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WASHINGTON, D. C.

WAINANOMEN.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FINNISH.

Prepared for the National Era.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Firm, fine, free old Wainanomen,*
Washing straight his white hands spotless,
Quick his fingers frames for playing,
Seats him so on stone of gladness
Down beside the silver streamlet
On a golden mound's gay summit,
Cross his knees the crook'd Crowth† laying,
Sweetly spake, his voice uplifting,
All the woods about him waving:
Whoso never yet hath greeted
Joys of high Runes‡ far round ringing,
Ne'er to honeyed harp tones hearkened—
Come he now, and lightly listen!

Playeth aged Wainanomen,
Strikes and sings at once together,
Fast and free each finger flitted,
Light along the harp they hasted,
Light along the sweet strings hasted,
And now joy with joy is mingled,
Note to note is linked, and music
Falls in floods, the wide air drowning,
Leap and laugh the chords of horsehair
In the old hands of the singer:
From the harp of curious fashion
Ring the ancient Runes together.

Not a beast in all the woodland
That on four feet springeth gaysome,
Creature none beneath the welkin
But doth hie him toward the Harper.
Wild in fens the wolf upwaketh,
Wondering at such winsome warblings.
E'en the bear from brown heath rouses,
Fowl-path quick from pine-den taketh,
Over hedge-heap springeth speedful,
Over hedge-heap climbeth speedful:
Swingeth he on boughs of fir trees,
On the needley boughs that drop him
On the golden mound's gay summit,
At the feet of Wainanomen.

Horned bulls, and goats black-bearded,
King of beasts and fairies famous,
Birds that fly from cunning hunters,
Quiet, cowering, came to listen;
Nay, e'en she, the forest guardian,
Beautiful tree-tending hostess,
Left her watching of the saplings,
Left the winds to tend her saplings;
Hose of blue drew deftly on her,
Shoon of rich red ribbon tieth,
Dresseth all her locks so brightly;
And, reposing in the elm-boughs,
Harkens to the pleasant playing—
Harkens, sweetly hushed to silence.

Not a creature twice two-footed,
In its nature fierce and furious,
But did lick the dust, low whining
Tones to hear so soft, so splendid.
Downward thick the fowl-flocks fluttered,
Whirring fast on whistling pinions;
Downward came on whistling pinions,
Tamed by those most matchless harpings.
Out of fens swans steered them straightly,
And of larks thick flying thousands
Sought the ancient Harper's shoulder,
Perched upon his knees and bosom.

E'en the sun of hue so handsome,
And the moon so beauteous beaming,
Sitting on their azure air-couch,
Edged with rainbows gleaming glorious;
Webs of cloud like beauty weaving,
Bordering splendid stuffs so gaily,
With their weaving quills gold-garnished,
With their reeds of shapen silver;
Backward, forward, woof-reed flying,
Up and down the shaft still shifting—
When these tones so rare had reached them,
Straight their hands let slip the woof-reeds,
Flew the gold quills from their fingers,
Burst the bright warp-threads in sunder,
And the broidered buds evanished.

Ne'er of fish or shoal so shining,
That not hied to hear these harpings;
Some with fins twice-four veered forward
(Worrying water-dogs beside them)
Through the grass as it were water,
Mad to hear the matchless music,
Mad to hear the harp so witching.

Ahto, too, the king of wave-worlds,
Grave, grass-bearded, and majestic,
From his watery palace rising,
Lies upon the sea-leaves, silent.
And the bright queen of the billows
Walketh toward the sounds so tender,
As she combs her falling tresses—
Combs them with a comb of coral,
Binds them with the red sea-roses.
When she sees the wondrous Harper,
Slides the comb from out her fingers,
Drop unseen the shining roses.
Longing, loving born, she listens—
Beauteous hostess of the billows!
Swimmeth Ahto nearer, nearer,
Lifting from the wave his bosom,
Catching eagerly the chord-notes
Crowding from the Crowth of Nano,
Crowding from the harp so princely.

Here was there none so haughty,
Men not one of bravest temper,
One man not, still less a woman,
That those notes moved not to weeping.
Young they greeted, old they greeted,
Men not married greeted also,
Married men salt tears wept sorely,
Women of middle age wept with them;
Children greeted, virgins greeted,
And small girls too wept and listened,
Waxed so wild the wondrous music,
Swelled so sweet the wondrous music.
Nay! e'en Hero Wainanomen
Felt the tear-fount swelling swiftly;
Water from his own eyes floated,
Tears than fresh ten berries larger,
Greater than the beads of swallows,
Rolling tears than bird-eggs sounder,
Fast they fell from cheeks low bending,
Then from boxed cheeks fell, on-wending
Down the Harper's high arched bosom,
Rolled and fell from high-arched bosom,
Down upon his knees firm-knitted,
Down upon his inch-high insteps;
Rolled then from his inch-high insteps
To his feet, all brightly trickling,
Kirtles through full five, all woollen,
And through six bright golden girdles,
And through seven shirts, blue and woven,
And cloth coats through eight in number!

So in floods these fair tears floated,
From the eyes of Wainanomen,
To the shores of blue-waved ocean,
And from shore of blue-waved ocean,
Neath the water clear as crystal,
Down upon the darkling gravel,
Where they lay, all glittering, glorious,
And quick grew to stones most precious,
Jewels for coming kings to crown them,
Jewels to please great chiefs forever!

* Wainanomen was the *Orpheus*, or rather the *Apollo*, of the ancient Fins.
† Crowth was the old Finnish national triangular harp.
‡ Runes, Finnish songs, chanted verses.

Horrible Death of a Fugitive Slave.—We give below an extract from the letter of a friend, relating a story, the recital of which, if this nation was not utterly given over to hardness of heart, would be a sufficient argument against the institution which drives men to brave such fearful deaths to secure their freedom. The letter is dated September 17. The names we omit, for obvious reasons. Here is the extract:

"We had a fearful slave case here a few days since, and which we dare not make public. A slave man was closely packed in a box at ——; the box marked as goods, and consigned to a friend at this place, care of Adams & Co.'s Express. When the box was opened, the poor wretch was found dead, his countenance horribly contorted, and his body drawn into a knot. It appeared, on examination, that the box had no air-holes. Peace to his ashes!"

