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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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A WARRIOR AND REVOLUTIONIST.

Among the prominent volunteer chiefs and leaders who rendered themselves conspicuous at the battle of New Orleans, for their conduct and gallantry, was General Humbert, the victor of Castlebar, and leader of that desperate and chivalric expedition from France to Ireland in 1798. He was often detached by Gen. Jackson on scouting and reconnoitering service, and rendered himself highly useful in many of the more important arrangements that required a knowledge of military service and art. The following sketch of this eccentric gentleman is from Wallker's "Jackson and New Orleans:"

He was a stern soldier, familiar with the routine, as practised in the best disciplined armies, a firm believer in the potency of science, as applied to the conduct of war, an exacting martinet in all the rules and punctilios of the profession. He was a stout, squarely, and compactly built man, of the most rectangular uprightness of carriage and rigid exactitude of movement. His air was thoroughly military, and his dress neat and well-fitting. To the day of his last sickness, he never abandoned the old uniform of a general of the French republic. It is within the recollection of many, now in the bloom of life, what a great sensation the veteran general was wont to excite among the residents of the old square of New Orleans, as, every day at noon, clad in the same old, well-preserved military frock, with the chapeau of the French revolution on his head, and the sword of a general under his arm, he would march with all the port and precision of an officer on duty, to an ancient cafe kept by an old comrade in arms, on the levee, near the French market. On arriving at the cafe, he would salute his old comrade with a grand *air militaire*, and then, laying his sword on the table, would proceed leisurely to arrange the dominoes for a game at that very quiet favorite diversion of elderly Frenchmen, with any lounger who might happen to be present. A glass of cognac, frequently replenished by his faithful friend and host, would serve to give spirit to the game.

Thus would the veteran spend the greater part of the day, now and then relieving its tedium by vivacious conversation, and exciting reminiscences exchanged with his admiring comrade, until his prolonged potations, producing their usual effect, would arouse him to more active, but less dignified, demonstrations of his natural ardor and military enthusiasm. Then he would appear in the character which attracted the admiration and curiosity of the little Creole boys, who, fired with military pride and ambition, would regard with intense interest "le grand general de la Republique Francaise," as, flourishing his sword, he walked down the streets, shouting, at the top of a powerful voice, snatches of the Marseillaise and of the *Chant du Depart*, and other revolutionary airs.

Alas! the poor old Gaul had outlived his generation. He had descended from times of military emprise and ambition to an era of trade and money scrambling. Mammon had long since displaced Mars in the world around him. If, thus isolated from the bustling crowd, he was driven to the use of that oblivious antidote, by which the gloomy present could be momentarily banished, and the glorious past, with all its exciting scenes and noble associations, brought vividly to mind, due allowance must be made for the weakness which circumstances forced upon a gallant and sturdy old soldier, who, in his day, had played a conspicuous part in events of great moment. Yes, that old soldier, who died twenty years ago, in poverty and destitution, who was indebted to an old quadroon woman for his only attendance in sickness, and was buried at the public expense, had once been a proud general of the French republic in his palmy days. To him was intrusted the command of the expedition to emancipate Ireland from English rule, in 1798.

A more desperate enterprise was never conceived. Its character, events, and results have found a parallel in the expedition of Narcisco Lopez to Cuba, in 1851. For a long time, this design had occupied the most anxious deliberations of the French republic. The presence in Paris of several prominent Irish patriots served to keep alive this feeling, and encourage the plan of striking "*perfide Albion*" in this her weakest point. The French never doubted the assurance that the Irish were united and harmonious in their devotion to republican liberty; that they were as hostile to the British dynasty as the French were to the Bourbon rule. Various plans of operation were proposed, and great preparations were made to carry them out. Failure upon failure, disaster after disaster followed, and frustrated all the efforts of the Irish patriots to organize an efficient expedition to proceed from France. One great difficulty was to obtain a leader in the French army of sufficient experience and prestige to take charge of such an expedition, and to supply the place of sending a large army, but none would venture with a mere experimental force. It was in vain the Irish patriots, Tone and Sullivan, represented that the Irish people were united in the cause; that they only needed a small disciplined force and arms to give direction to their unconquerable ardor; that a large army might either create that jealousy which all people are prone to feel towards foreigners, even when acting as allies, or might induce an entire dependence upon a force which they regarded as sufficient to accomplish the object without their aid; that a people, to appreciate their independence, must achieve it themselves. These are precisely the arguments which encouraged and emboldened the companions of Narcisco Lopez in his expedition to Cuba, in 1851.

