THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published Morning, and mailed to subscribers mable price of

ibe Terry Macounter PER ANNUM, OF ONE DURING THE ANNUM, SET inly in advance. It is intended to notify every inly in advance. It is intended to notify every the when the term for which he has paid shall apred, by the stamp-"TIME OUT," on the mar-spired, by the stamper will then be stopped the last paper. The paper will then be stopped the last paper. By this ar-ignitude remittance be received. By this ar-ignitude man can be brought in debt to the

The AUTITOR is the Official Paper of the County, E AGITIOR is the outside reper of the County, a large and steadily increasing circulation reach-neo (eff) reighborhood in the County. It is sent no (eff) reighborhood in the County. It is sent ay normalized in the County ost convenient post office may be

In an adjoining former, and exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-led. 54 per year.

For the Agitator. THE TIME TO DIE.

In the early dawn of a summer day, Little Era's starry eyes, Were closed on earth, where she might not stay, Ad opened in Paradise. Ad opened in Paradise.

Re southed the calls from the abovy brow And saily kissed her cheek, (h) too deep the sorrow that thrills us now For the failtering tongue to speak.

As I think of the years that have long gone by, There rise the vision fair-01 manly form with a beaming eyo And waves of chestnut hair; of a outial hand, and generous heart That were chilled, and stilled too soon; The vision face-and the tears will start rest the friend who sheat at noon For the friend who slept at noon.

For the triend who steps at mon. When we stand beside the weary and old Who are bidding us Good Bye, Risse take of life is almost told, Lef us check the rising sigh; For defsets is weak, though the sonl be strong, And we surely should not grieve, When they who have labored well and long the bar to rast at wre. Lie down to rest at eve.

The time to die ! tis a solemn time That cometh to each and all ; for home in every clim The shadow of Death must fall. The shadow of Death must fail. Ear pet as the shadow seems so dark, And the way so drear and long, fee light and glory beam forth, and hark ! We may hear the angel's song. VIRGINIA.

A FASCINATING STRANGER. BY ALGERNON CLARENCE.

"Mare you seen Mrs. Freelove's new lodger ?' hed one young English lady of another whom

e met as she went out shopping, in the streets Verviers, in Belgium. No," said the other ; "is he good loooking ?" Oh, my dear, he's such a duck of a man !" amed the first speaker. "You know we live usite, and we saw him drive up to the door such an elegant carriage, and he had so many miks-a proof of how rich he must be; and is I saw him on the balcony, smoking a cist and looking so sentimental,

What luck that woman has, and what a suce for her daughter !" observed the young ir. "I hope she'll give a party while he ars and not forget to invite us. But what is tinew comer's name ?"

'I have not heard-something very aristomic, I should think, for he had such a high i. But there comes that dear old Belgian antess, who knows all about the gossip of the hetown: suppose we go and ask her?" And the young ladies flew to gather "further

sniculars about the interesting stranger. Mrs. Freelove, whose name was often on the Ins of all English travellers visiting Verviers, ras a captain's widow, who eked out her small mome by keeping boarders in that town. She isd been so well patronized by her countrymen and women, that with the attractions of a prettr daughter, a good table, and pleasant society she had been able to raise her establishment to one of first rate elegance, and her parties were attended by all respectable residents as well as birds of passage from England.

At the period we allude to, it was not the eight of the season, and though Mrs. Freebre's house was nearly full, one or two of the amates had announced their intention of taking their departure in the following week, when cerich lodger, alluded to above, had driven up the loor and requested accommodation. Like ipudent w man, while welcoming the stran-twith courtesy, Mrs. Freelove delicately hintithat she always required a reference, howfer superfluous it evidently was in the presen astance, as she added, blandly, to qualify what-ter might appear unpalateable in the remark. "Faith! I quite forgot that !" cried he, with sfrank laugh; "of course you do, and indeed with to require a reference, when so many samps are about. I heard what a nice estabstment yours was, so I drove hitther instead of paring up at the hotel; but of course I can ex-"" to exception in my favor." Is ugh disappointed at his having no credenials to offer, Mrs. Freelove could hardly hat the idea of letting so desirable looking a dger slip through her fingers. She therfore emporized by observing that it would make no Effence to her to receive him even without a eference, as nature stamps the impress of a entleman so unmistakeably on some persons, that it is as good as the best of passports, -only she had, just at present, no room fit to be offered whim, though perhaps in a day or two, thero light be a vacancy. "You are an obliging creature," said the

