

EXTRACTS

FROM AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON,

JULY 4, 1815.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

O' yet a nobler task awaits thy hand!
For what can War but endless War still breed?
Till Truth and Right from Violence be freed.
MILTON, SONNET TO FAIRFAX.

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EXTRACTS.

It is in obedience to an uninterrupted usage in our community that, on this Sabbath of the Nation, we have all put aside the common cares of life, and seized a respite from the never-ending toils of labor, to meet in gladness and congratulation, mindful of the blessings transmitted from the Past, mindful also, I trust, of the duties to the Present and the Future. May he who now addresses you be enabled so to direct your minds, that you shall not seem to have lost a day!

All hearts first turn to the Fathers of the Republic. Their venerable forms rise before us, and we seem to behold them, in the procession of successive generations.

Honor to the memory of our Fathers! May the turf lie gently on their sacred graves! But let us not in words only, but in deeds also, testify our reverence for their name. Let us imitate what in them was lofty, pure and good; let us from them learn to bear hardship and privation. Let us, who now reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, study to enhance the inheritance we have received. To do this, we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the Past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the world to come.

Be ours, then, the task which, in the order of Providence, has been cast upon us! And what is this task? How shall we best perform the part assigned to us? What can we do to make our coming welcome to our Fathers in the skies, and to draw to our memory hereafter the homage of a grateful posterity? How can we add to the inheritance we have received? The answer to these questions cannot fail to interest all minds, particularly on this Anniversary of the birth-day of our country. Nay, more; it becomes us, on this occasion, as patriots and citizens, to turn our thoughts inward, as the good man dedicates his birth day, to the consideration of his character and the mode in which its vices may be corrected and its virtues strengthened. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the prosperity that has enriched our land, and in the extending influence of the blessings of freedom, let us consider what we can do to elevate our character, to add to the happiness of all, and to attain to that righteousness which exalteth a nation. In this spirit, I propose to inquire *what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition—what is truly national glory—national honor—WHAT IS THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.*

I hope to rescue these terms, so powerful over the minds of men, from the mistaken objects to which they are applied, from deeds of war and the exten-

sion of empire, that henceforward they may be attached only to acts of Justice and Humanity.

The subject will raise us to the contemplation of things that are not temporary or local in their character ; but which belong to all ages and all countries ; which are as lofty as Truth, as universal as Humanity.

The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories ; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness ; who dries the tear of sorrow ; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate ; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked ; who unlooses the fetters of the slave ; who does justice ; who enlightens the ignorant ; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life ; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero ; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force ; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood ; whose vocation is blood ; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Brown exclaim, "the world does not know its greatest men ;" for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing.

It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the horrors of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax, the images of war ; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies ; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories ; and selected for his playthings the pike and the sword.

And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the highest prizes of honor. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul swells at the thought, that he also is a soldier ; that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country ; and, perhaps, he dreams, that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave. But the contagion spreads among us, beyond those bands on whom is imposed the positive obligation of law. Respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers, and to affect in dress, in arms and deportment, what is called "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The ear-piercing fife has to-day filled our streets, and we have come together, on this Anniversary, by the thump of drum and the sound of martial music.

I now ask what is *war*? Let me give a short but strictly scientific answer. *War is a public, armed, contest, between nations, in order to establish justice between them; as, for instance, to determine a disputed boundary line, or the title to a territory.*

This definition may seem, at first view, to exclude what are termed by "martial logic," *defensive wars*. But a close consideration of the subject will make it apparent that no war can arise from Christian nations, at the present day, except to determine an asserted right. The wars usually and falsely called *defensive* are of this character. They are appeals for justice to force; endeavours to redress evils by force. They spring from the sentiment of vengeance or honor. They inflict evil for evil, and vainly essay to overcome evil by evil.

The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace, would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes to be ministers of destruction, the threads of social and business intercourse which have become woven into a thick web would be suddenly snapped asunder: friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters, which each fortnight are speeded, from this port alone across the sea, could no longer be sent, and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me you, who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation?

But this is little compared with what must follow. This is only the first portentous shadow of the disastrous eclipse, the twilight usher of thick darkness, that is to cover the whole heavens, as with a pall, to be broken only by the blazing lightnings of the battle and the seige.

The horrors of these redden every page of history: while, to the disgrace of humanity, the historian has rarely applied to their brutal authors the condemnation they deserve. A popular writer, in our own day, dazzled by those false ideas of greatness at which reason and christianity blush, does not hesitate to dwell on them with terms of rapture and eulogy. At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, grey hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called "a glorious exploit." This was a conquest by the French. At a later day Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated, the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged; fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city; and brutal intoxication

spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored, and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled! The wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of."

The same terrible war affords another instance of the horrors of a seige, which cries to Heaven for judgment. For weeks before the surrender of Saragossa, the deaths were from four to five hundred daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcasses, scattered about the streets and court-yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses. The city was shaken to its foundation by sixteen thousand shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, while the bones of forty thousand persons of every age and both sexes bore dreadful testimony to the unutterable atrocity of war.

