previous flogging, exhibited a complete black-and-blue appearance. On the first lash, the blood spirted out several yards; and, after he had received fifty, his back, from the neck to the waist, was one continued stream of blood. When taken down, he staggered, and fell to the ground. The poor man never looked up again; his prospects as a soldier were utterly destroyed; and so keenly did his degradation prey upon his spirits, that he at length shot himself in his barrack-room.'

I will now give a specimen from our own country. In 1814, a soldier was shot at Greenbush, New York,

for going thirty or forty miles from the camp, without leave, to visit his wife and three small children. After the usual preliminaries in such cases, his coffin, a box of rough pine boards, was borne before him on the shoulders of two men to the place of execution. He wore, as a winding-sheet, a white cotton gown, having over the place of his heart the black image of a heart, as a mark for the executioners to aim at. His countenance was as pale as his winding-sheet, and his whole frame trembled with agony. His grave was dug, the coffin placed by his side, and the deserter, with a cap drawn over his eyes, required to kneel upon the lid. At this signal, the eight soldiers, drawn by lot for the bloody deed, stepped forward within two rods of their victim; and, at another signal from the officer, all fired at the same instant. The miserable man, with a horrid scream, leaped from the earth, and fell between his coffin and his grave. The sergeant, to insure immediate death, shot him through the head, holding his musket so near that the cap took fire; and there the body lay, with the head sending forth the mingled fumes of burning cotton and hair. The soldiers, after passing close by the corpse in a line to let every one see for himself the fate of a deserter, marched back to the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! and all the officers were immediately invited to the quarters of the commander, and treated with grog!!

I will quote a recent case from England. "On the 29th of June, 1839, the Tower of London and its environs were thrown into great excitement by the flogging of two privates for *insulting non-commissioned officers!* One was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the other one hundred and fifty. The time chosen was ten o'clock; the place the most public in the Tower.

The first man brought out, was a fine young man, named Jarman, whose crime was insulting his sergeant. He was secured to the halberts by thin cords, which severely cut his flesh; and the dreadful and beastly infliction commenced. He received his punishment without uttering a word or a groan, although the punishment was unusually severe, the drummers being changed every ten lashes, instead of twenty-five as heretofore, and the cat, the instrument of punishment, very heavy. After he had received the hundred lashes, or nine hundred stripes, his back presented a mangled appearance, and the blood poured down his person.

"As soon as the first man left the square, the second man, Slade, a much slighter person than the other, was called to the front. He was sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty lashes, or one thousand three hundred and fifty stripes. It was evident he did not possess the nerve of the other man; he shook so violently that he was scarcely able to pull his jacket off, and his terror was evident to all. Upon being tied up, he shook from head to foot; and the moment he was struck, he began to shriek loudly, and earnestly called out 'mercy, mercy!' which were heard very distinctly all over the Tower. The cat fell with double force on his back, owing to its being wetted with the blood of the other man. Slade no sooner began to call out than the drums were beaten to stifle his cries, and re-echoed among the walls. When about seventy or eighty lashes had been inflicted, the poor fellow's head fell on his shoulder, and it was supposed he had fainted; but such was not the case, as the commanding officer walked up to the triangle, and, on looking him in the face, ordered the drummer to proceed. At this time, with the exception of the drummers who were selected to flog, it took all the others to secure him,

his back being literally cut to pieces from his neck to his loins. His cries for mercy were unavailing, until one hundred lashes had been inflicted, when it was found he was unable to bear any more. He was led away between two of his comrades, a truly shocking spectacle of suffering humanity. Several men fainted away; and we could mention the names of several officers who did have humanity enough to loosen the stocks and coats of several privates. Many clerks and others of the ordnance department, witnessed part of the punishment, but, to use their own words, were unable to stand it out. The lady of the resident governor happened to go to her window, and, hearing the cries of Slade, fell into hysterics, and the whole family were for some time in great confusion. Several respectable civilians expressed their indignation, and said they would not live in the Tower, if such scenes were repeated."

We might quote cases still more recent, and equally revolting; but let us glance at the acknowledged effects of such punishments. A British officer says, "Men have declared to me, that the sensation experienced at each lash, was as if the talons of a hawk were tearing the flesh off their bones!" Sir Charles Napier says, "I have seen many hundreds of men flogged, and have always observed that, when the skin is *thoroughly cut up or flayed off*, the great pain subsides, and they bear the remainder without **a** groan. They will often lie as without life, and the drummers appear to be flogging *a lump of raw flesh.*"

"I remember," says an English military writer, "attending the punishment of a man in 1808. He was sentenced to receive 1000 lashes, but was taken down upon receiving 250. After being cured, he was again brought out to receive the remainder; but the first few lashes tore open the newly cica-

trized skin so much, that his back became instantly covered with blood flowing downward under his clothes, and he was taken down before he had received forty lashes."

Let us hear a few cases from Dr Hamilton, an English military surgeon. "Henley, for desertion, received 200 lashes only; an acute inflammation followed, and the back sloughed. When the wounds were cleaned, and the sloughed integuments removed, the back-bone, and part of the shoulder-bone, were laid bare; and it was upwards of seven months before he was so far recovered as to be able to do his duty.—Lately a soldier, not far from the metropolis, received 400 lashes; he scorned to flinch for some time, till by a repetition of stripes he groaned and died!—In 1803, at Chatham, a private, having been found asleep at his post, was sentenced to be flogged. He was a fine-looking lad, and bore an excellent character. The officers were much interested in his behalf, and endeavored, but without success, to prevail on the general in command to give his case a favorable consideration. During the infliction I saw the drum-major strike a drummer to the ground for not laying on the lashes hard enough. The man's back became black as the darkest mahogany, and greatly swollen. After receiving only 229 lashes, he was taken down and sent to the hospital, where he died in eight days.—Although few or none die immediately from punishments *moderately* inflicted, I know from experience in the service, that constitutions have been considerably impaired by them. We sometimes find the body melt away into a spectre of skin and bone from the large suppurations that have followed; nor were they ever afterwards, as long as I knew them, able to bear the same hardships as before, or the same exposure to disease."

SECTION III.

MARCHES.

The sufferings incident to marches are various, and exceedingly destructive to life. It cannot be otherwise; for soldiers, if not entirely exhausted by disease, are obliged in all seasons to brave all weathers without a screen against heat, or cold, or storm, and to encamp on the damp or frozen earth, sometimes on ice or snow, with only a tent at best stretched over them, and a single blanket wrapped around them.

No precaution can prevent a vast amount of hardship and suffering from this source. Look at a single case even in our war with Mexico. "From Las Lomitas," says one of the men, "we marched, June 30th, to Ranchita; but, the woods being very wet and muddy, we were compelled in many places to march through mud up to our middle; and, as many of us lost our shoes in the mud, and could not draw them out, we were obliged to continue our march, barefooted, through a country where the prickly pear abounds. At length, with much suffering, we reached Ranchita, where we remained three days without tents, or any of our baggage, and with but one day's rations, which soon gave out, and left us to live on fresh beef without bread or salt. July 2, we were ordered to march for Matamoras; and, when within two miles of that place, we encamped for the night, if throwing down on the ground a blanket, and then throwing yourself down upon that, may be called encamping. The next day at dawn we were again put under march, and led to Matamoras through a swamp,

where the mud was up to our knees all the way. The day following we were ordered to Jannita, and compelled to travel through a country equally bad. Having bivouacked here three days, waiting for our tents and baggage, we began our march anew, and continued it till late at night, when we reached a low swampy piece of country. Our colonel rode forward to explore the way, but soon returned dripping from head to foot, his horse having found a hole under the water into which he precipitated himself and his rider. Here we were obliged to bivouac for the night; and in the morning every man refused to stir a step, until the colonel led the way on foot, when we all dashed into the water after him, and had to plod for two miles through the water, in many places up to our arm-pits, and nowhere less than to our knees." The amount of such hardships may be inferred from their effects. "The ranks of our regiment," says one, "have been terribly thinned. We marched across the Chatahooche with 910 men; and to-day the regiment, all told, numbers barely 600, and scarcely that." Says another, "One regiment left Corpus Christi with 500 men. It now parades only 138, while another musters only 164."

Take a very common specimen from the Peninsular war. "Every day," says a young Scotch soldier, "we were either on guard, or on fatigue. We were not a night in bed out of two during all the time we remained there. Besides, the weather was dreadful; we had always either snow or hail, the latter often as large as nuts; and we were forced to put our knapsacks on our heads to protect us from its violence. The frost was most severe, accompanied by high winds. Often for whole days and nights we could not get a tent to stand; many of us were

frost-bitten, and others were found dead at their posts. On our march, the rain poured in torrents; and melted snow was half-knee deep in many places, and stained by the blood that flowed from our bruised and wounded feet. There was nothing to sustain our famished bodies, or shelter them from the rain or snow. We were either drenched with rain, or crackling with ice. Fuel we could find none. The sick and the wounded whom we had been still enabled with our own hands to drag along with us in wagons, were now left to perish in the snow. The road was one line of bloody foot-marks from the sore feet of the men; and on its sides lay the dead and the dying."

The march of the French both to and from Moscow, was horrible beyond description. "Overwhelmed with whirlwinds of snow," says Labaume, "the soldiers could not distinguish the road from the ditches, and often fell into the latter, which served them for a tomb. Others, eager to press forward, dragged themselves along. Badly clothed and shod, having nothing to eat or drink, groaning and shivering with the cold, they gave no assistance, and showed no signs of compassion to those who, sinking from weakness, expired around them. Many of these miserable creatures struggled hard in the agonies of death. Some, in the most affecting manner, bade adieu to their brethren in arms, and others with their last breath pronounced the name of their mother and their country. Stretched on the road, we could only see the heaps of snow that covered them, and formed undulations in their route like those in a grave-yard. Flocks of ravens flew over our heads croaking ominously; and troops of dogs, which had followed us all the way from Moscow, and lived solely on our bloody remains, howled around us, as if impatient for the moment when *we* should become

their prey, and often contended with the soldiers for the dead horses which were left on the road."

Labaume, after describing the passage of the Vop, in the retreat from Moscow, continues: "The last night had been dreadful. To form an idea of its rigors, it is necessary to conceive an army encamped on the snow, in the depth of a severe winter, pursued by an enemy to whom it could oppose no effective resistance. The soldiers, without shoes, and almost destitute of clothing, were enfeebled by hunger and fatigue. Seated on their knapsacks, they slept on their knees. From this benumbing posture they rose only to broil a few slices of horse-flesh, or to melt some pieces of ice. They were often without wood, and to keep up a fire, demolished the houses in which the generals were lodged. When we awoke in the morning, the village had disappeared; and in this manner towns that were standing entire in the evening, formed the next day one vast conflagration."

"Whole teams, (Nov. 15, 1812,) sinking under their fatigues, fell together, and obstructed the way. More than *thirty thousand horses* perished in a few days. All the defiles that were impassable for the carriages, were strewed with arms, helmets, cuirasses, broken trunks, portmanteaus, and clothes of every kind. At intervals we saw trees, at the feet of which the soldiers had attempted to light fires, but had expired in making these useless efforts to warm themselves. They were stretched by dozens around the green branches which they had in vain endeavored to kindle; and the number of dead bodies would have blocked up the road, if we had not employed men to throw them into the ruts and ditches.

"It was now December. The cold was intense; the wind howled frightfully; and, towards the close of the day, the darkness was illumined by the

numerous fires of the enemy who occupied the hills of Zembin. At the feet of these heights, groaned our companions, devoted to death; never had they experienced moments so dreadful as on this disastrous night. All the horrors that can be conceived by the imagination, would convey but a faint impression of what they endured. The elements, let loose, seemed to have combined to afflict all nature, and to chastise man. The conquerors and the conquered were overwhelmed with sufferings. The former, however, had enormous piles of burning wood, while the latter had neither fire nor shelter; their groans alone indicated the spot that contained so many unfortunate victims.

"At every step (Dec. 5) we saw brave officers supported on pine branches, covered with rags, with their hair and beards matted with icicles. Those warriors, once the terror of our enemies, and the conquerors of two-thirds of Europe, having lost their noble mien, dragged themselves slowly along, and could not obtain a look of pity even from the soldiers they had commanded. Their situation was the more deplorable, as whoever had not strength to march, was abandoned; and every one who was abandoned, in one hour afterwards was a dead man. Every bivouac presented us the next day with the appearance of a field of battle.

"The road was covered (Dec. 8) with soldiers who no longer retained the human form, and whom the enemy disdained to take prisoners. Every day furnished scenes too painful to relate. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech, and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to such a state of stupid frenzy, that they roasted the dead bodies for food, and even gnawed their own hands and arms. Some, who were too weak to lift a piece of wood, or to roll a stone towards the fire, sat down upon their

dead companions, and with an unmoved countenance, gazed upon the burning logs. When they were consumed, these livid spectres, unable to get up, fell by the side of those on whom they had been seated. Many, in a state of delirium, plunged their bare feet into the fire just to warm themselves; some, with a convulsive laugh, threw themselves into the flames, and with shocking cries, perished in the most horrible contortions; while others, in a state of equal madness, followed their example, and shared the same fate!" "Multitudes," says Porter, "lost their speech, others were seized with frenzy, and many were so maddened by the extremes of pain and hunger, that they tore the dead bodies of their comrades in to pieces, and feasted on the remains!"

SECTION IV.

SIEGES.

A SIEGE is war in miniature. Take the case of Saragossa, in Spain. "The French fought their way into the entrance of this ill-fated city by mining and exploding one house after another, while the inhabitants were confined to that quarter of the city still in possession of the Spaniards, who were crowded, men, women and children, into the cellars to avoid the cannon balls and bombs. Pestilence broke out as a matter of course; and when once begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. It was not long before more than thirty hospitals were established. As soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to some other building, which was in a state to afford them temporary shelter, and

thus the infection was carried into every part of Saragossa. The average of daily deaths from this cause was, at this time, not less than three hundred and fifty. Men stretched upon straw, in helpless misery, lay breathing their last, and with their dying breath spreading the mortal taint of their own disease, without medicines, food or attendance; for the ministers of charity themselves became the victims of the disease. The slightest wound produced gangrene and death in bodies so prepared for dissolution by distress of mind, agitation, and want of proper aliment and of sleep; for there was no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city. By day, it was involved in a red sulphuric atmosphere of smoke and dust, which hid the face of heaven; by night, the fire of cannon and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of horrible illumination.

"At length a convent and the general hospital were stormed and set on fire. The sick and wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames; and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices, raving or singing in paroxysms of increased madness, were heard amidst the confusion of dreadful sounds. After forcing their way into the city, the French occupied one side of the street, and the Spaniards the other; and the intervening space was presently heaped with the dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown from the windows. It was almost death to appear by daylight within reach of such houses as were occupied by the other party; but, under cover of the night, the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles begun there, were often carried into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room, and floor to floor.

"The havoc of life was of course dreadful; and the cemeteries could no longer afford room for the dead. Large pits were dug to receive them in the streets, and in the courts of the public buildings, till hands were wanted for the labor; they were laid before the churches, heaped upon one another, and covered with sheets; and not unfrequently these piles of mortality were struck by a shell, and the shattered bodies scattered in all directions. When the French entered the city, *six thousand bodies* were lying in the streets and trenches, or piled up in heaps before the churches."

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in Syria, (1840,) terminated in a terrible bombardment, of which an eye-witness gave the following account:—"At half-past four in the morning, all firing ceased, as if by one consent, when—heavens! what a sight!—the whole town seemed to be thrown into the air! We saw nothing but one dense cloud extending thousands of yards into the air on all sides; and then we felt an awful shock, which gave the line-of-battle ships a keel of two degrees. It was the explosion caused by one of our shells bursting in their main magazine of powder, by which, to speak within bounds, two thousand souls, besides beasts of burden of every description, were blown to atoms! The entire loss of the Egyptians is computed at three thousand. At daylight, what a sight was exposed to our view! The stupendous fortification, that only twelve hours before was among the strongest in the world, was so riddled that we could not find a square foot which had not a shot. I went ashore to witness the devastation; the sight beggared all description! The bastions were strewed with the dead, the guns dismounted, and all sorts of havoc. The spot of the explosion was far worse—a space of two acres laid quite bare, and hollowed out as if a

quarry had been worked there for years! Heavens! what a sight was there before me! Mangled human bodies, of both sexes, strewed in all directions, women searching for their husbands and other relatives, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and howling and crying most piteously!"

In 1800, Genoa, occupied by 24,000 French troops, was besieged at once by a British fleet, and a powerful Austrian army. We will not detail the horrors attendant on the sallies and assaults; but let us look at the condition of the soldiers and citizens within. The former, worn down by fatigue, and wasted by famine, had consumed all the horses in the city, and were at length reduced to the necessity of feeding on dogs, cats and vermin, which were eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Soon, however, even these wretched resources failed; and they were brought to the pittance of four or five ounces a day of black bread made of cocoa, rye, and other substances ransacked from the shops of the city.

The inhabitants, also, were a prey to the most unparalleled sufferings. The price of provisions had from the first been extravagantly high, and at length no kind of grain could be had at any cost. Even before the city was reduced to the last extremities, a pound of rice was sold for more than a dollar, and a pound of flour for nearly two dollars. Afterwards beans were sold for two cents each, and a biscuit of three ounces weight, when procurable at all, for upwards of two dollars. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, were the only nourishment given even to the sick and wounded in the hospitals.

The horrors of this prolonged famine in a city containing above 100,000 souls, cannot be adequately described. All day the cries of the miserable victims were heard in the streets, while the neigh-

boring rocks within the walls were covered with a famished crowd, seeking in the vilest animals, and the smallest traces of vegetation, the means of assuaging the intolerable pangs of hunger. Men and women, in the last agonies of despair, filled the air with their groans and shrieks; and sometimes, while uttering these dreadful cries, they strove with furious hands to tear out their ravening entrails, and fell dead in the streets! At night, the lamentations of the people were still more dreadful; too agitated to sleep, and unable to endure the agonies around them, they prayed aloud for death to relieve them from their sufferings.

Dreadful was the effect of these protracted calamities in hardening the heart, and rendering men insensible to anything but their own disasters. Children, left by the death of their parents in utter destitution, implored in vain the passing stranger with tears, with mournful gestures, and heart-broken accents, to give them succor and relief. Infants, deserted in the streets by their own parents, and women who had sunk down from exhaustion on the public thoroughfares, were abandoned to their fate; and, crawling to the sewers, and other receptacles of filth, they sought there, with dying hands, for the means of prolonging their miserable existence for a few hours. In the desperation produced by such long continued torments, the more ardent and impetuous rushed out of the gates, and threw themselves into the harbor, where they perished without assistance or commiseration. To such straits were they reduced, that not only leather and skins of every kind were devoured, but the horror at human flesh was so much abated, that numbers were supported on the dead bodies of their fellow-citizens!

Still more cruel, horrible beyond all description, was the spectacle presented by the Austrian prison-

ers of war confined on board certain old vessels in the port; for such was the dire necessity at last, that they were left for some days without nutriment of any kind! They ate their shoes, they devoured the leather of their pouches, and, scowling darkly at each other, their sinister glances betrayed the horrid fear of their being driven to prey upon one another. Their French guards were at length removed, under the apprehension that they might be made a sacrifice to ravening hunger; and so great did their desperation finally become, that they endeavored to scuttle their floating prisons in order to sink them, preferring to perish thus rather than endure any longer the tortures of famine.

Pestilence, as usual, came in the rear of such calamities; and contagious fevers swept off multitudes whom the strength of the survivors was unable to inter. Death in every form awaited the crowds whom common suffering had blended together in the hospitals; and the multitude of unburied corpses which encumbered the streets, threatened the city with depopulation almost as certainly as the grim hand of famine under which they were melting away. When the evacuation took place, the extent of the suffering which the besieged had undergone, appeared painfully conspicuous. "On entering the town," says Thiebault, "all the figures we met, bore the appearance of profound grief, or sombre despair; the streets resounded with the most heart-rending cries; on all sides death was reaping its harvest of victims; and the rival furies of famine and pestilence were multiplying their devastations. In a word, both the army and the inhabitants seemed fast approaching their dissolution."

We will give only one specimen more in the closing scenes of the siege of Magdeburg, 1631. The

resistance was long and obstinate; but at length two gates were forced open by the besiegers, and Tilly, marching a part of his infantry into the town, immediately occupied the principal streets, and with pointed cannon drove the citizens into their dwellings, there to await their destiny. Nor were they held long in suspense; a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg. Even a more humane general would have attempted in vain to restrain such soldiers; but Tilly never once made the attempt. The silence of their general left the soldiers masters of the citizens; and they broke, without restraint, into the houses to gratify every brutal appetite. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the massacre commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of Croats, poured in upon the devoted town.

Now began a scene of massacre and outrage which history has no language, poetry no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age, neither youth nor sex, neither rank nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were dishonored in the very arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents, and the defenceless sex exposed to the double loss of virtue and life. No condition, however obscure, or however sacred, could afford protection against the cruelty or rapacity of the enemy. Fifty-three women were found in a single church with their heads cut off! The Croats *amused* themselves with throwing children into the flames, and Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at their mothers' breasts! Some officers of the League, horror-struck at scenes so dreadful, ven-

tured to remind Tilly, that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer, "and I will see what is to be done; the soldier must have some recompense for his dangers and toils!"

No orders came from the general to check these horrors, which continued without abatement till the smoke and flames at last stopped the course of the plunderers. To increase the confusion, and break the resistance of the inhabitants, the invaders had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in several places; and a tempest now arose, and spread the flames with frightful rapidity, till the blaze became universal, and forced the victors to pause awhile in their work of rapine and carnage. The confusion was deepened by the clouds of smoke, the clash of swords, the heaps of dead bodies strewing the ground, the crash of falling ruins, and the streams of blood which ran along the streets. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat finally compelled even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous and flourishing city, one of the finest in all Germany, was a heap of ashes, with the exception of only two churches, and a few houses.

Scarcely had the flames abated, when the soldiers returned to satiate anew their rage for plunder amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Multitudes were suffocated by the smoke; but many found rich booty in the cellars where the citizens had concealed their most valuable effects. At length Tilly himself appeared in the town after the streets had been cleared of ashes and corpses. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself! The few survivors crawling from under the dead; little children wandering about, with heart-rending cries, in quest of their parents now no more; and

infants still sucking the dead bodies of their mothers! More than five thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe just to clear the streets; a far greater number had been consumed by the flames; the entire amount of the slaughter was estimated at thirty thousand; and in gratitude to the God of peace for such horrid success in the butchery of his children, for this triumph of Christian over Christian in blood, and fire, and rapine, and brutal lust, a solemn mass was performed, and *Te Deum* sung amid the discharge of artillery!!

Just think of the siege of Ismail with its 70,000 victims, of Ostend with its 120,000, of Mexico with its 150,000, of Carthage with its 700,000, of Jerusalem with more than a million, of Troy with nearly two millions; and you may form some faint conception of the atrocities and woes with which this single department of warfare has covered the earth.

SECTION V.

BATTLES.

It is difficult for any one, not familiar by experience with the horrid reality, to form any adequate conception of a battle. Carlyle calls it "a terrible conjugation of the verb *to kill*—I kill, thou killest, he kills; we kill, ye kill, they kill, all kill." Such is every battle; and mark the result. In the sea-fight at Copenhagen, the wheels of the cannon soon became so clogged by those who fell, that the survivors at intervals cleared the decks by throwing legs, and arms, and shattered bodies overboard as they would have shovelled out a pig-sty. A man, now member of a church in the city of New York, told

his pastor he was at the battle of Lodi, followed Napoleon across its memorable bridge, and there waded ankle-deep in the mire of human flesh trampled and crushed to jelly by the horses and cannon that had passed over them.

An American officer once called "*a field of battle* THE VERIEST HELL UPON EARTH;" and vividly does one of our best writers describe the infernal scene: "Imagine a celestial spirit, on an errand of mercy, descending upon our globe, and led by chance to an European plain at the point of some great battle. On a sudden, the field of combat opens on his astonished vision. It is a field which men call glorious. A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposing ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steels. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to hill the noise of moving rank and squadron, the neigh and tramp of steeds, the trumpet, drum and bugle-call.

"There is a momentary pause, a silence like that which precedes the fall of the thunderbolt, like that awful stillness which is precursor to the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash, pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps, heaping man, horse and car in undistinguished ruin. In shouts of rushing hosts, in shock of breasting steeds, in peals of musketry, in the roar of artillery, in the clash of sabres, in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye, and ear, and sense are lost. Man sees not, but the sight of onset. Man hears not, but the cry of *onward!*

"Not so the celestial stranger. His spiritual eye unobscured by artificial night, his spiritual ear unaffected by mechanic noise, witness the real scene, naked in all its cruel horrors. He sees lopped and bleeding limbs scattered; gashed, dismembered

trunks outspread; gore-clotted, lifeless brains bursting from crushed skulls; blood gushing from sabred necks; severed heads, whose mouths mutter rage amidst the palsying of the last agony. He hears the mingled cry of anguish and despair issuing from a thousand bosoms in which a thousand bayonets turn; the convulsive scream of anguish from heaps of mangled, half-expiring victims, over whom the heavy artillery wheels lumber and crush into one mass, bone, and muscle, and sinew, while the fetlock of the war-horse drips with blood starting from the last palpitation of the burst heart on which his foot pivots. 'This is not earth,' would not such a celestial stranger exclaim? 'this is not earth—this is hell! This is not man, but demon tormenting demon!'"

Wait till another morn, and then go over that field. Wherever your eye now turns, you behold men, and horses, and weapons, and broken carriages, all mingled in most shocking confusion. At every step, you tread in blood that only yesterday flowed, warm as your own, in the veins of a father, a son or a brother. Here is a wretch with his limbs horribly mangled, yet still alive; and there is another all covered with blood, and crushed by the tread of the war-horse, or the wheels of cannon passing over him Yonder is an athletic frame that had struggled hard against his pains, and survived his mortal wounds long enough in his anguish to gnaw the turf with his teeth, and plough the earth with his hands. Here is another still that had dragged himself along in his own gore till death kindly released him from his agonies; and yonder is a young man of fair form and noble mien, who felt the dews of death fast settling on his brow, and, knowing his hour had come, pulled from his bosom the last letter of a mother, the picture of a wife, or the braided lock of a loved

and plighted one, and, pressing the fond memorial to his lips, expired, with no kind one near to ease his dying head, or catch his last farewell. There they lie, the wounded, the dying and the dead, all heaped together, a mass of suffering, death and putrefaction. Often are thousands of wounded men left day after day stretched on the open field, without food, or drink, or any shelter from scorching suns, from drenching rains, from the damps and chills of night, or even from the voracity of famished beasts of prey, till multitudes linger out a most miserable death, the wounds of many become incurable, and the excruciating pains of others drive them to madness.

Let us hear the testimony of some eye-witnesses. "The cannon thundered at Heilsberg, and the musketry rolled, illuminating the atmosphere with continued flame, until the combat gradually relaxed; but a little before ten at night, a deserter came over to the Russians, and informed the general that another assault was preparing from the wood. Soon the batteries were opened, and the fury of battle raged again; but the assailants, unable to force the passage, fell back almost annihilated, and shouted, *cease the fight.* The massacre was terminated; but the uproar of conflict was followed by the groans of the wounded, who, tortured with pain, and anticipating a renewal of the fight on the morrow, in vain implored removal, relief, and even death. When the light broke, a most disgusting sight attracted the attention of both the armies. The ground between them, about a quarter of a mile, was a sheet of naked human bodies which friends and foes had during the night mutually stripped, not leaving the poorest rag upon them, although numbers were still alive, and retained a consciousness of their situation!"

Take the following account of scenes after the

battle of Soldin, from the pen of a clergyman. "At one o'clock the cannonading ceased; and I went out on foot as far as Soldin to learn to whose advantage the battle had turned. Towards evening, seven hundred Russian fugitives came to Soldin, a most pitiful sight! some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying, and praising the king of Prussia; without hats, without clothes; some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the tails of the horses.—When the battle was decided in favor of the Prussians, I ventured to the place where the cannonading had been. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards me. I mounted him; and on my way for seven miles and a half on this side the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, sadly cut in pieces. The further I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another. That scene I shall never forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, Dear sir, water, *water*, WATER! Righteous God! what a sight! Men, women and children, Russians and Prussians, carriages and horses, oxen, chests and baggage, all lying one upon another to the height of a man! and seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred, or thrown into the fire!—Nor were the embers of mutual rage yet extinguished in the hearts of the combatants; for the poor wounded were still firing at each other in the greatest exasperation! The field of battle was a plain two miles and a half long, and so entirely covered with dead and wounded, that there was not even room to set my foot without treading on some of them! Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that they lay heaped one upon another as high as two men,

and appeared like hills to the even ground! I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the miserable outcries of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; pray, show me some compassion, and dispatch me at once."

Hear a young sailor's description of a sea-fight. "The firing," says Leech, "commenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with its victims; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible by the torrents of blood on our decks.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cock-pit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright, were immediately thrown overboard. A man had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men took him, and as he could not live, threw him overboard. The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, it was termed the slaughter-house. We had several boys and men killed and wounded near us. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick bed to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay

which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man, going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. A fellow named John, was carried past me, wounded; and I distinctly heard the large, blood-drops fall pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Such was the terrible scene, amid which we kept on shouting and firing. Our men fought like tigers. Some of them pulled off their jackets, others their jackets and vests; while some, with nothing but a handkerchief tied round the waist-bands of their trowsers, fought like heroes.

The din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were poured through our port-holes like leaden rain, carrying death in their trail. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. What with splinters, cannon balls, grape and canister, poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. The enemy had shot ahead to repair damages, while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head-braces were shot away; the fore and main top-masts were gone; the mizzen mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall; we were a complete wreck. The officers held a council, and concluded to strike our colors.

I now went below, to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a

limb which had just been detached from some suffering wretch. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewed with the wounded; it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived, were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot; they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room, and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen. Most of the poor fellows were stretched out on the gory deck, and it was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood."

SECTION VI.

HOSPITALS, OR TREATMENT OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

It is hardly possible, during the progress of a war, to make comfortable provisions for the diseased; and even in a time of peace, the condition of a sick soldier would be regarded by most persons as quite beyond endurance. A surgeon perhaps may come to his barrack with occasional prescriptions, and a messmate administer the medicine; but no wife, no mother, no sister is there to watch by his rude hammock, or his pallet of straw, nor a well-trained sym-

pathizing nurse to soothe his pains, and cheer his drooping, anguished spirits.

Take a recent case of our diseased soldiers in Mexico. "I left our sick," says an officer, "at Matamoras yesterday. It makes one's heart bleed to witness the sufferings of these poor fellows. In camp, you must know, few of the conveniences, considered necessary to the ill at home, can be had. A man gets sick, and he is carried to the hospital, with his blankets and his knapsack. Bed and bedding there are none; and, as the country is destitute of lumber, bedsteads are not to be had. A blanket and the ground is, therefore, the couch upon which the volunteer lies sick, and dies, if he does not recover. If he dies, the same blanket forms his winding-sheet and coffin—plank is not to be had." The same officer says, that in ascending the Rio Grande, seventy of the sick of the regiment were left at the Matamoras Hospital, and that he was shocked on his return two weeks after, to find *twenty-seven of the number dead.* Of the victims in that war, scarce one in ten ever felt the stroke of the enemy.

"There was nothing," says an English soldier in Spain, "to sustain our famished bodies, or to shelter us, when fatigued or sick, from the rain and snow. The road was one line of bloody foot-marks from the sore feet of the men; and along its sides lay the dead and the dying. Too weak to drag the sick and wounded any farther in the wagons, we now left them to perish in the snow. Even Donald, the hardy Highlander, who had long been bare-footed, and lame like myself, at length lay down to die. For two days he had been almost blind, and unable, from a severe cold, to hold up his head. We sat down together; not a word escaped our lips. We looked around, then at each other, and closed our

eyes. We felt there was no hope. We would have given in charge a farewell to our friends; but who was to carry it? Not far from us, there were, here and there, above thirty in the same situation with ourselves; and nothing but groans mingled with execrations, was to be heard between the pauses of the wind."

