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G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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AGENTS

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

REVIEWS.

A Memoir of the Life and Labors of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. By Francis Wayland, President of Brown University. 2 Vols Pp. 566, 522 Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. Sold by Taylor & Maury, Washington.

This important contribution to the history of missions has long been expected, and the performance has justified the delay. Dr. Judson's life is the story of the commencement of missions by the churches of America in foreign lands. It was the day-dawn of the wide-spread plans of Christian beneficence, which are the glory of our land, expressed not only in Bible Societies, Home Mission Societies, and Foreign Missions, but in every other society which has for its aim and end peace on earth and good will to man.

The incentive to this great work, in the mind of Dr. Judson and his associates, arose from reading the "Star in the East," by the Rev Claudius Buchanan, whose conversion was one of the fruits of the pastoral labors of the Rev. John Newton, himself a singular expression of God's goodness and long-suffering compassion. The leaven hid in the heart of Judson soon began to heave and expand. He sought the aid of the churches in and around Boston, but they were timid—they could not understand how it could be that they should trust a young man whose wishes were clothed in language of Spartan simplicity: "Give us the means to go, and at the end of some twenty years you may hear of us again." And, with reluctance, the Board of Missions, then recently created, gave Dr. Judson a letter to the well-known Rev. George Burder, of London, proposing to resign Dr. Judson and his friends to the patronage and direction of the London Society. This letter is dated January 3, 1811.

The English Missionary Society declined any joint mission with the American Board; and the Prudential Committee decided to recommend to Dr. Judson and his friend, Samuel Nott, Jr., not to place themselves under the direction of the London Missionary Society, but to wait the further intimations of Providence at home. These were soon manifested in the wishes of the churches that they should be sent forth at their cost and charge. And Dr. Judson sailed, with his friend Newell, on the 18th February, 1812, from Salem. Nott, Hall, and Rice, sailed from Philadelphia on the same day. This, then, is the era of foreign missions of the American churches.

They were all great men, and the last was Dr. Judson, who is destined to be known as the *Apostle to the Burman Empire.*

The history of that mission is a romance, written in part by the beautiful and gifted woman who linked her fortunes with his in 1811, and whose love and devotion is unsurpassed by any heroine delineated in the pages of fiction.

Dr. Judson was a remarkable man. He entered the Empire of Burmah alone, and unsustained by any earthly protection. He had to begin at the beginning of his work—the language was without a grammar or a lexicon. The famous old John Leland, of Berkshire, used to say, "There are many men little enough to be great—there are few men great enough to be little." Dr. Judson's labors as a preacher began so soon as he could speak the language, and it was long before he had any encouragement. "Do you think the prospect bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?" was a question put to him by a pious man; to which he replied, promptly, "As bright as the promises of God." His faith was always calm, clear, and enduring—his will was indomitable; no disease, no danger, no difficulties or trials, changed for a moment his fixed plans.

Having made himself perfectly familiar with the Burman language, he seemed to prefer it to his native tongue. He was aware that this knowledge imposed upon him the duty of devoting a considerable portion of his time to the work of translation; yet he considered his appropriate business as a missionary to be the preaching of the Gospel. He believed that Christianity was to be promulgated by the contact of individual mind with individual mind. He did not devise any set of measures to operate, as it is said, on the public mind, and change the views of the masses. He had little confidence in schools as a means of the conversion of men. It was sufficient for him to know Christ and his Apostles had made it their great work to proclaim to men everywhere the news of salvation, and he resolutely followed their example.

There is something deeply interesting in facts like these. In these volumes we see one of the most learned and able men in India—that nursery of great men—a man of refined manners and cultivated tastes, surrounded by a company of native Christians who had yet only begun to put off their habits of barbarism, penetrating the recesses of the forest and threading every accessible rivulet, for the sake of preaching to almost naked savages the Gospel of our salvation. Wherever he could find listeners, were they many or few, there he stopped to discourse on the message of redeeming love. Whether from his boat or on the shore, whether by day or by night, he was always ready to reveal to these wandering barbarians the love of God, in sending his Son for our redemption. In this work he was remarkably successful. Rarely did he go into the jungle, without, on his return, "bringing his sheaves with him." And when, at length, he felt constrained, by order of the Board of Missions, to devote himself to the work of translation, it cost him a pang; and the paper which recorded his resolution to forsake the jungle, and devote himself to a life of greater self-indulgence, was bedewed with his tears.

It may interest the readers of this notice to be told that the present results of the Burman mission, from its commencement to 1852–'53, show 88 mission stations, 112 sub-stations, 64 missionaries, 205 native missionaries, 182 churches, and 14,252 members baptized on the profession of their faith and "relations of Christian experience." They have 82 schools, and 2,063 pupils.