These might be supposed to be pictures from the age of Alaric, Scourge of God, or of Attila, whose boast was, that the grass did not grow where his horse had set his foot; but no; they belong to our own times. They are portions of the wonderful but wicked career of him, who stands out as the foremost representative of worldly grandeur. The heart aches, as we follow him and his marshals from field to field of glory. At Albuera in Spain, we see the horrid piles of carcasses, while all the night the rain pours down, and the river and the hills and the woods on each side, resound with the dismal clamors and groans of dying men. At Salamanca, long after the battle, we behold the ground still blanched by the skeletons of those who fell, and strewn with the fragments of casques and cuirasses. We follow in the dismal traces of his Russian campaign; at Valentina we see the soldiers black with powder, their bayonets bent by the violence of the encounter; the earth ploughed with cannon shot, the trees torn and mutilated, the field covered with broken carriages, wounded horses and mangled bodies, while disease, sad attendant on military suffering, sweeps thousands from the great hospitals of the army, and the multitude of amputated limbs, which there is not time to destroy, accumulate in bloody heaps, filling the air with corruption. What tongue, what pen, can describe the horrors of the field of Borodino, where between the rise and set of a single sun, more than one hundred thousand of our fellow-men, equalling in

number the population of this whole city, sunk to the earth dead or wounded? Fifty days after the battle, no less than twenty thousand are found lying where they have fallen, and the whole plain is strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and vultures. Who can follow the French army, in their dismal retreat, avoiding the pursuing spear of the Cossack, only to sink under the sharper frost and ice, in a temperature below zero, on foot, without a shelter for their bodies, and famishing on horse-flesh and a miserable compound of rye and snow-water? Still later we behold him with a fresh array, contending against new forces under the walls of Dresden; and as the Emperor rides over the field of battle, having supped with the King of Saxony the night before, ghastly traces of the contest of the preceding day are to be seen on all sides: out of the newly made graves hands and arms are projecting, stark and stiff above the earth. And shortly afterwards when shelter is needed for the troops, directions is given to occupy the Hospitals for the Insane, with the order "turn out the mad."

During the siege of Genoa, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for 32 cents; a pound of bran for 30 cents; a pound of flour for \$1,75. A single bean is soon sold for four cents, and a biscuit of three ounces for \$2,25, and none are finally to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies.—Recourse is now had to herbs; monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese and a few vegetables are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded, those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women, in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions and contortions, gasping their last breath on the un pitying stones of the streets; alas! not more un pitying than man.

But wasted lands, ruined and famished cities, and slaughtered armies are only a part of "the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected, as all of you, by dear ties of kindred, love and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the warm embraces of family. To him there is, perhaps, an aged mother, who has fondly hoped to lean her decaying frame upon his more youthful form; perhaps a wife, whose life has been just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps brothers, sisters. As he falls on the field of battle, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes! Who can give the

gauge and dimensions of this incalculable sorrow! Tell me, ye who have felt the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you have watched tenderly till the last golden sands have run out, and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish! Your friend has departed, soothed by kindness and in the arms of love; the soldier gasps out his life, with no friend near, while the scowl of hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul

From this dreary picture of the miseries of war, I turn to another branch of the subject.

War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it aims. The misery which it excites, contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore, in no respect determines justice between the contending nations.

The fruitlessness and vanity of war appear in the results of the great wars by which the world has been lacerated. After long struggles, in which each nation has inflicted and received incalculable injury, peace has been gladly obtained on the basis of the condition of things before the war. *Status ante Bellum*. Let me refer for an example to our last war with Great Britain, the professed object of which was to obtain from the latter Power a renunciation of her claim to impress our seamen. The greatest number of American seamen ever officially alleged to be compulsorily serving in the British navy was about eight hundred. To overturn this injustice, the whole country was doomed, for more than three years, to the accursed blight of war. Our commerce was driven from the seas; the resources of the land were drained by taxation; villages on the Canadian frontier were laid in ashes; the metropolis of the Republic was captured, while gaunt distress raged every where within our borders. Weary with this rude trial, our Government appointed Commissioners to treat for Peace, under these instructions: "Your first duty will be to conclude peace with Great Britain, and you are authorized to do it, in case you obtain a satisfactory stipulation against impressment, one which shall secure under our flag protection to the crew. If this encroachment of Great Britain is not provided against, *the United States have appealed to arms in vain.*" Afterwards, despairing of extorting from Great Britain a relinquishment of the unrighteous claim, and foreseeing only an accumulation of calamities from an inveterate prosecution of the war, our Government directed their negotiators, in concluding a treaty of Peace, "to omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment." The instructions were obeyed, and the Treaty that once more restored to us the blessings of Peace, which we had rashly cast away, and which the country hailed with an intoxication of joy, contained no allusion to the subject of impressment, nor did it provide for the surrender of a single American sailor detained in the service of the British navy, and thus, by the confession of our own Government, "the United States had appealed to arms IN VAIN."

All this is the natural result of an appeal to war in order to establish justice. Justice implies the exercise of the judgment in the determination of right. Now

war not only supercedes the judgment, but delivers over the results to superiority of *force*, or to *chance*.

Who can measure beforehand the currents of the heady fight? In common language we speak of the chances of battle; and soldiers, whose lives are devoted to this harsh calling, yet speak of it as a game. The Great Captain of our age, who seemed to chain victory to his chariot wheels, in a formal address to his officers, on entering Russia, says:—"In war, *fortune* has an equal share with ability in procuring success." The mighty victory of Marengo, the accident of an accident, wrested unexpectedly at the close of the day from a foe, who at an earlier hour was successful, must have taught him the uncertainty of war. Afterwards in the bitterness of his spirit, when his immense forces had been shivered, and his triumphant eagles driven back with broken wing, he exclaimed, in that remarkable conversation recorded by the Abbe de Pradt:—"Well! this is war. High in the morning,—low enough at night. From a triumph to a fall is often but a step." The military historian of the Peninsular campaigns, says: "*Fortune* always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake, such disastrous consequences flow, that in every age and in every nation the *uncertainty* of wars has been proverbial;" and again, in another place, in considering the conduct of Wellington, he says:—"A few hours' delay, an accident, a turn of fortune, and he would have been foiled! ay! but this is war, *always dangerous and uncertain*, an ever-rolling wheel and armed with scythes." And can intelligent man look for justice to an ever-rolling wheel armed with scythes?

