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THE DAILY BEE

TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1856.

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THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.—The news by the Northern mail came through yesterday. The new papers follow beyond Baltimore.

A DISTURBANCE IN THE CONGREGATION.

The contrast between a thoroughbred political sermon, and the magnificent or appalling independent shout, on those words of Scripture, which are the same in substance, the same question, is sometimes absolutely startling. Clergymen, be sure of but simply, make to every politician, and listen long to a hearty more than a piece of perfect humanity, a sort of living contradiction. Dispute the functions of animal and simply existence, but wholly deserve of the virtues and affections with which other parts are endowed.—Without making any comparison, we may say, that the sermon which had lain in politics alone, is a one-sided spectacle of the gaping, looks at every object from a single point, and extremely gathered to pertain any consideration of a kindness, sympathy, and nobility of feeling to defilement the measured and limited utterance of the vicious to forms his heart.

We might generalize upon this theme, for it is a tempting one, but a short pithy article is most respectably the proper medium of a moral essay. The reflection just uttered was, however, the naturally created by perusing articles in the London Spectator upon the quotations of some features of the United States and Great Britain. One is from the Morning Post; the other from the Athenæum. The Morning Post is a violent partisan paper, and advocate for the high place of Lord Palmerston; the latter is a literary and critical paper edited with considerable ability and taste. The article in the Morning Post is as abusive and denunciatory upon the United States as ever Thers was in the period of its bitterness and most malignant Torvism. It begins by stating our government to be a tyranny of the age, and then declares that we have ad hominem for treason, that we cannot permit our possible rivals. Then the lady has recognized in that of Judge Lynch; that we stack all engagements, and jeopardy valuable our political rights; that the mob is the ruling power in the State; that our manufacture of public opinion is effecting our defeating, and so on through a creative volume of blackguardism and backbiting terminating the an appeal to Prussia to unite with Austria against Russia, and support the United States to cease disbandoning, and generally with the Russians. Because does truth. Such an article is of course in the silent tone the temper. It lacks the forms of decency, is marked by bitter acrimony of spirit, and is undoubtedly only to provoke recrimination and reclamation. It is just what might have been expected from an ignorant and raised party hack.

Now for a refreshing contrast! Take the annexed eloquent passages of the Athenæum, in reference to the same subject, and mark the difference between the language of an educated gentleman, who sense long and see the social matters of political consciousness, and the rabid declamation of a political plunderer! We give the article without a word of comment, but it needs none:

War with the United States! The idea of such a war is incredible. If there be in the dialogues of martial exhortation, "Let there be War," it is such a conflict as might arise between America and England. A civil war, has generally proved to be the bitterness of parties, and the most fatal of all wars. The crowd is drawn in defence of freedom—in defence of property—in defence of religion. In the war civil strife, the sacred ties of nature, of chivalry and intellectual activity, often sever from thousands, and hundreds after is crushed the hopes and the fruit of a splendid and orderly course.

But a war against America would have no such redeeming point. It would be a war of pure aggression, and be—any real ground of quarrel with the United States. The interests of the two countries are identical. The moral principles are identical. They have neither a religion to separate nor a religion to arrange them. The same blood flows in the veins of their people. Even a cursory glance at history, common literature, a common tradition. They possess the same Bible. They read the same Shakspeare and the same Milton. Bacon, Locke, Newton and Cromwell rule for both. They have an equal interest in Kossuth in Vienna and in Paris. Nay, their interests are so identical, that the Russians they will the by the fate of the same old Napoleon. They will drink at the same table—they will fraternize, and together the Russian and the English in the Eastern or Western shores of the Atlantic. Hence, Byron, Bulwer, Hunt, Gray, Longfellow, Irving, Prescott, Emerson, Bancroft, Dickens, Jerrold, and Macaulay to Addison. A war between England and America would be a war of fratricide—a war of blood against blood, it would be a war against the affection of race, against the ties of language, against the ties of literature, against the ties of the world, a war against the interests of Nature, the enterprises of greater in advance of civilization. Such a war would bring dismay 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 cheer the sapped tyrannies and the friends of despotism. We say advisedly and without rhetorical exaggeration. There are far more than commercial interests involved in the question. Our commerce with Russia is not so great as to be a matter of great importance. Our intercourse with Russia is not so great as to be a matter of great importance. Our intercourse with Russia is not so great as to be a matter of great importance. Our intercourse