ASIATIC TURKEY.

Private Correspondence communicated for The Tribune.

MOSUL, Monday, Jan. 2, 1854

Much has been said of the remarkable quiet now reigning through the Sultan's interior provinces, and much also of the disturbed state of the country. You ought to be in possession of the *truth*.

Moslem fanaticism is greatly excited, but the orders sent from the Porte to the different Pashalics enjoining respect for foreigners and kind treatment for the native Christians have led the fanatics to be careful how they act, though it is true that many instances have occurred to prove that Mohammedanism is now precisely what it was in the days of Mahomet, just as the Papacy is now what it was in the days of St. Bartholomew. Fanaticism is repressed from the fear of exciting the opposition of France and England, and few Moslems are bold enough to believe that the Sultan can cope with the Czar alone.

No insurrections of consequence have broken out, except at Jezirah on the Tigris, a short distance north of Mosul. Fear of consequences and the expectation that the Russians will soon be driven back to Moscow, have kept the people quiet, though the Moslems generally would like the chance to vent their spite against Christians whose condition has greatly improved throughout the empire since the *tanzimat*, or *magna charta* obtained for the *rayahs* of the Porte chiefly through the energy of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

A few weeks since, about 10,000 Kurds and Jacobites from Jebel Tour, attacked Jezirah, and 270 were killed, 250 were taken prisoners, and about 1,000 were wounded. Many were drowned in the Tigris in escaping. A second attack was made last week, which was also repulsed. A raft has just brought ten Kurds and three Jacobites in chains to Mosul. The object of these assailants was plunder and revenge upon their Turkish oppressors of that city.

A Rabbi lies now in prison at Mosul, charged with having *four years ago* insulted the name of the Prophet Mahomet. The Cadi refused at first to sign an order for his death, but the Ulema seized hold of the Cadi and would have killed *him* had he not then like Christ's judge given his assent to the death of the Jew. Just as the Ulemas rule at Stambul, so they rule here. The Pasha has not power to enforce order; and yet order is in a measure preserved.

The wildest imaginable reports are circulated and it is only because the Moslems are so confident of victory that the country is not in a great uproar. The Kurds are plundering at will in many places, and they yield but a nominal obedience to the Turkish authorities. When the Pasha of *Bash Kollah* was asked by the American missionaries in Gawar if he could protect them there; he replied, "I can to-day, but what may be to morrow, God knows."

Mr. Schneider, and some missionary ladies of Aintab, were lately beaten and robbed a few miles from that city, and the mails are obliged to have strong guards.

Bagdad was lately thrown into a state of great excitement by the report that 40,000 Persians were marching to attack that city. The Arabs were called in from the desert; troops were sent to Sulemaniyeh, on the Median frontier, from Mosul—all was commotion. Just as they were about to strike, the Shah signified pacific intentions to the Turkish Embassador, with whom, as well as the English, diplomatic relations had been broken off; the Persian troops sent toward Bagdad, Burrah and Erivan, were recalled, and some Russian officers who had come to Tabreez to take command of the detachment fitted out by a gift of 20,000 Russian Imperials, retired to Tiflis in disgust. The Russian Embassador threatens to leave Teheran, and the English are again on good terms with the Shah. Doubtless this movement of the Persian King grew out of the late success of the Turks, and a few Russian victories would lead him again to put his shoulder to that of the Czar. The Persians are not to be trusted. It is reported that 1,000 Russians were lately killed near Erzerûm, and 2,000 wounded. Report also says that 8,000 Turks were led into an ambuscade, and only four men escaped to report the horrid execution of the Russian batteries. There is to be hard fighting in those parts yet, as well as along the Danube.

A Moslem has lately lost his head, *by order of the Sultan*, at Adrianople, for turning Christian. As I said before, Mohammedanism only wants power to bathe its sword in all Christian, Jewish and Pagan bosoms. Turkey cannot be regenerated under Moslem rule, and it is my prayer that the Crescent may never increase, though the Turk is as good as the Russian.

Yours truly, H. L.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LETTERS.

CALCUTTA—THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CALCUTTA, India, Feb. 26, 1853.

My stay in Calcutta is necessarily so short that I shall not attempt more than a general description of the city, and the impression which it has made upon me. After the glowing accounts I had heard in the Provinces, of its opulent social life and architectural magnificence, I confess to a feeling of disappointment. It is the London, or rather the Paris, of India, and the country magistrate, after years of lonely life in the jungles, or in some remote cantonment, looks forward to a taste of its unaccustomed gayeties, as one of the bright spots of his life of exile. But it by no means deserves to arrogate to itself the title of the "City of Palaces," as long as Venice and Florence, or even Cadiz and La Valletta, remain in existence. It is not a city of palaces, but—the European portion at least—a city of large houses; and the view of the long line of mansions on the Chowringhee Road, extending northward to the Government Palace and the City Hall, as seen from the banks of the Hoogly, is certainly an architectural diorama which would not disgrace any capital in Europe. Beyond this view, which, as it is the first that strikes the eye of a stranger arriving by sea, explains the unbounded admiration of many travelers, there is little to satisfy one's expectations. It is a fair outside, a frontispiece of wealth and parade, concealing the insignificance and poverty of the interior. Penetrate the thin crust, which hints of greater splendors behind it, and you are soon lost in winding, dusty avenues, lined with the mean and narrow dwellings of the lower classes of the native population.