Take from the same writer a specimen of the treatment that war gives its wounded servants. "We then marched off, leaving our wounded, whose cries were piercing; but we could not help them. Numbers followed us, crawling on their hands and knees, and filling the air with their groans. Many who could not even crawl after us, held out their hands, supplicating to be taken with us. We tore ourselves from them, and hurried away; for we could not bear the sight. On we struggled through a dark and stormy night, carrying the wounded officers in blankets on our shoulders; but such of the wounded soldiers as had been able still to keep up with us, made the heart bleed at their cries."

Nor is this a solitary case, or one unusually severe. In the late wars of Europe, multitudes of the sick were abandoned to their fate in camps suddenly forced by the enemy; in their rapid marches, vast numbers, enfeebled by disease, or exhausted with fatigue, sank down by the road-side to perish without succor or sympathy; and sometimes thousands were left on the battle-field, day after day, amid the stench of putrefying carcasses, without food or drink, with no shelter from the weather, and no protection against the voracity of ravening wolves and vultures. During the far-famed campaign of Napoleon in Russia, little attention was paid to the sick, the wounded, or those who became from any other cause unable to take care of themselves; and the eighty thousand victims on the fatal

field of Borodino, were for the most part left where they fell.

No kindness or skill can avert suffering from such victims of war. "For ten days after the sea-fight of Trafalgar, men were employed in bringing the wounded ashore; and spectacles were hourly exhibited at the wharves, and through the streets, sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human suffering. When by the carelessness of the boatmen, or the surging of the sea, the boat struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, piercing the very soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Nor was the scene less affecting on the tops of the pier, where the wounded were being carried away to the hospitals in every shape of misery, while crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down, with folded arms and downcast eyes, while women sat on heaps of arms, broken furniture and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and the convents and churches were appropriated to the remainder."

Sir Charles Bell, the eminent surgeon who was present in the hospitals after the battle of Waterloo, says, "the wounded French continued to be brought in for several days; and the British soldiers, who had in the morning been moved by the piteous cries of those they carried, I saw in the evening so hardened by the repetition of the scene, and by fatigue, as to become indifferent to the sufferings they occasioned. It was now the *thirteenth* day after the battle. It is impossible to conceive the sufferings of men rudely carried at such a period of their wounds. When I first entered the hospital, these Frenchmen

had been roused and excited in a degree quite extraordinary; and in the glance of their eyes there was a character of fierceness which I never expected to witness in the human countenance. On the second day, the temporary excitement had subsided; and, turn which way I might, I encountered every form of entreaty from those whose condition left no need of words to stir compassion. 'Surgeon Major, oh, how I suffer! Dress my wounds—do dress my wounds!—Doctor, cut off my leg! Oh! I suffer too much!' And when these entreaties were unavailing, you might hear in a weak, inward voice of despair, 'I shall die—I am a dead man!'"

The following sketch from a British officer in Portugal will help us still further to conceive the horrors of a hospital. "I entered the town of Mirando Cervo about dusk. It had been a black, grim, gloomy sort of day. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky; and then they would break up suddenly as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and bloody distance. I felt myself in a strange sort of excitement; my imagination got the better of all my other faculties; and, while walking out in the principal street, I met a woman, an old, haggard-looking wretch, who had in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty, a glance like that of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and, though clad in squalidness, she was evidently of the middle rank in society. Without being questioned, she told me in broken English, I should find comfortable accommodations in an old convent at some distance in a grove of cork trees, pointing to them with her long, shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh.

"I followed her advice, anticipating no danger or adventure; yet the wild eyes, and the still wilder voice of the old crone so powerfully affected me,

that I walked, in a sort of muse, up a pretty long flight of steps, and found myself standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. A strange sight now burst upon my view! Before me lay and sat more than a hundred dead bodies, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I gazed at them a minute or more before I knew that they were all corpses; and a desperate courage then enabled me to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats and rags, and tattered great-coats; some of them were merely wrapt round about with girdles composed of straw; and two or three were perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonized, bloodless. Many glazed eyes were wide open; and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle—so many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed upon different objects; some cast up to heaven, some looking straight forward, and others with the white orbs turned round, and deep sunk in their sockets. It was a sort of hospital; and these wretched beings, nearly all desperately wounded, had been stripped by their comrades, and left there either dead, or to die.

"This ghastly sight I had begun to view with some composure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the hospital, a gigantic figure sitting, all covered with blood, and almost naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leaning against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. I first thought him alive, and shuddered; but he was stone dead! In his last agonies he had bitten his under lip almost entirely off, and his long black beard was drenched in clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots upon his shaggy bosom. One of his hands had convulsively grasped the woodwork of the bedstead, and crushed

it in the grasp. I recognized the corpse. He was a sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and had, during the retreat, been distinguished for acts of savage valor. One day he killed with his own hand Harry Warburton, the right-hand man of my own company, perhaps the most powerful man in the British army. There sat the giant frozen to death. I went up to him, and, raising his brawny arm, it fell down again with a hollow sound against the bloody side of the corpse.

"My eyes unconsciously wandered along the walls. They were covered with grotesque figures and caricatures of the English, absolutely drawn in blood! Horrid blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities, in the shape of songs, were in like manner written there. I observed two books lying on the floor, and picked them up. One was full of the most hideous obscenity; the other was the Bible! It is impossible to tell the horror produced in me by this circumstance. The books dropt from my hand, and fell on the breast of one of the bodies—it was a woman's breast! Yes, a *woman* had lived and died in such a place as this! What had been in that now still, death-cold heart, perhaps only a few hours before, I knew not—possibly love strong as death; love, guilty, abandoned, linked by vice unto misery, but still love that perished only with the last throb, and yearned in its last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies.

"Near this corpse lay that of a perfect boy not more than seventeen years of age. Round his neck was suspended, by a chain of hair, a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary, and in his hand was a letter in French. I glanced at it, and read enough to know it was from a mother—*My dear Son*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social, any human ties. What! have these

ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they once all happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, bloody, mangled bodies ever lie in undisturbed beds? Did these clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now, alas! how loathsome, terrible, ghostlike! Will such creatures, thought I, ever live again? Robbers, ravishers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides—a dragoon there had obviously blown out his brains—here is a very pandemonium of guilt and horror!"

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC SUFFERINGS FROM WAR.

War makes fearful havoc of domestic and social happiness. The single battle of Waterloo called forth wailings of domestic grief from a whole continent; nor can an army be raised, or the slightest victory won, without sending a thrill of anguish through the heart of two nations.

Look at the victims of conscription, the European method of raising armies. "Once," says an English poet—

Once I beheld a captive, whom the wars
Had made an inmate of the prison-house,
Cheering with wicker-work his dreary hours.
I asked his story. In my native tongue,
(Long use had made it easy as his own,)
He answered thus: Before these wars began,
I dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire.
I married one who from my boyish days
Had been my playmate. One morn, I'll ne'er forget,
While choosing out the fairest little twigs,
To wrap a cradle for our child unborn,

We heard the tidings, that the conscript-lot
Had fallen on me. It came like a death-knell.
The mother perished, but the babe survived;
And, ere my parting day, his rocking couch
I made complete, and saw him sleeping smile—
The smile that played erst on the cheek of her,
Who lay clay cold. Alas! the hour soon came,
That forced my fettered arms to quit my child.
And whether now he lives to deck with flowers
The sod upon his mother's grave, or lies
Beneath it by her side, I ne'er could learn.
I think he's gone; and now I only wish
For liberty and home, that I may see,
And stretch myself, and die upon their grave.

Of the heart-rending miseries incident to families from the progress of war, I hardly know where to begin, or where to end the illustrations furnished in all ages. Think of a siege or a battle, of a party of lawless, ruthless marauders, or the march of a brutal, exasperated army through a hostile or even a friendly country. "It is difficult," says an eye-witness, "for the inhabitants of a peaceful territory to conceive the miseries incident to the theatre of such a sanguinary contest as that between the French and the allied forces. While Napoleon, hemmed in on all sides, now menaced one of his foes, and now sprang furiously upon another, the scene of this desultory warfare was laid waste in the most merciless manner. The soldiers on both parts, driven to desperation, became reckless and pitiless; and, straggling from their columns in all directions, they committed every species of excess upon the people. The peasants, with their wives and children, fled to caves, quarries and woods, where the latter were starved to death, and the former, collecting into small bodies, increased the terrors of war by pillaging the convoys of both armies, attacking small parties of all nations, and cutting off the sick, the wounded, and the stragglers. The

repeated advance and retreat of the contending armies exasperated these evils; for every fresh band of plunderers that arrived, was savagely eager after spoil in proportion as the gleaning became scarce. In the words of Scripture, 'what the locust left, was devoured by the palmer-worm;' what escaped the Baskirs, and Kirgas, and Croats of the Wolga, the Caspian, and Turkish frontier, was seized by the half-starved conscripts of Napoleon, whom want, hardship, and an embittered spirit rendered as careless of the ties of country as the others were indifferent to the general claims of humanity. The towns and villages that were the scenes of actual conflict, were frequently burnt to the ground; and thus was the distress of the people vastly increased by extending the terrors of battle, with its accompaniments of slaughter, fire and famine, into the most remote and sequestered districts. Even the woods afforded no concealment, the churches no sanctuary; nor did the grave itself protect the relics of mortality. The villages were everywhere burnt, the farms wasted and pillaged, the abodes of man, and all that belongs to peaceful industry and domestic comfort, desolated and destroyed to such a degree, that wolves and other savage animals increased fearfully in the districts thus laid waste by human hands, ferocious as their own."

What safety or repose for families during an assault upon the city where they dwell! When the English fleet was bombarding Copenhagen, and every woman and child was flying in terror from the destructive missiles, and from burning and falling houses, a little child was seen running across the street for shelter, he knew not where, when a rocket struck the poor innocent, and dashed him to pieces! In 1845, an old bomb-shell, dug out of the sand, and brought into the city of New York to be used

as old iron, accidentally exploded, and killed several men. "Guided by hundreds who were rushing to the spot," says an eye-witness, "I entered Charlton street, and observed on both sides, for some distance, that the windows were entirely demolished, the doors shattered, and holes actually blown through the sides of the houses, large enough in one case, some forty rods from the spot of the explosion, for a man to enter. Upon the side-walk in front of a shop of old iron, lay some thirty or forty rusty bomb-shells, about eight inches in diameter. It was said by the crowd, that a man had one of these between his knees, endeavoring to loosen the charge with a stick, when it exploded, and produced the terrible scene before me. The body of the man was torn to pieces, and scattered through the streets. Observing a crowd around an object at a short distance, I approached, and saw apparently a large piece of butcher's meat, which a boy was pushing about with his foot;—it proved to be the lower part of a man's leg, with the crushed bones and mangled flesh! 'The other leg,' said a bystander, 'was blown over into Hudson street.' I saw a crowd collected around a window-sill, gazing at some object;—it was a man's hand, torn from his body, and thrown with violence against the wall, the fingers burnt, and crushed, and blackened. The mangled trunk of the unfortunate man, headless and limbless, had been carried into the house, and the shrieks of his wife were now heard over the bloody remains. Upon an iron window-frame lay the torn body of another man, already dead, and his blood and brains dripping down upon the pavement. Two young men, who happened to be passing by in the middle of the street, were literally blown up into the air, and fell with broken and mangled limbs, and both died the next day. Such was the horrid execution

of a single shell; and yet Napoleon, in less than ten hours, threw three thousand such projectiles into the heart of Vienna, three hundred every hour, five every minute—crashing through the roofs of dwellings, and exploding at the fireside, in the infant's cradle, or on the couches of the sick!"

What confusion and consternation attend the bare presence of a hostile army! "No sooner," says Shoberl, describing Napoleon's army just before the battle of Leipsic, "had the first columns arrived at their bivouacs in the neighboring villages, than a thousand messengers came to announce the intelligence in a way that sufficiently proved what unwelcome visitors they were. Weeping mothers, with beds packed up in baskets, leading two or three stark-naked children by the hand, and with perhaps another infant at their back; fathers seeking their wives and families; children who had lost their parents in the crowd; trucks with sick persons forcing their way among the thousands of horses; cries of misery and despair in every quarter—such were the heralds that most feelingly proclaimed the presence of the warriors. The scenes of horror changed so quickly, that you could not dwell more than half a minute upon any one of them. One tale of woe followed on the heels of another: 'such a person has been plundered; such an one's house has been set on fire; this man has been cut to pieces; that has been transfixed with the bayonet; these poor creatures are seeking their children.' Such were the tidings brought by every new fugitive." What a picture of the woes and terrors attendant on war!

What havoc does a battle sometimes make of domestic happiness! In a French family there were three sons, two of whom were compelled, by Napoleon's system of conscription, to leave their home, and join the army. In their first engagement, one

of them, as he stood by the side of his brother, was killed by a musket ball; and the survivor, petrified with horror, was struck motionless at the sight, and sent home, a few days after, in a state of complete idiocy. His arrival made a similar impression upon the third son, whose consternation and stupor, says Pinel, then superintendent of the Insane Hospital at Paris, 'would have defied the utmost powers of description; and it was truly heart-rending to see the wretched father come to weep over those miserable remains of his once enviable family.'

"For two or three days after the battle of Vittoria," says a British officer, "I was employed in collecting the guns and various articles scattered over the battle-ground, and along the road. In one part, very near a half-destroyed barouche, I found a very interesting and beautiful letter written in English, and addressed to his wife, by a Monsieur Thiebault, once treasurer to Joseph Bonaparte. With a little trouble, I discovered not less than twenty written by the same person, in the same amiable and affectionate strain. I gathered them up and carried them home, rejoicing in my treasure. In the evening I went to a café, and seeing there several of the French officers who had been taken, I asked one if he knew a Monsieur Thiebault? 'Extremely well,' he replied; 'he was killed the other day by a chance-shot among the baggage; his son, now a prisoner, is quite disconsolate; and his wife, a most sweet woman, a native of Scotland, left only the day before for Bayonne, and is still ignorant of her irreparable loss.'" There was another touching case in the same battle. "A paymaster of a British regiment had two sons in his own regiment, both lieutenants. He was a widower, and had no relations besides those youths; they lived in his tent, and were his pride and delight. The civil staff usually

remain with the baggage when the troops engage, and join them with it afterwards; and when this paymaster came up in the evening, an officer met him. 'My boys,' said the old man, 'how are they? Have they done their duty?' 'They have behaved most nobly; but you have lost'—— 'Which of them?' 'Alas! sir, both are dead.'"

In a sea-fight of the ship Swallow, a seaman named Phelan had a wife on board, stationed, as usual, to assist the surgeon in his care of the wounded as they were brought below. Among these was one of Phelan's messmates, whose dying agonies she was endeavoring to console, when she chanced to hear that her husband was wounded, and, rushing instantly on deck, she received the wounded tar in her arms. He faintly raised his head to kiss her. She burst into a flood of tears, and told him, like a true wife, to take courage, all might yet be well; but scarcely had she uttered the last syllable, when a shot took off her head! The poor tar, closely folded in her arms, opened his eyes once more, then shut them forever!

What domestic anxiety and anguish must come from a campaign like that of Napoleon in Russia! "How many wives and mothers in France," exclaims Bourienne, "could not, without a palpitating heart, break the cover of the official gazette! How many families lost their support and their hope! Never were more tears shed. In vain did the cannon of the Invalids thunder forth the announcement of a victory. How many thousands, in the silence of retirement, were even then preparing the external symbols of mourning! It is still remembered that for the long space of six months, the black dresses of Paris presented a very striking sight in every part of the city."

How terrible, especially to the female inhabitants of a city, must be the attack of a hostile army!

On the capture of Hamburg, in 1813, the soldiers, with drawn swords and loaded muskets, ran from house to house, crying out to the citizens, *your money and your women, or your life*, INSTANTLY! An officer of our army, relating the assault upon Monterey, in September, 1846, says: "I was ordered to take a company of my regiment, and break in the doors of a row of houses in the second plaza. I had gone nearly through without seeing a soul, when, for a time, the efforts of my men were exerted in vain to get into one that seemed barricaded with care. As the hinges of the door were about to give way, a tremulous voice from the inside besought me not to break the door down, it should be opened. When unlocked, I rushed in as well as I could over beds, chairs, cushions, etc. etc., and to my surprise found the room occupied by about twenty-five women! As soon as they saw me, and the soldiers following, they ran around me, and fell on their knees, the elder beseeching, in tones of deep distress, my protection, and to have their lives spared; the younger begging not to be injured. While they were thus kneeling, and I assuring them that no harm or injury should befall them, a pretty little woman slid into the circle, and knelt close to my feet. 'Senor,' said she, in a soft and quivering voice, 'for the love you bore your mother, for the love you have for your wife and your children, oh, spare this *my* poor little babe'—holding up a bright-eyed, dimpled-cheeked little boy, about a year old. She never asked for *herself*. In spite of me, tears rushed to my eyes; and I could only speak with a full heart, as I told her to rise, and assured her that she and her child were perfectly safe."

There is a class of domestic sufferings from war at which decency blushes. I will not stain these pages with minute examples; but take a case of

suicidal escape from such outrages. A subaltern officer in Russia, having conceived a passion for a fine-looking peasant girl, used every art to win her affections; but, finding all his efforts ineffectual, he applied to the commanding officer, who immediately issued an order for the couple to be forthwith joined in wedlock. The parents remonstrated, but in vain. The day fixed for the marriage arrived, and the boor accompanied his devoted daughter; but, just as the priest was about to legalize the union, the aged father, in a fit of desperation, plunged a knife into her heart, and, presenting her to the soldier, exclaimed, "There, sir, is your victim!"

How much do the poor, in their humble abodes, suffer from war! Take two cases of privateering related by the perpetrators themselves. "These prizes are of little or no value to us," remarks one, "because we can get nobody to purchase them; but the poor, unhappy people who lose them, have lost their all. It would need a heart of stone to see the sorrow painted on their countenances when brought on board. Some of them retire into corners, and weep like children. If you ask what is the matter, a flood of tears is the answer. Sometimes you will hear them sob out—*my wife! my children! O what will become of them?* I have been more than once obliged to avoid the affecting sight, unable to restrain my own tears, or to prevent theirs. It is far worse when a capture is made after an engagement—the mangled bodies of my fellow-creatures lying pale and breathless on the deck, some dying, and others begging me to put them out of their miseries, while a hungry dog is lapping up the blood that streams all about the ship!" "We were some ten miles from Marseilles," says the narrator of the other case, "when we saw a small vessel anchored in a narrow bay; and, fierce for prize-money, we

manned a boat, and pushed forward till we came within pistol-shot of the craft, without seeing any one except an old woman seated in the door of a cottage at some distance. Just then a musket-shot from behind a rock laid our bowman a corpse; another disabled our marine, a third tore his cravat from the lieutenant's neck, and a fourth crippled the coxswain's arm. Still we saw no one; and, exasperated by these discharges, we gave three cheers, and, pulling for the place whence they seemed to come, saw at length a man and a boy running from us. We interchanged several shots in vain, until the lieutenant, resting his musket on a rock, shot the child while in the act of handing a cartridge to the man. The father instantly threw down his musket, and fell by the side of his son. We seized his musket; but he paid no attention to us. When we bade him follow us, he heeded us not; but, with the child's head in his lap, he kept wiping away the blood that oozed from the wound in his forehead, and neither wept nor spoke, but watched the last chilling shiver of his boy with an eye of inexpressible sadness. Then he jumped from the ground with a frantic air; the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the miserable father tried to run upon its point; but the marine, dropping his musket, encircled him in his arms. We desired him to lead us to the cottage. The marine carried the corpse, and the father walked by its side in silence, till we suddenly came upon the rear of the cottage. The old woman was still at her wheel, and, on discovering her son a prisoner, gave a shriek which announced to a lovely female in the hut that something painful had occurred. She rushed to assist her mother—her eye fell first upon her dead son in the arms of an enemy; and seizing the boy, she tore him from the marine, kissed him more like a maniac

than a mother, and, giving one deep, piercing sigh, fell at her mother's feet. We could stand it no longer, and hastened away; but that scene I can never blot from my memory."

The late English war in China furnishes some revolting instances of the domestic desolation consequent on this trade of blood. "In almost every house the children had been madly murdered. The bodies of most of these victims were found lying usually in the chambers of the women, as if each father had assembled his whole family before the massacre; in some instances these poor little sufferers were the next day still breathing, and writhing in the agony of a broken spine; the way in which they were usually put to death. In one house were found, in a single room, the bodies of seven dead and dying persons. It was evidently the abode of a man of some consideration; and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers indicated the high elevation of their rank. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food into the mouths of two young children that were writhing in the agonies of death from dislocated spines, sat a decrepit old man, weeping bitterly at the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants. On a bed near these children, lay a beautiful young woman apparently asleep; but she was cold, and had long been dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed life. Near her was the corpse of a woman somewhat older, her features distorted, as if she had died by strangulation; not far from her lay a dead child stabbed through the neck; and in a narrow verandah adjoining, were the corpses of two more women suspended by their necks from the rafters. They were both young, one quite a girl; and her features, in spite of their hideous distor

tion from the mode of her death, still retained traces of their original beauty."

Glance at a specimen or two of the miseries inflicted by a retreating army. "Murder and devastation," says an eye-witness, "marked the footsteps of the French in their retreat from Portugal; every house was a sepulchre, a cabin of horrors! In one small village, I counted seventeen dead bodies of men, women and children; and most of the houses were burnt to the ground. In a small town called Safrea, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor; and every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity." "Often were the ditches," says another, "literally filled with clotted, coagulated blood, as with mire; the bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying there horribly mangled; little naked infants, only a year old or less, were found besmeared in the mud of the road, transfixed with bayonet wounds; and in one instance I myself saw a babe, not more than a month old, with the bayonet left still sticking in its neck!"

Of the general desolation attendant on the sword, take a glimpse from the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century. "In the Electorate of Hesse, 17 towns, 47 castles, and 300 villages, were burnt to the ground. In the Dutchy of Wirtemburg, 8 tows, 45 villages, and 36,000 houses, were laid in ashes, and 70,000 hearth-fires completely extinguished. Seven churches, and 444 houses, were burned at Eichsted. Many towns that had escaped destruction, were almost depopulated. Three hundred houses stood empty at Nordheim; and more than two hundred were pulled down at Gottingen, merely to serve for fuel. The wealthy city of Augsburg, which contained 80,000 inhabitants before the war, had only 18,000 left when it closed; and this town, like many others has never recovered its for-

mer prosperity. No less than 30,000 villages and hamlets are said to have been destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and the unburied corpses of the last victims of violence or disease, were left exposed about the streets or fields, to be mangled, and torn to pieces by birds and beasts of prey."

Take one or two specimens from the Russian campaign. "As we entered Smolensk," says Labaume, "we marched in every direction over ruins and dead bodies. The palaces, still burning, presented to our view only walls half destroyed by the flames; and thick among the smoking fragments lay the blackened carcasses of the inhabitants who had perished in the fire. The soldiers had taken possession of the few remaining houses, while the proprietor, bereft of an asylum, stood at his door, weeping the death of his children, and the loss of his fortune. The churches alone afforded some consolation to the wretched beings who had no longer a shelter. The cathedral, celebrated throughout Europe, and highly venerated by the Russians, became the refuge of those who had escaped the conflagration. In this church, and around its altars, lay whole families stretched upon rags. Here we saw an old man in the agonies of death, casting his last look towards the image of the saint whom he had all his life invoked; and there, an infant whose cries the mother, worn down with grief, was endeavoring to hush, and, as she gave it the breast, bathed it in her tears."

"From the terror caused by our arrival in Moscow, a great part of the population had concealed themselves in their houses; but they left them as the flames reached their asylums. Fear had rendered their grief dumb; and as they tremblingly quitted their retreats, they carried off their most

valuable effects, while those of more sensibility, actuated by natural feelings, sought only to save the lives of their parents or their children. On one side we saw a son carrying a sick father; on the other, women who poured the torrent of their tears on the infants whom they clasped in their arms. They were followed by the rest of their children, who, fearful of being lost, ran crying after their mothers. Old men, overwhelmed more by grief than by the weight of years, were seldom able to follow their families; and many of them, weeping for the ruin of their country, lay down to die near the houses where they were born. The streets, the public squares, and especially the churches, were crowded with these unhappy persons."

Let us select two instances of domestic anguish from the war of our own revolution. A state of fierce, almost savage exasperation existed between the whigs and tories; and a party of the latter, on capturing a Capt. Huddy from New Jersey, barbarously hung him with an insulting label on his bosom. This excited general indignation; and the people of that state urged Washington to secure justice for the murder, or make retaliation. A grand council of war held on the subject, came to the unanimous conclusion, that there should be retaliation, that the victim should be of equal rank with Capt. Huddy, and be designated by lot. The lot fell on Capt. Asgill, a young man of nineteen, the only son of a British nobleman. When the tidings, which interested many in his fate, reached England, his sister was sick with a delirious fever, and his father so near his end that his family did not venture to inform him of the affair. The mother applied to the king and queen in behalf of her son, and wrote an impassioned letter to the French minister. "The subject," says she, "on which I

implore your assistance, is too heart-rending to be dwelt on. My son, my only son, dear to me as he is brave, amiable as he is beloved, only nineteen years of age, a prisoner of war, at present confined in America as an object of reprisal. Figure to yourself, sir, the situation of a family in these circumstances. Surrounded with objects of distress, bowed down with grief, words are wanting to paint the scenes of misery around me. My husband, given over by his physicians some hours before the arrival of this news, not in a condition to be informed of it; and my daughter attacked by a delirious fever, and speaking of her brother in tones of wildness without any interval of reason, unless it be to listen to some circumstances which may console her heart. Let your own sensibility conceive my profound, inexpressible misery, and plead in my favor for a son born to abundance, to independence, and the happiest prospects. Permit me once more to entreat your interference; but whether my request be granted or not, I am confident you will pity the distress by which it is prompted, and your humanity will drop a tear on my fault, and blot it out forever."

The other case is still more touching. Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, a man of high character, endeared to all that knew his worth, and bound fast to life by six small children, and a wife tenderly beloved, was taken prisoner by the British, and sentenced to be hung! His wife, falling a victim to disease and grief combined, did not live to plead for her husband; but great and generous efforts were made by others for his rescue. A large number, both Americans and Englishmen, interceded in his behalf; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition for his release; and his six motherless children were presented on their knees as humble suitors for the life of their

father. It was all in vain; for war has no heart but of iron. His oldest son, a lad about thirteen years old, was permitted, as a special favor, to stay with him awhile in prison. On seeing his father loaded with irons, and condemned to die on the gallows, the poor boy was overwhelmed with consternation and grief. The wretched father tried to console him by various considerations, and added, "To-morrow, my son, I set out for immortality; you will follow me to the place of my execution; and, when I am dead, take my body, and bury it by the side of your dear mother." Overcome by this appeal, the boy threw his arms around his father's neck, crying, "O my father, I'll die with you! I *will* die with you, father!" The wretched father, still loaded down with irons, was unable to return his son's embrace, and could merely say in reply, 'No, my son, never! Live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country, and to take care of your brother and little sisters."

The next morning, Col. Hayne was led forth to execution. That fond and faithful boy accompanied him; and, when they came in sight of the gallows, the father turned to him, and said, "Now my son, show yourself a man. That tree is the boundary of my life, and all its sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are forever at rest. Don't, my son, lay our separation too much at heart; it will be short at longest. It was but the other day your dear mother died; to-day I die; and you, my son, though young, must follow us shortly." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted boy, "I *shall* follow you shortly; for I feel indeed that I can't—can't live long." And so it was; for, on seeing his much-loved father first in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter from the gallows, he stood transfixed

with horror. Till then, he had all along wept profusely as some relief to his agonized feelings; but that sight!—it dried up the fountain of his tears;—he never wept again. His reason reeled on the spot; he became an incurable maniac; and in his last moments, he called out, and kept calling out for his father in tones that drew tears from the hardest hearts.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW SKETCHES OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

We have already exhibited some of the horrors attendant on war; but we wish to add a few miscellaneous specimens, culled mainly from the wars of Christendom in the present century.

"Sir," said an old soldier to a peace lecturer in England, "all you have related I have seen, and a great deal more. I was on the field of Waterloo; and there I saw, on a plot of ground not much larger than a gentleman's garden, six thousand of my fellow-men with mangled limbs, dead and dying."

During the expedition of the French into Egypt, they marched where the whole way was strewed with the bones and bodies of men and animals; there was but one solitary tree to be seen; and to warm themselves at night, they gathered together those dry bones and bodies of the dead, and by a fire composed of such fuel, Napoleon lay down to sleep in the desert! The sufferings and horrors of their march were in some instances so great, that many of his soldiers killed themselves in despair; and

some, going up to the general who had tempted them to embark in this expedition, blew out their brains in his presence, exclaiming, "this is *your* work."

Napoleon's massacre in cold blood of 4000 Turks at Jaffa, was horrible beyond description. Driven to the sand-hills near that city, they were halted near a pool, when the officer in command divided the mass into small bodies, and ordered them all to be shot down in rows. This horrid operation, though many troops were employed, required much time; and the soldiers, having at length exhausted their cartridges, found it necessary to dispatch the remainder with the bayonet and the sword! There was formed there a pyramid of the dead and the dying, streaming with blood; and the soldiers were obliged to drag away the bodies of those who had already expired, in order to finish the wretches who, hid under this shocking rampart, had not yet been reached!

Take, from an English reviewer, a sketch of the way in which the British troops re-captured the cities of Spain from the French. "Thousands," he says, "rushed through the breaches, and trampled one another to death at the very mouths of the French guns, which cut them down by regiments; while the shrieks and cries of the wounded, the howls of the maddened, the roar of ordnance, the shouts of an army, the bewilderment of midnight, and the horrible stench of burnt human flesh, lit up by the flash of unnumbered guns and musketry, seemed like the wild burning waves of the bottomless pit rolling over the souls of the shrieking lost. Still on, on they rush. There is no madness like a maddened mob. Hundreds were impaled upon the sharp sword-blades fastened in rows across the breaches; yet hundreds more pressed on, and fell upon other tiers of the same horrible

instruments. Over these, as they writhed and shrieked, mounted others, and trod and crushed them down, till an army passed over, unharmed by the pointed steel beneath; and even horsemen rushed upon this causeway of living beings, and trampled and crushed it into a reeking jelly of human flesh and blood, and still plunged onward through the crimson river which flowed beyond!"

The Russian campaign was a series of horrors from which we will select a few specimens. Take the passage of the Berezina:—"There were two bridges," says Labaume, "one for the carriages, the other for the infantry; but the crowd was so great and the approaches so dangerous, that the throng collected on the bank of the Berezina became incapable of moving. In spite of these difficulties, some who were on foot saved themselves by their perseverance; but about 8 o'clock in the morning, the bridge reserved for the carriages having broken down, the baggage and artillery advanced to the other, and attempted to force a passage. Then began a frightful contest between the infantry and the cavalry, in which many of them perished by the hands of their comrades; and a still greater number were suffocated at the foot of the bridge, where the carcasses of men and horses obstructed the road to such a degree, that to approach the river, it was necessary to climb over the bodies of those who had been crushed. Some of them were still alive, and struggling in the agonies of death. In order to extricate themselves, they caught hold of those who were marching over them; but the latter disengaged themselves with violence, and trampled them under their feet. While they contended with so much fury, the following multitude, like a raging wave, incessantly overwhelmed fresh victims.

"In the midst of this dreadful confusion, the

Russians made a furious attack on the rear-guard; and in the heat of the engagement, many balls fell on the miserable crowd that for three days had been pressing round the bridge, and even some shells burst in the midst of them. Terror and despair then took possession of every heart anxious for self-preservation; women and children, who had escaped so many disasters, seemed to have been preserved to experience a death still more deplorable. Leaving their carriages, they ran to embrace the knees of the first person they met, and implored him with tears to take them to the other side. The sick and wounded, seated on the trunk of a tree, or supported on crutches, looked eagerly for some friend that could assist them; but their cries were lost in the air—every one thought only of his own safety.

