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Anarchy and Anarchy

Author(s): ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

Source: *The Advocate of Peace (1894-1920)*, JANUARY 1902, Vol. 64, No. 1 (JANUARY 1902), pp. 10-12

Published by: Sage Publications, Inc.

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/25751887>

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**Not on the Battlefield.**

"To fall on the battlefield fighting for my dear country — that would not be hard." — *The Neighbors.*

Oh! no, no, — let me lie  
Not on a field of battle when I die!  
Let not the iron tread  
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;  
Nor let the reeking knife,  
That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
Be in my hand when Death  
Thunders along and tramples me beneath  
His heavy squadron's heels,  
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,  
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,  
And the bald eagle brings  
The clustered stars upon his widespread wings  
To sparkle in my sight,  
Oh, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye  
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly  
And brazen helmets dance,  
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;  
I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung,  
In honor of the brave  
Who on the battlefield have found a grave;  
I know that o'er their bones  
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Some of those piles I've seen:  
The one at Lexington upon the green  
Where the first blood was shed,  
And to my country's independence led;  
And others on our shore,  
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,  
And that on Bunker Hill.  
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still:  
Thy "tomb," Themistocles,  
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,  
And which the waters kiss  
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.  
And thine, too, have I seen —  
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,  
That, like a natural knoll,  
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,  
Watched by some turbaned boy,  
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,  
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
And hears, as life ebbs out,  
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout;  
But as his eye grows dim,  
What is a column or a mound to him?  
What, to the parting soul,  
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll  
Of drums? No, let me die  
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,  
And the soft summer air,  
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,  
And from my forehead dries  
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies  
Seem waiting to receive

My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave  
The world when round my bed  
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,  
And the calm voice of prayer  
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare  
To go and be at rest  
With kindred spirits — spirits who have blessed  
The human brotherhood  
By labors, cares and counsels for their good.

— *John Pierpont.*

**Anarchy and Anarchy.**

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

The foul crime by which an anarchist laid low the chosen chief magistrate of a great people has naturally given rise to a general discussion of the nature of the act.

It is clear that the element of the deed which shocked mankind was not any abstract philosophy which the murderer supposed that he had assimilated, for the other political crimes, such as the assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office-seeker and the dynamite explosions of the Land-Leaguers, although free from all imputation of philosophy, were equally shocking. We must seek the common element in such acts if we wish to find what it is in them that is especially reprehensible, and this common element seems to consist in the sudden interruption of the orderly progress of society by bloodthirsty violence of a political or quasi-public nature. No merely private crime, however horrible, could so affect the popular imagination, nor could any social theory whatever make such an impression if violent means were not adopted for the purpose of realizing it.

If this analysis of anarchistic outrages is correct, and we look around us for examples of violent deeds subversive of the orderly course of society, it is a matter of some surprise to find that the governments of the world are themselves the principal actors in this field. While civilization is clearly founded upon the constructive arts, each government, though it may or may not have its department of labor, of agriculture, of manufactures, is perfectly sure to have a department of destruction and a minister of anarchy, whose business it is to make elaborate preparations at enormous expense to destroy in a few months, weeks, days, hours or even minutes, thousands of picked lives and the choicest results of generations of labor.

It is a thousand pities that the scales cannot fall from our eyes, and that we cannot look, for instance, at that amphibious reptile of an infernal machine, the torpedo boat, with fresh and unperverted sight, and see it as it is, while it moves rapidly over the calm sea on a summer afternoon, like an antediluvian monster, the only jarring element in a peaceful scene. There it is,—the result of the prostituted labors of a long line of brilliant scientific men, who might have been devising blessings for the world, embodying the toil in mine and workshop of hundreds of workmen, manned by a crew that has long been exercised in the "noble" art of manslaughter, representing taxes wrung from unwilling hands in all parts of the country,—and all this energy, intelligence, effort, ingenuity and expense culminating in an engine of insidious destruction, the very pattern on which

Czolgosz with his hidden pistol seems to have been modeled.

It may be said that the only object of the torpedo boat is to destroy other similar monstrosities; but even if this were true, which it is not, it is not true of the Long Toms and other heavy artillery which are specially devised to bombard the great cities of the world, if occasion offers. Strasburg and Paris gave thirty years ago a faint picture of what a siege would be to-day; nor is it so long ago that we were seriously contemplating the immediate possibility of seeing bomb and shrapnel fall among the skyscrapers of Wall Street. We have schools where these black arts are taught by the nation, and we have maps and charts of the ports of friendly peoples which we study so as to be ready to destroy them.

