



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sydney Smith, on War.

Among the last productions of the pen of Sydney Smith, was one "on the duties of the Queen," in which this forcible paragraph occurs:

"A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this royal lady is, a rooted horror of war,—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace; all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christian charity trampled upon; human industry extinguished; you see the son, and the husband, and the brother dying miserably in distant lands; you see the break of human hearts; you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle; and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal child, worship God, by loving peace; it is not *your* humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment,—I can do that; that is the charity of the humble and the unknown: widen you your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind; pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families; pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country and their young Queen; pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces, and to deluge the earth with each other's blood; this is your extended humanity, and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge. Say upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign; I have made few widows; my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character and all the power of my situation to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry; this has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have strove to worship my Redeemer and Judge.'"

Gunpowder and Glory.

I'd almost forgotten to say that the King of the Dutch has been on a visit to us,—and as I've heard, a very decent fellow he is. Of course he played, while here, a little bit of soldiering,—guards and grenadiers were turned out in the Hyde Park, that he might review their helmets and bear-skin caps. Isn't it odd, grandmother, that the first show kings and princes, when they come to us, want to stare at, is a show of soldiers? Just to see how nicely men are armed and mounted to kill men? They don't mean any harm by it, of course; but still,—I can't help thinking it,—it does appear to me, if Beelzebub was to go into a strange country,—if, indeed, there is any country he's not yet visited,—the sight he'd first like to see, would be, the sight of men taught the best way of cutting men's throats. And then (if he came here to London), he'd go down to Woolwich Marshes, to see what they call rocket practice. And wouldn't he rub his hands, and switch about his tail, to see how rockets and shells split, break, tear away all before 'em, showing what pretty work they'd make of a square of human flesh, standing for so many pence a day, to be made a target of? You'd think it would be some wicked spirit that would enjoy this fun; but no, grandmother, it isn't so; quite the contrary; it's kings and princes. And yet I should like to have some king come over here, who wouldn't like to

go a soldiering in Hyde Park; who wouldn't think of rocket-practice; but who, on the contrary, would go about to our schools, and our hospitals, and our asylums, and all places where man does what he can to help man; to assist and comfort him like a fellow-creature, and not to tear him limb from limb like a devil.

Our Queen has gone to Germany, to see where Prince Albert was born. Well, there's something pretty and wife-like in the thought of this, and I like it. There was a dreadful fear among some of the nobles in Parliament that while the Queen was away the kingdom would drop to pieces. But it isn't so: the tax gatherer comes, just the same as ever. The Queen took ship, and landed at Antwerp,—at the Ruai Vandyke. Now Vandyke, you must know, was a famous painter; and abroad, they've a fashion of naming streets and places after folks that's called geniuses. We haven't come to that yet. Only think of having a Hogarth-square or a Shakspeare, instead of a Waterloo, Bridge! And then for statues in the streets, we don't give them to authors and painters, but only to kings and dukes that don't pay their debts.

Still I do feel for her Gracious Majesty. Dear soul! Isn't it dreadful that a gentlewoman can't step abroad,—can't take a boat,—but what there's a hundred guns blazing, firing away at her—as if the noise of cannon and the smell of gunpowder was like the songs of the nightingales and the scent of roses! How royalty keeps its hearing I can't tell. When the dear lady got upon the Rhine, there were the guns blazing away as though heaven and earth were coming together! It's odd enough that people will think a great noise is a great respect; and that the heartiest welcome can only be given by gunpowder.—*Douglass Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

Increase of Peace Sentiments.

I feel much pleasure in being able to say, from my own experience, that there is a prevailing sentiment, becoming daily stronger and stronger, against war. There is an aversion to war, in this country, which it must be pleasing for us to behold; but which, I hope, will continue to increase, and that it will not only be manifested in this country, but throughout the world, until mankind are brought to see their best interests, and to adopt those means that are calculated to promote their present and eternal welfare. I am old enough to remember a very different feeling being displayed in this country. I am old enough to remember the commencement of the French war, when war was far more popular than it is at present. I am grieved to say, that I have seen the trophies of war desecrating the temples of peace. I have heard ministers of religion, on the Sabbath, offer up their prayers for peace; and I have seen those same ministers go forth, in the same week, at the head of recruiting parties, with cockades in their hats, giving their support to war. But, thank God, things are changed, and I trust we shall never see such days again.—*J. Brotherton.*

Contest of Taxiles with Alexander.