"On seeing the enemy, those who had not crossed, mingling with the Poles, rushed towards the bridge; artillery, baggage, cavalry and infantry, all endeavored to pass first. The strong threw the weak into the water, and trampled under foot the sick and wounded whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed under the wheels of the artillery; and others, who had hoped to save themselves by swimming, were frozen or drowned in the river. Thousands and thousands of hopeless victims, notwithsanding these sorrowful examples, threw themselves into the Berezina, where they nearly all perished in convulsions of grief and despair. The division of Girard succeeded by force of arms in overcoming all the obstacles that retarded their march, and, scaling the mountain of dead bodies that obstructed the road, gained the opposite shore, where the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not immediately set fire to the bridge. Many of those who were left on the other bank with the prospect of the most horrible death,

attempted to cross the bridge through the flames; but midway they threw themselves into the river to avoid being burnt. At length, the Russians having made themselves masters of the field of battle, our troops retired; the passage of the river ceased, and the most tremendous uproar was succeeded by a death-like silence."

"On the morning of November 17th," says Labaume, "we left Liadoui before daybreak, and were, according to custom, lighted by the fire of the buildings which began to burn. Among the burning houses were three large barns filled with poor soldiers, chiefly wounded. They could not escape from two of these without passing through the one in front, which was on fire. The most active saved themselves by leaping out of the windows; but all those who were sick or crippled, not having strength to move, saw the flames advancing rapidly to devour them. Touched by their shrieks, some, who were least hardened, endeavored in vain to save them; but we could scarcely see them half-buried under the burning rafters. Through whirlwinds of smoke they entreated us to shorten their sufferings by depriving them of life; and, from motives of humanity, we thought it our duty to comply with their wishes! As there were some who still survived, we heard them with feeble voices crying, '*Fire on us! fire on us! at the head! at the head! don't miss!*'"

The battle of Eylau was fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror. The loss on both sides was immense; and seldom in modern times had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians 25,000 had fallen, of whom above 7000 were already no more; on that of the French, upwards of 30,000 were killed or wounded and nearly 10,000 had left their colors,

under pretence of attending to the wounded. Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field presented on the following morning. Above 50,000 men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread their grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water or assistance to extricate the wounded from the heaps of slain, or the load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amid the stifled groans of the wounded.

Still more horrible was the field of Borodino. "Before daybreak, September 7th," says Labaume, "the two armies were drawn up in order of battle. *Two hundred and sixty thousand men* waited, in awful suspense, the signal to engage. At six o'clock, the thunder of artillery broke the dreadful silence. The battle soon became general, and raged with tremendous fury. The fire of two hundred pieces of cannon enveloped the two armies in smoke, and, mowing down whole battalions, strewed the field with the dead and the wounded. The latter fell to expose themselves to a fate still more terrible. How agonizing their situation! Forty thousand dragoons crossing the field in every direction, trampled them under foot, and dyed the horses' hoofs in their blood. The flying artillery, in rapid and alternate advance and retreat, put a period to the anguish of some, and inflicted new torments on others who were mangled

by their wheels. A redoubt in the centre of the Russian army was several times taken and retaken with desperate slaughter, but finally remained in possession of the French. The interior of the redoubt presented a frightful scene; the dead were heaped on each other, and among them were many wounded whose cries could not be heard. Night separated the combatants, but left *eighty thousand men* dead on the field!

"In traversing next day the elevated plain on which we had fought, we were enabled to form an estimate of the immense loss sustained by the Russians. A surface of about nine square miles in extent, was covered with the killed and wounded, with the wreck of arms, lances, helmets and cuirasses, and with balls as numerous as hail-stones after a violent storm. In many places the bursting of shells had overturned men and horses; and such was the havoc occasioned by repeated discharges, that *mountains* of dead bodies were raised. But the most dreadful spectacle was the interior of the ravines, where the wounded had instinctively crawled to avoid the shot. Here these unfortunate wretches, lying one upon another, destitute of assistance, and weltering in their blood, uttered the most horrid groans. Loudly invoking death, they besought us to put an end to their excruciating torments."

Nearly two months after that battle, its 80,000 victims were found lying where they had fallen; and the whole plain was strewed with the carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood, and with bones gnawed by dogs and vultures. "As we were marching on our return from Moscow, over the scene of the battle," says Labaume, "we heard a piteous sound at a distance; and on reaching the spot, we found a French soldier stretched on the ground, with both his legs broken.

'I was wounded,' said he, 'on the day of the great battle; and finding myself in a lonely place, where I could gain no assistance, I dragged myself with my hands to the brink of a rivulet, and have lived nearly two months on grass and roots, and a few pieces of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I have lain in the carcasses of dead horses; and with the flesh of these animals I have dressed my wounds.' "

Thus far Labaume; and Alison quotes from eye-witnesses statements not less terribly graphic. "On Sunday forenoon," says one, "I found a crowd collected round a car in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured these victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps. Another wanted both ears and nose. More horrible still was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting, and the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruded from their sockets. It was awfully hideous; but a spectacle yet more dreadful was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of a car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features; the lips were rotted away, and the teeth stood exposed; he pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned upon us like a death's head!"

Most persons seem to suppose there never were such wars as those of Napoleon; but take a few general facts respecting the Thirty Years' War in the middle of the seventeenth century. "The crimes and cruelties of which the troops were frequently guilty, would appear almost incredible, were they not attested in a manner to render doubt altogether

impossible. But independent of private accounts, we have various reports from the authorities of towns, villages and provinces, complaining of the atrocities committed by the lawless soldiery. Peaceful peasants were hunted for mere sport, like the beasts of the forest; citizens were nailed up against doors and walls, and fired at like targets; while horsemen and Croats tried their skill at striking off the heads of young children at a blow! Ears and noses were cut off, eyes were scooped out, and the most horrible tortures contrived to extract money from the sufferers, or to make them disclose where property was concealed! Women were exposed to every species of indignity; they were collected in bands, and driven, like slaves, into the camps of the ruffian soldiery; and men had to fly from their homes to escape witnessing the dishonor to which their wives and daughters were subjected!

Houses and villages were burnt out of mere wantonness, and the wretched inhabitants too often forced into the flames, to be consumed along with their dwellings. Amid these scenes of horror, intemperance, dissipation and profligacy were carried to the highest pitch. The peasants, expelled from their homes, enlisted with their oppressors to inflict upon others the sufferings which they had themselves been made to endure. The fields were allowed to run waste; and the absence of industry on one side, added to destruction on the other, soon produced famine, which, as usual, brought infectious and pestilential diseases in its train. In 1635 there were not hands enough left at Schweidnitz to bury the dead, and the town of Ohlau had lost its last citizen! In many places hunger had overcome all repugnance to human flesh; and the tales of cannibalism handed down to us, are far too horrible to be repeated. Forests sprung up over entire dis-

tricts, which had been in full cultivation before the war; and wolves and other beasts of prey prowled alone over the deserted haunts of men."

PART II.

MORAL EVILS OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.

MORAL ELEMENTS OF WAR.

War is not an abstraction, but a terrible reality. We must take it as we find it in fact; and, if we would ascertain its real character, we must analyze its moral elements, as the measure of its actual turpitude. We may perhaps theorize war into comparative innocence; but its principles, its practice, and invariable results, will ever give the lie to such theories, and prove the custom a tissue of wickedness and misery.

War is purely, intensely selfish. A nation fights, not for the welfare of its enemies, nor for the general good of mankind, but for its own pride, ambition, or other interests. Individuals may be disinterested; but nations have little regard for the brotherhood of their race. They commonly act on the principle of a base, all-engrossing selfishness, and glory in it as the very acme of their aspirations. "A statesman," says Channing, "is expected to take advantage of the weaknesses and wants of other

countries. How loose a morality governs the intercourse of states! What falsehoods and intrigues are licensed by diplomacy! What nation regards another with true friendship? What nation makes sacrifices to another's good? What nation is as anxious to perform its duties, as to assert its rights? What nation chooses to suffer wrong, rather than to inflict it? What nation lays down the everlasting law of right, casts itself fearlessly on its principles, and chooses to be poor, or to perish, rather than to do wrong? Can communities so selfish, so unfriendly, so unprincipled, so unjust, be expected to wage righteous wars? Especially if with this selfishness are joined national prejudices, antipathies, and exasperated passions, what else can be expected in the public policy but inhumanity and crime?"

War is, also, an instrument of great practical injustice. It has no real criterion of right. It proposes to determine justice by an appeal not to reason, or law, or competent, impartial umpires, but to the blind, brutal arbitrament of the sword. When a point of honor, or a claim for indemnity, or a question of boundary, is in dispute, war sets a few hundred thousand men, who know no cause of quarrel between themselves, to cutting each others' throats in order to settle the controversy; and, after continuing this mutual butchery awhile, the parties, as the only way to a satisfactory adjustment, stop fighting, and dispatch plenipotentiaries to negotiate a treaty of peace, generally on the principle of putting everything back, as far as possible, in the same state as before the conflict began.

Nor do the evils of war fall upon its guilty abettors. A few rulers of one nation get into a quarrel with those of another, and then set the people of both to blowing out each others' brains, destroying each others' property, and inflicting the greatest

possible amount of reciprocal mischief and misery. If the real authors of war would themselves do the fighting, pay the expenses, and endure all the suffering, humanity could afford to witness now and then the spectacle of so righteous a retribution upon the titled madmen who kindle the strife of nations; but these giants of crime, carefully keeping themselves aloof from the deluge of evils they have opened upon the people, merely "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." They go not to the war themselves, except as officers with enormous salaries, and then fight their country's battles very much as Napoleon fought the battle of Waterloo—with his spy-glass two miles off! The people are the chief, almost the only sufferers from war. It is their blood that is poured out like water, their property that is squandered or destroyed by millions, their cities and villages that are laid in ashes, their families that are butchered or beggared, their sinews that are taxed through all coming time to pay for these games of blood played by rulers solely for their own gratification or emolument. There is not on earth such a system of popular injustice, oppression and outrage.

Well does Dr. Johnson say, "If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and, after bleeding in the battle, grew rich by the victory, he might then enjoy his gains without envy; but, at the conclusion of a ten years' war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions, by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations? These are the men who, without virtue, labor or hazard, grow rich as their country is impoverished. They rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and

devastation, and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest."

Dean Swift's definition of a soldier holds the mirror up to war. "A soldier," says he, "is a being hired to kill, in cold blood, as many as he possibly can of his own species who have never injured him." Equally just is Voltaire's scorching sarcasm: "A genealogist sets forth to a prince, that he is descended from a count whose kindred, three or four hundred years ago, had made a family compact with a house, the memory of which is now extinguished. That house had some distant claim to a province; and hereupon the prince and his council resolve, that this province belongs to him of divine right. The province itself protests it does not even know him; but he insists that his right is incontestable. So he instantly picks up a multitude who have nothing to do, and nothing to lose, clothes them in coarse blue cloth, puts on them hats bound with coarse white worsted, makes them turn to the right and left, and thus marches them away to glory! Other princes, on hearing of this armament, take part in it, to the best of their ability, and soon cover a small extent of country with more hireling murderers than Jenghiz-khan, Tamerlane and Bajazet had at their heels. And these multitudes furiously murder one another, not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without so much as knowing what it is about!"

Nor is Leigh Hunt's account of the matter less true to the life: "Two nations, or, most likely, two governments, have a dispute; they reason the point backwards and forwards; they cannot determine it, perhaps do not wish to determine it; so, like two

carmen in the street, they fight it out; first, however, dressing themselves up to look fine, and pluming themselves on their absurdity, just as if the two carmen were to go and put on their Sunday clothes, and stick a feather in their hats besides, in order to be as dignified and fantastic as possible. Then they go at it, and cover themselves with mud, blood and glory! Can anything be more ridiculous? Yet the similitude is not one atom too ludicrous; no, nor a thousandth part enough so. I firmly believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow-creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in, nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives; a logic, indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the 'good old times.' The world has seen the absurdity of that practice; why should it not come to years of discretion with respect to violence upon a larger scale?"

War, moreover, is an engine of wholesale mischief. It has no other aim. Its weapons are all formed, its plans all laid, its operations all carried on, for the sole purpose of making others as miserable as possible, and thus compelling their submission to our terms. Sufferings of every kind are not merely incidental to war; they are inseparable from any of its forms, and constitute its grand, essential elements. They are a part of the system. Misery is always its object or its means; and war, without a fearful waste of property, life and happiness, is an utter impossibility, a contradiction in terms. Its whole business is to plunder, and burn, and butcher, and ravage, and destroy; and to talk of a war that did not perpetrate such atrocities, and inflict such miseries by wholesale, would be as contradictory as to speak of vision without light, or of fire without heat.

"War," says an eloquent writer, "is a state in which all our feelings and all our duties suffer a strange, a total invasion; a state in which life dies, death lives, and nature produces all monstrous, all prodigious things; a state in which it becomes our business to hurt and annoy our neighbors by all possible means—instead of cultivating, to destroy; instead of building, to pull down; instead of peopling, to desolate; a state in which we drink the tears and miseries of our fellow-creatures. We should therefore do well to translate this word war into language more intelligible; and, when we pay our army and navy estimates, let us set down so much for killing, so much for maiming, so much for making widows and orphans, so much for bringing famine upon a district, so much for corrupting citizens and subjects into spies and traitors; so much for ruining industrious tradesmen, and making bankrupts; so much for letting loose the demons of fury, rapine and rage within the folds of cultivated society, and giving to the brutal ferocity of the most ferocious its full scope and its widest range of devastation."

It requires no argument, then, to prove the essential malevolence of war. If misery is its very aim, its sole element, it must of course have its life and being in malice. It is a system of hatred, retaliation and vengeance. These are its chief ingredients; nor is it possible, except by some special interposition of God, as in the case of his ancient people, for war to exist without such elements as the very main-spring of its movements. The Apostle, under the high seal of God's authority, assures us that it comes from the bad passions of men; and the custom is itself the great channel through which the foulest and fiercest depravity,—panting for plunder, or thirsting for blood, has, for more than five thousand years, poured the burning lava of its wrath over the

world. You cannot concieve a worse hell upon earth than a battle field; and well does Franklin's fable of the young angel illustrate its infernal character: "A young angel of distinction," he says, "being sent down to this world for the first time on some important business, had an old courier spirit assigned him for his guide. They arrived over the sea of Martinique in the midst of the long and obstinate fight between the English and French fleets under Rodney and DeGrasse. When through the clouds of smoke, the young angel saw the fire of the guns; the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies of the dead and dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery and destruction, which the crews yet alive were so eagerly dealing round to one another; he turned indignantly to his guide, and said, 'You undertook to conduct me to the earth; but you have brought me to hell.' 'No,' replies the guide, 'I have made no mistake at all; this is really earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men vainly call humanity.'"

Retaliation is an essential principle of war. During the Carlist war in Spain, several officers of high rank were taken prisoners; and the general humanely dispatched a courier to propose an exchange of them for some officers of his own previously taken. In two days the courier returned, and found the general seated with his prisoners at his mess, and treating them with all kindness and honor. The letter was instantly opened, and read thus: "The officers you require, I have already shot." The general, throwing the letter to his guests, said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry it is so; but there is no alternative. Blood for blood! Send for the con-

fessor; for you have but a few minutes to live." They were dragged from the table, and immediately shot in the court-yard.

Wilson, in one of his Lay Sermons, gives a very just epitome of this custom. "The history of every war," he says, "is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice, and eyed each other awhile with rather jealous, indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. 'What are you glowrin' at, Billy?' asked Donald. 'What's that to you?' retorted Billy. 'I'll look where I have a mind; and hinder me, if you daur.' The answer to this was a hearty blow; and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they met and coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one of the parties, I asked, 'What are you pelting the others for? What have they done to you?' 'O naething at a',' they replied, 'naething at a', mon; '*we just want to gie them a good thrashin'*.' And at it they went again, and continued till they were quite exhausted, when one of the principal heroes, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, stepped forth between the belligerent parties, and addressed them thus: 'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—*if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*' There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

"That trivial affray was the best epitome of war

in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that, instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a fearful waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions—*if ye'll let us alane, well let you alane.*"

This case show, also, the rise of malevolent passions in war. It may perhaps begin without any considerable degree of active or conscious malice on either side; but it soon gangrenes both parties with malignity, and makes their bosoms boil or seethe with hatred and revenge. Jacob Abbot, in his "Corner Stone," finely illustrates this process. He says, men here are "shocked at cock-fighting. Cruel, unrelenting wretches prepare their victims for the contest by sawing off their natural spurs, and fastening deadlier ones of steel upon the bleeding trunks. Then, having forced the innocent animals to a quarrel by thrusting their beaks into each others' faces, they sit around to enjoy the spectacle of seeing them fight till one is killed. The community are shocked at this, but look, calm and unmoved, upon precisely the same experiment when tried with *men*. Military leaders bring together thousands of men who have no quarrel with each other, and would gladly live in peace. They drive them up together, front to front; and, having armed them with such weapons of death and torture as nature never furnished, they succeed, half by compulsion, and half by malicious art, in getting the first blow struck, and the first blood flowing, as a means of bringing the angry passions into play. This they call getting the men *engaged!* There is no difficulty after this. The work goes on of itself—a

work of unutterable horror. The blood, the agony, the groans which follow, are nothing. It is the raging fires of hatred, anger, revenge, and furious passion, which nerve every arm, and boil in every heart, and with which thousands upon thousands pour into the presence of their Maker—these constitute the real horrors of a battle-field."

Let us, also, learn the spirit of war from its own rules. Suwarrow's catechism, a series of directions by that great general to his soldiers, says, "Push hard with the bayonet. The ball will lose its way; the bayonet never. The ball is a fool; the bayonet a hero. Stab once; and off with the Turk from the bayonet. Stab the second. Stab the third. A hero will stab half a dozen. If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third." Lord Nelson, the military idol of England, gave to his midshipmen the following directions, as the essence of their duties: "There are three things which you are constantly to bear in mind—first, you must always implicitly obey orders without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, *you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil.*"

War, indeed, is a system of well-nigh unrestrained, illimitable wickedness. It tramples under foot all laws, human and divine. It knows no rule save the will of its leaders, or the impulse of its own wild, ferocious passions. It is the perfection of moral anarchy, such as makes outlaws on earth, and fiends in hell. It confounds or annihilates nearly all moral distinction. It dethrones the divinity of right, and puts in its place the war-demon of violence and outrage, lust and crime. It spurns every restraint, and claims to do just what it pleases. "We'll fight

now, right or wrong," was the reckless, savage shout of our troops, as they rushed down the great valley of the West to invade Mexico, and revel in the halls of the Montezumas. Commodore Decatur, long ago, gave the toast—"Our country! may she always be right; but, right or wrong, may she always be victorious;" a sentiment which has since been abbreviated into the maxim—*our country, right or wrong!* The rabble have translated this watchword of wholesale crime into still briefer and more vigorous, as well as more vulgar Saxon—GO IT BLIND! 'When your country is at war, shut your eyes to the question whether she is right or wrong, help her to fight out the quarrel, however wicked, and hold yourself ready to do any deeds of atrocity which the men in power, though ever so selfish, unprincipled and reckless, may require at your hands.' Is it possible to conceive, on earth or in hell, a principle worse than this? Yet such a principle is essential to war, and thus brands the custom as a tissue of outrages upon the first principles of religion, morality, and social order.

But let us look at the actual spirit of war as seen in its agents. Just before the battle of Barossa, in Spain, Gen. Graham, riding in front of his troops, and waving his hat, pointed to the enemy, and exclaimed, "Now, my lads, there they are! Spare your powder, but give them steel enough!" The soldiers responded in three cheers, and rushed fiercely to the charge. Pagans are not wont to conceal the real malignity of war; and hence Scipio, the commander of the Roman army that destroyed Carthage, prefaced that work of vengeance with this prayer: "O dreadful Pluto! let terror and vengeance loose against the Carthagenians! May the cities and people who have taken up arms against us, be destroyed! To you, O ye Furies, I devote

all the enemies of my republic." Of this spirit, the battle of Cannæ left a memorable illustration. At its close, a Numidian, still alive, was found lying upon a dead Roman. The nose and ears of the former were miserably torn; for the Roman, having his hands so disabled that he could not use his arms, had risen from anger to fury, and expired in the very act of tearing his enemy with his teeth!

Nor is modern *Christian* warfare barren of examples equally horrid. We might refer to the thousand Arabs all burnt to death in a cave by the French, so late as 1845, or the wanton, cold-blooded butcheries by the English in China, Scinde, and Affghanistan; but take one or two cases from the French under Napoleon in Egypt. Denon, describing the attack upon Alexandria, says: "We were under the necessity of putting to death all the men at the breach; but the slaughter did not end there. The inhabitants fled to their mosques for protection; and there men and women, old and young, and infants at the breast, were slaughtered! This butchery continued *four hours*; and yet we might have spared them, by only summoning the town; but it was necessary to begin by confounding our enemy!" In another place he gives a vivid account of their fighting with the Mamelukes. "We are attacked," he says, "in a mass with cries of rage. The courage is equal on both sides; they are animated by hope, we by indignation. Those who are dismounted, drag themselves under our bayonets, cutting at our soldiers' legs with their sabres; and the dying man summons his last effort to throttle his adversary! One of our men, lying on the ground, had seized an expiring Mameluke, and begun to strangle him, when an officer said to him, 'How can you, in your condition, do such an act?' 'Why,' replied the dying man, 'you speak much at your ease—you

who are unhurt; but I, who have not long to live, must have some *enjoyment* while I may!'"

Let us come to our own country. In our war with Mexico, Maj. Ringgold, when mortally wounded, spent the last hours of his life in telling "with much pride how he directed his cannon not only to groups and masses of the enemy, but to particular men, and felt as confident of hitting his mark as if he had been using a rifle." He only regretted that he had not men enough to kill *more* of the Mexicans! Another officer (Page) had his lower jaw so entirely shot away, that he could not speak, yet exulted over the success of our troops in butchering the enemy, and concluded one answer to the inquiries of his friends by writing—*We gave the Mexicans hell!*

Well might old Burton ask, "Is not this a mad world? Are not these madmen, who leave such memorials of their madness to all succeeding generations? What fury put so brutish a thing as war first into the minds of men? Why should creatures, born to exercise mercy and meekness, so war and rage like beasts rushing on their own destruction? So abominable a thing is war!"

"There is something," says Cecil, "worse than the plunder of the ruffian, than the outrage of the ravisher, than the stab of the murderer. These are comparatively but the momentary evils of war. There is also a shocking moral appendage which naturally grows out of national conflicts. Instead of listening to the counsels of divine mercy, and concurring in the design of a kingdom of heaven set up on earth in 'righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' the spirit of warlike discord tends to entomb every such idea. It tends rather to set up something like a kingdom of hell, a reign of violence, where destruction is the grand enterprise; where

the means of death and desolation are cultivated as a science; where invention is racked to produce ruin, and the performance of it is ennobled by public applause. Moloch seems once more enthroned; while ambition, revenge and oppression, erect heir banners amidst groans and tears, amidst cities desolated, or smoking in their ashes."

"While the philanthropist," says Robert Hall, "is devising means to mitigate the evils, and augment the happiness of the world, the warrior is revolving in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood; and, if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair."

CHAPTER II.

CAUSES OF WAR.

THE moral character of an act is determined by its motives; and Dr. Knox avers, that "the causes of war are, for the most part, such as must disgrace any animal pretending to rationality." Pride or ambition, rapacity or revenge, a love of power, or a thirst for blood, a personal pique, or the merest whim, a question of prerogative, or strife about a title or a boundary, a point of etiquette, or the figment of national honor, the assertion of unjust or

doubtful claims, retaliation for real or imaginary wrongs—such are some of the most common motives for drawing the sword.

"War," it has been said with graphic truthfulness, "begins very like the quarrels of children. I recollect well when the great boys used to set the little ones to fighting, that they might enjoy the fun. It was necessary only to put a chip on one boy's head, and dare the other to knock it off. No sooner said than off goes the chip, and down comes the blow; and now the little heroes maul each other and pull hair, to the great delight of all mischief-loving spectators."

This story is almost literally applicable to the origin of some wars. Two nations of Europe, France and England, I believe, were once plunged into a long, bloody conflict, by a childish squabble between two boy-princes. Near the time of the settlement of the Pilgrims in New England, there arose between two tribes of Indians what was called "The Grasshopper War." An Indian woman, with her little son, went to visit a friend in a neighboring tribe. The little fellow, on the way, caught a grasshopper, and carried it in his hand to the cabin of her friend, whose child, of nearly the same age, wanted the grasshopper. The children, unable to agree which should have it, got into a quarrel. The mothers soon became parties in the strife; next came the husbands, and fought each for his own wife and child; and finally warriors of both tribes espoused the dispute, and plunged into a war that continued until one tribe was entirely destroyed, and the other nearly so.

The war for a bucket is well known. In the year 1005, some soldiers of Modena, either in malice or mere sport, ran away with a bucket from a public well in Bologna. It might have been worth an

English shilling; but it occasioned a fierce, protracted war. The king of Sardinia who assisted the Modenese to keep the bucket, was taken prisoner, and confined for twenty-two years in prison, where he pined away and died. The fatal bucket, carefully inclosed in an iron cage, is said to be still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral at Modena. So much for a bucket worth twenty-five cents!

The real causes of war are almost invariably trivial or wicked. "A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance," says Voltaire, "to kill or be killed by a like number of their fellow mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure, they want at best to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them have any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or to another whom they call Czar, neither of whom ever saw or will see the spot so furiously contended for, and very few of these creatures who thus butcher each other. What an excess of madness!"

"Sometimes," says Dean Swift, "a war between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, whereto neither of them pretends to have any right. Sometimes one prince quarrelleth with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things that we have, or have the things that we want; and we both fight till they have ours, or give us theirs. It is justifiable to enter into a war even against our nearest ally, when one of his towns is convenient for us, or a part of his territory would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation,

where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living."

History is full of facts on this point. Pericles, to gratify the spite of his mistress Aspasia, instigated the Athenians to make war upon Samos; and, in a like spirit of revenge, she brought on a war with Megara, which led to the Peloponnesian war, and this one war to the ultimate subjugation of all Greece, under Philip and Alexander. The ten years' war of the Greeks against Troy, which cost some two million lives, was all for a worthless courtezan; and often has the mistress of a monarch, or of his minister, whelmed nations in blood. In the reign of Edward I., a petty strife between the crews of an English and a French vessel at a spring near Bayonne, to determine which should supply themselves with water first, involved the two countries in a war that destroyed not less than 100,000 lives. The war of 1756, which cost France the flower of her youth, and more than half of her current money, besides the loss of her navy, her commerce and her credit, originated in the desire of a few ambitious persons to render themselves necessary and important.

The Peace Society of Mass., about 1825, instituted an inquiry into the actual causes of war; and, besides a multitude of petty ancient wars, and of those waged by Christian nations with tribes of savages, ascertained 286 wars of magnitude to have had the following origin:—22 for plunder or tribute; 44 for the extension of territory; 24 for retaliation or revenge; 6 about disputed boundaries; 8 respecting points of honor or prerogative; 5 for the protection or extension of commerce; 55 civil wars; 41 about

contested titles to crowns; 30 under pretence of assisting allies; 23 from mere jealousy of rival greatness; 28 religious wars, including the crusades;—*not one for defence alone!*

CHAPTER III.

THE VICES AND CRIMES OF WAR.

War is the parent of all manner of wickedness. It is a school of error, and a vast hot-bed of iniquities. It panders to the lowest vices, instigates to the foulest crimes, and throws a loose rein upon the basest and fiercest passions of our nature. A warrior himself says, "the moment a recruit is enlisted, and gets a forage cap on his head, and a stick in his hand, he considers himself, whatever may have been his previous character, licensed to drink, and curse, and swear, and associate with women of the town." Napoleon used to say, "the readiest way to govern soldiers is by their vices; and *when they have none, they must be taught to contract them.*"

Machiavel says, "War is a profession by which men *cannot* live honorably at all times; and the soldier, if he would reap any profit, is *obliged* to be false, and rapacious, and cruel. No man, who makes war his profession, *can be otherwise than vicious.*" Voltaire thus sums up the moral results of war: "Put together all the vices of all ages and places, and never will they come up to the mischiefs and enormities of a single campaign."

Erasmus puts this aspect of war in its true light. "Do you detest robbery and pillage? These are

among the *duties* of war. Do you shudder at the idea of murder? To commit it with dispatch, and by wholesale, constitutes the celebrated art of war. Do you regard debauchery, rapes, incest, and crimes of a dye still deeper than these, as foul disgraces to human nature? Depend upon it, war leads to them all in their most aggravated atrocity. Is impiety, or a total neglect of religion, the true source of all villainy? Religion is always overwhelmed in the storms of war."

Warriors themselves, or their eulogists, occasionally admit these vicious tendencies of their profession. Doddridge, in his Life of Col. Gardiner, says, "The generality of our youth are debased, enervated and undone by the bad influences of the camp; and so many are the temptations, and so great the prevalence of vicious characters, that it may seem no inconsiderable praise and felicity for one to be free from dissolute vice." Gardiner himself was, before his conversion, a mass of reeking corruption, one of the vilest libertines that ever rioted in debauchery. One day Frederick the Great at his table jestingly said, that his light troops had been commanded only by robbers; and added with a laugh, and a roguish eye upon the colonel who commanded those troops, "Col. Guichard had all the difficulty in the world, after the war, to lose the habit of plundering; and now, when he is near me, I have special care of my snuff-box and purse, lest he should play off against me some slight-of-hand trick." The colonel, not relishing this pleasantry at all, tartly replied, "True, sire, I have pillaged and robbed; but it was by your majesty's orders, and you always had the best share of the booty."

Our war with Mexico furnishes instances enough of the immoralities inseparable from this custom. "Pity," said one of its officers, "we are not engaged

in actual fight for the sake of the reckless gamesters who night and day are throwing away their scanty pay in the inhuman recreation of gambling. If you would witness wickedness and vice, drunkenness, and all the vicious propensities of the human heart in their most odious colors, the American camp, I grieve to say, is the place where you may behold them. This campaign is a grand school of iniquity and vice."

Mark the natural, inevitable growth of crime under the high example of government in war. A man who robs and kills for the state, may in time take it into his head to do so for himself; nor can we expect the great body of soldiers to make much, if any distinction, in point of moral turpitude, between the same deeds in the two cases. One of Wellington's soldiers, an Irish private, once attempted to shoot and rob a French peasant, and was sentenced to be hung for it. Just before he swung from the gallows, he cried out in the following imprecation upon his commander: "Bad luck to the Duke! He's no Irishman's friend, any way. Why, I've killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders; and now, when I just took it into my head to kill a single one on my own account, by the powers! he has *tucked* me up for it!"

An English warrior, after describing the recapture of Spanish towns, adds: "Then did British soldiers, who had crossed the seas to rescue Spaniards from French thraldom, rush upon the city, and slaughter, and pillage, and violate every house. There was no order, no restraint; officers were shot in the streets by drunken soldiers; old men and children they slaughtered promiscuously; there was scarce a woman whose person they did not violate; whole families were burnt up in their own houses; and thus reigned horror and dreadful car-

nage for several days in succession. The after-scene was indeed 'hell broke loose.' We cannot read it without a shudder; and yet no effort was made to restrain the fierce and brutal licentiousness of the soldiers."

Take a case from the French in the same country. Ucles, a decayed town, was taken by them in 1809. Plunder was their first object; and, in order to make the people disclose where their valuables were secreted, they put them to the torture. Having obtained all the portable wealth of the place, they yoked the inhabitants like beasts, especially the clergy, loaded them with their own furniture, and made them carry it to the castle-hill, and pile it in heaps, where they set fire to it, and consumed the whole. They then proceeded, in mere wantonness, to murder about threescore persons, dragging them to the shambles, that this butchery might be committed in its proper place. Among these sufferers were several women; and they might be regarded as happy in being delivered from the worse horrors that ensued; for the French laid hands on all the surviving women of the place for the gratification of their brutal lusts. They tore the nun from the altar, the widow from her husband's corpse, the virgin from her mother's arms; and these victims of the foulest brutality they abused till many of them actually expired on the spot! Nor was even this all; but the further abominations, perpetrated without restraint by those monsters in the open day, could not, the historian assures us, even be hinted at without violating the decencies of language, and the reverence due to humanity.

The licentiousness of war is proverbial. It must, from the nature of the case, reek with this species of vice, the prolific parent of all others. Mar-

riage is virtually forbidden, to nearly all its agents; and wherever troops are quartered, or a war-ship moored, or even single officers found for any length of time, there is woman too surely tempted to her ruin. "On a ship coming into port," says an English naval officer, "large numbers of prostitutes are allowed to come and *live* on board, or come off in the evening, and are sent ashore in the morning." An officer of our own says of his ship while in Port Mahon, "I have seen *five hundred* of these lost, degraded creatures, on board at a time; all the decks full of them; between the guns, and in every direction, were they to be seen with the seamen."