WHILE. THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE. VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1859. Mrs. Freelove was fit to bite her lips with [Mrs. Freelove was fit to bite her lips with vexation at having shown the slightest degree the compliment was pointed at her daughter, lady, in presence of other inmates of the house. of mistrust to a wealthy baronet, who would who sat foremost amongst the group of ladies give such eclat to her establishment, and she on whom Sir John's glance especially fell, but was so afraid he might send to fetch away his

luggage, and never return, that on the Hon. Mr. Lighthead's inquiry at what hour Gayly would be in, she confided to him the grievous blunder she had committed. "Capital!" cried the Hon. Agustus Lighthead, laughing immoderately.

Mrs. Freelove was in agonies. "If I could have imagined," began she, "dnly I didn't know there was a baronet of that name."

"Not know of Gay ? Why, my dear madam, that is to argue yourself unknown," cried the man of fashion. "It's the Gayly who's entitled to a peerage hitherto supposed to be extinct; the case is now before the House of Lords; he came here for a little peace and quiet from his lawyers, only don't say I told you."

In a fever of anxiety, Mrs. Freelove now entreated her honorable acquaintance if he met Sir John in the town, to tell him that she had caused a couple of rooms to be vacated to accommodate him, and to entreat him to return that same day, instead of going to a hotel. which Augustus laughingly promised to effect, f possible.

Scarcely was he gone, when Mrs. Freelove hastened to have an interview with an old gentleman who tenanted the pleasantest rooms in the house, and putting on the most insinuating smile, expressed the hope that, as he had announced his intention of going to Paris the week following, he would have no objection to be removed to another part of the establishment that she might not lose an eligible lodger who had just applied.

"Indeed, I have a great objection ma'am," grumbled the old gentleman, "for I hate being put out of my way.'

"But, my dear sir, you wouldn't wish me to lose such a lodger as Sir John Gayly," persisted the lady, "only think of the good it will do my house. Now, do oblige me, and you shall have my own sitting-room, and I will make you so comfortable."

The old gentleman did not, however, at all relish the idea of being "turned out, for he didn't know who," as he plainly told Mrs. Freelove, especially, after being so long in her house. "So long, that we consider you quite in the light of a friend, my good sir," observed Mrs. Freelove, "besides, we all know how obliging you are."

"I tell you I'm not obliging," said the testy lodger, "especially towards those I don't know and never heard of."

"But everybody has heard of Sir John Gaylay," said the lady, profiting by her newly ac quired knowledge, "he's a baronet who ----" "Tush! what do I care for all the baronets

in the world, even supposing he really was one? "Oh my dear sir! would the Hon. Mr. Augustus Lighthead answer for him if he were not? Why he has the claim to a peerage." "Lighthead and perhaps light-fingers too,"

muttered the old gentleman, "however that's your look-out. Well! since you want the rooms, I suppose you must have them—so bring me my account, and we'll [settle, and I'll be off. "My dear sir, I hope you'll not leave us-

I'm not sure I'd rather give up the prospect of any advantages." "Fudge !" interrupted the old gentleman.-