Dr. Judson possessed a remarkable facility for calling into actual service all the gifts of native Christians. He saw that a nation can never be evangelized, except by means of its own population. Foreigners can never supply it with ministers of the gospel. Strangers may carry to it the truths of the gospel, may transfer them into its language, and, by the blessing of God, may establish churches. But it is from these churches themselves that the preachers must be taken, who are to carry the gospel to their brethren.

Dr. Judson was for twenty-one months a prisoner in the death-prison, so called, and with all appropriateness, at Ava, and for seventeen months in irons. He was taken out to act as interpreter for the King at Ava, in making the treaty with Sir Archibald Campbell. His death was twice determined on; once by the *Pakanwun*, the leader of the armies, who himself fell suddenly into disgrace, and was executed at an hour's notice; and orders were several times given by the brother to the Queen, who was the real ruler of the Empire, for his "taking off," but the governor of the prison waited for the express order of the King, and so the life of the missionary was saved.

President Wayland, in his admirable chapter on the character and labors of this eminent man, says, "He was endowed with a will of the highest order. It was capable of controlling his physical nature, so that his body would do or suffer whatever it was commanded. It subjected the natural to the spiritual in a degree very rarely attained. * * * He could have made himself a mathematician, a philologist, a diplomatist, a statesman, an impassioned orator, and perhaps a poet, by the strenuous exertion of his will. This is, I think, one of the rarest of human endowments, and it is bestowed only upon men who are eminently gifted. It has seemed to me that the highest range of human talent is distinguished, not by the power of doing well any one particular thing, but by the power of doing well anything we resolutely determine to do."

This is a notice of unusal length for the columns of the *Era*, but it finds its apology in the value of the work, and its bearings upon the advance of the reign of Christ in all the earth. †

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

The charm of this volume—and everything from the pen of Grace Greenwood has a charm—is a sprightliness and a *naiveté* that disarm criticism, like the laughsome glee of a child, to whom the falling snow, the early spring, the Crystal Palace, the Christmas tree, everything in the world of nature, the world of art, and the little world of home, is a novelty, a mystery, or a poem, yielding some fresh inspiration to eyes that never weary, and to a heart that never aches. Among all the "haps and mishaps" of this year of absence, there was nothing marvellous in the way of adventure, or new in the way of sight-seeing; but to her all was new and marvellous, and the most phlegmatic natures will feel the pulses of that warm, gladsome, womanly heart, and the gushings of its joy, though even its spiritual magnetism may fail to convey to others those "shocks of intense pleasure" that made our author reel in her saddle "with the intoxication of sight," as she rode over the "wondrous Campagna" and gazed upon the "exquisite tints, and infinite shades, and inconceivable brightness" of the "sky of skies."

We like Grace amazingly for her downright honesty; because, having a heart, she shows it without restraint, and yet with a true womanly delicacy. We can bear with her ecstatics because they are natural and honest, and therefore meet a response in all true natures. To be sure she "piles up the agony" in presence of the Apollo Belvidere and the Dying Gladiator, and tries the full force of that part of speech known as the adjective; but it is always a natural emotion, even when wrought to its highest ecstacy, and is never put on for effect. To be sure she tells us how she felt, rather than what she saw—or she describes objects through her own emotions; but then it is pleasant and stimulating to know how such a mind was affected by nature, society, art, and religion, in the Old World—a pleasure next to that of seeing with one's own eyes. It is like listening to music from an invisible band on the still night air.

A downright honesty of opinion, too, she has, and utters it with the strength and feeling of a woman's heart. We would give more for one page of her instinctive repulsion at the Papal system, as an imposition upon the chaste simplicity of a true devotion, than for a whole volume of invective from Kirwan.

Most heartily do we commend the book to all lovers of genuine sentiment, of refined and poetic feeling, of genial, sprightly narrative, and of pure religious principle.

The above appreciative notice we find in the New York *Independent*. It is, we presume, from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher. We heartily concur in its encomium of an exceedingly pleasant volume of Travels, than which nothing more racy and readable has been issued from the press this season. If the author's record of impressions abroad is not always as grave, classic, and well-considered as that of Hilliard's "Six Months in Italy," it is fresher, freer, warmer—nay, a more earnest individuality.