"When the impressed seaman returns from a long cruise," says Ladd, "to what horrid temptations to licentiousness is he exposed! I have visited the fleets and dock-yards at Gosport and Portsmouth, and I have lived five years in the midst of slavery; and I may safely say, that I have seen more of lasciviousness, more degradation of the female sex, in one day in England, than I have seen in my whole life-time in America. On board some of the ships of war there were nearly as many women as men, and on shore crowds of drunken, profligate females! It seemed to me I had got into the midst of Sodom and Gomorrah."

Let us hear a few facts from the Rev. Mr. Smith, once a seaman himself, but at the time a missionary to his brethren of the sea. Having gone on board a man-of-war, in a British port, to distribute tracts, and converse on religion with the sailors, he was "rudely ordered off by the commander with the assurance, 'You have no right down below in my ship.' 'Why, sir, I found many of the vilest, unmarried females below, teaching the men all sorts of obscenity and abomination. Surely, if these are allowed to crowd the ship, a minister of the gospel

might be permitted also.' 'No, sir, they come to the men by my sanction; you do not.' 'I am truly sorry for it; for they will corrupt and ruin the whole ship's company.' 'Don't you mind that, sir; mind your own business.' "I visited, also, the Albion, 74, just from Navarino; and the scenes of debauchery, and the language of obscenity and blasphemy on board, were most shocking. I stood upon the quarter-deck of the Genoa, 74, and beheld the sailors handing on board the vilest and most reprobate women, with the permission and sanction of the officers. I walked round the decks of the Asia, 84, and beheld abominations my pen dares not describe. I could have entered into contract with the seamen, on their arrival in port, to supply them with three or four hundred of the most blasphemous, abandoned and obscene characters, that they might break God's holy law, insult his sacred majesty, and ruin their bodies and souls to all eternity—all this I could have done with free permission from all the officers; but to send a person on board with the same number of religious tracts for the sailors, would have been the highest insult to human authority, and the most dangerous experiment to myself."

Take from our own country another illustration of the licentiousness inseparable from the war-system even in peace: "After the old French war," says Ladd, who got the facts from a relative of the victim, "an English regiment came to Albany. The flash and finery of the officers quite turned the heads of the young; and, ingratiating themselves by degrees, they corrupted at length the morals of both sexes by balls and dances, masquerades, temporary theatres, and other arts of seduction. The good old minister (Frelinghuysen,) early took the alarm, and preached boldly against these

demoralizing innovations; but, though sustained by the aged and wise, the influence of the army, rallying the young on their side, prevailed, and drove the preacher from his pulpit, from the city, and even the country. They silenced his voice, but could not falsify his predictions, which soon began to be visibly fulfilled. More than a dozen of the most ancient and respectable families were disgraced, and a multitude of the common people.

"The fall of one female was too deplorable to be soon forgotten. She was the favorite grand-daughter of an ancient, superannuated domine of great respectability and wealth, by the name of Lydius, at whose house Col. Schuyler, commander of the regiment, was billeted. In vain did the wife of Col. Schuyler warn the young lady of her danger. She fell a victim to seduction. The poor old grand-father offered her seducer, a Capt. Rogers, all his property, if he would marry his grand-daughter, and thus remove the disgrace from his family. He offered in vain; perhaps the villain was already married. Proud and high-spirited, of great pretensions from her birth and fortune, the disgrace bereft the young lady of her reason; and for thirty years after the birth of her child, did the maniac mother constantly sit at the garret window of the house in which she was born, anxiously looking down the river for the return of her seducer, who had told her he was going to Ireland, his native country, and would soon return and marry her. She believed it all; and, when the south wind blew, the poor lunatic was in ecstacies, expecting every moment to see him coming up to fulfil his promise; and then she would clap her hands in a rapture of delight, and tears of joy would flow down her cheeks. Her deceiver never came; in-

stead of going to Ireland, he merely got transferred to a regiment in Quebec.

"When the brother of his victim learned the truth of the case, he publicly vowed revenge, and followed him to Quebec; but a friend of Rogers, hastening to inform him of his danger, arrived three days before the avenger, and thus gave the villain time to apply for a furlough. The cause of it got wind, and drew so many gibes and jeers from his brother officers, that he challenged them all, and wounded three of them in duels; but the seducer, however brave, dared not meet the exasperated brother of his victim, and embarked the very day on which Lydius arrived. The latter had not the means of following him; but he vowed, if ever he set foot on this continent again, he would be the death of the gold-laced villain. He never came; but the influence of that regiment on the morals of Albany has not to this day been entirely effaced."

We can hardly believe how many victims of lust strew the pathway of war. No less than forty thousand women of ill fame were said to have accompanied Napoleon's grand army into Russia, in 1812; and it may well be doubted whether a solitary one ever returned to France! "Most of them," says Labaume, "being on foot, with shoes of stuff little fitted to defend them from the frozen snow, and clad in robes of silk or the thinnest muslin, were glad to cover themselves with tattered pieces of military cloaks torn from the bodies of dead soldiers. But of all these victims, none excited a warmer pity than the young and interesting Fanny. Beautiful and affectionate, amiable and sprightly, speaking many different languages, and possessing every quality calculated to win the most insensible heart, she now begged for the most menial employment; and the morsel of bread she

obtained, drew from her the strongest expressions of gratitude. Imploring succor from us all, she was compelled to submit to the vilest abuse; and, though her soul loathed the prostitution, she belonged every night to him who would charge himself with her support. I saw her when we quitted Smolensko. She was no longer able to walk. She was clinging to the tail of a horse, and was thus dragged along! At length her powers were quite exhausted; she fell on the snow, and there remained unburied, without exciting one emotion of pity, or obtaining one look of compassion!!"

What a scene of mingled rapine, lust and vengeance, must a captured city be! "When the generals were ordered to leave Moscow," says Labaume, "the soldiers, no longer restrained by that awe which is always inspired by the presence of their chiefs, gave themselves up to every excess, and to the most unbridled licentiousness. No retreat was safe, no place sufficiently sacred to secure it from their rapacious search. To all the excesses of lust, were added the highest depravity and debauchery. No respect was paid to the nobility of blood, the innocence of youth, or the tears of beauty."

"The French troops, as they poured into the devoted city," says Porter, "had spread themselves in every direction in search of plunder; and in their progress they committed outrages so horrid on the persons of all whom they discovered, that fathers, desperate to save their children from pollution, would set fire to their places of refuge, and find a surer asylum in the flames. The streets, the houses, the cellars, flowed with blood, and were filled with violation and carnage."

But we need not continue these illustrations of war. All history proves it to be a gigantic imper

sonation of all wickedness. It is steeped in pollution; it reeks with every form of vice; it riots and revels in the foulest crimes as its very element; it is a mass of the vilest and most horrible abominations. It cannot be otherwise; for its spirit is the essence of malignity, and its tactics the science of crime. It teaches crime; it compels crime; it rewards crime with pay, and titles, and monuments. Too truly does Channing say, "war is the concentration of all human crimes. Under its standard gather violence, malignity, rage, fraud, perfidy, rapacity and lust. It is a theatre got up, at immense expense, for the exhibition of crime on a grand scale. A more fearful hell than the field of battle, cannot well be conceived in any region of the universe. There the fiends hold their revels, and spread their fury." Well does Lord Brougham exclaim, "I hold war to be the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man."

CHAPTER IV.

WAR VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

We are not left to unaided reason alone for the discovery of our duties; and yet nature does shed some light upon the subject now under consideration. On consulting her oracles, we hear no respone against the right of violent self-defence in cases where we must either kill or be killed; but she does give forth strong, unequivocal utterances against the general practice of war. It receives countenance only from her depravity and perversion. Not one of her principles, instincts or interests, will justify such a system of violence, outrage and revenge; but on her heart are engraven, and all over her brow are written, those laws of love and sympathy, of mutual dependence and universal brotherhood, which forbid this whole custom, and prove it contrary to the original intentions of nature, and to the benevolent purposes of nature's God.

Self-defence is another thing, quite as distinct from the custom of war as it is from that of duelling. "When two nations, after mutual preparations, continued perhaps through many years, appeal," says Sumner, "to war, and invoke the God of battles, they *voluntarily* adopt this unchristian umpirage of right; nor can either side strongly plead the overruling necessity on which alone the right of self-defence is founded. Self-defence is independent of law; it knows no law; it springs from the tempestuous urgency of the moment, which brooks neither circumscription nor delay. Define

it, give it laws, circumscribe it by a code, invest it with form, refine it by punctilio, and it becomes *the duel;* and modern war, with its innumerable rules and regulations, its limitations and refinements, is the *duel of nations.*" No man pleads the right of self-defence in justification of duelling; and yet most truly does Dr. Johnson say, "If public war be allowed to be consistent with morality, private war must be equally so; and, in my opinion, it is exceedingly clear, that duelling, having better reasons for its barbarous violence, is *more* justifiable than war, in which thousands, without any cause of personal quarrel, go forth and massacre each other."

Erasmus represents Peace as expostulating with mankind against war as unnatural. "It is a circumstance equally shameful and marvellous, that, though nature has formed one animal, one alone, capable of sentimental affection and social union, with powers of reason, and a mind participating of divinity, yet Peace can find admission among the wildest of wild beasts, and the most brutal of brutes, sooner than with this one animal—the rational, immortal animal called man. There is nothing more unnaturally wicked, more productive of misery, more extensively destructive, more obstinate in mischief, more unworthy of man as formed by nature, much more of man professing Christianity.

"If any one considers for a moment the organization and external figure of the body, will he not instantly perceive that nature, or rather the God of nature, created the human animal not for war, but for love and friendship; not for mutual destruction, but for mutual service and safety; not to commit injuries upon one another, but to perform acts of reciprocal beneficence? Man she brought into the world naked, weak, tender, unarmed, his flesh of the softest texture, his skin smooth and delicate,

and susceptible of the slightest injury. There is nothing observable in his limbs adapted to fighting or violence. Unable either to speak, or walk, or help himself to food, he can implore relief only by tears and wailing; so that from this circumstance alone might be collected, that man is an animal born for that friendship which is formed and cemented by the mutual interchange of benevolent offices.

"Moreover, nature evidently intended that man should consider himself indebted for the boon of life, not so much to himself, as to the kindness of his fellow-man, and thus might perceive himself designed for social affections, and the attachment of friendship and love. Then she gave him a countenance not frightful and forbidding, but mild and placid, imitating by external signs the benignity of his disposition. She gave him eyes full of affectionate expression, the indices of a mind delighting in social sympathy. She gave him arms to embrace his fellow-creatures. She gave him lips to express a union of heart and soul. To him alone she gave the power of laughing, a mark of the joy of which he is susceptible. She gave him tears, the symbol of clemency and compassion. She gave him, for the utterance of his thoughts and feelings, not a menacing and frightful yell, but a voice bland, soothing and friendly. Not satisfied with all these marks of her peculiar favor, she bestowed on man alone the use of speech and reason; a gift which tends, more than any other, to conciliate and cherish benevolence, and a desire of rendering mutual services. She implanted in him a hatred of solitude, and a love of company. She sowed in his heart the seeds of every benevolent affection, and thus rendered what is most salutary at the same time most agreeable. Lastly, to man is given that

spark of the divine mind which stimulates him, of his own free will, to do good to all.

"In contrast with all this, view in imagination savage troops of men, horrible in their very visages and voices; men clad in steel, drawn up in battle array, and armed with weapons that are frightful in their crash and very glitter; mark the horrid murmur of the confused multitude, their threatening eyeballs, the harsh, jarring din of drums and clarions, the terrific sound of the trumpet, the thunder of the cannon; a mad shout like the shrieks of bedlamites; a furious onset, a cruel butchery of each other! See the slaughtered and the slaughtering, heaps of dead bodies, fields flowing with blood, rivers reddened with human gore! Sometimes a brother falls by the hand of a brother, a kinsman upon his nearest kindred, a friend upon his friend, both actuated by the same fit of insanity, and each plunging his sword into the heart of one who never offended him even by a word!"

Such is war. And is this bantling of blood one of nature's legitimate offspring? Does it spring from any of her unperverted laws or instincts? Does she require, or prompt, or sanction such a custom? Is it a fulfilment of her wise and merciful provisions for the common happiness of her children? Is there the slightest proof, that mankind were made for such mutual hatred and butchery? Did the Almighty create this fair and smiling earth to be the slaughter-yard of beings formed in his own image for immortality and heaven? The very thought is a libel on nature and nature's God.

CHAPTER V.

WAR VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF REVELATION.

SECTION I.

GENERAL CONTRARIETY OF WAR TO REVEALED RELIGION.

We may safely presume warriors to understand the nature and principles of their own profession. Napoleon, in a temporary fit of candor, denounced war as "the trade of barbarians," and he excluded priests from his armies, because he held the maxim, *the worse the man, the better the soldier.* Wellington himself once declared in the House of Lords, *that men who have nice notions about religion, have no business to be soldiers.* Two British officers were once cashiered for refusing, on a foreign station, to join in what they conscientiously deemed idolatrous worship; and the king in confirming that sentence, said, "If religious principles were allowed to be urged by individual officers as a plea for disobedience of orders, the discipline of the army would sustain an injury which might be dangerous to the state."

Well, then, does the venerable missionary Ward say, "Either our religion is a fable, or there are unanswerable arguments against war, and the profession of arms." With equal truth does Jeremy Taylor aver, "If men would obey Christ's doctrine, they would never war one against another; for, as contrary as cruelty is to mercy, tyranny to charity, so is war and bloodshed to the meekness and gentleness of the Christian religion."

"War," says Robert Hall, "is the fruitful parent

of crimes. *It reverses all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than* A TEMPORARY REPEAL OF THE PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE. *It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are included.* Whatever renders human nature amiable or respectable, whatever engages love or confidence, is sacrificed at its shrine. It removes, so far as an enemy is concerned, the basis of all society, of all civilization and virtue; for the basis of these is the good-will due to every individual of the species, as being a part of ourselves. The sword, and that alone, cuts asunder the bond of consanguinity which unites man to man. Hence the morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter, to inflict injuries. The former teaches men to love their enemies; the latter, to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interests by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others."

Let us put war and Christianity side by side, and see how far they agree. Christianity saves men; war destroys them. Christianity elevates men; war debases and degrades them. Christianity purifies men; war corrupts and defiles them. Christianity blesses men; war curses them. God says, thou shalt not kill; war says, thou *shalt* kill. God says, blessed are the peace-makers; war says, blessed are the war-makers. God says, love your enemies; war says, hate them. God says, forgive men their trespasses; war says, forgive them *not*. God enjoins forgiveness, and forbids revenge; while war scorns the former, and commands the latter. God says, resist not evil; war says, you may and must resist evil. God says, if any man smite thee on one cheek,

turn to him the other also; war says, turn *not* the other cheek, but knock the smiter down. God says, bless those who curse you; bless, and curse not: war says, curse those who curse you; curse, and bless not. God says, pray for those who despitefully use you; war says, pray *against* them, and seek their destruction. God says, see that none render evil for evil unto any man; war says, be sure to render evil for evil unto all that injure you. God says, overcome evil with good; war says, overcome evil with evil. God says, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: war says, if you do supply your enemies with food and clothing, you shall be shot as a traitor. God says, do good unto all men; war says, do as much evil as you can to your enemies. God says to all men, love one another; war says, hate and kill one another. God says, they that take the sword, shall *perish* by the sword; war says, they that take the sword, shall *be saved* by the sword. God says, blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord; war says, cursed is such a man, and blessed is he who trusteth in swords and guns. God says, beat your swords into ploughshares, your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more; war says, make swords and spears still, and continue to learn war.

SECTION II.

WAR AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The Old Testament has been supposed to countenance war. It does of course justify those which God expressly commanded; but it lends no encouragement or sanction to the custom itself. The

wars divinely enjoined or permitted, were exceptions for specific, peculiar, temporary purposes; and if we separate the precepts of the Old Testament from its somewhat mysterious history, we shall find its general principles implicitly forbidding war. It inculcates love, and meekness, and forbearance, and forgiveness, and general beneficence, and a variety of other duties that are quite incompatible with this trade of blood.

Let us analyze the decalogue as an epitome of the moral teachings found in the Jewish scriptures. If we adopt the common division into two tables—our duties directly to God, and our duties to each other, we shall find that war violates the whole spirit and every precept of each table.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me, nor make unto thee any graven image, nor bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.—War contravenes all such precepts. It sprang from paganism; its spirit is essentially pagan still; and its laws everywhere require soldiers to obey their officers rather than God himself. Does it not thus dethrone Jehovah from the hearts of an army? Are not soldiers notorious for their neglect of God? Can war be anything else than a vast nursery of irreligion? Every man, whether a private, an officer, or even a chaplain, is bound by his oath to obey his superiors, right or wrong, rather than God himself. War was the origin of nearly all the demi-gods ever worshipped; and, had Napoleon lived three thousand years earlier, he would have been the very Mars or Jupiter Tonans of the World.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.—War is a school of impiety and profaneness; blasphemy is the well-known dialect of the army and navy; you can hardly enter a camp or a war-ship without meeting a volley of oaths, or find

a warrior on land or sea, who does not habitually blaspheme the name of God. An eye-witness, speaking of one of our own armies, says we should not wonder at their frequent defeats, "if we could hear the men, from the general to the private, strive to outvie each other in uttering the most horrid imprecations and blasphemy, and ridiculing everything like religion."

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.—War scorns to acknowledge any Sabbath. Its battles are fought, its marches continued, its fortifications constructed, all its labors exacted, all its recreations indulged, quite as much on this as any other day of the week. It is the chosen time for special and splendid reviews; all the millions of soldiers in Christendom are compelled to violate the Sabbath; and, where the war-spirit is rife, it will be found well nigh impossible to preserve, in any degree of vigor, this mainspring of God's moral government over our world.

Honor thy father and thy mother.—Here is God's shield of home with its garnered affections; but war sports with these affections, and rudely tramples the hearth and the altar under its bloody hoof. Its spirit, its aims, its very laws, its legitimate and designed results, are adverse to this command; and its whole history has been a crusade upon the endearments, the rights and interests of that domestic constitution which God established in Eden itself, as the grand nursery of social virtue and happiness.

Thou shalt not kill.—It is the very object, the main business of war to kill men. It is the most terrible engine ever contrived for their destruction; incomparably more destructive to life than the inquisition or the slave-trade, than famine, or pestilence, or any form of disease that ever swept over

the earth. It was not possible for men or devils to devise a more wholesale violation of a precept so vital to the welfare of society, and to all the great interests of our race.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.—War is a hot-bed of the foulest licentiousness. It is deemed the soldier's privilege; and, wherever an army is encamped, a war-ship moored, or a city taken, he is permitted to indulge his lusts at will. In 1380, some English troops, while wind-bound near Portsmouth, and waiting for provisions, forcibly carried off men's wives and daughters; and, among other outrages, their commander went to a nunnery, and demanded admittance for his soldiers; and being refused, they entered by violence, compelled the nuns to go with them, and afterwards threw them into the sea! When an English man-of-war was accidentally sunk near Spithead, she carried down with her no less than six hundred lewd women; and amidst the fires of captured Magdeburg and Moscow, were heard continually the wild, despairing shrieks of ravished mothers and daughters. War is a Sodom; and, could all its impurities be collected in one place, we might well expect another storm of fire and brimstone.

Thou shalt not steal.—War is a system of legalized national robbery; the very same thing, only on a larger scale, and under the sanction of government, for which individuals are sent to the prison or the gallows. To plunder, burn and destroy, is the soldier's professed business. All this accords with the laws of war; and every government, in its letters of marque and reprisal, licences men to commit piracy at pleasure!

Thou shalt not bear false witness.—War glories in violating this prohibition by wholesale. It cultivates the art of lying as one of its excellencies, and

rewards it as a meritorious service. It is a part of the trade to misrepresent, and deceive, and traduce, and circumvent an enemy. It even hires traitors and spies to practise deception for the most malignant purposes. Almost every war is a tissue of practical falsehoods on both sides.

Thou shalt not covet.—We can hardly find a war that did not begin and end with the violation of this principle. What are countries wasted, and territory conquered, and cities plundered, all its legalized robberies and piracies, but so many forms of prohibited coveting? At Hamburg, 40,000 persons were driven from their homes without clothes, money, or provisions, of which their enemies had despoiled them: and around Leipsic nothing was spared, neither the ox, nor the calf two days old, neither the ewe, nor the lamb scarcely able to walk, neither the brood-hen, nor the tender chicken. Whatever had life, was slaughtered; and even the meanest bedstead of the meanest beggar was carried off. Such things are inseparable from war.

Yet one of the strongest pleas for this custom has been drawn from the divinely authorized wars, recorded in the Old Testament. No one can deny, that the Israelites were engaged in many, and often very destructive wars, under the sanction of Jehovah; but "those wars" says the excellent Gurney, "differed from all others in certain very important particulars. That very divine sanction which is pleaded, did in fact distinguish them from all those in which any other nation is known to have been ever engaged. They were undertaken in pursuance of God's express command, and directed to the accomplishment of his revealed designs. These designs had a twofold object—the temporal preservation and prosperity of his peculiar people, and the punishment and destruction of idolatrous nations.

The Israelites were sometimes engaged in war without any direction from God; but such of their military operations as were sanctioned by the Lord, assumed the character of a work of obedience and faith. They went forth to battle in compliance with his command, and in reliance upon his aid. These characteristics of their warfare were attended with two very marked consequences: first, that their conflicts, so far from being attended by that destruction of moral and pious feeling which is so generally the effect of war, were often accompanied by high religious excellence in those who thus fought the battles of the Lord, as in the case of Joshua, the Judges, and David; and secondly, that these contests were followed by uniform success. Now, it cannot be predicated even of the justest wars among other nations, that they are undertaken by the direct command of Jehovah; or that they are a work of obedience and faith; or that they are often accompanied with high religious excellence in those who undertake them; or that they are followed by uniform success. Even if the system of Israelitish morals, then, was still in force without alteration, we could not justly conclude from such an example, that warfare, as generally practised, is in any case consistent with the will of God."

It is clear that the "Old Testament does not sanction war in the abstract, or *as a custom*; for every case of lawful war was expressly enjoined or permitted; and, if *such* authority were now given, we too might properly resort to arms." But this command or permission just neutralizes the example as a guide to us. God *bade* Abraham sacrifice Isaac. Will this justify parents now in murdering their children at pleasure? God *commanded* Moses to stone the Sabbath-breaker to death. Are we bound to do the same? God indulged patriarchs in po-

lygamy and concubinage. Does their example make such things lawful for us?—We are reminded, however, that God could never have enjoined or permitted anything that is *necessarily* wrong. Few things are so; but, if *not* necessarily wrong, who now regards filicide, and polygamy, and concubinage, and arbitrary divorce, and many other practices allowed to the Israelites, as lawful under the gospel?—But the wars of the Israelites were properly *penal executions;* merely the infliction of such penalties as God himself prescribed against transgressors of his law. Should a bevy of constables attempt to imprison or execute a gang of sentenced criminals, and meet from them a desperate and bloody resistance, would the conflict deserve to be called war? Yet such were the wars of the Israelites. The idolaters of Canaan had committed high treason against Heaven; God denounced upon them the penalty of utter extermination; the Israelites were commissioned to inflict this penalty; and all they did, resembles an execution far more than it does war. God assumed the whole responsibility of the deed; the Israelites were mere executioners of his will.—But those wars were distinguished from all others by two peculiarities;—they occurred under a theocracy, a government of which God himself was the head; and they were expressly enjoined or permitted by him. Since the close of revelation, men *cannot* be placed in the same circumstances, and therefore can never apply to themselves this example of the Israelites.—But if applied, the example would prove too much. The chief wars of the Israelites were wars of aggression, conquest and utter extermination; and such an example, if it proves anything, would justify the most horrid, wholesale butcheries ever committed in the strife

of nations. Would any man now deem such wars right? If not, he should never quote those of the Israelites; for there the aggressors were justified, and those who acted in self-defence were condemned.

SECTION III.

WAR AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

So far the Old Testament; but the gospel, repealing the ancient law or license of retaliation, and putting in its place the principle of universal good-will, is still more repugnant to the custom of war. Its spirit, its principles, its legitimate results are all antagonistic to those of Christianity. Peace was the song chanted over her cradle by angels fresh from the God of love. Her Founder was the Prince of Peace; her gospel is the statute-book of peace; the principles of peace are scattered throughout the New Testament; and most fully were they enforced by the example of Christ, his apostles, and all his early disciples.

Glance at the general contrariety of war to the gospel. "It contradicts," says Dr. Malcom, "the very genius and intention of Christianity. Christianity, if it prevailed, would make the earth a paradise; war, wherever it prevails, makes it a slaughter-house, a den of thieves, a brothel, a hell. Christianity is the remedy for all human woes; war produces every woe known to man. All the features, all the concomitants, all the results of war, are the opposite of the features, the concomitants, the results of Christianity. The two systems conflict in every part irreconcilably and eternally."

"The whole structure of an army is in violation

of New Testament precepts. What absolute despotism! 'Condescending to men of low estate' would spoil discipline. 'Esteeming others better than ourselves' would degrade the officers. Instead of humility, must be gay trappings. Instead of Christ's law of love, must be man's rule of honor. Instead of examining all things, the soldier must be like a trained blood-hound, ready to be let loose against any foe. Instead of returning good for evil, the army is organized expressly to return injuries with interest. The qualities required in the Christian, spoil a soldier for the field. He must then cast away meekness, and fight. He must cast away honesty, and forage. He must cast away forgiveness, and revenge his country. He must return blow for blow, wound for wound. Thus, when we take the common soldier individually, we find him *compelled to violate every precept of his religion.*"

The celebrated Erasmus, more than three centuries ago, put the contrariety of war to the gospel, in a startling light. "Let us," says he, "imagine we hear a soldier among these *fighting* Christians saying the Lord's Prayer just before battle. OUR FATHER! says he. O, hardened wretch! can you call God Father, when you are just going to cut your brother's throat?—*Hallowed be thy name.* How can the name of God be more impiously *unhallowed* than by mutual bloody murder among his sons?—*Thy kingdom come.* Do you pray for the coming of *his* kingdom, while you are endeavoring to establish an earthly despotism by spilling the blood of God's sons and subjects?—*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.* His will in heaven is for PEACE; but you are now meditating WAR—*Give us this day our daily bread.* How dare you say this to your Father in heaven at the moment you are

going to burn your brother's corn-fields, and would rather lose the benefit of them yourself than suffer him to enjoy them unmolested?—*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.* With what face can you pray thus, when, so far from forgiving your brother, you are going with all the haste you can, to murder him in cold blood for an alleged trespass which, after all, is but imaginary?—*Lead us not into temptation.* And do *you* presume to deprecate temptation or danger—you who are not only rushing into it yourself, but doing all you can to force your brother into it?—*Deliver us from evil.* *You* pray to be *delivered from evil*, that is, from the evil being, Satan, to whose impulses you are now submitting yourself, and by whose spirit you are guided in contriving the greatest possible evil to your brother?"

Let us state a few points that will probably be conceded by all. 1. The deeds of war in themselves considered, are confessedly forbidden in the New Testament, and can be justified only on the supposition, that government has a right in war to reverse or suspend the enactments of Heaven.

2. The *spirit* of war is acknowledged by all to be contrary to that of the gospel. But can we have war without its *spirit?* What is the spirit of *any* custom or act but the *moral character* of that custom or act? Blasphemy without the *spirit* of blasphemy! Perpetrate the deeds of war without the spirit of war, and destroy property, life and happiness by wholesale, from motives of pure benevolence! Kill men just for their own benefit! Send them to perdition for their good!! Tremendous logic; yet the only sort of logic that ever attempts to reconcile war with the gospel; a logic that would require us to suppose, that thousands of cut-throats by profession, generally unprincipled

and reckless, fierce, irascible and vindictive, the tigers of society, will shoot, and stab, and trample one another down in the full exercise of Christian patience, forgiveness and love!!

3. The qualities required of warriors, are the *reverse* of those which characterize the Christian. Even Paley, the ablest champion of war, avers that "no two things can be more different than the Heroic and the Christian characters," and then proceeds to exhibit the two in striking contrast as utterly irreconcilable. Must not war itself be equally incompatible with Christianity?

4. The gospel enjoins no virtue which the soldier may not discard without losing his military rank or reputation; nor does it forbid a solitary vice which he may not practise without violating the principles of war.

5. While the gospel prescribes rules for every lawful relation and employment in life, it lays down not a single principle applicable to the soldier's peculiar business, and evidently designed for his use. If war is right, why this studious avoidance, this utter neglect of its agents?

6. The Old Testament predicts that the gospel will one day banish war from the earth forever. But, if consistent with Christianity, how will the gospel ever abolish it? The gospel destroy what it sanctions and supports!

7. Christians, in the warmest glow of their love to God and man, shrink with instinctive horror from the deeds of cruelty and blood essential to war; nor can they, in such a state of mind, perpetrate them without doing violence to their best feelings.

8. Converts from paganism, in the simplicity of their first faith, have uniformly understood the gospel as forbidding this custom. Such was remark-

ably the case in the South Sea Islands; and the fact goes far to prove, that no mind, not under the hereditary delusions of war, would ever find in the gospel any license for its manifold abominations.

But let the New Testament speak for itself. It may forbid war either by *a direct condemnation of it*, or by *the prohibition of its moral elements*, the things which go to constitute war; and we contend that the gospel does forbid it in both these ways.

I. Note first *its express condemnation of war.* "From whence come wars and fighting among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts?" James iv. 1. We cannot well conceive a denunciation more direct or more decisive. Our Saviour before Pilate declared, "if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight; but now is my kingdom *not* from hence." John xviii. 36. A most unequivocal condemnation of war as inconsistent with Christianity. "Follow peace with *all* men." Heb. xii. 14. Or, as it is in the original, seek earnestly, with all your might, after peace, not only with your own countrymen, but with foreigners; not with your friends alone, but with your enemies; with the whole human race. What language could, if these passages do not, condemn war as utterly unchristian?

II. But look at the still more decisive mode of forbidding war by *the condemnation of its moral elements.* The gospel puts them all under ban. War contravenes *the fundamental principle of Christianity.* This principle is, enmity subdued by love, evil overcome with good, injury requited by kindness. It pervades the whole New Testament; it is the soul of the Christian system. The peculiar precepts of the gospel all rest on this principle; nor can we take it away without subverting the entire fabric of Christianity. But this principle is incompatible

with war, because war *always* aims to overcome evil *with* evil, to return injury *for* injury, to subdue our enemies by making them wretched, to inflict on our assailants the very evils they meditate against us, to save our own life, property and happiness by sacrificing theirs. Such is war in its best form; but, if this be not a contradiction of the gospel, we know not what is, and challenge you to conceive a principle more directly opposed to that which lies at the foundation of Christianity.

But the gospel condemns *in detail* the moral elements of war. "Lay aside all malice; and let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger be put away.—Avenge not yourselves. Recompense to no man evil for evil. See that none render evil for evil to any man.—Whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and division, are ye not carnal?—Now, the works of the flesh are these: hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, envyings, murders, revilings, and such like." Need any one be told, that the things here denounced, are inseparable from war, and constitute its very essence? What! war without malice or hatred, without bitterness, wrath or anger, without division or strife, without variance, emulation or murder! Nations go to war without avenging themselves, and rendering evil for evil!

The gospel, however, still more fully condemns war by *enjoining what is inconsistent with it.* "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and the parable of the Good Samaritan makes *every human being* our neighbor. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law Charity (love) suffereth long, and is kind; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—Do good unto *all*

men. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.—By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. Have peace one with another. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness. Put on bowels of mercies, kindness, peaceableness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, forgiving one another, even as Christ forgave you. The wisdom which is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated.—Blessed are the poor in spirit—the meek—the merciful —the peace-makers.—Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. Overcome evil with good. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

Now, do not such passages convey a most unequivocal condemnation of war in all its forms? *Love thy neighbor* AS *thyself*—by shooting and stabbing him! *Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.* The soldier's *only* business is to do his neighbor all the ill he can. *Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.* Would *you* like to have them burn your dwelling over your head, butcher your whole family, and then send a bullet or a bayonet through your own heart? *Love your enemies, and do them good.* War teaches us to hate them, and do them all the evil in our power. *Forgive as Christ forgives.* Do soldiers forgive in this way? *Avenge not yourselves.* War is a system of avowed and studied vengeance. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.* Is war ever waged on this principle? Can it be, without ceasing to be war?

