THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

vs.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THE WHITE SLAVES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DONALD M'LEOD'S LETTER.

Mrs. Ex-President John Tyler to the Dutchess of Sutherland and Others.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Jan. 28.]

TO THE DUTCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

Your address to your sisters, the women of the United States, on the subject of domestic slavery, as it exists among us, which has appeared in our public journals, should be acknowledged by some one of the vast number of those to whom it is addressed, without awaiting the publication of the more formal communication. There are some of the concerns of life in which conventionalities are properly to be disregarded, and this is one of them. A reply to your address must necessarily be the work of some one individual among us, or must go altogether unperformed. Woman, in the United States, with but few exceptions, confines herself within that sphere for which the God who created her seems to have designed her. Her circle is, literally and emphatically, that of her family; and such she is content that it shall be. Within that circle her influence is felt over the relations of life, as wife, mother, mistress—and as she discharges the duty of one, or all of these relations, so is she respected or otherwise. To cast a doubt upon her fidelity in any one of them is to excite against her the odium of the community, and, in a great measure, to dethrone her from her high position. She knows nothing of political conventions, or conventions of any other sort than such as are held under suitable pastors of the church, and are wholly directed to the advancement of the Christian religion. Such is emphatically the case with the women of the Southern States. Do you wish to see them, you must visit their homes. Do you desire to ascertain the nature of their employments, you must enter their family circles, and, believe me, good sisters of England, you would find in their Christian deportment, and perfect amiability of manners, enough at once to inspire you with the most exalted respect and esteem. You might find no splendid vestments of dress, no glittering diamonds, no aristocratic displays. No, the vestments they wear are those of meekness and charity, their diamonds are gems of the heart, and their splendor the neatness, and order, and contentment, which everywhere greets the eye; and that neatness, that order, and that contentment, is in nothing more observable than in the well clothed and happy domestics who welcome your arrival, and heap upon you every comfort during your sojourn under the roofs of their masters. You will see then how utterly impossible it would be to expect the women of the United States to assemble in convention, either in person or by proxy, in order to frame an answer to your address. Nay, I must, moreover, in all frankness, declare to you, that the women of the South, especially, have not received your address in the kindest spirit. They regard it as entirely incompatible with all confidence in or consideration for them, to invoke the interposition of the women of what are called the free States, in a matter with which they have no more to do than have yourselves, and whose interference in the question can produce no other effect than to excite disturbance, and agitation, and ill-will, and possibly, in the end, a total annihilation of kind feeling between geographical sections. It is the province of the women of the Southern States to preside over the domestic economy of the estates and plantations of their husbands—it is emphatically their province to visit the sick, and attend to the comfort of all the laborers upon such estates; and it is felt to be but a poor compliment to the women of the South to suppose it necessary to introduce other superintendence than their own over the condition of their dependants and servants. They see, too, or fancy they see, in the fact that the address which you have made them was handed to you, already prepared for signature, by the editors of the newspaper press of England, and that, according to the admission of the Dutchess of Sutherland in her opening address to your convention, your convention itself is but the offspring of the same political newspaper press—I say, they see enough in all this to excite not their sympathies but their apprehensions. They also see, or fancy that they see, in your movement, the fingers of your greatest statesmen. The Countess of Derby, the Viscountess Palmerston, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady John Russell, not to mention others of distinction and notoriety, would scarcely be complimented by a supposition that they had signed or openly approved such an address without the concurrence of their husbands. The women of the Southern States are, for the most part, well educated; indeed, they yield not in this respect to any females on earth, and they have peculiar opportunities of acquiring knowledge in regard to the public concerns of the world. Politics is almost universally the theme of conversation among the men, in all their coteries and social gatherings, and the women would be stupid indeed, if they did not gather much information from this abundant source. Hence they are not ignorant of the rapid growth of their beloved country, or of the promises of its early future. Their mothers knew this land when it contained but three millions of inhabitants, and numbered but thirteen States. Their children know it now as the great confederated republic whose population already equals 26,000,000, and whose dominions are washed by the waters of two oceans. Believe me, that its magnitude now, and its importance in the future, is as fully known to the women of the United States, as it is to your husbands, and editors, and statesmen. Our census tables show a duplication of our population in every cycle of twenty-three years; so that by the time the infant now in the cradle shall have attained to the age of manhood, that population will have increased to 50,000,000; and by the time that same infant attains to middle age, it will have swollen into 100,000,000. We need go no farther in the estimate, in order to unveil that immense future which lies before us—a future, unrivalled in point of power by anything the world has heretofore seen—a future which already fixes upon it the intense and steadfast gaze of the statesmen of other countries—a future which unfolds a new destiny, a happier and a brighter one, I trust, for the human family—a future to be regarded with rapture by the lover of man, and which may cause privilege to shiver and tremble with fear in all its fibres and arteries. I allude not to any power of the sword. No, I allude to a power more resistless, and more certain in its results—the power of example—the example of a free, prosperous and great people, among whom all artificial distinctions of society are unknown; where preferment is equally open to all, and man's capacity for self-government is recognized and conclusively established. The women of the United States foresee all this, and they also thoroughly comprehend the fact that all confederacies have heretofore, in the history of the world, been broken up and destroyed by the machinations of foreign governments; and if such has been the fate of other confederacies, how much more vigilant ought we to be, to guard against the fatal results which have attended on others, and to look with suspicion, come from what quarter it may, on all interference in our domestic concerns. If the Achaian and other leagues could not withstand the machinations of the powers of their day, how truly sensitive ought we to be on a point which proved so fatal to them; and if the foreign States, by whom such confederacies were surrounded, felt it to be due to their own safety to destroy them by their machinations, have we not reason to suppose that a tenfold interest is found in our case, in view of the rapid growth of the United States, and in the early development of that future which will clothe this country with all the elements of control in the affairs of the world? Governments and countries which are now looked upon as stars of the first magnitude, will, ere long, if the United States roll on in their present orbit, be secondary and tertiary in the political hemisphere. This is quite as thoroughly known by us as by you, women of England, and therefore you should not be in the slightest degree surprised at the suspicion with which your address is regarded by all the thinking women, not only of the South, but of the whole Union. We know that there is but one subject on which there is a possibility of wrecking the bark of this Union—a possibility, however, which I trust is very remote—and to that very subject you have given your attention; and not only so, but have subscribed an address, not prepared by yourselves, as the emanation of your own susceptible hearts, but the admitted production of the newspaper press of England, which affects a mawkish sensibility on a subject with which it has nothing properly to do, and all for ends which every reflecting person cannot fail to understand.