We are struck with horror and our hair stands on end, at the report of a single murder; we think of the soul that has been hurried to its final account; we seek the murderer; and the law puts forth all its energies to secure his punishment. Viewed in the clear light of truth, what are war and battle but organized murder; murder of malice afore-thought; in cold blood; through the operation of an extensive machinery of crime; with innumerable hands; at incalculable cost of money; through subtle contrivances of cunning and skill; or by the savage brutal assault? Was not the Scythian right, when he said to Alexander, "thou boastest, that the only design of thy marches is to extirpate robbers; thou thyself art the greatest robber in the world."—Among us one class of sea-robbers is hanged as pirates; another is hailed with acclamation:

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

It was midst the thunders which made Sinai tremble, that God declared; "thou shalt not kill;" and the voice of these thunders, with this commandment, has been prolonged to our own day in the echoes of Christian churches. What mortal shall restrain the application of these words? Who on earth is empowered to vary or abridge the commandments of God? Who shall presume to declare, that this injunction was directed, not to nations, but to individuals only; not to many but to one only; that one man may not kill, but that many may; that it is forbidden to each individual to destroy the life of a single

human being, but that it is not forbidden to a nation to cut off by the sword a whole people?

When shall the St. Louis of the nations arise? the Christian ruler or Christian people, who shall proclaim to the whole earth, that henceforward for ever the *great trial by battle* shall cease; that it is the duty and policy of nations to establish love between each other; and in all respects, at all times, towards all persons, as well their own people, as the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred rules of right, as between man and man! May God speed the coming of that day!

I have already alluded, in the early part of my remarks, to some of the obstacles to be encountered by the advocate of Peace. One of these is the warlike tone of the literature, by which our minds and opinions are formed.—The world has supped so full with battles, that all its inner modes of thought, and many of its rules of conduct seem to be incarnadined with blood; as the bones of swine, fed on madder, are said to become red. But I now pass this by, though a most fruitful theme, and hasten to other topics. I propose to consider in succession, very briefly, some of those influences and prejudices, which are most powerful in keeping alive the delusion of war.

One of the most important of these is the prejudice to a certain extent in its favor founded on the *belief in its necessity*. The consciences of all good men condemn it as a crime, a sin; even the soldier, whose profession it is confesses it is to be resorted to only in the last necessity. But a benevolent and omnipotent God cannot render it *necessary* to commit a crime. When war is called a necessity, it is meant, of course, that its object cannot be gained in any other way. Now I think that it has already appeared with distinctness, approaching demonstration, that the professed object of war, which is justice between nations, is in no respect promoted by war; that force is not justice, nor in any way conducive to justice; that the eagles of victory can be only the emblems of successful force and not of established right. Justice can be obtained only by the exercise of the reason and judgment; but these are silent in the din of arms. Justice is without passion; but war lets loose all the worst passions of our nature, while “high arbiter Chance more embroils the fray.” The age has passed in which a nation, within the enchanted circle of civilization, will make war upon its neighbor, for any professed purpose of booty or vengeance. It does “nought in hate, but all in *honor*.” There are professions even of tenderness which mingle with the first mutterings of the dismal strife. Each of the two governments, as if conscience-struck at the abyss into which it is about to plunge, seeks to fix on the other the charge of hostile aggression, and to assume to itself the ground of defending some right. Like Pontius Pilate, it vainly washes its hands of innocent blood, and straightway allows a crime at which the whole heavens are darkened, and two kindred countries are severed, as the veil of the Temple was rent in twain.

The various modes, which have been proposed for the determination of disputes between nations, are Negotiation, Arbitration, Mediation, and a Congress

of Nations ; all of them practicable and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a *necessity* ; and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations ! Such a glory, unlike the earthly fame of battles, shall be immortal as the stars, dropping perpetual light upon the souls of men !

Another prejudice in favor of war is founded on *the practice of nations*, past and present. There is no crime or enormity in morals, which may not find the support of human example, often on a most extended scale. But it is not to be urged in our day that we are to look for a standard of duty in the conduct of vain, mistaken, fallible man. It is not in the power of man, by any subtle alchemy, to transmute wrong into right. Because war is according to the practice of the world, it does not follow that it is right. For ages the world worshipped false gods ; but these gods were not the less false, because all bowed before them. At this moment the larger portion of mankind are Heathen ; but Heathenism is not true. It was once the practice of nations to slaughter prisoners of war ; but even the spirit of war recoils now from this bloody sacrifice. In Sparta, theft, instead of being execrated as a crime, was dignified into an art and an accomplishment, and as such admitted into the system of youthful education ; and even this debasing practice, established by local feeling, is enlightened, like war, by an instance of unconquerable firmness, which is a barbaric counterfeit of virtue. The Spartan youth, who allowed the fox concealed under his robe to eat into his heart, is an example of mistaken fortitude, not unlike that which we are asked to admire in the soldier. Other illustrations of this character crowd upon the mind ; but I will not dwell upon them. We turn with disgust from Spartan cruelty and the wolves of Taygetus ; from the awful cannibalism of the Feejee Islands ; from the profane rites of innumerable savages ; from the crushing Juggernaut ; from the Hindoo widow lighting her funeral pyre ; from the Indian dancing at the stake. But had not all these, in their respective places and days, like war, the sanction of established usage ?