France was then (in 1798) crippled in power and means, with the old world arrayed in arms against her, and constantly threatened with internal revolution, changes, and discord. About this time, too, the Directory, composed, as it then was of a more philosophic and conservative class of republicans than had wielded the destinies of the nation for some years before, began to adopt a more pacific and prudent policy. Still, it could not hazard its popularity by discouraging, even if it did not afford material aid, to the enterprise of liberating "oppressed Ireland." Officers and soldiers of the army were, therefore, allowed to volunteer for the expedition, and arms and munitions were furnished to them. At this moment, Humbert stepped forward to volunteer to lead this forlorn hope. He had served with distinction on the Rhine, under Pichegru, Moreau, and Dumourier, and was an officer of acknowledged courage and energy. Repairing to Rochelle, he immediately set to work, in conjunction with the Irish patriots, Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan, to organize an army out of a heterogeneous mass of adventurers, who had assembled there, composed of straggling French soldiers, Irish volunteers, British deserters, and a few earnest enthusiasts in the cause of universal freedom and republicanism. To obtain money and supplies for the expedition, Humbert was driven to the expedient of a military requisition on the merchants of Rochelle, who were glad enough to pay an illegal tax to be rid of so discordant and adventurous a force. After a thousand annoyances, difficulties, and troubles, being compelled to shoot several of his men to enforce discipline, Humbert succeeded in sailing out of the port of Rochelle with his motley band of liberators. The Irish triumvirate, as they were called—Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan—accompanied him. They were in the highest spirits, and almost certain of victory and success. They were assured that the people of Ireland were ripe for a revolution, which was to rid the green isle of the Saxon. So confident were they of this result, that the future government of the island, the whole organization of its civil administration, had been discussed and carefully digested and prepared. They looked even beyond this. When they had gained their independence, and extorted security for the future, they would next demand indemnity for the past. They would require the West India islands as compensation for the woe and poverty which English misrule had brought on the island. Humbert was impulsive, enthusiastic, and credulous. He could not doubt such earnest assurance of his Irish confederates. He hated England with intense earnestness. Treachery, falsehood, pride, avarice, grasping covetousness, and reckless brutality, were the characteristics he assigned to the English. Despite these feelings, however, doubt would frequently cloud the bright prospects of the expedition, so glowingly painted by the voluble an enthusiastic Irish. His impressions of the character of his allies were not elevated by an observation of the conduct of those engaged in the expedition. Still, he was embarked in the enterprise, and determined to prosecute it with courage and energy.

Humbert effected a landing at Killala, on the southern coast of Ireland, in August, 1798. His force consisted of less than a thousand men, including a battalion of good French soldiers well officered. At Killala, he arrested the Protestant bishop, and detained him as a prisoner, treating him with a respect and courtesy which did not please the excited and wild mob of peasants that soon began to pour into the town, greatly perplexing and embarrassing his arrangements, rather than adding to his strength and resources. Ignorant of their language, their peculiarities and customs, Humbert was almost driven mad by the turbulent and unruly character of his confederates—the oppressed race which he had come to liberate. They set at defiance all military subordination and discipline, and even ridiculed the stiff carriage and neat appearance of the French regulars. When the officers assumed any control over them, they rolled their eyes, pouted their lips, and cracked many a joke at the impudence of the "interloping foreigners."