Nor is this suspicion in any degree removed by the fact on which you predicate your address, viz.: the fact that your country inflicted on her then colonies the "curse" of slavery in opposition to their frequent and solemn protests. In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and, I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence, as prepared and written by a son of Virginia, was a continuance of the slave trade by the mother country in despite of all remonstrance on the part of the colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the slave trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties, and formed contracts, for the purpose of reaping a rich harvest of profit from the trade—and the voice of the slave-dealer on the shores of Africa was perfect music in their ears, because it was the music of gold told into the treasury, and all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of "blessed memory," and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership between those royal personages, to the exclusion of all the world beside. Yes, you are altogether correct in ascribing whatever there is of immorality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated, and remonstrated in vain, until driven to desperation by her perseverance, they severed the bonds that bound them to England, and established their independence, and abolished the slave trade by their only resource, the power of the sword. The great slave market, in which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and from that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the traffic. Before, the slave ship was a stately argosy laden with treasure. The groans of its unhappy victims could not be heard above the surges of the ocean. Soon after, a faint cry could be heard, borne on the winds from Africa's coast; and now, the Parliament House resounds with the clanking of the chains and the cries of the victims. Such the mighty influence of the American Revolution, and such the power of the sword wielded in that ever glorious struggle. I desire to tell you, women of England, plainly, that your address, prepared not by yourselves, but by others, comes, therefore, to us, laden with suspicions, when you advert, as the groundwork of your interference with our domestic institutions, to the fact of the former criminality of England. Would England, with a continuance of a monopoly of the trade over our broad acres up to the present day, have clothed herself in sackcloth and ashes, as she now has done? Where was her humanity and her Christian philanthropy for the long period of 150 years? Our ancestors on this side of the Atlantic thundered, through their remonstrances, at the doors of the Parliament House, and at the gates of her royal palaces—and yet, for all that long period, she had no ears to hear, no heart to understand. No sympathy, and no philanthropy, such as now exists, found place in the stately palace. How has happened all this? It would be well for you to inquire. Doubtless some of your distinguished husbands can give you plausible explanations—at least such as will content politicians on your side of the water. The editors of the newspaper press can come again to your aid; but will it be an easy task to convince us that the people of the present generation are better, more moral and more Christian, than all who have gone before them—that your right reverend bishops and prelates are more pure and orthodox than all their predecessors—that your kings and queens, your nobles and gentry, are influenced by a higher spirit of Christianity than all who have preceded them—that your statesmen of the present day are superior, in moral excellencies, to those illustrious men who shaped the destinies of England in past times, and left to history undying names? It will be a very, very difficult matter, to furnish us with satisfactory reasons for this great and sudden conversion of a whole people, after losing the American market, on the subject of the slave-trade—and we, women of the United States, must ever receive with suspicion all interference in our domestic affairs on the part of the noble ladies of England, or any portion of her inhabitants. Such interference implies either a want of proper and becoming conduct on our part in the management of our negroes, or it seeks to enlist the sympathies of the world against us. Your own address, (I have the charity to suppose that it was written in ignorance of the fact, as it is,) represents the Southern States as denying to their slaves all religious instruction—a calumny more false was never uttered. So far from it, no Sabbath goes by that the places of worship are not numerously attended by the black population—edifying discourses are delivered to them, and often by colored pastors, and large numbers of them are in communion with the churches. And yet your tears are made to flow freely over the sad and melancholy privations of the children of Africa, to whom the bread of life is represented as denied. Your assertion could only have been derived from some dealer in, and retailer of, fiction. It is known how readily woman's heart responds to either real or imaginary distress; and when woman joins in the concerns of the busy world, how readily her sympathies become excited by an artificial, as well as a real, picture of human suffering. This sympathy, which makes her the gem of creation, rather disqualifies her as a legislator, and subjects her to be made the instrument of the designing. One fact is incontrovertible, and I recommend it to the consideration of the Dutchess of Sutherland, and her compeers of high and low degree: that England, when she had the power to prevent the introduction of negroes into the United States, most obstinately refused to do it; but now that she is deprived of her authority, either to advise or dictate, she sighs and sheds tears, and complains over the injustice and the wrong. The crocodile, good sisters of England, is said to cry most piteously; but woe to the unhappy traveller who is beguiled by its tears!