It bears on every page ample evidence that she has been true to her own convictions; that she saw with her own eyes, and uttered her own thoughts. It is very pleasant and exhilarating to read a book of European travel, which is not a mere intellectual survey of life, art, and nature, but a hearty, honest transcript of all the author saw, felt, and enjoyed, in her wanderings. A warm, earnest, happy, hopeful human heart, beats audibly along its pages. She manifests, without any disguise, her quick, generous, womanly instincts, impulses, and enthusiasms—loves strongly, and hates deeply—despises shows and pretences, and looks through the guady pomp and tinsel splendors of religious despotism, to the wrongs and oppressions underlying them—and amidst all the seductive influences of life at Rome, retains her Protestantism and Democracy. Her representations of religious theatricals, and the way in which Christianity is caritatured and common sense outraged thereby, are very spirited and effective. Her contempt for mocklings is as hearty and emphatic as that of the stout German Reformer himself.

The book has the tone and coloring of a familiar letter; its careless *abandon* and unreserve only make it the more readable. Its faults lie on its surface, quite too manifest to offend any tolerable sport to the critical hunter after blemishes. We can readily forgive them, in view of the generous and freedom-loving spirit which pervades the volume, and which, we are sure, will commend it to the hearts of its readers. J. G. W.

A Day at the Crystal Palace, and How to Make the Most of it. By Wm. C. Richards, A. M. New York: Putnam & Co. For sale by R. Farnham, corner of Pa. avenue and 11th street, Washington, D. C. 1 vol., pp. 167.

This is an invaluable guide-book to visiters to the Palace. We regret we did not possess it at the time of our visit. It is just what we then felt the need of. †

Art and Industry, as represented in the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York; showing the progress and state of the various useful and esthetic pursuits. Dy Horace Greeley. New York: Redfield. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Pa. avenue, Washington, D. C.

This is a valuable record of the Crystal Palace, beginning with its inception, to its completion; and under separate heads, judiciously classified, is a careful, clear, and succinct account given, of all that is beautiful in art or useful in life. And in the composition of these chapters there is a great amount of information of the choicest kind, on topics concerning which Mr. Greeley has been long accustomed to think and to write. It is a work to be studied and treasured up for future use. †

A Guide to English Composition; or, One Hundred and Twenty Subjects analyzed and illustrated from analogy and the writings of celebrated ancient and modern authors, to teach the art of argumentation and the development of thought." By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Pa. avenue, Washington, D. C. 1 vol., pp. 415.

We have no faith in any contrivances of teachers which will make the hill of science so easy that it will cease to be the strenuous and the earnest who alone shall reach the summit. But we find in this book much to admire and commend. It is by one of the masters of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England, and its method is admirable, and if only used as a guide to begin with, until a boy shall—to use the schoolboy saying common in New England—"*get the hang of the school-us*," it would do good service; but, (there must be *buts* everywhere, and oftenest in such matters as these,) the danger of saving labor and making a hard task easy, renders it questionable as to the ultimate results of this and like books. †

Helen Mulgrave, or Jesuit Executorship. 1 vol. Pp. 312. Published by De Witt & Davenport, Nassau street, New York. Sold by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington.

Seldom have we read a work of such absorbing interest, describing, as it does, the process by which a young inquiring mind is led to cast off the formula of the Catholic faith, in which it was trained, and the persecutions to which it is in consequence subjected, extending through every relation of life.

The book contains many truths of vital importance. G.

The Convent and the Manse. By Hyla. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleaveland: Jewett, Proctor, & Worthington. Sold by Gray & Ballantyne, Washington. 1 vol. Pp. 242.

We are here presented with a delightful picture of a clergyman's home—a home where intelligent industry presides, and governed by the sweet law of love; where the heart is free as mountain winds to gush forth in loving words and deeds, or in merry play with the happy spirits that surround it—a little heaven; *not* the heaven where no sorrow is, but where it comes as a ministering angel to turn the thoughts more trustingly upward, and make the tried and purified spirit beam with a more heavenly lustre. Perhaps the author is a clergyman's wife, and her own home sat for the portrait. If so, we envy its inmates, one and all—from the happy husband down to the Irish servant girl.

In strong contrast is presented the life of a convent, where the glad gushings of the heart of youth are represented as fettered by unnatural restrictions. The author arraigns those parents who, to gratify a selfish ambition, and gain political influence, send their daughters away from free and happy homes, where they have been tenderly reared by the hand of maternal love, and shut them up within gloomy walls, where, he says, they are subject to the artful persuasions and insidious teachings of Jesuits and Sisters, *miscalled* of Mercy. He holds, that forbidden to think, to judge, to act for themselves, it is impossible that their minds should be as thoroughly disciplined as in schools where free discussion and inquiry are encouraged; and hence that they the more readily receive the specious falsehoods and complicated dogmas taught them for truth. To *believe* and *obey* is their duty, and not to *reason* and *reflect*. Consequently, they soon learn to consider their parents heretics, and in the end fall into the arms of "Holy Mother Church." G.

THE FAMOUS CASE OF LORD STIRLING.