The houses of the European residents, and of the wealthy native Baboos, are all built on the most spacious plan. The chambers are very large and lofty, for the purpose of coolness, and the open, arched verandas of the exterior throw a little grace around the large, blank masses of building. The material employed is brick and mortar only, which is plastered and painted white or cream-colored. On account of the damp, hot atmosphere of Bengal, the painting must be renewed every year, otherwise it becomes mildewed. The upper stories display a great quantity of windows, with green jalousies before them. These mansions are mostly furnished in a rich and elegant style, though straw matting takes the place of carpets, and broad *punkas* (for creating an artificial current of air) hang from the ceiling. A large retinue of servants—varying from ten to thirty—move about in their long white garments and flat turbans, hearing your commands with folded hands and a profound inclination of the head. The style of living is sumptuous, but rather too closely modeled after London habits. Perhaps there is no European community in the world who live in a style of equal luxury, this being the headquarters of the General Government, and the seat of many of the best offices in its gift.

Calcutta has little to show, in the way of architecture. The Government Palace is said to be a very cool and comfortable residence, which, in this climate, compensates for many defects; but picture to yourself five immense cubes of masonry, touching each other precisely like five black squares on a chess-board, with a low dome over the central one, and you have a correct picture of it. The City Hall, a semi-Greek structure, is to my eye the finest building in the place. It has a noble hall, supported by two rows of Corinthian columns. The Metcalfe Hall, with a Corinthian portico, the new Hospital, Hare's Hindoo College, the Medical College, and other edifices, are proud testimonials of the public spirit and liberality of the citizens of Calcutta, and their architectural excellence is a matter of secondary importance. The new Cathedral, however, which has lately been erected at a cost of $150,000, reflects little credit on its projectors. It is Gothic, of an impure and disproportionate character, and being planted at one of the most prominent points on the Chowringhee Road, must be a perpetual eyesore to such of the residents as cherish a taste for Art.

Several flourishing colleges have been established, of late years, for the improvement of the native population. That which was founded by the late David Hare, Esq., ranks among the first. I received yesterday an invitation to attend a performance of *Hamlet*, in English, by a company of Hindoo students, within its walls. Another philanthropic citizen has just completed a college for females, the success of which is doubted, as the Hindoo girls are betrothed very early, and, after that ceremony, kept in strict seclusion. There are two mission schools, under the patronage of the Church of Scotland, in each of which there are more than a thousand pupils. I believe, however, that they have not yet succeeded in making a single convert. Still, the enlightened influence of Education, and, more especially, of European society, is making itself felt among the intelligent native families, and a party which styles itself "Young Bengal" is rapidly increasing its ranks. These young men, whose faith in the absurdities of the religion of their fathers is destroyed, have now entered the stage of universal scepticism, through which they must pass in order to reach the true Gospel. Their scorn and irreverence is manifested in eating the flesh of the sacred cow, making themselves tipsy with the forbidden blood of the grape, and disregarding the awful limits and restrictions of caste. Many Europeans are shocked at these proceedings, but I think they are hopeful signs. You cannot tear the deep-rooted faith of ages out of the heart of a race without tearing up with it all capacity for Faith. But a soil gradually forms, and the seed of Truth, if dropped at a happy moment, takes living hold therein.

Mr. Chas. Hutinagle, American Consul, to whom I am indebted for many kind attentions, accompanied me to the Botanical Gardens, and to the Museum of the Asiatic Society. The latter embraces a fine library, including many rare works in Oriental languages, a large zoological and mineralogical collection, and a number of Hindoo antiquities, gathered from different parts of India. Among the latter is a stone covered with Pali characters, from which Mr. Prinsep, the distinguished scholar and antiquarian, obtained his clue to the reading of inscriptions in that language. The Museum, however, is evidently suffering from neglect: the statues and sculptures taken from ancient temples are scattered about the grounds, and exposed to the action of the weather, and many of the specimens of natural history have been injured by the ravages of the white ants. The Botanical Garden, which is on the opposite bank of the Hoogly, three or four miles below the city, is a beautiful spot, and contains an unusually rich collection of the trees and plants of the Tropics. The banyan tree, with its 110 trunks, is considered a great lion, but I had seen specimens of more than double the size, in the valley of the Nerbudda. Among the ornamental plants, I was most struck with the *Amherstia nobilis*, a native of Burmah, with glossy green foliage, and long, pendent spikes of scarlet flowers; the *Bougainvillia spectabilis*, one broad sheet of purple bloom, and the *Poinsettia*, whose sky-blue clusters, ten to fifteen feet in length, hung like streamers from the trees on which it leaned.