"O Lord! O Lord, how long? O, that thou would'st rend the heavens and come down! O, let the sighings of the prisoner come before thee! Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood! We are given up as sheep to the slaughter! We are killed all day long! O Lord, avenge us of our adversaries."—*Fred. Douglass's Paper, September 22.*

For the National Era.

FASHIONABLE FOOTPRINTS.

BY MRS. BELL SMITH.

Part V.

Authors, of late, delight in telling us that sad events have their shadows, giving in advance a taste of the sorrow which will follow. That spirits of darkling things walk before, I do not deny; but, thanks to a kind Father, they are unseen. Were it otherwise, happiness would be unknown; for where is the moment of pleasure which is not pushed on and quickly followed by sorrows, and the inevitable would be waited for and welcomed in tears. As the clustering vines and rich fruit grow dense and ripe in the sunny air above the sleeping death of the volcano, so our most exquisite joys have life over certain destruction. It may be that some delicate organization—so frail, so transparent, that the light of heaven shone through—may have felt the threatening danger, seen the sad destiny approach, and known at the moment that "in to-day already walks to-morrow." But to the human family there is given no vision of the future, no eye of prophecy, and we have our pleasures in the blindness.

Margaret Pinckney was happy as she sat before the blazing fire in the library, and heard the storm sobbing round the huge house. She awaited patiently Albert's return, and, while waiting, turned the leaves of a quaint old volume, entitled the "History of Algiers," full of stories, graphically told, of sea-fights by Turks. She paused only to listen, at intervals, to the wintry storm, as a shutter would bang to, or a tree brush against the house, or hear the snow beat upon the windows.

The warm, cheerful hearth, where the flames roared and sputtered around the wood, lighted up the long rows of books, where slumbered the kings of thought—lighted up the sunny landscapes and stately portraits—gilded the heavy curtains, which swept, like rich clouds, from the high ceiling to the floor—threw a warm tint upon marble vases and pale busts, and was so contrasted by the burly, blustering storm without, that its blessing seemed tenfold greater, and Margaret was lulled into pleasant reveries, found only in highest dreamland. Her thoughts went out into the stormy night, where the viewless trees were tossing their giant tops in the wind, and the snow was being whirled down; and one could almost feel the heavy clouds sweeping over the sky. No light, save when through the gloom a fire glittered from some distant window; no sound of life, but when the watch-dog barked, or the cattle, uneasy in the cold, lowed long and sadly. The wind came in gusts, with lulls between, as if troops of viewless couriers were chasing each other wildly through the dark night.

Hour after hour wore away, until the huge clock in the court told twelve, and Margaret was about retiring, when the sharp click of a horse's hoof upon the gravelled avenue met her ear. She waited, however, in vain, for the sound of her brother's step, until, alarmed, she aroused the servants. Albert's horse was found at the stable door, panting with fatigue, the saddle turned under him, and the bridle torn from his head. Search was made upon the road; Margaret, unmindful of the inclement night, accompanying her father and the men. They discovered Albert lying senseless in the road.

Delirium followed returning animation, so that it was impossible to learn from the sufferer the cause of his unfortunate accident. But his person they found stripped of all valuables, even to his watch, and the natural conclusion Mr. Pinckney arrived at was, that his son had been attacked and robbed. To think and act made one and the same thing with Mr. Pinckney. On the day following the affair, while his son's life trembled upon the edge of the grave, he was engaged consulting with police officers, and looking narrowly into every circumstance by which he might find a clue, and fasten the supposed guilt upon the offenders.

He soon satisfied himself that the criminal was within his grasp; and the affair will long be remembered in ———, as an instance of the danger and uncertainty of circumstancial evidence. A clerk in the bank where Albert obtained the money had exhibited much anxiety, at the time inquired earnestly as to the amount, and made some remarks, which were well remembered afterwards, as exceedingly singular and suspicious. After he finished his usual labors for the day—during which his brother clerks remarked his flurried manner—he left the bank; and, Mr. Pinckney, assisted by the police, discovered, hired a horse from livery, saying that he would not return until the next day. But after midnight the keeper of the stable was called up, and found him returned, evidently fatigued with hard riding, as both horse and rider bore marks of the stormy night and bad roads.

Young Hanson, a pale, consumptive man, had borne heretofore an irreproachable character—indeed, supported a widowed mother from his limited salary; and few men, whatever the apparent proof might be, would venture to charge him with so serious a crime. But Mr. Pinckney was one who required, of all men, evidences of innocence, not guilt; and he had Hanson arrested. The officers found in his apartment a sum of money, less than the amount lost, but far more than the habits and poverty of the young man entitled him to own. His guilt seemed proven beyond doubt. In answer to questions asked by friends, his only explanation was, that he had received from a friend the money found with him, which he intended giving to his mother; that he had started after dark, purposing to ride to his mother's house in the country, but was overtaken by the storm, lost his way, and returned. The mysterious friend and money sounded like a fabrication; and that he should lose his way upon a road so frequently travelled by him, was too impossible for belief.

For want of bail, he was sent to prison, and, attended by his mother, awaited, in great distress, for a condemnation, that seemed already past. In the mean while, Albert slowly returned to consciousness and health; but his physicians had forbidden conversation tending to excite or annoy him. His life seemed in imminent jeopardy from the hurts; and, in the darkened room, attended by skillful practitioners, nursed by Margaret, he lay, all ignorant of the strange, violent proceedings, which had followed his own wrong conduct.

The hour of trial came on, and the court was crowded by citizens, most of whom sympathized with the young man thus cruelly pressed to the wall. This sympathy almost disappeared, however, when the testimony was spread out for the State, and nothing appeared in the defence, but the uniformly good character. While the trial progressed under the direction of Mr. Pinckney, who coldly followed up the evidence, so apparently conclusive, a scene occurred at his own house, which gave a new coloring to the whole transaction. In the dim-lit chamber, Albert lay, while Margaret read to him; but while the sweet voice fell upon his ear, the words came unheeded, for his mind sadly questioned the consequences of his late bad conduct. Suddenly laying his thin hand upon the book, he said—

"Excuse me, sister, but I would rather hear from you what father thinks and says of this affair."

"You must not talk, Albert; the Doctor fears excitement. It will be time when you are better."

"No; tell me. I suffer more from my anxiety than I possibly can from hearing the truth. Pray, tell me."

