

less vehicles, wending slowly away, on which are stretched hundreds of pale, haggard figures, groaning in agony as the rude carts shake and jolt; some already found dead ere they reach a place for the care of their wounds, and others left to writhe in prolonged torture until their wounds fester and corrupt into a horrible death. In the name of reason and humanity, we ask, where is the "glory" of all this?

This war is the great moral phenomenon of the day; and, thinking that all sober men should ponder well its fearful import, we shall give a series of condensed facts, to show what it really is, as an illustration passing before our eyes of what war must ever be. Here is a specimen of the great evil, the wicked, barbarous, brutal custom, we are laboring to do away from every Christian land. Fain would we have every follower of the Prince of Peace ask himself if he has yet done what he ought for an object of such vast importance. Alas! that so little should have been done by the mass of Christians! Yet have some, in strange simplicity of ignorance, expressed surprise that war should now come after so much had been done in the cause of Peace! So much! All the money and time devoted to this cause during the last forty years, is not so much as Christendom is wasting upon war every six hours!

WAR AS IT IS:

OR THE EXPERIENCE OF A SOLDIER.

A young Englishman, possessed from his childhood with a restless desire for the army, and dazzled with the glitter of a regiment of dragoons in the neighborhood, enlisted in 1844 against the earnest remonstrances of his father, an old Waterloo soldier. In 1845 he went with his regiment to India; and since his return to England, he has published his short but bitter experience and observations in a volume entitled, *Four Years' Service in India, by a Private Soldier*.

Sickness and Mortality.—“We buried our dead at night, and such a graveyard I never witnessed. The earth being so full of water, it filled the graves immediately; so that we had to pile the earth and stones upon the coffin to sink it. This was sufficient to give one the horrors. It is a large graveyard, and very full now. At last I was obliged to go to the hospital with the bowel complaint. This is brought on by the dampness of the ground, and eating too much fruit. Great numbers began to die very suddenly from cholera. The regiment not being used to the like of this, the whole began to look melancholy, and fear was seen on every face, as much as to say, ‘It will be my turn next.’ Some gave themselves up to utter despair and died. I was very low in spirits myself once, and the more so because I had never been confined to a sick bed in my life. It was dreadful to see fine, stout, healthy young fellows well, and then dead in a few hours! ah,

even before they had time to call on their God! The good minister was very attentive to the sick, and the Baptist missionary too; they brought good books, and distributed them among the sufferers. Not a day passed but we had some one to put into his last resting place. Oh, how often did I wish myself in my native country again, or that I had died when young. I accused myself of being an ungrateful wretch, who deserved no better than what he now suffered, for not obeying his old parents. I now felt completely lost, and did not care what became of me.

Effects of Heat and Thirst.—When the day approached, the heat would be so excessive that no one dared venture out for fear of being struck by the sun. We had several killed by it, and in the barracks we were so hot that it was complete torture to be there. The sweat would come through everything we had upon us; in fact we could have nothing on but a thin pair of drawers, with no shirt; and the millions of flies that would be continually tormenting us would be sufficient to drive us mad. When getting our victuals, our plates were blacked over with the flies. We were obliged to eat with one hand and buffet them away with the other. I have often heard our men curse their God; and they would get as much money as they could, and then go and get so drunk they could not speak. They would often say that was the only way they could have any peace; but I could not see any pleasure in such a way. I have seen men die in this state, and others drown themselves, or shoot themselves, whilst a number lost their senses, and died raving mad.

At about one o'clock the words, 'quick march,' were given, and the band struck up, '*The girl I left behind me.*' The morning was very fine, and the moon shone bright; but the air was very sultry, and the sand rose in a cloud as we marched; so much so that we could scarcely get our breath. The band stopped playing, for the sand rose in such clouds that we could not see the next man to us at times. About three o'clock the men began to fall out by sections, from want of water, the heat being nearly unbearable, and their tongues hanging out to a frightful size, and their mouths being parched up. All the cry was for water. At length, we came to a well, and all order in the ranks was at an end. What few beasts (water-carriers) we had were soon surrounded, and nearly worried; the men were like madmen, pushing one over another. The strongest got the most, the weakly men praying in a most pitiful manner, and offering all the money they possessed for a drink.