From half an hour before, until an hour after sunset, Calcutta is to be seen in its greatest glory. Then, all who can procure an equipage, drive on the esplanade, an open space of three or four miles in length by nearly a mile in breadth, extending along the banks of the Hoogly from the Government Palace to Fort William, and still further, to the country suburb of Garden Reach. All the splendor of Chowringhee Road fronts on this magnificent promenade, and I forgave the pride of the Calcuttanese in their city, when I joined the brilliant stream of life in the main drive on the banks of the river, watching hundreds of lordly equipages passing and repassing, while on the other hand the three miles of stately residences—palaces, if you insist upon it—shone rosy-bright in the face of the setting sun. The Parsee, the Hindoo and the Mahometan mingled in the ranks of the pale Englishmen, and reclined in their carriages or drove their mettled Arabs with as much spirit as the best of their conquerors. Their Cashmere shawls, their silks and jewels, and the gay Oriental liveries of the syces and footmen, gave the display an air of pomp and magnificence which threw Hyde Park and the Champs Elysées into the shade. The fine band from Fort William, playing lively airs on the green, gave the crowning charm to the hour and the scene. The languor of the Indian day was forgotten, and the rich, sensuous life of the East flashed into sudden and startling vividness. I shall try to retain the impression of these sunset views of Calcutta, for they belong to that class of memories which are but enriched by time.

Here, on the eve of my departure from India, seems a fitting occasion to say a few words on the character and the results of English rule. The Government of the East India Company presents an anomaly to which there is no parallel in history. It is a system so complicated and involved, embracing so many heterogeneous elements, and so difficult to grasp, as a whole, that the ignorance manifested even in the English Parliament, with regard to its operations, is scarcely to be wondered at. From the rapidity of my progress through the country and the disconnected and imperfect nature of my observations, I feel some reluctance in venturing upon the subject, and you must be contented to receive a few general impressions, instead of a critical dissection of the system *in extenso*, which, indeed, would occupy too much space, even if I were competent to undertake it.

My previous notions of English rule in India were obtained chiefly from the articles on the subject in the progressive newspapers of England, and were, I need hardly say, unfavorable. The American press is still more savage in its denunciations, though very few of the writers have any definite idea of the nature of the wrongs over which they grow so indignant. That there are wrongs and abuses which call for severe reprehension, is undeniable; but I have seen enough to satisfy me that, in spite of oppression, in some instances of the most grinding character, in spite of that spirit of selfish aggrandizement which first set on foot and is still prosecuting the subjugation of India, the country has prospered under English Government. So far from regretting the progress of annexation, which has been so rapid of late years, (and who are we, that we should cast a stone against this sin!) I shall consider it a fortunate thing for India, when the title of every native sovereign is extinguished, and the power of England stretches, in unbroken integrity, from Cashmere to Cape Comorin. Having made this admission, I shall briefly refer to some of the most prominent evils and benefits of the system.

It is the misfortune of India that it is governed by a commercial corporation, which annually drains the country of a large proportion of its revenues. It is true that the amount of dividend on the East India stock is fixed by Parliament and cannot be exceeded, but that stock, with the debts incurred by various expensive wars, amounts to upward of $225,000,000, to meet the interest on which requires an annual expenditure of $15,000,000. Besides this, a large amount of money passes out of the country in the form of salaries and pensions, (the Civil Service being much better paid than any other service in the world,) so that a constant system of depletion is carried on, which would have greatly impoverished the country by this time had not its effects been partially counteracted by other and compensating influences in the Government. The governing machinery is also very unwieldy and lumbering, fettered by a system of checks, which, as some of the departments are seven thousand miles apart, renders it extremely difficult to introduce new measures, no matter how urgent may be the necessity for their adoption. Parliament in this instance adheres to the old maxim of *quieta non movere*, and although the charter of the East India Company comes up for renewal next year, it cannot be expected that the least step will be taken to lop off the old excrescences and simplify the action of its executive powers.

The relation of the Government to the laboring millions of India is one which has been frequently condemned. It was inherited from the former rulers, but has since undergone considerable modification, and not, I am sorry to say, for the better. It is substantially that of landlord and tenant, the Government holding all the land as its own property, and leasing it to the inhabitants according to a certain form of assessment. In some instances it is leased directly to the laborers; in others to *zemindars*, or contractors on a large scale, who sub-let it to the former at an advanced rate, and practice tyrannical extortions upon them, in order to increase their own profits. The worst feature of this system is that the rents increase in proportion to the productiveness of the land, so that it discourages the laborer from endeavoring to improve his portion. I have been informed that the amount received by Government averages about 75 per cent. of the value of the produce. The consequence is that the laborers, whether leasing from the *zemindars* or directly from the Government officers, make but a bare subsistence from year to year. In almost any other country they would be kept permanently at starvation point, but here their wants are so few and their habits of life so simple that the amount of positive distress is comparatively small. For a common laborer, such as are employed by Government on roads and canals, four rupees a month, or $24 a year, is considered good wages, and there are millions who manage to subsist on half this sum.