PLUTARCH, in his *Life of Alexander*, gives the following narrative of a contest between him and Taxiles, one of the kings of India:

“The dominions of Taxiles, it is said, were as large as Egypt. They afforded excellent pasturage and were in every respect productive. As he was a man of consummate prudence, he waited on Alexander, and after first compliments, thus addressed him: ‘What occasion is there for wars between you and me, if you have not come to deprive us of our water and other necessaries of life,—the only things for which reasonable men will take up arms? As to gold and silver and other possessions, if I am richer than you, I am willing to oblige you with part; if I am poorer, I have no objection to sharing in your bounty.’

“Charmed with this frankness, Alexander took him by the hand and an-

swered,—‘ Do you think then, by all this civility, to escape a conflict? You are deceived if you do. I will dispute it with you to the last,—but it shall be in favors and benefits; for I will not have you outdo me in generosity.’ ”

In this anecdote, Taxiles appears to great advantage, as a man of shrewdness, independence, magnanimity and good humor. On this occasion too Alexander appears to better advantage than he ever did in urging on his troops to the work of destruction. Indeed this single instance of self-control and magnanimity is worthy of more praise, than all the war exploits of that conqueror.

This narrative clearly shows on what easy terms the nations might be exempted from the calamities of war. Let the rulers of different countries act toward each other on the principles of justice, civility, generosity, and good nature—let their contests for pre-eminence be only “in favors and benefits;” then their subjects may enjoy the blessings of peace. If the leading men in the several nations would set an example of a pacific and benevolent treatment of each other, and of their own people, they would easily diffuse such sentiments throughout their respective dominions,—and thus preclude the foolish pretexts for public hostilities.

Besides, if such a sanguinary and ambitious warrior as Alexander could be diverted from a purpose of invasion by the frank and noble conduct of Taxiles; is it not folly to pretend that wars are inevitable, and their abolition impossible!

To Parents on the purchase of Soldier-toys for their Children.

As moral agents, it is an obvious duty to act in accordance with our convictions of truth, however opposed to our natural inclinations. The struggle is often a painful one, but it is peculiarly so when the *affections* are engaged on the side of error. Hence it is of the utmost importance that we should endeavor to form correct *habits of feeling*, even before the *understanding* is able to comprehend the *motives* from which those habits should originate. The warfare of humanity is rendered *comparatively* easy, when, in the morning of life, the heart is *prepared* for the reception of the truth, by a habitual obedience to the principles which it inculcates. Though few who have thought on the subject would dispute the truth of these positions, yet it is surprising how little influence they exercise on our daily conduct. How often do we see parents made the instruments for imparting the *first* lesson of cruelty or revenge to the minds of their offspring! As it regards the subject of Peace, it frequently happens that the books used by children, and the very toys with which they amuse themselves, engender *feelings* in direct opposition to it. Those playthings which have any relation to war, such as *figures of soldiers, drums, guns, cannons, &c.*, or books which foster a taste for military pursuits, are most exceptionable. It was thus that Charles the XIIth of Sweden, and some of the most eminent scourges were trained for the horrid occupations of their riper years. Christian parents! is it not thus that many of you are training those children for whose welfare you profess the deepest anxiety? You fondly imagine, that as reason expands, they will be found *willing* to receive its dictates. Alas! it is not so. *Where the affections have once been enlisted in favor of war, the mind listens with prejudice and reluctance to the voice of peace.* With you it rests to aid in annihilating war, by checking the *first buddings* of revenge or cruelty, and by cherishing the principle of love in its *infinite and varied manifestations*. How extensive is *your* influence and how great the responsibility arising from it! The path of duty is clearly pointed out, for to *you* in an especial manner pertains the scriptural precept, with its encouraging declaration, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

A FRIEND TO CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

“No two things can be more contrary than the heroic and the Christian character.”—*Dr. Paley.*

Effects of Prejudice.