Thus pressed, Margaret detailed the circumstances connected with the robbery and arrest. She had scarcely ended, ere Albert staggered to his feet, and begged her to call for the carriage. No entreaty, no command, could stay him. There was that in his manner, in his determined look and deep voice, which silenced opposition; so that, supported by his sister and a servant, he was placed in the carriage, and driven as he commanded.

The trial of Hanson had nearly closed. The evidence, carefully sifted and examined, was given to the jury. It is a singular fact, that so soon as one is set upon by the community, and charged with a heinous crime, a certain class, "ever valiant on the stronger side," labor assiduously to convict, and even distort the truth, rather than the weak victim should escape. Things doubtful at first, grew positive as the trial progressed; and one witness, himself by no means a reputable character, testified to seeing Hanson in the neighborhood of the event on the night of its occurrence. The shades of evening, a wintry evening, stole in upon the crowd now gathered in breathless silence—for the attorney for the State was rising to address the jury. A few candles lighted, and placed upon the lawyer's table and judge's desk, seemed only to deepen the gloom. Hanson's mother, bent with grief and fatigue, held in her tremulous hands one of his, and looked with anxious earnestness at the judge—as if mercy held any sway with the dark and cheerless tribunal. Suddenly a noise was heard near the door, as the crowd, moved by a mysterious impulse, fell to the right and left, opening a way through which Albert Pinckney, pale as death, with bandaged head, staggered, leaning upon his sister, until he stood against the table in the centre of the court-room.

Had one risen from the dead, and taken his place among the living, the sensation could not have been deeper. They stared in breathless silence, as Albert, gasping for breath, told the history of the unfortunate night. He could not relate it all, for no sooner did the first dawning of the truth appear, than a wild shriek was uttered by Hanson's mother, as she fainted in the sufferer's arms; and cheer after cheer broke from the excited crowd, despite the efforts of court officials to preserve order. Albert was carried by the spectators, loving and gently, to a hotel, while his father was hooted and almost pelted from the court-room.

That such a prosecution should be sustained under the circumstances, filled the community with indignation—and this feeling was transferred through Miss Pinckney to his son. He disowned, almost drove him from his presence, and, unmoved by the tears and entreaties of Margaret, lived the remnant of his life as if no such being as his son had ever existed. Albert felt the justice of the sentence, but mourned over the absence of that love which should have tempered justice with mercy. After an interview with Hanson, in which the clerk explained, confidentially, why, after starting to give to his mother a certain sum of money, obtained in a transaction not the fairest, but by no means criminal, he shrunk from putting in her hands such gains, and had returned without visiting their cottage, Albert departed, none knew whither, and for many years his wanderings were known only to himself. That they had been wide and various, his great knowledge, gathered evidently from experience, abundantly proved. He returned to find his father in the spirit-land—his large property secured to Margaret. She besought her brother to take the wealth, and earnestly begged him at least to receive one-half, without success. The son inherited the resolute spirit of the father, without the hardness which had made life a miserable failure. The devotion of brother and sister was exceedingly beautiful. He watched over and protected her—while no sacrifice, no attention, seemed sufficiently great to lay at his feet. She prevailed on him to accompany her to Newport, under the pretence that her health required sea-bathing, so as to have him near her a little space, ere he left for the golden gates of the far Pacific, to which his business called him.

To tell how characters, thus moulded, fared among the peculiar circles of Newport, has been one of the principal inducements to give a record of one season out of many in that favorite place of summer resort.

From the London Court Journal.

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.

The utmost interest has been experienced in the fashionable circles all over the continent, by the publication of the *brochure* of the Princess de S., which, printed at first in small numbers for private circulation only, has gradually spread itself throughout the aristocratic and religious *coteries* of Europe. It is now exactly a year since the young Princess Eleanore de S., in the prime of her youth and beauty, a young wife, adored by her husband, and much beloved by her family, died suddenly at the hotel de S., in Paris, and was buried with great pomp at Pere La Chaise, where a splendid monument, by Lechene, recording her age, her lineage, and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband.

In spite of the high position held by the Princess, and from her great wealth and beauty having become the observed of all observers, there has always existed an extraordinary feeling of mystery in the public mind with regard to the circumstance of her death. The Princess, a child of immense imagination and power, left at an early age an orphan, with the consciousness of beauty and the command of boundless wealth, finding herself suddenly transported to her guardian's old castle in the Hartz, was not likely to enjoy either content or happiness; and here her temper and disposition grew so wild and untractable, that, after repeated efforts of home education, it was deemed advisable to send her to be trained into rule discipline by seclusion in a convent.

Just then her guardian being appointed ambassador to Paris from the Court of W., it was thought the best opportunity for placing the child in the Rue de Varennes, where she could be better trained to habits of obedience than elsewhere. But, alas! this first experiment proved totally abortive. Three unsuccessful efforts at escape were followed by a decided attempt to set fire to the furniture of her room where she was confined; and the governess, fearful of the effect of such example on other pupils, and weary of the attempt of taming this wild, vehement spirit, reluctantly restored the young lady to the care of her guardian. A *conseil de famille* was held, and it was resolved to send the culprit, now no longer a mere child, but a fine, high-spirited girl of fifteen, to England, to complete her education, with the hope that the conviction of being thus alone in a foreign country, dependent upon her good behaviour to insure the kindness of those about her, might have the desired effect.

The young lady was accordingly placed at ——, at Hammersmith, and for a time the hoped-for change seemed to have taken place in her temper. But, after a while, it appears that the bursts of violence to which she gave way, and the fits of depression which succeeded, became so alarming as to cause serious fears of her health. Letter after letter was despatched to her guardian from the young lady herself, begging to be taken into favor, declaring that the climate of England was weighing her to the earth, and the discipline of Hammersmith breaking her heart.

