THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN & DILL. MEMPHIS, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861. VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 79.

Daily Appeal.

LETTER TO LORD BROUGHAM, BY AN AMERICAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

My Lord: Two events of recent occurrence, trifling in themselves, except when regarded in connection with the peculiar circumstances of the times in which they occurred, have contributed more toward the identification of your lordship's name with the political convulsion which the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty one is now witnessing in America, and with the anti-slavery movement, in which it has had its origin, than all which you have hitherto accomplished during your long and brilliant career as an English statesman.

With a zeal which has known no flagging—with a resolution which was appalled by no probable or possible consequences—with an ability which is fully accorded by your adversaries—and with an earnestness which would seem to preclude any doubt of your sincerity, you have labored for the overthrow of that institution of African slavery in America, which has existed from a period long anterior to the incorporation of the republic in the family of nations.

In this lifetime labor, however, you have been identified with others of your compatriots, who have exhibited the same pertinacity of purpose, and who have probably acquired a reputation almost equal to your own as the great exponents of English sentiment and English policy.

It has been the fortune of your lordship, through the instrumentality of the two events referred to, to inscribe your name far above those of your fellow-laborers, in the roll of the recorded exemplars of British sentiment and British policy.

The first of these occasions offered to your lordship the opportunity, in an assembly of distinguished dignitaries from almost every nation of the civilized world, of proclaiming, in effect, your belief in the equality of the races of man, and the special claims of an African then present to be regarded as a worthy and a fit representative for the noble peers of England.

If your lordship had been contented with the utterance of this simple expression of opinion, it would probably have been forgotten by those who were your auditors, almost as soon as uttered. If by any accident, a representative man of the millions of Anglo-Saxon blood and Anglo-Saxon color, who have striven to elevate to that social rank and station which you so readily accorded in that august assemblage of princes, and nobles, and statesmen, to this sooty African, had bestowed a passing notice upon this paragraph in your lordship's speech, the subject would doubtless have been dismissed after a brief commentary, with the very natural and charitable observation, that a peer of England has the undoubted right to choose his own associates, and might be expected to comprehend better than another the qualities and characteristics of those who should be regarded as worthy of such association.

But your lordship entertained a deeper purpose. You desired to hold up to obloquy a great nation on the opposite side of the Atlantic; and in order to startle your audience by the magnitude and the enormity of its crimes, you proclaimed the presence of the diplomatic representative of that nation which held in the bondage of slavery millions of a race of people of which you then and there pronounced a faithful type, and to whom you assigned an equality of social rank with the nobler order, of which you boasted, in the assembly of your fellow-countrymen, is a faithful representative.

Your lordship's design was skillfully, and artistically, and drama'ically executed. To such an assembly, and acknowledged as a peer, in such an assembly, was certainly, in your lordship's estimation, to be placed upon a pinnacle of social and moral elevation which few could hope to reach; and yet the doom of the slaves upon the plantations of America was a degradation beyond which there was no lower depth. The worthy representative of the oppressed, and the official representative of the hated oppressor, were both present before you. Both were in a foreign land, and both were strangers, and yet your appeal, in behalf of these pressing claims upon your forbearance—acting, it may be, upon the conviction that the claims of God and humanity were more than paramount to all minor considerations, you held them up, as it were, to the gaze of your audience as representatives of the victim and of the enslaver—of virtue and of vice—of freedom and of bondage—of God, and that was worthy to be loved, and of all that should be hated.

The occasion was one which precluded reply or explanation. The generous, the refined, the intellectual, the noble representatives of a degraded and down-trodden race, stood reveal-ed before a sympathizing audience, in all the majesty of injured innocence; while there, too, stood the spoiler—the embodiment of the stupendous crime of his country.

It would probably be premature in me to question the good taste displayed by your lordship, either in your choice of the occasion, or in your manner of treating one of these wrangling guests. I am willing to conclude that your lordship should know better than I the rules of politeness and good breeding proper to be observed in an assemblage of noble and high dignitaries, gathered together in the great capital of the civilized world, and presided over by the prince consort of England's noblest queen. Upon this collateral question, I would not dare to make an an issue with your lordship, the more especially as your audience, by the applause with which it greeted your remarks, has already rendered its verdict in your favor.