It is strange that this should be particularly true of the Christian nations, and Christians are beginning to assert, and with much show of reason, that the campaign against war is peculiarly antichristian in its character. If this be so, surely the competent ecclesiastical authorities should take steps to abolish that curious misnomer of the Founder of church, the "Prince of Peace," and substitute some appropriate military title for it.

It is certainly true that in no heathen countries are such extended preparations made for war as in Christendom, except in those countries, such as Japan, which imitate Christendom. China, the greatest non-Christian empire, although overcrowded with its own population, has never entertained any designs against her neighbors, and looks down upon the military caste; and this line of conduct has kept her alive and vigorous while dozens of other empires have risen and passed away. What little she knows of the military arts she has learned from Christians, and the same is true of Turkey, Egypt and other non-Christian countries. I have often seen "Christian" officers in Egypt teaching brown Mohammedans the most approved methods of slaughtering black Mohammedans.

If our armaments were designed simply for police protection and self-defence, it might be going too far to tax them with anarchy, but such is not the case. Our Constitution gives Congress the fullest power to declare war under any circumstances, and I think I am not mistaken when I say that it has always used this power without any relation whatever to self-defence. The Mexican War, at any rate, occurred long enough ago for all of us to be ashamed of it now.

Hardly any of the European wars of the past century had even a plausible excuse. No one knows to this day what the Crimean War was about,—a war which dragged five great nations into the horrors of carnage. It is amusing to read in the most interesting pages of the Baroness von Suttner's novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," the absurd and flimsy pretexts which were given for the series of wars from 1859 to 1870 in which Prussia, Austria, Denmark, Sardinia and France engaged. There was, indeed, far less excuse for them than for the Irish outrages, and the damage done by the infernal machines which they let loose upon Europe was incalculably greater. Battle and murder, plague and pestilence, were spread broadcast, and the powers again and again deliberately set up the worst form of anarchy in place of law.

Another strange feature of our departments of anarchy is that—in Europe at least—they are the principal and

most honored part of the government. King Edward is a barrister, I believe, but he never poses as one, while he is continually appearing as an admiral or field marshal or colonel. The army is the main thing in the state in the eyes of rulers and peoples,—in republican France as well as in Russia and Germany. Destruction is held up above construction, and anarchy above law and order.

To call war a form of anarchy is not a mere figure of speech. We can see a good example of it now in South Africa. It would be easy to give domestic examples, but I find a curious inability in my fellow-countrymen to reason logically when their own country is concerned, and it is to my fellow-countrymen that I am speaking. Everything material, intellectual and spiritual that civilization prizes and labors for, has been trodden under foot in that disgraceful war. Such products of the arts, useful and ornamental, as the Boers possessed have been ruthlessly destroyed. Free speech and a free press have been suppressed. While societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have been at work at home, awful sufferings have been inflicted on thousands of horses in the field, many of them, I regret to say, exported from America. It is pitiful to read the accounts of the war correspondents who marched for miles along roads lined by the bodies, dead and dying, of exhausted horses, some of them lifting their heads as they passed in the vain hope of relief, while vultures picked out their still living eyes. Hospitals at home have been engaged in caring for the sick, while hundreds of Boer women and children have been confined in unhealthy camps where the death rate was tenfold what it was outside. The only explanation of the authorities was the prevalence of measles among the children. Fancy sending children to pest-ridden camps! While humanitarians at home have been agitating against capital punishment and cruelty in prisons, men of Dutch blood have been executed for acts which were only technically crimes, and which in the opinion of many were really virtues, and great hardships have been inflicted upon captives.\* While in England all good men are engaged in the task of civilizing and humanizing manners, in South Africa men of culture and education have fallen back to the rank of brutes, and their general-in-chief, a peer and a man whom king and country delight to honor, reports the weekly tale of butchered Boers as "total bag," so many. It is anarchy and nothing but anarchy that England has introduced into South Africa, and no fine-spun theories of priests or statesmen can make it anything else. It is the triumph of the infernal machine.

But, it will be argued, there is a difference between the individual, sporadic acts of irresponsible people, and those of a whole nation taken solemnly and deliberately. Yes, there is a difference, but is it all in favor of the nations? Is there not something specially diabolical in the long preparation in time of peace for the undoing of our present friends, in the building in cold blood of stupendous battleships, in the spending on a single one of them of millions that might be devoted to teaching

\* What a lesson, incidentally, as to the deterrent effects of capital punishment the assassination of President McKinley was! He had recently visited many of our states, in several of which capital punishment has been abolished, and where the assassin could have reached him with equal ease, and yet he slew him in a state where the death penalty was a certainty. If capital punishment had any effect on the man, it was to precipitate the deed.

our children the arts of peace, in the crafty ingenuity of our inventors, worthy of the Borgias and Torquemadas at their worst, in the devotion of noble young men to long careers of destruction? And it may at least be said of common murderers that they pay their own expenses and buy their own weapons, but I, who abhor this whole bloody business, am forced to contribute to war after war, and my own money is applied to ends which I abominate and detest. No assassin has ever obliged me to supply funds for the furtherance of his designs, nor to affix hateful stamps adorned with pictures of his infernal engines to my bank cheques.