At last, however, by dint of superhuman efforts reduced his command to something like order, Humbert commenced his march into the country. His battalion of regulars advanced in military order, but it was flanked, and followed, and surrounded by the disorderly host of wild-looking, ragged peasants, with their long uncombed hair hanging down their necks and shoulders, barefooted, with signs of starvation, of poverty, misery, and oppression in their countenance, carriage, and habiliments. And yet, they were full of enthusiasm and patriotism, and marched gayly along, swearing, hurraing, singing in the exuberance of their joy and hope of the rescue of "sweet Ireland" from the vile Saxon. Nor was patriotism their only inspiration on this occasion. Whiskey, the inseparable concomitant of all such enterprises, was an important element and agent of the revolution. Its importance in this respect is appreciated even in this enlightened age. The patriots of Killala celebrated their imaginary independence, as too many Americans do that real independence which was declared on the 4th July, 1776, by getting drunk and falling by the road-side, so that Humbert's advance was marked by the bodies of the victims of alcohol, rather than by those of the perfidious Saxons whom he had come to annihilate. Ammunition carts were loaded with whiskey barrels, and at every halt there was a general bibation. Mingled with the men, who thus encumbered Humbert's march, were many women and children. The small, regular, compact body of disciplined soldiers, looked even smaller from being enveloped by such a rabble. They were perplexed and astounded at the conduct of their allies—of patriots, who would bear no restraint, submit to no discipline, who all wanted to be officers, chiefs, and leaders, who sneered at the generous devotion of their allies, and frowned on any assumption of authority by them. Humbert saw at a glance the folly and hopelessness of the enterprise.

"We shall all be taken, and probably shot," he remarked to his aid; "but then France will be committed to the enterprise, and will be bound to avenge us. So *Vive la Republique! Vive la Republique! En evant! En evant!*"

And thus the enthusiastic and heroic Frenchman advanced rapidly towards Castlebar. Here he encountered a considerable force of royalists, strongly posted with artillery. The French battalion steadily advanced on the royalists, but a few discharges of the English guns scattered in every direction Humbert's auxiliaries. Charging gallantly with his Frenchmen, Humbert succeeded in putting the royalists to flight with considerable loss, and achieved a brilliant and decided victory. He then made a triumphal entry into the town of Castlebar. Here he was joined in greatly augmented numbers by the peasantry of the country, who with scythes, pikes, and every rude weapon imaginable, crowded into the town and made it hideous with their wild revelry. They imagined that the last blow had been struck, and that Ireland was now free. Humbert was compelled to tarry here for the reinforcements daily and hourly expected from France. These reinforcements were rapidly proceeding to Killala, but unfortunately the fleet under Bompard, which was conveying them, was attacked in the bay of Killala by the squadron of Sir John Warren, and entirely destroyed. Thus was Humbert's last hope annihilated.

Meantime Lord Cornwallis, with a powerful army, was gradually surrounding Humbert, as he himself had been surrounded by the French and Americans at Yorktown, Virginia, some fifteen years before. As the rumors of the approach of the British began to thicken upon him, Humbert observed his allies rapidly falling off, and slinking out of the town, until at last he was left in the village of Boyle with his French veterans, and a few of the Irish leaders who were too far committed to retreat. Humbert called a council of his officers, and proposed to fight it out, offering themselves a sacrifice on the altar of Irish independence. His officers, who had been disgusted with the enterprise from their landing and first acquaintance with their allies, were not so enthusiastic and devoted. Under their advice he determined to surrender. Accordingly, Lord Cornwallis had the satisfaction of receiving the sword of the French general, an event well calculated to remind that distinguished Briton of a memorable scene in his own military history. Humbert was released on parole, and finding no prospect for promotion in France, came with many other soldiers of the old French republican school, whose republicanism was of too earnest and uncompromising a character for Napoleon's views, to New Orleans.

