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ABOUT a year ago we ventured our sentiments on the subject of Taxation, which was the cause of some controversy, we not having first sought the approbation of the powers that be. Thoughtful Taxpayers will find in this issue, the foundations upon which is raised the superstructure of a thousand years of subsequent history. All the best writers on constitutional history of modern times draw their supplies from these sources. It is a record of a continued struggle between light and darkness, strife and peace, in which Might has usurped the place of Right. The experience of the past should, at least, have saved the friends of peace from the outrageous and inflammatory utterances in this and other countries, by men who are regarded as shining lights. The history of the English National Debt is one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of our race. It is a record of extravagant and reckless expenditure, mostly on behalf of war and wickedness, having its origin as an institution in 1691, in a war with France. Its cost to the English people in the short period of two hundred years in hard cash—Interest and Capital—has reached the enormous proportions of THREE THOUSAND MILLIONS, STERLING. The Fratricidal War with America between 1712-1783, costing the English upwards of A HUNDRED MILLION STERLING, to say nothing of the ill feeling and strife which has lasted a century. Money Lenders and Military Men in answer to this, tell us it is a good sign, because the nation's credit is good. Friends, this is the soft language of the arch enemy. Debt, whether national, municipal, or individual, is a monster which in the end devours its victim. Ask the struggling farmer in the country, the industrious shopkeeper in the town, or the widow with her poorly clad and famished little ones, as they from the open air look on upon the distraining process by the officer of the law. Do these people understand debt to be a blessing? We are told the dismissal of three millions of soldiers would flood the labor market. Friends, this is insulting our intelligence and a libel on Providence. This world should have been a paradise of pleasure, but the gullibility of mankind in its worship of the brazen image of pride and arrogance has changed it into one great historic battle field, until the amazing number of FIFTEEN BILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS has fallen in this great slaughter house of war. We unhesitatingly affirm the profession of a soldier to be the most degrading and debasing it is possible for a man to adopt. War has been in direct opposition to everything of a noble character in all ages. It murders mankind and destroys his handiwork. It lives upon falsehood, vanity, and rapine. Drunkenness and vice of every kind follows the legitimate occupation of the soldier. War is at once a curse and a crime. It is the harvest field on earth of the infernal regions. It is not glory, but Pandemonium; it is not patriotism, but the impersonation of every principle of evil; it exchanges prosperity for devastation. Men boast of their discoveries in science, and turn the invention to account in the manufacture of engines for purposes of mutual slaughter. The soldier refers all disputes to brute force. Who ever heard of a mother training her children to be prize-fighters? Yet, without the least compunction she despatches her son to the nearest military college, there to have his heart hardened in order that he may slay thousands of victims. The singing of so-called patriotic songs is prognostic of rags and debt. War never has, and never will pay its way. It is a fraud, a cheat, and a caricature upon everything that is bright and good and true. It is nothing more nor less than a wholesale executioner. It is dressed in scarlet, and has its pompous and gorgeous stringed instruments, but that only covers its ferocious features, and drowns the cries of starving orphans in its work of polished butchery. It is against the profession of a soldier to be a champion of liberty. As a rule a great warrior has always been a great despot. A foolish man recently left a home of peace for a scene of strife and died, and we are told without a blush, that his remains were accompanied by blue jackets, a gun carriage drawn by six horses, the Union Jack, his helmet and his sword, the Order of the Garter, his riding-boots, and his charger. The imposing procession being made up of royal personages and representatives of foreign sovereigns. Friends, this is not a combination of peace-making ingredients. Oh, that all ministers of congregations were also preachers of peace and righteousness, the brotherhood and unity of men, this being their most sacred duty, and should be their occupation; but BELOVED FRIENDS, and FRIENDS IN THE BELOVED, the time will, it must come, for conscience the world over is being awakened. The strong light of the Eternal is being turned on over this awful subject. It remains for each of us by precept and by example to claim the blessedness which is the birthright of the Peacemaker, our watchword being "Peace on earth, and goodwill to men."—JOHN BRITNELL.