

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1859. NO. 14.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 50 cents per line for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the lines are charged on a square. The subject of the ad is charged for. Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 months	6 months	1 year
Square, 10 lines	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$8.00
do, 20 lines	6.00	10.00	16.00
do, 30 lines	9.00	15.00	24.00
do, 40 lines	12.00	20.00	32.00
do, 50 lines	15.00	25.00	40.00
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Advertisements not having the number of insertion desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letters, Circulars, all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. (Agents, Constables) and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
J. S. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. B. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
at the residence of the late S. F. Wilson. (Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.)

DR. W. W. WEBB,
OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below
Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his
residence, first door above the bridge on Main Street,
near Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DART, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the
Academy. All work pertaining to
his line of business done promptly and
at reasonable prices. (April 22, 1858.)

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
C. N. DART, Proprietor.
Rooms taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORO, PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This desirable popular house is centrally located, and
is well adapted to the patronage of the travelling public.
No. 22, 1859, 1y.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y.
J. FREEMAN, Proprietor.
No. 25, 1y. Lodging, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
(Opening March 31, 1859. (1y.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrographic Physician and Surgeon,
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or
attend them for treatment at his house. (June 14,)

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
SHOP on the rear of the Post Office. Everything in
his line will be done as well and promptly as it
can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for
hair-dressing and beautifying the hair, for sale
of hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
consult. (Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.)

GAINES HOTEL.
GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.
J. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
This well known hotel is located within easy access
of the fishing and hunting grounds in North
Tioga. A pains will be spared for the accommodation
of pleasure seekers and the travelling public.
(April 14, 1859.)

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One
Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The
Journal is published every part of Steuben County,
and is the only paper of its kind in the State.
Persons desiring to extend their business into
the surrounding counties will find it an excellent
medium. Address as above.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.
COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of
the lead works of the Allegheny, Genesee, and
Warren rivers. No efforts are spared to make
it a place of pleasure seekers during the trouting
season for the traveling public at all times.
(Sept. 22, 1859, 1y.)

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,
TAILOR.
Having opened his shop in the room over
Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the
people of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared
to execute orders in his line of business with promptness
and despatch.
Cutting done on short notice.
Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

WATCHES!
The Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy
ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER CASE
Gold and Silver Watches,
which will sell cheaper than "dirt" on "Time," i. e.
"Time Pieces" on a short (approved) credit.
A lot of REPAIRING done promptly and
at a low rate, not to the satisfaction of the party
sent to be charged will be made.
For further appreciation and a continuance of patronage
solicited.
ANDIE FOLEY,
Wellsboro, June 24, 1858.

HOME INDUSTRY.
THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-
BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga,
is prepared to furnish
Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,
and to execute all orders in his line of business with promptness
and despatch.
Respectfully solicit the patronage of this and ad-
jacent counties.
No stock on hand he is now ready to ex-
ecute orders with promptness, accuracy and dispatch.
Work delivered if desired.
JOHN BLAMPIED,
Wellsboro, Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

W. M. TERRELL,
CORNING, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in
Sarsaparilla, Compound, and Colored
Wine, Quinine, Brandy, Champagne and Burning
Whisky, and all kinds of Foreign and Domestic
Wines, and all kinds of Groceries, and
Fancy Articles, Flowering Extracts, &c.,
&c., &c.
A general assortment of School Books—
Blank Books, Staple and Fancy
Stationery.
Wholesale and Country Merchants dealing
in the above articles can be supplied at a small
profit on New York prices. (Sept. 22, 1857.)