I have thus attempted to deal candidly with you in disclosing some of the grounds of the suspicions, which, in the estimation of many, attach to your proceedings. I will go further, and inform you that it is better for both you and us that we abstain, in future, from all possible interference with each other in the domestic concerns of our respective countries. In the first place, such interference comes with ill grace from either of us, and can be received with no favor. In morals we believe ourselves quite your equals, and, therefore, it sounds harshly in our ears to be admonished by you of our sins, real or imaginary. There is a proud heart in the American breast, which rebels against all assumption on the part of others, although they may wear ducal coronets, or be considered the stars of fashions in foreign courts. Manage your own affairs as best you may, and leave us to manage ours as we may think proper. Each of us will find abundant employment in the performance of our respective duties. If you wish a suggestion as to the suitable occupation of your idle hours, I will point you to the true field for you philanthropy—the unsupplied wants of your own people of England. In view of your palaces, there is misery and suffering enough to excite your most active sympathies. I remember to have seen lately, that there were in the city of London alone 100,000 persons who rose in the morning without knowing where or how they were to obtain their "daily bread," and I remember, also, somewhere to have seen that the Eleemosynary establishment of England costs annually £10,000,000 sterling—a sum greater than that expended by this frugal and economical government of ours, with its army and navy, and civil and diplomatic list. Surely, surely, here is a field large enough for the exercise of the most generous sympathy, the most unbounded charity. Go, my good Dutchess of Sutherland, on an embassy of mercy to the poor, the stricken, the hungry and the naked of your own land—cast in their laps the superflux of your enormous wealth; a single jewel from your hair, a single gem from your dress, would relieve many a poor female of England, who is now cold, and shivering, and destitute. Enter the abode of desolation and want, and cause squalid wretchedness to put on one smile of comfort, perhaps the first one which has lighted up its face for a life-time. Leave it to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependants, while you take care of your own. The negro of the South lives sumptuously in comparison with the 100,000 of the white population of London. He is clothed warmly in winter, and has his meat twice daily, without stint of bread. Have your working men, women and children as well clothed, and as well fed, and then go to the serfs of Russia and the negroes of America. No, I recant the advice. To the serfs of Russia you will not go. That is an European affair—the affair of a high and imperial monarch, and of a rich and powerful aristocracy. The poor serf may toil and labor, and stretch his heart strings until they crack in agony, and yet the noble ladies of England will express no sympathy for him, and present no address to their sisters of Russia upon the subject of serfdom. You will in no event disturb yourselves with the past, present, or future condition of the serf. The newspaper press would admonish you of the danger of interfering in that quarter, and the Emperor Nicholas will go unquestioned as to the manner and extent of his royal sway. But, I return to your subject—the state of slavery in our Southern States—and I tell you, that you are mistaken in supposing that the Southern heart is different from your own in its sympathies and emotions. Believe me, that the human heart is quite as susceptible with us as with you. Moralists, and dealers in fiction, may artfully overdraw and give false coloring, as they are licensed to do; but be not deceived into the belief that the heart of man or woman, on this side of the Atlantic, is either more obdurate or cruel, than on yours. There is no reason, then, why you should leave your fellow subjects in misery at home, in order to take your seat by the side of the black man on the plantations of America. Even if you are horror-stricken at the highly colored picture of human distress, incident to the separation of husband and wife, and parents, and children, under our system of negro slavery—a thing, by the way, of rare occurrence among us, and then attended by peculiar circumstances—you have no occasion to leave your own land for a similar, and still harsher, and more unjust exercise of authority. Go, and arrest the proceedings of your Admiralty! Throw your charities between poor Jack and the press-gang! He has fought the battles of England all over the seas. He was at the Nile. He bled and conquered at Trafalgar. He caught your gallant Nelson in his arms as he was falling on the bloody deck; received his last breath, and consigned his remains to the bosom of St. Paul's Cathedral. He has made England what she is, great and powerful. Shall he not, after all this, be permitted to enjoy the sunshine of home, with his wife and little ones, for a single day? He has perilled his life for England—he has returned from a five years' absence in distant seas—his wife and children look with rapture upon his weather-beaten countenance—he holds the loved ones in his embrace—but the press-gang comes, and his fitful dream of happiness is over. If he resists, there are fetters for his limbs! If he talks of England's proudly boasted common law, there is no law for him. Magna Charta is farce, and the Petition of Right a mockery, as far as he is concerned. Go, sisters of England, to your Queen, your Prime Minister, your Parliaments, and your courts, and ask their interference to arrest this moral and political iniquity, and you will be told, "Woman should have no concern with politics—back to your drawing rooms and nurseries."

For another subject quite as fruitful of sympathy, I need only refer you to the condition of Ireland, with its population but recently starving for food, which was freely supplied from our granaries, and at this moment craving mercy from avaricious landlords, who, to extend the area of grazing lands, are levelling their humble cottages to the ground, and sending them forth to die upon the public highways. Women of England! go thither with your tender charities. There, on the roadside, sinks an attenuated and exhausted mother, still straining her perishing child to her breast, while the unhappy husband and father, himself foodless and raimentless, sheds drops of agony over the heart-rending scene. Spare from the well fed negroes of these States one drop of your superabounding sympathy, to pour into that bitter cup which is overrunning with sorrow and with tears. Poor, suffering, down-trodden Ireland! land of poetry and song, of noble feeling and generous emotions—birth place of the warrior, the statesman, the orator—there is no room for you in the sympathizing hearts of the women of England. Let the Celtic race be driven, by starvation, from the land of their fathers, and its exodus would be regarded, not with sorrow, but with joy and gladness by the secret heart of England. "Religious toleration" is but an unmeaning phrase with the people of Great Britain—it extends not beyond the lips. A difference in creed has been the death-blow to Ireland.