The Prince de S. arrived at Hammersmith one Sunday morning. He returned no answer to the last letter despatched by his ward, and she was therefore not aware of his intention of arriving. The lady commissioned to be bearer of the news reported to have found her on her knees alone in her room, praying, with a most fearful expression of countenance; and on being informed of her guardian's arrival, she had uttered a most unearthly shriek, and rushed down the stairs like one possessed. The guardian was much pleased with the progress and improvement, and brought her back to Paris triumphantly, as a specimen of the good training of the ladies of Hammersmith. There was, indeed, no token of the old indomitable spirit left within her. She was silent and subdued, submissive to all, and only urgent in her supplications never to be left alone or in the dark. She always persisted in maintaining that it was useless to lay any plans for her welfare, for that she should die before she was twenty-one! Even when she became the bride of Prince Leon, she would insist upon every arrangement being made with a view to this early death, which seemed to prey upon her mind forever. It was not till the young couple had been married for some time, that, by dint of maternal care and solicitude, the confession was wrung from her that she had sold herself to the Evil One, and that she would be claimed before she reached the age of twenty-one! She confessed that her despair had been so great at being exiled, that she had addressed her vows to the powers of darkness on the very Sunday morning when her guardian had arrived, and the announcement of his presence was evidently the token of the acceptance of that fearful vow.

It seems that, in spite of every care and counsel, despite of the constant watching and wise teaching of the Abbé Dupauloux, nothing could turn aside this *idee fixe* from the mind of Princess Eleanore; and although every extreme of dissipation and excitement was tried, to divert her thoughts, she gave way to a settled melancholy, and died just two days before the completion of her twenty-first year, suddenly, and in her chair, full dressed for a ball at the *Ministere d'Etat.*

THE LONDON PRESS ON MRS. STOWE'S NOVEL.

From the Examiner.

Mrs. Stowe in this book ascribes to one of her heroines "that straight-out and generous indignation which belongs to women, who, generally speaking, are ready to follow their principles to any result, with more inconsiderate fearlessness than men." Such indignation is her own, when she speaks of the slave system, and of the demoralization it engenders. In her first story she depicted, in a woman's way, the fallen position of the slave; in this story she dwells more especially on the position of his master. It is much to say of the book, that it is worthy of its predecessor, but it would be unjust to say less. It does not fall off in the delineation of character, or in the power of interesting its readers; and the witness it bears we honestly believe to be most true witness, to the state of society it describes.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was disclaimed for its exaggeration; whereupon Mrs. Stowe published the Key, giving an authentic parallel to every incident; and, as she now observes, not one fact given in that Key has ever been disputed. The former book showed what the law allowed; and what therefore could happen, and did often happen, among Christian people. It was a first appeal, made with a noble woman's entire energy, and it showed a hard truth from a woman's point of view. Its one high-handed fault was obvious enough in the fact that sympathy with the oppressed had no doubt led to overstatement of the present merits of the negroes. It appears to be, in truth, the strongest part of the case on their behalf, that they are greatly debased by the working of the slave system, the great "Christianizing institution." Other faults alleged against that book, we cannot admit to have been such. That the whites in the tale were good and bad, pretty much in proportion to their sympathy with slaves, was, we need scarcely say, necessarily part of the conception of a work of art meant to produce such sympathy as its particular effect; and we may add, that, according to the present state of European feeling, it is really hard to conceive that men and women can be otherwise than good and bad in pretty close proportion to the amount of humanity they show toward other men and women who are subject to their absolute control.

In the new tale now before us, the case is stated with less passion than before. There is less of the old generous exaggeration; and the book of course cannot create the sensation caused in the former instance, when a new flood of thought was suddenly let loose upon our idle world, and from a writer until then unknown, there came a fiction unexampled in all previous literature, for its earnestness of purpose, remarkable for its humor and its pathos, and delightful even for those very defects—the Americanisms and the frequent negligence of style—which made it appear less like a piece of authorship than a frank outburst of true genius and noble feeling. Dred appears under precisely opposite conditions. The authoress herself has so made her topic one of the most familiar in England, that it might almost with certainty be predicated that she can but here have come as a gleaner to the field from which she has already carried the harvest home. And instead of now appearing as a nobody whose worth it is every man's merit to discover, she necessarily appears as a somebody who has enormous credit to maintain.

We find in *Dred*, nevertheless, all that we had a right to expect from Mrs. Stowe. It was, in the nature of things, impossible that she could startle the reading world again as with her first novel, because as to her public course she has but one strong purpose in life, and, having once surprised us with its strength, she can but go on adding line on line. Moreover, she has—as must necessarily happen in a case of this kind—put already her best foot foremost. But there is in *Dred* the voice of the same woman of genius, who has a dramatic instinct in conceiving characters, and a power of appealing to the heart with pathos, and to the head with shrewd or humorous suggestion, which belong to her best nature, and cannot be separated from it. The readers of the book are strongly interested, and the quick wit of the author has even power enough to keep them well amused through dialogues, on sundry parts of the slave question, which we must admit to be both lengthy and didactic. There is in the present story no impossibly angelic negro from the mould of Uncle Tom. The central figure of the book, Dred, is an athletic, half-insane African, son of a father executed for attempted insurrection, who has broken from his bonds, and lives as a fugitive in the great dismal swamp, near those plantations of South Carolina which are the scene of the tale. He appears at critical times, uttering, in the language of the Hebrew prophets, warnings of wrath on the land of the oppressor, and crying also to the men of his own race to come out and be free. There is, moreover, a simple and steadfast house negro, Milly, who works patiently, suffering little in her state of slavery, and having a living faith in the hereafter for her consolation. But except these, the negroes in *Dred* are no more than various forms of the sensuous, affectionate, thoughtless, childish, indolent, oddly-religious African. There is Tomtit, who may be roughly estimated as a Topsy of the other sex. There is Dulcimer, good for nothing, except when he is at music. And there is Old Hundred, family coachman, who can always demonstrate why he must not bring the horses out, and never does bring them out except on the most rare occasions.

The merely sentimental part of the story has, of course, its defect; but it is also full of feeling and power. A Quadroon, who is his late master's son, and, unknown to her as such, the brother of his mistress, is depicted as a natural man, strongly rebelling against wrong. When his mistress dies and her (also his own) tyrannous brother becomes the oppressor, he summarily knocks him down, and flies into the swamp. On the other hand, there is little said in this novel of open cruelty in the plantations; the slaves are almost throughout the book treated indulgently, and enjoy all the physical advantages upon which advocates of the slave system are used to dwell. Almost the sole tyrant is Tom Gordon, who is represented, not as a Legree, but rather as a Preston Brooks. The novel, as we have said, is meant to show what is the state of white society in a slave State—say in South Carolina—and that the picture it presents is true, we have of late had abundant testimony. Mr. Brooks himself, with the help of his constituents, has supplied Mrs. Stowe with an argument not easily to be resisted.