We understand that the Press is beginning to take notice of this important case. One more remarkable has rarely come before us; and never, we believe, have we heard of one more deserving the sympathies of the People of this country, both on account of the baseness of the efforts to falsify law and facts, and because there are really interests at stake which might, and ought, to be made available for the purpose of retrieving the bungling diplomacy of 1818 in regard to the Fisheries.

Our readers may recollect that, in August of last year, some notice was drawn to the case by the announcement that a company was formed for the purpose of trying the question in the Law Courts, as to the right of Great Britain to the Fishery grounds. The ground of this pretension was, that Lord Stirling actually possessed in law, by acts judicial and royal, seisin or lawful right over the whole. And this is perfectly true.

The Government of England, although it could not openly violate the sanctity of the law, nor deny the act of the sovereign made in conformity with that law, sought, while holding Lord Stirling quiet under pretence of compromising with him for his immense rights, by underhand means, to undo what it had vainly sought to defeat in open court.

They accordingly commenced an illegal action against Lord Stirling by means of a treacherous agent; which action ought to have been dismissed at the onset, having been in open violation of the law and practice of the British courts. And this was recently declared to be illegal in the House of Lords. But the agitation in the Canadas, subsequent to the establishment of Lord Stirling's right in 1831, was such that the judges of Scotland, at the desire of the Government, tolerated this illegal action, for the *purpose of giving the impression* that the right had not been established.

To fully comprehend these points, those of our readers who are curious for details must consult the able work of Mr. J. L. Hayes, now about to be republished. Every man ought to read and understand it.

As, however, our subscribers may desire to have a few facts on the case, we will state some leading points; the more so, as agents of England have been remarkably active in falsifying the truth, and in all their attacks have carefully ignored the judgments in Lord Stirling's favor.

We shall divide what we have to say into two parts: the right of Lord Stirling to his title, and the right to his property. Of the first, we, in this country, care nothing. We, of course, in courtesy allow every man the name or distinction to which he is entitled in his own country. But in this case it is necessary to consider it, because it cannot well be separated from the fact of legal right to the property.

Lord Stirling took up his title in 1825, having been acknowledged and received according to Scotch forms by the assembled peers of Scotland, to whom his right was well known. He has ever since sat and voted with them When the Crown of England began to be afraid of his establishing his right to the British Provinces, which had been granted by five charters to his ancestor, *and all confirmed by act of Parliament*, it opened an opposition in the Court of Session against his right to the Earldom of Stirling. The case was argued before the whole bench of thirteen judges, who (February 9, 1830) *unanimously* sustained his right. It subsequently came before the Lord Chancellor of England, who likewise recognised his right. It was likewise dragged on a quibble before the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, which on each occasion sustained the other judgments. It likewise was recognised by the King in Council, in August, 1831, in a most formal manner. And finally, when the illegal action, commenced in 1833, was brought into the House of Lords, it was finally admitted before that tribunal—the highest in Great Britain—and before which no man can present himself, bearing a name or character not recognised or established according to law.

Hence, on the point of *title*, there has not been an instance on record in Great Britain, of such repeated and unanimous recognition.

The reader, surprised, will perhaps ask, Why, then, this persevering opposition? The answer is simple enough; and we give it in the words used by many British Ministers—that "the claims involved political consequences of such moment, that the Government was afraid to grapple with them." This is the key to the whole mystery.

Now, as to the property. The Scotch law requires certain forms to be gone through, before an heir can enter into possession of his lands, and the rights appertaining to them. All these Lord Stirling fulfilled. He obtained *four* verdicts of Juries, of 15 men each—and finally, after the last or special Jury, the King, William IV, on a writ issued from Chancery, gave him, in the castle of Edinburgh, seisin or legal possession of all his lands and rights. These lands comprise the whole of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c., and the Fisheries. By that instrument of seisin, the charters confirmed by act of Parliament became again the law of those countries, giving the Provinces in fact, through Lord Stirling's rights, entirely independent of Government.

On the completion of that act, on the 8th of July, 1831, a great dinner was given to Lord Stirling, in Edinburgh, at which Mr. Robertson, advocate, who had been Chancellor of the last Jury, and is now Lord Robertson, Judge of the Court of Sessions, addressed the Earl in a complimentary speech, in which he remarked that "the law of Scotland had now done for him all that it could do to invest him with his rights," &c.