I reason not with you on the subject of our domestic institutions. Such as they are, they are ours. "We fear the Greeks though bearing presents." Never was adage more applicable—although professing friendship and sympathy, we cannot consent that England shall mix herself up with our concerns. We prefer to work out our own destiny. When she might have done so, she gave not relief. We asked her for bread, and she gave us a stone. The African, under her policy, and by her laws, became property. That property has descended from father to son, and constitutes a large part of Southern wealth. We desire no intrusion of advice as to our individual property rights, at home or abroad. We meddle not with your laws of primogeniture and entail, although they are obnoxious to all our notions of justice, and are in violation of the laws of nature. Would the noble ladies of England feel no resentment if we should address them upon those subjects? And yet is there a certainty that our voice would not be heard by the toiling and landless millions, in favor of a system which we consider more wise, more just, and more consistent with the holy word of God? We, however, preach no crusade against aristocratic establishments. It is enough for us that we do not allow them to exist among ourselves. We are content to leave England in the enjoyment of her peculiar institutions; and we insist upon the right to regulate ours without her aid. I pray you to bear in mind that the golden rule of life is for each to attend to his own business and let his neighbor's alone! This means peace, love, friendship. The opposite means hatred, ill-will, contention—it destroys the peace of neighborhoods, and is the fruitful cause of discord among nations. I must also say to you frankly, that we regard England as an indifferent adviser on the subject of negro slavery. Her statesmanship, if it be judged by her course of policy in regard to the West India Islands, would give her no exalted position; unless, indeed, fanaticism be a good adviser, and ruin and desolation evidences of a wise and sound policy. No, we prefer to follow our own conception of what it is proper for us to do. Our eyes are turned across the ocean, not in the direction of England, but to Africa. The footprints of our policy are seen in the colonies there established, already become independent States—in the voluntary emancipation of slaves by our citizens as preparatory of emigration to Africa—a course of emancipation which, from 1790 to 1850, has increased our table in Virginia, of free negroes, in the ratio of 301 per cent, while the white population has only increased 102½ per cent, and the slaves but 64¼ per cent. These interesting statistics I extract from a memorial recently presented to the Legislature of Virginia, asking additional aid to further the colonization of freed negroes in Liberia. Thus we seek to retribute the wrongs done by England to Africa, by returning civilization for barbarism—Christianity for idolatry. We desire no such boon as England bestowed on her islands—no blight so abiding, no mildew so destructive—no ultimate war between the races, bloody, desolating, and finally annihilating. Steam is conquering distance, and Africa will be brought nearer and nearer to our shores with each revolving year—and the results of a policy, at once wise and discreet, commencing with slaveholding Virginia, and extensively adopted by the people of the United States, will claim, sooner or later, the admiration of mankind.

America might love England if England would permit her. A common descent, a common language, mutual interests, and, to a great extent, a common heritage of freedom, should draw the two nations together. The disposition of the Southern mind (I speak what I do know) is to cultivate the closest friendship with England. Nearly all of the Southern people are the descendants of the first settlers. They have kindred blood, almost unmixed by emigration, flowing in their veins. Their interests lead them to cherish the principles of free trade. Their cotton, their rice, and other productions of the soil, find extensive markets in Great Britain. They would have them still more free—still more widely open. For myself, when I have visited England, it has been with emotions of reverence growing out of the recollections of the historic page. Westminster Abbey, with its undying memorials—the noble monuments of the past scattered over the face of the country—the very ruins spoke of an ancestry alike dear to the American and Englishman. My intermixture of Scotch blood, derived from a leader of two Scottish clans, who lost life, castle, and estate in the wars of King Charlie, with the pure Anglo-Saxon, in no degree abated my ardor and enthusiasm, when I looked upon these mementoes of the mighty past, in which so many of us here claim a common interest with you. But, if England will sever these ties; if, instead of cultivating good feeling with us, she chooses rather to subject us to taunt, to ridicule, to insult in its grossest form; and, above all, improperly to interfere in our domestic affairs; if she scatters her nobility among us, first to share our hospitality and then to abuse us; if, what is still worse, she sends her emissaries, in the persons of members of Parliament, to stir up our people to mutiny and revolt; if, which is quite as objectionable, her public press shall incite her women, and the more illustrious for birth the worse it makes the matter, to address us homilies on justice, humanity, and philanthropy, as if we had not, like themselves, the advantage of civilization, and the lights of Christianity, with all the desire to cultivate relations of undying amity, the men of the United States, deriving their spirit from their mothers and their wives, may be forced into the adoption of a very different feeling with regard to Great Britain.

JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

SHERWOOD FOREST, VIRGINIA, Jan. 24, 1853.

The Awful Cruelties Practised on White Slaves in Great Britain.

The Stafford House meeting, at which the "Christian affectionate" address of the ladies of Great Britain to their dear sisters in America was adopted, with the name of the Dutchess of Sutherland at the head, followed by her two daughters—of Argyle and Blantyre—Dutchess of Bedford, Lady Trevellyan, and many others, has excited not only disgust on this side of the water, but disgust and something worse at home. The liberal journals are out on them in terrible sarcasm; but the most scathing invective we have seen is a letter from Donald M'Leod, in which, after adopting from another writer the rebuke of "Look at Home," he proceeds as follows:—