"Bring me my bill, and let's not have another is more, I shall blow your brains out if you atword upon the subject." And in spite of her remonstrances, the old gentleman left her house within an hour. Mrs. Freelove's vexation was, however, mollified by Sir John's return. The baronet seemed to come as if "towed in" willy nilly by his honorable friend; he yileded however to the lady's entreaties to stay, backed by other polite entreaties that he would oblige her by not writing to England for any further references. Sir John consented and proceeded to install himself at once. After disencumbering himself of his traveling clothes, he dressed himself in ele- you by the description given of your person, gant style for dinner; and the servant who took him in some hot water to shave, told his mistress he had never seen such splendid shirts as Sir John had chrelessly tossed out of the portmanteau he had unlocked, to say nothing of all the articles in his dressing case being of silver. The dinner; to which sundry hasty additions had been made, was quite a grand affair. All the ladies appeared in full dress, and put on their best smiles for the occasion, none being more smiling or more elegantly dressed than the hostess' daughter, Caroline, who had the envied privilege of sitting by the new guests-The gentlemen were perhaps a trifle stiff at first, but they soon yielded to Sir John's hearty manner; and before dinner was over each had declared him, in his own mind, to be the best of all good fellows. In order to display her prize to the whole town. Mrs. Freelove sent out a number of cards to apprize her friends that her usual weekly reception night was to be a full dressed party, and that there would be dancing. Her rooms were thronged with the whole (visiting) population of Verviers. Sir John was the admired of all; young ladies voted him handsome; the mammas declared him high-bred; and Mrs. Freelove fanned the flame of the universal conflagration, by whispering here and there amongst the admiring groups, that he was en-ormoasly rich, though so pleasant and affable to everybody. Sir John did not, however, put himself for ward in any conceited manner, and indeed remained a part of the evening sitting by Mrs. Freelove, to whom he imparted confidentially that he was in search of a wife. "For," observed he, in an undertone, "I wish to get married before certain changes take place in my position, which may render it more difficult for me to secure the priceless blessing of being accepted for myself alone.

on whom Sir John's glance especially fell, but declared it did not become her to decide on so delicate a question.

"I dare say you'll think me an odd fellow," resumed Sir John, "but I wish you'd point out to me which are the richest girls in the room. Do you know why ?"

"Natural enough, Sir John," began the lady but with less alacrity. "Ha! ha! ha!" interrupted he; "not so

natural perhaps to others as it seems to mefor I wish to avoid them." How charmingly disinterested !----thought

Mrs. Freelove, who now began to hope that Caroline's beauty had struck him.

Presently, Mr. Van Huyssen, one of Mrs. Freelove's old friends, came to pay his respect to the mistress of the house, and Sir John having moved away, he inquired who was this new lodger of hers. Mrs. Freelove entered into a long description of his numerous qualities.

"Ay, ay," said the more positive man of business, "but has he paid you in advance?"

Mrs. Freelove was indignant at so mean an insinuation. It was not as if he had been an adventurer, a mere Mr. Jenkins or a Mr. Thompson—a baronet was known to the world at large, "But how do you know he is the Baronet he

oretends to be ?!" asked the skeptical Mr. Van

Hayssen. "As if it were possible to be mistaken in such matters !" exclaimed Mrs. Freelove, turning away impatiently.

"Hem !" replied Van Buyssen, moving in the direction of the admired stranger, with whom he presently entered into conversation. After discussing a number of indifferent topics, Sir John asked his acquaintance whether

he could direct him to any banker who would discount some bills he had brought with him. Van Huyssen replied that he was himself a banker, and would accommodate him, if, he boubted not, the bills were drawn on satisfactory parties.

Sir John said he should certainly call upon him, only he observed that he was the bearer of bills to an enormous amount.

"Even if they amounted to three hundred thousand francs it would make no difference to me," replied the banker.

When they parted that night, Sir John shook Van Huyssen's hand with the cordiality of an old acquaintance, telling him he would not fail to wait upon him next day.

"I'm glad you've got over prejudices against my countryman," said Mrs. F., in a slightly comical tone, as she bid the banker good night. As to Caroline, she wouldn't even come for ward to give Van Huyssen her hand.