When Jackson arrived, in 1814, to assume the defence of the city, Humbert was one of the first to tender his services as a volunteer. He proved eminently serviceable during the campaign. Having no regular command, he was always ready for any detached service, how perilous and difficult soever it might be. Mounted on a large black charger, it was his custom every day to emerge from the American lines, and trotting down the road to a point within musket shot of the British outposts, to take a deliberate observation of their camp through a field glass; after completing which, he would wheel his horse and leisurely return to the American encampment, disregarding the balls which frequently rained around him from the British batteries, and report to Jackson the exact condition of the enemy's camp. For these and other services Humbert was highly complimented in Jackson's despatches. The old Frenchman, in return, declared that Jackson was worthy to have commanded the army of the Rhine—which distinction was alone necessary to complete his military greatness and renown. But though thus eulogistic of Jackson, the veteran did not include in his good opinion the mass of the soldiers whom Jackson had the "misfortune to command." He could never be persuaded that the rude, dusky, awkward, slouching bush fighters from Tennessee, with their careless, unmilitary carriage, their reckless, undisciplined, barbarian style of fighting, could be converted into soldiers. What particularly annoyed him, was the habit these "*sauvages*" had of thinking for themselves—discussing the merits of their officers and the expediency of orders from their commanders, and assuming to reason and judge, when their only duty was to act and obey. A disagreeable illustration of this habit was brought home to the general on a certain occasion, when, being ordered out for a reconnoissance with a detachment of Coffee's men, he brought them under the severe fire of a British redoubt—whereupon these independent, self-thinking soldiers, not relishing or appreciating the necessity of losing their lives in so unprofitable an undertaking, quietly wheeled their horses and returned to the lines, leaving the veteran cursing and swearing in the field amid the shot. When Humbert reported this "infamous conduct" to General Jackson, the General could not refrain from a smile—but seeing one of the men of the detachment near his quarters, he called him, and frowningly asked, "Why did you run away?" "Wall, General," replied the bush-fighter, "not understanding French, and believing our commander was a man of sense, we construed his orders to retire out of reach of the cannon balls, and so we just kinder countermarched. The General had some difficulty in interpreting this excuse to Humbert, who shook his head, and continued to the day of his death profoundly skeptical of the soldierly qualities of the Tennesseeans.

The Use of Torture in India.

In the Edinburgh Review for January, (just published by L. Scott & Co.) is a remarkable article on the use of torture in that part of British India known as the Madras Presidency. The facts are made known through the official report of commissioners appointed to make investigation into alleged cases of torture, "submitted to the Governor in Council of Fort St. George, on the 16th of April, 1855, and presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty." This report forms the basis of the article in the Edinburgh Quarterly. The reviewer says that the Indian Government is chargeable with something more than passive acquiescence in the torture system which formerly prevailed under the native governments; that in British India the horrors which formerly prevailed in Oude have been perpetrated; and that the British administration of the land system, "although far more merciful than that of the native governments, has not been such as to put an end to the traditionary evils which have attended the collection of the land revenue in every part of India." And this position the reviewer proceeds to establish by the facts narrated in the report of the commissioners above referred to.

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons, on the 11th of June, 1854, for the creation of this commission, it was formally alleged that in the collection of the land revenue in the Presidency of Madras, the Government officials were in the habit of employing torture. The allegation was denied and even ridiculed by the Board of East India Directors, by many members of the House of Commons who had resided in India, and were supposed to be familiar with the administration of the Government there, and was disbelieved by a majority of the House. The statement, however, was solemnly and earnestly repeated and persisted in, and in the end the President of the Board of Control was compelled to give his assent to the investigation, though still declaring his own disbelief of the allegation; and the commission was appointed. The Government of Madras is represented to have cordially co operated with the commission. Everything was done that could be done to secure a full investigation. Lord Harris, the Governor, who also disbelieved the statement, issued orders to all subordinates to give every assistance in their power, and the amplest provision was made for the expenses of the inquiry.