But I must go further, and instruct the American ladies in what they should tell their English sisters to look at home. They can meet this feminine, English, Christian, affectionate appeal with the same argument that the Cannibal Queen met a French philosopher when he was remonstrating with her upon the hateful, horrifying, and forbidden practice of eating human flesh, and recommending her to discontinue and forbid the practice in her dominions. "Well," replied the Cannibal Queen, "Voltaire, what is the difference between your people and us? You kill men and allow them to rot; we kill men, and to crown our victory we eat them, and we find them as good for food as any other flesh; besides, our laws demand of us to eat our enemies." Now, sir, though two blacks will never make a white, yet the American ladies may justly reply and ask their English sisters, 'What is the difference between you and us? We buy black African slaves; but when we buy them, we feed, clothe and house them. No doubt some of us whip them at times for disobedience or for our own caprice; but we heal their stripes, and take care of them, that they may work our work. But you, English sisters, you make white slaves paupers and beggars; and when you make them this, by depriving them of all means to live by their own ind stry, then you turn them adrift—you raze, plough up, or burn down their habitations, and allow them to die (in hundreds) the agonizing, lingering death of starvation on the road-sides, ditches, and open fields. Dear sisters, look at the history of Ireland for the last six or seven years, and you will see how many thousands you have allowed to die by hunger; and consider how many thousands more you would have allowed to die a similar death, had we not come to their rescue, and sent them food until we could remove them from your tender mercy and from your territories, to feed, clothe, and house them, and to find employment and fair remuneration for their labor among ourselves. Look for one instance at an Irishman arraigned at the bar of justice for sheep-stealing, and his counsel offering to prove that before he stole the sheep, three of his children perished for want of food, and in the case of the last of them who died, a sucking infant, the mother peeled the flesh off its legs and arms; she boiled it, and both she and her husband, the prisoner, ate it to save their own lives, and the mother died soon after. At this time you, our English sisters, were riding upon chariots, rolling smoothly over your extensive, uncultivated, depopulated domains, upon the wheels of splendor and cushions of the finest texture, and your husbands, sons, and daughters sharing of your festivities, luxuries, and unnecessary grandeur; expending more money and human food upon useless dogs and horses than would have saved thousands of the poor useful Irish (with the image of God upon them) from a premature agonizing death. We have read with horror of one of your husbands urging with might and main upon the government (who bestirred themselves at the time, for fear the famine might cause a disease among the Irish landlords,) to feed the people with curry powder; and you must recollect, when the curry powder scheme of destroying the Irish could not be approved of, that Sir A. Trevellyan was sent over to Ireland with the test starving commission, and conducted the Irish destruction with more humanity, for he allowed one pound of meal as meat and wages for every starving Irishman who would work ten hours per day at making roads, draining, and improving the estates for Irish landlords. Ah! English sisters, though we could bring no more against you, the public will judge and decide that you should be the defenders, and not the pursuers, in this case; but since you began to expose us, we will expose you to the letter, for there is no case or cases brought out against us in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with all Harriet Beecher Stowe's capabilities of coloring, that is equal to this. We tell you emphatically, that our law would neither sanction nor tolerate such inhuman treatment—our religion forbids it; and any man or number of men who would be guilty of such would be branded with infamy and chased from our States and from our societies as inhuman irrational, irreligious, and immoral monsters, unworthy of Christian society, or to have a voice in the civil or religious government of our country. But by taking a retrospective view of the history of your Christianized nation, we find that inhumanity, oppression, cruelty, and extortion, are qualifications required to fit a legislator, commander, commissioner, or any other functionary to whom you may safely entrust the law making, the law administration, and the government of your people; but qualifications specially required to entitle them to dignified high sounding titles and distinction, as will be shown afterwards.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has aroused the sympathy and compassion of the Dutchesses of Sutherland, Argyle, Bedford, and Ladies Blantyre and Trevellyan, and many thousands of the women of England, over the fate of Ham's black children. But we would seriously advise the Dutchess of Sutherland and her host to pause until Uncle Donald M'Leod's Cabin comes out, and until he himself comes across the Atlantic with it among the thousands of those and their offspring who have fled from their iron sway and slavery to our shores. He, poor man, has been expostulating with you for the last twenty years against your cruel, unnatural, irrational, unchristian, and inhuman treatment of the brave, athletic, Highland white sons of Japhet; but no English or Scottish dutchesses and ladies took any notice of him, nor convened a meeting to sympathize with him, or to remonstrate with Highland despotic slave-making proprietors to discontinue their unrighteous depopulation of the country and their ungodly draining away of the best blood from the nation. Hence we aver that these ladies would never convene a sympathizing meeting for the benighted Africans, should their own African chiefs, kings, and queens, destroy them by the thousand; but because they sell them, and we buy them and take care of them, English feminine hearts sympathize with them. This is a fine opportunity for Donald M'Leod. Let him now speak out and make haste, and we promise him a quick and an extensive sale for his Cabin of unvarnished facts.

The Dutchess of Sutherland got very warm on the subject. After she read the sympathizing, remonstrating address, (which need not be quoted here, being long ago before the public,) she with great emphasis said, "I hope and believe that our efforts, under God's blessing, will not be without some happy result; but, whether it succeed or fail, no one will deny that we shall have made an attempt, which had for its beginning and end, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.'" It seems that effrontery is become very lofty and high-voiced, under the protection of high-sounding English titles, when the Dutchess of Sutherland could presume to mix such notorious hypocritical whinings as these with "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men," for no other cause or design than to whitewash from some public odium already out, or to screen from some that is expected, come from what quarter it may. Surely this cannot be the Dutchess of Sutherland who pays a visit every year to Dunrobin Castle, who has seen and heard so many supplicating appeals presented to her husband by the poor fishermen of Golspie, soliciting liberty to take mussels from the Little Ferry Sands to bait their nets—a liberty which they were deprived of by his factors, though paying yearly rent for it, yet returned by his Grace, with the brief deliverance that he could do nothing for them. Can I believe that this is the same personage who can set out from Dunrobin Castle, (her own Highland seat,) and, after travelling from it, then can ride in one direction over thirty miles, in another direction forty-four miles; in another direction (by taking the necessary circuitous route) sixty miles, and that over fertile glens, valleys, straths, bursting with fatness, which gave birth to, and where were reared for ages, thousands of the bravest, the most moral, virtuous and religious men that Europe could boast of; ready, to a man, at a moment's warning from their chief, to rise in defence of their king, queen, and country; animated with patriotism and love to their chief, and irresistible in the battle contest for victory. But these valiant men had then a country, a home, and a chief, worth the fighting for. But I can tell her that she can now ride over these extensive tracts in the interior of the country without seeing the image of God upon a man travelling these roads, with the exception of a wandering Highland shepherd, wrapped up in a gray plaid to the eyes, with a colly dog behind him as a drill serjeant, to train his ewes and to marshal his tups. There may happen to travel over the dreary tract a geologist, a tourist, or a lonely carrier, but these are as rare as a pelican in the wilderness, or a camel's convoy caravan in the deserts of Arabia. Add to this a few English sportsmen, with their stag-hounds, pointer dogs, and their servants, and put themselves and their bravery together, and a company of French soldiers would put ten thousand of them to a disorderly flight to save their own carcasses, leaving their ewes and tups to feed the invaders! The question may arise, where those people who inhabited this country at one period have gone? In America and Australia the most of them will be found. The Sutherland family and the nation had no need of their services; hence they did not regard their patriotism or loyalty, and disregarded their past services. Sheep, bullock, deer, and game became more valuable than men. Yet a remnant of them, or in other words, a skeleton of them, is to be found along the sea-shore, huddled together in motley groups upon barren moors, among cliffs and precipices, in the most impoverished, degraded, subjugated, slavish, spiritless condition that human beings could exist in. If this is really the lady who has 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men,' in view, and who is so religiously denouncing the American statute which "denies the slave the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights, and obligations—which separates, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband, the children from the parent." I would advise her, in God's name, to take a tour round the sea-skirts of Sutherland, her own estate, beginning at Brora, then to Helmsdale, Portskerra, Strathy, Farr, Tongue, Durness, Eddrachillis, and Assynt, and learn the subjugated, degraded, and impoverished, uneducated condition of the spiritless people of that sea-beaten coast, about two hundred miles in length, and let her with similar zeal remonstrate with her husband, that their condition be bettered; for the cure for all their misery and want is lying unmolested in the fertile valleys above, and all under his control; and to advise his Grace, her husband, to be no longer guided by his Ahithophel, Mr. Loch, but to discontinue his depopulating schemes, which have separated many a wife from her husband, never to meet—which caused many a premature death, and that separated many sons and daughters, never to see them; and by all means to withdraw that mandate of Mr. Lock, which forbids marriage on the Sutherland estate, under the pains and penalties of being banished from the county; for it has been already the cause of a great amount of prostitution, and augmented illegitimate connections and issues fifty per cent above what such were a few years ago, before this unnatural, ungodly law was put in force. When the Dutchess will do this, then, and not till then, will I believe that she is in earnest regarding the American slaves. Let her and the other ladies who attended the Stafford House meeting be not like the believers and followers of Jupiter, who were supplied with two bags each, the one bag representing their own faults, the other their neighbors' faults—the one representing their neighbors' faults suspended before them, and the one representing their own faults suspended behind them so that they could never see their own faults, but their neighbors' were seen at all times. Ah! ladies, change your Jupiter bags, that you may discern your inconsistency, and connection with those to whom you owe your position, your grandeur, your greatness, and all your enjoyments.