The next day, on reaching the banker's Sir John was shown into his sanctuary, in which stood the iron chest. After a slight bow, Van-Huyssen took the bills the stranger handed him, and after examining them one by one, glided towards the door, which he bolted, and having consigned the bills to his pocket, suddenly drew forth a pistol, which he pointed at his visitor's head, saying, "Sir John, you are a villain! I was apprized of your arrival here. You are the cashier of the firm of W----& Co., of London, whose correspondent I happen to be. These bills amount to three hundred thousand francs, which I shall not return you, and what

lady, in presence of other inmates of the house. "No," replied Mrs. Freelove, in much astonishment, "and pray tell us if you know where Sir John is, for we waited a full hour beyond our usual time before we sat down to table." "Sir John, alias Jones," said the banker,

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

laughing, "is on his road to the deuce, for what care.' And he then related all that had taken place,

amid the ejaculations of surprise from all present, except one or two who took care to observe that they suspected something was wrong about the baronet from the first; but to the annovance of the credulous Mrs. Freelove, who had quarreled with one of her best lodgers for his sake, to say nothing of the party given on his account, and the increase of expense to render the dinner worthy of so distinguished a guest. Her only consolation was that he must have left in his trunks more value than would pay | His functions are not of a nature to bring him for his board and lodging; but even this hope turned out to be illusory, as the trunks proved to be filled with sand, while the portmanteau, with the elegant shirts and dressing case, had

been secretly carried out of the house. So the whole town laughed at Mrs. Freelove and extolled the banker as a clever man. But in a few days she had the comfort of being able to turn the tables on him. The London firm wrote to him as follows:

"RESPECTED SIR-You have been the victim of a shameless swindler. We have not been robbed of a single farthing. Our much valued cashier has been with us for the last 30 years, and is still a bachelor. He is at his desk as usual, while we pen this. We gave you no instructions whatsoever. The bills are forgeries. As to the sixty thousand francs which you paid away somewhat incautiously, we must beg to decline being your debtor for the same.

We remain &c.,

R. W. & Co., In the first feeling of stupefaction, the banker thought the firm of W. & Co., had formed a plot to defraud him ; but he finished by discovering he had been himself the dupe of a couple of expert swindlers. The false cashier had written the letter describing himself, and invented the gift of the sixty thousand francs as a safer mode of obtaining money than running the chance of discounting the Bills. The Hon. Augustus Lighthead played the minor part of a decoy duck. Ever after that, if Van Huyssen attempted to joke Mrs. Freelove about the baronet, she would reply that she had now grown more cautions whom she admitted, although her experience had not cost her quite

COMMUNICATIONS. Leaves by the Wayside.

so much as sixty thousand francs!

"Few know of life's lingerings."

Walk up to the tripod Horace Greely ! Hand over your poetry which was written for your Sally Anns and Katy-Dids, in those days when your mother kissed your lips and affectionately troked your hair as she cautioned you against blacking your nose and fingers with the ink. Hand over your poetry ! Not to fat old critics who have just parted company with beef-

steaks and hot coffee, but to the Quixotic Rescuer of neglected poems, which like stray waifs have floated about the world unnoticed ; which have lain dormant in the pockets of some Sally Ann, who perchance has remained faithful to the memory of those "callow days" when you Rates of Advertising.

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Posters, Handollis, Bill-Hends, Letter-Hends and Bil kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mort-gages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on nd, or printed to order.

-"Ilis master unto thee. Deuteronomy, xxiii.: 15. I know the text. Many's the time Tommy Shipley has quoted the text to me. But it doesn't apply to cases of this kind at all. The text refers to subjects of one kingdom flying from oppression and taking refuge among the subjects of another kingdom. It has no application to our slaves whatever."

At this point his wife-for such the person who had admitted me proved to be-interposed : "If he would take my advice, he would have nothing to do with them. He gets nothing but ill will by it anyuow."