There is just one way to "stamp out" anarchy, and that is, to discourage violence in all its forms. I know perfectly well that this cannot be done speedily. We all have much of the savage in us, and it will be the task of generations to extricate ourselves completely. But the direction of our efforts should be clear. We must push in the direction of less violence. We must have smaller navies, fewer soldiers, more arbitration. We must rid ourselves of the superstition that we can, as individuals, throw the blame on the state for the evil which we do in its name. Lowell punctured this theory long ago.

"Ef you take a sword and dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you."

If, instead of seeking to put down in ourselves and in our nation the spirit of violence, we encourage it, and strive to increase it, we are bent towards anarchy, and our tears over the bier of the President are crocodile's tears. It is conceivable that many red-handed lynchers in the South were horrified at the assassination,—men who, when they could not find the "nigger" they wanted, burned "any old nigger" that came along. We may well question their right to take exception to any crime, however terrible. But are we, who make war one of the chief ends of the state, who set up a department of anarchy and are prouder of it than of any other of our industries,—are we in a much better plight? Let us be honest: we are not. If we intend to advance farther along the path of licensed dynamite, let us frankly admit that at heart we are anarchists, and let us call our next torpedo boat the "Czolgosz" and our next battleship the "Anarchy," and the next one thereafter the "Hell." There will be no doubt then about the anarchic character of our designs.

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

## The Attitude of Christians as to Peace and War.\*

BY DR. JESSE H. HOLMES.

Christianity met with a great disaster early in its career—a disaster largely made possible by its rapid spread—in that it came to be officially recognized as a state religion. In its inception Christianity was particularly marked by its strong appeal to the individual. We cannot in our day fully grasp the originality displayed by its founders in turning their backs

upon gods who dealt with mankind by the wholesale, as races or nations, and turning to God who speaks to the individual soul, and for whom not the nation, but the man, is the unit. Such conception is not, of course, a new one as presented by Jesus and his followers; it was present in the minds of many of the prophets, and was not unknown among ancient philosophies.

HOW THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM MADE ITS WAY.

But such idea of God was fundamental in Christianity. It was not to Jews, not to Gentiles, not to rich or poor, not to great or small, but to individual men that was preached the gospel of the kingdom within us. For three centuries it made its way amid persecution and against opposition, passing on from soul to soul, uplifting the slave and humbling the master, illuminating the wrecks of old philosophies, and bringing back to life a zest and interest which it had in large measure lost. In those three centuries it had honeycombed the Empire. Slave had whispered the gospel to his fellow-slave, or perhaps timidly to a kindly master. It circulated in the arteries of trade, it was talked in the streets, it grew even when hunted into the catacombs. In all this it was taught only as man to man. It was backed by no great official power, but represented in all that it accomplished its own native force and energy. Where it won its way it was by mastering the consciences of men. It had no prizes to offer by which to tempt the time-server. Only a fervent conviction of truth, only a deadly (or, rather, a truly living) earnestness could induce men to ally themselves with a proscribed sect. We may hardly doubt that the Christian Church of this time was made up of real Christians; they had stood the test of fire, and with only a natural human alloy of baser metal, they had been proved sterling metal.

It was under such circumstances that disaster fell upon it, in the form of an un hoped-for and dazzling success—the Empire became officially Christian. The old and well-worn temptation rejected by Jesus himself was now offered to his Church, and it fell. "All the kingdoms of the earth will I give thee" might have been the language of Constantine when he made the Roman empire Christian in name. And what great things might not the Church of the Christ do with all the kingdoms of the earth? The vision of a new heaven and a new earth so dazzled the bishops of the fourth century that they forgot to notice the small and apparently insignificant condition annexed, "If thou wilt fall down and worship me." Not for the first time was a distinctive price unnoticed in the glory of immediate possession. Christianity received the kingdoms of the earth, and fell down before Satan.

A NOMINAL, OFFICIAL CHRISTIANITY.

Thenceforth there were princes in the household of Him who was "meek and lowly"; thenceforth Christianity went forth, sword in hand, to conquer heathendom, not for the Christ-spirit, but for a nominal Christianity. The Church turned from men to man. It baptized nations, indeed, after it had conquered them,—baptizing with water, and, indeed, with fire also,—but neglecting the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Only incidentally, and in small measure, did it spread abroad the spirit of the Master.

\* This paper was read at the American Friends Peace Conference in Philadelphia, December 12.