



The Last Salute.

THE COST OF WAR.

A THOUGHTFUL perusal of the numbers of human beings killed and wounded during the late Franco-Prussian campaign is well calculated to quench the ardour of those who delight in war.

From the report of the medical inspector-general of the French army, it appears that France lost no fewer than 138,871 men, while the wounded amounted to another 143,000. The losses on the German side were very considerably less—44,000 dead and 127,000 wounded. As many as 11,421 men in the French army were disabled by ill-fitting and defective socks or boots, a cause from which the Germans suffered only very slightly.

It is a startling fact that 17,270 prisoners of war should have died in Germany. Disease, indeed, as in the Crimea and Italy, was much more fatal than bullet or bayonet, and at Gravelotte, the hottest battle of the war, only 1,220 Frenchmen were killed. To reflect how very little has been purchased by the lives of

183,000 soldiers, and the sufferings of the 290,000, may well make statesmen pause in those preliminary steps which lead to bitter hostilities.

The truths contained in the following lines by Bish Porteous should be pondered by all:—

The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero! Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breed destruction, still go on,
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave—
Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!