"I am glal to hear you say so, Mrs. Alberti," I replied. "It is an infamous business, and I am glad you are opposed to it."

"I am not opposed to people having their lawful property; but I dont want him to bother himself about the niggers. They are a treacberous race; don't you think they are ?" "No," said I; "I certainly do not. I think them a kind-hearted and forgiving people; and the fact that your husband is now alive is proof of it. It is a wonder they haven't killed him long ago."

"And so they would if they could," said he. "Look 'ee there," pointing to a scar on his left hand: "I had a buck shot cut out of that spot. Feel there," putting his hand on his leg near his knee. "There is a buckshot still remaining; it is one of sixteen which were lodged in that limb. Look 'ee here," pointing to a scar on his bald head; "and look 'ee here, and here," turning his bald crown that I might see the marks on the different parts of it. "That's the kind of good-hearted people they are."

After talking in this strain for some time, and recounting to me some of the perilous exploits in which he had been engaged, and of which he seemed to be proud, he took down a pamphlet, and, handing it to me, said ; "Read that; it will show you how unjustly I was treated by that malicious wretch, Judge Parsons. He sentenced me to the Penitentiary for ten years, without law or justice. It will tell you all about it. It was written by one of my counsel, Peter A. Browne. And read that also," handing me a manuscript document bear-ing the State seal. "That's Governor Bigler's pardon. Take them both home with you and read them at your leisure."

To this Mrs. Alberti, who had eyed me with evident suspicion from the beginning, made some objections. She didn't see why he should let them go out of his hands. They would be of no use to the gentleman.

"Yes, they will; they will show him that I was persecuted, not prosecuted. Would you," turning to me, "separate a child from its mother ?"

"No," said I, emphatically, "I would not." "No, of course you wouldn't. But that woman of Mitchell's that I took insisted on taking back her child with her. I knew it was born in a free State, and I didn't want to let it go with her, but she begged to have it ;and at any rate, according to the laws of Maryland, the child was as much Mitchel's slave as the mother, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps so; but not according to the laws under which you and I live. I will read these documents, but I must say, in all candor, that condemned at the trial and condemn still, Governor Bigler's pardon."

"Then you are not going to have that paper," said Mrs. Alberti, moving with the rapidity of thought towards me and snatching away the pardon. "I am not going to trust any one that will talk in that way of Governor-Bigler. He is a gentleman; Governor Bigler is a gentleman," she repeated with great vehemence. "Hetty, don't get in a passion-Hetty, my dear love, you don't understand this gentleman. He is honest; he is not a hypocrite. You need not be afraid of his horting the papers ; why should he ?" "I have seen from the beginning," said I. "that your wife was suspicious of me. If I hadn't been so frank, her fears wouldn't have been excited. But I have been entirely open with you. I have told you my errand; told you my name, my place of residence, and my sentiments; and having been thus honest with you, your wife distrusts me."

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7th, 1859. There is a man living in this city whose name has been associated with almost every remarka-

for the last forty years. I allude to George F. Alberti ; a personage well known by repute all

the present day who have seen the man himself. much into the light, and, being a man of modest discretion, he naturally seeks retirement. In former days, when slave-catching was a less unpopular sport, he made himself visible every now and then about the purlicus of the Courthouse; but now that times are changed and his occupation is gone, the places that once knew him know him no more. He has not been noticed near the temple of uncertain justice more than once in the last six years, and he would not have made his appearance then if he hadn't been sent for. Nevertheless, though for the most part invisible, he is not impalpable. He is neither a myth nor a thing of the past, but an actual, living man; hoary, hale and hearty; ready to "catch a nigger" to-morrow if a chance should be offered him. That such is the fact I can state on the evidence of my own senses, having seen him and heard him so express himself within the last forty-eight hours. I had long been wanting an opportunity of this kind. I had heard much of the man, but had never seen him but once, and then had no chance, as I had no desire, to converse with him. It was at the trial of Adam Gibson, the person who, on false testimony and in the face of evidence, was given up by Ingram, to Al-berti, his captor, to be carried to Maryland as a slave. Your readers will remember the cir cumstance. It was the first case tried before Commissioner Ingram under the new Fugitive Slave law. The room was crowded. It was immediately over the Hall of Independence, aghast at the decision. While their blood was boiling, a man, who had before been to most unnoticed, stepped forth, and, taking something from his pocket, which proved to be pinions, proceeded coolly to fasten them on the wrists of his victim. That man was George F. Alberti. next to the Commissioner-whose testin dinal face, once seen, could never be forgotten -the most remarkable looking man in the as