Plato, reporting the angelic wisdom of Socrates, declares in one of those beautiful dialogues, which shine with stellar light across the ages, that *it is more shameful to do a wrong than to receive a wrong*. And this benign sentiment commends itself, alike to the Christian, who is told to render good for evil, and to the universal heart of man. But who that confesses its truth, can vindicate a resort to force, for the sake of honor ? Better far to receive the blow that a false morality has thought degrading, than that it should be revenged by force. Better that a nation should submit to what is wrong, rather than vainly seek to maintain its honor by the great crime of war.

It seems that in ancient Athens, as in unchristianized Christian lands, there were sophists, who urged that *to suffer* was unbecoming a man, and would draw down upon him incalculable evils. The following passage will show the manner in which the moral cowardice of these persons of little faith was

rebuked by him, whom the Gods pronounced wisest of men: "These things being so, let us inquire what it is you reproach me with; whether it is well said, or not, that I, forsooth, am not able to assist either myself, or any of my friends or my relations, or to save them from the greatest dangers; but that, like the outlaws, I am at the mercy of any one, who may choose to smite me on the temple—and this was the strong point in your argument—or to take away my property, or to drive me out of the city, or (to take the extreme case) to kill me; now, according to your argument, to be so situated is the most shameful thing of all. But my view is—a view many times expressed already, but there is no objection to its being stated again:—*my view, I say, is, O Callicles, that to be struck unjustly on the temple is not most shameful, nor to have my body mutilated, nor my purse cut; but to strike me and mine unjustly, and to mutilate me and to cut my purse is more shameful and worse; and stealing too, and enslaving, and housebreaking, and in general, doing any wrong whatever to me and mine is more shameful and worse for him who does the wrong, than for me who suffer it.* These things, thus established in the former arguments, as I maintain, are secured and bound, even if the expression be somewhat too rustical, with iron and adamantine arguments, and unless you, or some one more vigorous than you, can break them, it is impossible for any one, speaking otherwise than I now speak, to speak well: since, for my part, *I always have the same thing to say, that I know not how these things are, but that of all whom I ever discoursed with as now, not one is able to say otherwise without being ridiculous.*" Such is the wisdom of Socrates.

There is still another influence which stimulates war, and interferes with the natural attractions of Peace; I refer to a selfish and exaggerated love of country, leading to its physical aggrandizement, and the strengthening of its institutions at the expense of other countries. Our minds, nursed by the literature of antiquity, have imbibed the narrow sentiment of heathen patriotism. Exclusive love for the land of birth was a part of the religion of Greece and Rome. It is an indication of the lowness of their moral nature, that this sentiment was so exclusive, and so material in its character. The Oracle directed the returning Roman to kiss his mother, and he kissed the Mother Earth. Agamemnon, on regaining his home after a perilous separation of more than ten years at the siege of Troy, before addressing his family, his friends, his countrymen, first salutes Argos:

By your leave, Lords, first Argos I salute.

To the love of universal man may be applied those words by which the great Roman elevated his selfish patriotism to a virtue, when he said that *country alone embraced all the charities of all.* Attach this admired phrase for a moment to the single idea of country, and you will see how contracted are its charities compared with the world-wide circle of Christian love, whose neighbor is the suffering man, though at the farthest pole.

I do not inculcate an indifference to country. We incline, by a natural

sentiment, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes in indelible colors all these things upon the heart of man, so that in the dread extremities of death, he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its nature; and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb the whole character. In the moral night which has enveloped the world, each nation, thus far, has lived ignorant and careless, to much extent, of the interests of others, which it imperfectly saw; but this thick darkness has now been scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are other nations, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

It is not that I love country *less*, but Humanity *more*, that now on this national Anniversary, I plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism.—Remember that you are men, by a more sacred bond than you are citizens; that you are children of a common Father more than you are Americans.

Viewing, then, the different people on the globe, as all deriving their blood from a common source, and separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country, we must regard all the children of the earth as members of the great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than *civil war*. It will be in vain that we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single State. It belongs as justly to the feuds between nations. The soul stands aghast, as we contemplate fields drenched in fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes has been shivered by the unfriendly arms of neighbors, and where kinsmen have sunk beneath the cold steel that was nerved by a kinsman's hand. This is civil war, which stands for ever accursed in the calendar of time. But the Muse of History, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of Universal Man the sympathy which has been profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce *all war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man*.

I might here pause, feeling that those of my hearers who have kindly accompanied me to this stage, would be ready to join in the condemnation of war, and hail peace, as the only condition becoming the dignity of human nature, and in which true greatness can be achieved. But there is still one more consideration, which yields to none of the others in importance; perhaps it is more important than all. It is at once cause and effect; the cause

of much of the feeling in favor of war, and the effect of this feeling. I refer to the costly *preparations* for war, in time of peace.

I do not propose to dwell upon the immense cost of war itself. That will be present to the minds of all in the mountainous accumulations of debt, piled like Ossa upon Pelion, with which Europe is pressed to the earth.—According to the most recent tables to which I have had access, the public debt of the different European States, so far as it is known, amounts to the terrific sum of \$6,387,000,000, all of this the growth of War! It is said that there are throughout these states, 17,900,000 paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them \$375, a sum which would place all above want, and which is about equal to the average value of the property of each inhabitant of Massachusetts.