In Bengal and Madras the condition of the laboring population is most unfavorable, on account of the peculiar land systems which have been adopted in those presidencies. In Madras, where what is called the Ryotwar system is in force, a general assessment of all produce and property is made every year, and the rents fluctuate according to this standard, within the limits of a maximum rate, fixed by Government. But in order to carry out the system, the assistance of a large number of petty native officials is required, and the abuses which are perpetrated under it are said to be absolutely monstrous. In the north-west provinces, where an assessment is only made every thirty years, and the occupation and cultivation of a tract of land constitute a sort of claim to the renewal of the lease, the country is in a much more flourishing state. The soil is under excellent cultivation, and the inhabitants are thrifty and contented, while in the neighboring kingdom of Oude, grinding taxes are extorted every year by the force of an armed soldiery, districts which 20 years ago blossomed as a garden, are now waste and deserted, and thousands of oppressed subjects annually escape into the Company's territories, where they find at least security of life and property. Despotic as the Company's government certainly is, it is a well-regulated despotism, and its quiet and steady sway is far preferable to the capricious tyranny of the native rulers.

It speaks well for the Government that its military service is popular among the natives. There is no conscription, the Sepoy regiments being raised entirely by voluntary enlistment, and could be increased to any extent, if desired. The military force amounts to about 240,000 men—larger, one would suppose, than is actually needed, since it entails a great expense upon the country. The men are well fed and clothed—with the exception of the tight coats and stiff leather stocks in which they are tortured daily—and receive a liberal pay. They make excellent soldiers, and when placed on the flanks of a European battalion, march to battle as bravely as any in the world. For discipline, drill and soldierly appearance, some of the regiments would be noted anywhere.

The land revenue is of course the main source of supply to the Government, but there are some other taxes which are almost as severely felt by the population. The manufacture of opium is a Government monopoly, which yields a net annual revenue of $15,000,000. The duty on salt is enormous, and as this is an article of universal consumption, is very severely felt. It amounts in some parts of the country to two rupees ($1) the maund, while in the territories of native princes the article may be bought for six annas (20 cents) the maund. The internal customs which formerly existed have been abolished, and a gradual amelioration of the burdens under which the native population has been weighed down, seems to be taking place. Though very slow to expend any money in public works, the Government still moves forward in this direction—and lately, by guaranteeing to the holders of stock in the India Railroad Companies five per cent. for twenty years, has given a powerful impetus to an undertaking which will in time change the whole aspect of the country. The Grand Trunk Road, extending from Calcutta to Delhi, a distance of 900 miles, and now being carried on to Lahore, is one of the finest highways in the world. The Ganges Canal, which will cost $10,000,000 when finished, will cover with perpetual harvests the great peninsular plain between the Ganges and Jumna, and render famine impossible in the north of India. There is scarcely a large city in the Company's dominions without its schools, its colleges and its hospitals, supported mainly by Government bounty.

The moral changes which have been wrought within the last hundred years, or since the battle of Plassy laid the true foundation of the present vast commercial appanage, are even greater than the physical. The Civil Service, though liable to objection, from the favoritism practised in the appointment of its officers, and their promotion by seniority without regard to talent or capacity, still secures to the native a far more just and equitable administration of law than he could obtain from magistrates of his own race. The horrid practice of *suttee*, or widow-burning, has been totally suppressed; the confederation of Thugs, or Stranglers, which extended throughout all Central India, has been broken up, and the Dacoits, or robber bands, which are still in existence along the Ganges, and in the hill country at the foot of the Himalayas, are gradually becoming extinct. With few exceptions, order and security reign throughout the whole of India, and I doubt whether, on the whole, there has been less moral degradation and physical suffering at any time since the power of the Mogul Emperors began to decline.

There is one feature of English society here, however, which I cannot notice without feeling disgusted and indignant. I allude to the contemptuous manner in which the natives, even those of the best and most intelligent classes, are almost invariably spoken of and treated. Social equality, except in some rare instances, is utterly out of the question. The tone adopted toward the lower classes is one of lordly arrogance; toward the rich and enlightened, one of condescension and patronage. I have heard the term "niggers" applied to the whole race by those high in office; with the lower orders of the English it is the designation in general use. And this, too, toward those of our own Caucassian blood, where there is no instinct of race to excuse their unjust prejudice. Why is it that the virtue of Exeter Hall and Stafford House can tolerate this fact without a blush, yet condemn, with pharisaic zeal, the social inequality of the negro and the white races in America? Since I have witnessed the relative position of the conquerors and the conquered in India, the philanthropic appeals of English to American citizens, the rampant virtue which so tenderly mourns *our* faults, fills me with inexpressible loathing. Nothing but ignorance can explain such self-complacent attempts to reform us; they would be monstrous hypocrisies, otherwise.