The very least that can be said of the work is, that it is one of the most interesting novels of the season.

From the Press, (Tory Organ.)

Mrs. Stowe's new tale is of much the same material and texture as "Uncle Tom." Like that production, it is various in its matter, and very unequal in its parts. Much of it is written in the style of such American books as "Queechy," made up for the most part of the peculiar chit-chat and social portraiture of what we suppose we must accept—from the general similarity of representation—as a true reflection of domestic life in the United States. But there is in "Dred," as in "Uncle Tom," passages of such remarkable power, as entirely to separate these works from the class to which in other respects they bear so strong a resemblance. There are whole chapters in "Dred," as we shall presently show, of intellectual power of the very highest kind that has ever poured itself into shapes of romance.

The main difference between "Uncle Tom" and "Dred" is, that while the former was purely social, the latter, though still relating to modern times, is in its more serious parts of a historical cast. The story of "Dred" is such a one as Scott might have seized on, if he had been born in the United States. Dred is the son of a slave, Denmark Vesey by name, who, having obtained his freedom, became the head of a conspiracy in South Carolina for liberating the black population. Dred was a lad of fourteen when Vesey was executed; he saw his father die, and was himself sold to a distant plantation. But his nature was untameable; he struck his overseer dead, took to the swamps, and was never more heard of. In this romance, an imaginary career is shaped out for him, consistent with the few known facts of his history. Though the story of Dred is but an episode in the book, it is by far the most important portion, the parts in which he appears being written in a style of masculine eloquence, which is always in the highest degree impressive, and often rises to sublimity.

To the author of this book belongs the merit of being the first to perceive the elements of romance involved in the very existence of a slave population, in the midst of a free community in modern times. It follows, from the state of society in the Southern States, that the two races must blend and mingle with each other, until accident, rather than any radical difference in mental constitution, determines the mighty alternative of admission into the ranks of Slavery or Freedom. The offspring of a planter by a female slave, perhaps herself a mulatto of extraordinary gifts, may be equal or superior to the children born to him in lawful wedlock. They may even receive the same kind of education and training, their earlier years may be fostered with the same tenderness, but they may nevertheless grow up slaves, denied the commonest rights of humanity, be liable to be bought and sold like cattle, and to be overtasked; flogged, tortured, ground to death, at the will of a capricious or cruel master. Such a state of society must contain within itself materials of romance of the most striking character, as it is impossible to conceive any human condition where greater scope is afforded for unrestrained will on one side, or for deeper suffering, with all the feelings and passions which the last extreme of anguish brings with it, on the other. The immense popularity of "Uncle Tom" was, we think, principally attributable to its being the first work of any pretension, which skilfully employed those materials of romance for purposes of fiction, and made the modern world aware that the slave States of America teemed with the first requisites of tragic emotion, pity and terror.

The social sketches in the present romance are not equal to those in the previous production of the author. There are no characters so so original as Uncle Tom and Topsy, and the book wants the freshness which so greatly contributed to the popularity of its predecessor. But the narrative is scarcely less exciting, and we think it altogether calculated to sustain the reputation of the author. Of the innumerable imitations which "Uncle Tom" gave birth to, not one exhibited a trace of that vital power by which it was distinguished.

We regard that power as the more wonderful, since we find no sign of it in any of the previous productions of Mrs. Stowe. We looked for some indications of it in her work on England, but we found not a passage to establish identity of intellect with the author of "Uncle Tom." We are still more puzzled with "Dred." The qualities of mind revealed in it are so opposed, and even irreconcilable, that we can hardly believe them to exist in the same intellect. For, while we find a large amount of purely trivial writing—not free from affectation, and mingled with all kinds of faults in style—we find in it also passages where close, concentrated, logical thought, with thrilling passion, sublime imagery, and intense aspiration, are expressed in composition of the purest English and most harmonious periods.

The question irresistibly forced on our mind by a perusal of "Dred" is: Can Mrs. Stowe be the unassisted author of the romances which bear her name? If she be, her mind is the greatest psychological marvel of which we know any example. Such a union of triviality with power, of massive, solid intellect with mere artificial prettiness and accomplishment, is incomprehensible to us.

Is it not probable that some one or more of those earnest minds which are laboring for the overthrow of Slavery in the United States might be willing to assist Mrs. Stowe in influencing the public mind by fiction, though unwilling to appear openly in the work? We have all heard of the underground railway in the States; may not there be a press worked by some agency equally secret? There was something like organization in the means taken to give universal publicity to "Uncle Tom." "The Key" was not like woman's work. If, unassisted, Mrs. Stowe has written all that bears her name, she is one of the most wonderful of all female writers.

Our surmise that Mrs. Stowe has been largely assisted in the composition of these works, is founded on internal evidence alone. We suspect that there is an American Junius behind the curtain, exulting in his impenetrable secrecy, and in the sensation he has excited. We should like to know something more of Mr. Beecher Stowe than we do at present. Is he a man of vigorous talent, or is he only Mrs. Stowe's husband? In the hubbub of her notoriety, he has modestly kept himself in the shade. Mrs. Stowe is no doubt a very clever, intelligent writer, and possessed of that talent, natural to feminine minds, of quickly seizing prominences of character and of delineating manners. But we cannot so easily believe that she possesses the imaginative power, the muscular energy of sentiment, the logical sense, the perception of fundamental truth, and the mastery of the English tongue, which are found in parts of this remarkable book. If the whole be hers, she is gifted with genius rarely, indeed, accorded to woman. The appearance of diversity of style is so strong, that we incline to the opinion that two pens, at least, have been engaged in the composition.

As Dred does not appear until the narrative is far advanced, and he has then little connection with the other personages of the story, the book is rather a collection of sketches than a regularly-constructed tale. It reflects various scenes of Southern life—the negro characters, as in "Uncle Tom," appearing to be drawn with great fidelity. Though always amusing, the parts of the book want cohesion, and hence it is somewhat *patchy.*

From the Leader.

In this story, the action of the cholera is far more powerful than the action of Slavery. Of course, Mrs. Stowe could not produce the companion of "Uncle Tom," or float her popularity upon the passion of the forthcoming election, without drawing a red-and-black picture of manners, as influenced by the peculiar institution. But the sense of misery which, with the susceptible, will be the effect of reading "Dred," will arise chiefly from the tragedy of Canema, with which Slavery has nothing to do.