THE MADIAI.—We translate from the *L' Eco d' Italia*, of the 29th inst., the following correspondence from Florence:—"Rosa Madiai is still confined in the prison of Volterra, and very dangerously sick. The Archbishop of Florence, and the wife of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, have visited her, believing that they could influence her to return to the Roman Church, promising her freedom as a reward for having abandoned the heretical doctrines. But these illustrious personages have obtained nothing. Great many more Italians are to be tried in Florence for the same crime, and the office of the *La Speranza* was ransacked by the police, with the expectation of finding Protestant books."

Obituary.

Died, of apoplexy, at his residence, in Barren county, Kentucky, on the 21st instant, in the 78th year of his age, Mr. William Bell, one of the most respected citizens of that State. Mr. Bell was the father of the lady of the Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, of the United State Senate, and has left a large circle of friends to mourn over his sudden decease.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 1853.

Postal Arrangements, &c.

Your readers who are correspondents to the continent of Europe, will find it useful to know that I am officially informed that the Havre steamers at present take no mails for the German States, except what go in closed bags to Aix-la-Chapelle, and through the Prussian mail. Bremen, as well as other German mails, are sent in these closed bags, unless specially otherwise addressed.

Mr. King, the attentive and efficient officer in charge of the foreign department of our postal administration, has politely furnished me with the following notice of a new arrangement, soon to go into effect, which you will publish for the benefit of the public:—

LIST OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES TO WHICH PRUSSIA MAY SEND LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.

Cuba—Havana; British West Indies, &c.; Antigua; Barbadoes; Bahamas; Berbice; Curacoa; Demerara; Dominica; Essequibo; Granada; Jamaica; Montserrat; Nevis; St. Kitts; St. Lucia; St. Vincent; Tobago; Tortola; Trinidad	Forty cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and eight cents on each newspaper—being the United States and Prussian postage—prepayment compulsory.
W. Indies, &c., not British; Carthagena; Honduras; Nicaragua—St. Juan	Sixty-four cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and twelve cents on each newspaper—being the United States, Prussian and British postage—prepayment compulsory.
New Granada—Bogota, Bueneventura; Ecuador—Guayaquil, Quito; Bolivia—Cobija, La Paez; Chili—Copiapo, Huasco, Coquimbo, Valparaiso, St. Jago	Eighty cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and fourteen cents on each newspaper—being the United States, Prussian, and British postage—prepayment compulsory.
Peru—Payta, Lambayeque, Huanchaco, Casma, Huacho, Callao, Lima, Pisco, Islay, Arica, Iquique	Sixty-two cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and fourteen cents on each newspaper—being the United States, Prussian, and British postage—prepayment compulsory.
New Granada—Chagres, Panama; Mexico	Fifty cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and eight cents on each newspaper—being the United States and Prussian postage—prepayment compulsory.
Canada	Thirty-five cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under; prepayment compulsory—Being the United States, Prussian, and Canadian postage. Newspapers six cents each—being the United States and Prussian postage only.
New Brunswick; Cape Breton; Prince Edward's Island; Nova Scotia; Newfoundland; Sandwich Islands	Thirty cents on each letter of half an ounce, or under, and six cents on each newspaper—being the United States and Prussian postage—prepayment compulsory.

On correspondence for any of the above named countries, from beyond the German-Austrian postal Union, the foreign postage to the line of said postal Union must be added.

The above takes effect on the 1st of March, 1853.

HORATIO KING, Foreign Desk,
Post Office Department.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Jan. 22, 1853.

Legislative Action on the Maine Law—Troubles on the Senatorial Question—Horace Greeley Electioneering for Mr. Rockwell—Fitz Henry Warren for Mr. Ashmun—New Carpet Loom—Fall of the Lincoln Elms—Retirement of President Sparks—Earnings of Convicts—Proposed "Restoration" of the Gallows—Retirement of Mr. Justice Fletcher—Appointment of Mr. Thomas to a Place on the Supreme Bench—Proposed Legislation Concerning Railways—The Increase of Bank Capital—Office-Seekers—Mr. Choate and the Attorney-Generalship—Small Changes—Mrs. Stowe's New Work, &c.