From the New York Tribune.
THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.
BY M. H. COBB.
If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it—
If more relied
On Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.
If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the eternal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it—
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would set the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
In Good beneath its universal;
If Custom, gray with age grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it—
If talent shone
In truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.
If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it—
If Right, made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

Whales and Whaling.
BY AN OLD WHALEMAN.
I have been in the business a long time. I
first went to sea when I was twelve years old,
and had command of a ship at twenty. I have
been round the world three times, and killed
three hundred whales. By that I don't mean
that I first struck them all—by no means—
That is done with the iron, as we call it,—what
you call the harpoon. I mean I have lanced so
many. We proceed in this manner:
When I used to go in a whaleboat I took five
men with me. I steered, and they all pulled
the oars, till we came near the whale. Then
the man next the bow peaks his oar, that is,
pulls it in, and lays it sticking up at the head
of the boat, at an angle of about fifty degrees,
to keep it from getting into the water in case
we have a swift run. He then takes his iron,
and throws it into the whale, and runs to the
stern. The whale may sometimes be lying
asleep on the water, but he is almost always
awake, at least by the time we come up with
him. He starts off as soon as he feels the
iron, and sometimes sounds, or dives and swims
under water; but not very often, especially the
sperm whale. And after he has run awhile
he stops and hgs "a flurry," as we call it—he
shakes, all over, and struggles violently. Then
is the time to spear him. If you don't kill him
then, you probably never will. But you must
look out for him, for he may strike your boat
with his tail, or "ride it"—that is, throw him-
self right across it.

The killing is done with a lance about fifteen
feet long, with a sharp point, sometimes made
round at the end, but by some thought bet-
ween square. It should, however, be held with
the flat side sideways, and not up and down,
because then if it hits a rib, it is more sure to
glance and go in right.
The best man I ever had with me was a
Shinnecock Indian, from the east end of Long
Island. He was with me seven years, and
rendered me important services in some cases
in which I thought any other man I ever knew
would have been unable to act quite in time,
or with sufficient strength, coolness, and dex-
terity.
One day I was out with him, and a whale
rode my boat; that is, he came up and threw
himself right across the middle of it, and of
course broke it in two, and instantly threw us
all into the sea. I believe he did it by acci-
dent, coming upon us in that manner merely
because we happened to lie in his way. I re-
covered myself, and got into the mates boat,
and helped to get in my boat's crew. The
whale, in a few minutes, made his appearance
again ahead of us; but I did not observe him.
The boat was crowded, having two crews in;
and I was sitting, with a lance in my hand,
and the line which belonged to it about my
feet. Suddenly my Indian called to me;
"Look! He's coming!" and I saw the whale
swimming down right towards us, just ready, I
thought, to strike our bows with his head. I
heard it said that if you prick a whale in
the nose, it will stop him immediately: as it
seems to take him right back, and he will sud-
denly stop and turn away. I determined to
try it, and struck him with my iron and
wound him deeply; but he did not mind it
in the least. On he came, and the next thing
I knew I was deep in the water; and going
deeper; and, what troubled me more than that,
I felt the rope round my ankles, and knew
that it tightened I should be tied tight; for
one end was fastened to the boat and the other
to the lance. I strove to clear away the rope,
and got it off from one leg; but it took me long
to get the other free. However, I succeeded,
and then began to try to find out my position.
This, as I have remarked, I always had pres-
ence of mind enough to do; and I can tell you
it is highly important. Other men generally
do not stop to look, but do what they first think
of, and so are as likely to jump into danger as
out of it. I never took much time, commonly
a single instant, a single turn of my eyes was
sufficient; and so it was in that case. I looked
above me and saw it was dark, and therefore
presumed I was under the whale. I then at-
tempted to swim a little one side, but that
brought me against his fin, and then I "dove,"
knowing that the fins of that kind of whale
were very broad, and extend down much lower
than the belly, so as to shut a man completely
under the whale. When I had
swum under the fin I looked up again, and
then perceived that half a dozen other whales
were in company, and very near each other,
side by side, of the surface of the sea above
me.

I thought it might be hazardous to rise among
them, as I should have no way of avoiding

them, and therefore waited a moment for them
to pass by. This they soon did, and I was glad
to be once more on the top of the water, where
I could breathe; for although I had been under
it much less time than it has taken me to write
about it, I felt the want of air and found my
strength somewhat reduced. I got into the
boat and began to order the men to their
places, intending to get all ready and pursue the
whales, and get one of them at least.

