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THE AGITATOR.

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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. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1859. NO. 31.

THE TIME TO DIE. In the early dawn of a summer day, Little Eva's sunny eyes were closed in Paradise.

A FASCINATING STRANGER.

BY ALGERNON CLARENCE. "Have you seen Mrs. Freelove's new lodger?" asked one young English lady of another whom she met as she went out shopping, in the streets of Verriers, in Belgium.

Mrs. Freelove was fit to bite her lips with vexation at having shown the slightest degree of mistrust to a wealthy baronet, who would give such éclat to her establishment, and she was so afraid he might send to fetch away his luggage, and never return, that on the Hon. Mr. Lighthouse's inquiry at what hour Gayly would be in, she confided to him the grievous blunder she had committed.

Mrs. Freelove looked pleased, for she thought the compliment was pointed at her daughter, who sat foremost amongst the group of ladies on whom Sir John's glance especially fell, but declared it did not become her to decide on so delicate a question.

"to-day?" asked he in a bantering tone, of that 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."

Correspondence of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. ALBERTI THE KIDNAPER. PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7th, 1859. There is a man living in this city whose name has been associated with almost every remarkable slave case that has occurred in Philadelphia for the last forty years.

"His master unto thee. Deuteronomy, xliii. 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."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Leaves by the Wayside. "Few know of life's lingerings." Walk up to the tripod Horace Greeley! Hand over your poetry which was written for your Sally Ann and Katy-Dids, in those days when your mother strove her lips and affectionately stroked your hair as she cautioned you against blacking your nose and fingers with the ink.

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 Ann and Katy 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 figs 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 poetry" by Dana's Household Book of Poetry.

"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 God and to my country. If I didn't think so, I would never catch another. My doctrine is, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's,' and that's the doctrine of the Bible."