

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Moral Reform.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1856.

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

NO. 3.

From the N. Y. Tribune. FREEDOM AND FREMONT.

Fremont's "Expedition into the Great Desert in the Snows of the Head of the Rio Grande Del Norte. Subsequent Discovery of the Pass he Sought. Noted from the Army; than Fremont set out upon a fourth expedition to the western slope of our continent, now entirely at his own expense, and to be conducted during the Winter, and upon a new line of exploration. His views were practical as well as scientific, and tending to the establishment of a railroad to the Pacific, as well as the enlargement of geographical knowledge. He took the Winter for his time; as that was the season in which (as all the disadvantages of his route), and the head of the Rio Grande del Norte for his line, as it was the line of the center, and one not yet explored, and always embraced in his plan of discovery. The mountain men had informed him that there was a good pass at the head of the Del Norte. Besides other dangers and hardships, he had the war-ground of the Utnahs, Apaches, Navahos, and other formidable tribes to pass through, then all engaged in hostilities with the United States, and ready to prey upon any party of whites; but 33 of his old companions, 120 picked mules, fine rifles, experience, vigilance and courage, were his reliance, and a trusted security against all evil. Arrived at the Pueblo on the Upper Arkansas, on the last of November, at the base of the first Sierra to be crossed, luminous with snow, and stern in their dominating look, he dismounted, his whole company took to their feet, and wading waist-deep in the vast, unbroken snow-field, arrived on the other side, in the beautiful valley of San Luis; but still on the eastern side of the great mountain chain which divided the waters which ran east and west to the ring and the setting sun. At the head of that valley was the pass, described to him by old hunters. With his glasses he could see the depression in the mountain which marked its place. He had taken a local guide from the Pueblo San Carlos to lead him to that pass. But this precaution for safety was the passport to disaster. He was behind, with his faithful druggistsman, Preuss, when he saw his guide leading off his company toward a mass of mountains to the left: he rode up and stopped them, remonstrated with the guide for two hours, and then yielded to his positive assertion that the pass was there. The company entered a tortuous gorge, following a valley through which ran a head-stream of the great River Del Norte. Finally they came to where the ascent was to begin, and the summit-range crossed. The snow was deep, the cold intense, the acclivity steep, and the huge rocks projecting. The ascent was commenced in the morning, struggled with during the day, an elevation reached at which vegetation (wood) ceased, and the summit in view, when, buried in snow, exhausted with fatigue, freezing with cold, and incapable of further exertion, the order was given to fall back to the line of vegetation where wood would afford fire and shelter for the night. With great care the animals were saved from freezing, and, at the first dawn of day the camp, after a day-break breakfast, were in motion for the ascent. Precautions had been taken to make it more practicable. Mules, prepared during the night, were carried by the foremost division to beat down a road in the snow. Men went forward by relieves. Mules and baggage followed in long single file in the track made in the snow. The mountains were scaled; the region of perpetual congelation was entered. It was the Winter solstice, and at a place where the Summer solstice brought no life to vegetation—no thaw to congelation. The summit of the sierra was bare of everything but snow, ice and rocks. It was no place to halt. Pushing down the side of the mountain to reach the wood three miles distant, a new and awful danger presented itself: a snow-storm raging, the freezing winds beating upon the exposed caravan, the snow became too deep for the mules to move in, and the cold beyond the endurance of animal life. The one hundred and twenty mules, huddling together from an instinct of self-preservation from each other's heat and shelter, froze stiff as they stood, and fell over like blocks, to become hillocks of snow. Leaving all behind, and the men's lives only to be saved, the discomfited and freezing party scrambled back, recrossing the summit, and finding under the lee of the mountain, some shelter from the driving storm, and in the wood that was reached, the means of making fires.

Good Nature.—Good nature feeds many faults. More than beauty, wealth, power, genius, it causes men and women to be loved. If there are no shining qualities whatever in the character, even should there be considerable intellectual deficiency, yet if a good temper beams bright on the countenance, we seek for nothing more. We pause not, we do not question nor hesitate, but surrender to the fascination of the good and honest soul that has set upon his face the seal of this admirable quality.