The town was thrown into a most agreeable state of excitement, on Tuesday afternoon, by the vote of the House of Representatives, refusing to treat an order, looking to the repeal of the Maine law, with that ordinary civility which is hardly ever refused to any motion. Mr. Brewer, a whig member from Cambridge, introduced the order spoken of, and, on motion of Mr. Nayson, of Amesbury—the ablest democratic member, and the best leader of the opposition—it was laid on the table, by a vote of 134 to 115. There were forty members absent, and a large number of "dodgers"—gentlemen who have not yet made up their minds how to vote, but who wish to side, like Scotchmen in 1745, with the hangman, as being a safe "determination." These worthies were headed by Mr. Small, of Truro, one of the oldest members of the House, and who ought to have set a better example to the "ingenuous youth." It is impossible to give you anything like a correct idea of the spread of the news, and of the dire effects that it had. Were I blessed with the "vision and faculty divine," I would attempt to give it to you after the style of Clytemnestra's description of the progress of the beacon-fires from Troy to Argos, to be found in the Agamemnon of Æschylus; but I am so unfortunate as to be doomed to write in prose alone. Several distillers fell into their own vats, and have been worked up into very ardent spirits. A large number of barkeepers were paralyzed in the very act of twirling the stick," a considerable quantity of pale brandy, in a popular "shop," was changed into water—but there's nothing strange in that. A number of venerable conservatives were heard to curse the whigs as heartily as they had been cursing the coalition for a twelve-mounth. Large quantities of liquor froze—but there is nothing very remarkable in that, either, it being quite a common occurrence. The general opinion in Boston was, that there was something about to come to an end; but what it was no one could exactly say. The bitter disappointment that was expressed on all sides, shows how very unanimous was the opinion that a whig victory here was certain to cause the law's repeal; and yet the very first act of the whig majority, on the subject was to refuse a motion to that effect—even that courtesy which is rarely denied to any proposition. Since Tuesday, little action of consequence has been had on the subject, gentlemen of the House nibbling about it like so many veteran trout, who would have the bait, but are determined not to be "caught."

The question of selecting a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Davis, troubles the whigs a great deal. The *Chronicle*, the organ of the anti-liquor law party, has already threatened them with the weight of that party's vengeance, if they do not walk straight up to the repeal mark. It claims that there are twelve men in the House who hold the balance of power, and without whose aid no whig can be chosen Senator. Fitz Henry Warren is on here, electioneering for Mr. Ashmun, and Horace Greeley is urging the election of Julius Rockwell, formerly a representative in Congress from the district now represented by Mr. Goodrich. Horace made quite a figure last Tuesday, when he visited the State House, in company with General Wilson. Some of the country members mistook him for one of their scarecrows, Horace being not exactly a beauty, and scorning to be trammelled in his person by the rules of a Brummel or a D'Orsay. When he heard the vote against the repeal of the Maine law declared, Greeley made one jump from the State House to the telegraph station, and indulged in the luxury of an extra despatch to New York, for the benefit of all the gentlemen of cold water views there. He acted as if he thought Scott's defeat were all atoned for by the triumph of the fanatics here. For a man who professes to have so much faith in the people, Horace has a marvellous desire for stringent laws to keep them straight. Perhaps he feels the necessity for restraint in his own person.

The discussion of the Senatorial question is getting to be warm in its character The Salem *Gazette*, a venerable paper of some eighty-five years, and which has belonged to the federal or whig party since that party has had an existence, has the following sharp sentence, in a leader, on this subject:—"A Senator from Massachusetts should be a man whose moral character is free from reproach. No gamester, no wine-bibber; no loose and licentious liver, should be able to point to the example of a Senator from Massachusetts, as a justification for his conduct." Everybody understands to whom this is meant to apply; I should n't wonder if this attack on a gentleman whose prospects of becoming Senator are as good as those of any man named, were to lead to some sharp-shooting; particularly as the article in which it appears is largely directed against the common opinion, that the western part of the State is entitled to one of our United States Senators. Salem, at any rate, cannot complain, with anything like justice, on this point, as that town has had one of the Senators about twenty-six years, to say nothing of the Senators from other parts of Essex county; while the whole West, including the counties of Worcester, Hampshire, Hampdon, Berkshire, and Franklin, has had a Senator for only about thirty-seven years. But as I hope to be able to send you, in the course of a couple of days, a sort of historical sketch of our Senatorial history, I will now let the matter drop, with this remark, that as that part of the State to which Governor Clifford belongs, composed of the counties of Plymouth, Bristol, Barnstable, Nantucket, and Dukes, containing almost one-fifth of the population of the State, has never had a Senator, now is the time for it to strike for its rights, with good chances for succeeding. Such an opportunity has not occurred since the formation of the government, and probably will not occur again for half a century.

A petition is soon to be presented to our Legislature by certain citizens of Worcester, praying for an act of incorporation for the manufacture of carpets on a new plan, invented by Mr. John Goulding, of that city. Competent judges pronounce Mr. Goulding's loom superior to anything ever invented for the manufacture of carpets. One of these looms has been built for Kiderminster, where it has attracted much attention.

A most barbarous act has been perpetrated by the selectmen of the town of Hingham, who have caused to be cut down a row of old trees—ashes and elms—planted by General Lincoln, of Revolutionary memory. This piece of vile taste was carried out for the purpose of straightening a road; as if any such mere convenience would justify an insult to the memory of one of the most respectable of the worthies of Massachusetts in her brightest age. The trees stood in front of the Lincoln mansion house, now occupied by some of his descendants, to whom the act of their removal was most painful and insulting. It would have been bad enough to remove any trees, but the deed is deserving of double reprobation when we consider the associations connected with the Lincoln elms. The man who plants a tree, and tends it until it is able to "go alone," is a public benefactor; and those who remove trees, when there is no imperative reason for so doing, are something even worse than public nuisances.

Mr. Sparks' Presidency of Harvard College closed on Wednesday last, with the first term of the academic year. Mr. Walker, who has been appointed to succeed him, will be confirmed at the first meeting of the Board of Overseers. He will retain his professorship of moral philosophy, with an assistant. I do not hear that any attempt will be made to "restore" Mr. Bowen to the professorship of history, which place the coalition would not allow him to hold, because of his heretical notions on the Hungarian question.

