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## **Douglass' Monthly, April 1861, Vol. III, N0. XI**

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 10:05:07

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440 DOUGLASS' MONTHLY. April, 1861.  
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LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD---NO. LXXIII  
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SHERWOOD, (Eng.,) Feb. 13, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND:-I have been spending the last ten days in Nottinghamshire, a country which possesses much interest, partly in itself, and more by association—for who can date a letter from Sherwood, or Newstead Grove, without having his mind crowded with poetic memories of all kinds—now of the world renowned Sylvan monarch, ROBIN HOOD, and anon of that poet, whose favorite ancestral seat (Newstead Abbey) rises within a few miles of us amidst its grand old woods, and whose mortal remains are interred in the neighboring village church of Hucknall?—Who can look across the Trent and see in the dim distance the long line of Clifton Grove, without thinking of the youthful bard who sang so sweetly of both, and who sleeps in the 'sleep that knows no waking,' in the quiet country church-yard of Wilford, close by?

I told you of my visit to Newstead Abbey several years since, and of my regret that time did not then admit of my exploring Hucknall. I have recently had an opportunity of making a pilgrimage to Byron's tomb. A time-worn, venerable country church, in the simple, unpretending village of Hucknall, contains the family vault of the Byrons. There a long line of them are entombed, and there lies all that is mortal of the immortal poet of their race, GEORGE GORDON BYRON. His daughter ADA's last resting-place is by the side of her father.

'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.'

A plain marble tablet on the wall above the vault is erected in memory of Byron; but in vain I looked for a similar memorial of Lady Lovelace. On asking the clerk, he reached down a pasteboard, which was hanging on a nail below Byron's tomb; on it was a printed inscription to the memory of Byron's mother, and behind it hung a similar pasteboard, containing he dates of the birth and death of ADA, wife of Lord Lovelace, with an announcement that her remains lie in the adjoining vault. I was well nigh stultified at beholding such a mean, poor memorial of ADA, whose name is known to all civilized nations as the 'sole daughter of the 'house and heart' of Byron. The clerk told me that my astonishment was shared in by the majority of the tribe of pilgrims who (coming from all European countries, as well as from America and Australia) make a visit to the tomb of Byron, Poor Byron! As I stood musing at his tomb, every object within and without the church called up melancholy recollections of the wayward man, who (how numerous so-ever were his errors and caprices) inspired warm attachment in all who surrounded him. The Christmas garlands were not yet removed from the sacred edifice; but the wreaths of bay, and laurel, and holly were all faded and dead. I thought of Byron's stanzas, commencing,

'There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.'



As we drove out of Hucknall, the village bells were chiming melancholy music, and in the distance the now leafless woods of Newstead Abbey seemed to meet the horizon.

—A few days since I went over one of the Nottingham manufactories, and was completely astonished at the perfection to which machinery is now brought, and the fineness of the processes through which the previously  
[[/column 1]]

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spun cotton passes ere it resolves itself into the elegant fabric known as Nottingham lace. I need scarcely say that Cotton formed the chief subject of conversation between myself and the proprietor who kindly and courteously conducted us over the establishment; and this was the case also in a hosiery manufactory over which I subsequently went. In the latter instance, the proprietor said that, notwithstanding the difficulties into which the present state of things in America threw those in England engaged in the cotton trade, he, for one, was rejoiced that a crisis had arrived, for now he was convinced that the people here would feel necessitated to look to other countries than America for cotton, and he should be truly glad to use free grown cotton, if he could procure it in proper quantity, quality and price. But both he and the lace manufacturer got all their cotton, ready spun, from Lancashire, and could give me no idea whether it was a Sea Island or New Orleans commodity that reached them. I need scarcely tell you, my dear friend, that the (dis)United States and slavery form in every British heart, at this time, a leading topic for discussion.—Some of our friends who had not crossed the Atlantic were under the impression, when the news of Lincoln's election reached them, that a great blow to slavery had been struck, and freedom's battle almost won! Since I came to Nottingham, I have been completely puzzled what to reply to the inquiries made to me concerning the people of the North. The Southerners are, of the two, far better understood by us all, I think, for they act more direct and straightforward in their course— bad as it is—but for the poor, timid, cowardly, servile, dishonest North, I can find no words to express the contempt I feel. They cannot be made to see the power they possess and might yield in the sacred cause of human freedom.