rian to iguore it.

and almost directly under the old Liberty Bell The people who heard the testimony stood sembly. His olive-hued countenance was placid and composed. His gray locks, and jet-black suit and white neckcloth, gave him a venerable and even clerical appearance. Indeed, he looked altogether more like a Doctor of Divinity than a professional slave-catcher. Nearly ever since, I have had a curiosity, which has lately ripened into a purpose to see the man and hear what he had to say for himself. This purpose carried, day before yesterday, into execution. What transpired at our interview I will here relate, that your readers may share with me in whatever instruction may be derivable from it.

ble slave case that has occurred in Philadelphia

through this region, and not without notoriety in places distant. Though still living, his name is historical, and in annals yet to be written is destined to occupy a conspicuous place. It may not be used to designate the profession he adorns, but, like that of the famous John Ketch it is too closely connected with his country's jurisprudence to make it possible for the histo

dence of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Alberti the Ridnapper.

Familiar, however, as is his cognomen to most Philadelphians, there are comparatively few of

AGITATOR.

NO. 31.

desired marked upon them, will be published until or-dered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Hends, Letter-Hends and sil

manger, and I'll write off to my banker and pr solicitor to send you word that I have not ran away with the shares of either the Eastern trike Western Railway-

"Oh, sir !" interrupted Mrs. Freelovc, deprecatingly:

"Yu apology, my dear madam," said he, bryving. "I should think less well of you, if Jour house were like an omnibus, into which stephody could step unquestioned. I'll go to abuel for a day or two, till you receive the leter: only perhaps you'll oblige me by taking in the runks, as I only want my carpet-bag for so

Ent a period. To this Mrs. Freelove joyfully acceded. By the by," said he, "my name is Gayly, and ary friend should call and inquire for me ru will be kind enough to keep his card for het. You see, I mentioned to several per-Fors here leaving England, that I intended to bale myself if possible, in Mrs. Freelove's re-Wend establishment, for you're mentioned in Nerrar's Gaide, I think?"

The traveler's luggage was now brought in Wille stranger took his leave.

Starcely had he been gone half an hour, when febileman came to inquire for Sir John Gay Mrs. Freelove came in a flutter to the sit the room to answer him in person. There had a gentleman of that name asking for acamodation the lady told him, but she was toraware that he bore any title.

"bat's one of my friend's eccentricities," (a) valued for himself. I expect some day the lady in a sprightly tone. (a) resent bimself as plain Mr. Smith, for Sir' John raised his glas her present himself as plain Mr. Guines, of her people should suspect how immensely rich

Si saying the stranger gave his own card, on after all, that no beauty can vie with English

"And pray, Sir John, do any of our Belgian (iserved the geutleman ; "he is so fond of being ladies here present take your funcy ?" asked

Sir' John raised his glass to his eye, and

thich was inscribed, "The Hon. Agustus Light- beauty, and that my fair countrywomen, here in the evening. head,"

. 4

tempt to snatch them back !" "Ob dear! Oh dear !" exclaimed Sir John in very gentlemanly surprise, but without making any attempt at resistance.