We know well the plea, that these precepts are addressed to individuals, not to governments; but

we challenge the slightest proof from the New Testament, that one government, in its intercourse with another, is exempt from these obligations, or authorized to exempt its subjects from them. We are also told, that many of these passages are obviously figurative. True; but they mean something. What then do they mean? *Resist not evil,—turn the other cheek to the smiter,—overcome evil with good.* Do such passages mean to allow bombardment, pillage, devastation, slaughter? If not, they do not allow war. *Love your enemies, and do them good.* Does this mean, *ruin their commerce, sink their fleets, burn their villages, plunder their cities, blow out their brains?* So of all the precepts we have quoted; no possible construction can make them allow war.

War is confessedly a bad business; and, if we *must* have it, and still wish its work of blood and vengeance performed according to the gospel, its deeds of hell executed in the spirit of heaven, then must we change its agents, and, instead of such villains and desperadoes as Napoleon wanted for warriors, instead of releasing felons, as England has been wont to do, from the prison and the gallows, on condition of their becoming soldiers, we must select from the church her best members,—her deacons and elders, her pastors, rectors and bishops,—as the only men that can, if anybody can, rob, and burn, and ravage, and murder by wholesale, all without malice, from motives of pure benevolence, in a Christian way! as Paul, or Gabriel, or Christ himself would have done!! If unfit for such hands, then is the whole business of war unchristian.

Here is a fair test. If war is right for us, it must have been equally so for our Saviour; but can you conceive the Prince of Peace, or one of his apostles, leading forth an army to their work of plunder, blood and devastation? Can you point to a

modern field of battle, on which Christ or Paul would have been in his element amidst fire, and blood, and groans, and dying curses? Is there a *Christian* way of burning villages, and plundering cities, of perpetrating the wholesale butcheries of the battle-field, and hurling thousands on thousands of guilty souls into the eternal world? Does the gospel tell us *how* to do *such* things *aright*—how apostles, how Christ himself, would have done them? If not, then is war utterly incompatible with that gospel which proclaims peace on earth as one of its first and most glorious peculiarities; whose promised reign on earth is to be a reign of universal peace; whose disciples are all required to overcome evil with good, to love even their enemies, and imitate the blessed example of Him who reviled not his revilers, nor returned one curse for the many curses heaped upon himself by his crucifiers, but prayed on his cross, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

SECTION IV.

DIFFICULTIES FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. We should of course expect to find some difficulties even in the New Testament; and the first is the plea, that John the Baptist did not require the soldiers who came to him for instruction, to quit the army.—Now, we submit, that John, the forerunner of Christ, belonged not to the Christian, but to the Jewish dispensation; and hence his reply, whatever it might be, could not prove war to be consistent with Christianity, because it has no bearing on the point. Even if admitted, to what

does it amount? He did not bid the soldiers abandon their occupation; nor did Christ tell the woman of Samaria to cease from her adulteries, or any others to relinquish the business in which they had been engaged. The grossest idolatry formed a part of the Roman military service. Did John's answer justify that? If not, then it could lend no sanction to the custom of war. He did not in fact touch the question of the lawfulness of their profession.

2. 'But the New Testament nowhere condemns war by *name*.'—We deny the assertion; but, if true, what would it prove? The New Testament does not in *this* way condemn polygamy or concubinage, gambling or suicide, duelling, the slave-trade or piracy; but does the gospel allow such practices merely because it does not denounce them by *name*? It does condemn what constitutes them, every one of their moral elements; a mode of condemnation much less equivocal, and far more decisive.

3. Equally futile is the plea, that neither Christ nor his apostles ever expressly censured the profession of arms.—Nor did they thus censure other professions or employments; and this argument, if it proves anything, would justify almost every species of wickedness prevalent in their day. Because our Saviour did not condemn the *religion* of the Syro-Phenician woman that came to him, (Matt xv. 21—28,) does the gospel sanction idolatry? Because he did not reprove the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, for the adultery and concubinage in which she had lived for years, (John iv. 7—30,) are we to regard his silence in the case as an approval of such things? Because he did not expressly condemn the former profession even of the penitent Magdalene, (Luke vii. 37—50,) does the gospel connive at harlotry?

4. Essentially the same answer may be given to the case of the "centurion having soldiers under him," who besought that his servant might be healed, and of whom our Saviour said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel, (Matt. viii. 5—13;) and to the still more striking case of "Cornelius, a centurion, a devout man, one that feared God, gave much alms, and prayed to God always," (Acts x. 1—35.)—Make the most of these cases; and what do they prove? Merely that men, under the *Jewish* dispensation, to which they both belonged at the time, might be devout, and still remain soldiers; a position which nobody disputes. Neither Christ, nor Peter, says a word respecting their profession; they leave us to determine in other ways whether it is consistent with the gospel; their *usual* mode of treating the former profession or employment of converts to Christianity. Idolatry was an *essential* part of the profession of those centurions; and, if the notice taken of them as devout men, proves the military part to be right, it equally proves the idolatrous part to be so. The truth is, those men were first soldiers, then Christians; nor have we the slightest proof that they remained in the profession of arms, but strong presumptive evidence that they relinquished it, both from the idolatrous rites which it enjoined, and from the fact that there is no authentic record, for the two or three first centuries, of a single Christian continuing in the trade of blood.

5. "But our Saviour himself bade his disciples procure swords, even by selling their garments." (Luke xxii. 35—38; Matt. xxvi. 51—53.)—We will not here attempt a full explanation of this vexed passage; it is enough for our present purpose to say, that no interpretation can make it sanction *any* use of the sword. When one of his disciples

said, "Lord, here are *two* swords," he replied, "it is enough." *Two* swords enough to arm twelve men! When one of them, at the crisis of danger, asked, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" he gave no answer that is recorded; but his influence in restraining the disciples from violence, proves again that he did not design the effusion of blood. Nor did he need the sword for his protection, since he might at will have brought to his rescue "more than twelve legions of angels." When Peter, mistaking his Master's design, or yielding to his own passions, drew his sword, and smote the servant's ear, Christ performed a miracle to heal the wound, and added this severe rebuke, "put up thy sword; for all they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." Can anything be plainer than that our Saviour did not, in this case, sanction *any* use of the sword? The whole transaction, so far from countenancing war, is a most decisive condemnation of the custom.

6. We are gravely told, moreover, that our Saviour, with a scourge of small cords, drove the dealers in cattle from the temple. (John ii. 14—17.) But what has this case to do with war? Before it can touch the question, you must prove, not only that Christ drove out the *cattle* with the cords, but actually killed their owners, since this alone resembles war; and that his example, thus explained, he left on record expressly for the guidance of *governments* in settling their disputes!!

7. We are reminded, however, of our duty to obey civil government as "an ordinance of God;" and hence the alleged right and even obligation of Christians to engage in war at the call of their rulers.—Now, there is not in all the New Testament a syllable that requires or permits us to disobey God at the bidding of our rulers; and both Christ,

his apostles, and all his early disciples, uniformly refused, at the hazard of their lives, to obey *any* requisition of civil government that involved disobedience to God. The question then returns, does the gospel allow war? If so, then we *may* wage it at the command of our rulers; but, if not, no human authority can make it right for us to do so. If he authorizes rulers to wage war at pleasure, and requires us to support them, whether right or wrong,—a supposition impiously absurd,—then we may engage in it at their command; but if not, then no human authority can make it right for us to do so in violation of Christian principle.

'The Bible, however, allows to *government* what it forbids to *individuals*.'—True, in *some* cases it does; but in *such* cases there is *a clear exception* in favor of government. Government, as the representative of associated individuals, is regarded by all writers on international law, and by the common sense of the world, as a moral person, subject to the same obligations with individuals *in all cases not excepted by God himself;* and, unless he has expressly exempted government, the general principles of the gospel are just as binding upon rulers as upon subjects. Every precept of his word, unless an exception is made in their favor expressly, or from the nature of the case, is as applicable to nations as to individuals, and bind the former as truly as they do the latter. God has nowhere prescribed one set of moral principles for individuals, and another for nations or governments; and, unless the general principles of his word are obligatory alike on them both, the latter have no obligations to bind them, and no rules to guide them.

8. But we are confidently referred to the passage which speaks of civil government as ordained of God, and of the magistrate as a minister of God,

armed with the sword, to execute wrath upon evil-doers. (Rom. xiii. 1—7.)—Now, the whole aim of this passage is to enforce the duty of implicit submission to government, though it be as bad as that of Nero himself, then on the throne;—a principle which cuts up by the roots the assumed right of armed resistance and revolution, which all advocates of war take for granted. The apostle is prescribing the duty, not of rulers, but of subjects alone, and authorizes only by implication, if at all, merely the sword of the magistrate, not the sword of the warrior; the sword being used here, not as an instrument of death, but only as an emblem of authority. He is looking, not at the intercourse of one nation with another, but solely at the relation and duties of subjects to their own governments. Not a word does he say about international wars; nor does the passage express or involve a solitary principle that would justify any species of war. The most it can possibly mean is, that government may *enforce* its laws upon its *own subjects*, and punish them for disobedience; a position which the strongest friends of peace are not at all disposed to deny or doubt, but most fully believe.

Yet it may be said, for it has been, that this right of government to punish or restrain its own subjects by force, *involves* the right of war. We think not, but contend, that the right to inflict capital punishment, and to use the sword in suppressing mobs and insurrections, does not include in itself the right of *nations* to wage war with each other. War is an affair, not between *individuals* and *governments*, but between GOVERNMENTS THEMSELVES; and the agents employed in carrying it on are treated, not as individuals, but as representatives of their respective governments. What then is the sole point of inquiry? Not how government may treat

its own subjects, but *how one* NATION *may treat* ANOTHER *nation.* The former is the *government* question, the latter the *peace* question; points that are entirely distinct, and ought never to be confounded.

Take an illustration. As the head of a family, I will suppose I have a right from God to punish my children; but this right cannot justify bloody contention between two families. My authority is restricted to my own household; and from what I may lawfully do there, you cannot argue to what I may do to any *other* family. They are distinct, independent domestic communities, under the protection of a government common to them both; if one injures the other, redress must be sought in the way which that government prescribes; and their duties and rights in respect to one another must be determined, not by what the father of each family may do in *his own sphere*, but by the laws under which they live. If these laws permit families to fight each other, then have they such a right, so far as the government over them can give it; and on the same principle, if the government of God, the only one over nations, allows them to war against each other, then, and only then, have they a right from God to do so. But no man, at all acquainted with the genius of Christianity, or the teachings of the New Testament, can believe that God has appointed war, like civil government, for the good of mankind, or authorized nations, any more than individuals, to fight out their quarrels. A duel between twenty or fifty millions is far *more* inconsistent with Christianity, than is a duel between two individuals.

SECTION V.

EARLY CHRISTIANS ON WAR.

The Bible, rather than any human authority, should be our guide; but, since the early Christians learned its meaning from the apostles themselves, or their immediate successors, we naturally wish to ascertain how they regarded the custom of war. Of their general views and practice on this point, there now remains little, if any doubt; for it is undeniable that, for a considerable period, so long indeed as the lamp of Christianity burnt pure and bright, they held it unlawful to bear arms, and actually abstained from war at the hazard of their lives; nor was it till the Church became corrupt, that her members began without remorse or rebuke to be soldiers. "It would be as easy," says a learned writer of the seventeenth century, "to obscure the sun at mid-day, as to deny that the primitive Christians renounced all revenge and war."

Justin Martyr, Tatian, Clemens of Alexandria, Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, and a multitude of others among the early fathers, declared it unlawful for Christians to engage in war. It seems to have been for nearly three centuries the *common* sentiment, avowed and defended by the great champions of Christianity. Justin Martyr and Tatian talk of soldiers and Christians as distinct characters; and Tatian says that the Christians declined even military commands. Clemens of Alexandria calls his Christian contemporaries the "followers of peace," and expressly tells us "that the followers of peace used none of the implements of war." Lactantius says expressly, "It can never be lawful for

a righteous man to go to war." About the end of the second century, Celsus, one of the opponents of Christianity, charged the Christians with refusing to bear arms even in cases of necessity. Origen, their defender, does not deny the fact; he admits the refusal, and justifies it on the ground that war is unlawful for Christians. Even after Christianity had spread over almost the whole known world, Tertullian, in speaking of a part of the Roman armies, including more than one-third of the standing legions of Rome, distinctly informs us that "not a Christian could be found amongst them."

All this is explicit; but the following facts are still more decisive. Some of the arguments which are now brought against the advocates of peace, were then urged against those early Christians; and these arguments they examined and repelled. This indicates investigation, and manifests that their belief of the unlawfulness of war was not a vague opinion, hastily admitted, and loosely floating amongst them, but was the result of deliberate examination, and a consequent firm conviction that Christ had forbidden it. The very same arguments that are brought in defence of war at the present day, were brought against Christians sixteen hundred years ago, and were promptly repelled by them. It is remarkable, too, that Tertullian appeals to the precepts from the Mount as proving that the dispositions which these precepts inculcate, are not compatible with war, and that the custom therefore is irreconcilable with Christianity.

If it be possible, a still stronger evidence of the primitive belief is contained in the circumstance, that some of the Christian authors regarded the refusal of the Christians to bear arms, as a fulfilment of ancient prophecy. The peculiar strength of this evidence consists in this, that the fact of a

refusal to bear arms is assumed as notorious and unquestioned. Irenæus, who lived about the year 180, affirms that the prophecy of Isaiah, which declares that men shall turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, had been fulfilled in his time; "for the Christians," says he, "have changed their swords and lances into instruments of peace, and they know not how to fight." Justin Martyr, his contemporary, writes, "that the prophecy is fulfilled, you have good reason to believe; for we who in times past killed one another, do not now fight with our enemies." Tertullian, who lived later, says, "you must confess that the prophecy has been accomplished as far as the practice of every individual is concerned, to whom it is applicable."

Take a few cases of actual martyrdom to this principle. "Maximilian, as related in the Acts of Ruinart, was brought before the tribunal to be enrolled as a soldier. On the proconsul's asking his name, Maximilian replied, 'I am a Christian, and cannot fight.' It was, however, ordered that he should be enrolled; but he refused to serve, still alleging that he was a Christian. He was immediately told that there was no alternative between bearing arms, and being put to death. But his fidelity was not to be shaken;—'I cannot fight,' said he, 'if I die.' He continued steadfast to his principles, and was consigned to the executioner."

The primitive Christians when already enlisted, abandoned the profession on embracing Christianity. Marcellus was a centurion in the legion called Trajana. Whilst holding this commission, he became a Christian; and, believing in common with his fellow-Christians, that war was no longer permitted to him, he threw down his belt at the

head of the legion, declaring he had become a Christian, and would serve no longer. He was committed to prison; but he was still faithful to Christianity. "It is not lawful," said he "for a Christian to bear arms for any earthly consideration;" and he was, in consequence, put to death. Almost immediately afterwards, Cassian, notary to the same legion, gave up his office. He steadfastly maintained the sentiments of Marcellus, and like him was consigned to the executioner. Martin, of whom so much is said by Sulpicius Severus, was bred to the profession of arms, which, on his acceptance of Christianity, he abandoned. To Julian the Apostate, the only reason that we find he gave for his conduct, was this, "I am a Christian, and therefore I cannot fight." Tarachus, another military man and martyr, underwent his examination at Tarsus in Cilicia. Numerianus Maximus sat as President. "What is your condition?" says Maximus. "I have led a military life, and am a Roman; but *because I am a Christian, I have abandoned my profession of a soldier.*"

It has been sometimes said, that the motive which influenced the early Christians to declare war unlawful consisted in the *idolatry* connected with the Roman armies. *One* motive this idolatry unquestionably afforded; but it is obvious from the quotations we have given, that their belief of the unlawfulness of fighting, independent of idolatry, was an insuperable objection to engaging in war. Their words are explicit: "I cannot *fight*, if I die."—"I am a Christian, and therefore I cannot fight."—"Christ," says Tertullian, "by disarming Peter, disarmed every soldier;" and Peter was not about to fight in the armies of idolatry. So entire was their conviction of the incompatibility of war with our religion, that they would not even be present

at the gladiatorial fights, "lest," says Theophilus, "we should become partakers of the murders committed there." Can any one believe that they who would not even witness a battle between two men, would themselves fight in a battle between armies? And the destruction of a gladiator, it should be remembered, was authorized by the state, as much as the destruction of enemies in war."

In time, however, Christians became soldiers, but not till they degenerated in other respects, as well as in this. When they sank into a general conformity to the world around them; when they began "to indulge in luxuries, to be envious and quarrelsome, to dissemble, and cheat, and falsify their word;" when they scrupled not to sit at meat in idolatrous temples, and aid in the sacrifices; when the manufacturers of idols were admitted to the Christian ministry, and Christians filled offices in the pagan priesthood; when the Church became thus corrupt, then she lent her sanction to war, and her members became soldiers without scruple.

This degeneracy, however, was not suddenly general. "During the first two hundred years, not a Christian soldier is upon record; but in the third century, when Christianity became partially corrupted, Christian soldiers were common. The number increased with the increase of the general profligacy, until at last, in the fourth century, Christians became soldiers without hesitation, and the tenet that war is unlawful, ceased at length to be a tenet of the Church."

CHAPTER VI.

MALIGN MORAL INFLUENCES OF WAR.

SECTION I.

INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER.

We have already given facts enough to prove in general the bad moral influences of war; but we wish still further to show how it sears the conscience, and steels the heart, sometimes brutalizes the whole inner man, and always tends to debase the character alike of individuals and communities.

It cannot be otherwise, for almost everything about war tends to these results. The rottenness of its principles, the essential malignity of its spirit, the extreme servility of its discipline, its familiarity with violence and blood, its intimacy with every species of vice, its release from nearly all moral restraints, its low estimate of social and civil virtues, its contempt for the habits and acquisitions of honest industry, its wanton, remorseless violation of others' rights, its reckless gratification of the basest and most ferocious passions, its claim to trample at will on every law alike of man and of God, must all conspire with fearful efficacy to demoralize the operators in this trade of human butchery.

Let us hear the warrior's testimony respecting his own profession. "If there is one method," says a military officer, "better fitted than another to make a man an abject slave to the will of his superior, without a conscience or judgment of his own; one calculated to smother every generous and noble

feeling, to destroy his morals and his constitution, there could not have been a better school chosen than the army."

There is a kind of fatality about the influence of war upon its own agents. It seems to obscure or destroy their moral perceptions, to benumb their consciences, and debase their feelings and habits. During our war of 1812, a company went from the capital of Vermont to the relief of Plattsburgh. Its commander, subsequently a judge, said it contained some of the worthiest men in the town, a fair average of its moral character; but they had not been three days in the service, before they began to indulge freely in deeds of which they would have been ashamed at home, nor deemed themselves capable of such degradation!

Nor is this a solitary case. "I know," said a good deacon, "too much about war to feel any complacency in it; for, when a young man, I was in it. In the war of 1812, I was drafted, and sent down upon the coast (in Massachusetts) for only a short time, yet long enough to learn more of war than I could otherwise have believed possible. I did not, indeed, fall a victim myself; but multitudes around me did, and I was saved only by the skin of my teeth. My mother told me, as I left home, not to drink, and all would be well. I heeded her, and that alone saved me; but I saw what a dreadfully demoralizing influence the service has upon soldiers." Equally strong was the testimony of a Presbyterian elder: "In our last war," said he, "I took the command of a company from Albany. It was a picked band, all in the bloom of youth, or the vigor of manhood, the very flower of the city. We were out only three months without once seeing the enemy; but, though only on camp duty, the men were half spoiled. Had we continued six months,

it seems to me they must nearly all have been ruined."

In the same war, Plattsburgh was an encampment for years; and, as one illustration of its influence on character, the wife of a pious physician there related the case of a young man, naturally amiable, and religiously educated, whom the service had converted into a kind of monster. He confessed the change himself. 'I am,' said he, 'the son of pious parents; but I care not now for anything they taught me. I was trained to reverence God and his Sabbath; but now I can trample without remorse on his name and his day. Once I was so tender-hearted I could not bear to see a lamb or an ox slaughtered; but now the sight of a whole regiment weltering in their own blood, would scarcely move me. Once I could not stay in a room where there was a corpse; but now I could go into my tent with half a dozen of my comrades lying there dead, and, pillowing my head upon one of them, could sleep as sweetly as ever.'[2]

Mark the emphatic language of a Frenchman respecting his brethren in arms. "The soldier," says Miot, "abandons himself to all the fury which an assault authorizes. He strikes, he slays; nothing can impede him; and everywhere the desire of pillage makes him brave danger, and forget his wounds. All the horrors of the general storm are repeated in every street, in every house. You hear the cries of violated females, calling in vain for help to those relatives whom the soldiers are butchering. No asylum is respected. The blood streams on every side, and, at every step, you meet with human beings groaning and expiring; but the soldier is restrained only by weariness of slaughter, or the necessity of securing his plunder."

Such habits must of course sear the conscience,

and brutalize the heart. "Yesterday," says Denon in Egypt, "I was in the company of warriors whose qualities I admired; to-day I attended their funeral, and to-morrow shall abandon their remains on a strange soil. Just now a young man was attacked; I saw him fall, and heard his accents of grief succeeding his valorous impetuosity. He called in vain for succor; and, as he dragged himself along, his cartridges exploded, and horribly mutilated his limbs and body. I saw him expire; and to-morrow the post he held, will console for his loss the companion by whom he is to be succeeded." "A grand list of promotions!" exclaimed an English officer, on hearing of a sanguinary battle. "Ah! my brother," said an inferior officer in the American Revolution, to his own brother, a colonel of the same regiment, as he lay wounded near his heart, and his horse dead by his side, "One inch nearer, my brother, and I should have had your regiment!" The infection of this barbarity diffuses itself even into society. "What a pity," exclaimed a well-educated girl in her teens, "we could not have had a war with France! (1835) there are so many cadets and midshipmen waiting for promotion!"

The soldier's life is a tissue of such savage developments. "At the siege of Lerida," says Count de Bussy, "a company of us, all intimate friends, fell one day to drinking and singing after dinner. In the height of our jollity, the Chevalier de Valiere was called to give some instructions concerning certain works then in progress, and left us for half an hour. In less than fifteen minutes, his servant came crying out, 'my master is dead!' And so it was; for, while walking along the trenches, and scorning to show more caution than his companion, he was knocked on the head by a musket-

ball. We looked at each other in silence for a moment; and then the songs and glasses went round as briskly as if nothing had happened!" "We pitied our comrades when wounded," says Rocca in Spain; "but when once they had ceased to live, the indifference shown them amounted almost to irony. When the soldiers passing by, recognized one of their companions stretched among the dead, they just said, 'he is in want of nothing now;—he'll not have his horse to abuse again;—he has got drunk for the last time.'" "A poor French soldier in Egypt was attacked with the plague; and, as he saw the army starting to leave him, and felt the venom of that dreadful malady circulating in his veins, he made a last desperate effort to rise, staggered a few steps, and then fell headlong on the sand. He rose a second and a third time, writhing in strange contortions, and staring wildly in terror and despair. His comrades only ran from him, as from the plague, and, turning round, burst, like a set of drunken revellers, into roars of laughter at his odd motions; and, as he sank to rise no more, 'he has got his last account!' shouted one; 'he'll not march far!' cried a second; while others exclaimed, 'see, he has taken up his last quarters!' It is a terrible truth," adds Miot, "that indifference and selfishness are the predominant traits of an army."

Napoleon's campaign in Russia was a horrible commentary on this tendency of war. "Its horrors," says Labaume, "so far from exciting our sensibility, only hardened our hearts. Having no longer the power of exercising our cruelty on our enemies, we turned it on each other. The best friends were estranged; and whoever experienced the least sickness, was certain of never seeing his country again, unless he had good horses and faith-

ful servants. Preserving the plunder of Moscow was preferred by most to the pleasure of saving a comrade. We heard around us the groans of the dying, and the plaintive voice of those who were abandoned; but all were deaf to their cries, and, if any one approached them when on the point of death, it was for the purpose of stripping them, and searching whether they had any remains of food. Whenever a soldier sunk from fatigue, his next neighbor rushed on him, and stripped him of his clothes, even before he was dead. Every moment we heard them begging the aid of some charitable hand. 'My comrades,' exclaimed one with a heart-rending voice, 'help me to rise; deign to lend me a hand to pursue my march.' All passed by without even regarding him. 'Ah, I conjure you not to abandon me to the enemy; in the name of humanity grant me the trifling assistance I ask; help me to rise.' Instead of being moved by a prayer so touching, they considered him as already dead, and began to strip him; and then we heard his cries, 'Hep! help! they murder me! Why do you trample me under your feet? Why do you take from me the remainder of my money and my bread? You even take away my clothes!' If some officer, urged by generous feeling, did not arrive in time to prevent it, many in the like situation would have been assassinated by their own comrades."

We cannot wonder at such results; for the government in war lends its high sanction to deeds that would in individuals be deemed worthy of the prison and the scaffold. War is the very anarchy and carnival of crime. It teaches, for instance, the worst forms of robbery. "A man who rushes to the highway to rob, maddened by the sight of a famished family, may plead powerful temptation; but

armies rob, burn and destroy in the coolest malice. See a file of men, well fed and well clothed by a great and powerful nation, proceed on a foraging party. They enter a retired vale, where a peaceful old man, by hard-handed toil, supports his humble family. The officer coolly points with his sword to the few stacks of hay and grain laid up for winter. Remonstrances are vain—tears are vain. They bear off his only supply, take his cow, his pet lamb, add insult to oppression, and leave the ruined family to an almshouse or starvation. Nor is the seizure or destruction of public stores any the less robbery. A nation has no more right to steal from a nation, than an individual has to steal from an individual. In principle, the act is the same; in magnitude, the sin is greater, for all the private robberies in a thousand years, are not a tithe of the robberies of one war. In one of the Punic wars, Carthage, with 100,000 houses, was burnt and destroyed, so that not a house remained; and the plunder carried away by the Romans in precious metals and jewels alone, is reported to have been equal to *five million pounds of silver*. Who can compute the number of similar events, from the destruction of Jerusalem to that of Moscow? A great part also of the private robberies in Christendom, may be traced to the deterioration of morals caused by war. Thousands of pirates received their infamous education in national ships. Thousands of thieves were disbanded soldiers. War taught these men to disregard the rights of property, to trample upon justice, and refuse mercy; and even if disposed to honest labor, which a military life always tends to render unpalatable, the disbanded soldier often finds himself unable to obtain employment, and is thus compelled to steal or starve." So well is this understood in the old world, that a veteran

regiment there is seldom disbanded at home, lest they should turn highwaymen.

No war is exempt from such results. Our own revolutionary struggle, though elevated far above most wars, not only by the justness of its cause, but by the general excellence of the men who fought its battles, nevertheless confessedly left a blighting influence upon the character of the nation. Washington himself complained, "Our conflict is not likely to cease so soon as every good man could wish. The measure of our iniquity is not yet full; for speculation, peculation, engrossing, forestalling, with all their concomitants, afford too many proofs of *the decay of public virtue*, and too glaring instances of its being the interest and desire of too many who would be thought friends, to continue the war!" "Such a spirit of avarice and peculation," says one of our own historians, "had crept into the public departments, and taken a deep hold of *the majority of the people*, as Americans a few years before were thought incapable of." This was the effect of the war. "There sprang up, during the war," says another, "a race of men who sought to make private advantage out of the public distress. This public pest spread wider every day, and finally *gangrened the very heart of the state.*" Such men as Franklin, Adams, and others uttered similar complaints; and Congress itself, writing to its commissioners in France, said, "There is scarce an officer, civil or military, but that feels something of a desire to be engaged in mercantile speculation; we are almost a continental tribe of Jews."

The Christians of that day took a still more serious view of the case. A Presbytery in New England, all friends of the war itself, published a volume to illustrate and arrest its malign influences upon the moral character of the community. They

specify the vices and sins that had become most prevalent. "The profanest language," say they, "is become the fashionable dialect. The youth, that was bred in innocence, and was never heard to defile his tongue with one profane oath in his life, no sooner gets on board a privateer, or has spent a few days in a camp, than we find him learned in all the language of hell! The most horrid oaths and infernal curses load and taint the air about him. And this language passes current as graces of conversation, as a polish of style that should suffice to dub him a fine gentlemen!"

Corruption, fraud and cruelty grew apace. "Benevolence to our fellow-men," say they, "was perhaps never less cultivated in any country, than of late among us. Hard-hearted indifference to the distress of the poor, the widow, and the orphan, has risen up, and seized her throne. The base-born spirit of selfishness never had so unrestrained sway in this land. This has cut out work for all the passions, and kept them in constant employ. Pride and false honor have disgraced our armies with the barbarous practice of duelling, and friends have imbrued their hands in the blood of friends, while the connivance of superiors has given sanction to the crime. Avarice stalks in the streets, or lurks in the corners, and has stained the public roads with inhuman murders. Avarice and extortion were never carried here to such lengths. Fraud and oppression sweep all before them; while debauchery and vice fill both town and country. Glaring instances of peculation, and breach of public trust, are sheltered and uncensured; and private robbery, thefts, and burglaries abound more and more."

"Intemperance, also, is become sadly common among us men; and this monster, not content with human sacrifices among the men, and with

making shipwreck of many professors of religion too, has begun to ravage and destroy even the gentler sex!" It is well known that the war of our revolution was the starting point, the great fountain of our national intemperance.

Licentiousness, however, was perhaps the foulest offshoot of the war. "It is well known," say these men, who admired the war even while deploring so many of its evil results, "that this period never had its parallel in America for the prevalence of all the vices of sensuality. Uncleanness is awfully increased; ante-nuptial fornications are so frequent, and so slightly censured, that it has almost ceased to be regarded as a crime; adulteries are excused under the name of gallantries; books utterly unfit for a modest eye, are published avowedly on purpose to teach intrigue as a science; and the poisonous letters of a British nobleman are eagerly bought up, read and commended as a standard of politeness and true taste, though the direct tendency is to patronize lewdness, and make the world forget that chastity is a virtue."

The influence of the war-system even in peace is extremely pernicious to good morals. It was officially stated in the British Parliament, that of the soldiers stationed in the United Kingdom, one in twenty annually passes through the public jails; while of the general population, including the army itself, there is but one to five hundred—more than twenty-five to one in favor of civil life! It would appear from other official disclosures, that the army and navy of England are vast nurseries of intemperance; for a high officer a few years ago testified, "that nine-tenths of the murders, and other crimes of great enormity, committed by British soldiers in India, are induced by drunkenness, and that generally the crimes for which men are

flogged in the army, originate from the same cause."

The demoralizing influence even of our own militia drills has long been notorious to a proverb. It has been a source of general corruption to the community, and formed habits of idleness, dissipation and profligacy. It has done a great deal to flood our land with intemperance; and muster-fields have generally been scenes or occasions of gambling, licentiousness, and almost every vice. The history of our militia drills is a tissue of such facts. In answer to inquiries made by our General Government in 1826, the highest officers of the militia in different sections of the country represented 'militia musters as prejudicial to the morals of the community; as assemblies of idle and dissipated persons; as making idlers and drunkards rather than soldiers; as attended, under the most favorable circumstances, with riot, drunkenness, and every species of immorality; as *always* scenes of the lowest and most destructive dissipation, where nothing was acquired but the most pernicious habits.' Nor has the progress of temperance cured these evils; for they are well-nigh inseparable from any part of the war system. An eye-witness of a *New England* training, so late as 1845, says, "beastly drunkenness, and other immoralities, were enough to make good men shudder at the very name of a muster. Never, on any occasion, have I seen so many rational beings turned by the power of rum, into babbling idiots and fierce madmen. More than one of these wretches I saw stretched out by the roadside, retaining only the power to utter the rude oath or obscene jest, and exhibiting a spectacle of loathsome degradation, which might well make the very beasts of the field bellow."

SECTION II.

