

Ef you take a sword an' draor it,
 An go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment won't answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you !

(Laughter.) This was slightly audacious and irreverent in expression, but it was remarkably popular in New England at that time. The writer is now one of the editors of a popular Boston periodical, and would be one of the last, I have no doubt, to induce a Northern soldier to withdraw his sword from the body of any unhappy Southerner whom he had, contrary to the poet's former political ethics, "stuck thru." (Laughter.) But it is not the revolution wrought in the minds of men of great intelligence that is most to be deplored—for the powerful will of such men may compel their thoughts back again to a philosophy of peace; no, it is the mercenary and military interests created under Mr. Lincoln—which are represented, the former by an estimated government outlay of above \$100,000,000 this year, and the other by the 800,000 men whose blood is thus to be bought and paid for; by the armies out of uniform who prey upon the army; by the army of contractors who are to feed and clothe and arm the million; by that other army, the army of tax-collectors, who cover the land, seeing that no industry escapes unburthened, no possession unentered, no affection even, untaxed. Tax! tax! tax! is the cry from the rear! Blood! blood! blood! is the cry from the front! Gold! gold! gold! is the chuckling undertone which comes up from the mushroom *millionaires*, well named a shoddy aristocracy. Nor do I think the army interest, the contracting interest, and the tax-gathering interest, the worst results that have grown out of this war. There is another and equally serious interest—the change that has come over the spirit, mind and principles of the people, that terrible change which has made war familiar and even attractive to them. When the first battle was fought—when, in the language of the Duke of Wellington, the first "butcher's bill was sent in"—a shudder of horror ran through the length and breadth of the country; but by-and-by, as the carnage increased, no newspaper was considered worth laying on the breakfast table unless it contained the story of the butchery of thousands of men. "Only a couple of thousand killed! Pooh, pooh, that's nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Shoddy as he sipped his coffee in his luxurious apartment; and nothing short of the news