Seeing one of the crew in the stern sheets,
bending over the water, I ordered him to the
bow, and was surprised and a little vexed that
he did not obey me. I did not at first see that
it was my Indian; but I saw at the next glance
that he had a man by the hair, who was sunk
in the water. Going to help him pull him out,
I discovered that he was a young man who had
shipped for the voyage for the benefit of his
health, and had a large circle of highly re-
spectable relatives in the United States, to
whom his death would be a sad calamity. He
was a man of uncommon stature and frame,
and had gained so much flesh at sea that he
was almost unmanageable even in the water.
I attempted to assist my faithful Indian, but
found my grasp so much weakened by exhaus-
tion that I despaired of getting him into the
boat, when I reflected that my crew had been
struggling with the waves as well as myself.
I then resolved to save the young man if pos-
sible, and gave orders to row for the ship, which
we reached, dragging the young man after us,
managing after a while to get his head and
shoulders clear of the water, and afterwards to
pull him into the boat.

When we came alongside, they lowered a
tackle-fall, and we hoisted him on board, where
many hours we spent in endeavors to restore
him. These were at last successful; and the
boat which I had sent after the whales on reach-
ing the vessel, returned with one of the best of
them, which they had taken.

It is thought by many persons that the most
dangerous thing that can happen to a man is
to be thrown into the air by the blow of a
whale. I have not found it so, although I have
had frequent experience in that way. It is
certain that the strength of the animal is so
great that nothing can withstand its direct
force; but a man may be thrown up with a
boat without being struck himself, and without
having his bones broken, or his skin torn by
the timbers; and then he has nothing to fall
into but the sea. Now it always happened to
me to be hurled, and I only got a ducking, and
was usually soon picked up by another boat.
I have been thrown a distance of several rods
through the air; and put it all together, I sup-
pose the entire distance that I have been
thrown by whales must be about a mile.—
N. Y. Ledger.

Where Old Clothes Go.
The writer of "Flemish Interiors," has just
published a work in London in three volumes,
entitled "Realities of Paris Life." As the title
indicates, the work relates to matters of fact
concerning the manners and institutions of the
gay capital. He describes the old clothes re-
gion of Paris more in detail than most writers,
and furnishes the following information con-
cerning the destination of the immense quanti-
ties of cast off apparel collected in France:
Old ecclesiastical vestments are always wel-
come in Brazil, where priests are numerous,
and richer articles of this description are dis-
posed of in Peru and Chili. All their old head-
gear, and heaven knows what else of the
quantity, is forwarded to St. Domingo; the
blacks are exceedingly proud of a European
hat, especially a white one. They wear them
with an independence of taste which renders
them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they
may have acquired. Of French practices they
have only retained that of wearing hats, and it
is to be regretted that it never occurs to them
to make them, as do their former masters, a
medium for demonstrations of politeness. Per-
haps they may acquire the custom one day.
As for shoes and boots, they make the best
of their way to California, where are trans-
mitted by thousands of pairs to those arid re-
gions where millionaires, it would seem, have
not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere,
where those who go barefoot are usually any-
thing but millionaires. Apropos de bottes,
we were once told that the difference between
the Emperor of Russia and a beggar was that
while the former issues manifestoes, the latter
manifests toes without his shoes. We recom-
mend this ingenious distinction be com-
municated to the Californians with the next
cargo. Old shirts, it would seem, remain at-
tached to the soil, and whenever a solution of
continuity takes place in their component parts,
after an acquaintance with the crochets and
the botte, they pass through the mill, to reap-
pear—rejuvenated like the dry bones of Esau
from Medea's cauldron—in the form of those
elegant albums which decorate the boudoirs of
our belles, or under the guise of a rose-col-
ored and perfumed billet presented to their
dainty fingers on a silver salver. Fortunately
its various transmigrations are not revealed to
them!