I leave to-morrow morning for Hong Kong in the steamer Pekin. The kindness of my friend and countryman, Mr. Barstow, and of Mr. Ashburner, whose hospitality I have been enjoying, have rendered my stay very agreeable, and I shall always have pleasant recollections of Calcutta. B. T.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

At the Cleveland Woman's Rights Convention, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to obtain the preparation of two essays, one on the *Educational Opportunities* of American Women, and one on their *Business Opportunities*.

Even a superficial discharge of this duty must involve a wider investigation of facts than is possible for any one person. Agents have therefore been already engaged in several of the States to make inquiries. It is impossible, however, to do the whole work even in this manner; and the Committee therefore respectfully ask the voluntary cooperation of all who are interested in elevating the position of Woman.

The following are the points on which information is especially solicited:

1. EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.
   - (a) State legislation respecting Female Education.
   - (b) Statistics and condition of Primary and Grammar Schools, to which females are admitted in the several States.
   - (c) Do. of High and Normal Schools.
   - (d) Do. of Academies and Private Schools.
   - (e) Do. of Collegiate and Professional Institutions.
2. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.
   - (a) Statistics of actual employment of women in various parts of the Union.
     - (1) Mechanical, (3) Mercantile,
     - (2) Agricultural, (4) Professional.
   - (b) Wages paid to them, as compared with those of men.
   - (c) Employments which they might fill but do not, and impediments in the way.

It is important that the information given should in all cases be as definite and systematic as possible. Facts are what we now aim at—not arguments, but the preliminary basis for argument. Let each person who reads this, ascertain what is within his or her reach, and communicate it within six months, if possible. For any very extensive or valuable communications, payment may in some cases be made. Any pamphlets, newspapers or circulars, bearing upon the above subject, will also be gladly received. Communications may be addressed (postpaid if possible) to Rev. T. W. Higginson, Worcester, Mass.

LUCRETIA MOTT,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ERNESTINE L. ROSE,
LUCY STONE,
T. W. HIGGINSON.

January 14, 1854.
Newspapers friendly to the enterprise, will please copy.

THE ICE IN THE HUDSON RIVER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ALBANY, March 13—P. M.

The blockade of ice below, formed yesterday, has partially given way, and the high water here has receded about two feet. But the docks, piers and streets are still submerged, showing that another blockade has formed still further down, at Castleton, on the bar, perhaps.

We are experiencing the most delightful spring weather here to-day, with a gentle south wind. A continuance of such weather even, without the assistance of rain, will soon remove the barrier in the river below us, and open navigation, a "consummation devoutly wished" in commercial circles.

The railroad ferry boats make their regular trips for passengers only. The water at their slips is so high that it is impossible to ship heavy freight, and it has to be transported by the lower or Greenbush ferry.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Byron Kilbourne, the newly elected Mayor, is an Anti-Slavery Democrat, and strongly hostile to the Nebraska bill.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Milliken, the Anti-Maine Law Candidate is elected Mayor of Chicago by 1,080 majority over Throop, the Temperance candidate. There was some disturbance and some hard fighting.

SALEM, MASS.—Mr. Newcomb, declines the office of Mayor, to which he was recently elected.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Rodney French, Free Soil Democrat, was reelected Mayor by 261 majority. The Board of Aldermen and a majority of Councilmen of the same political faith were also elected.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—George P. Wise has been elected Mayor. He was the Whig nominee.

WISCONSIN.—A Prohibitory Liquor Law has been enacted by the Assembly. The vote stood: 43 ayes, 28 nays, 11 absentees.

The Assembly resolves against Douglas' Nebraska bill were stifled in the State Senate by parliamentary and political trickery, having been indefinitely postponed by a vote of 13 to 11.

ART IN WASHINGTON.

BY A GERMAN TRAVELER.

The widely circulated German journal *Das Ausland*, published at Stuttgart, has been in the habit of devoting much space in its columns to sketches of American Scenery, Manners, Art, and so on. A late number contains an article upon the City of Washington, some paragraphs of which will no doubt prove interesting to the readers of THE TRIBUNE.

"That this city presents rather a strange appearance, is well known. Seen from Capitol Hill, the Government edifices rise to view here and there, lofty, and colossal as if erected for the use of giants, and between, in the long extended streets, the eye wanders about among the small houses and shops, or over the broad houseless spaces. True, there are plenty of noble looking dwelling houses, but they seem to disappear beside the huge public buildings, and the broad streets and squares. The effect of the whole is, as if, after a conflagration, a few persons had again settled on the spot, and the first few buildings were up as a specimen of what the city is to be.