INFLUENCE OF WAR ON SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

MAN was made for society; and society, so essential to his improvement and well-being, rests for support mainly on *the domestic constitution, on public worship, and civil government.* These are each coeval with our race, the divinely appointed guardians of man's welfare, and the chief handmaids to his happiness, both here and hereafter.

Now, mark the influence of war upon these central, indispensable institutions of society. It is a deadly foe to the hearth. It sports with the sympathies of home, rudely sunders its most sacred bonds, and fiercely tramples in the dust all its virtues and all its interests. It takes the brother from his sisters, and the son from his parents, the husband from his wife, and the father from his children; nor can its operation be carried on without a wide and fearful amount of domestic misery. It forbids marriage to most of its agents, and thus prevents the rise of families as incompatible with their vagrant trade of blood. Its very breath taints the pure and balmy atmosphere of home. It panders to vices, and forms habits, that are fatal to domestic happiness. It tends to overwhelm, or undermine, or rot down in the slime and stench of its own impurity, that domestic constitution which God established in Eden, as the basis of whatever is good or great, useful or happy, on earth. Review the entire history of war; and you will find it a perpetual crusade against this elementary and essential institution of society. Let every family on earth engage in war for fifty years in succession; and it would extinguish nearly all the hearth-fires

of the world, and well-nigh exterminate the whole human race.

The worship of God, equally indispensable to the welfare of individuals and society, depends almost entirely on the Sabbath, or the consecration of some specified time to religious services. Here is its essence. We insist only on this principle; for the devout Quaker who discards the Sabbath as an institution, still has his stated periods for the worship of God, and thus secures to himself a Sabbath as truly as any Puritan ever did. In this sense the Sabbath is the sheet-anchor of religion and good morals. All experience proves it so; for France tried to do without it, and plunged at once into atheism, anarchy, and a sea of vices and crimes. It is the nurse and guardian of intelligence, and piety, and virtue, and good order, and general prosperity. It is the hinge of God's moral government over our world, and the main-spring or pivot of all the instrumentalities employed or appointed for the salvation of mankind.

War, however, *cannot* respect the Sabbath. The common routine of the camp forbids it; and extra duties are generally assigned to this day. 'Even when the army is not present, the heavy trains of the commissary must move on; the arsenal and the ship-yard must maintain their activity; and innumerable mechanics, watermen and laborers, must be kept busy. During our late war with England, who did not witness on all our frontiers the general desecration of the holy day? Men swarmed like ants on a mole hill, to throw up intrenchments; the wharves resounded with the din of business; and idlers forsook the house of God to gaze upon the scenes of preparation.' War knows no Sabbath. Its battles are fought, its marches continued, its

fortifications constructed, its drills performed, all its labors exacted, all its recreations indulged on this, even more than any other day of the week. The battle of Waterloo, like a multitude of others, was fought without scruple on the Sabbath; and even Christians among ourselves have been heard to say, 'there *is* no Sabbath in times of war.' Nor indeed is there any Sabbath for soldiers even in a time of peace; for all over Europe, even in our own army, is the Sabbath the chosen time for special and splendid reviews. Soldiers are absolutely compelled to trample under foot this day of God; and their example, backed by men in power, and justified by the best members of society, as the necessary privilege of war, must in time unclinch the hold of the Sabbath upon the conscience, heart and habits of any community. Even the sons of the Puritans are not proof against influences like these; for the Sabbath of New England itself has received from three wars,—the French, the Revolutionary, and the last,—a shock from which only the millennium can ever restore it to the sanctity and moral power which it had in the days of our fathers.

Let us on this point take a few facts from our revolutionary war. "The holy Sabbath," say good men on the spot at the time, "is grown into such contempt, that all the force of civil laws can scarcely suffice to preserve even the appearance of regard for it. Never was the public worship of God so generally voted away as at the present. Many, grudging the expense of supporting it, have dismissed God's ambassadors, and locked up the doors of his house. The regular churches through the land have suffered sorely from the common storm; and in New England the houses of God, wherever the British army went, became the prime butt of their vengeance. Some were turned into stables,

some into riding-houses, some consumed with flames, and some razed to the foundation. Of those which remained, not a few were shut by the death or removal of the pastors, and many deserted by the dispersion of the congregations that used to worship in them. How often is the pious eye now (near the close of the war) shocked at the sight of men hurrying away the most precious moments of the Lord's day in sending vessels to sea, in beginning or pursuing journeys or worldly business, or wasting that holy season in indolence at home, or impertinent visits, or idle walks about the wharves, streets or fields. How many there are that habitually combine to kill the time on that sacred day, in coffee-houses and sots' holes, in bargains or news, in gaming or intemperance. And if such outrages against God and religion are called in question, the answer in almost every mouth is ready—*'tis war times.*"

Mark, also, the influence of war upon civil government. It is claimed as the support of government; but has war been wont to sustain any other than arbitrary, despotic rule? In every age and clime has it been the origin and chief support of oppression in all its forms. You cannot find in all history a despotism that did not originate in war, and rely upon the sword for the continuance of its power over the people. What gave rise to slavery and the slave-trade? What stabbed the liberties of Greece and Rome? What has proved the ruin of nearly all republics? War. Look at Greece under Philip, at Rome under Cæsar, at France under Napoleon, at nearly all the republics south of us, where freedom is little else than a foot-ball bandied in blood through the land by military chieftains.

Nor can we wonder at this; for the spirit and the principles of war are thoroughly despotic. "The discipline and the customs of the camp," says Channing, "are the confines of the slave. What is the liberty of a soldier? An iron discipline. In the case of an offence, how is he to be tried? Not by a jury of his peers, but by the stern rules of a court martial." What is a soldier? A mere tool of arbitrary power! "one who yields," says a distinguished officer, "implicit obedience to all commands, who regards no law but the will of his superiors, and never scruples to do whatever is required of him." So we find it in fact. A British officer, when marching a detachment to attack a fortification in Spain, strictly charged them not to fire. "What then shall we do?" asked one of them. "Turn the corner of yonder wall," replied the officer, "and stab with your bayonet every man you meet." And this has been admired as a fine specimen of military discipline!

Let us quote some high testimonies on this point. "With war," says Ex-President Adams, "comes a full and plenary power over the whole subject even of slavery. It is a war power; and, when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion, or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry it on, and must carry it on according to the laws of war; and by those laws an invaded country has all its laws and institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them." The venerable statesman quoted the conduct of Gen. Jackson to confirm his positions; and two of our commanders (Sloat and Kearney) in the war with Mexico added to our republic territory enough for an empire twice as large as France, and erected therein a civil government, all by a mere word in the exercise of the war-power. It was an

act of sheer despotism, but did not nevertheless transcend the powers essential to the war-system.

"It has been," says Franklin, "a generally received opinion, that a military man is not to inquire whether a war be just or unjust; he is to execute his orders! All princes that are disposed to become tyrants, must probably approve of this opinion; but is it not a dangerous one? On this principle," essential to the war system, "if the tyrant commands his army to attack and destroy, not only an unoffending neighbor nation, but even his own subjects, his army is bound to obey. A negro slave in our colonies, being commanded by his master to rob or murder a neighbor, or do any other immoral act, may refuse, and the magistrate will protect him in his refusal. *The slavery of a soldier then is worse than that of a negro.*"

General Wilkinson, an officer in the war of 1812, says, "a dupe during my whole life to the prejudices I now reprobate, I warn my country against military enthusiasm, and the pride of arms, by which the yeomanry, the palladium of the republic, are depreciated, and standing armies and navies are encouraged. Who would exchange the blessings of freedom for the repute of having eclipsed the whole human race in feats of valor? This is a serious question; it affects the vital interest of every freeman; and we should pause and reflect before it is too late. We have escaped from one war, with a crippled constitution; the next will probably destroy it; therefore, let the motto of the state be—PEACE."

Peace is essential to our prosperous or permanent freedom. Almost every other republic in the world has fallen a victim to war; and, if our liberties are ever lost, they too will, in like manner, be cloven down by the sword. The soldiers even of Wash-

ington urged him, in a moment of passion, to assume the sceptre; had he been almost any other man, he would have seized the occasion, to raise for himself a throne upon the ruins of our nascent freedom; and though that incomparable man spurned the offer, yet must war, once become either habitual or frequent, bring on, sooner or later, such exigencies as will leave us at the mercy of some future Cesar or Napoleon.

Well has Judge Jay said, "war has always been adverse to political freedom. A Roman statesman declared, that 'laws are silent in the midst of arms;' and the experience of ages has converted the words into a proverb. Civil liberty requires the substitution of laws for the will of the ruler; but in war, the will of the ruler becomes the source of legitimate authority, and the bulwarks erected around civil rights, are all levelled on the proclamation of martial law. Constitutional liberty is often sacrificed to the policy of war, and almost every campaign produces its dictator. Few men have ever been more jealous of encroachments on their rights than the fathers of the American Revolution; yet were they frequently induced by the exigencies of the war to submit to the most despotic measures. At one period, no citizen of New York was permitted to pass from one county to another without a passport; and the convention of the same state authorized a committee of three to send for persons and papers; to call out detachments of the militia; to apprehend, imprison, and banish whom they thought proper; to impose secrecy on those they employed; to make draughts on the treasury; to raise officers, and employ as they pleased 220 soldiers. All history bears testimony to the natural tendency of war to establish and strengthen arbitrary power. The pride and pomp of war, the un-

limited power of the commander, the gradations of rank, and the blind, mechanical obedience exacted from the troops, all conspire to render an army a fit instrument of tyranny."

Madison is very full and emphatic on the despotic tendencies of war. "Of all the enemies of public liberty," he says, "war is perhaps the most to be dreaded. It is the parent of armies; from these proceed debts and taxes; and armies, and debts, and taxes are the well-known instruments for bringing the many under the dominion of the few. War is the true nurse of executive aggrandizement. In war, a physical force is to be created; and it is the executive will that is to direct it. The public treasures are to be unlocked; and it is the executive hand which is to dispense them. The honors and emoluments of office are to be multiplied; and it is the executive patronage under which they are to be enjoyed. It is in war, finally, that laurels are to be gathered; and it is the executive brow they are to encircle. The strongest passions and most dangerous weaknesses of the human breast,—ambition, avarice, vanity, the honorable or the venial love of fame,—are all in conspiracy against the desire and the duty of peace. Hence it has grown into an axiom, that it is the executive department of power most distinguished by its propensity to war; and hence the practice of all states, *in proportion as they are free*, to disarm this propensity of its influence. In war, too, the discretionary power of the executive is extended; and all the means of seducing the mind, are added to those of subduing the force of the people. No NATION COULD PRESERVE ITS FREEDOM IN THE MIDST OF CONTINUED WARFARE. These truths are well established."

Still worse is the mental despotism of war, the

cruellest and coarsest of all despotisms, the very genius of pagan barbarism lording it over civilized, nominally Christian men. It allows the soldier neither liberty of speech, nor freedom of inquiry, nor the safe, unshackled exercise of his own conscience. It turns him into a mere wheel in the vast machinery of war, and forbids his moving beyond his prescribed sphere in the work of carnage and devastation. It well-nigh annihilates all individuality of mind and character. The will of thousands it holds in stern subjection to a single mind, and keeps them in a state of bondage more galling to the soul than that of a Polish serf, a Turkish peasant, or a galley slave.

We might, also, glance at the baleful effects of war upon other institutions of society, especially those of learning. Even the war of 1812 turned some of our colleges into barracks; and in that of our revolution "some were rifled," say the men of those times, "others reduced to ashes, and not one in America, except Dartmouth, escaped without harm. Education languished; and many of the youth destined for the service of the church, betook themselves to the law, to trade, to the army and the navy."

War is a very demon of vandalism. Whose torch burnt those treasures of knowledge which so many centuries had been accumulating in Egypt? Whose hand seized the noblest monuments of ancient art, and hurled them in fragments to the ground? Whose heel of iron trampled on the statues, and temples, and arches, and columns of Greece and Rome? The richest treasures of learning, the finest works of art, the most splendid productions of taste and genius, war has wantonly destroyed, and seemed to glory in the ruin.

War is a fearful incubus on the mass of minds. It would, if habitual, paralyze the national intellect, and roll back the wheels of general improvement. It would blight, more or less, every seminary of learning, from the highest to the lowest. It stalks rough-shod over all such institutions. It would thin even our Sabbath and common schools, as well as our academies, colleges, and professional seminaries; and not a few of the youth destined to these nurseries of intellect and knowledge, would be forced into fleets and camps, or be dragged from the very temples of science to meet the hardships and horrors of war.

SECTION III.

INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON THE ENTERPRISES OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

THE Church of Christ, after centuries of comparative slumber, has at length girded herself in earnest for the work of reclaiming the whole world to God, and has organized her Sabbath Schools, and her Peace and Temperance, Tract and Bible, Missionary and kindred Societies, as the special machinery wherewith to work out this grand and glorious result.

But war either stops or cripples all this machinery. It impedes every enterprise of Christian benevolence. Would you roll back the waves of intemperance? War would open its flood-gates wider than ever, and pour over the whole land its waves of liquid fire and death. It has ever been a hot-bed of this evil; nor could a war rage throughout our country, without putting back the cause

of temperance a whole generation. Its fleets, its camps, and recruiting rendezvous, are all so many nurseries of drunkenness and kindred vices. So all experience, all observation, testify. The war-system even in peace is a most prolific source of intemperance; for its musters, its parades, and its military visits, and dinners, and balls, and other displays, are so many incentives to habits of intoxication.

Would you fain convert our seamen to God? Alas! war would soon carry them beyond your reach, on board those war-ships which warriors themselves have sometimes called "floating hells." This department of benevolence a vigorous naval war would almost entirely suspend, and leave at its close nearly our whole marine in a state of moral degeneracy, from which it would perhaps require a score of years fully to reclaim them.

Would you check the tide of impurity? War would multiply its reeking Sodoms all over the land. Would you follow hard upon the farthest wave of Western population, or thread the dark alleys and lanes of our cities, to gather the young into Sabbath schools, and there bring them under the power of God's truth? War would thwart you at every step, and either drive the children from you, or paralyze no small part of your efforts. Would you plant on the very confines of the wilderness, churches that shall one day make the moral desert there bud and blossom like the rose, and send back thence men, and money, and prayers for the world's evangelization? War would drive your home missionaries from their field, or well-nigh neutralize their power. The mere anticipation of a war in Canada once disbanded a whole presbytery of missionaries, and drove them out of the country; and, amid the whirlwind of war excitement that

swept for a time down the great valley of the West, when our troops rushed to the Rio Grande, what could the best preachers in the world have done for the conversion of sinners, or the sanctification of Christians?

As a specimen of all the rest, however, take the great enterprise of evangelizing the world, and see how the custom of war bears upon this noblest form of benevolence. The providence of God pretty fully discloses his views of its influences in this respect. What time did he select for our Saviour's great mission from heaven? A time when the temple of Janus at Rome, in token of general peace and tranquillity, was shut more than twenty years; a longer period of rest from war than had then been known for ages. Review the history of his church from that day to this; and where will you find her eras of zealous, successful evangelization? Not in war, but in peace almost alone; and during the thirty years of general peace after the battle of Waterloo, more was done towards the world's conversion to God, than had been done for centuries before.

Peace fosters the spirit of missions. It was the spirit of peace that brought our Saviour from the bosom of his father; that breathed through his whole life, and drew from his cross the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The same spirit animated the martyr at the stake, and carried the apostles from continent to continent, through fire and blood, with their message of salvation to perishing men. Look at Brainerd in the Indian's wigwam; track the Moravian through the snows of Greenland; follow the footsteps of Schwartz across the burning plains of India, or of Martyn over the mountains of Persia; and you find in each case the same spirit that loves its enemies, turns the other cheek to the smiter,

and seeks to overcome evil only with good. Such is the spirit of peace; nor can it exist without nourishing the disposition to bless the world with our religion of peace.

How unlike such a spirit is that of war! They are antagonistic, utterly incompatible. Could two neighbors, while fiercely panting each for the other's blood, seek one another's salvation? No more can two nations, while putting forth their utmost energies in vindictive, murderous strife, labor one for the spiritual good of the other. So of the world; and, if all its myriads were simultaneously engaged in war, the work of its Christianization must cease for the time, nor could ever begin again until the fires of war were quenched.

Peace is somewhat necessary, also, to secure God's blessing upon this enterprise. Why did he give to the fishermen of Galilee so much more success than he does to modern missionaries? There may be many other reasons; but we think a chief one is to be found in the war-degeneracy of the church. Even under the Jewish dispensation, God manifested his abhorrence of blood by forbidding David, expressly for this reason, to build the temple; and ever since the war-degeneracy of his followers, has the Prince of Peace shown his displeasure, by his diminished blessing on their efforts to spread his religion. How rapid its early progress! How signal, how glorious the success of its first missionaries! Without scrip or purse, with no diadem on her brow save a crown of thorns, and no weapon in her hand but the sword of the Spirit, the church went forth under God's smiles, from conquering to conquer. Paganism bowed or fled before her; and in less than three centuries did she fill the Roman Empire with her converts. At length she took the sword, and well-nigh perished by the sword. The Holy

Spirit, the Dove of peace from heaven, fled before the vultures of war; and from that day the church lost the secret of her power, the mainspring of her progress, her simple reliance under God on moral means alone. For a thousand years she lost far more than she gained, and left nearly all the countries touching the Mediterranean on three continents, which had been the very centre of her primitive triumphs, in a condition less favorable to the religion of Jesus than they were at the hour of his crucifixion. Her whole war-period was at best a dead loss to the church; it merely embalmed in blood the trophies of her primitive purity and zeal. So with the Reformation; it won all its triumphs with the sword of the Spirit, and cut the sinews of its strength when it drew the sword of war; nor has it in the last two centuries gained so much as it once did in a single year.

Peace is, also, indispensable to secure the men and the money requisite for the world's conversion. It has been estimated, that 30,000 heralds of the cross would suffice for this purpose; but the wars of Europe alone sacrificed in twenty-two years three hundred times that number, and the war-system of Christendom employs for its support, even in peace, about one hundred times as many!

Nor is peace less necessary to procure the requisite funds. Our best laborers dragged by war from their fields and shops to the camp, our commerce swept from the ocean, our vessels rotting at our wharves, the grass growing in the very heart of our cities, our manufactures crippled, our agriculture neglected, every department of gainful industry paralyzed, all the great sources of our wealth dried up at the very time that the expenses of living, and the taxes of government are enormously increased, whence could we get the means of giving the gospel

to the whole world? But, if we spent in our war with a handful of Indians in Florida, more than $40,000,000; if our revolutionary war cost England some seven hundred millions, and her wars with the French revolutionists four or five thousand millions; if those wars wasted for all Europe from thirty to forty thousand millions; if the war debts of Christendom are now some ten thousand millions; how easy, by a mere fraction of the bare interest on such sums, to furnish all the money needed to evangelize forthwith every tribe and family on the globe!

But war, moreover, dries up or poisons the very fountains of those moral influences which sustain the missionary enterprise. These are all found in the general prosperity of the church at home—in the growth of her members and her graces; in her frequent and glorious revivals of religion; in the multitude and ceaseless activity of her Sabbath schools; in her system of educating a body of able, devoted men for her ministry; in the success of her efforts to stay the ravages of intemperance, and fill the land with tracts, and Bibles, and churches, and the benign influences of a Sabbath devoted to the worship of God, and the salvation of souls. Here are the mainsprings of the missionary cause; and every one of them a vigorous, long-protracted war would either destroy, suspend, or seriously paralyze.

But suppose the church, even in the midst of war, to do more than ever for the spread of her gospel, how are her missionaries to reach their distant fields, or to carry on their blessed work there? Our vessels of commerce, which now transport them, war would of course sweep from the ocean; and so entirely dependent should we be on the mercy of a powerful, exasperated foe, that France, with a solitary war-ship, might drive most of our

missionaries from the Pacific, and England, with a single dash of her premier's pen, might silence half our missionaries now in the eastern world.

But let the missionary reach his field, and what does he there meet? A host of strong, bitter prejudices against his religion of peace, from the history of warring Christendom. Why were the Jesuit missionaries expelled from China, and all Christians forbidden to set foot on the shores of Japan? Those countries caught a horror of men so notorious, as nominal Christians are, for their rapacity, and their terrible success in war. What drew down the wrath of Burmah upon Judson and his co-workers? Not hatred of Christianity, for the Burmans as a body knew not enough about the gospel to hate it intelligently; but their dread of British bayonets bristling along their borders, of baptized warriors carrying, or threatening to carry, fire and sword into the heart of their dominions. Had those missionaries never been confounded with warriors from Christendom, they might have been permitted to continue their work unmolested, until all Burmah had bowed at the foot of the cross. Why was it for ages so extremely difficult to Christianize the aborigines of America? Ask the story of their wrongs, the history of our wars against them. A Romish priest, soon after the conquest of South America by the Spaniards, was one day conversing with some Indians, and urging them, by the awful retributions of heaven and of hell, to embrace Christianity, the religion of their conquerors. "Are there any Spaniards in heaven?" inquired those savages. "Spaniards!" replied the priest; "to be sure; the Spaniards are the children of the church—they all go to heaven." "Then," retorted those indignant, outraged sons of the forest, "then, sir, we'll go to hell!" What a plunge! Yet so

felt not only the twelve millions whom the Spaniards are said to have destroyed in little more than forty years, but nearly all the Indians both in South and North America; and the gangrene of a similar prejudice has crept more or less over the great mass of unevangelized minds on the globe.

Still more specific are the statements of Wolfe, the missionary who traversed three continents. "A Jew once said to me, 'You go to war, and you call Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace, and pray to him to help your warriors to vanquish your enemies; and, after battle, you go to your churches, and there sing *Te Deum* for the victory.' When in the land of the Afghans, a minister of the prince asked me, 'What is your religion in England? Have you any at all?' 'Yes,' said I, 'we have.' 'What then is it?' he retorted. 'You send messengers here to bribe the king, and stir up war. Is that your religion?' I once gave a Turk the gospel to read, and pointed him to the fifth chapter of Matthew as showing the beauty of its doctrines. 'But,' said he, 'you Christians are the greatest hypocrites in the world.' 'How so?' 'Why, here it is said, Blessed are the peace-makers; and yet you, more than any others, teach us to make war, and are yourselves the greatest warriors on earth! How can you be so shameless?'"

The heathen are not ignorant of our war character. Have they read none of our history written for ages in blood? Know they not that Christendom is now covered with barracks, and bristling with millions of bayonets? Nay, have we not ourselves carried the proof of our guilt to the very doors of the heathen? Show us in the wide world any considerable country which nominal Christians have not drenched in blood. Traverse all Asia, all Africa, all America; and where will you not

find their war-tracks in fire, and blood, and tears? Thus has war made the very name of Christianity a hissing, a scorn and a loathing through the pagan world; and the missionary, go where he will, must meet these deep, bitter, almost incurable prejudices against our religion of peace, so strangely belied for fifteen centuries by her warring votaries. Not a sea can he cross, not a country reach, scarce an island touch, but the war-dogs from Christendom have been there before him, to throw in his way obstacles which ages can hardly suffice to remove. Abolish war among nominal Christians; and you pave the way for the speedy, thorough conversion of the whole world to God, and peace will be found to be quite indispensable to the full success of the missionary enterprise.

SECTION IV.

INFLUENCE OF WAR ON THE SALVATION OF MANKIND.

THE soul is man's great interest; and no created mind can adequately conceive how much will be gained by its salvation, or lost by its ruin. Earth has no arithmetic for such calculations. Ask the tenants of the spirit-world,—the saint bowing in rapture before the eternal throne, or the lost sinner writhing in the agonies of perdition; ask Him who made the soul for himself, or Him who came from heaven to redeem the soul by his own blood, or that blessed Spirit who is now at work amid the ruins of the fall to renew the soul, and render it meet for the paradise above; for the omniscient God alone can tell the sum total of bliss or woe which awaits every traveller to eternity.

Here lies the chief evil of war—in its tendency to ruin the soul. It does so with a wide and fearful efficacy. It makes men forget their immortal interests. A war, in actual progress, becomes of course the all-engrossing theme of society; the whole land is full of it; the public mind is saturated with it; and such an absorption of high and low, old and young, saints and sinners, on any other subject than that of vital godliness, cannot fail to obstruct their salvation.

War, also, disqualifies men for a saving reception of the gospel. Metals must be melted before you can cast them; you must heat iron before you can weld it; and upon a community of minds impregnated with war-passions, the strongest truths of God's word would fall powerless as moon-beams on a mountain of ice. But war throws millions of minds into such a state. It fills whole empires with animosity, malevolence, revenge. It makes the public heart a caldron of seething, boiling passions. It blinds the mind to God's truth; it sears or perverts the conscience; it hardens or exasperates the heart; it renders the whole soul well-nigh impenetrable for the time to any arrows even from the quiver of the Almighty. Can you bring the truth of God into saving contact with minds thus affected? Can you, with any hope of success, preach the gospel to an army on tiptoe for battle, or to a community roused and convulsed with the fierce, vindictive passions of war? No; breathe the genuine war-spirit into every bosom on earth; and from that moment must the work of conversion and sanctification cease everywhere.

War, moreover, prevents the use of means for the salvation of men. The millions of standing warriors now in Christendom, it deprives even in peace of nearly all religious privileges, and thus exposes them

to almost certain perdition. No class of men, not even seamen, are so poorly provided with the means of grace. Next to nothing is done for their salvation. There is no pastor, no missionary among them to care for their souls; and, if there were, his labors, generally subject to the dictation of an ungodly commander, would probably be, like those of Baxter himself even in a Puritan camp, well-nigh useless. No Sabbath dawns upon them; no sanctuary opens its doors to them; no Sabbath-schools, no prayer-meeting, no family altar, scarce a Bible or a tract, can be found among the mass of men trained to the work of human butchery for a livelihood.—So it *must* be. Look at the very nature of war; and tell us what *can* be done for the souls of men cast in its own mould, imbued with its spirit, and steeped in its vices and crimes. Review the history of war; and tell us what *has* been done or attempted for the salvation of warriors. Among the millions that fought, and the millions that fell, during the late wars of Europe, did one in ten or a hundred enjoy the ordinary means of grace?—We grant that much more is now done in a few Christian countries for warriors; but how very little, and with results how meagre and miserable! We hear indeed of war-chaplains; but what do *they* do for their spiritual charge? What *can* they do? The whole business of war-chaplaincies is little else than a piece of solemn mockery.

The war-system, then, makes fearful havoc of souls among its own agents even in peace. It is a school of irreligion, vice and profligacy; nor could you well select a surer way to perdition, than the army or the navy. How few in either give any evidence of being prepared for heaven! Yet are there in Christendom itself some three millions, even in peace, training in this school of error and sin for a

miserable eternity. If these millions all die off on an average in twenty years, there would annually go into the world of spirits 150,000 souls; and how few of them prepared for their last account! With this number, compare the sum total of church-members at all the missionary stations among the heathen in 1844, when they amounted to 172,233, or a little more, as the result of half a century's labors, than the *annual* sacrifice of souls in Christendom itself at the shrine of the war-demon even in peace!!

War, also, stifles the very disposition to use the means of grace. Breathe its spirit of anger, hatred and revenge into any circle of families; and would the Christians in that circle be intent on the salvation of its impenitent members? Were the same war-passions to pervade and convulse a whole congregation, would their pastor be able, or his church inclined, to use the means indispensable to a general revival of religion? War tends to check all efforts for the salvation of men; and, could its malignant, vindictive spirit gangrene the bosom of every Christian on earth, not another missionary, not even another Bible or tract would ever go from Christian shores, to light the lamp of life everlasting amid the six or eight hundred millions of our race, now groping their way to eternity beneath the death-shades of paganism.

But war, likewise, tends in many ways to neutralize the best means of grace when used. It shuts or steels the minds of men against their power. Were two professors of religion embroiled in a well-known disgraceful feud, would their impenitent neighbors be disposed to receive religious instruction from *their* lips? Should a preacher of the gospel, stained with the blood of an enemy slain in duel or battle, enter the pulpit of your own church, would

you not instantly shut against him every avenue to your heart? Yet such is the attitude in which the church of Christ, belied by the wars of Christendom, has for centuries stood before the whole world.

Few suspect how far the gospel is neutralized by the incidental influences of war. It is well known that the old French war put an end to the glorious revivals in this country under Whitefield; and during the forty years of war-ferment from that war to the treaty of 1783, there was an almost universal and unbroken dearth of revivals. In 1841 I visited a retired town in Massachusetts, and examined the records of its only church for more than a century previous. No battle had been fought there; no army, scarce a recruiting officer, had prowled over or near it; nor had the ordinary means of grace been interrupted more than is common even in a time of peace. Yet mark the result. From 1729 to 1744, fourteen years of peace, 149 were added to the church; an average of nearly eleven a year. From the beginning of the old French war to the close of our revolution in 1783, some forty years of military excitement, there were only 77 additions; less than two a year, or a diminution of more than five hundred per cent. from the previous period of peace. From 1810 to 1815, the time of our last war with two years of antecedent exasperation, only three persons were received into the church; one in a little less than two years! From 1830 to 1839, there were 183 additions; about nineteen a year, or an increase upon the last case of nearly four thousand per cent! Thus we find the mere excitements of war diminishing the efficacy of essentially the same means, first more than 500 per cent., next some 2000 per cent., and finally almost 4000 per cent.; nor is it any exag-

geration to say that war probably neutralizes four-fifths, if not nine-tenths, of the saving power of the gospel!

How fearfully, then, must war tend to prevent the indispensable influences of God's Spirit. Vain, without his blessing, would be the labors of Paul or Gabriel; but will he succeed the instrumentality of those who breathe a war-spirit? Should all the churches in our land catch such a spirit, and cherish hatred instead of love, revenge in place of forgiveness, the entire cluster of war-passions, could they expect, in such a state, seasons of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord?" Yet such passions are inseparable from actual warfare, and, pervading more or less a whole people, must inevitably drive the Spirit of God from his work of reviving grace among them.

Surely, then, war must be a fearful destroyer of immortal souls. It is the devil's master-device for their wholesale destruction. It ripens them fast for perdition, and then sweeps them into the bottomless pit by thousands, and even by millions! Would to God there were more room for doubt on this point! I know, indeed, the belief of some, that none, however wicked and impenitent, will finally be lost; but if, as evangelical Christians believe, we must all repent, or perish, must be born again, or never see the kingdom of heaven; if, in the language of Paul, 'neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God;' how impossible to suppose, that any considerable number of warriors, the mass of whom answer so notoriously to the characters here given, can ever enter the world of glory!

How immense, then, the ruin of souls by war! Think of a battle-field where ten, twenty, fifty, a

hundred, two hundred, three hundred thousand fell in a day; of nine or ten millions sacrificed in the late wars of Europe; of thirty-two millions by Jenghiz-Khan alone in forty years! God only knows—*we* dare not even conjecture—how many souls this custom may in all past time have sent, unrenewed and unforgiven, to their last account!

PART III.

REMEDIES FOR WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUPPORTS OF WAR.

SECTION I.

PLEAS IN FAVOR OF WAR.

We have looked at the evil; and we now inquire for a remedy. This remedy must suit the nature of the malady; and, since war comes from the wrong choice of men, we must correct their modes of reasoning on the subject, and shall consider first the pleas urged in its behalf, and then the influences which still sustain the custom even in Christendom.

Many of the *old* arguments for war are too absurd or too cold-blooded to deserve a moment's consideration. It used to be gravely asserted, that war is a healthy stimulus to the body-politic; that

it tends, if it be not indispensable, to preserve nations from degeneracy; that it is the natural state of mankind, the general law of their being, and peace the exception; that it serves, like storms and hurricanes in the physical world, to purify the moral atmosphere; that nations *must*, now and then, fight, just to let off the pent-up steam of their passions; that occasional wars are necessary to keep population, wealth and luxury down to a safe and proper level. Such assumptions may seem strange and savage enough; but they have been seriously maintained by eminent statesmen, philosophers and theologians, at the head of whom we must place Lord Monboddo, who also contends, that man is only a monkey, with his tail worn off by long attrition!

We are told, moreover, that war furnishes employment, and a livelihood for vast multitudes. So does idolatry; so does the slave-trade; and so do counterfeiters, robbers and pirates, live by their villainies. Can such a plea justify those practices?