Ladies' cast off garments have a brisk sale
in Hindoostan. The fashions, to be sure, are
somewhat antiquated; "but parmi les acqulies
les bogues sont rares," and a cut which ap-
peared four years ago in Paris, is as elegant
with those who see it for the first time as it
was with the Parisians then. Consequently,
the wives of a countless number of petty em-
ployees in Madras and Calcutta eagerly com-
pete for the first choice of this quondam finery.
After all it is only an exchange; India sends
to Paris its old Cashmeres; Paris sends to In-
dia its old gowns. We are inclined to ask,
"Why could not each rest content with its
own?" Jamaica and the Philippines are insat-
iable in their demands for old French gloves
—cleaned and scented, of course. Will it be
believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annually shipped
for these facile customers?

"There is two ways of doing it," said Pat to
himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a
job on the street corner. "If I save me \$4,000,
I must lay up \$200 a year for twenty years, or
I can put away \$20 a year for 200 years. Now
which way will I do it?"

COMMUNICATIONS.
For the Agitator.
The Code Duello.
MR. EDITOR: We are told that when those
braves in California had squared themselves to
shoot each other, the solemn farce was arrested
for a few minutes to read this precious funeral
service, the code duello, to the blood thirsty
champions. Did you ever see that little bit of
a composition? Do you know where it came
from? If you understand all about this *legem
honoris*, please enlighten the public on the sub-
ject. Before we challenge any man to shoot us,
or accept a challenge to stand still and be shot
at, we wish to know the conditions and the ne-
cessity of facing murder music in that way.—
We are a little nervous and fear that without
some previous information our courage would
all get into our heels when we saw a man raise
his pistol to fire into our breast. Somehow it
makes our muscles crawl and our blood chill to
think of being a party in such transactions.—
We have looked in vain for this famous code
among the laws of God and man. Whence
then did it originate? Have some of those de-
mons from the nether regions sent up a law
providing for the letting off of a little bile and
bad blood, by gentlemen, bravoes, men of honor!
who get so mad at each other they can't hold it
in? We suppose this ceremony must run about
as follows: "Whereas you, man of honor, have
charged me, man of honor, with being a liar,
or a coward, or dishonest, or have called me
some other bad name, by which I have become
maddened and feel very much oppressed about
my heart, and must have some relief, therefore,
I challenge you to give me a good chance to
kill you, and for the sake of this privilege I'll
give you the same chance to kill me if you dare.
Whereupon the said challenged man feels his
honor very sensibly touched and godded up to
a fight, and he drops a pretty little note to his
friend saying 'I'll be happy to meet you on the
honorable business you suggest, at such a place
and time, and the game shall be played with
rifles, or pistols, or knives, according to which
he has the most skill in. The preliminaries
having been agreed on, the seconds or abettors
of each party having been chosen, they "nurse
their wrath to keep it warm" till the day arrives.
Then repairing to the ground, the distance is
paced, and the pistols are loaded, and the two
men of honor take their places on the marks,
facing each other, weapons in hand. Their
breasts are suitably bared for the bullet. Then
one of the seconds reads the code—"You, each
one of you, pledge your word as men of honor,
that you'll stand there till the other has a good
chance to shoot through the head or heart
or body somewhere; that you won't dodge or
wince till the word is given, so that each can
have an equal chance to kill and be killed. If
you get killed you solemnly promise again as a
man of honor that you'll lie peacefully in the
grave, and not come back, a bloody ghost, to
haunt the rest of the life of your murderer,
and that all your bereaved relations and friends
and the rest of mankind shall not miss and
scorn the survivor, but count us both men of
honor—both lions—one dead, the other living.
And if you are the murderer instead of the
murdered, then you promise to get all the peace
out of the rest of your life you can, and not go
skulking from society, and hiding in the gloomy
caverns of wild beasts and the graves of dead
men, but with brazen, impudent face go about
insulting men of honor till you get a chance to
shoot somebody else and be shot at in turn.