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A Martyr of Freedom in Kansas. DANVILLE, KY., Friday, July 4, 1856. The public mind cannot be too familiar with the character of those noble spirits who have sacrificed their fortunes on the glorious shrine of Freedom in the fair fields of Kansas. The following is a sketch of the life of Josiah Miller, the South Carolina Editor of the Kansas Free State. His ancestors have renowned "property in man," and a conscientious opposition to Slavery is an hereditary trait of the family; yet they have lived from date prior to the American Revolution in the northern part of South Carolina, and his grandfather was actively engaged during that bloody and glorious struggle against the British and the Tories. His father, R. H. Miller, lived near the old homestead, was a planter; being Free Laborer, to the great annoyance of that class of men who defend Southern Slavery on the ground that while labor is incompatible with southern climate. He paid liberal wages to all about him, and was ever the friend of the poor man. He never concealed his Anti-Slavery opinions, when it was necessary and prudent to express them, in consequence of which openness of conduct he soon incurred the dislike of the rabid slaveholders about him, and his persecutions began. Oh! would that I could make men born in a land of Freedom know and feel the weight of oppression and persecution which the Anti-Slavery man of the South suffers! He was a member of the old Seceder Church (Anti-Slavery). In 1841, the Rev. Thomas L. Kendall was sent as a temporary pastor to preach to the once large, but now small congregation. In the midst of his first discourse; not having yet mentioned the delicate subject, the pulpit was surrounded by a body of armed men, and he was taken, driven twenty miles away, and tarred and feathered. Mr. Miller, though dissuaded by all his friends, entered suit against the Ruffians; for doing which he was taken by a mob on his way from Columbia and most brutally beaten—being left on the highway for a dead man. However he finally recovered, and had the mortification of seeing his Kendall suit ruled out of court by a namesake and near relative of the notorious "Border-Ruffian," Stringfellow, and his own treatment upheld by the Slavery sentiment of the community. He was told that there was no law for the "Abolitionist." Josiah Miller, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1828; was with his father when mobbed; and though young, did not fail to recognize in it the natural characteristics of the Black Institution. At the age of eighteen he went North, acquired a university education, and finished his law course at the University of New York. In the Fall of 1854, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he determined to settle in Kansas and devote all his efforts to establishing Freedom there. Accordingly, at Lawrence, in conjunction with R. G. Elliott of Ohio, he issued a Free-Soil paper, under the very significant title of "The Kansas Free State"—a name strictly indicative of its principles.

It was no sooner known in South Carolina that he was editing a Free-State paper, than there was great excitement, and he was denounced in the papers as "a traitor to the institutions of the South," and it was said that he ought to be hung. At length, becoming more exasperated, they determined to raise a company of men, arm and equip them, and send them to Kansas with a commission to hang Miller, and destroy his press, on the above-named charge. This company arrived in Kansas, and did arrest Miller, and would have hung him had it not been for other interference. They then, in the memorable sack of Lawrence, destroyed his press and all his property, and placed the "lone star," that emblem of Nullification, secession and tyranny, over its ruins, indicative of a glorious triumph. Miller, disarmed and hunted down like a wolf by these worse than blood-hounds, eluded their grasp by going into Iowa, to the very borders of which he was pursued. He is still there raising funds to reestablish "The Free State in Kansas, which he will do as soon as he obtains sufficient support, as his whole fortune was destroyed in the sack of Lawrence. It may be proper here to say that "The Kansas Free State" was the first, or among the first, papers in the nation which placed John C. Fremont at the head of its columns for President. Indeed there is a striking analogy between the subject of this sketch and the Colonel; both were born in South Carolina—both devoted to the interests of universal Freedom. Could either of them turn traitor to their principles after having sacrificed their all up to this time in maintaining them? Such men can be trusted, and should receive the earnest support of Liberty-loving men.

There is not a more zealous efficient and uncompromising set of Anti-Slavery men anywhere than the South Carolina settlements of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Since Miller has no great number of personal friends and acquaintances in the North, whose efforts in his behalf would be more zealous than those of mere friends to his cause, I send this sketch, which can be well authenticated before your readers, that his position and principles may be understood and appreciated by the friends of Free Kansas through-out the nation, and that his efforts to reestablish "The Kansas Free State" on the free blood-stained and polluted soil of once fair Free Kansas, may receive the sympathies of a numerous and Liberty-loving people.