We must, at this point, say a few words in regard to Scotch Juries on questions of heirship. We have the testimony of many Judges to their superiority over the common Jury—and among them, Mr. Hayes gives that of a Judge singularly hostile to Lord Stirling, on account of the "political character," as he chose to term it, of his case. He quite ridiculed a common Jury, in comparison with the highly respectable Juries in Lord Stirling's case. The reason is obvious. The common Jury, from incapacity or want of habit, is rarely able to grasp the value of evidence, and takes its cue after the last speaker, or some obstinate fellow Juror; while in this system of Scotch Jury, men of a different stamp sit upon it. As for instance, in all Lord Stirling's Juries, the majority were Advocates, writers to the Signet, or Solicitors—the very men most capable of sifting documentary evidence; and through this severe ordeal did Lord Stirling go, *four times*. His case is the more strengthened, as in the case of the Title, by opposition; for on the latter Juries, in particular, lawyers presented themselves and sat on the Jury, who intended no favor to Lord Stirling, (the Crown lawyers watching the proceedings,) and yet they *unanimously concurred in the verdicts in his favor.*

To deceive the public on the importance of these verdicts, (as the character of these Juries is unknown out of Scotland,) the opponents of Lord Stirling have had recourse to falsehoods. For instance, some months ago, an *Englishman* imposed a statement upon the editors of the New York *Tribune*, which they accepted and repeated in good faith, to the effect that these Juries are assembled by the *macers* of the court, and before this "drunken tribunal" Lord Stirling went!

The reader will hear with surprise that the statement is a *pure invention*. Yet upon such "facts" has the whole slanderous opposition of agents of the British Government been based. Years before Lord Stirling came before the courts, the habit of employing *macers* to summon a Jury in the absence of a Judge, was abolished by act of Parliament; and all his Jury were assembled and acted under the improved and strict system instituted by the act of 1821. We have for obvious reasons enlarged upon this matter.

It was after "the law had done all it could do to invest Lord Stirling with his rights," that negotiations were opened with the British Government. They were chiefly characterized by shuffling and duplicity—their course was first interrupted by a forgery at the Colonial Office in London, the object of which was to get Lord Stirling to a place from which he could be carried away or kidnapped. The forgery was the act of the Private Secretary of the Colonial Minister, at the instigation of his chiefs. All these details, with letters and proofs, were published by the eminent London publishers, Ridgway & Co., and again in Edinburgh in 1835. Copies are in the Capitol Library, and in Mr. Peter Force's and other collections.

The agitation in the Canadas, and the acts of Lord Stirling in thwarting Government schemes in Parliament, were the cause of this project to extinguish him quietly.

It was immediately after this had failed, that, by gaining an agent of Lord Stirling, an illegal action, in May, 1833, was commenced against him, to *give the impression*, at home and abroad, that his case was not settled! The judges would not dismiss it. *They wanted to hold Lord Stirling's hands, while they plundered his lands and sought means to tranquillize the Canadas.*

In the mean time, a number of other documents came up, and a host of evidence and witnesses, to strengthen the case; and, finally, in 1837, a document was stolen from the Foreign Office in France, and sent to Lord Stirling, duly certified.

The officers of State in Scotland, on inquiry, received from Paris assurances of its genuineness; and one of them thereupon congratulated Lord Stirling's counsel upon it. But some of those gentlemen formed a plan for getting the office closed to further identification of the document, and proposed charging it as a forgery; trusting to their influence to get the present witnesses and other proofs out of the way!

The plan was carried out partially, and thus originated the pretended charge of forgery, of which Blackwood gave an entirely fictitious account, some three years ago. In point of fact, we have reason to believe this charge was merely got up to hide more effectually the real Colonial Office Forgery; for the document charged as a forgery by Lord Stirling, consisted of *seventeen lengthy writings*, all *in the handwritings of the parties who signed them.* If they had charged a mere forgery of signatures, that might have been possible; but here, a man was actually charged with a deed that was *physically impossible*, and which the united testimony of witnesses for and against Lord Stirling declared would have defied a whole academy! Besides, it was in a foreign language, and perfectly exact in the idioms and expressions of the time, &c. But what is final: Lord Stirling accidentally discovered documentary proof of its existence *fifty years ago*; and also an old English gentleman, who had seen it at that time.

In short, we do not know an instance of such reiterated outrages, as the whole illegal opposition to this established right has given rise to. The British Government, we understand, now indignantly denies that it had any hand in this bad business. But did it not wink at it? Was it really deceived by the Crown agents, who had an interest of some two or three hundred thousand dollars, to break up the case?

Lord Stirling not only established his case in law, but every opposition strengthened him. Why, then, persecute and ruin a man, because his rights are undeniable?

Now, in our view, this case involves two points of importance: 1st. As to the Fishery title, which affects us; and, 2d, as to the violation of law and solemn judgments in the person of an individual, which by every moral and human law affects all other individuals who have always rights to assert and maintain.