The main purpose of your lordship was achieved—the contrast you suggested startled the world by its magnitude. The irrelevancy of the subject to that which your auditors had assembled to consider, gave to the incident notoriety which was magnified by its very isolation; while the event has been perpetuated in the memory of the multitude by the priceless character of the audience before whom the scene was so dramatically enacted. From that moment, America has recognized in the questionable gallantry of your lordship, the qualities which have made you the great champion of British abolitionism.

I will now pass to the second event, which has served, in a still greater degree, by expanding the field of your operation, to strengthen and to confirm you in the position which, by common consent, has been previously assigned to you. But, before entering directly upon the subject, allow me to refer to an incident which occurred not a great while ago, at a spot not more than three thousand miles distant from that great center of civilization in which your lordship moves.

A murderer in another continent closed a long career of crime under the gallows! There was nothing peculiar in this fact, for such has been often the fate of murderers in England, America and elsewhere. But this was a villain of no ordinary stamp. His victims were not stalwart men alone, but defenceless women and little children. He did not stay in the place of a nocturnal assassin, as a common robber at the head of his band of retainers, but he killed in the quiet hours of night, and the slumbers of innocence were startled by the death-shrieks of his unsuspecting victims. But his crimes had not their beginning in those for which he suffered an ignominious death. They extended over a series of years, and the last, for which with his life he paid the forfeit, was by no means the worst. I myself have seen and known the unhappy victims of his earlier crimes. I have seen and known the happy wife and mother—happy in the innocence and purity of her life, though humble in her station—and I have seen her again in all the desolation of a childless widowhood. Dreadful, indeed, were the scenes through which that poor woman passed during the brief space of one short night. She was sleeping in fancied security when the spoilers came to her humble log cabin, and passed through the unbarred door to the bedside of her sleeping husband and children. Your lordship knows the rest, and I will be brief. They were four when they laid down to rest, that dreadful night. The murderer numbered among his victims, surrounded by the lifeless and mutilated bodies of her husband and children.

The chief criminal in this drama of blood, emboldened by immunity, changed the scene and enlarged the field of his operations. At Harper's Ferry, he again unsheathed his bloody dagger, and again was the hour of midnight made terrible by the shrieks of death of his unsuspecting victims. Am I not right, then, in saying that John Brown was a villain of no ordinary stamp? Some men, in a contemplation of the atrocities of John Brown, have said that he was mad, while madmen have exalted the demon into a saint, and mourn for him as a martyr in a holy cause!

It was upon the 2d day of December, 1860, that his friends and partisans assembled in the city of Boston to celebrate the first anniversary of his martyrdom.

Previous to that time a letter had been addressed to your lordship by the "committee of managers," inviting you to be present upon that occasion, and to join in the festive celebration.

Those who knew the fact that such an invitation had been addressed to your lords, ip, were eager to learn in what manner you would respond. The first impression would naturally be that your lordship would treat the whole with the dignified silence and disdain which a nobleman of your lordship's exalted standing might be expected to meet a crude and studied insult, or insolent assumption, attacking the mastery of your better judgment, might induce you, in that burning eloquence of words, which your lordship can so readily command, to hurl back the insult in the faces of your traducers; or, milder and more humane than either, and, perhaps, more in consonance with the gentle manners which might be expected to distinguish those through whose veins flow gentle blood, you would have responded, "it is not my sins, but your insanity, which has led you to believe that I could hold fellowship with the partisans and admirers of an assassin. Go! you are madmen, and I forgive you."

These thoughts, I confess, were my thoughts, and that I give them voice here will show to your lordship that I did not rank you among the vicious and blood thirsty fanatics with whom a common sentiment, upon a single point, had served, in some measure, to identify you. Besides, I will add, that my high respect for the exalted order to which you belong, as well as the position in which you stand as one of the compeers of a throne, indeed to say and the development of a nation, induced me to believe that you would, in some form, exhibit your horror at the crime of assassination, and with such an emphasis that even madmen might never again give expression to the thought that an English nobleman could be found to sympathize in common with either assassins or their partisans.