I always thought so. "I always thought so" is the very nice remark which every body makes, when the most unlikely thing in the world has just happened. It argues great penetration and foresight; and as no one has a right to dispute the remark, we may fancy it is believed. The Rev. Mr. Jones was chaplain to the State Prison in... The old gentleman had retired from active pastoral labor, and his venerable appearance and gentle manners were fitted to inspire respect even among thieves. When the fact of his appointment was made known, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within one of the circuits where Father Jones had preached for many years and was well known, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, thought he would have a joke at the expense of old Mr. Jones; and astonish his neighbor into the bargain. "Now this neighbor, Brown, had been a great admirer of Father Jones, and heered him with the heartiest assent! So to him came the humorous friend, Mr. Smith, and cried out to him over the fence, as he found him at his work: "Brother Brown, have you heard the news?" "Why, no. What news, Brother Smith?" "Well, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the State's Prison!" "You don't say so, Brother Smith! Is it really a fact?" "I guess it's so," says Smith: "I heard it from Brother Cook, and he saw it in the paper, and I guess there's no mistake about it."

When Fulton was in England, he had a scheme for applying steam machinery to the purpose of naval warfare; and obtained an audience with Wm. Pitt, then Prime Minister, to communicate to him, and to any man of science, whom he might choose to consult. Soon after his arrival, Pitt, with his friend, entered the room, and received Fulton politely. They seated themselves at the table; and Fulton was invited to explain his plans. When he had got into the application of steam as a propelling agent, Pitt whispered with his friend for a moment. They both immediately rose and walked away without a word to the visionary inventor. The servant soon made his appearance, waiting for something; perhaps for Fulton's commands, perhaps for him to go. He went; and it is well known he went to France, and offered his invention to the government of that country. He proposed a plan of transporting the French army across the channel by steam vessels. Bonaparte, who was at that time Consul, referred the proposition to engineers, who reported against it. Years after it was recalled to the recollection of Bonaparte. When he was on board the Northumberland, on his way to St. Helena he saw a smoky vessel, going at a good speed for the time, when there was very little wind. He asked the cause of her speed, and was told that she was propelled by steam. He said nothing further; but we may imagine that he felt like a railway director, when the stock of his concern has just been sold for one mill per share, and he sees an invention in use, which he had long before turned his back upon, and which might have saved him.—The Inventor.

A Lake Superior Diamond.—We had been well aware that this country was very rich in mineral and some kinds of precious stones, but we had not expected to see a Lake Superior diamond, yet such is the case. We were shown one yesterday that would measure three-fourths of an inch in length, and at least one-fourth of an inch in thickness. It is a regular formed octagon, and all who have seen it pronounce it diamond, but of what exact value it is yet uncertain, it being in a rough state. It cuts glass like a knife, and shows all the brilliancy of a diamond of the first water, which if it should prove to be, will make its value not less than \$2,000. The diamond was found by the wife of Mr. Alfred Huffman, while walking on the shore of the Lake. The waves washed it up, and receding left it exposed to the rays of the sun, when its brilliancy attracted her attention and she picked it up. Mr. H. is a poor laboring man, and should it prove as valuable as is supposed, it will be quite a handsome windfall (we might say waterfall) for him. This is a great country. We shall expect to hear of the discovery of a gold mine next, and why not, for we have all the other minerals.—Lake Superior Journal.

A Lightning Bolt.—During a recent thunder-storm at Kensington, N. H., the lightning descended perpendicularly in an intense discharge into a pasture field, and made a hole about a foot in diameter and 30 feet deep, forming a well which soon filled up with good water.

Comments. Names are not Things.