After enjoying his triumph with inward satisfaction, the banker resumed in the authoritative tone of a judge, "The firm of W---& Co., has been more merciful to you than you de-serve. They might have set the police after you, and had you brought back to London and placed in the felon's dock. They preferred trusting to my address. I at once recognized even under the false name you had so unblushingly appropriated-and you fell into the snarein spite of all your cunning."

The stranger made a half bow, as if submit

ting to his fate. "By a degree of generosity," resumed the banker, "Which I am not called upon to qualify, Messre. W----& Co., are pleased to rest satisfied with the recovery of their property, and decline bringing the matter into a court of justice. It seems you are the father of three children ?"

"Five," murmured the contrite ex-baronet. "Well, whatever the number may be, these gentlemen have kindly taken pity on your innocent children, and have empowered me to hand you over sixty thousand francs, which I herewith give you in bank notes. Try and prove yourself worthy of their noble conduct, and become an honest man. Go!"

So saying, the banker gave him the notes, which the ex-haronet received with a respectful bow, and the bolt being now withdrawn, he left the house, and set off by the first train for Paris. The banker then sat down to pen the following epistle to Messrs. W---& Co:

"GENTLEMAN: - In consequence of your favor of the-instant, I watched for the arrival of your fugitive cashier. I had the good luck to meet him at a party, where I pretended to be willing to discount the bills he said he had brought with him. According to your instructions, I obtained possession of them; and after a suitable admonition, which I hope will strike remorse into his soul, I handed over to this criminal father of a family, the sum of sixty thousand francs, for which I debit you. I herewith enclose the bills in question. Allow me to add, that your excessive indulgence is a dangerous system, and that rewarding thieves is pushing generosity beyond due limits. However I am aware that English generosity is proverbial, and you are rich enough to let yourselves be robbed without perceiving it.

"I rëmain &c.

"II. VAN HUYSSEN." Sir' John raised his glass to his eye, and after surveying a group of fair ones, said, "I faction of a man who feels he has uone the think, madam," said he, "we must confess, "ight thing in the right way, and; having des-patched his letter dropped in at Mrs. Freelove's

-baronet come in to dinner maid.

ere wont to walk into her father's kitchen on Sunday nights, looking as if you "had stolen a sheep," instead of a lamb's having stolen you.

Walk up! I say, and lie, down with that millenium gathering of human intellects, which poke their horns out of that Star of Bethlehem, which has so suddenly cast its rays upon our henighted earth. All hail, thou Ledger ? Thy "Bloody Daggers" and "Fearful Leaps" have caused heavy thunderings among the mines of man's intellect.

Among the inhabitants of Callowville, the last trembling among the dry bones of the soul unearthed a poem. It positively seems to me as if it belonged to the Sally Anns and Katy | liteness is a habit. I said: Dids; at least it bears the impress of "ancient Time," and seems to be the outpouring of some genius in his "callow days," when his chicken flights seemed hard to achieve. Heaven knows that I do not wish to deprive the world of a production, which perchance has been knocked out of "good society" by Dana's Household Book of Poetry. Therefore I will send the poem "en route" to join the newly resurrected

gems of poesy which are so soon to take their place before the public. So here it goes : Defore the public. So here i In some lonely hour On some dreary day, Beneath some shady bower When I am far away; I hope, you'll think of those With whom you used to be; And if you think of mo. Be sure and think of mo. When Friendship once Is rooted fast, It is a plant

No storm can (smash?) blast. AGNES.

AN UCLY SQUINT .--- A butcher, who was af flicted with that obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and employed a little negro boy to stand by the bull's neck, grasp his horns and hold his head steady, so that he(the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the butcher poised his axe in the air, he seemed to be looking directly at the negro instead of the bullock. "Look here, look here, hosay," exclaimed the darkey, with a great deal of nervous trepidation, "is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin?" Of course I am, you black scoundrel," was the reply. "Den you get somebody else to hold de bullock," ejaculated the negro; "you isn't gwine ter knock dis child's brains out !'