The public debt of Great Britain amounted in 1839 to \$4,265,000,000, all of this the growth of War since 1688! This amount is about equal to the sum total, according to the calculations of Humboldt, of all the treasures which have been reaped from the harvest of gold and silver in the mines of Spanish America, including Mexico and Peru, since the first discovery of our hemisphere by Christopher Columbus! It is much larger than the amount of all the precious metals, which at this moment form the circulating medium of the world! It is said rashly by some persons, who have given little attention to this subject, that all this expenditure was good for the people; but these persons do not bear in mind that it was not bestowed on any *useful* object. It was wasted. The aggregate capital of all the joint stock companies in England, of which there was any known record in 1842, embracing canals, docks, bridges, insurance companies, banks, gas-lights, water, mines, railways, and other miscellaneous objects, was about \$835,000,000; a sum which has been devoted to the welfare of the people, but how infinitely less in amount than the War Debt! For the six years ending in 1836, the average payment for the interest on this debt was about \$140,000,000 annually. If we add to this sum, \$60,000,000 during this same period paid annually to the army, navy and ordnance, we shall have \$200,000,000 as the annual tax of the English people, to pay for former wars and to prepare for new. During this same period there was an annual appropriation of only \$20,000,000 for all the civil purposes of the government. It thus appears that *War* absorbed ninety cents of every dollar that was pressed by heavy taxation from the English people, who almost seem to sweat blood! What fabulous monster, or chimera dire, ever raged with a maw so ravenous! The remaining ten cents sufficed to maintain the splendor of the throne, the administration of justice, and the diplomatic relations with foreign powers, in short all the proper objects of a Christian State.

Let us now look exclusively at the *preparations for war in time of peace*. It is one of the miseries of war that, even in peace, its evils continue to be felt

by the world, beyond any other evils by which poor suffering humanity is oppressed. If Bellona withdraws from the field, we only lose the sight of her flaming torches; the bay of her dogs is heard on the mountains, and civilized man thinks to find protection from their sudden fury, only by enclosing himself in the defences of war. At this moment the Christian nations, worshipping a symbol of common brotherhood, live as in entrenched camps, in which they keep armed watch, to prevent surprise from each other.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at any exact estimate of the cost of these preparations, ranging under four different heads; the standing army; the navy; the fortifications, and ordnance, and the militia or irregular troops.

The number of soldiers now keeping the peace of European Christendom, as a *standing army*, without counting the Navy, is upwards of two millions.—Some estimates place it as high as three millions. The army of Great Britain exceeds 300,000 men; that of France 350,000; that of Russia 730,000, and is reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000; that of Austria about 275,000; that of Prussia 150,000. Taking the smaller number; suppose these two millions to require for their annual support an average sum of only \$150 each, the result would be \$300,000,000, for their sustenance alone; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and allowing to each of the latter an English shilling a day, or \$87 a year, for wages, and to the former an average salary of \$500 a year, we should have for the pay of the whole no less than \$256,000,000, or an appalling sum total for both sustenance and pay of \$556,000,000. If the same calculation be made, supposing the forces to amount to three millions, the sum total will be \$835,000,000! But to this enormous sum another still more enormous must be added on account of the loss sustained by the withdrawal of two millions of hardy, healthy men, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labor. It has been supposed that it costs an average of \$500 to rear a soldier; and that the value of his labor if devoted to useful objects would be \$150 a year. The Christian Powers, therefore, in setting apart two millions of men, as soldiers, sustain a loss of \$1,000,000,000 on account of their training; and \$300,000,000 annually, on account of their labor. So much for the cost of the standing army of European Christendom in time of Peace, exclusive of their Navies.

In the *fortifications and arsenals* of Europe, crowning every height, commanding every valley, and frowning over every plain and every sea, wealth has been sunk which is beyond calculation. Who can tell the immense sums that have been expended in hollowing out, for the purposes of defence, the living rock of Gibraltar? Who can calculate the cost of all the preparations at Woolwich, its 27,000 cannons, and its hundreds of thousands of small arms? France alone contains upwards of one hundred and twenty fortified places. And it is supposed that the yet unfinished fortifications of Paris have cost upwards of *fifty millions of dollars!*

The cost of the *militia* or irregular troops, the Yeomanry of England, the

National Guards of Paris, and the *Landwehr* and *Landsturm* of Prussia, must add other incalculable sums to these enormous amounts.

Turn now to the *United States*, separated by a broad ocean from immediate contact with the great powers of Christendom, bound by treaties of amity and commerce with all the nations of the earth; connected with all by the strong ties of mutual interest; and professing a devotion to the principles of Peace. Are the Treaties of Amity mere words? Are the relations of commerce and mutual interest mere things of a day? Are the professions of Peace vain? Else why not repose in quiet unvexed by preparations for war?

Enormous as are the expenses of this character in Europe, those in our country are still greater in proportion to the other expenditures of the Federal Government.

It appears that the average expenditures of the Federal Government for the six years ending with 1840, exclusive of payments on account of debt, were \$26,474,892; of this sum, the average appropriation each year for military and naval purposes amounted to \$21,328,903, being eighty per cent. of the whole amount? Yes; of all the income which was received by the Federal Government, eighty cents in every dollar was applied in this useless way. The remaining twenty cents sufficed to maintain the Government, the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the light-houses which shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves which beat upon our long and indented coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the Mississippi. Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States, in the scale of the nations, for military preparations, in time of Peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of Government;

In Austria, as 33 per cent.,

In France, as 38 per cent.,

In Prussia, as 44 per cent.,

In Great Britain, as 74 per cent.,

In the UNITED STATES, as 80 per cent!

To these superfluous expenditures of the Federal Government, are to be added the still larger and equally superfluous expenses of the militia throughout the country, which have been placed at \$50,000,000 a year.