Now, Mr. Editor, whatever be the reading of
this code duello, which men of honor carry with
them it must amount to only this. We wish to
propose this substitute which we greatly prefer:
Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted by the
Congress of the United States, and the same is
herby enacted by the Legislatures of each
State and Territory of this country, that from
this time, henceforth, forever it shall be unlaw-
ful for any person to challenge or accept a chal-
lenge to fight a duel, or to act as a second, to
aid or abet any such barbarous custom; and
any person that does so challenge or accept of
a challenge, or encourage by his presence and
counsels any such desperadoes, shall forfeit any
civil office he may hold in the gift of the peo-
ple of these United States, and never more be
eligible to any office whatever, civil or military,
in any town, ward borough, or state of this na-
tion. For the justice of this enactment we give
the following reasons:

1st. The man is a coward and therefore unfit
for any office. He has not the moral courage
to bear abuse and orimination from his fellow
men without getting mad about it.

2d. He is an outlaw; for however statesman-
like he may go to work to legislate for the
settlement of other's disputes and the vindication
of other men's veracity and honor, he will not
submit his own grievances to the tribunal he
erects for others, but too proud to surrender his
vengeance to courts human or divine, assuming
to be superior to other men, he rides over all
law to settle matters himself. The worst ban-
dit can do no more.

3d. He is a murderer in the eyes of God and
man, and if the states-prison felon forfeits eligi-
bility to civil office how should it be with this
man? Why, there is more cool deliberation,
more malice prepense, more studied preparation
in a duellist than in nine-tenths of the murders
of the land. And there is really less provoca-
tion also. 'Tis not sudden passion that has no
time to cool. But simply a contemptuous look,
a slight word, or some other wound given to
mere pride, which other men—men of common
sense—meet and laugh at a hundred times in
their lives. But your man of honor must get
mad and never get pleased again till he has
shot his wrath out of a pistol barrel. And he
forthwith is a gentleman. He has vindicated his
right forever to this title, par excellence, by
challenging and shooting a man. Go ye cut-
throats, scoundrels, disappointed politicians,
and abandoned poltroons, do likewise, and
henceforth ye are bloods, gentlemen, men of
honor.

An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin, an-
nounces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a
small quantity of the whisky on hand which
was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

The Harper's Ferry Riot.
Its History—Personal Incidents—Old Brown's
Courage—What the Pro-Slavery papers say—
What the New York "News" thinks is in "bad
taste"—Political Capital to be made out of
Brown—The Emigrant Aid Society—Opin-
ions of the London "Times" and Boston
"Bee"—What Senator Mason says, &c., &c.

As the Harper's Ferry Riot is still occupying
public attention, we give the following inter-
esting clippings from the public journals re-
garding it:

HARPER'S FERRY AND THE FOOLS.
The old grandees are in ecstasies in the ex-
pectation that they will make it appear to the
world that the insurrection at Harper's Ferry is
Republicanism. Every toothless crone among
them is out of doors flaunting her apron and
chattering to the four winds of heaven. Every
one of those conscientious fellows who defend-
ed Atchison and Stringfellow, every mother's
son of recreant maternity, every jabbering pop-
pinjay, every brawling blackguard on the curb-
stone, every apologist for distorted constitutions,
and subverted law, every adroit strategist to
whom the recurring victories of Republicans
have brought chill and unwelcome tidings,—
all these are now abroad proclaiming that Re-
publicanism has culminated in treason and re-
volt at Harper's Ferry. If we were to trust
their swollen and turbid lamentations, we should
suppose that hordes of sable bandits had de-
scended from the shaggy sides of the Blue Ridge
and that clouds of grim sons of Mars, all in
armor, had gathered from the Northern moun-
tains to drench devoted Harper's Ferry in blood.
Gov. Wise proclaims, the clanking of arms is
heard in Baltimore, the President is on the
alert, troops are present from two sovereign
States and the District of Columbia, and on pa-
per there are all the proportions of a great ser-
vice war. What is it all for? What Spartacus,
or Garibaldi, or incipient Toussaint is in the
field? Why it is nobody—it is nothing—it is
bosh. It isn't the army of Xerxes by a long
shot. It is nobody but Old John Brown, with
fifteen white men and five negroes! And they
corner Old John in an engine house, get a lad-
der for a battering ram, and butt at the doors
as the Romans did at the walls of Jerusalem.
They fall! Old John falls badly, and as he
thinks, mortally out! Then the war is ended,
and the silver trumpet sounds out the notes of
victory.—Boston Atlas and Bee.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.
While the Pro-Slavery Democratic newspa-
pers of the North are turning this lamentable
affair over and are examining it from all sides
in a heartless and vain attempt to make capital
out of it against the Republican Party, the
Southern papers are looking the matter fairly
and squarely in the face. We clip the follow-
ing from an article in the *Wheeling Intelligencer*
the leading paper in Western Virginia:

