

ancestry and their fundamental and essential unity in everything which make a people?

It was not because "an enemy hath done this," but because a brother hath done this that the anger was real, the indignation unappeasable.

"And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

And even in their ashes live the wonted fires of past wrongs and discords, ever ready to burst out into renewed flame, destroying confidence and affection brought into existence in the intervening time by acts of kindness and brotherhood.\*

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\*Dr. Dunlop, an Anglo-Canadian army surgeon (afterwards Member of Parliament in Canada) who was attached to the Royal Forces during the war, tells two stories which are worth the consideration of both American and Canadian. "Recollections of the American War, 1812-14, by Dr. Dunlop, Toronto, 1905."

A battle had taken place. Dr. Dunlop says "We had obtained a victory but lost severely in so doing, and the enemy in consequence of the masterly arrangements of Major General Scott, one of the best soldiers in the American army (and one of the most gentlemanly men I have ever met with), had retired on Fort Erie." The narrative then proceeds: "There is hardly on the face of the earth a less enviable situation than that of an Army Surgeon after a battle—worn out and fatigued in body and mind, surrounded by suffering, pain and misery, much of which he knows it is not in his power to heal or even to assuage. While the battle lasts these all pass unnoticed, but they come before the medical man afterwards in all their sorrow, stripped of all the excitement of the 'heady fight.'"

"It would be a useful lesson to cold-blooded politicians who calculate on a war costing so many lives and so many limbs as they would calculate on a horse costing so many pounds—or to the thoughtless at home, whom the excitement of a gazette, or the glare of an illumination, more than reconciles to the expense of a war—to witness such a scene, if only for one hour. This simple and obvious truth was suggested to my mind by the exclamation of a poor woman. I had 220 wounded turned in upon me that morning, and among others an American farmer, who had been on the field either as a militia man or a camp follower. He was nearly sixty years of age, but of a most Herculean frame. One ball had shattered his thigh bone, and another lodged in his body, the last obviously mortal. His wife, a respectable elderly looking woman, came over under a flag of truce, and immediately repaired to the hospital where she found her husband lying on a truss of straw, writhing in agony, for his sufferings were dreadful. Such an accumulation of misery seemed to have stunned her, for she ceased wailing, sat down on the ground, and taking her husband's head on her lap, continued long, moaning and sobbing, while the tears flowed fast down her face; she seemed for a consider-