

army of 600,000 men. As to their ammunition and stock of war material at the opening of the war—that is to say, at the date of the attack upon Fort Sumpter—we find that they had of siege and heavy guns 1,952; of field artillery, 231; of infantry firearms, 473,000; of cavalry firearms, 31,000; and of ball and shell, 363,000. At the end of 1863—the latest period to which I have statistics upon the subject—the 1,052 heavy guns had become 2,116; the 231 field pieces had become 2,965; the 473,000 infantry arms had become 2,423,000; the 31,000 cavalry arms had become 369,000, and the 363,000 ball and shell had become 2,925,000. Now, as to the navy of the United States, I wish to show that this wonderful development of war power in the United States is the second warning we have had, that we cannot go on as we have gone. (Hear, hear.) In January, 1861, the ships of war belonging to the United States were 83; in December, 1864, they numbered 671, of which 54 were monitors and iron-clads, carrying 4,610 guns, with a tonnage of 510,000 tons, and manned by a force of 51,000 men. These are frightful figures for the capacity of destruction they represent, for the heaps of carnage that they represent, for the quantity of human blood spilt that they represent, for the lust of conquest that they represent, for the evil passions that they represent, and for the arrest of the onward progress of civilization that they represent. But it is not the figures which give the worst view of the fact—for England still carries more guns afloat even than our war-making neighbors. (Cheers.) It is the change which has taken place in the spirit of the people of the Northern States themselves which is the worst view of the fact. How far have they travelled since the humane CHANNING preached the unlawfulness of war—since the living SUMNER delivered his addresses to the Peace Society on the same theme! I remember an accomplished poet, one of the most accomplished the New England States have ever produced, took very strong grounds against the prosecution of the Mexican war, and published the Bigelow Papers, so well known in American literature, to show the ferocity and criminality of war. He thus made Mr. BIRD-OF-FREEDOM SAWIN sing:—

 If you take a sword an' draor it,
 An go stick a feller thru,
 Gov'ment won't answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you!

(Laughter.) This was slightly audacious and irreverent in expression, but it was remarkably popular in New England at that time. The writer is now one of the editors of a popular Boston periodical, and would be one of the last, I have no doubt, to induce a Northern soldier to withdraw his sword from the body of any unhappy Southerner whom he had, contrary to the poet's former political ethics, "stuck thru." (Laughter.) But it is not the revolution wrought in the minds of men of great intelligence that is most to be deplored—for the powerful will of such men may compel their thoughts back again to a philosophy of peace; no, it is the mercenary and military interests created under Mr. LINCOLN—which are represented, the former by an estimated governmental outlay of above \$100,000,000 this year, and the other by the 800,000 men whose blood is thus to be bought and paid for; by the armies out of uniform who prey upon the army; by the army of contractors who are to feed and clothe and arm the million; by that other army, the army of tax-collectors, who cover the land, seeing that no industry escapes unburdened, no possession unentered, no affection even, untaxed. Tax! tax! tax! is the cry from the rear! Blood! blood! blood! is the cry from the front! Gold! gold! gold! is the chuckling undertone which comes up from the mushroom millionnaires, well named a shoddy aristocracy. Nor do I think the army interest, the contracting interest, and the tax-gathering interest, the worst results that have grown out of this war. There is another and equally serious interest—the change that has come over the spirit, mind and principles of the people, that terrible change which has made war familiar and even attractive to them. When the first battle was fought—when, in the language of the Duke of WELLINGTON, the first "butcher's bill was sent in"—a shudder of horror ran through the length and breadth of the country; but by and by as the carnage increased, no newspaper was considered worth laying on the breakfast table unless it contained the story of the butchery of thousands of men. "Only a couple of thousand killed! Pooh, pooh, that's nothing!" exclaimed Mr. SHODDY as he sipped his coffee in his luxurious apartment; and nothing short of the news of ten, fifteen, twenty thousand human beings struck dead in one day would satisfy the jaded palate of men craving for excitement, and such horrible excitement as attend-