

the wild boar of the forest does not glut his sharpened tusks upon a kindred boar!

"Sed jam serpentum major concordia; parcit  
Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando leoni  
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam  
Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?  
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride Pacem  
Perpetuam."

To an early monarch of France homage has already been offered for his efforts in the cause of peace, particularly in abolishing the trial by battle. To another monarch of France, in our own day, a descendant of St. Louis, worthy of the illustrious lineage, Louis Philippe, belongs the honest fame of first, from the throne, publishing the truth, that Peace was endangered by preparations for war. "The sentiment, or rather the principle," he says, in reply to an address from the London Peace Convention in 1843, "that in peace you must prepare for war, is one of difficulty and danger; for while we keep armies on land to preserve peace, they are, at the same time, incentives and instruments of war. He rejoiced in all efforts to preserve peace, for that was what all need. He thought the time was coming when we shall get rid entirely of war in all civilized countries." This time has been hailed by a generous voice from the army itself, by a marshal of France,—Bugeaud, the Governor of Algiers,—who gave, as a toast at a public dinner in Paris, the following words of salutation to a new and approaching era of happiness: "To the pacific union of the great human family, by the association of individuals, nations, and races! To the annihilation of war! To the transformation of destructive armies into corps of industrious laborers, who will consecrate their lives to the cultivation and embellishment of the world!" Be it our duty to speed this consummation! And

may other soldiers emulate the pacific aspirations of this veteran chief, until the trade of war has ceased from the earth!

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 in the intercourse of nations. While recognizing the duty "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," as a great end of government, 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 harassed 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 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 coarse and earthly.

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 recognizing 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 preparations 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 testify to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas 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.

And here let us review the field over which we have passed. We have beheld war, sanctioned by international law, as a mode of determining justice between nations, elevated into an established custom, defined and guarded by a complex code, known as the laws of war; we have detected its origin in an appeal, not to the moral and intellectual part of man's nature, in which alone is justice, but in an appeal to that low part of his nature, which he has in common with the beasts; we have contemplated its infinite miseries to the human race; we have weighed its sufficiency as a mode of determining justice between nations, and found that it is a rude appeal to force, or a gigantic game of chance, in which God's children are profanely dealt with as a pack of cards, while, in its unnatural wickedness, it is justly likened to the monstrous and impious custom of trial by battle, which disgraced the dark ages; thus showing that, in this period of boastful civilization, justice between nations is determined by the same rules of barbarous, brutal violence which once controlled the relations between individuals. We have next considered the various prejudices by which war is sustained; founded on a false belief in its necessity; on the practice of nations, past and present; on the infidelity of the Christian

Church; on a false idea of honor; on an exaggerated idea of the duties of patriotism; and finally, that monster prejudice, which draws its vampire life from the vast preparations in time of peace for war; especially dwelling, at this stage, upon the thriftless, irrational, and unchristian character of these preparations; hailing also the auguries of their overthrow, and catching a vision of the surpassing good that will be achieved, when the boundless means, thus barbarously employed, shall be dedicated by our Republic to the works of peace, opening the serene path to that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

And now, if it be asked why, on this national anniversary, in considering the true grandeur of nations, I have dwelt, thus singly and exclusively, on war, it is, because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far mankind have worshipped, in military glory, a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolators. The heaven-descended injunction, "Know thyself," still speaks to an unheeding world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi "know thyself; know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man," transcending far that part which is the seat of passion, strife, and war; nobler than the intellect itself. And the human heart, by its untutored judgments,—rendering spontaneous homage to the virtues of peace,—points to the same truth. It admonishes the military idolator that it is not the bloody combats, even of the bravest chiefs, even of the gods themselves,—as they echo from the resounding lines of the great poet of war,— which have received the warmest admiration; but those two scenes, in which he has painted the

gentle, unwarlike affections of our nature, the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the supplication of Priam. In this definitive election of the peaceful pictures of Homer, the soul of man, inspired by a better wisdom than that of books, and drawn unconsciously by the heavenly attractions of what is truly great, has acknowledged, by a touching instance, the vanity of military glory. The Beatitudes of Christ, which shrink from saying "Blessed are the war-makers," inculcate the same lesson. Reason affirms and repeats what the heart has prompted, and Christianity declared. Suppose war to be decided by force, where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by chance, where is the glory? Surely, in other ways true greatness lies. Nor is it difficult to tell where.

True greatness consists in imitating, as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love, justice, which, like that of St. Louis, shall not serve to the right hand or to the left; love, which, like that of William Penn, shall regard all mankind of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when any one censures a man like himself, or praises a man of an opposite character. And the God-like man is the good man." And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth, "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice." The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual. It is not in extent of territory, or in vastness of population, or in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are the creatures and representa-

tives of those qualities in our nature, which are unlike anything in God's nature. Nor is it to be found in triumphs of the intellect alone,—in literature, learning, science, or art. The polished Greeks, our masters in the delights of language and in range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages. And the age of Louis XIV of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence; thronged by marshals bending under military laurels; enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière; dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille; illumined by the splendors of Bossuet; is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush; by a heartlessness, in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm; and by a succession of deeds of injustice, not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur, in a state, are that Christian beneficence, which diffuses the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, God-like justice, which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people committed to its charge.

But war crushes, with bloody heel, all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is God-like in man. It suspends every commandment of the Decalogue. It sets at naught every principle of the Gospel. It silences all law, human as well as divine, except only that blasphemous code of its