"Again. As to the public buildings, they are all built in majestic style, and worthy of the power of the Union which so far and wide rules the land and seas. A nobler colonade than that which adorns the Treasury building can alone be found in the ruins of the Graeco-Sicilian cities. The Capitol is one of the most magnificent specimens of architecture in the world; in the details there are indeed faults, for instance in the position of the wings, but as a whole it produces a proud and grand effect, and it would be difficult to find a nobler location than the hill on which it stands.

"The portraits upon Col. Trumbull's battle pieces look down upon one as if they were alive; they must, in fact, be true to their originals, as the Colonel was personally acquainted with these whom he has placed upon his canvas. But as the position and expression of the separate characters were decided before hand, any high artistic generalization was not to be thought of. All the works of art which one sees in Washington are pervaded by the proud feeling 'we are the freemen of America!' As to the artistic value, one can almost say, 'only that which is not by Americans, is good.' The native artists claim it simply as a matter of right that all works of art for the National City should be entrusted to them, not because they are great masters, but because they are genuine sons of the Union, indeed they hold it to be much worse that a work be *perfected* by the hand of a foreign artist, than that it be spoiled by a native. When a native American has succeeded by following foreign examples in producing a plan in purest taste for a work of art, some mahapen goblin or other is sure to mount his back and drive him out of his path: something must be changed or something added, so strange in its character and out of the way, that nobody can help laughing when the work is finished.

"It is so with the Capitol and most of the other public buildings in Washington. Some curious thing or other is added, which spoils the harmony, though in these cases one overlooks the discordances in the grand impression they make as a whole. But a stranger is sick enough when he meets such monstrous architectural abortions as the huge gingerbread building of the great Smithsonian Institute, or that huge box, the General Post Office, which, however, is pure American. A still droller ill luck seems to pursue the native artists in their statues. The Americans had heard of Jupiter; of course they must have a Jupiter to themselves alone; there they have made of the good Washington, who never rose above the measure of truly noble, sensible, persevering man, a sort of private Jupiter—their 'Domestic Jupiter,' they call him. So Greenough has placed him, in the style of his model, the Olympian Jove, upon a seat in colossal form, not in a temple, however, but out in the park. The white marble is very beautiful, but not much better wrought than a large garden figure hewn by one of our artists out of sandstone. Washington holds out a sword with his right hand, and raises his left toward heaven, as though he would say, 'Here, take the sword, and God's vengeance be upon you if you use it unrighteously!' Seen from a distance, one can easily imagine this, although he cannot easily understand why Washington should smile so much, or be so nearly naked. However, on coming nearer, it strikes one that he has just come out of the bath, and is asking somewhat threateningly, 'Is nobody coming to shave me?' On the steps of the grand entrance to the Capitol stands Persico's Columbus. The naval hero is making a rope dancer's posture, and with a 'hurrah!' throwing up a ball, which is intended to represent the newly discovered hemisphere, and naturally enough is bracing himself by resting his left hand upon his person behind. But now an Indian woman creeps about him, as if she would say, 'God preserve us from that sort of people!' Her form is miserably twisted, and looks wretchedly, seen from behind.'

Our traveler speaks worthily of the collections in the Patent Office and National Museum, but the doings in Congress afford abundant materials for his sarcasm.

The steamship George Law sailed from Aspinwall on the 5th for New-York, with 200 passengers and about a million in treasure.

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPONED.—We understand that the proposed subscription in this vicinity in aid of Antioch College has been deferred till next autumn. This postponement has been made in view of the numerous calls for money which have recently been presented to our citizens. The Franklin Monument project requires $25,000; the Pilgrim Association want $100,000 for the Plymouth Monument. A subscription is now going on in aid of the erection of a monument to Ethan Allen, of revolutionary renown. The American Unitarian Association is about to raise $50,000 for the purpose of distributing the works of the writers of that denomination, and there are many other objects now before our citizens for pecuniary aid. The sum of $25,000 has been secured in New York for Antioch College. Boston, it is thought, should contribute double that amount, and an effort will be made early in the fall to secure this sum. The last subscription of this character was in aid of the Theological School at Meadville, Penn., when $20,000 was raised in this vicinity. [Boston Transcript.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE POST-OFFICE.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I am pleased to learn that some action is about being taken by our City authorities in conjunction with the General Government, for the purpose of building a new City Hall on the site of the old and inconvenient building in the Park, recently destroyed by fire. A special Committee from Washington is now here, and I learn (as stated in your columns yesterday) that the City have proposed to put up the necessary buildings, provided the United States Government will take a portion of the building for a Post-Office, United States Courts, Offices, &c. In this location and arrangement I most heartily concur, excepting so much as relates to the Post-Office. The business of the New-York Post-Office is entirely too great and important to be mixed up with anything else; it should be a feature of the City, occupying a prominent, central and isolated position. Such a position can now be had, combining every advantage required, and fully indorsed as such by public opinion. I allude to the Brick Church property, and as our City authorities are now in negotiation for this property with a view of establishing the Post Office thereon, I trust no other location will be selected. CHAMBERS STREET.