By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the Public Debt, it appears, that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present Government, in 1789 down to 1843, there have been \$246,620,055 spent for civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post-office, light-houses, and intercourse with foreign governments. During this same period there have been \$368,526,594 devoted to the military establishment, and \$170,437,684 to the naval establishment; the two, forming an aggregate of \$538,964,278.—Deducting from this sum the appropriations during the three years of war,

and we shall find that more than *four hundred millions* were absorbed by vain preparations in time of peace for war. Add to this amount a moderate sum for the expenses of the militia during the same period, which a candid and able writer places at present at \$50,000,000 a year; for the past years we may take an average of \$25,000,000, and we shall have the enormous sum of \$1,335,000,000 to be added to the \$100,000,000; the whole amounting to *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions* of dollars, a sum beyond the conception of human faculties, sunk under the sanction of the Government of the United States in mere *peaceful preparations for war*; more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever.

Look for one moment at a high and peculiar interest of the nation, the administration of justice. Perhaps no part of our system is regarded with more pride and confidence by the enlightened sense of the country. To this, indeed, all the other concerns of Government, all its complications of machinery, are in a manner subordinate, since it is for the sake of justice that men come together in states and establish laws. What part of the Government can compare in importance with the Federal Judiciary, that great balance wheel of the Constitution, controlling the relations of the States to each other, the legislation of Congress and of the States, besides private interests to an incalculable amount? Nor can the citizen, who discerns the true glory of his country, fail to recognize in the judicial labors of MARSHALL, now departed, and in the immortal judgments of STORY, who is still spared to us,—*servis in coelum redeat*—a higher claim to admiration and gratitude than can be found in any triumph of battle. The expenses of the administration of Justice, throughout the United States, under the Federal Government, in 1842, embracing the salaries of the judges, the cost of juries, court-houses and all officers thereof, in short all the outlay by which Justice, according to the requirements of Magna Charta, is carried to every man's door, amounted to \$560,990, a larger sum than is usually appropriated for this purpose, but how insignificant compared with the demands of the army and navy!

Let me allude to one more *curiosity* of waste. It appears, by a calculation founded on the expenses of the Navy, that the average cost of each gun, carried over the ocean, for one year, amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars; a sum sufficient to sustain ten professors of Colleges, and equal to the salaries of all the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and the Governor combined?

Such are a few brief illustrations of the tax which the nations of the world, and particularly our own country, impose on the people, in time of profound peace, for no purpose of good, but only in obedience to the spirit of war. As we wearily climb, in this survey, from expenditure to expenditure, from waste to waste, we seem to pass beyond the region of ordinary calculation; Alps on Alps arise, on whose crowning heights of everlasting ice, far above the

habitations of man, where no green thing lives, where no creature draws its breath, we behold the cold, sharp, flashing glacier of War.

In the contemplation of this spectacle the soul swells with alternate despair and hope ; with despair, at the thought of such wealth, capable of rendering such service to humanity, not merely wasted but given to perpetuate hate ; with hope, as the blessed vision arises of the devotion of all these incalculable means to the purposes of peace. The whole world labors at this moment with poverty and distress ; and the painful question occurs to every observer, in Europe as well as at home,—what shall become of the poor,—the increasing standing army of the poor. Could the humble voice that now addresses you penetrate those distant councils, or councils nearer home, it would say, disband your standing armies of soldiers ; abandon your fortifications and arsenals, or dedicate them to works of beneficence, as the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus was changed to the image of a Christian saint ; apply your navy to purposes of commerce ; in fine, utterly forsake the present incongruous system of *armed peace* !

What is the use of the fortifications of the United States ? We have already seen the enormous sums which have been locked in the dead hands, in the odious mortmain, of their everlasting masonry. This is in the hope of saving the country thereby from the horrors of conquest and bloodshed. And here let me meet this suggestion with frankness and distinctness. I will not repeat what has been set forth in an earlier part of my remarks, the considerations showing that in our age, no war of strict *self-defence* can possibly arise, no war which can be supported by the consciences of those even who disclaim the highest standard of the gospel ; but I will suppose the case of a war, unjust and unchristian it must be, between our country and one of the great powers of Europe. In such a war, what would be the effect of the fortifications ? Clearly to invite the attack, which they would in all probability be inadequate to defeat. It is a rule now recognized even in the barbarous code of war, one branch of which has been illustrated with admirable ability in the diplomatic correspondence of Mr. Webster, that non-combatants shall not, in any way, be molested, and that the property of private persons shall in all cases be held sacred. So firmly did the Duke of Wellington act upon this rule, that throughout the murderous campaigns of Spain, and afterwards when he entered France, flushed with the victory of Waterloo, he directed that his army should pay for all provisions, and even for the forage of their horses. The war is carried on against public property,—against fortifications, navy-yards and arsenals. But if these do not exist, there can be no aliment, no fuel for the flame. Every new fortification and every additional gun in our harbor is, therefore, not a safeguard, but a source of danger to our city. Better throw them in the sea, than madly allow them to draw to our homes the lightning of battle, without, alas, any conductor to hurry its terrors innocently beneath the concealing bosom of the earth !

Such is a review of the true character and value of the national defences of the United States! It will be observed that I have thus far regarded them in the plainest light of ordinary worldly economy, without reference to those higher considerations, founded on the history and nature of man, and the truths of Christianity, which pronounce them to be vain. It is grateful to know, that though they may yet have the support of what Jeremy Taylor calls the "popular noises," still the more economical, more humane, more wise, more Christian system is daily commending itself to wide circles of the good people of the land. All the virtues that truly elevate a state are on its side. Economy, sick of the pigny efforts to staunch the smallest fountains and rills of exuberant expenditure, pleads that here is an endless, boundless river, an Amazon of waste, rolling its turbid, unhealthy waters vainly to the sea. It chides us with an unnatural inconsistency when we strain at a little twine and red tape, and swallow the monstrous cables and armaments of war. Humanity pleads for the poor from whom such mighty means are withdrawn. Wisdom frowns on these preparations as calculated to nurse sentiments inconsistent with Peace. Christianity calmly rebukes the spirit in which they have their origin, as being of little faith, and treacherous to her high behests; while History shows the sure progress of man, like the lion in Paradise still "pawing to get free his hinder parts," but certain, if he be true to his nature, to emancipate himself from the restraints of earth.