Pardon me, my lord, if I, in unconscious ignorance, did not estimate, at their proper value, the refined principles of that "higher law" which have been incorporated among the virtues or that sanctified great humanitarian and slavery party, of which you are so distinguished a chief.

Yet it might perhaps surprise that the sympathies of your great Britain should thus stand out in opposition to the spectacle, and the tears to the memory of one who rises up before them as the victim of the unhappy, the destitute and depressed of their own race and kin, who live through life a lingering death, while they have only eyes to see, and ears to hear, and tears to shed over the reputed wrongs of a handful of Africans upon the far-off shores of a continent beyond the Atlantic. But it is necessary in charity to remember that the degradation and wrongs of the one are familiar with them from youth to old age. It is an oft told tale, to which they have become accustomed, familiar, and, perhaps, indifferent from its constant repetition. They are probably appalled by the magnitude of the evil, and ask to forget its existence and their obligations by the exhibition of redoubled zeal in the cause of those whom their imagination, excited by heart-rending romances, pictures as the victims of sorrow and oppression in a far-distant land.

From this brief but not unnatural digression I will return to the subject of the invitation which was given to you, to participate in the celebration of John Brown, the great American murderer. Permit me to refresh your memory with the first lines of your response to the committee in your own language:

"SIR: I feel honored by the invitation to attend the Boston convention."

Upon reading these few emphatic words, I paused and re-read the letter of invitation which had been addressed to you, to discover if I had not, in my hasty perusal thereof, misunderstood its import and object. I beg to quote its words:

"MY LORD: A number of young men, earnestly desirous of devoting themselves to the work of eradicating slavery in the United States, respectfully invite you to meet them in a public convention, to be held in this city on Monday, the 3d day of September.

"It seems to them that the anniversary of the death of John Brown, who was killed for attempting to decide this problem in the mode that he believed to be the most efficient, is an occasion peculiarly appropriate for the discussion of our duty to the race for whom he suffered. * * * It would be a work of supererogation now to defend John Brown, and a useless waste of time to eulogize him. Leaving both these duties to the coming ages, let us seek to continue his life by striving to accomplish what he left us to finish."

It is true, my lord, that you modified somewhat the only legitimate interpretation of your first emphatic indorsement. True, as "the representative of the anti-slavery party in England," you avowed a wide difference of opinion between those you represented and the promoters of the Harper's Ferry expedition. True, you decided that John Brown was a real martyr. True, you declared your opposition to the encouragement of negro insurrection, because "they might prove less hurtful to the master than the slave." Truly, you intimated that the surest means of accomplishing your cherished schemes of American negro emancipation was under the form of law, through the instrumentality of a recent political change in the Government of the Republic! But present above all other considerations which might induce you to accept the invitation of your letter, stands forth the declaration that you "feel honored by the invitation to attend the Boston convention."

What a spectacle is here presented, and how fruitful a theme for reflection! An English nobleman shaking hands across the ocean, and transmitting pleasant messages to such an assemblage, convened for such a purpose!

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of a passing thought, that while some of your admirers have hailed your letter as furnishing evidence of the conservatism and moderation of British sentiment, many have regarded your slight deviation from the bloody path of an extreme fanaticism, as too great a concession to the dictates of an uncalculating and weakly-relenting humanity.

I confess that upon this subject there is a chasm between us, so broad and so deep, that I have not the hardihood to attempt to fill it up. Perhaps you will acknowledge as a peer, in such an assembly, was certainly, in your lordship's estimation, to be placed upon a pinnacle of social and moral elevation which few could hope to reach; yet the doom of the slaves upon the plantations of America was a degradation beyond which there was no lower depth. The worthy representative of the oppressed, and the official representative of the hated oppressor, were both present before you. Both were in a foreign land, and both were strangers, and yet your appeal, in behalf of these pressing claims upon your forbearance—acting, it may be, upon the conviction that the claims of God and humanity were more than paramount to all minor considerations, you held them up, as it were, to the gaze of your audience as representatives of the victim and of the enslaver—of virtue and of vice—of freedom and of bondage—of God, and that was worthy to be loved, and of all that should be hated.

The occasion was one which precluded reply or explanation. The generous, the refined, the intellectual, the noble representatives of a degraded and down-trodden race, stood reveal