1. As to the Fishery question, it is clear, by the above mentioned facts, that we have been treating with a party (the British Government) which for years has had no right or title to the Fishing grounds; the same having been solemnly conceded by an act of the British Sovereign, in the form of a royal act of seisin, issued out of Chancery in Scotland, on the 8th July, 1831, in consequence of the establishment of the right of Lord Stirling to the same by the laws of his country.

Such being the facts, are we doing right in continuing to treat with the British Government? Will any of our countrymen blame us for saying, that we are bound by every principle of honor to act justly, whether it be towards an individual or a nation; and that we think, since Providence has pointed out a way to repair the blunder committed by our statesmen in 1818, that we ought to take advantage of it? We consider it the more imperative so to do, because the method, thus pointed out to us, *is one perfectly legal*, and, we do not hesitate to say, *peaceful*, for restoring our ruined fishermen and our declining Fishing towns to that activity and prosperity to which they are so fully entitled.

2. As to the violation of law and judicial acts, in the person of an individual: every free man knows that it is the accumulation of individual wrongs that is the corrupt source of national wrong. If a right in the individual be injurious to the community, the same can and should be removed, but never without compensation. In this instance, the individual has repeatedly offered to accept of moderate compensation; but that has been withheld, simply because a few *other* individuals were envious and fearful of the immensity of the rights; and because Lord Stirling "obstinately" refused to share *with the underlings of the Crown*, who had made him repeated propositions.

In coming over to this country, and appealing to us, as an enlightened and liberal People, at the very moment most auspicious in the Fishery negotiation, we cannot believe that Lord Stirling will have reason to regret the step. He will find here more activity in supporting right and denouncing wrong. As a general rule, the "feet of the wicked are swift to evil;" while the well disposed rarely show either diligence, courage, or unanimity, in sustaining the persecuted. Here it is that the bold few trample upon, and, by their activity and united action, triumph over individuals; while the many, timid and careless, shrug their shoulders, sigh over the violation of rights and justice, or try to give credit to inconsistent falsehoods, if they do not even approve them by blaming the persecuted for a position from which they could by no possibility escape.

We have to say, in conclusion, that, in making this statement of Lord Stirling's position, we have done so from pure, disinterested motives. We have had the pleasure of his acquaintance and that of his family residing in Washington, and we can bear testimony to their perfect integrity and honorable bearing. We think the country ought to be supplied with the facts of the case. We therefore draw attention to them, because we have reasons for believing that there has been much activity displayed in preventing a consideration of the case by the country, through the agency of the Press. We have read all the attacks upon Lord Stirling and his rights; and we do not remember ever to have met with such an overwhelming refutation of calumny as that given by Mr. Hayes in his "Vindication."

To the wild assertions and slanders of the opposition, he has not only refuted them by the publication of the facts—*i. e.*, the acts royal, judicial, and official, the verdicts and judgments of courts &c.—but he demonstrates upon irrefragable proof that crimes of the darkest character have been committed, for the purpose of destroying documentary evidence and obliterating official proofs upon which the case is based. ‡

☞ The Committee of the House of Representatives appointed to inquire "how far it is expedient for the public interest, and consistent with our civil institutions, to employ military men on our public works," consists of Messrs. Stanton, of Kentucky, chairman; Dawson, of Pennsylvania; Dickerson, of Massachusetts; Faulkner, of Virginia; Vansant, of Maryland; Sapp, of Ohio; and Keitt, of South Carolina.

Massachusetts on the Nebraska Bill.—The House of Representatives of this State yesterday passed the resolves in opposition to the Nebraska bill, by a vote of 246 yeas to 13 nays, eleven Democrats and two Whigs voting in the negative. So the spirit of justice and of freedom have not yet been "crushed out" of the freemen of this noble old Commonwealth!

The cotton factory at Memphis, Tennessee, was recently sold by the sheriff, for $35,000. It originally cost over $100,000.

For the National Era.

BELL SMITH ABROAD.

No. XIII.

FASHIONS AND FOLLIES.