The land tenure which prevails in Madras is peculiar. It is known as the "ryot werry system." The ryot, or cultivator, holds directly under the Government. The collection of rent, tax, or assessment, is in the hands of Government officers. The Government, in fact, is the landlord. The system is similar in the Bombay Presidency; but there the tax or rent is fixed by a permanent assessment. In Madras it is otherwise. There is no fixed assessment, and "the ryot is at the mercy of the collector as to the amount of his land tax, as to the cultivation of his land, and as to the permanence of his tenure." He is a tenant-at-will in the most dependent sense of the term. In the arrangement of all details, the Government, through its own officials, is the direct and immediate actor. "For every increased valuation, for every interference with the liberty or the mode of cultivation, for every disturbance or change of tenancy, the Government is directly and immediately responsible." Therefore, says the reviewer, "the startling question which the Madras Commissioners had to try was, not whether instances of landlord oppression, even in the revolting form of torture, had occurred in the Madras Presidency, but whether Government itself, in its capacity of universal landlord, was not, through its own native officials, chargeable with these atrocities." And the inquiry was limited to the last seven years, so that, says the reviewer, "our wounded pride has not even the palliative that these enormities were perpetrated at a remote period."

The inquiry was originally designed to be confined to the use of torture for the collection of revenue, but was subsequently extended to a resort to the same cruelty for police purposes; and upon both counts of the indictment against the Government, it is painful to be obliged to record that a verdict of guilty has been returned. The Commissioners declare, as "the only conclusion at which any impartial minds could arrive," that "personal violence, practised by the native revenue and police officials, generally prevails throughout the Presidency," and that this "personal violence" is, to all intents and purposes, torture. They add, indeed, that it is beyond all dispute that "many of the practices which undoubtedly exist must cause acute, if temporary or even momentary, agony; and that in no few recorded instances, (as appears by the calendars,) even death has followed upon their infliction."

The evidence in the case is overwhelming. Of persons actually put to torture by the police, 27 complained in person before the commissioners, and 146 by letter; in revenue cases, 209 complained personally, and 279 by letter. In reference to the practice of torture in the former service, out of 109 answers returned from the various stations in the Madras Presidency, 30 were neutral, not a single one was negative, while no less than 79 were unhesitatingly in the affirmative; and out of the 121 answers returned to the queries sent out regarding the use of torture in the collection of revenue, while 17 officials expressed their disbelief of the use of torture for such a purpose, and 7 professed to have no knowledge on the subject, no fewer than 98 returned an unequivocal affirmative.

The kinds of torture employed are thus described:

The two most common forms of torture appear to be the *Kitte* (in Teloogoo called *Cheerata*,) and the *Anundal*, which in the same language is called *Gingeri*.

The *kitte* corresponds with the thumbscrew of the European torture. It is a wooden instrument somewhat like a lemon-squeezer, between the plates of which the hands, the thighs, (in women also the breasts,) the ears, and other more sensitive parts of the body are squeezed to the last point of endurance, often to fainting, and even to permanent disablement. In many places the *kitte* has been superseded by the more simple plan of violently compressing the hands under a flat board, on which a heavy pressure is laid, sometimes even by the peons standing upon it; or of compelling the sufferer to interlace his fingers, and delivering him over to the iron gripe of the peons, (or policemen,) who sometimes rub their hands with sand, in order to give them a firmer gripe. In other cases the fingers are bent back until the pain becomes unendurable.

The *anundal* is a more purely Eastern torture. It consists in tying the victim in a stooping or otherwise painful and unnatural position, generally with the head forcibly bent down to the feet, by a rope or cloth passed round the neck and under the toes. The posture, however, is varied at the caprice of the executioner. Sometimes the poor wretch is made to stand on one leg, the other being forcibly tied up to his neck. Sometimes the arms and legs are curiously interlaced, and the frame, thus violently distorted, is kept bound up for hours in a condition little short of dislocation. Sometimes a heavy stone is laid upon the back while thus bent; and it often happens that the peons amuse themselves by sitting astride upon the unhappy sufferer who is undergoing annundal. More than one of the witnesses depose to the infliction of this torture under the fierce Indian sun, upon a number of defaulters placed together in rows, for two, three, four, and even six hours; and this in the immediate vicinity of the cutcherry, or revenue officer, and in presence of the tahsildar, or native collector, and of the assembled villagers.