Porter's Spirit of the Times has an account of a dreadful old fellow, who "would rather tell a lie on six months' credit, than tell the truth for cash !"

To keep your hair from coming out never let your wife catch you kissing the chamber-

Alberti's residence, which I found with some difficulty, his name not being in the Directory, is in a densely populated and by no means in-viting part of the city, near its southern suburbs. It is a small tenement neat in its exter nal appearance, and still more tidy, as it proved within. The door was opened to my knock by a well dressed, genteel-looking female, of appa-rently about 40 years of age. To my question as to whether Mr. Alberti was in, she was about returning a negative answer, when the gentleman himself made his appearance at the door behind me. He saluted me courteously, handed me a chair, insisted on taking my hat, and did. it all with the grace of a man with whom po-

"I fear that, when you hear my errand, you will think me importinent. I have come here out of curiosity. I have heard so much about ou that I have felt a desire to see you. I am curious to know how how justify to yourself the course you pursue. I am an Abolitionist. I think you are entirely in the wrong---

"I understand you, sir. I am pleased to see you. It is no intrusion whatever, sir. Do you believe the Bible ?" "I do."

"Well, then, read that book, and you will see how I justify myself. I believe that slavery is right according to the laws of God and man. I believe it is right for me to help a slaveholder catch his lawful property. In so doing, I believe that I am doing my duty to my I would never catch another. My doctrine is, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's; and that's the doctrine of the Bible."

"That's my doctrine, too ; but there is nothing in it to justify slavery, or to excuse you in restoring an escaped slave to his master. Every man has an inalienable right to his liberty. ou have that right; the black man has that you."

"Yes. I have. Read the Bible, and you will see that the children of Ham were to be slaves. Slavery has existed from the beginning, and always will exist."

"Murder has existed from the beginning, and so have lying and stealing; but does that make them right?"

"No, for God has condemned them. But where in the Bible does God condemn slavery? No, sir, slavery is according to the law of God. The slaveholder has as good a right to his niggers as he has to his horses; and if they run away, as a good citizen I have a right to catch them."

But, Mr. Alberti, as you believe so literally in the Bible, how do you get over the command, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from-"

"Don't you see, Hetty, that the gentleman is no hypocrite, and that you need not be afraid ; give him the paper; do."

She complied; but with ill-concealed reluctance.

"When I said that I condemned Governor Bigler's act in pardoning you, it was from no ill-feeling towards you. Nay, strongly as I am opposed to you, and utterly as I abhor your business, I would not hurt a hair of your head; and I would do anything in my power to promote your welfare..." "You understand him, Hetty; it is the prin-

ciple he is opposed to."

"All good people," I resumed, "condemned. at the time, the pardon of Governor Bigler; God and to my country. If I didn't think so, they believed that he did it to please the South : that he had promised, if elected, to release you : and that certain Maryland slaveholders had aided to procure his election with this view. It was well known that they took a lively interest

in your welfare." "But they never gave me a dollar. No, sir -not a dollar. Great promises were made, but I never got a dollar. I suffered much: I was nearly a year in prison : L lost time and money ; right : and you have no more right to make a | I travelled backward and forward to Annapolis slave of him than I have to make a slave of at my own expense; but I never got a dollar. The clerk of the Maryland Legislature wrote me that if I would get my papers all ready. and would give him half the money, he would get a bill through to compensate me. I showed the letter to Mr. Lehman, my lawyer, and he showed it to Peter A. Browne; and what does Mr. Browne do but take a copy of it and send it to Governor Lowe. I knew, as soon as I heard that, that I should get nothing. Why? Because I was sure he would defeat the whole plan. You see these members of the Legislature, at least many of them, are a corrupt set, and I suppose some of them were to get part of the money if the bill should go through. The plan was to give me part of Chaplin's bailmoney. Chaplin, the Abolitionist, you know; he that was in prison, and forfeited his bail, which was ten or fifteen thousand dollars. I

was to get part of that, but, owing to Peter A. . .