I shall not conclude my letter until my return home.

SALEM PARSONAGE, February 20.

Your February monthly, dear friend, reached us this morning. I have read your first and second articles with much pain. As to him I have so long been accustomed to regard in the light of friend—Hon. WM. H. SEWARD—I can but echo one of our leading journals and say he is 'a riddle.' I have carefully read and re-read the extract you gave from Mr. Seward's speech of 12th January, and the more I read the more enigmatical some of its passages appear. Other parts of this production (so entirely, as a whole, unlike Mr. Seward's world renowned speech on the Higher Law) cause one to fear that the philanthropist of other times is lost in the statesman of the present; that the noble and generous defender of the poor idiot, FREEMAN, dismayed at such a possibility as 'the dissolution of the Union,' and the consequent ruin of his beloved country, (?) has resolved, in a fit of genuine American (not Roman) patriotism to throw not himself into the yawning gulf, but the whole colored people of the States! Clear sighted statesman as Gov. Seward was wont to be, can he not see what some of us simple hearted people

discern, that though compromise be piled on compromise, by the North, the gulf which separates slavery from freedom will never be filled to the desire of the lords of the lash, until the whole country become one vast hunting ground for slavery, and it becomes as legal to hold slaves within sight  
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of the Bunker Hill monument, as it now is within view of the Capitol. Mr. Seward seems to make a half apology for his present mode of speech, when he says he early learned from Jefferson that 'we cannot always do what seems to us absolutely best.' Surely, surely, the mist has ere this cleared away from before the eyes of this distinguished man, whom we have so long respected and honored. I have felt sad ever since these tidings concerning him reached us. It has been quite a relief, a refreshment to turn to the speech of the noble man of Peterboro'; Dr. C. read it with deep interest. I would have given much to have heard that deep-toned, clear voice pealing forth in sonorous accents, once again, and on such a momentous occasion.

The case of poor Anderson seems before the world. Our press has, almost unanimously, taken up the matter, and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has been working hard. At its suggestion some time since, letters were sent from many A.S. Societies and towns to the Duke of Newcastle, beseeching his interference. Our Halifax letter went with 185 signatures. Five times as many could have been obtained had time admitted of our inviting them, but speed was desirable—so in a day and a half our missive was thus far signed and dispatched, and acknowledged nearly as promptly. I need scarcely say, that tens of thousands of British friends are eagerly watching for tidings concerning poor Anderson. Should he once reach these free shores, oh what a greeting he will receive!

I will not apologize for sending a somewhat briefer epistle than usual, because I am enclosing a spirit-stirring poem, (published elsewhere,) sent me for your columns by one of our true-hearted, thorough anti-slavery friends. I feel sure the lines will be perused with deep feelings of emotion by many.

I regret having sent no letter in time for your March number. I had hoped to have sent you ere this an account of Dr. Cheever's visit to Halifax; but his coming has been (in consequence of the multitude of his engagements) postponed more than once, to our regret.

Some among us do not forget that just a year ago, we were looking with eagerness for the arrival of a dear friend from the North, who was to speak to us of the wrongs of his people, and to gladden the hearts of the workers in their cause by his presence at our anti-slavery Bazaar. Many warm inquiries are made for you, my dear friend, many kind wishes expressed, and many kind messages sent by friends in Halifax and elsewhere. That God may overrule the malice of foes, and the treachery of false friends for the more speedy deliverance of the poor bondsman, is the earnest prayer of Your true and ever sincere friend, JULIA G. CROFTS.  
[[line]]

—The Constitution adopted by the Congress of the Southern Confederacy is reported to contain the following clauses: The slave

trade is absolutely prohibited, and a violation of the law subjects the vessel to forfeiture and the parties implicated to imprisonment for not less than ten years. If the Governor of the State shall neglect or refuse to send the imported negroes back, they shall be SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER! The Presidential term is extended to six years. Offices are to be held during good behavior, and officers to be removed only for cause, and on a written complaint being preferred against them. Members of the Cabinet are not to be excluded from seats in Congress.

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