We lay at this station till the middle of July, and had buried a great many of our comrades; scarcely a day passed but we put some poor man into the grave; and we looked more like moving ghosts than men about to face a foe. Men were fairly driven to distraction through torture. We were the most troubled with the 'prickly heat.' This is owing to the warmth of the weather and the blood. The body breaks out all over with small red pimples, with water in them; and they itch unbearably — or rather, they are more like pins and needles pricking us all over. Some have their bodies covered all over, so that it would be impossible to lay a sixpence on a place free from pimples. Then the flies and mosquitoes are in many millions, and insects by night in many thousands; altogether, we never had any comfort. Many men betook themselves to the canteen, and then drank until they could not stand. Some of them would take as much as a quart of grog in a night, and would be carried insensible either to their guard room or to their barracks, and be found dead on their beds the next morning, suffocated in liquor, or removed in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by the drink and heat of the weather. Some lay upon their cots cursing and swearing, wishing that the ship had sunk that brought them to India, or that they were dead; when at last they would be driven to despair, and either blow out their brains, or jump into a well, thus putting an end to their life.

Glimpse at a March. — We had got only a very short distance, when the men began to fall out through weakness. Several were so bad that they were taken back to the station; and before we had got many miles on the way, I was obliged to fall to the rear from that cause. All the carriages were already full, as upwards of one hundred had already fallen out; and as I came gently along, I passed numbers more lying upon the ground. One poor fellow I observed was in a dreadful state. He called out, "Who's there? Why the d— do you not blow out my brains, and put me out of my trouble?" And then in a short time he began to pray for water. I still kept getting on the road, and passed numbers more lying upon the ground. **Two men died.**

Butcheries in War. — We drove the enemy before us upon their own guns and works, bayoneting the artillerrymen at their posts. They were as good soldiers as ever took the field. They would not leave their guns; and when the bayonet was passed through them, they threw their arms around the guns and kissed them, and died. We spiked their pieces as we got possession of them. We drove their infantry into the dry canal which led to the fort. We stood upon the banks, and shot them like ducks; for they had got into such confusion, in trying to make their escape, that they could not move along — they were in one another's way; and the best of it was, they could neither return us a shot, nor could they escape out of the canal, the banks on both sides being so steep. It was fairly choked up with the dead; all the cannon they had brought into the field except one, all the horses and ammunition, bullocks and camels, fell into our hands, and all other kind of stores.

Assault upon a city. — We entered the city at once, and spread ourselves all over it in every direction, driving the enemy from street to street, from square to square, and from house to house. In some places they fought very hard; for they occupied the houses, and poured a very heavy fire from the windows and down from the house-tops. We broke open the doors with the butt ends of our muskets, and blew off the locks, when not one of those within was left alive, every one being killed on the spot. They were dispatched by wholesale. To describe the many different scenes of horror which were witnessed, while the fighting was going on in the city, is more than I can do; but I shall try to remember a little. As our fire was poured down the street into the enemy, and they were falling in numbers, intermingled with the men might be seen women and children. Their wild, terrified screams were awful. The cries of the affrighted children, as they clung round their mothers, were equally dreadful. Grey-headed old men, with their venerable beards white with age, and their flesh deeply furrowed with the wrinkles of seventy or eighty years, whose tottering limbs stood trembling, overwhelmed by grief and age, unable to follow their families, were weeping for the ruin of their country, and lay down to die near the houses where they were born. The streets, the public squares, and especially the mosques, were crowded with these unhappy persons, who mourned as they lay on the remains of their property, with every sign of despair. The victors and the vanquished were now become equally brutish; the former by excess of fortune, the latter by excess of misery. Every one was plundered whom our men could lay their hands upon, regardless of their pitiful cry, and in some instances women and children were shot down amongst the men. Our men now appeared to be perfectly brutish beyond everything, having but little mercy for one another, still less for an enemy; and very little pity indeed could be found in any one.