“A pleasure boat belonging to a party of noted Brunswickers, having been moored in the river Liffey, near Carlisle Bridge, some of the bystanders on the adjoining quay were extremely incensed at the standard of defiance which the vessel displayed. The vane at the mast-head, like those of the ships of the Conqueror, displayed an effigy, an *orangeman* on a *green* shamrock. This affront aimed at the feelings of the multitude, was not to be borne. The *Milesians* attacked the *Saxon* bark, by hurling a furious volley of paving stones, and the unlucky crew, urged by danger or by apprehension, discharged their fire-arms and wounded several of the surrounding assemblage. A great commotion was excited; the leaders of the belligerent parties were conducted to College Street office. Amongst the witnesses who were called was the tinman, who had made the vane; and this worthy tradesman gave the most candid and unequivocal testimony, in full proof of the pacific intention of the pleasure boat, though certainly somewhat to his discredit as an artist. The unlucky cause of so much dissension and bloodshed, the supposed *orange* man trampling on the *green* shamrock, was, in truth, a *flesh-colored* Mercury springing from a *blue* cloud.”
—*Sir F. Pulgrave.*

Great wars have frequently sprung from as slight causes as did the above mentioned affray; prejudice is ever ready to take offence, and to proceed at once to blows, instead of inquiring whether offence was really intended. Sir F. Pulgrave deserves the thanks of the Peace Advocate for placing on record this anecdote, which so forcibly illustrates the absurdity and injustice of an appeal to violence, instead of reason, under a fancied insult.

Testimony of a Missionary.

ROBERT JOWITT, Esq.—“Dear Sir,—Perhaps you may remember a few words of conversation between us, on the subject of peace, when, casually meeting in the street, some little time ago. At your request, I promised to think of it; and now I have to say, that I have *thought, prayed, read,* and *conversed* on the subject; and the result is, a deep, solid, and comfortable persuasion, ‘that war, in every shape, is contrary to the spirit and precepts of the gospel of Christ.’ In adopting the principle of peace, I enjoy an increase of inward peace, and I feel as if I had advanced a step in the knowledge of Christ. I now see that our holy religion only can destroy war, by being essentially opposed to it; and that it is impossible to draw a clear line of distinction between *war defensive and offensive.*”

When the lovely principle of peace had nearly captivated my own mind, I thought it right to bring it before my missionary brethren, as a scripture subject deserving of our inquiry. It was entered upon with spirit; it was thought by most that nothing was more easily defended than *defensive* war. After the first meeting, two or three of us made a full surrender; and after the next meeting, two or three more. I beg leave, therefore, to trouble you with a few of our names for Mr. Harvey’s book. I heartily wish that many others through your means may derive as much light and comfort, by having their attention drawn to the subject, as myself and brethren.

“I am, dear sir, very respectfully, yours,
[LEEDS], Jan. 27, 1844. SAMUEL BARBOUR.”

Jenner and Napoleon.

“During the savage war that raged between France and England, when Napoleon had all Europe, with the single exception of Great Britain, at his feet, and many of our countrymen were languishing in French prisons, the only avenue to the conqueror’s heart, for some little indulgence to these unfortunates, was through Edward Jenner and the Empress Josephine. Jenner wrote the petition, the kind-hearted Josephine presented it,—and upon several occasions with success. At length, Napoleon interdicted any new

applications of the sort :—"Thou knowest, my sweet friend," he said, "I can refuse thee nothing which thou askest *in the name of that man*;—my sense of duty to the state informs me that I do wrong in yielding to thee; do let me be tempted no more." Wherefore has not civilized man, from the four corners of the globe, combined to rear a monument in every land, in every town, to the name and memory of Edward Jenner? Our *destroyers* have columns and statues in our public places; shall our *preservers* lack memorials of our grateful remembrance? The French have lately raised a monument to Molière; the Brusselers have dedicated a statue to Vesalins; why should not we follow with one to Jenner?"—*Medical Gazette*.

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF DETTINGTON.—"On this occasion the Honorable Mr. Townsend (afterwards Marquis Townsend) commenced his military career, when very young, as ensign in the guards. It happened that during the engagement a cannon ball killed a drummer near him, and scattered his brains in every direction. Townsend's eyes were fixed on the ghastly object, and it seemed wholly to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, imagined that the novice was intimidated by the sight, and accosted him in language intended to cheer his spirits. 'Oh!' replied the youth, 'I am not frightened; I am only puzzled to make out how a fellow with such a quantity of brains came to be here.'"—*Campbell's Life and Times of Frederick the Great*.