Mr. Editor: As the word "Democracy" forms the key to all the electioneering yaras of the Buchanan party, I wish to say a few words about the principles of the democratic party, with Jefferson as its leader, and that which now has an existence with Brooks, Douglas and Buchanan as its standard bearers. We are all aware that the democratic party was founded by Thomas Jefferson, and that he was the first that sailed out to victory under its colors. Until the last few years he has been the subject of eulogy at all of their conventions—their resolutions have abounded with his meritorious acts and their speech making politicians have always loved to grow eloquent when reciting his services and his exemplary principles to their audiences on every possible occasion. Jefferson was uncompromisingly opposed to Slavery, every act of his life goes to show that he loved Liberty and hated oppression and his mighty pen was ever ready to denounce a system so black and degrading in all its phases. He was, as every one knows, the father of the ordinance of '37, which excluded slavery from all the North Western Territory. It was mainly through his instrumentalities that this act was passed and to this act owe our mighty free West. Now, if he had believed slavery to be a blessing he would not have opposed its extension. And further; being one of the prime movers in establishing the constitution, he probably knew as much about the powers of Congress to legislate upon slavery in the territories as our more modern democrats. I wish the following facts to be noted by those that still adhere to the democratic party in Tioga Co. Jefferson said that Congress has a legal right to interdict slavery in the Territories of the States. Buchanan denies Congress that power and virtually declares Jefferson's ordinance of '37, to be unconstitutional, still he professes to be the perfect embodiment of the original democracy! Thomas Jefferson was opposed to the extension of the pet institution of the South, as every act of his life abundantly proves. Buchanan & Co. contend that it being a holy and God ordained institution, its extension is a blessing both to the black race and the white race! Jefferson proclaimed slavery to be sectional and that it could not exist by virtue of positive law, which doctrine has been acquiesced in by all the democratic leaders since the year 1800. In the democracy of 1856, with Buchanan as its leader, hold that slavery is national—that everywhere our flag floats, slavery has a legal and undisputed existence—that it has a right everywhere except when interdicted by positive legal law! Thus we see, that on all essential points on the slavery question, the democracy of '76 and that of '56 are diametrically opposed to each other. There are no similarities existing between them. They are the very antipodes of each other. Yet our democratic friends in this county, (although few there be,) swell up terribly when they talk about the glorious old democratic party—that its principles are unchangeable, and that they will exist forever the same. Every intelligent democrat knows full well of the change, and I have found a few that were honest enough to admit it, but they say if we would preserve the Union we must stick to the party and go the ticket blind, and not make any inquiry as to its cherished principles. Such is the democratic party of today. Its only ambition is power. Its only desire is to get and to keep the rich offices of the federal government in its possession, and it knows nothing else, but to do the bidding of the Black Power. When we think of the many changes that have come over the democratic party; how its leaders have given the lie to all of their antecedents; how it has been transformed from an institution of freedom to one of slavery we are led to exclaim, "O consistency, thou art a jewel!"

The leaders of the democracy at the South preach up Mr. Buchanan to be pro-slavery to the back bone. In fact Gov. Wise says that he goes full as far on the slavery question as did John C. Calhoun, while at the north he is represented to be "as good a free soiler as anybody." Such is the game that they are playing and it is to be hoped that the honest intelligent voters of Tioga Co. will see through the thin veil that covers up their mountain of political chicanery. They are most decidedly playing a double game. They are trying to catch northern and southern votes upon the same platform, but with entirely different kinds of bait.

In conclusion I would say to the freemen of Tioga Co., read both sides of the question and then decide for yourselves. Read the Buchanan organs both north and south and see if you cannot see a difference in the principles of his political friends, on the different sides of Mason and Dixon's line. If you will do that you will be fully convinced that the Buchanans are most emphatically playing a double game in order to catch free soil votes. It is to be hoped that they will be exposed in their course of deceit, before the 6th of Nov. next. FRANK.

The Richmond Enquirer thus exults over the Resolutions of the Democratic Convention. It thinks well of the nominees, but it thinks better of the platform. It is all that Slavery desired. Although personally less odious than Pierce, Mr. Buchanan's success will be equally fatal to Freedom. Their principles are identical. All, therefore, who would have refused to vote for Pierce because of what he has done, should refuse to vote for Buchanan because of what he is pledged to do. If elected, he will consummate, because he approved of, what Pierce has begun.

