

To form some idea of war, we must multiply such instances by thousands and tens of thousands. And this is war with its malignant attributes all unchanged! This is war with its inherent and inseparable barbarities under the noon tide light of civilization.

I do not wonder at the Quaker saying of the recruiting sergeant's drum :

"I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hands bestows
To fill the catalogue of woes."

The cruelties of war may be regarded as a cause intended to produce a certain effect, or means to secure a desired end. There stand 100,000 men all armed. These, wholly or in part, represent the strength of their nation. These by fair means or by foul, must be got rid of. No matter how, they must be made unable to resist. The ingenuity of men and demons is taxed to find means to send 50,000 of their souls into eternity as quickly as possible; 25,000 more are writhing in terrible agony upon the field, while the remainder, seeing their cause is hopeless, surrender.

Behind the non-vanquished army, lies the town of 50,000 inhabitants. Behind strong fortifications is a strong garrison, upon which the guns and mortars play for a few days without effect. What is to be done? That town must be taken at all hazards. By fair means or by foul, that town must be taken. Mercy is only allowed in warfare when mercy does not interfere with the conquerors' designs. Here is a new order from the commander. "Cease firing upon the fortifications and turn your guns upon the defenceless parts of the city, upon the habitations of the women and children, that their shrieks of agony and the sight of wives, mothers, and innocent babes blown to atoms, may compel the armed men of the garrison to surrender their strong hold. This was actually done as we have already seen at Strasburg, in France, and it was also done by the American commander at Vera Cruz, in Mexico, and there is not one commander in twenty, perhaps not one in the world, who would not resort to it sooner than fail.

"I conversed," says the Rev. John Wesley, "with an officer who was naturally of a mild disposition. He was three years in Germany