It is proposed to so far alter our laws relative ty convicts in the State prison as to allow of a portion of their earnings being appropriated to the support of their families, when families they have. Justice seems to point to some such change being made, to say nothing of humanity; for as it now is, the convict's family is punished more than the convict himself. Another change contemplated in legal matters, is the repeal of the law of the last session, which virtually abolished capital punishment in Massachusetts. I told you some time since that this attempt would be made. I presume that the repeal act can be carried through the Senate; but I am not so sure that the majority in the House have any particular reverence for the gallows. The movement was commenced in the Senate by Mr. Parker, of Suffolk. He was formerly District Attorney here, and noted for his hardness of heart in that capacity, so that his removal by Gov. Boutwell was one of the most popular acts of that gentleman's administration.

Do you recollect that when, some weeks since, I told you there were to be vacancies on the bench of our Supreme Court, the *Daily Advertiser* took the liberty of flatly contradicting my statement, "by authority?" The best commentary on the *Advertiser's* "authority," is to be found in the fact that Justice Fletcher has resigned his seat. I knew, months ago, that he intended to leave the Bench as soon as the State government should pass into the hands of the whigs. There will, I believe, be another vacancy on the same bench in the course of the present year, and perhaps a third. Although it is now positively said that Judge Cushing will not go into the cabinet, it is said that he will receive a high diplomatic appointment, a station for which he has eminent qualifications. Should Gen. Pierce send him abroad, the Supreme bench will be again composed entirely of whigs. It is said that Mr. Thomas, of Worcester, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Fletcher. He is a respectable lawyer, but by no means of that class to which the whigs have been in the habit of contending that great judgeships should be given. But he stands high at the Worcester bar, and is as bitter a whig as ever lived.

An order has been introduced into our House of Representatives, providing for certain reforms in the matter of railways; that is to say, in the structure of wheels, &c., and the appointment of a State engineer, who shall exercise a general supervision of railway machinery. Mr. Nayson, of Amesbury, who introduced the order, made a number of forcible observations on the subject to which it refers. He showed that the recent accident, by which the son of Gen. Pierce and several other persons lost their lives, to say nothing of those who were wounded, and the terrible mental distress caused, was the result of the most criminal neglect of duty on the part of the railway managers. He also showed that similar neglect of duty had occurred on another road, and the inference is that it was common. His speech made a great impression, and the order passed unanimously. Should the late accident lead to useful legislation, it will not have occurred altogether in vain.

The amount of bank capital petitioned for, is beginning to alarm even the reckless. A member of the Legislature told me, this morning, that he knew of twelve millions that had been asked for, and that, so far as he could learn, members had in their pockets petitions for as much more, and the first month of the session was only half over! I do not think he exaggerated much, for there are six millions asked for, or to be asked, by three concerns in Boston alone. This rush may not improbably cause the failure of all the petitioners. A few millions might be granted; but when the thing is in such a fair way to be overdone with a vengeance, sane men pause, and reflect upon what may be the consequences of their action. Such reflection may lead to a refusal to allow of any increase of capital, because, if granted in one case, why refuse it any other? The calls will be the loudest from Boston; and to grant the petitions which her citizens may send in, and refuse those from other places, would have a bad political effect, and the whigs cannot afford to be unjust or partial now. They are not strong enough to indulge in any such luxury. I may mention that the old banks, as a general rule, are averse to the prayers of the petitioners being granted, though it would be an awkward proceeding on their part to openly oppose them. The chiefs and managers of the more solid and reliable banks here are any thing but pleased at the conduct of the Merchants' Bank in resolving upon a petition for an increase of two millions. It breaks the force of the argument that might have been brought to bear against the proposed increase from the old banks, in a quiet way, or openly if it should have been found necessary. Mr. Hooper, a leading whig from Boston, and who possesses much influence in the House, made an excellent speech on the subject on Thursday. He is opposed to the speculating mania.

There is any amount of office-seeking at the State House, and Mr. Clifford has to submit to a power of boring that would go through the Hoosac mountain like a flash of lightning through a church. There is a report that he does not intend to make many removals until after the election for members of the Constitutional Convention shall have been held. Colonel Lincoln, of this city, has been appointed one of his Excellency's aids, and a capital appointment it is, Colonel Lincoln having had military experience, and being one of the handsomest men of our time. It is said, for the fiftieth time, that Mr. Choate has the offer of the Attorney Generalship, but that he will not accept it. The *Courier* says he has accepted the place. Office seeks Mr. Choate, not Mr. Choate office.

The Governor, who is a wag in his way, remarked, a day or two since, that it seemed as if every man in the State wished to be either Inspector of Fish or Messenger to the Governor and Council. He turned out Mr. Page, the democratic messenger, in the politest possible manner. "I should be very happy to retain you," said his Excellency, "but the pressure is such that I can't." "Your Excellency," said Mr. Page, "is in the situation of General Taylor, who wished to keep his promises to his friends, but could not." Mr. Cazneau has been removed from a clerkship in the State Department.

Mrs. Stowe's new work will be out in a few days. It is said to be a "crusher." It is of the nature of a defence of her novel, and contains the facts, legal and otherwise, on which the "Cabin" is founded. Those who have seen the manuscript tell me that it is full of energy, and a great circulation is anticipated.

ALGOMA.

FIRE.—About nine o'clock last evening, a fire broke out in the dry goods store of Mr. Goldsmith, corner of State and South Pearl streets. The building was also occupied by Mr. Gleason as a dry goods store, separated from Mr. Goldsmith's store by a wooden partition, and the upper part as a residence by Mr. J. L. Staats, who owned the building. The partition between the two stores was consumed, and the fire extended to the stock of Mr. Gleason. Much of the stock in both stores was consumed, and the remainder, by smoke and water, rendered nearly valueless. Mr. Goldsmith was insured $5,500, Mr. Gleason $6,000. Mr. Staats was insured $1,000 on the building and $500 on his furniture. These insurances will cover all the losses.—*Albany Atlas*, Jan. 25.