

statement may be clearly established by the evidence of every battle field.

Who can read without a shudder, of that horrid transaction in Africa, when the French roasted alive in the Cave of Dahra, the Arab families, 700 persons in all, who had fled down into its sides to escape the exterminating sword. The account is thus given by a writer in *Chambers' Repository* :

"A few hours of patient waiting at the mouth of the cave must have compelled the fugitives to surrender for want of food, but the officers were desirous of a speedier result. By their order an immense fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave and fed sedulously during the night, with wood, grass, reeds and anything that would help to keep up the volume of smoke and flame which the wind drove in roaring, whirling eddies into the mouth of the cavern. It was too late now for the Arabs to surrender. The discharge of a cannon could not have been heard, in the roar of that large, blast furnace, much less the smoke strangled cry of agony.

"As soon as it was day, the embers were kicked aside and some soldiers were ordered in to see how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, when they came back, pale and trembling. They had found the Arabs dead—all dead.

"They had found them lying just as death had left them, the old man grasping his gray beard, the younger one grim and rigid, stern as iron with fanatic hatred and despair. The dead mother clasping her dead child with the grasp of death when all gave way but her strong love."

The last that I shall give of these horrible instances comes from Mexico. An American soldier says: "While I was standing with our left wing in one of the forts, I saw a Mexican woman carrying bread and water to the wounded of both armies, I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food and then carefully bind up his ghastly wounds with a handkerchief she took from her own head. Having exhausted her supplies she went back to her house for more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, I heard the report of a rifle and I saw the poor innocent creature fall dead. It made me sick at heart and turning from the scene, I raised my eyes toward heaven, and thought, 'Great God, and is this war?' Passing the spot next day, I saw her body lying there with the bread by her side and a broken gourd with a few drops of water in it. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, balls flew around us like hail."