These tortures are often used simultaneously; the kittee being applied to a man's hands, ears, or thighs, while he is actually undergoing anundal.

Flogging in various forms is also one of the ordinary instruments for the collection of revenues. In most cases the defaulter is hung up by the arms to a tree, or to the roof beam of a house, as preparation for the lash, which consists either of a scourge of leather thongs (called *cornechwar*, and sometimes *jerbund*.) or of the tough fibres of the tamarind tree, or of the coir rope. Many witnesses complain of having been flogged to laceration.

Various other minor, but yet most degrading and painful, species of violence, are detailed. One of them, *thoodasavary*, consists in pulling the person about violently by pinching the thighs, whether with the kittee or by the hand gripe. Another, *kalhoosavary*, is pulling a man about by the ears. Occasionally a man is held aloft from the ground by the ears, by the hair, and even by the mustachio; and the latter torture, in some instances, is applied so savagely as to tear away the mustachio by the roots. Sometimes a sort of bastinado is inflicted, sometimes violent blows on the shins, the ankles, the elbows, or other highly sensitive points. Prolonged immersion in the water tanks or the river; forcible compression of the arms, the thighs, and even the body, by tying a coil of rope round them, and then applying cold water so as to cause it to contract and sink into the flesh; burning with hot iron; hanging heavy stones round the neck; the stocks; tying two or more individuals together by the hair, so that every movement is attended with pain; placing a necklace of bones or other disgusting or degrading materials round the neck; these are a few of the minor inflictions devised by these masters of the oriental schools of torture. If we add to these a few practices like those used at home by amateurs of the turf or the ring, for the purpose of "reducing flesh;" such as starvation, prolonged deprivation of sleep, compulsory driving up and down under a broiling sun, forcing the unhappy wretches to run long distances, their hands being tied to the axle of a bandy or country carriage, we think the catalogue of torture will be admitted to be tolerably complete.

And yet there are other devices, that evince in their very conception an amount of hateful ingenuity which, however possible in an individual, it would be difficult to understand as forming part of a system, were they not seriously detailed by the witnesses examined before the commission. Will it be credited, for example, that it is not uncommon to apply to the most sensitive parts of the body, (enclosed in a cloth, or a cocoanut shell, or other similar receptacle,) a biting insect or reptile, such as the poollah, or carpenter-beetle, and to leave it to gnaw the flesh of the miserable sufferer? That by a further refinement of cruelty, meant to combine both pain and humiliation, the defaulters are sometimes tied by the hair to the tail of a donkey or a buffalo? That they are occasionally hung up with the head downward? And that it is an ordinary practice to put pepper or powdered chillies into the eyes or the nostrils, and to apply these and similar irritating drugs in other ways too revolting to be even hinted at!

After this description of the various modes of torture, follow numerous instances of their application. These our limits forbid us to copy. We must refer the reader to the Edinburgh Review. The reviewer alludes to the well known fact that native testimony in India is not generally reliable, especially in matters of personal suffering. And this, in forming a judgment upon these horrible atrocities, committed under the shadow of the British Government by its own officials, should be borne in mind. Every Christian man must wish indeed that the whole evidence could be proved untrustworthy and false. But this we regret cannot be. There are the instruments of torture. As we have seen above, the majority of the officials admit that they use them, and scarcely any deny their being resorted to. All the testimony has undergone the scrutiny of the commissioners. Some of it was derived from the Courts themselves. Some was "drawn from the official returns of a class of European witnesses who would be deeply interested in concealing the facts if it had been possible to do so—the collectors, sub-collectors, judges, magistrates, surgeons, and other civil servants of the Government; part from the testimony of merchants, clergymen, and others unconnected with the administration; but by far the most curious and interesting portion consists of the written or oral statements of the aggrieved parties themselves. Native testimony in India is proverbially deceitful, and there is no proposition which may not be established in an Indian Court of Justice by prepared witnesses; but in this case, the Commissioners themselves declare that the variety and extent of the evidence precludes the possibility of fraud." They say:

"In consequence of a certain notification disseminated almost simultaneous over the whole Presidency, without any previous warning or notice, 1959 complaints were preferred within the space of three months, by parties, the great majority of whom could have had no means of acting in concert, poor, ignorant, and penniless, dwelling at great distances from, and totally unknown to each other, and using even various languages; yet these complaints, one and all, speak to similar facts, detail similar practices, ascribe similar causes for their treatment. If this be a concocted plan, it is the most singular conspiracy in the world's history; but indeed the above conditions preclude the possibility of any other conclusion than that the acts of violence complained of are commonly practised."