"Slowly, but certainly, they (the slaves) are
acquiring more of the characteristics of the
white races and losing those of the African.—
Look at the brightened complexion of the race
in all our southern cities and towns. In Char-
leston, South Carolina, for instance, the mixed
element immeasurably predominates over that
of the black, and is, we believe, equal to if not
greater than the white population. Look at
Richmond, Lynchburg, Petersburg, Norfolk
and other places in our State. We ought to
look these things all in the face now. They
have an important practical bearing on our
social condition. When we hear men and papers
either openly advocating or covertly winking at
a revival of the odious slave trade, it is time
that public attention was called to these things.
It is useless to rail at wicked and reckless abo-
litionists like Brown, who in their blind fanat-
icism think—if they think or care at all—that
they are doing God-service when they teach and
aid slaves to rise against their masters. There
will always be such men. They are to be ex-
pected when we think of the vast amount of
opinion, religious and non-religious, which ex-
ists throughout a great country like ours on the
moral and political aspects of a national ques-
tion like that of slavery. Likewise it is all
useless and idle to expect that men having
minds to think—minds which must think—and
tongues which are free to speak, will ever stop
having opinions or expressing them upon either
the justice or the expedience of slavery in the
abstract. Our security lies in advancing, not
in retreating. We must look to the future of
the two races. We must go back and read up
the opinions of the fathers of the republic as to
the probable issue of slavery in this country.—
We must know that the best men of that era
busied themselves not only with conjectures as
to what were to be its results, but also with
ways and means by which they might be able
to provide against these very insurrections.—
Mr. Jefferson, we should remember, up to his
dying hour never ceased to express his appre-
hension and to suggest his plans for exemption.
The possible contingency of a great San Do-
mingo rebellion, he declared, was to him con-
tinually "like a fire bell in the night." He
"trembled," he said, "to think of it." And it
was because that he so well knew the peculiar
conditions which invested the negro race, both
naturally and artificially in this country, that
he dwelt so earnestly on his plan for a Central
American colonization of the race. Something
of this sort has got to be done. For look at it:
We have now nearly four millions of these
serfs among us. They are increasing in a ra-
tio wholly unknown to the white race. Not
only this, but, as we said, they are imbibing
the energies and taking on the color of the su-
perior race. They now range all the way up
the scale from the jet black to the offspring of
quadroons. Does anybody fatter himself that
the usually sullen and sulken mulatto has no
more ambition, no more energy of mind, than
the African proper? Do not the facts show
that they have? The fact that the cross of two
antagonistic bloods makes them short lived, as
a class, has demonstrated to physiologists that
they are the worst class of inhabitants a coun-
try can have. Nearly all the poisoning cases
that have created so much alarm in the South
have occurred at the hands of mulattoes. Mr.

Stowe did well to make the desperate Cassey, in
"Uncle Tom," a mulatto. She was not an
exaggerated type. And it is notorious that not
only Legree, but that thousands of other men
in the South, readily pay a premium for such
high strung creatures as Cassey, for they min-
ister more voluptuously and enticingly to their
carnal and mental lusts than the drowsish black
girl.