It is only late in the book, indeed, that the negro enthusiast is introduced; his preachings, his acts, his fate, belong almost to a separate narration. The light of the story is Nina; Dred is the shadow; but their destinies are wholly apart—the one being in no way related by circumstances to the other; so that the lady of Canema, upon whose portrait so much elaboration is bestowed, is a mere insignificance, as long as the historical conspiracy is under notice, while the conspiracy, which gives the work its name, is totally unnecessary, so far as the interest of Nina's life and character is concerned. The result is, not simplicity, but confusion. It is difficult to understand why so many personages are introduced; and we have found it impossible to suggest any artistic reason for the concentration of pathos upon a death from cholera, in a tale that has been written with so fierce a purpose. That purpose has been, unmistakably, to publish a volume that will be scattered over America by the Abolitionist simoom that is expected to rise at the approaching election. In her preface, Mrs. Stowe takes advantage of the assault upon Mr. Sumner, to indite a bitter paragraph about "the Senator of a sovereign State, struck down, unarmed and unsuspecting, by a cowardly blow, and, while thus prostrate, still beaten by the dastard arm which had learned its skill in a South Carolina plantation." The Kansas conflict and the St. Lawrence disaster, with an allusion to "the British Lion led in cotton bands," are adroitly introduced, to flatter "the party in America who, in the coming election, are to make a stand against this tremendous evil," and to rally the public in England, which has no faith in abstract principles anywhere but across the Atlantic. Emphatically, Mrs. Stowe's new novel has many of the qualities of a pamphlet, and it is made up more of assertion than of proof. It is unscrupulous in this sense—that it amasses a number of exceptional and excessive instances, and presents them as a picture of the South.

Regarded simply as a novel, "Dred" is an imitation—a clever imitation—of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of course it is not a repetition of the story, but of the idea; it is equally full of sensuous descriptions of material luxury; there is an attempt to remould Topsy in a masculine form; Nina fades into a sort of Eva on her death-bed; a perceptible anxiety is manifested to render Clayton—a cold mass of formality—unlike St. Clare; old Tiff is a more lively Uncle Tom; Harry and Lisette are, in a great degree, reproductions of George and Eliza. "Dred" alone is new, and his character is described with no inconsiderable power. Hunted into a refuge in the Great Dismal Swamp, inspired by oppression, possessed of an almost unearthly passion for revenge, he fills his memory with all the anathemas of David and the Prophets, and pours them out, in text and verse, among the conspirators who have followed him to his seclusion. He has witnessed an outrage, sanctioned by slave law, upon Henry the Quadroon, who manages the Gordon plantations, and exerts all his eloquence to entice him into the negro plot. Soon afterwards, upon the death of the young mistress of Canema, the plantations, lands, and slaves, pass into the possession of a Legree in his own right, and here the transition takes place from the bright to the black romance of "Dred."

While we are anticipating the climax of the drama—conspiracy, insurrection, a fearful social conflict—the drama ends without a climax. Dred is killed in a slave hunt, and all the characters vanish, leaving a very indistinct and unsatisfactory impression.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wonderful Instance of Sagacity in a Dog.—We take the following from the Trinity (California) *Times.* It records one of the most remarkable instances of which we have ever heard, of canine sagacity:

William Dredge lives about five miles from town, at the base of the mountains which tower north of us. A short time after midnight, on the morning of Wednesday last, he was roused from his slumbers by the howl of a dog. No menace on his part could rid him of the presence of the strange intruder. The dog continued to walk around the cabin, still repeating his dismal moaning and howling, occasionally making efforts to effect an entrance through the closed doorway. Surprised and somewhat alarmed at this singular demonstration, Mr. Dredge at last hastily dressed himself and unbolted the door, when a large mastiff rushed in. The dog at once caught hold of his trousers, and employed every gentle means to induce the man to accompany him outside. Dredge's first impression was, that the animal was mad, and yet, so peculiar and earnest were the dumb entreaties, that he finally yielded, and proceeded without the cabin. A joyful yell was the result, and the delighted brute, now capering and wagging his tail before him, and now returning and gently seizing him by the hand and trousers, induced Dredge to follow him.

Their course was up the precipitous side of the mountain, and soon they were forcing their way through a snow-drift that had setted in one of its numerous fissures. Here comes the wonder. Upon the snow lay the body of a woman, who had evidently perished from cold and exhaustion. Her limbs were already stiffened in death; but what was the surprise of Mr. Dredge to see that faithful dog ferret out, from a bundle of clothing that lay by the side of the woman, a young child about two years of age, still warm and living. A little inspection, aided by the starlight and the brightness of the snow, enabled him to discover that the person of the woman was nearly naked. With a mother's affection, she had stripped her own person in order to furnish warmth to her exposed infant. The trusty dog had completed her work of self-sacrifice.

Mr. Dredge immediately conveyed the child to his cabin, and, arousing some of his neighbors, proceeded again to the mountain to secure from the attack of wild beasts the person of the unfortunate woman. Her body was buried the next day. The child and dog have been adopted by this good Samaritan; but as yet he has been unable to obtain any light as to the name of the woman, or how she happened to stray on the dismal mountain side at such an unfortunate hour. The child is doing well, and is truly a handsome boy.

American Publications.—The preface of a pamphlet lately published by Sampson Low, Son, & Co., prominent London booksellers and publishers, contains the following numerical summary of publications in this country during the last five years:

"From the absence of any literary journal in the country prior to 1850, or any special attention paid to the subject, the utmost care and research do not enable us to give any reliable information prior to 1850; all that we can learn rests upon the computation of the general Essayist and Statistician, amongst whom it seems to be generally agreed, that in the twelve years ending 1842, nearly half the publications issued in the United States were reprints of English books, and that the entire number of works did not exceed two thousand. There are no means of verifying either this number or the proportion; but the increase and comparative nationality of the literature *during the last five years* are very striking, testifying at once, by its progressive character, to the position, strength, and value, of the literature of the country at the present day.