All this—and the half of the horrors have not been told in this article—within seven years, transpiring probably only a few months ago, under the rule of a Christian Government! It is appalling, and would have been incredible had the facts been derived from any other source than a commission appointed by that Government. All comment would be tame after such revelations.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The War Question.

We are quite certain that we need offer our readers no apology for transferring to our columns the following able and sensible article, from the London *Athenæum*—an English Literary Journal of unquestioned influence and respectability. It is satisfactory, especially at this time, when other leading English newspapers are indulging in extravagant flights of Bobadilism, to find such rational views of our international relations, entertained by our cotemporary. They will meet with the approbation of every American citizen. And it would only excite the laughter of our readers, on this side of the Atlantic, were we to assure them, that there is no danger of a war between England and the United States. The belligerent bluster of a portion of the British press excites but ridicule in this country. But such remarks as the following will meet with general sympathy; and may fairly be regarded as an illustration of American, as well as English sentiments:

"Common politics lie beyond our province. We gladly leave to our powerful and sagacious cotemporaries the duty of vindicating our rank in the scale of nations. We concern ourselves slightly with the rights of men and the wrongs of women. Even the Russian War has had for us only a secondary interest. Our labors fall, very happily for ourselves and for our readers, in the calmer regions of intelligence—regions rarely disturbed by intrusion of the fiercer passions, and across which the flash of battle passes as a softened light, and the roar of bombardment is only heard in a sad and mournful monotone. Before we can deal with politics, they must generally have passed into history. But there are exceptions to our rule; and the question of a possible rupture with America is certainly one of these exceptions. Surely such a rupture is unlikely! Yet the air grows heavier day by day. The idea is becoming familiar to many minds. Passions are rising. Every mail appears to bring us nearer to the cataract; and unless the good and moderate men of both hemispheres come to the rescue of their governments, a collision may take place. Under such an aspect of events, every voice to which the public will listen should be raised. The more cautiously we ourselves abstain in ordinary times from pronouncing on the course of our national policy, the more we feel bound in this solemn moment to appeal to the true feeling and sedate understanding of our readers on both sides of the Atlantic against the levity, the pride, or the incapacity which would urge the two nations into war.

"War with the United States! The idea of such a war is incredible. If there be in the catalogue of mortal calamities a 'worse than Civil War,' it is such a conflict as might arise between America and England. A civil war has generally some basis in reason. Some grand principle is at stake. The sword is drawn in defence of freedom—in defence of property—in defence of religion. As in our own civil war, a certain degree of romance, of chivalry, and of intellectual activity, often springs from the conflict and flourishes after its close—the blossom and the fruit of a splendid and deadly contest. But a war against America would have no single redeeming point. There is not—and there never ought to be—any real ground of quarrel with the United States. The interests of the two countries are identical. Their moral principles are the same. They have neither a language to separate nor a religion to estrange them. The same blood flows in the veins of their people. They have a common history—a common literature—a common tradition. They possess the same Bible. They read the same Shakspeare and the same Milton. Blake conquered and Cromwell ruled for both. They have an equal interest in Raleigh, in Vane, and in Penn. Nay, their present state is as inseparable as their past. They still live by the light of the same old Saxon laws. They still drink at the same intellectual fountains, regardless whether the springs lie on the eastern or the western shores of the Atlantic. Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Longfellow are admired with as warm an affection in England as are Thackeray, Tennyson, Dickens, Jerrold, and Macaulay in America. A war between England and America would be a war of brothers—a war of friend against friend. It would be a war against the affinities of race, against the unity of religion, against the interchanges of trade. It would be a war in favor of barbarism, piracy, restriction—a war against the bounties of nature, the enterprises of genius, the advances of civilization. Such a war would bring sorrow into every Anglo-Saxon home in Europe and America, and a feeling of shame and humiliation into every Anglo Saxon heart, in whatever quarter of the globe it beats. Such a war would close the Gospel for nearly half the Christian world!