Dear Friend: The last request made, before leaving home, came from numerous female friends, begging earnestly to send them the fashions—the latest wear. I have been very delinquent. To tell the truth, I am at a loss, and have been since my arrival, upon this important point. The French women are the best-dressed persons in the world, and being such, have no one pattern of an article which all exhibit, as with us. The fair and brunette, the tall and short, the slender and robust, cannot, save by miracle, find one garment suitable to all. Yet, at home, the attempt is made, and the unbending milliner deals out to each the one thing, casting every one who dare depart from it outside of good society. This is one of the mysteries of Parisian toilette that I have made some approach to a solution. The spirit, which adopts the becoming, gives a peculiar wear to the dress. Come with me upon the Boulevards, this sunny afternoon, and let us take Paris as it promenades. What a countless throng, and all on parade. If there is a single affair of importance in two miles of this stream of life, I am no judge of business. It is the hour for an exhibition, and let us take it in such spirit and notice. The stores have their contents in the windows; the idlers have their best upon their persons; and representatives are here from all parts of the world in competition, but without success. The Parisians are at home, and without equals. This English woman, with her thick shoes, costly furs, comfortable dress, and ruddy complexion, is a real daughter of John—has, doubtlessly, many acres, good health, and feels independent and above all creation—but she is not Parisian, all her money and influence cannot make her that. Here comes a pale, delicate, American girl—intellect in every feature, and unlimited wealth, too, at her command—yet all her ingenuity and imitation, sustained by unlimited resources, only make her a conspicuous failure. The very "bonne," in cap and gown, is something more than they. Look at this animated instance, as she walks gracefully along. What a complete picture. The dress is not a dress, but a grace born with her, and far beyond the touch of art. She owes nothing to the bonnet that is so small, and falls so far back that in front it appears only a cap; she owes nothing to the velvet cloak and rare furs, though she carries three thousand dollars on her shoulders and arms; she owes nothing to the well-fitting dress, so subdued yet so rich; nothing to the fair face even, to the delicate hand, to the well-turned ankle, and exquisite foot—those all may be given to another, and amount to nothing. It is the manner in which these are carried—are shown to the world; it is not dress, it is grace; not modest precisely, but spiritual. She comes and goes, a thing inimitable, unparalleled. She lifts her skirts to escape the soiled pavement in a way that would startle our home people—yet how well done. Crowds may jostle, carriages may splash, yet she glides along, untouched, unsoiled, a creature of grace, of beauty. She has not the dignity of the English woman, nor the modesty of an American—yet superior to both on the Boulevards, she has the talent for dress that makes up for the want of all else.

The great evil, with us, is the spirit of imitation. An American woman dare not dress becoming, for the fear of appearing odd. The Parisians have a way of holding their dress, not unbecoming precisely in them, because done with the talent. That manner will be important to the United States, and one and all will attempt the performance—awkward and unbecoming, to say the least, as it must appear. Yet, the "Bloomer" dress, a costume very well in its place, was hooted and laughed out of the country, because it did not originate in Paris. Now, I beg of you to remember, I am not "a strong minded woman," but quite the contrary—something of a timid, weakly conservative—and the Bloomer dress I by no means think becoming; in it we lose the long sweep of drapery, so beautiful in our present dress; but, in the country, for fields and woods, riding, driving, or travelling, it is necessary to comfort and health. Yet, such are the wrongs of our humble imitation, that the very evils of Paris are unhesitatingly adopted. We wear improper dresses at evening parties; we dance improper figures in public assemblies, and suffer all kinds of uncomfortable ways, because we dare not be honest and independent.

We have the belief, prevalent at home, that gaudy colors in dress are peculiar to our country. This is not correct. The Parisians, on a bright day, resemble, if you can imagine such a thing, a garden of promenading sunflowers. The Boulevards have looked to me, at times, as if the merry owners had put in circulation their window curtains. Strangers, perhaps, do not notice this so much as with us, because Parisian women can carry anything so gracefully. Before we pull down the curtains and shape them into dresses, we must learn to walk; and to learn this art, we must walk. The shambling, rolling, duck-step—the hard, angular, upright, grenadier quick-step—the slow, the fast, the uncertain, may all be paid in carriages, or kept at home—but never cured, save by exercise, continual walking in the open air.

It is my duty to give you some information of the gayeties of Paris. But you must look to some other correspondent—I have neither health nor inclination. Save a few visits to the opera, and three dinner parties, I know nothing. The bal-masqué, once so famous that all strangers were expected at least to see one, have degenerated into such vile things that no one having the slightest self-respect ever wishes to witness the second. The most famous—I was tempted to write infamous—are at the Italian Opera House, and commences at midnight, Saturday. This makes it a Sunday orgie; and it continues on Sabbath morning until daylight. Our little party, one and all, declined witnessing such, until curiosity overcame their scruples, and they went. Dr. Bob protesting that it was a shocking affair—any other day it would not be so bad. D, answering, that Bob reminded him of the old lady in Virginia, who begged the gentlemen engaged in running the boundary line so to arrange it as to keep her house where it was, for "Caroliny was sich a sickly State"—D. thinking the evil to be in the ball, and not in the day.