ANOTHER PRECIOUS MONOPOLY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I am thankful that I live in an age when the press is free. "Letters from the People" are indeed a new thing, and dangerous to imposition and fraud of every kind. In these days no injustice perpetrated by individuals or corporations need escape detection or punishment; for no matter how strong may be their position in wealth and rank, if their actions are fraudulent, unjust or cruel, a letter from some of the people will draw public attention and public retribution to the perpetrators.

I inclose you a bill which is now before the Legislature of this State, which asks for invaluable privileges, and with consummate boldness. As you have already told us in THE TRIBUNE, the Common Council of Brooklyn have given *ten grants to one company* to lay railroad tracks in the different streets of that city. This certainly was rather a wholesale job; but this company are now secretly managing the springs at Albany, *by which their charter is to be renewed a perpetual one!* This company are not satisfied with ten grants already obtained in a way which was sufficiently characterized at the time, but they ask that their privileges may be extended not only *through the City of Brooklyn*, but out of it into different parts of Kings Co., as well as into the adjoining county of Queens; and this gift they want to enjoy "not for a day, *but for all time*."

If this act passes, "we are sold," and no mistake. It is true that they are obliged to obtain the consent of certain officials, but that is an easy matter to arrange. If they cannot frighten Common Councils, Supervisors, and Commissioners, they have a capital of nearly $3,000,000, and can buy them. Please call attention to this matter, for the interests of the people are involved. A large and influential delegation are now trying to "lobby" the bill through, and in order to cut off all debate, they have obtained the approval of the Brooklyn delegation, who pronounce it all right; and the Committee to whom the matter was referred will probably recommend it unanimously. The writer of this is in no way interested in the defeat of this game only as a citizen of Kings County, opposed to *all* monopolies. Surely we cannot afford to entrust interests of such magnitude to one company, and to give them up forever, thus cutting off all remedy in case of its failure to accomplish good as expected. Who would think of giving the the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Sixth and Eighth av. Railroads to one corporation! and yet the Brooklyn Company has ten grants and wants the benefit of them forever and ever. A CITIZEN OF KINGS COUNTY.

FLAX AND THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Is there any truth in the statement that has appeared in some newspapers, that Mr Guthrie has so far modified his original plan as to exclude linens from the free list? I had thought, in my simplicity, that one of the fundamental doctrines of the "Democracy" was "No British interference in the affairs of this Continent." Great Britain has always encouraged and protected her own manufactures carefully, and is pursuing this policy at the present moment. And yet it seems that she can interfere, with the coolest assurance, in the domestic affairs of the United States without remonstrance, and try to break down a growing manufacturing interest in this country. The weaving of linen has just commenced, and time and care will be required to perfect and establish it, and if the British plan be adopted, and linen put in the free list, the manufacture will never get a footing here. It is thoroughly established in Europe: they have cheap labor, the best machinery, and a long experience; and any one can see that it is impossible that machinery can be imported here at great expense, heavy duty, and labor to run it at nearly double the European price, and meet them in an open market. A new business is very much like an infant: it must be protected until it can walk alone. And if the Government at Washington would imitate the example of the British in this respect, if measures were adopted to develop the vast resources of the country, I see nothing to hinder us during the next century from becoming the greatest flax-growing country in the world. Our immense extent of territory and varied climate offer unusual facilities for the prosecution of this business. The imperfect efforts made up to the present time show conclusively that flax can be raised in the United States as good, if not better, than can be raised in Russia, which is now the largest flax growing country. But much yet remains to be done. Cannot a society be formed here upon the plan of the Belfast Linen Society, to do the same work for America that that society has done for Ireland? Agricultural societies, too, could perhaps increase and perfect the cultivation of flax by offering premiums for specimens of the finest kinds. Information is needed, too, all over the western States—either in the shape of lectures or pamphlets—on the kind of soil best suited for the cultivation of flax, and the best mode of preparing it; also, the proper time to pull it, the best mode of rotting it, and the most effective machinery for cleaning it. All the Ohio flax that I have seen is of a weak, dry fiber, and this I ascribe partly to an improper mode of cultivation; and though I have seen good flax raised in the State of New-York, it would have been much better if it had been rotted differently. New England flax is coarse; some of it the coarsest in existence. A lot of flax raised in Wisconsin by an Englishman, and manufactured in the State of New York, has been said to be the best ever raised in the United States. S.

The cause of the coarseness of New England flax is because it is sown so thin upon the land and suffered to stand until fully ripe. If it is desired to grow fine flax, it must be sown very thick. We are told that three bushels an acre is a common seeding in Ireland, and that double that quantity is sometimes sown.

