

Terms of Publication.

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

THE WILLOW TREE.

The winter winds are waiving sadly, While the branches bare, Sadly beneath are those who gladly left this world, so full of care.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

"I tell you, no, Agnes. I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him. I know all these dandified jimmicks. They hang around a few bags of dollars, as crows do around carrion."

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. V. WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1859. NO. 33.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Rows include Square, Column, and Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired.

of his child—and then—of his gold! And this was not the first time he had walked alone there. He did not himself know how great was the influence which his child was then exerting upon him.

"That is not the trunk!" whispered Agnes in affright. "Nor—" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk.

"What?" uttered Noah Breman, gazing into Walter Adams' face. Do you mean that you will give me a home too? That you will provide for me and keep me?

"You have your money safe," said Agnes. "Yes. See—I took the trunk. I left the candle burning so that I could watch it. But I went to sleep, and the candle must have fallen over. But I got the trunk!"

that could underlie human action. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom.

"I cannot leave my poor old father, Walter," the old man heard his daughter say. "I must live to love and care for him. On all the earth I am the only one left to love him."

John C. Vaughan was in the room. He told us of the terror which such events inspired in Southern communities, whenever it was believed the negroes intended to revolt.

"I tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting-room after the rest had gone."

"I have been hunting," I replied, "along the banks of the river, and up by the old Hermitage."

"I cannot recollect now whether I had heard before of an insurrection. I had not, certainly thought much about it, if at all. But I knew, instantly, why these armed citizens were at the bridge."

The master, if he be kind to his bondmen, is apt to believe that they will never turn against him. We hear planters say, "I would arm my slaves" whenever this subject is broached.

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