"During 1852, unavoidably including many really published in the preceding six months, we find there were 966 new books and new editions; 312 of which were reprints of English books, and 56 translations from other countries. During 1853, 879 new books and new editions. including 298 reprints of English books, and 37 translations. During 1854, 765 new books and new editions; of which 277 were reprints of English books, and 41 translations. During 1855, 1,092 new books and new editions, including 250 reprints of English books, and 38 translations. And during the six months, to July, 1856, 751 new books and new editions; of which but 102 were reprints of English books, and 26 translations."

English Copyrights on American Books.—We learn from one of the firm of Sampson Low, Son, & Co., London, now on a visit to the United States, that the privilege of American authors, under certain conditions, to copyright protection in England, may soon be definitely settled. The English house publish Mrs. Stowe's new work, "Dred," and Miss Warner's "Hills of the Shamuc" and they lay claims to copyright property in both, each upon a different basis. Mrs. Stowe's rests upon the fact of her residence at the time of publication, she having written the last hundred pages in London; and Miss Warner's upon the international copyright treaty between France and England, Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, & Co., having obtained her book through a French house. Should this effort to establish the right of the American author be successful, literary men and publishers will be under great obligations to the London firm; in any event, they deserve much praise. We have learned, since the above was in type, that the books mentioned will be reprinted by Routledge, of London, who will accept the responsibility, and abide the result.

A Palace on Wheels.—If floating palaces are the invention of Republican America, Imperial France has the credit of originating a palace on wheels. The train in which the French Emperor recently journeyed consisted of six saloon cars, connected by means of bridges. The first car contained the officers of the Imperial household; the second served as a dining-room; this was followed by a platform decorated with flowers, and furnished with settees, to resemble a terrace—the artificial garden surrounded by a fanciful light iron railing; surmounting this terrace was a tent, made of light material, whose folds were ample enough to enclose the entire platform. Following this, came the car of the Emperor and Empress, built in the style of a vaulted room, a gilt crown covering the peak of the roof. The next car was the Imperial sleeping apartment, which was followed by the car of the Imperial Prince, his cradle being a contrivance fashioned like a hammock. The fifth car contained the ladies attached to the person of the Empress and the Prince, and the last contained the servants of the Imperial household.

Increase of Wealth in Ohio.—In the year 1850, before the completion of its railway system, the State of Ohio had an aggregate amount of taxable property rated at $439,876,340, and in the year 1850, after the completion of the system, the value of the same description of property is set down at $869,877,354, very nearly double. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the wonderful effects of railway improvements upon the prosperity of a State. Ohio has entered more largely than any other member of the Confederacy upon the development of the system of railways.—*N. American.*

Religious toleration in Turkey, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the fanatical Turks, is proving a reality. Since it was established, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed $5,000 for one building in the island of Candia, and in fact everything is done by his Government and himself to conciliate his subjects and improve the condition of the empire. Such toleration as this might advantageously be imitated in most of the Christian countries of Europe.

Hiawatha in Europe.—A Leipsic edition of *Hiawatha* is issued at half a thaler, by Alphonse Durr. The publisher notes on his title page that *Hiawatha* is now supplied in Rome, Vienna, Paris, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Basle, Turin, Trieste, and Verona. Two German translations are now being read far and wide on the continent, one of them having had the genius of Freiligrath to turn the author's English into the language of Goethe and Schiller.

High Life Below Stairs.—"Thomas, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now, tell me, Thomas, how is it my butcher's bills are so remarkably large, and yet we have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know, for I'm sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen, that we don't send some of it up in the parlor!"

A Good Swimmer.—A lady living at the Minot House, in Cohasset, Connecticut, recently swam a mile to a rock in that vicinity, took a brief rest, and then swam back to the shore. She was not much fatigued, the narrator tells us, and he says she can perform the feat again and again without any difficulty or distress.

Arrest of Fugitive Slaves.—A few days ago, eight runaway slaves from Fauquier county, Va., were arrested in Hampshire county, Va., after a stout resistance by one of them, who had a gun and butcher's knife.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, (Independent,) September 9.

If the remark were ever true, that those whom the gods would destroy are first driven mad, it would seem to be so at present, in reference to the conduct of the South. We have of late been frequently made aware that thousands upon thousands of persons, even here in Philadelphia, almost upon the edge of the South, are under an impression that the occasional extravagant outbursts of fury and flame, of eagerly-awaited war upon the North, and cries for the indefinite extension of Slavery, are mere gasconading shouts from the newspapers here and there, which do not represent a general feeling; and that, at the worst, all of the Southern "shrieks" are mere ebullitions of a fiery temper—blazing up like straw, and subsiding as rapidly.

Such is by no means the case. It is well known that in the South the newspaper represents popular sentiment with singular accuracy, and that if it ceases to do so, it soon experiences a "reminder" of no very gentle nature. At the present instant, the entire press of the South is clamoring for privileges which a few years ago would have been promptly rebuked by many of them. "Only let us alone, and do not meddle with our property!" was the cry a few years since. Now it is, "We will subdue you!" Without any hasty irritation—nay, with the most emphatic calmness and deliberation—we are told by scores upon scores of influential Southern papers, that if the Republican party conquers in November, there shall be more than passive withdrawal—there shall be war and rapine. Already, papers in many different States have sketched out a programme of attack, and shown the chances of success. The Richmond *Whig* points out the booty which can be wrested from the North; the *Examiner*, in company with a vast number of cotemporaries, urges, in seriousness, the reduction of poor whites to Slavery. The New Orleans *Bulletin* declares, that if any Southern member should vote for Fremont, he should be burned alive at the stake; the Charleston *Telegraph* cries, that if any man even dare to discuss the great question now agitating the country, "his tongue shall be cut out, and cast upon the dung-hill;" the Norfolk *Daily News* yells, that "preparation for war is the surest means to avert it;" and, contemptuously asserting that there should be no more reasoning or remonstrating, cries, "we would lay our hands upon our sword hilts, and warn them for the last time that we may be forced to bring them to their senses with bullets and bayonets!" Finally, papers of great weight and influence in the South are discussing, with the utmost minuteness, and with a seriousness and energy which they have never before displayed, the possibility of reviving, in company with Brazil, the slave trade. It is hoped by them that, whether Buchanan or the Republicans succeed, this will become a fixed fact. Slaves have, of late years, become so expensive, and the supply is so limited, that the far South is distressed for labor. If Buchanan is elected, this is to be brought about slowly; if Fremont, it will be an immediate consequence of secession; and, consequently, there is already an ultra Southern party, who seem to look hopefully forward to the latter alternative as the dawn of a new era for the South. What is to be done with the rest of the civilized world, in case it opposes the slave trade, we do not know. Perhaps it is to be annihilated with the North.