We have cut off our correspondent's argument in favor of admitting the raw material of flax duty free, as directly at war with the interests of farmers, notwithstanding it may be to his interest as a manufacturer. We can raise and manufacture our own flax in America. [*Ed.*

THE BLENNERHASSETS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: An article in "The Old Brewery," entitled, "The last of the Blennerhassets," which has been extensively copied by the press, seems to demand of me a reply to some of the allusions made to the author of "The Life of Blennerhasset."

At an interview with Harman Blennerhasset, son of the famed gentleman of that name, the writer of that article says:

"He, Blennerhasset, 'with the utmost indignation exclaimed, 'it is false that her (his mother's) last days were spent with an Irish nurse. It is false that Sisters of Charity followed her to the grave. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was buried according to their form, in Mr. Emmet's vault; and the man who wrote that life knows nothing of my father's history; for all of the authentic documents are in that trunk,' pointing with his finger, 'and I only can supply them. I aided Wallace to write his sketch. I lent Matthew L. Davis the papers when he wrote the life of Aaron Burr, and I alone can give the proper information for my father's biography. Why did they not apply to me?'"

Having been born and raised in the immediate neighborhood of the "Isle of Blennerhasset," which has been rendered so famous in the annals of western history, my early inclinations led me to the collection of such facts connected with the family of Blennerhasset as could be obtained from his old associates. While thus engaged I accidentally met with a sketch of the life of Blennerhasset from the pen of William Wallace, Esq., published in *The American Review*, for August, 1845, purporting to be from the papers of that distinguished gentleman. I thereupon addressed Mr. W. a note, and requested to be informed whether he still had the documents in his possession, and where it was probable I might find this son. To this Mr. W. replied:

"I have no papers in my possession relating to Blennerhasset whatever. Those I used for the preparation of my biography of him were returned to his son. I have always thought, since my acquaintance with that son, that he kept back many papers of value, and once, on my charging him with it, his answer was unsatisfactory. I feel certain that he would not bring them to light. It is probable, however, that they only related to family matters. Mrs. B., I believe, left no papers."

I also addressed a letter to Matthew L. Davis, Esq., requesting any papers in his possession throwing light upon the history of Blennerhasset. To this Mr. D. answered that all the documents in his possession, during the time of writing the life of Aaron Burr, relating to this subject, had been returned to the family.

Having ineffectually attempted to ascertain the locality of Harman Blennerhasset, the unfortunate subject of the "Old Brewery's" sketch, I abandoned the pursuit, and gave up all hope of procuring the desired papers. It was not until after the biography had been published that I learned of the existence, in this country, of Joseph Lewis, another son of Blennerhasset. He, I was informed, resided in Troy, Lincoln County, Missouri. In reply to a letter of inquiry addressed him by myself, of the date of July 1, 1851, he says:

"I am the youngest son of the late Harman Blennerhasset of the Island in the Ohio. My brother Harman and myself possess all our late father's papers, comprising sketches of celebrated characters of the day; historical, political and philosophical notes, and full details of the Burr Expedition, which have never yet met the public eye. These documents, filling a good sized trunk, we would let you have the use of, for a consideration, and I should be glad to have your offer."

He concludes by expressing his thanks for an offer of a copy of his father's biography, and requests that it may be sent through his agents, John J. Anderson & Co., bankers, corner of Olive and Main sts., St. Louis, Mo. The succeeding correspondence is too voluminous for the columns of a newspaper, and would protract this article much beyond the limits designed for it; suffice it to say, however, that on the 15th July, 1851, I answered his communication, from which answer I beg leave to make the following extract:

"In the perusal of the little book, which I herewith send, I hope you may find something new, or rather something more of your father's neighbors than you had heretofore known. At the time it was penned, I assure you, I was not aware that one of his kindred was within the limits of the United States. What I have said was purely from a desire to do an act of justice to the memory of a much injured family. Will you be so kind as to give me your opinion of it, that I may know how it accords with your knowledge of your father's life?"

In reply to this, Joseph Lewis Blennerhasset remarks:

"I cannot too frequently thank you for your sentiments of regard for the memory of my honored and lamented parents. So far as my knowledge extends, you have faithfully delineated their mournful history. You have bound me to you in cords of enduring affection. I regret, however, that you had not access to the papers I before referred to. If a new edition could be got out, with the addition of those papers, and a frontispiece of my father's likeness, which might be obtained from my brother Harman, in New-York, who has a most excellent miniature of him in his possession, I should be pleased."

From the foregoing correspondence it will be observed that Harman Blennerhasset of New-York *is not*, as styled in "The Old Brewery," "the last of the Blennerhassetts."

My authority as to the death and extreme destitution of Mrs. Blennerhasset will be found first in an article styled "Margaret Blennerhasset," from the pen of Dr. S. P. Hildreth of Marietta, Ohio—a gentle