"We say nothing about material interests. They go for much; but the moral interests far outweigh them. The interchange of thought is more important than the interchange of cotton. And for what are we threatened with an interruption of our friendly relations with our American kindred? Is any principle at issue? Are our liberties threatened—is our property unsafe? Not in the least degree. Only three slight and miserable causes for quarrel appear—a dispute about the construction of a treaty regarding that interesting savage, the King of Mosquito, a dispute about some wretched sandbanks lying off Belize—and a dispute about the attempt to enlist troops for the Crimea. The first two are quite insignificant. We might as well go to war about the sovereignty of Eel Pie Island. We may be right or we may be wrong in our interpretation: the Americans think we are wrong. There is much to be said on both sides; and we all know that when private persons disagree about trifles, a courteous and conciliatory tone soon removes the cause of quarrel. About the third point—the attempt to enlist in the Republican territory—we are unquestionably in the wrong. In neither case is our honor engaged; in neither case does any principle which ought to be maintained stand behind the formal terms of the disagreement—thus presenting a true ground of quarrel, as in the Russian War, which the genius of the nation can seize and accept. Our statesmen might—and must—find in the resources of diplomacy a means of satisfying all interests without an insane appeal to the sword. Where we are clearly wrong, we should at once and fully admit our error, making whatever reparation is fairly due. It is said the Washington Cabinet requires the withdrawal of Mr. Crampton. Surely this is no extreme or revolutionary request. Personal unpopularity has always been considered a sufficient reason for requiring the withdrawal of an ambassador. We could give a hundred instances in which sovereign powers have exercised this right. Under such circumstances withdrawal does not imply censure. It merely implies that the personal relations of the ruler and the minister have become such as to impede the transaction of public business. We were wrong in attempting to recruit within the Union. Mr. Crampton was the instrument of the wrong. He has thereby rendered himself an object of suspicion at Washington. His withdrawal, therefore, at the request of the American Cabinet, would be in accordance with usage, and would be a sure pledge of the sincerity of our acknowledgment of the original error. Strong nations can afford to be graceful in their concessions.

"The other points are less clear. Yet, if a proper spirit of conciliation presides at the discussion, we have no reason to fear a permanent disagreement. We have a right to expect that our diplomatists and public writers will approach the discussion in a pacific mood. Above all things, we deprecate a menacing tone. We cannot read without indignation the elaborate display of our naval and military powers which some of our journals have thought proper to make. Every Englishman feels that he would not be put down by such a parade; and we must not forget that our descendants in America are just as haughty as ourselves. They have our blood, our passions, our acute sense of personal honor. Against ourselves the threat of force is the one argument that is sure, under all circumstances, to fail. Nor will the Americans be cowed by a menace of the Baltic fleet. We must argue our point as if no fleets were in existence, and take our stand on the ground of history and reason."

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Louis Kossuth thus illustrates the controversy in regard to the Central-American question:

"Two travellers had but one horse; one of them proposed an agreement on these terms: the first half hour you shall walk and I will ride; the second half hour I will ride and you shall walk. Just such would be the Central-American treaty, according to the English interpretation."

A New York Assemblyman has introduced a bill into the Legislature prohibiting the publication of anonymous letters in newspapers; and another Solon has brought forward a bill to exempt clergymen of paying toll on plank roads, bridges, turnpikes, &c.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A very ugly man, who was a great horticulturist, being found by a visitor perched up in cherry tree, his friend exclaimed: "No wonder, Philip, that you have the finest fruit in the country, for you are not only your own gardener, but, egad, your own scarecrow, too."