MODEL POLICE.—"Kendall, in the account of his Santa Fe expedition, speaks of some remarkable dogs used by Mexicans to guard their sheep. He says, 'There are very few men along with this immense herd of sheep; but in their stead were a large number of noble dogs, who appeared to be peculiarly gifted with the faculty of keeping them together. There was no running about, no barking nor biting, in their tactics; but, on the contrary, they walked gently up to any sheep that happened to stray from the fold, took it carefully by the ear and led it back to the flock. Not the least fear did the sheep manifest at the approach of these dogs; and there was no necessity for it. They appeared to me to be a cross of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard species, of very large size, and with frank open countenances, and from what I could learn, extremely sagacious.'

"It is desirable, both for the sake of governments themselves, and of humanity generally, that something should be done to extinguish the military spirit, not only in France, but wherever it exists. No country ever yet came off a gainer after having played the game of war. It is a game at which all lose. War has been the curse of the world,—the scourge of the human race. It is equally at variance with religion, right reason, sound policy, and humanity. My opinions on the subject are so strong, that I hold that every public writer is under a grave moral responsibility, to do all in his power to put an end to that wholesale trading in human life, which always takes place between those countries that engage in hostilities with each other."—*Paris and its People, by Grant*.

"The virtues are all parts of a circle; whatever is humane is wise, whatever is wise is just, and whatever is wise, just, and humane, will be found to be the true interest of states."—*Dr. Franklin*.

DIED,—"The 11th instant, at Edinburgh, after many years of suffering, in consequence of a wound received at the battle of Vittoria, Colonel W. Hay, eldest son of the late General Sir James Hay, K. C. B., colonel of 2d Dragoon Guards."—*Gardner's Chronicle, April 20, 1844*.

Oh war! how varied and grievous are thy inflictions! Who can tell how many are at this hour dragging out a miserable existence, after a pilgrimage to thy horrid shrine? How many of thy votaries are now stretched upon beds of languishing, unknown and unobserved? How many are silently enduring pangs which shall terminate only in the tomb? Would that the curtain were withdrawn, and that thy lovers might behold thee in thy true character! Then would they flee thee as a wolf, and loathe thee as a pestilence.

MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.—“The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King’s College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors du combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question:—‘But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face, ‘You lie’!’ ‘What could I do? Why, I wouldn’t knock him down, but I’d tell him to prove it. ‘Prove it, sir, prove it,’ I’d say. If he couldn’t, he’d be the liar, and there I should have him; but if he did prove that I’d lied, I must pocket the affront, and here I expect the matter would end.”—*Nonconformist*.

Peace Movements.

Gov. Slade, of Vermont, in his recent message to the legislature of that State, expressed himself in the most unequivocal terms in favor of the peace principles, and of measures calculated to diffuse and enforce them through the world. We refer our readers to the extract from his message published in the present number of the *Advocate*, containing sentiments worthy of a Christian statesman.

PEACE MEETING IN MEDFORD.—On Sunday evening, Oct. 18th, a peace meeting was held in Rev. Mr. Ballou’s church, in Medford. The house was filled to overflowing with a large audience, of both sexes, who listened to the speakers with deep and serious attention, and sometimes with apparent wonder at the facts that were presented. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Charles Brooks, and J. P. Blanchard, of Boston, and Elihu Burritt, of Worcester. At the close of the exercises, a petition was laid on the table and signed by many of the first citizens of the place, praying our government to propose to the cabinets of Christendom the institution of a Congress of Nations, whose functions shall be to present to the different governments an International Constitution or Code of Laws, to which shall be submitted for adjudication all questions of international controversy.

PEACE SERMONS.—We learn that Rev. Dr. Porter, of Farmington, Ct., recently preached an able and appropriate sermon on the subject of war, and in view of the martial preparations, spirit and rumors, which have somewhat characterized the movements of the government and portions of the people for some time past.

We are also happy to acknowledge the receipt of an interesting and faithful sermon delivered before his own congregation, and repeated by request before another, by Rev. R. W. Clark, Portsmouth, N. H. It seems to have been drawn out by the spectacle of the departure of the U. S. troops stationed at Portsmouth, for Texas; the affecting separation of men from their wives and children with but a sheer possibility of their meeting again