Some after-scenes in a captured city. — At about twelve o'clock, the moon was shining very clearly, when I and one of our men went to look for Major Inglis's horse, as he had left it outside the city before we stormed; and

getting outside the wall, among some other old buildings, we heard a very mournful cry. For some time we could not make out where it came from; but at length we found, in a solitary hut, an old man. We asked him what was the matter, when he told us that all he had was gone; his house and everything he possessed was burnt, and every soul of his family killed, and he had nothing to eat, so he had come there to die. All we could do was to pity him and leave him; and as we proceeded, we could see troops of jackals and dogs dragging and tearing the bodies to pieces, and growling as we drove them away. We came back by the left breach, and so along the inside of the wall of the city, upon the ramparts, which were covered with hundreds of the enemy's dead; and on coming up to a party of sepoy, we found they had made a large fire of wood, and in this, to our horror, we saw one of the enemy! They were burning the poor fellow alive! They had his legs in the fire as far as the middle. His cries and groans were awful. He had been wounded by a musket-shot. I went and found the native officer, and told him if he did not shoot the poor fellow, and put him out of his misery, I should report his conduct to the brigadier. He said he did not know of the man being burnt—his party had done it without his knowledge. They shot the suffering man at once.

After a siege of twenty-seven days we got a good night's rest, which refreshed us very much. As for myself, I thought when I awoke, that I had not been asleep more than a quarter of an hour, and could not believe my eyes when I saw it was broad daylight. I went and visited the fort on the 23d, and such a sight I never before saw. Scattered all over the fort lay dead horses, bullocks, camels and men, as thick as they could lie, mangled in the most horrible ways imaginable, and the smell was quite unbearable. Some lay half devoured by dogs, and others were far advanced in putrefaction. We set the natives to bury and burn them to get rid of the smell. Not one single building stood whole, and more than half were battered to the ground.

Sufferings incident to Marches.—We struck camp at one o'clock. Four men and I were left to clear camp ground, and see all the baggage up. I got worse, and it was as much as I could do to keep up; and I never could have done, had I not swallowed five drams of grog—about a pint in a bottle. I found that I was likely to give in; so I drank the whole of my grog at once—kill or cure. This of course put a false spirit in me. However I reached the camp. We marched a long way that day, and numbers fell upon the road. One man fell dead. The country all round was in a most deplorable state, the villages being deserted. I arrived at camp about nine o'clock in charge of the four men. The day turned out dreadfully hot; we lay in the tents panting for breath. I still got worse, and about five o'clock in the evening I reported myself sick, and went to the hospital. A most awful sight here presented itself; all the sick tents were so full, that they were obliged to get more from the company's tents. Dozens of men lay in agonies of pain, whilst others were struggling for the last breath of life. I thought what a horrible sight it was; and I lay upon the ground thinking upon my own fate, for I felt very bad, I could not tell how long it would be before I was food for some wild beast. I began to get very low-spirited and given to fret; when, all at once, I thought that would not do; so I rallied my feelings, and walked about, and began to think I should soon be better. This and the medicine the doctor had administered, soon began to revive me, and I felt a deal better. I knew that numbers made themselves worse by giving way to their feelings, for the doctors would always tell the men to keep up their spirits. Our officers came round to visit the sick, and were very kind to us; but we were the worst off for carriages to carry the sick, and we could not leave them behind. The heat was above 100 degrees, and the water was very bad on account of the wells not being used, which caused the water to

be stagnant and black, and smell very offensively, so that we were obliged to stop our noses whilst we drank.

The morning was hotter and closer than I ever felt it before, and the wind was awful, fairly parching our flesh. We had not marched more than two miles on the road before men began to fall dead in the ranks, and numbers fell senseless to the ground. Our line of march was strewed with dead, dying and sick. The moanings and cries were heart-rending. Our doctors and apothecaries were all engaged in bleeding; but as the night was very dark, they could not find the vein, and they cut gashes across the arm any way, so as to get blood. Some would bleed, and some would not, for the blood was congealed in the veins, and as black as jet. All our carriages were crowded, and even the baggage cattle were loaded with sick. The cry for water was past all describing; the mouth and tongue were swollen and parched, the eyes looked wild and ghastly, and ready to start out of the head.

As we went along, nothing but horrible sights met the eye; men lay upon the sand by dozens, gasping for breath; some would try to utter some one's name—perhaps a dear old parent's, a grey-headed old father's, or a heart-broken, lonely old mother's, or it might be a lovely wife's, left to lament the loss of a soldier-husband. But, alas! the brain was burning, and the mind wandering; the sufferer's strength was going, and death stared them in the face. What could be done? All the skill of the physician could not restore them. I saw our colonel looking at them, and he exclaimed, 'Oh my poor men,—my fine regiment—what shall I do?'