The sentiment, that in time of peace we must prepare for war, has been transmitted from distant ages when brute force prevailed. It is the terrible inheritance, the *damnosa haereditas*, which painfully reminds the people of our day of their relations with the Past. It belongs to the rejected dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of those harsh rules of tyranny by which the happiness of the many has been offered up to the propensities of the few. It is the child of suspicion and the forerunner of violence. Having in its favor the almost uninterrupted usage of the world, it possesses a hold on the common mind, which is not easily unloosed. And yet the conscientious soul cannot fail, on careful observation, to detect its most mischievous fallacy—a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed, and which dooms nations to annual tributes in comparison with which all that have been extorted by conquests are as the widow's mite by the side of Pharisaical contributions.—So true is what Rousseau said, and Guizot has since repeated, "that a bad principle is far worse than a bad fact;" for the operations of the one are finite, while those of the other are infinite.

I speak of this principle with earnestness, for I believe it to be erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and barbarism, unworthy of an age of light, and disgraceful to Christians. I have called it a principle; but it is a mere *prejudice*—sustained by human example only, and not by lofty truth—in obeying which we imitate the early mariners, who steered from headland to headland and hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, where their guide should be the luminaries of Heaven.

Dismissing from our minds, the actual usage of nations on the one side, and the considerations of economy on the other, and regarding preparations for war in time of peace in the clear light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth, and they cannot fail to be branded as most pernicious. They are pernicious on two grounds; *first*, because they inflame the people who make them, exciting them to deeds of violence which otherwise would be most alien to their minds; and *second*, because having their origin in the low motive of distrust and hate, they inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, excite a corresponding feeling in other nations. Thus they are in fact not the *preservers of peace*, but the *provokers of war*.

In illustration of the *first* of these grounds, it will occur to every inquirer, that the possession of power is always in itself dangerous, that it tempts the purest and highest natures to self-indulgence, that it can rarely be enjoyed without abuse; nor is the power to employ force in war, or otherwise, an exception to this law. History teaches that the nations possessing the greatest military forces, have always been the most belligerent; while the feeble powers have enjoyed, for a longer period, the blessing of Peace. The din of war resounds throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history, with only two short lulls of repose; while smaller states, less potent in arms, and without the excitement to quarrels on this account, have enjoyed long eras of Peace.

I cannot leave these illustrations without alluding particularly to the history of the treatment of the insane, which is full of deep instruction, showing how strong in nature must be the principle, which leads us to respond to the conduct and feelings of others. When Pinel first proposed to remove the heavy chains from the raving maniacs of the hospitals of Paris, he was regarded as one who saw visions, or dreamed dreams. His wishes were gratified at last; and the change in the conduct of his patients was immediate; the wrinkled front of evil passions was smoothed into the serene countenance of Peace. The old treatment by force is now universally abandoned; the law of love has taken its place; and all these unfortunates mingle together, unvexed by those restraints, which implied suspicion, and, therefore, aroused opposition. The warring propensities, which once filled with confusion and strife the hospitals for the insane while they were controlled by force, are a dark but feeble type of the present relations of nations, on whose hands are the heavy chains of military preparations, assimilating the world to one great mad house; while the peace and good-will which now abound in these retreats, are the happy emblems of what awaits the world when it shall have the wisdom to recognize the supremacy of the higher sentiments of our nature; of gentleness, of confidence, of love;

———making their future might
Magnetic o'er the fixed untrebling heart.

I might also dwell on the recent experience, so full of delightful wisdom, in

the treatment of the distant, degraded convicts of New South Wales, showing the importance of confidence and kindness on the part of their overseers, in awakening a corresponding sentiment even in these outcasts, from whose souls *virtus* seems, at first view, to be wholly blotted out. Thus from all quarters, from the far off past, from the far away Pacific, from the verse of the poet, from the legend of history, from the cell of the mad-house, from the assembly of transported criminals, from the experience of daily life, from the universal heart of man, ascends the spontaneous tribute to the prevailing power of that law, according to which the human heart responds to the feelings by which it is addressed, whether of confidence or distrust, of love or hate.

It will be urged that these instances are exceptions to the general laws by which mankind are governed. It is not so. They are the unanswerable evidence of the real nature of man. They reveal the divinity of humanity, out of which all goodness, all happiness, all true greatness can alone proceed.—They disclose susceptibilities which are general, which are confined to no particular race of men, to no period of time, to no narrow circle of knowledge and refinement—susceptibilities which are present wherever two or more human beings come together. It is, then, on the impregnable ground of the universal and unalterable nature of man, that I place the fallacy of that prejudice, in obedience to which in time of peace we prepare for war.

But this prejudice is not only founded on a misconception of the nature of man; it is abhorrent to Christianity, which teaches that Love is more puissant than Force. To the reflecting mind the Omnipotence of God himself is less discernible in the earthquake and the storm than in the gentle but quickening rays of the sun, and the sweet descending dews. And he is a careless observer who does not recognize the superiority of gentleness and kindness, as a mode of exercising influence, or securing rights among men. As the winds of violence beat about them, they hug those mantles, which they gladly throw to the earth under the genial warmth of a kindly sun. Thus far, nations have drawn their weapons from the earthly armories of Force, unmindful of those others of celestial temper from the house of Love.