But we are often reminded, that war calls forth some of man's noblest powers—such as ingenuity, skill, energy, high enterprise, indomitable perseverance. So also does every species of high-handed wickedness call forth similar qualities. It requires the union of them all to make a consummate villain, a man that can rob, or forge, or counterfeit with success on a large scale; and in our state-prisons you will find some of the strongest, shrewdest, boldest minds, the very metal that makes heroes. Does this prove such crimes commendable? If war occasionally produces instances of self-sacrifice, we reply that this is not the fruit of war; and, even if it were, you may often find essentially the same in a crew of pirates, every one of whom

is just as selfish in fighting for the whole gang, as he would be in fighting for himself alone.

Another plea for this custom, is the universal example of nations. There is no vice, no crime, no enormity in morals, that cannot plead precedents enough; but, "because war is according to the practice of the world, it does not follow that it is right. For ages the world worshipped false gods; but those gods were not the less false because all bowed before them. At this moment the larger portion of mankind are heathen; but heathenism is not true."

It is said, also, that the war-system is necessary to national character and influence. A sheer delusion, as much a figment of the imagination as would be the supposition, that the custom of duelling is indispensable for the same purpose to individuals. It may be *thought* so in a community of duellists; but the necessity, if there be any, is created solely by the custom itself; and, were that practice discarded, it would serve the purpose of respectability about as well, as would the habit of intoxication. So of nations. Just abolish war; and the world will no longer look to the battle-field for proofs of their excellence; and even now are they fast coming to be estimated by the arts, the virtues, and various prosperities of peace.

It is said, that war sweeps off the idle, dissolute and vicious members of the community. Monstrous argument! If a government may for this end plunge a nation into war, it may with equal justice consign to the executioner any number of its subjects whom it may deem a burden on the state. So do dram-shops and brothels drain off the refuse of society; but does this fact prove these purlieus of perdition to be right or wise? They are the great nurseries of profligacy; and so does war make four villains, where it kills off one.

Here comes the Malthusian bug-bear of a superabundant population. It is said, that perpetual peace among all nations would in time cover the earth with a number of inhabitants far beyond its capacity to support, and thus entail in the end more evil than would result from occasional wars. How little reason there is to fear any such result, may be seen from a few estimates. It has been calculated by a scientific agriculturist, that nearly one-third of Ireland's 12,000,000 arable acres, if devoted to the potatoe crop, would yield food for a population of 40,000,000, and that one half of its entire surface, containing nearly 20,000,000 acres, would, if cultivated in the same way, support no less than 100,000,000! Just extend such calculations over the globe, and the result would be astounding. The entire surface of the earth comprises nearly 200,000,000 square miles; and, if we suppose only 60,000,000, or less than one-third of the whole, to be dry land, and barely one-half of this, or 19,200,000,000 acres, to be cultivated with potatoes, or some other crop equally productive of food for man, it would, at this rate, maintain in comfort the prodigious number of 192,000,000,000, or 240 times as many as the present population of the globe!!

War is supposed, also, to kindle patriotism. "But the patriotism," says Channing, "which is cherished by war, is ordinarily false and spurious, a vice, and not a virtue, a scourge to the world, a narrow, unjust passion, which aims to exalt a particular state on the humiliation and destruction of other nations. A genuine, enlightened patriot discerns that the welfare of his own country is involved in the general progress of society; and, in the character of a patriot, as well as of a Christian, he rejoices in the liberty and prosperity of other

communities, and is anxious to maintain with them the relations of peace and amity."

A much stronger plea for war, is found in the maxim, that self-preservation is the first law of our nature. If it be so, this will not justify the custom of war, because it is not necessary for our safety, nor does the instinct of self-preservation prompt us to kill our assailants; it stops with saving ourselves. But is instinct the rule of our duty, the Christian's standard of right and wrong? It has indeed been said, that such instincts are the first edition of God's revelation to mankind; but this very argument infidel libertines, in the time of Voltaire and Rousseau, employed to justify unrestrained licentiousness, and insisted on its being right for the debauchee to indulge, at will, those passions which God had implanted in his nature. Do you scout such logic? Well you may; but wherein does it differ from your own? You plead instinct; so did they; and if you may, why may not infidels, appeal to the instincts of our fallen nature, for a rule of duty, or a measure of permitted indulgence? No man can doubt either the right or the duty of self-defence, or self-preservation; but we are to preserve our lives only by such means as God enjoins, or clearly permits. Does he then authorize war for such a purpose? To save life, did he appoint, or does he now sanction, a custom which has deluged the whole earth with blood for five thousand years? War necessary to preserve life! Seldom, if ever; and, if you search all profane history, you will probably find no war in which the only alternative for a people was to kill, or be killed. After they began to fight, that was the alternative; but, had they at the outset refused to fight, they would have been spared. True, other things might have been lost; but life, the only thing now in question, would have been saved.

Several hundred thousand perished in the war of our revolution; but, had we never drawn the sword, probably not a dozen lives would have been sacrificed.

It is sometimes said, that war, or a military spirit, favors liberty. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is a contradiction of nearly all history; for nations, after fighting for ages, have generally been enslaved by the rush or recoil of the war-power upon them. Liberty has no foundation but in private and public virtue; and these, as we have seen, are not the common growth of war. It is true, that liberty, when attained, has pretty generally been won apparently by the sword; but it resulted in fact from other causes, might have been secured in better form without war, and probably would have come in the end by peaceful means rightly used. It might have taken longer time, but would have cost far less, and been incomparably more sure. Peaceful agitation, as the result of such agitations in Great Britain most fully proves, is by far the safest, easiest, and most effectual method of obtaining political reforms. Liberty, free institutions, popular rights, are the growth, not of war, but of peace; and one century of universal, unbroken peace would do more for the world in these respects, than five thousand years of blood have done, or five thousand more could do.

It is said, also, that a military spirit, with ample preparations for war, is the safeguard of a people. All history contradicts the assertion; for the more warlike nations have been most frequently assailed. From 1700 to 1815, "Great Britain," says Judge Jay, "was engaged in war 69 years, Russia 68, France 63, Holland 43, Portugal 40, Denmark 28. Their wars have been pretty much in proportion to their military strength; and thus, in the righteous

retribution of Providence, those nations which most cultivate the arts of war, are made to drink most deeply of its bloody cup."

Is it, however, urged that, so long as other nations keep armed, we must too? True, if we *rely* upon the sword for protection; but we should find far greater safety in cultivating towards all nations a spirit of peace and perfect justice. Such a people, without a single war-ship, fort or musket, would be safe, even if all the world besides were armed to the teeth. We urge a peaceful policy, however, not upon one nation alone, but upon the whole brotherhood of nations; and, if they should all agree to adopt pacific expedients in place of the sword for the adjustment of their difficulties, and should come in time to find no use for their warlike preparations, and hence to unite in simultaneously dismantling their fleets, disbanding their armies, and leaving their fortifications to disuse and decay, would there be any danger then? The very reverse; such a process would just guarantee the permanent safety and peace of the world.

"A much stronger argument is," says Channing, "that without war to excite and invigorate the human mind, some of its noblest energies will slumber, and its highest qualities,—courage, magnanimity, fortitude,—will perish. To this I answer, that if war is to be encouraged among nations, because it nourishes energy and heroism, on the same principle, war in our families, and between villages ought to be encouraged; for such contests would equally tend to promote heroic daring, and contempt of death. Why shall not different provinces of the same empire annually meet with the weapons of death, just to keep alive their courage? We shrink at this suggestion with horror; but why shall contests of nations, rather than of provinces or families,

find shelter under this barbarous argument? If war be a blessing, because it awakens energy and courage, then the savage state is peculiarly privileged; for every savage is a soldier, and all his modes of life tend to form him to invincible resolution. On the same principle, those early periods of society were happy, when men were called to contend not only with one another, but with beasts of prey; for to these excitements we owe the heroism of Hercules and Theseus. The feudal ages, too, were more favored than the present; for then every baron was a military chief, every castle frowned defiance, and every vassal was trained to arms.

"But there is no need of war to awaken human energy. There is at least equal scope for courage and magnanimity in blessing as in destroying mankind. In relieving the countless wants and sorrows of the world, in exploring unknown regions, in carrying the arts and virtues of civilization to unimproved communities, in extending the bounds of knowledge, in diffusing the spirit of freedom, and especially in spreading the light and influence of Christianity, how much may be dared, how much endured! Philanthropy invites us to services which demand the most intense, and elevated, and resolute, and adventurous activity. Let it not be imagined, that were nations imbued with the spirit of Christianity, they would slumber in ignoble ease; that instead of the high-minded murderers who are formed on the present system of war, we should have effeminate and timid slaves. Christian benevolence is as active as it is forbearing. It will call forth sympathy on behalf of the suffering in every region under heaven. It will give a new extension to the heart, open a wider sphere to enterprise, inspire a courage of exhaustless resource, and prompt to every sacrifice and exposure for the improvement

and happiness of the human race. The energy of this principle has been tried and displayed in the fortitude of the martyr, and in the patient labors of those who have carried the gospel into the dreary abodes of idolatry. Away then with the argument, that war is needed as a nursery of heroism. The school of the peaceful Redeemer is infinitely more adapted to teach the nobler as well as the milder virtues which adorn humanity."

It is, also, said by some, that war, or its system of preparations, is necessary for the enforcement of law, and the support of government. Thus used, it would no longer be war, but justice; not the sword of the warrior, but that of the magistrate; quite as distinct one from the other, as the act of two boys mauling each other in the streets, would be from that of their parents duly punishing both for the quarrel. Peace paralyze the arm of law! No; it is the operations of war, not the principles of peace, that crush or cripple government, and introduce the reign of violence, terror and lawless crime. War necessary to government! How? Must nations butcher one another in order to govern themselves? If duelling should cease, would parents lose their authority over their own families? Should the whole war-system come to an end, would not every government still retain its right to control and punish its own subjects? Could it not, if it chose, continue to hang the murderer, to imprison the thief, and employ an armed police for the suppression of mobs, riots, and other popular outbreaks?

'But war,' we are told, 'is at times a dire necessity, the last possible resort of nations; and, in such extreme cases, how *can* they settle their disputes without it?' Why, by negotiation, by reference to umpires, or mediation of some friendly power; methods far better than the sword for all justifiable

purposes; and to some of these, all belligerents *must* come, sooner or later, as the only possible way of adjusting their difficulties. War *necessary* for nations! No more than duels are for individuals. War *settle* their disputes! Never between civilized nations; for such parties invariably sheathe the sword before they dream of a settlement, and then dispatch, not men of blood to fight, but men of peace, plenipotentiaries, to negotiate. And why not do this *before* fighting, and thus obviate all necessity of war? We had a controversy with England about our north-eastern boundary; and, had we gone to war, would that have settled the dispute? No; it would only have aggravated its difficulties. There is no logic in bullets and bomb-shells; the butchery of millions on the disputed territory, could never have thrown a single ray of new light upon the points in controversy; and, after wasting myriads of treasure, and shedding oceans of blood, we should have been obliged to employ, for the final adjustment, the very same pacific means that might have been used even more successfully before the war than after it.

'But suppose a nation will come to no reasonable terms.' Then let them alone; better far than to fight them. War is a suicidal process, and generally serves only to aggravate the evils it seeks to redress or cure. If your neighbor owes you a hundred dollars, would you spend a thousand in efforts to compel payment, and meanwhile give him leave, if he can, to blow out your brains, to burn your dwelling, and butcher your family? Such is war. Talk of *conquering* a peace! As well attempt to conquer temperance by getting drunk!

But the strongest, or most logical plea for war, represents it as a judicial process, a tribunal of justice between nations, a method of determining their

rights, redressing their wrongs, and inflicting condign punishment upon the guilty. Lieber calls it "a mode of obtaining rights;" Vattel defines it to be "that state in which we prosecute our rights by force;" and Lord Bacon describes it as "one of the highest trials of right, when princes and states put themselves upon the justice of God for the deciding of their controversies by such success as it shall please him to give to either side."

This plea is quite plausible; but will facts justify it? In every judicial trial, we see first, a law common to the parties; next a judge and jury, as impartial umpires between them; then the accuser publicly meeting the accused face to face with his charges; next the witnesses testifying in open court, and subject to the most searching examination by each party; then the whole case fully argued on both sides, and closed by the charge of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, each delivered under all the solemnities of an oath; and finally, the sentence of the court, to be executed according to law only by a special warrant from the highest executive authority.

Now, what shadow of resemblance to all this, can you find in war? There is no law to define right; no judge to interpret that law, or jury to apply it; no tribunal to try the cause; no rules prescribing the mode of trial, and requiring notice of the complaint, and opportunity for vindication; no charges duly preferred; no testimony given under oath, and fairly examined; no delay or chance for the correction of errors; no privilege of appeal to a higher tribunal; no right to claim a new hearing; no hope of reprieve or pardon; no trustworthy officer to execute the precise sentence of the law; no restriction of the penalty to the exact demerits of the criminal; no precautions to

guard the innocent against suffering with the guilty! Each party makes a law for itself, erects its own tribunal of blood, and then proceeds to act as accuser and witness, as counsel, judge and executioner. What a burlesque on all ideas of justice! Justice by the process of twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand professional cut-throats, the very blood-hounds, of society, meeting on a field of battle to shoot, and stab, and hew, and trample each other down! What an outrage on common sense to call this a judicial process, a mode of redress for national grievances! As well might we call a fight between two madmen, or a dozen jackals, a process of justice!

SECTION II.

INFLUENCES THAT STILL SUPPORT THE CUSTOM OF WAR.

EVERY argument for war is a prop to the custom, a plea or apology for its continuance; but, besides the direct arguments in its favor already refuted, we wish to dwell on some of those general influences which are most effectual in upholding this relic of a barbarous paganism.

War is an inheritance from other times, the bloody legacy of more than a hundred generations; and during the lapse of all past ages, has it been gathering influences to strengthen and perpetuate its terrible reign. Antiquity is all in its favor; and the ever-flowing stream of time has worn out for it a channel too broad and deep to be easily changed. Incorporated in every form of government, wrought into the texture of all society, imbedded in the strongest passions of our nature, indentifying with

itself the sanctities of religion, and enlisting in its own behalf the prejudices of universal and immemorial usage, we cannot wonder at the iron grasp of this custom upon the mind of the world, and the exceeding difficulty of its abolition.

This difficulty is much increased by the general mode of reasoning on the subject. Men do not treat war as they do other forms of sin, nor hold nations subject to the same obligations that confessedly rest upon individuals and minor communities. War is a kind of moral outlaw, and scorns all restraints. It is a priveleged wrong-doer, and acknowledges no responsibility to man or to God for its gigantic, wholesale crimes. On this subject government is supposed to be exempt from the general rules of right; nor may we apply to it here the authority of God, or the reason of men, the precepts of religion, the principles of morality, or the dictates of common sense; but must in war support our rulers, right or wrong. nor ever allow ourselves to inquire whether they are right. Thus is war put almost beyond the reach of those influences which suffice for the removal of ordinary evils.

"One of the chief obstacles to the extinction of war," says Chalmers, "is a sentiment whichs seems to be universally gone into, that the rules and promises of the gospel which apply to a single individual, do not apply to a nation of individuals. Just think of the mighty effect it would have on the politics of the world, were this sentiment to be practically deposed from its wonted authority over the counsels and the doings of nations, in their transactions with each other. If forbearance be the virtue of an individual, forbearance is also the virtue of a nation. If it be incumbent on men in honor to prefer each other, it is incumbent on the very largest societies of men, through the constituted organ of their gov-

ernment, to do the same. If it be the glory of a man to defer his anger, and to pass over a transgression, that nation mistakes its glory, which is so feelingly alive to the slightest insult, and musters up its threats and its armaments upon the faintest shadow of a provocation. If it be the magnanimity of an injured man to abstain from vengeance, and if by so doing, he heaps coals of fire upon the head of his enemy, then that is the magnanimous nation, which, recoiling from violence and from blood, will do no more than send its Christian embassy, and prefer its mild and impressive remonstrance; and that is the disgraced nation, which will refuse the impressiveness of the moral appeal that has been made to it."

Another guaranty for the continuance of this custom, is found in the general apathy and want of reflection on the subject. Most men neither know, nor care to know, much about it. They let it alone, as a thing with which they have little or nothing to do. They are too ignorant even to feel their need of information, and will neither read nor hear. They seldom reflect upon it, and hardly dream of applying to it the common principles of morality, or the teachings of Christ and his apostles. Even of educated men, not one in ten thoroughly understands it; while the mass of the community have not yet learned the alphabet of this vast and momentous theme. The custom has been a sort of torpedo to the minds of most men, and paralyzed them into a lazy, sleepy assent to its continuance.

Hence a general lack of information upon it serves to keep up the custom. If men only knew what it is, and what it does; if they were well acquainted with the enormity of its guilt, and the countless multitude of its evils; if they duly considered how it has deluged the earth with blood,

and crime, and misery for more than five thousand years; if they could realize that Christendom alone has wasted in war blood enough to re-people the whole earth, and treasure enough to purchase every foot of its surface thrice over; if they would bear in mind that we ourselves have expended upon the war-system some five or six times as much as for all other governmental purposes put together; if they would just reflect how a war in actual progress suspends commerce, and cripples every department of gainful industry, and loads the nation with enormous debts, and sweeps away the bone and sinew of its population to feed this insatiate Moloch, and sends the voice of lamentation and sorrow into thousands of bereaved families, and demoralizes the whole community, and pours over it a flood of intemperance, vice and crime;—if men would only make and keep themselves familiar with such facts, could they tolerate this custom much longer?

It is, however, upheld by a variety of misconceptions still prevalent even among good, well-informed men. How many of them suppose that the evil is incurable for the present; that war is inevitable, like earthquakes, and as necessary, now and then, as occasional storms; that society cannot exist, or its highest welfare be secured, without the war-system; that patriotism, morality and religion itself require or permit the custom; that even the God of Peace, the common Father of all, has authorized nations to engage at will in this work of wholesale robbery, murder and vengeance; that the gospel itself, heaven's own charter and pledge of ultimate peace to the world, does not forbid a custom which contravenes its whole spirit, and tramples in the dust every one of its distinctive principles; but the custom, as a guardian of right, an avenger of wrong, and an outlet of fierce, lawless passions, *must* be

tolerated until the millennium comes. How fatally must such misconceptions tend to grapple upon the bosom of humanity this mammoth incubus of guilt and misery!

The chief agencies of society are giving countenance and currency to such delusions as these. The fireside and the school-room, the pulpit and the press, the forum, the senate and the ballot-box, all have hitherto conspired for the most part to uphold, to spread and perpetuate them.

Mark especially how the mass of every community are *educated* on this subject. It is a war education. Look at the usual training of the young. What are the toys of children? Toys of war. What pictures do they most frequently see and admire? Pictures of war and warriors. What songs did they use most commonly to hear? Songs of war. Whom are they still taught to hold in the highest admiration? Heroes, men of blood. What books are now most generally, most eagerly read by the young? Tales, real or fictitious, of war and warriors. Do parents, even Christian parents, carefully guard their own children against the manifold delusions of this custom? Alas! they talk before their little ones, ere the dawn of reason or conscience, about the glories of war, the trade of human butchery, and train them, with scarce a thought of what they are doing, to look upon it as the great theatre of man's noblest deeds! The surest means are taken to dazzle and delude their young minds in its favor. When a company of gayly-dressed soldiers are passing through the street, the children who are old enough, go forth to gaze on the pageantry, and the mother takes even her babe to the window, that he may inhale with his first breath a bewitching fondness for war The glowing canvass, and the breathing marble, and the glittering sword, and

the gilded epaulette, and the nodding plume, and the prancing steed, and all the witchery of fife, and drum, and bugle-horn, are suffered to beguile the young into a blind, wild admiration of what, if seen as it really is, they would regard with almost instinctive disgust or abhorrence.

The evil is well-nigh universal Even pious mothers and Christian ministers will purchase—once they certainly did—caps, and feathers, and tin swords, and wooden guns, for their own sons, and then encourage them in forming little companies of juvenile volunteers, to prepare in beardless boyhood for the trade of blood! Thus have Christians themselves been, age after age, scattering broadcast over Christendom the veriest seeds of war, and then started back aghast to see everywhere springing up such a harvest of death as lately waved in blood and fire all over Europe.

I must avow it; for on every side do I see at work causes not designed, yet fatally calculated to nourish the war-spirit, to perpetuate the war-system, and thus pave the way for more military Molochs, for other deluges of blood. Go to many a toy-shop, kept perhaps by Christians themselves; and what will you there find? A whole cart-load of war toys—drums, and guns, and swords, and rude busts of warriors, and entire platoons of mounted horsemen, or armed footmen, all painted and gilded, to dazzle the minds of children into a premature, unnatural fondness for war. Go to the houses of Christians; and will you there find no portraits of ancient or modern warriors, no pictures of battles or other war-scenes? Almost the only pictures I ever saw in my childhood; and, should you go through the land, you would, I fear, find a hundred portraits of Napoleon to one of such a man as Brainard, or Schwartz, or Howard.

The whole system of preparations for war seems, also, to prolong the custom. They form a species of investment that interests society at large in its continuance. Every appropriation for war purposes, every military school, every fort and war-ship, every regiment and every crew, every office in the army or the navy, every pensioner entailed by war upon the government, all are so many arrangements for upholding the system; and its social ramifications, in a country like England, interest in one way or another almost every considerable family in its support and perpetuity.

These preparations, moreover, nourish that spirit of national honor, which forms the chief incentive to war. "It is difficult," says Sumner, "to define what is so evanescent, so impalpable, so chimerical, so unreal, and yet which exerts such power over many men, and controls the relations of states. Our community frowns with indignation upon the profaneness of the duel, which has its rise in this irrational point of honor; but are they aware that they themselves indulge the sentiment on a gigantic scale, when they recognize what is called the *honor* of the country as a proper ground for war? The point of honor belongs to a semi-barbarous age; and let it stay with the daggers, the swords, and the weapons of combat by which it was guarded; let it appear only with its inseparable companions, the bowie-knife and the pistol!"

War is, also, upheld by a variety of adventitious charms. Addressing itself to the lowest, most puerile tastes, it flaunts before the multitude in gaudy, fantastic decorations. Its finery is peculiar and proverbial. "The soldier," says Channing, "is the only harlequin left in the nineteenth century." Rush used to say, that war could not live without its uniforms; and if it had no splendid trappings,

no inspiring music, no set days for parade and display; if its agents were simply enrolled for service, as men are for the jury-box, and called out only to do their foul and bloody work; if they were then to come forth without fife, or drum, or bugle, with no waving plume, or gilded epaulette, but dressed appropriately for their work as human butchers, or as the hangman goes with halter, coffin and grave ready for his victim; how long would men bear the naked abomination?

A multitude of higher influences are everywhere conspiring to perpetuate this grand delusion. "On every side of me," says Chalmers, "I see causes at work, which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the background of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are."

There seems to be a general conspiracy in support of this custom. Public opinion is utterly

wrong. It canonizes war, and prompts the poet to chant its praises, and the historian to eulogize its deeds of blood, and the hand of beauty to weave chaplets for its gory brow, and government to lavish on its agents large pay, liberal pensions, and the highest honors, both in life, and after death. Not a monument nor a statue, not a peerage nor a pension won by war, that does not act as a sentinel to guard the custom alike from assault and decay.

War has intrenched itself in nearly all the high places of the world. It has subsidized the hearth, the pulpit and the press, poetry and eloquence, philosophy and history, the harp, the chisel, and the pencil. Its mania has overspread the whole earth; its mighty spell has bound the master-minds of every age; and its atmosphere of death hangs over all the fields of ancient and modern literature. Scarce a poet or orator, historian or philosopher of antiquity, that did not worship at the shrine of the war-demon, and bequeathe to posterity some memorial of his devotion. All history is a virtual eulogy of war and warriors. The literature of the world reeks with the war-spirit. It is a vast, prolific nursery of war-delusions, and does more than almost any one thing else to keep the demon in repute among civilized men. Go over the fields of literature; and at every step you tread among the scorpions of war, with every breath you inhale its delicious infection, and are met at every turn by its gilded, glorious, bewildering fascinations. You cannot escape the world-wide atmosphere of its delusions. The richest banquets of taste and intellect are strongly spiced with the spirit of war. The very nectar and ambrosia of ancient literature are steeped in it. The plague-spots are all over the noblest creations of genius. This moral gangrene cankers nearly all literature, and mars, more

or less the best specimens of ancient and modern poetry and eloquence, history and philosophy.

Such are some of the influences that support war. Christendom itself is full of them; and can we wonder that the custom still continues, and fattens on the very vitals even of civilized, Christian nations? Such influences must be swept away, or held in check, before this evil will ever cease from any portion of the world.

CHAPTER II.

PRACTICABILITY OF PEACE, OR THE EVILS OF WAR NOT INCURABLE.

Some persons deny the possibility of abolishing war, and tell us we might as well think to chain up the lightning, or hold down an earthquake. Such skepticism is neither new, nor peculiar to this cause. "How apt," says Dr. Rush, "are mankind to brand as visionary every proposition for innovation. There never was an improvement in any art or science, nor a proposal for meliorating the condition of man, in any age or country, that has not been considered as an Utopian scheme." The present methods of treating the small-pox, fevers, and other diseases, were at first viewed, not only with distrust, but absolute horror; and every one knows, that efforts in the cause of temperance, and for the abolition of the slave-trade, were for a time regarded as utterly visionary and hopeless. The use of the magnet in navigation, the application of steam to mechanical purposes, and a multitude of

inventions and improvements now familiar as household words, were once treated with utter incredulity and contempt. Our own Congress refused Fulton the use of the Representatives' Hall, to explain one part of his scheme for applying steam to navigation. 'What,' said members of the French cabinet to Fulton, when soliciting their patronage, 'do you presume, sir, to think you can ever propel a boat by steam, at the rate of four miles an hour?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied the enthusiast; 'and if you'll furnish me the means, I will eventually reach even six miles an hour.' The wise men of France turned their backs on the poor inventor; and before the lapse of one generation, thousands of steam-vessels, moving at the rate, not of six, but fifteen or twenty miles an hour, are everywhere proclaiming the enthusiast to have been far wiser than the skeptic, and infinitely more useful to mankind.

Let us look at the specific aim of this cause. It seeks to diminish the frequency of war, to mitigate its evils when it does occur, and ultimately to sweep the custom itself first from Christendom, and finally from the world.

On some of these points there can be no doubt. We certainly can, if we will, diminish the frequency of this scourge; and everybody knows that, since the downfall of Napoleon, wars have actually been far less frequent. The general peace of Christendom has continued for more than thirty years, nearly all the time since the friends of peace began their associated labors. We might refer to some cases in which their special efforts for the purpose did confessedly prevent war; and the acknowledged change of public sentiment on the subject through Christendom, has been the chief cause of keeping the sword so long in its scabbard, and of

inducing governments to employ better means for the adjustment of their difficulties.

Nor would it be a trifling gain merely to mitigate the evils of war. This might be done with ease, and be gradually pushed to an indefinite extent. Already has war, in the lapse of ages, lost some of its worst original features, atrocities at which Christendom would now shudder; and this process of melioration might be carried so far, as to leave at length a mere skeleton or shadow of its present evils. The sages of our revolution were so intent on this object, that the journals of Congress (1784) were at times "full of such programs as now emanate only from peace-societies." Such men as Franklin and Jefferson labored hard, especially to have privateering abolished, and the rights of individuals, their persons and their property, respected as much on sea as on land. Here is only one among a hundred meliorations that might be introduced into the code of war; but this alone would remove more than half its remaining pecuniary evils, and leave the commerce and general industry of the world to go on undisturbed by its ravages.

But our great and only ultimate aim is the entire, perpetual abolition of war. We seek to supersede the custom itself, by putting in its place legal, Christian methods of justice and peace between nations. We dream not of accomplishing all this at once, or ever without the gospel; but we do hope, by God's blessing on a right application of its pacific principles, to drive the custom eventually from Christendom, and then to spread permanent peace, hand in hand with our religion of peace, over the whole earth.

Now, we contend that all this may be done. There is nothing in the war-passions of mankind, nothing in the habits of society, or the structure of

government, nothing in the nature or the long continuance of this custom, nothing in all the influences that have so long been accumulating the world over for its support and perpetuity—nothing in all these, or anything else, to forbid the hope of its utter and everlasting extinction.

War is not a physical, but a moral necessity, only such as there is for duelling, intemperance, or any other form of folly and sin. It comes solely from the wrong choice of men, and might be prevented by a general change of that choice. It never rushes upon them, like a tornado or the cholera, like the eruptions of a volcano, or like lightning from the cloud. A war without men to will it, and carry it on, would be a contradiction in terms; and, if so entirely dependent on their will, can they not, if they choose, discard forever this brutal mode of settling their disputes?

Glance at the history of kindred reforms. Long was knight-errantry the admiration of all Christendom; but where is it now? Vanished from the earth, its very name a term of reproach, and its memory living mainly in those works of genius which ridiculed its follies from the world. Nearly the same might be said of the crusades, and all wars of religion, the prosecution of which was once regarded as the highest service a Christian could render the God of peace! So of trials by ordeal, and judicial combat, in which the accused was required to fight his accuser in single encounter, or plunge his arm into boiling water, or lift a red-hot iron with his naked hand, or walk bare-footed over burning ploughshares, or pass through other trials equally severe and perilous. It were easy to multiply examples; but why allude to intemperance, and persecution, and witchcraft, and other evils already abolished, or put in a train which promises their

ultimate abolition? I need not surely specify any more cases; for if such customs as these have already been wholly, or but partially done away, is there no possibility of putting an end to war?

Review, next, the meliorations of war itself. Bad as the custom still is, it has already lost more than half its primitive horrors, and undergone changes much greater than would now suffice to abolish it entirely. Its former atrocities are well-nigh incredible. Belligerents employed whatever means would best subserve their purposes of conquest, plunder or revenge. They poisoned wells, and butchered men, women and children, without distinction. They spared none. Prisoners they massacred in cold blood, or tortured with the most exquisite cruelty; and, when unable to reduce a fortified place, they would sometimes collect before it a multitude of these victims, and, putting them all to the sword, leave their carcasses unburied, that the stench might compel the garrison to retire! Such atrocities were practised by the most polished nations of antiquity. In Rome, prisoners were either sold as slaves, or put to death at pleasure. Kings and nobles, women and children of high birth, chained to the victor's car, were dragged in triumph through the streets, and then doomed to a cruel death, or left to end their days in severe and hopeless bondage; while others less distinguished, were compelled, as gladiators, to butcher one another by hundreds for the amusement of Roman citizens! But such barbarities are indignantly discarded from the present war-system of Christendom; and if thus ten steps have already been taken—they confessedly have—towards abolishing this custom, is there no possibility of taking the six more that alone are requisite to complete its abolition?

Still more; certain kinds of war have actually

been abolished. Private or feudal wars, once waged between the petty chieftains of Europe, and frequently occasioning even more mischief than flows now from the collision of empires, continued for centuries to make the very heart of Chtistendom a scene of confusion and terror. There was no safety, no repose. Every baron claimed the right, just as nations now do, of warring against his neighbor at pleasure. His castle was his fortress, and every one of his vassals a soldier, bound to take the field at the bidding of his lord. War was their business; and all Europe they kept in ceaseless commotion or alarm. The evil seemed intolerable; and finally, emperors and popes, magistrates and priests, rulers and citizens, all combined against it, and succeeded, after the lapse of four or five centuries, in exterminating a species of war as dreadful as any that ever scourged our world. And would not similar efforts bring international wars to an end?

Glance at some of the causes now at work for such a result. I cannot here pause even to name a tithe of these causes; and it must for the present suffice to know, that all the means of general improvement, all the good influences of the age, are so many handmaids to the cause of peace, and harbingers of its universal spread and triumph. The progress of freedom, and popular education;—the growing influence of the people, always the chief sufferers from war, over every form of government; —the vastly augmented power of public opinion, fast becoming more and more pacific;—the spirit of free inquiry, and the wide diffusion of knowledge through presses, and pulpits, and schools;—the disposition to force old usages, institutions and opinions through the severest ordeals;—the various improvements which philanthropy, genius, and even avarice itself, are everywhere making in the char-

acter and condition of mankind, all demanding peace;—the actual disuse of war, and the marked desire of rulers themselves to supersede it by the adoption of pacific expedients that promise ere long to re-construct the international policy of the civilized world;—the pacific tendencies of literature, science, and all the arts that minister to individual comfort, or national prosperity;—the more frequent, more extended intercourse of Christians and learned men in different parts of the earth;—the wide extension of commerce, and the consequent inter-linking over the globe of interests which war must destroy;—the rapid spread of the gospel in pagan lands, the fuller development of its spirit in Christendom, and the more direct, more efficacious application of its principles to every species of sin and misery;—all the enterprises of associated benevolence and reform, but especially the combined efforts made to disseminate the principles of peace, to pour the full light of heaven on the guilt and evils of war, and thus unite the friends of God and man everywhere against this master-scourge of our race;—such are some of the influences now at work for the world's perpetual peace.