I saw nothing of our friends until after a late breakfast, when they appeared, looking much ashamed of themselves, and were loud in their condemnation of the affair. They amused me with a little history of an elderly gentleman they were pleased to call "Ancient Jones." This individual had accompanied his only son to Paris, to see that his medical education should be thoroughly completed, and under his paternal care. I did not learn that the youthful Jones was disposed to break from the wise control of his careful father. But the old gentleman was full of fears—he heard of Paris as the city of evil, full of pitfalls and snares for youthful steps. One night not long since, the quiet, hopeful, said that his near and kind friend Brooks was very ill of the typhoid fever, and he wished to tender his services, and sit up the night by his friend. The father readily consented to this Christian conduct—and, as he permitted his boy to have no night key, left the door of their bedroom unlocked.

After his son's departure, however, he remembered that it was Saturday night—the night of the grand *bal-masqué* at the Italian Opera House, a thing he had heard much of, and had been solicited by his delicate boy to attend, merely to see, for once; but his morality, his sense of duty, recoiled; he sternly bade his son be silent on that vile subject. But, to tell the truth, the old gentleman had a lurking curiosity, and on this evening it became frightfully strong. What could possess him? He attempted his usual French studies, but Ollendorff seemed doubly stupid. One or two sentences in that valuable work took possession of his brain. "*Comptez vous aller au bal masqué ce soir?*" (Do you intend to go to the masque ball this evening?) "*Je compte y aller.*" (I intend to go.) The opportunity was so favorable—he could go and return without his son's, without any one's, knowledge. His satanic majesty fairly took possession of the good old man; and he repaired to a neighboring store, where dresses were rented or sold, and selected the most appropriate—that of a friar of order gray—placed himself in a voiture, and in a few minutes was at his destination. He entered—the scene startled him beyond measure—the crushing roar of two hundred instruments, the dazzling light of chandeliers and jets, which seemed to go glittering up and up into a dizzy distance, lighting tier after tier, where thousands of eyes from behind black dominos reflected back the rays, as they looked down upon the myriads of fantastic forms which rolled and tossed under the sway of the deafening music, like a vexed sea by moonlight—made up a whole to dream of, not to see. Mr. Jones was startled, then shocked a little, very little amused, and finally, as I shall tell you, greatly alarmed. A strange fascination possessed him. After he had gratified his curiosity, he still lingered; he wandered on through the wild maze, and, as the hours wore on, the fun grew fast and furious—monks and knights jumped higher and higher—devils twisted—gypseys, flower-girls, dibardeurs, screamed as they fairly flew; while hideous beasts roared, howled, and squealed. The musicians seemed possessed, and rolled out without ceasing the wild strains, that seemed to madden every one. Mr. Jones was bewildered; many times was he seized upon by some fearful creature, and whirled through dances which made him dizzy and sick.

At last Mr. Jones was frightened—he was captured by a group, that, in a mad fit, seemed determined to torture him to death. He could not get away; one of the number, a girl, scandalously habited, seemed the leader. Her dress was very improper—her conduct disgusting. She was evidently intoxicated—smelled dreadfully of bad cigars and brandy. She would not let him go—called him, in excellent English, "her ancient garçon"—"a regular brick"—while the others laughed, shouted, and danced round him. At last he tore himself away, rushed home at daylight, tore off his gown, thrust it into the grate, and by its warmth hastened to bed, fearing, every moment the arrival of his son.

Wearied to death, he soon fell into heavy sleep. When he awaked, he was conscious of some one being not only on the bed, but partially on him. He aroused himself—he looked—could he believe his eyes! there, on his bed, in his room at home, was that infamous female, sound asleep, with a cotton umbrella under her arm—worse and worse, the mask was off, and this female was his own innocent boy. He sprang from the bed, falling over and arousing some one, in the guise of a devil, asleep on the floor; another, a tall savage, was on the sofa—yet another, on the table; they were all round him. Did he dream? Was he yet at that infamous ball? Neither. His son, awakened, stared stupidly at him, and the sleepers, starting up, burst into a roar, as one of them exclaimed, "Why, Harry, Jim, here's the ancient garçon!" Mr. Jones happened to glance in the mirror—he had forgotten, in his haste, to remove his mask. These gentlemen had kindly brought his son home, and, being somewhat fatigued, had remained with him. The emotions of the elder and younger Jones I leave to your imagination.

Paris, January 19, 1854.

For the National Era.

IS SHE HAPPY?

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

"What is fame to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? It is like the victor's wreath to him who is parched with fever, and longing for the one cooling draught—the cup of cold water."

This was the language of one who had been crowned with the laurel wreath of fame, and on whom was lavished all the world has to bestow of honor, and yet her heart hungered!

Is she happy? is a question I have often asked, concerning one who is walking in the same path, and breathing the same atmosphere of praise and adulation. I sometimes ask her if it is enough? if this is sufficient for her woman's heart? and she answers "yes