Our rations were wretchedly bad and dear; we could not get anything but flour, and not that at any time. We paid three-pence a pound, and for that of the coarsest kind; it was nothing more than corn split in three or four parts, and full of chaff and dirt, and even straw an inch long; and it was so coarse, that we could not stick it together to make a cake of it. Our chief living was one pound of bread and one pound of meat, or rather skin and bone, and rice boiled, and we had to turn out after a day's march, and cook it under a burning sun. This was through not having good and faithful cooks. Our men felt it bitterly, and often wished that we could fall in with the enemy and kill them at once; or that we might be put out of our misery.

Soon after day-light we came in sight of mountains. This was a long day's march, and numbers of men fell completely beaten out. I was ordered to fall to the rear, and take charge of the men of my company, and to bring them up as well as I could. Many of them wished they were dead, or had been killed at Mooltan; and I was of the same mind, and began to feel that I would rather die than live in such misery. Several of our baggage camels and cattle, and some of our cavalry horses, dropped dead in the ranks. We halted about ten o'clock, and could not pitch our camps, owing to the camels being knocked up; they had not arrived, and we lay on the burning sand waiting for them.

Brutalities of War to the People.—Some of this work was attended with horrible brutality by our men, which I am almost ashamed to mention. No one with Christian feeling ought to be guilty of such cowardly, unsoldier-like actions, as some of those committed even upon old men, entirely harmless, and still worse, upon the poor helpless women. In several instances on breaking into the retreats of these unfortunate creatures, a volley of shot was fired amongst them, as they were huddled together in a corner, regardless of old men, women and children. All shared the same fate. One of my fellow-corporals, who never was worthy of the jacket he wore, shot a poor grey-headed old man, while he was begging that he would spare, and not hurt, his wife and daughter, nor take away the little property they possessed, consisting of a few paltry silver rings upon their fingers and in their ears.

The fellow pulled the rings off in the most brutal manner. Most of these poor creatures were plundered of every thing they possessed that was of any value; and what could not be carried away, was completely destroyed. Our native soldiers were much worse, and more brutish; but they were more to be excused, as they were natives.

Horrors of War.—As day broke, we passed the ruins of several villages, which plainly showed that the ravages of savage war had done their work. Numbers of dead bodies also lay scattered around, whose bones were bleached by the sun. The crops, too, were all destroyed; they were either eaten off by the cattle, or trampled under foot. The wells of water were half full of corpses which were putrid, and this water we were obliged to drink.

The smell from the dead was very bad; it was sufficient to create a plague in our camp. The troops of jackals, which were always prowling about at night, were getting quite fat with their feast of human flesh; the vultures and ravens were also growing too lazy to fly away as we passed them, while they were sitting upon and pecking the bodies of the dead.

AFTER-SCENES OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

We leave the reader to picture to himself the details of this fierce and terrible conflict. These few sketches are from eye-witnesses of what they saw after its close:—

The battle field was dreadful to walk over in the evening and following day. The battle ended too late for us to remove even our own wounded that day, and the fearful spectacle of heads blown off, shattered limbs, broken arms, the groans and sighs of the wounded, altogether made a scene I never wish to see again.

The slaughter was terrific. The oldest generals declare that in no battle heretofore fought, have so many dead been heaped up in one spot. It would be impossible to describe to you the frightful scene which I witnessed in the square mile comprising this earthwork, the slope beneath it, and the slope above it, upon which were formed the enormous squares of the Russian infantry. The greater part of the English killed and wounded were here, and there were at least five Russians to every Englishman. You could not walk for their bodies. The most frightful mutilations the human body can suffer, the groans of the wounded—all formed a scene that one can never forget.

I was dreadfully tired; for the band had to carry the wounded men to the rear, and assist the doctors to amputate, and bind the wounds. I saw some dreadful sights that day, poor fellows' legs and arms off—shells bursting near them setting their flesh on fire; the stench dreadful! We were up all night attending to the poor fellows,—giving them water, changing their positions, lighting their pipes for them; and the night was awfully dark and cold, and, being on the battle-field, the smell from the dead bodies, and the noise of the wounded horses was dreadful. I hope I shall never pass such a night again. The next morning I went over the plain to look at the dead, and saw the place covered with wounded Russians,—fine, able-bodied men. I went up to one poor wounded Russian, and gave him a drink. *He was in great agony, and he made signs for me to cut his throat, he was so bad;* of course I left him as he was. We were occupied for the next two days in burying the dead.

Many of the Russians lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32nd Regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head, and from the front of the skull. I