Nor have these causes been at work in vain. "Already," says Ware, "is the process begun, by which Jehovah is going to fulfil the amazing predictions of his word. Even now is the fire kindled at the forges where swords are yet to be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. The teachers are already abroad who shall persuade the nations to learn war no more. If we would hasten that day, we have only to throw ourselves into the current, and we may row with the tide. There may be, here and there, a counter-current; but the main stream is flowing steadily on, and the order of Providence is rolling forward the sure result."

The gospel, rightly applied, is amply sufficient for such a result. It is God's own power at work for the world's eventual deliverance from all forms of error, sin and misery. There is no passion it cannot subdue, no vice it cannot reform, no evil custom it cannot abolish, no moral malady it cannot cure, no inveteracy of error or sin from which it cannot reclaim. Its history, as well as its nature, proves its power; and a libel would it be on God himself, to suppose his chosen instrument for a world's spiritual renovation, inadequate to the task of exterminating war from every land blest with its heavenly light, and eventually from the whole earth.

On this point God has taken care to leave no room for doubt. Expressly, repeatedly has he promised, that 'the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of his name, even as the waters cover the sea; that the kingdoms of this world shall all become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;' and then 'shall they beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Thus has God promised the world's eventual pacification as explicitly as he has the world's conversion, or even the salvation of any believer in Jesus; and we must either discard the whole Bible, or believe in the possibility, the absolute certainty of universal and permanent peace.

It is not incumbent on us to show *how* these prophecies are to be fulfilled; and yet it were easy to point out a variety of expedients that might, with safety and success, take the place of war. There is in truth no more need of this custom among Christian nations than there is of paganism itself. They could, if they would, settle all their difficulties with-

out war, as well as the members of a church can theirs without duels. There is no impossibility in the case. Substitutes far better than the sword for all purposes of protection and redress, might be made to supersede entirely the alleged necessity of war between nations. Once, individuals had no other means than brute force for the redress of their wrongs, or the adjustment of their difficulties; but, if that old practice of private wars gave place, ages ago, to codes and courts of law between individuals, it is equally possible for nations, if they choose, to provide similar methods for the settlement of their disputes without the effusion of blood.

CHAPTER III.

SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR.

ALL our methods of peace, or substitutes for war, resolve themselves into the simple principle of having nations adjust their difficulties as individuals do theirs. The latter, when any dispute arises, either agree between themselves, or refer the case to umpires mutually chosen, or carry it into a court of law for a fair and equitable decision; and, in pursuance of the same policy, nations should first employ negotiation, next resort, by arbitration or mediation, to some form of amicable reference, or, better than all, should establish a system of justice between nations, like our codes and courts of law for individuals. Some of these expedients are occasional, others would be permanent; and we will just glance at each of these classes.

SECTION I.

TEMPORARY SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR.

THE first of these temporary expedients, then, would be NEGOTIATION. So long as nations keep cool and kind enough to adjust their own difficulties, this method is decidedly the best of all. If they made the sword really their last resort, instead of their first; or if popular sentiment should always hold them back from conflict till mutual forbearance, explanation and concession, had exhausted their utmost power, this expedient alone would, in nine cases out of ten, prevent an appeal to arms.

Our next resort would be to ARBITRATION; a substitute adopted when the parties are unable to adjust their own difficulties, or prefer the decision of an impartial umpire. Better for the parties to agree among themselves, if they can; but, if they cannot, nations should in every case settle their disputes by some mode of reference. Nor is there any objection in their case, that would not apply to individuals; for it is just as feasible and safe, as equitable and honorable, for the former as for the latter.

But there is another form of reference in the principle of MEDIATION. When rulers become so exasperated against each other, as to withdraw from official intercourse, and the strange, semi-barbarous code of national honor requires them to keep aloof, or to meet only on the field of battle, a third power, friendly to both, occasionally interposes with the offer of its services as mediator. Such services the parties are now bound in courtesy to accept;

and this simple expedient, a new development of the pacific tendencies of the age, promises to obviate the most delicate and difficult cases of misunderstanding. It is well known, that duellists cannot fight so long as a mutual friend stands between them as mediator; and, if so effectual for the prevention of duels, the principle, equally applicable to war, would be likely to prove still more successful here, from the longer delay necessary, from the greater publicity of the transaction, and from the overwhelming majority on both sides interested in a peaceful issue of the dispute. Thus might a single cabinet, by the well-timed tender of its services, hold in check the war-spirit of the whole civilized world, and do much to keep its nations in permanent peace.

Another occasional substitute for war is NON-INTERCOURSE. If a neighbor habitually maltreats us, and will neither make reparation, nor come to any reasonable terms, we sometimes find it best simply to let him alone, and have nothing whatever to do with him, until he proves himself worthy of our renewed confidence and intercourse. So the church, and all voluntary associations, when a member can no longer be tolerated within their pale, merely exclude him, and leave him to the recoil of his own misdeeds. The principle is equally applicable to nations. If a government neglects its treaty-engagements, or violates in other respects the law of nations, and persists in its refusal to make due reparation, it would be far better to withdraw from all intercourse with a nation so unreasonable, and wait for the frowns of the world, and a returning sense of justice and self-respect to set them right, than to embroil scores of innocent millions in war. Such a contest would soon hide or change the real, original issue, while non-inter-

course would keep that issue steadily before all men, and thus concentrate the rays of truth, and right, and public opinion, in a burning focus upon the offender's conscience. It could do very little injury in comparison with war, while it would be likely to accomplish far more good. Had France, in 1835, persisted in her refusal to pay the five million dollars confessedly due to us, such a course as this would in time have secured the payment; but, had we gone to war for it, she would have fought till doomsday before she would have paid a farthing. To this principle of non-intercourse as a pacific measure, or substitute for war in extreme cases, Jefferson gave the seal of his approbation and example.

SECTION II.

PERMANENT SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR.

I. *Stipulated Arbitration.*

NOT content with palliatives, we seek effectual remedies for war; and, for this purpose, we urge the adoption of permanent substitutes. The first of these is *stipulated arbitration*; by which we mean, that nations incorporate in every treaty a clause, binding themselves to adjust whatever difficulties may arise between them, in no case by the sword, but always by reference to umpires mutually chosen, and agree either to abide by their decision, or to claim, if dissatisfied, only a new hearing, or a different reference.

To such a substitute, what objection can be urged? It relinquishes no right; it sacrifices no interest; it would startle few, if any prejudices;

it can offend neither the strong nor the moderato peace-man, neither the Quaker nor the warrior; it is adapted to the present state of the world, and consistent alike with the precepts of Christianity, and the dictates of sound policy; a measure level to the comprehension of all, and commending itself to their common sense as simple, feasible, and likely to prove successful.

The plan speaks for itself. Common sense decides, that no man should be allowed to judge in his own case; and this principle is quite as applicable to communities as to individuals. The former, equally liable to all the influences that bias the judgment, and lead to wrong conclusions, should never be permitted, any more than individuals, to act as witness, jury and judge in their own case. Nor is this principle new or untried. It is as old as human society; it has been acted upon more or less from the earliest dawn of civilization; we often find the wisest and best men preferring it even to a regular course of law, for the adjustment of their own differences; and we simply ask, that nations should exercise an equal degree of sense, candor and justice, by referring their disputes, in like manner, to competent and impartial arbiters.

The same principle lies at the bottom of all our courts. Every trial in them is a reference. No litigant is allowed to decide, or even to testify in his own case; but he must, whether willing or unwilling, submit to the judgment of his peers on the testimony of credible witnesses. Nor has he any direct voice in the selection of his arbiters; society chooses them for him; and before a judge and jury thus appointed, he is compelled to go, and abide their decision. Such is the ordinary course of justice, the common, legal mode of reference; and ought not governments, in the adjustment of their

difficulties, to act on principles as equitable and elevated, as those which they prescribe to their own subjects? Shall common sense, common honesty, the established rules of right and wrong, never be extended to the intercourse of nations?

In behalf of this plan, we might quote the highest authorities, the voice of public opinion fast growing in favor of the principle, and the example of nearly all Christendom, now beginning to adopt it in some form as their last resort, instead of the sword. Do you deem it disreputable? It certainly cannot be more so than occasional reference, which all the world approve. Do you say that nations cannot, or should not, thus pledge themselves *in advance?* They do and must in every treaty. Such a pledge is quite as proper in the former as in the latter case, and is just the thing we need to prevent a sudden, passionate rush to arms. Do you plead that arbitration is at best uncertain? Not half so much so as war confessedly is. Do you say you can judge for yourselves? So can the other party; but, since you differ, and consequently cannot both be right, nor each have his own way, how shall the dispute be settled? Can you find a cheaper, juster, surer way, than reference to umpires in whom you both have confidence, and before whom you are allowed a full and fair hearing?

II. *A Congress of Nations.*

1. *Outlines.*—We shall not enter into the details of a plan for a congress of nations. We are not sticklers for any particular plan or name, but propose merely to incorporate the grand principle of reference in some standing tribunal for the peaceful adjustment of all international difficulties.

This plan includes two measures—one temporary, the other settled and permanent. We would first have a diplomatic congress of nations, a grand convention of delegates plenipotentiary, from all parts of the civilized world, that could be brought into the measure, to deliberate and agree upon a code of international law. We would have them invested, like ambassadors, with power, not to establish such a code themselves, but merely to recommend its principles in detail to their respective governments for their adoption or rejection.—The next measure would be the establishment of an international tribunal to interpret that code, and adjudicate whatever cases any nations in dispute might refer to their decision. Its jurisdiction should extend only to matters connected with the intercourse of nations; and no case should come before it except by consent and choice of parties. Its decisions should be final, and preclude, by mutual agreement, all right of appealing to any further means of adjustment, except a new hearing, an amicable consultation, or reference to special umpires mutually chosen. Its decrees, however, should be merely advisory. Whether legislative or judicial, they should bind no party without their consent, and depend for success entirely on the high repute of the tribunal, on the obvious equity of its decisions, and the strong tide of public opinion in their favor. It should act as a diet of ambassadors, to mature terms for the ratification of their respective constituents, or as a board of referees, whose arbitrament the parties would still be at liberty to accept or reject. Nor should its sanctions ever include or involve a resort to the sword. Its decrees should be enforced only by moral or peaceful means. Penalties there might be; but they should all be pacific, and consist in the recoil of public opinion, in the withdrawal of friend-

ly intercourse, or the curtailment of commercial and other privileges.

These outlines should be constantly borne in mind; for they obviate most of the objections hitherto brought against the project of a Congress of nations, and would at least render such a tribunal perfectly harmless.

2. *Objects sought.*—Our plan would, in time, secure a variety of results highly important to the welfare of nations. It would seek mainly to preserve peace without the sword; but this is only one among the multitude of its legitimate results. It would perform for the kingdoms associated no small part of the services that our own Congress does for the different members of our republic, and would thus have three distinct departments of duty—*to settle and complete the law of nations, to adjust all disputes between them without an appeal to the sword, and direct their intercourse and combined energies in ways best adapted to the improvement, prosperity and happiness of the whole human race.*

Few are aware how unsettled and imperfect is the present law of nations. We have in truth no such law; and what passes under the name, is of recent origin, and insufficient authority. It is only a compilation of precedents, opinions and arguments. It is the work, not of legislators, but of scholars; no law-making power was ever concerned in enacting any of its statutes; and all its authority has resulted from the deference spontaneously paid to the genius, erudition and wisdom of its compilers. It is not law, but argument; not decrees, but rules; not a code, but a treatise; and the nations are at liberty, except from the force of custom and public opinion, to adopt or reject it as they please. A uniform, authoritative code of international law is still a desideratum; to supply this deficiency would be one

of the first and highest duties of the tribunal we propose; and a mere glance at the subjects which would thus come before it, must suffice to show its necessity and vast importance.

Our limits will hardly allow us even to name these subjects—such as articles contraband of war; —protection of neutral commerce;—security of private property in war;—the rights and rules of blockade;—right of search and impressment;—protection of non-combatants;—property in navigable rivers;—the armed interposition of one nation in the domestic affairs of another;—right of interference with a nation at war;—passage of belligerents through a neutral territory;—surrender of fugitives from justice or oppression—various meliorations of war;—measures for the entire extinction of the custom;—the settlement of national boundaries;—the regulation of cartels, and flags of truce;—the rules and rates of salvage;—the improvement and expansion of commerce;—the adoption of some common standard of weights and measures;—the interpretation of treaties by definite and established rules;—the naturalization of foreigners, and the transfer of their allegiance;—the determination of what shall be deemed the inalienable rights of man, such as life, liberty of conscience, and the use of his own powers;—the reconcilement of laws that come into conflict in the intercourse of nations, such as those respecting contracts, majority, evidence, and the law of domicile;—improvements in various parts of the international code;—measures in common for the relief of suffering nations, and for the suppression or punishment of such practices as torture, infanticide, human sacrifices, the slave-trade, and similar outrages upon humanity.

For the sake of a brief illustration, just glance at one or two of these topics. Take the question of

blockade. The law of nations is very loose on this subject; the practice of belligerents has taken a still wider license; and the exigencies of the case call aloud for some means to prevent the repetition of such outrages. Some writers have questioned the propriety, under any circumstances, of blockade against neutrals; but, right or wrong, it ought certainly to be restrained from that immense sweep of mischief to which it has so often aspired in modern times. All the ports of a nation, most of those skirting an entire continent, have, by a mere stroke of the pen, been closed against all neutral vessels. England once declared the whole coast of France to be under blockade, and Napoleon in return did the same to all England, without a fleet in either case sufficient to enforce a tenth part of the blockade. It was a mere scare-crow, a blockade only on paper, a shallow pretence for licensing a species of wholesale piracy; yet did an English admiral, in the late war between Great Britain and ourselves, declare our whole coast, two thousand miles in extent, under blockade, without a twentieth part of the ships requisite to enforce a blockade so extensive. The evils of such a practice must be immense; for the blockade of a single port might cripple the commerce of the world.

There is an obvious and urgent necessity for something like a Congress of nations. The deficiencies of their present code can never be supplied, the evils now incident to their intercourse never be remedied, and their highest welfare, or their perfect safety secured, without some tribunal of the kind as their acknowledged lawgiver and judge. No treatises on the law of nations, no decisions of admiralty courts, no treaty stipulations, no rectitude, capacity or vigilance of rulers, no degree of intelligence or honesty among the people, no

force of custom or public opinion, can ever meet all the exigencies of the case, and thus supersede the necessity of an international tribunal for the various and vastly important purposes already suggested. Can such a chasm in the wants of the world never be filled?

OBJECTIONS.—'Public opinion is not yet ripe for such a measure.' Then let us make it so. It is in some degree prepared even now for the measure; and soon might the wise and good, by the right use of means within their reach, form through Christendom such a public sentiment as would ere-long secure this or some other permanent substitute for war. Public opinion is certainly ripe enough to start in earnest the train of efforts indispensable to the final accomplishment of our object.

'We have other means now in use sufficient for the preservation of peace.' True, they *might* suffice; but they do not in fact supersede war. So might similar means suffice for the adjustment of all disputes between individuals; but we still deem it expedient, if not necessary, to have our codes and courts of law. In spite of all methods now in use, the war-system still continues, and we wish to introduce a substitute that shall actually supersede it entirely and forever.

'Christendom is unwilling to give up the war-system.' If rulers are, the people are not; and the results of the French Revolution made even the sturdiest despots anxious for peace as their only security. All Europe, crushed beneath the enormous burdens of war, is even now panting for release in some way from its evils, and would hail with joy any effectual antidote or remedy.

'But diversities of language, and religion, and manners, and government, and pursuits, would sure-

ly defeat the object.' None of these would oppose insuperable, or very serious impediments, to the slight degree of union required in such a confederacy. Not a few of them were overcome in the formation of our own general government; and they were all found in the Diet of Switzerland, where each of the twenty-two cantons is internally as independent as any nation on earth; where the form of government varies from the purest democracy to the stiffest aristocracy, and where the people differ in language, manners and religion.

'Such a tribunal would be dangerous.' To whom or what? Would it trample on the weak? It would have no power for such a purpose; but its first care would be to guard them against encroachment and abuse. Would it endanger liberty and popular governments? Called into existence by their voice, it would become of course a servant to their wishes, and a guardian of their rights and interests. Would it interfere with the domestic concerns of states? It would itself be the surest check upon such interference. Would it become a conclave of political intrigue, and serve only to embroil the nations? History refutes the charge; and the supposition is just as absurd as it would be to expect that ambassadors, appointed to negotiate peace, would only foment new wars. Would it become a tool in the hands of some future Alexander or Napoleon, to subjugate all Christendom? Such monsters are the offspring only of war; and the peaceful policy inseparable from a congress of nations, would put an end forever to the whole brood. By what process then could such a tribunal be thus perverted? With no fleets or armies at their command, with no offices of emolument or honor to bestow, with no right to touch any subject not submitted to them by their constituents, how could

such a body become an engine of conquest, tyranny and blood?

'Composed chiefly of representatives from monarchies, such a tribunal would, at all events, be unfriendly, if not dangerous to republican governments.' We see not *how* it could be; for it would have no power to interfere with the internal affairs of *any* government, or to sit in judgment on any dispute not voluntarily referred to it by the parties. No nation would be bound by any of its decisions, without their own consent; and we might as well say, that *treaties* with monarchies, and still more such references as we ourselves have repeatedly made to them, must endanger the freedom of our institutions. Such a court, guided by a common code, and responsible to the whole world for the rectitude of its adjudications, could not be half so dangerous as those kings and autocrats whom we have occasionally selected as umpires. Yet who has ever dreamed of the least danger to our government from such references?

'But the Congress, after all, would be powerless.' History and reason alike refute the assertion. The experiment has already been made in a variety of ancient and modern cases; and the general result justifies the belief, that such a tribunal as we propose, would eventually put an end forever to the wars of Christendom. The Amphictyonic Council of Greece, composed of delegates from each of its states, and empowered to examine and decide all their disputes, did much to preserve peace between them for a long series of ages; and, though unable, in times so barbarous and warlike, to keep the sword continually in its scabbard, still it must have saved rivers of blood. The Achæan League did the same, and was often solicited, even by foreign nations, to act as the arbiter of their disputes. We

might also quote almost every government in Europe as a virtual illustration of this principle; for Austria, France, Great Britain, and all the leading states of Christendom, kept for the most part in domestic peace for centuries, are each a cluster of small tribes or baronies, so long associated under one head as to have lost, in some cases, their original distinction as independent principalities. Austria and Great Britain are obvious, striking examples; and the fact that the three kingdoms of the latter, and the numerous principalities of the former, are preserved in amity by the general government common to them all, goes far to prove the efficacy of our principle. This principle has likewise kept peace between our own states the greater part of a century, and between the confederated cantons of Switzerland for more than five centuries. Even the occasional congresses or conferences, so frequently held, during the last two centuries, between the leading powers of Europe, as to average one every four years, have seldom failed either to preserve or restore peace. Not that they have always been completely successful; but they have fully evinced the efficacy of the principle, and added strong confirmation to the hope of an eventual confederacy of all Christendom under a congress or court, that shall keep its members in constant and perpetual peace. If experiments so partial, and under circumstances comparatively so unfavorable, have still accomplished so much even for pagan or half-christianized nations; what may we not expect from a tribunal perfect as the highest wisdom of modern times can make it, cheerfully recognized by the whole civilized world, and enforced by a strong, universal, omnipresent public opinion?

Such a Congress would remove the grand incen-

tives to war. It would crush, or chain, or neutralize the war-spirit. It would make the warrior's business odious, and render it the chief glory of rulers, not to wage war, but to preserve unbroken, universal peace. It would give a new direction to the energies of all Christendom, and turn the ambition of princes and statesmen into peaceful channels. It would sweep away the grand nurseries of war, by superseding all war-establishments. It would eventually convert standing armies into handfuls of police-men, and leave war-ships to rot, arsenals to moulder, and fortifications to crumble into ruins. Here are the chief combustibles of war; and, when these are all removed, it will be well-nigh impossible to kindle its fires on any emergency.

Such a Congress, moreover, would obviate nearly all the occasions of war. These are now found in points of national honor;—in sudden bursts of passion among rulers;—in occasional outrages of officers or citizens;—in clashing views, customs, or interests;—in temporary misconceptions and animosities;—in claims for redress denied, or unduly delayed;—in mutual jealousies, suspicions and fears. Most of these difficulties, such a tribunal would either prevent, or easily settle; and for the rest, it would provide an antidote sufficient to supersede ninety-nine wars in a hundred.

Nay; would not this grand expedient suffice for the worst emergency? It would make nations, just like the members of a Christian church, cease to think of settling their disputes by arms. They could never draw the sword at the outset; and the long delay occasioned by an appeal to the Congress, and by subsequent preparations for conflict, would give ample time for passion to cool, and reason to gain such an ascendency as she seldom, if ever, had

in any declaration of war by men. If the parties disliked the first decision, they might claim repeated hearings; and every new trial would create new obstructions in the way of appealing to the sword.

But why suppose such a tribunal powerless for the preservation of peace? Because it would wear no crown, wield no sword, hold no purse? Such logic mistakes the age. Opinion is now the mistress of the world. Her voice could light or quench the fires of a thousand battle-fields. It changed the government of France in a day, and reformed the parliament of England without bloodshed. It made us free. It once marshalled all Europe in the crusades. It called up the demon-spirits of the French Revolution, and sent hurricane after hurricane of war howling in wrath over the fairest portions of Christendom. All this it has done; and, when embodied in the grand Areopagus of the world, would it then be powerless?

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUDING APPEALS.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the claims of this cause; and voices from the past, the present and the future, from time and eternity, from earth and from heaven, are calling aloud for a prompt, vigorous use of the means requisite to exorcise the war-spirit from Christendom, to bring the custom of war under the ban of its entire population, and form everywhere such a public sentiment as shall constrain nations to employ, as they could if they

would, pacific expedients alone for the settlement of all their disputes.

For such a result, means are obviously indispensable. The moral suasion of the gospel, the power of Christian truth and love, must be applied long and well to this custom. Light must be poured upon it from reason and history; its enormous guilt must be set forth in the full blaze of revelation; its immeasurable evils must be spread as far as possible before every class in the community; and such a process of exposure must be continued, until the mass of minds in every Christian land shall come to regard this relic of a bloody and barbarous paganism with a portion of God's own unmingled abhorrence, and call in thunder-tones upon rulers to settle their quarrels without the countless crimes and miseries of war.

But who shall use these means? Surely the followers of Christ; for God has chosen them as his special co-workers in every cause like this. In his gospel he has furnished means the most effectual for the permanent peace of our world, and promised in due time to render them, if rightly used, completely successful. As children of the God of peace, as disciples of the Prince of peace, this cause is eminently their own; and, if they do not lead its van, they are recreant to their high and sacred obligations. Had they from the first done their whole duty on this subject, war would long ago have vanished from Christendom; and, would they now do what they might and should, this custom would cease ere long from every Christian land, and eventually from the whole earth. And are they not responsible to God for what they might do, if they would?

Still greater is the responsibility of Christian ministers as leaders of the church. Their influence

is proverbial. Their character, their office, their relations to society, all arm them with a vast amount of moral power. They speak in God's name, on God's day, from God's word. Their influence is well-nigh omnipresent in every Christian community. Almost every mind is open to their appeals. They touch the great main-springs of society, and hold in their hands the chief engines of moral power. If they would all unite as one man, concentrate the full weight of their influence against war, how soon would it melt away, like dew before the rising sun, from every land blessed with the light of the gospel! And will ambassadors of the Prince of peace refuse or neglect any longer to do their whole duty on this subject? Will they not preach upon it, and lead their people to pray, contribute and labor for this blessed cause?

The press, too, must be fully enlisted in its behalf. Its ten thousand tongues must be made to speak in the ear of every reading community, and pour forth a ceaseless stream of facts, arguments and appeals, to illustrate the sin and curse of war, and the duty, the glory, and the blessedness of peace. Would to God that editors, and writers for the press, and others who have, or might have, influence over it, would unite to bring this mighty engine into frequent, habitual, earnest advocacy of this cause. No war can come, where the press is free, without first obtaining its permission; and it is in the power of newspapers and other periodicals alone, if fully united for the purpose, to insure the permanent peace of all Christendom. An enviable power, but an awful responsibility!

Still more, if possible, do we expect from teachers. Their influence is universal; they are scattering everywhere the seeds of character; and hence every college, and every professional semi-

nary, every common and Sabbath school, every fireside in Christendom, ought to become a nursery of peace, to train up everywhere such a generation of peace-makers as would spontaneously keep the peace of the world.

Nor do we depend less upon the aid of women. As mothers and teachers, they are the chief educators of mankind; they have access in childhood to every mind under circumstances peculiarly favorable; they cast the mould of society through the world; they may, under God, make its character very much what they please; and, would they stamp upon every young mind under their care a deep, indelible impression of peace, war must of necessity cease with the very next generation thus trained. Daughter of God! there is hardly a relation in life where you cannot serve the cause of peace. Are you a wife? You can mould, more or less, your husband's habits of thinking on this subject. Are you a mother? You can train your children to a love of peace, and a deep, habitual abhorrence of war. You may, if you will, diffuse the principles of peace through the whole circle of your relatives and acquaintances. Are you a teacher in a Sabbath or any other school? You can impress your views of peace upon the minds of your pupils, and infuse your spirit into their hearts. Do you write for the press? You can there plead this cause with an eloquence all your own.

There ought to be a general rally of the good for the support of this cause, by the use of such means as are essential to success. Let them use these means aright, and God will not long withhold his blessing. Let the gospel, wherever preached, be rightly applied to this custom; let the press be freely enlisted in behalf of this cause; let preachers of the gospel enforce its pacific, just as

they do any of its other truths; let Christians of every name come up to this work as one man, and put forth their utmost energies; let associations, if necessary, be formed, and scores of selected advocates plead, and the friends of humanity all rally with their gifts, and prayers, and personal efforts; let books, and tracts, and pamphlets, and periodicals, full of stirring facts, and logic on fire, be scattered far and wide in every city and town, in every village, hamlet, and habitation; let every church, every Sabbath and common school, every academy and college, every seminary of learning, from the highest to the lowest, every fire-side in Christendom, become a nursery of peace, to train up a generation of peace-makers;—let all these hold up war before every class in the community, as a giant offender against God, as the master-scourge of our world; and could this custom long stand before such an array of influences?

We have the strongest encouragement. The promises of God render the ultimate prevalence of peace over the whole earth absolutely certain. His providence is also enlisting in its behalf the best and mightiest influences of the world, and giving unexpected efficacy to the means thus far used in this cause. How little has hitherto been done for it—only a few thousand dollars expended annually throughout Christendom! Yet, with this mere pittance of money and effort, have we already reached results vastly important, and prospects still more cheering. In no cause has so much been accomplished with such slender means. Mark some of the acknowledged results. Our own country has been saved from several wars that threatened it (1846); the general peace of Europe has, for a wonder, been preserved more than thirty years; public sentiment on this subject is widely different

from what it was even at the beginning of the present century; difficulties which would once have plunged nations in blood, are now adjusted with scarce a thought of resorting to arms; negotiation, reference and mediation, are actually taking the place of war, and gradually effacing the traditional belief of its necessity; the leading cabinets of Christendom seem disposed to adopt these substitutes as their settled, permanent policy; and this course, if continued only half a century longer, will probably supersede in time the whole war-system, by accustoming nations to settle their disputes in essentially the same way that individuals now do theirs.

Say not 'there is no need of special efforts in this cause.' If war has been for so many ages pouring over the whole earth a deluge of evils; if it is still the chief scourge and terror of our race; if it is at this moment taxing Christendom nearly one thousand millions of dollars every year for its support even in peace; if it is continually liable, like a pent-up volcano, to pour forth a burning torrent of woes upon the world; is there no call for special endeavors to hold in check this mammoth evil?

Tell us not to rely upon the gospel *without an application of its pacific principles.* Will medicine not taken ever cure disease? No; you must apply even the best remedy, before it can effect a cure. Is the gospel an exception to this law of common sense? Can it cure any evils to which it is never applied? The gospel is, indeed, the only effectual antidote to war; but we insist on a right application of its pacific principles to the case. It has never been thus applied; and the mistake lies in supposing that the gospel, *as hitherto received by Christians*, will abolish this custom. The nations of Christendom are the most notorious fighters on

earth, and its standing armies have increased in a single century from half a million to three millions —six hundred per cent.! Can *such* a process *ever* bring war to an end?

'But you need only make men *real* Christians, and they *will* cease to fight.' Will they? Have they? No *real* Christians ever engage in war! None such among the millions of standing warriors now in Christendom! None among the fathers of our own revolution! Not one among all the myriads who have fought from time immemorial in the wars of Christendom?

Perhaps you say, 'let existing agencies, such as the church, the ministry, and the press, do the work for peace, and thus supersede the necessity of special, associated efforts.' Most earnestly do we wish they would; and whenever they shall, they will take the matter very much out of our hands. As yet, however, they have *not* done so; and, until they do, shall nothing be done for peace? May we not even attempt to rouse the church? She *ought* to have arrested the ravages of intemperance, and spread the gospel over the whole earth; but, since she did neither, and gave no promise of doing either very soon, was it a superfluous, reprehensible service for individual volunteers, as they did, to lead the van in those movements, and rouse the church to her long-neglected duty on those subjects? If the church *will* do what is needed in the cause of peace, then let her do it—the sooner the better, and thus supersede our efforts; but, *until* she does this, we certainly ought, as the pioneers of temperance and of missions did, to stimulate her to her duty on this subject, and rally as many as we can in special efforts for the extinction of war.

Tell us not, 'wait till the millennium; when that comes, peace will follow as a matter of course.

Very true; and so will repentance and faith follow equally as a matter of course. But how? Is the millennium to come first, and then all mankind to be converted as one of its results; or is the conversion of the whole world to usher in and to constitute the millennium itself? How would you introduce a millennium of repentance? Solely by first filling the world with repentance—with men penitent for their sins. How a millennium of faith? By filling the earth with faith—with believers in Jesus. How then a millennium of peace? In the same way; for peace, just like repentance and faith, must come *before* the millennium, as one of its indispensable harbingers, or along *with* the millennium, as one of its inseparable concomitants.

Say not, '*we* are peaceable enough; go to warriors and war-makers.' So we mean to do; but, if *you* are so pacific, will you not go with us, and help make them as peaceable as yourselves? We look to the temperate for the promotion of temperance, to Christians for the spread of Christianity; and must we not rely in like manner upon the professed friends of peace to carry forward this enterprise?

Away, then, with all excuses whatsoever. Wake to the claims of this cause, and gird yourself in earnest for its support. Whether minister or layman, high or low, old or young, male or female, rally, one and all, for a cheerful, vigorous prosecution of this great work. Give to it your prayers, your money, your time, your talents. The voice of prophecy and of Providence summons you to this high and blessed service. The spirit of the age, the wants of the church and the world, demand it. "The mighty conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it

We should lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for triumphs more exalted and glorious than any snatched from rivers of blood."

O that the friends of God and man could be made to feel and meet the high claims of this cause! There is none more worthy, more godlike; and in no other way could you, by a given amount of money and effort, accomplish more for God's glory in the present and immortal welfare of mankind. For its publications, and agencies, and other purposes, this cause requires funds as truly as any other one; but it has hitherto received scarce a tithe of what it needs, and most richly deserves. Will not those who bestow their thousands upon other objects, remember this also? To what other purpose could you better give a few hundreds a year through life, and thousands in your will? If you expect soon to stand in judgment before the God of peace, and hope to spend a blissful eternity in mansions prepared for you by the Prince of peace, will you leave at death no memorial of your regard for his cause, or make before that hour no earnest efforts to echo round the globe his own birth-song of universal peace and good will?