In the Memoirs of the German poet Tieck, the following incident is recorded: "One day a volume of Eschenburg's translation of Shakspeare fell into his hands. It was Hamlet. He at once hastened home with his pipe. Full of expectation, he could not restrain his impetuosity. His path led him across the Lustgarten, through one of the avenues of poplars that then enclosed it. It was a misty evening late in the autumn; a fine, penetrating rain began to fall. Among the trees glimmered a few miserable pit lamps. Ludvig walked up to one wishing at least to read the list of dramatic persons by the weak, uncertain light. Scarcely had he cast a glance at the book than he felt riveted to it at once. The night scene, the first conversation of the guards, the appearance of the Ghost, all this filled him with preternatural horror, and at the same time with infinite delight. He felt nothing of the autumn wind that drove the rain into his face; he did not know that he was obliged to keep his umbrella and book in a state of equilibrium; he was not aware that he was standing on damp leaves. He saw and heard nothing but Hamlet. He read and read, and did not leave off until he came to the funeral march. Wet through, with stiffened feet and hands, he woke up from his trance. He was not, indeed, at Elsinore, but from the depths of the past a spirit had arisen in him more vast and mighty than the majesty of murdered Denmark; he had heard its summons in the hour of night. At last he hastened home, not without fear of an earthly correction at the hands of his father. But what was any terror compared with the apparition by which he had just been visited!

Every one of our readers, we trust, scanned closely the letter of Col. Fremont, accepting the nomination for the Presidency. No one that did so dispassionately, could have helped admiring its style and tone and spirit. It was modest and yet dignified, liberal and yet earnest, comprehensive and yet explicit. There is no such surrender of personality as that manifested by Mr. Buchanan in merging himself mechanically into the platform prepared for him. He does not say one word about "squaring his actions" by this and that "plank," nor does he utter a syllable that implies a subjection on his part to party authority. He binds himself to no party conditions, he binds himself to no party pledges. He accepts his position "in the van of a great movement" as a lover of his country and not as a leader of a party, and his language is—"In the case of my election to the Presidency, I should enter upon the execution of its duties with a single-hearted determination to promote the good of the whole country, and to direct solely to this end all the power of the Government, IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY ISSUES AND REGARDLESS OF SECTIONAL STRIFES." There is here a manly self-assertion, a manifested devotedness to personal convictions, that is in most refreshing contrast with the facile self-negation of his Democratic competitor. Colonel Fremont does not offer himself as a party back. It is not in him to serve as such. His nature is cast in too large a mould to admit of that. The great qualities of will which his whole history has displayed—the high courage, the quick decision, the steadfast adherence to purpose, the entire devotion of every energy to his object, all forbid his letting himself out for any mere party service. He could not effectually lend himself to any narrow system of vicious politics, even could he attempt it. He is one of that class of men who, to work at all, must work with moral faith and intellectual conviction.—N. Y. Courier.

How to BATH on a SUMMER DAY.—Many erroneous notions prevail respecting the use and properties of the warm bath.—To many persons, the idea of submersion in warm water, on a summer's day, would be preposterous; but if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal, perhaps greater benefit, in the summer than in the winter.—During hot weather, the secretions in the skin are much increased in quantity, and consequently a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions. Another prevailing error respecting the warm bath is, that it tends to relax and enervate the body; for experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians have prescribed its use to patients laboring under debility from disease, none of whom experience such effects, but have all felt invigorated, and mostly restored to health and strength. Many persons are deterred from using the warm bath, especially in winter, from the fear of catching cold; but this fear is groundless, for it has been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of withstanding the effects of cold than it otherwise would have been.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE GALPHIN CLAIM.—The readers of Democratic papers will remember the great outcry they made about the recognition of the Galphin claim by our Government, under which recognition Gen. Taylor's administration was compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars; but it is probable they do not remember that recognition was made under James Buchanan, while Secretary of State under President Polk. Whatever responsibility and whatever odium or criminality, therefore, attaches to this Galphin claim, by which hundreds of thousands of dollars passed from the United States Treasury, is due to James Buchanan, the man that recognized the claim, and thereby made the government responsible for its payment.

SHAKSPEARE'S SKELETON.—In Memphis, Tenn., the other day, a countryman stood gazing in at Mansfield's window, where two skeletons hung suspended—one being that of a man, the other a boy. A stranger coming up—"Whose skeleton is that?" asked the countryman, pointing to the larger. "That is Shakspeare's," said the stranger. "And whose is that?" continued the countryman, pointing to the smaller. "That is Shakspeare's too," answered the wag. "How can it be?" "Why, that's him when he was a boy," was the rejoinder. "Oh, I never thought of that."