But christianity not only teaches the superiority of Love over Force; it positively enjoins the practice of the one, and the rejection of the other. It says: "Love your neighbors;" but it does not say: "In time of Peace rear the massive fortification, build the man of war, enlist armies, train the militia, and accumulate military stores to be employed in future quarrels with your neighbors." Its precepts go still further. They direct that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—a golden rule for the conduct of nations as well as individuals, called by Confucius the virtue of the heart, and made by him the basis of the nine maxims of Government which he presented to the sovereigns of his country; but how inconsistent with that distrust of others, in wrongful obedience to which nations, in time of Peace, seem to sleep like soldiers on their arms. But its precepts go still further. They enjoin patience, suffering, forgiveness of evil, even the duty of benefiting a

destroyer, "as the sandal wood, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it." And can a people, in whom this faith is more than an idle word, consent to such enormous sacrifices of money, in violation of its plainest precepts?

The injunction, "Love one another," is applicable to nations as well as individuals. It is one of the great laws of Heaven. And any one may well measure his nearness to God by the degree to which he regulates his conduct to this truth.

In response to these successive views, founded on considerations of economy, of the true nature of man, and of Christianity, I hear the skeptical note of some defender of the transmitted order of things, some one who wishes "to fight for Peace," saying, these views are beautiful but visionary; they are in advance of the age; the world is not yet prepared for their reception. To such persons (if there be such), I would say;—nothing can be beautiful that is not true; but these views are true; the time is now come for their reception; now is the day and now is the hour. Every effort to impede their progress arrests the advancing hand on the great dial plate of human happiness.

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first, in human history, establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct for the intercourse of nations. While he recognized as a great end of government, "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and "aimed to reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians,—who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach,—not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase, is to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country. "The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the Sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood." These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little State," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defence." A great man,

worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority amongst them for the greater part of a century, and never, during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war."

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king, is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed footprints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad, but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear, of insults or danger, were harrassed by perpetual alarms, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian Commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems earthly and coarse.

But let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue.—While we see the right, and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages.—Let us, while we recognize those transcendent ordinances of God, the *Law of Right* and the *Law of Love*,—the double suns which illumine the moral universe,—aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion. This is indeed, the cheap defence of nations. In such entrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear. Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply;

Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in

the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvass and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar with the olive of Peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

Far be from us, fellow-citizens, on this Anniversary; the illusions of National freedom in which we are too prone to indulge. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. Let not the scornful taunt be directed at us; "They wish to be *free*; but know not how to be *just*." Freedom is not an end in itself; but a means only; a means of securing Justice and Happiness, the real end and aim of States, as of every human heart. It becomes us to inquire earnestly if there is not much to be done by which these can be promoted. If I have succeeded in impressing on your minds the truths, which I have upheld to-day, you will be ready to join in efforts for the Abolition of War, and of all preparation for War, as indispensable to the true grandeur of our country.

To this great work let me summon you. That Future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of Peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from Paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of the kindly virtues of life, where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, where there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wings of gentle gales," more pleasant than the Vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the Past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war crying from the ground demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers "Peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fer-

vently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name, than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *Last Reason of Kings*. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce and throw off for ever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in—the King of true Glory—of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty;

And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the Gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be “the first in Peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.”

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world for ever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.—History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage, that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, on the spot occupied by the Sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the Sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of Heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

E X T R A C T

FROM A THANKSGIVING SERMON DELIVERED IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27, 1845: BY ALBERT BARNES.

Who has ever told the evils, and the curses, and the crimes of war? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle? Who can portray the fiendish passions which reign there? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted, and of the blood that has flowed, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained? If there is anything in which earth, more than in any other, resembles *hell*, it is in its *wars*. And who, with the heart of a man—of a lover of human happiness—of a hater of carnage and crime—can look but with pity; who can repress his *contempt* in looking on all the trappings of war—the tinsel, the nodding plumes, even the animating music—designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons?

And yet *we*, a Christian people; brothers of Christian nations; associates with Christian people abroad in purposes of philanthropy, talk coolly of going again to war; and are ready to send forth our sons to fight, and kill, and die, on the slightest pretext of quarrel with a Christian nation—a nation with whom are all our fathers' sepulchres. We talk of it as a matter of cool arithmetic; as affecting the price of flour, and pork, and cotton; as a question of close calculation between the North and the South; as likely to affect stocks and securities; and hardly dare to lisp a word of the enormous wrong in the face of high heaven in arming ourselves to imbrue our hands in the blood of brothers. This day, amidst our thanksgivings, our prayers should go up to Heaven for peace—universal peace—that *we* may do right, and that *others* may do right, and that the blood of carnage may never again stain our soil, or be shed on the deck of a man-of-war. There have been wars enough in this land. If it were desirable to show that, as a nation, we *have* prowess, and *can* fight well, it has been done. Let it be enough for this, that we can point the nations, if we are called on to do it, to Lake Erie, and to the Ocean; to Bunker Hill, and Trenton, and Yorktown. That is enough in *our* military glory. We are called into being, as a nation, for higher and nobler ends; and it is our vocation—and especially the vocation of the people of this Commonwealth of Penn—to show to the world the blessings of the principles of peace. When the world's history shall all be written, let not the first pages of our own story be blackened like those of Assyria and of Rome.—Let there be so much light, and so much true glory evolved from the arts of peace, that the few dark spots which war has already made—for war always does it—may be covered over with the living splendor that shall have accumulated in a long career of true glory.