Through all this, it is amusing to see a deep-seated contempt of Buchanan, and of their Northern Democratic allies, peeping out, from time to time, in all these Southern papers. It is amusing to see proofs of it in the correspondence and reports and odd corners of their sheets. But far more amusing and infinitely more absurd is it to see Democrats in the North aiding a professedly aristocratic party, which, in the words of the Muscogee (Ala.) *Herald*, asks of society in the North, "What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists?" and adds to this the following sketch, which, be it borne in mind, is levelled, without distinction, at both Buchananites and their opponents:

"All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with, is that of 'mechanics struggling to be genteel,' and small farmers, who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body servant."

We commend the study of the Southern papers to the poor Buchanan men of the North. If the Southerners indulge in such remarks at a time like the present, when there is every reason for them to conciliate their Democratic Northern allies, what will they say or do when they have conquered and gained the upper hand?

DISAFFECTION IN THE SOUTH.

The attentive reader of Southern newspapers finds not unfrequent allusions in them to a class of population not only not interested in Slavery, but hostile to it, and therefore to be proscribed. Take the following as an illustration. We quote from the *Southerner* (printed at Rome, Georgia) of September 11th. It is urging forward the work of sending emigrants to Kansas, to take care of the interests of Slavery, but it advises great caution:

"Though we urge upon Georgions the necessity for prompt, prudent, and energetic action, it is not our policy to advocate or encourage indiscriminate emigration to that Territory. By a course of this nature, we would probably contribute strength to the enemy's forces. There are no doubt some in Georgia who feel very little interest in the institution of Slavery; indeed, there are such as would turn the sword upon the South, in an hour of conflict for her peculiar rights. Such men as these had better be kept in our midst, where the apprehension of superior strength will hold their Anti Slavery sentiments in strict subjection. The present struggle in Kansas is founded upon a just principle, and none but those whose sentiments are known, and whose feelings are in accordance with our own interests, should be aided in emigrating thither.

The dangers that now exist, and the strife which is now raging, are only premonitory of greater evils and a more general struggle for the franchises which we hold dearer than life. If, then, when the great day comes, our ranks are filled with those who are careless to the destiny of the South, we will be defeated and dishonored. Triumph is the motto of every friend to the South, and if it is to be won, these are the men who must lead and be led."

Let us keep at home those white people who imagine slave labor presses hard upon them; we have the strength, and can take care that they do no mischief; but Kansas must be colonized by the sons or supporters of our slaveholding Oligarchy. This is the meaning of the extract, rendered into plain English.

CHICAGO.

Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

Among the improvements here going on, you will regard none with more interest and pleasure than the multiplying and enlarging of the bookstores. The old ones grow straight; they are eked out with additions; they become taller, broader, and more beautiful, until now Chicago is to have as splendid and capacious book-stores as are to be found in the world. Chief among those now building is that of which A. B. Cooke & Co. are to become the occupants.

Built of white cut marble, twenty-eight feet in width, one hundred and sixty feet long, five stories high, with every convenience which experience can suggest, this building will cost thirty thousand dollars, and has been leased by the Messrs. Cook for ten years, at eight thousand dollars per annum.

Less than five years since, this firm located here. For the past six months, their sales have averaged $15,000 per month, or $90,000 for the half year. The horizon of their trade comprehends Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Kansas, and Michigan, as well as Illinois.

That your readers may see how it is that sales amounting to nearly $200,000 per annum are made up, it may be noted that their law-book sales reach to between forty and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Of Bigelow's Life of Fremont they have sold between four and five thousand, and of the three different editions of Fremont's Life they have sold in all seven thousand copies. Of Longfellow's Hiawatha they have sold more than three thousand copies, it being one-tenth of all the publishers announce as having been sold. They have disposed of about three thousand copies of Macaulay's England, and of Ferns—save the mark!—little and big—"Ruth Hall's," and the whole family, fifteen thousand volumes.

And then the extent of the shool-book trade is almost incredible. The other day, somebody happened to see one of their orders upon A. S. Barnes & Co., for their school publications, which numbered 57,500, almost sixty thousand volumes! Who will not infer that the schoolmaster is not abroad at the West—that the people's colleges do not sprinkle prairie and vale, thickly as stars the winter heaven—that the time is not at hand when we shall rear our own teachers, do our own thinking, make our own books?

And this is not the only establishment of the kind here, in point magnitude. The fall orders of Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. contain, among others, the following items of school books: their own publications, 217,000 volumes; D. Appleton & Co.'s publications, nearly 40,000; other houses, 60,000—total volumes, 347,000.

The above orders were forwarded some time since; but they were deemed insufficient, and yesterday we were shown an additional order for 78,000 volumes of the publications of this house. This makes a grand total of 425,000 ordered by Messrs. Griggs & Co., to meet the demands of the fall trade.

What a commentary, this upon the social and moral condition of the great Northwest! Does it not show that the intellectual progress of our people fully equals the advancement of the West in material wealth and political power?

It is a pleasant thought, that, widely as our homes are strewn, we thus read the same books, and are bound with the strong bands of a common literature. Occident.

THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE REPUDIATED BY THE BUCHANIERS.

Since the Republican platform was laid at Philadelphia, made up largely, as it is, from the Declaration of Independence, the Buchaniers have made a dead set at that instrument, determined, apparently, to have it erased from the hearts, if not from the history, of the American people.

Rufus Choate, in his letter to the Buchanan allies in Maine the other day, spoke of the Declaration of Independence as a string of "glittering generalities." Old John Pettit, of Indiana, has said, "the self-evident truths in the Declaration were nothing but *self-evident lies,*" and now we find John C. Breckinridge, the candidate of the Buchaniers for Vice President, expressing himself with equal or even greater freedom in regard to its dangerous heresies. At a speech delivered in Butler county, Ohio, a week or two since, he thus repudiated the glorious truths of the Declaration of Independence, to sustain which the Republicans of 1775 "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor:"

"We are told that the Declaration of Independence is embodied in the Constitution of the United States! *The Declaration is an abstrac-*