"But we cannot pursue this subject further
to-day. It is one that needs more statistics and
more time for proper elaboration than we can
bring to it now. We are greatly to be hoped, as
indeed we have been for some time back, that
it will ere long elicit attention from our more
experienced and sagacious public men. And
although it has more than its usual force and
interest just at this time, yet it is none the less
an everyday and permanent subject, calling for
our constant attention."

IN BAD TASTE.
The New York News, a Pro-Slavery Demo-
cratic sheet, seems to feel bad because the
Southern papers will not help them make cap-
ital by falsifying the facts. Here is what the
News says to the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*:

"The Richmond *Whig* is disposed to mak-
light of the disastrous and incendiary outbreak
at Harper's Ferry, and laughs at the prepara-
tions made to put it down. It dippantly speaks
of the "war," which it thinks will be put an
end to "in the course of the week;" and of the
"soldiers" (as it quotes the term) who left
Richmond for the scene of tumult and murder-
ous disorder it sneeringly says:

"They took leave of their wives and little
ones last night amid much weeping and wail-
ing, not expecting ever to see them more! It
was a heart-rending scene, to be sure. We en-
deavored to procure a lock of the hair of sev-
eral of the 'soldiers,' as a memento of them,
in case they should fight, bleed and die in the
service of their country; but they were too
much afflicted by the parting scene to pay any
attention to our request. We expect to see half
of the 'soldiers' back at least. But good for-
tune to them all!"

Now this, to say the least, is in miserably
bad taste, coming from the quarter it does. It
is not excelled in cold-hearted indifference and
malevolence by the *Evening Post*, *Tribune* or
Independent of this city, and is in full harmony
with the tone of the more malignant of the Re-
publican press of the North.—New York News,
(Democratic.)

SUFFERINGS OF BROWN IN KANSAS.
The history of the provoking causes of John
Brown's Kansas career are thus stated by the
Cleveland Herald:

"John Brown had a son, E. P. Brown, who,
near Easton that winter (55-6), was taken pris-
oner by the Missouri ruffians and confined in a
store. Then it was an express visited Fort
Leavenworth, and begged that United States
troops might go to the spot and save Brown
from being murdered. That was refused, and
refused to in compliance with positive orders
from Washington. What followed? Captain
E. P. Brown was helpless and alone in the
power of the pro-slavery men; that band of
ruffians struck him, and he rose to his feet and
asked to be permitted to fight the best man
among them—he would fight for his life—but
the cowards dared not give him that chance.
Brown then dared any two or three of them to
fight him, but the cowards would not comply
with that request.

"Then the fiends in human shape rushed
upon the unarmed, defenceless Brown, and
actually hacked him to pieces with their hatch-
ets. A slaveholder, named Gibson, dealt the
fatal blow, burying a hatchet in the side of
Brown's head, splitting his skull for inches and
scattering his brains. Brown fell, and his en-
emies jumped upon him; while dying, Brown
cried out, 'Don't kill me—I am dying,' and
one of the pro-slavery wretches—since then
rewarded with a commission as United States
Marshal—stooped over the prostrate man and
spit tobacco juice in his eyes.

"Thus died Captain E. P. Brown—a Free-
State martyr—the son of John Brown—known
as Ossawatimie Brown.
"From that time forward the old man devoted
himself to warfare upon slavery. He became
the leading free-state partisan in the Kansas
troubles. He was the terror of the Missouri
frontier."

OLD BROWN'S COURAGE.
The following is from the *Baltimore Ex-
change* a Pro-Slavery paper:

"Colonel Washington, who was a keen ob-
server of Captain Brown during the events of
Monday and Tuesday, expresses the highest
admiration of the cool, calm courage of the in-
surgent leader, and of his humanity. He told
us that he heard Captain Brown give explicit
orders to his men, not to injure, if possible, any
woman, and only to aim at those who carried
guns.

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