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in an adjoining county. Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-ded. 4 per year.

For the Agitator. THE WILLOW TREE.

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

Left this work, so that see the second secon

Then thy form is gently waving In the pleasant Spring-time air, Ad thy brannhes now are craving For their leaves so green and fair.

Yor men restes of provide and there on the graves below are hiding, Myrile blossoms 'neath the leaves; Neat, the silver stream is gliding; Birds are flitting through the trees. Direct and the second s

Animn comes-to gold is changing All thy leaves so fresh and green, Ad all o'er thy waving branches Gaudy colors now are seen.

In thy branches, every evening Gently rocks the birds to sleep, While above theo-shining o'er the The pale moon her vigils keep.

Cold November winds are sweeping;

Now thou'st seen thy last bright day, For thy leaves, so sadly changing, Shall be withered with decay. Now a dark cold grave is digging

For a child who here hath played, And the blue-eyed, chernb darling 'Neath thy falling leaves is laid.

For she said when she was dying, "When you lay me down to rest, Then, 0, lay me in the garden, "Neath the willow I love best."

Manefield, Pa.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

E. SOPHIA.

"I tell you, no, Agnes. I won't have it .-The fellow only wants my money. I know him. know all these dandified jimcracks. They bing around a few bags of dollars, as crows do wond carrion. I won't have any such thing. Yow you know."

"Father, you judge Walter too harshly. He is good man-honest and industrious, and-" "Industrious, say you? By the big lump; Idlike to know what he's got to show for his industry.'

"He has a superior education, father." "Education ! Fiddlesticks ! Can he live on his education ? Can he make dollars of it ? "Yes. He can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as clerk."

"And will earn just enough to keep him in the fine clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone, I shan't live long-you can-"

"Stop-stop, father. You have no right to talk so. You know I could not leave you."-And Agnes Breman threw her arms around the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then she left the room.

"It's curious how these young fools act," the miser muttered to himself. after he had witnessed his child depart. "There's been twenty of the sharks after her-twenty of 'em hovering around her, like man-eaters after a dead body. Don't I know what they want? Can't I see? Aha-can't I, though? IT'S MY MONEY! But Agnes has never loved one of 'em till this Adams came along. The jackanapes ! And now she wants to get married right away. Nonsense !!!

The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and te saw a drop upon the back of his hand. It was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing in it.

THE AGITATOR. Devoted to the Brtension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy 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 17, 1859.

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

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—wept long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her checks were dry, she came down and got supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the scanty board heretofore. A few days after this, as Noah Breman ap-

proached his cot one morning, he heard voices from within. He peered through a rent in the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter Adams with his child. Her head was upon Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about her. Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes

schoolmate, and her fervent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, so gentle and so beautiful. And she loved him, not only because he had captured her heart in time agone, but because he was, of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

"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. It is hard ! My heart may break! But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kent."

"And so the great joy-dream of my youth is Walter, sorrowingly. "I cannot ask you to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the very truth in you which I worship would be made a lie if you should do so. But I have a prayer -an earnest, sincere prayer. I pray that God, in his mercy, may remove the curse from your father's bended form !"

"The curse, Walter ?"

"Aye-the GOLD CURSE !" rejoined the youth, fervently. "I hope God may render him pen-

nilessil' "What ! penniless ?" repeated Agnes with a

start. "Aye-penniless! for then he would be far

more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his sweet Agnes' love, and then the crust might be broken, and his heart grow human again. And more than all," Walter continued. winding his arm closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more deeply, "then I could prove to him my love. Then I could take your father to my home-and we could both love him and care for him while we lived."

Noah Breman stopped to hear no more, and as he walked away, he muttered to himself-"The rascal 1 He'd do great things. Me penniless 1 And he praying for it! The young villain !"

When the old man gained his accustomed walk among the sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though a mote had been blown there.

Two weeks passed on, and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness to her father grow less.

"Oh, God ! help me to love my father," she prayed one night,---- "let not my grief make me forget my duty !"

And the old man heard it. One night Noah came home from the city,

"O, that isn't the castle."

had become hardened by it, and my soul darage."

gentle wife whom I had loved and lost, but who occupied a place in that love second to my gold ! It was for my child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feeling which had been for a life-time closed up. I heard her pray for me-pray that she might love me-that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful, and I knew I had done it-and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her-help her what? Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery with duty to her father rather than break that duty in union

prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless-Stop! Hear me through-You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man that would love an old wreck like myself, with no money? If it was so, then what would break the last layer of crust from my soul? I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light-my heart had begun to grow warm. I prayed fervently that

I might not be disappointed. "I went to the bank, and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night mymis erable old hut was set on-or-caught fire. I shall always think "twas my candle did it.--But the old shell was burnt down, and room was made for a better building. I came out with a wrong trunk and the other trunk was burnt up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no. I had that safely stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all buttoned up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank. and had it put with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed. And so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her. And now, my boy, I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand dollars in cash for his share in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one more thing, my boy-if your two partners can raise fifty thousand dollars more to invest, just tell 'em you can put in five-and-twenty thous-and more at twelve hours notice. Tell 'em that, my boy ! Tell them old Noah isn't quite ashore yet. Tell 'em he has found a heart-a heart, my boy !--Come here, Agnes--come here, Walter. God bless you both--bless you

as you have blessed me !" Nobody pretended that they had motes in the eye now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable.

We copy by permission from the publisher. the following chapter from "The Roving Editor, or Pictures of Slavery," a book written by James Redpath, Esq., and just published by A. B. Burdick, New York .--- ED. AGITATOR.]

#### The Incurrection Here.

We were talking about slavery, and its probable duration, in the office of the Leavenworth Times. I expressed my doubts of the efficacy

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

NO. 33.

"Did you see or meet any one ?" continued my questioner, no man else saying a word. "No one."

"Go home instantly," he said, imperatively, "and keep up the main road. Do n't cross over by the swamp, or the old ford"-two nearer footpaths to the town, skirting heavily timbered land.

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 low, compressed, yet clear voice of the captain-the silence of his men-their audible breathing as they waited for my replies to his questions-their military order-with sentries in advance-told me all, and I experienced a dread which chilled me through; and the deepening shade of the forest, under which I had so often, whistled merrily, served now to add to the gloom of the hour. I asked no questions. With quickened pace I pushed up the main road, and was not long in reaching my father's house. I wished to know the worst, and to help in meeting it.

I found all alarm at home. Guns were stacked in the passage, and men were there ready to use them. Two friends were in the parlor informing the household of the place of rendezvous for the women and children, and the readily consented to do all he could. signal which was to be given if the town should be fired, or an attack be made upon it by the negroes. I inquired and learned here the cause

and extent of the danger. That morning a negro had informed his mas-ter of the plot, and had represented to him that it reached plantations over a hundred miles off, and embraced the thickest negro settlements of the State.

The first step taken was to arrest the leaders named (some thirty in number) by the informer. The second, to inform the town and country of the impending danger. Armed patrols were started out in every direction. Every avenue to the town was guarded, and every house in it made a sort of military fort. The apprehension was, that the plantation negroes would rise and sweep all before them with fire and sword; and the "white strength" was prepared, in all its force, to meet the contingency.

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. This is a strong expression, and to be received with grains of allowance," as the sequel will illustrate. Yet, boy-like, I felt as if no soul in our yard could strike a blow against one of the family. I went to the servants' quarter. Not one of them was out-a strange event-and not | The old divine continued : a neighbor's domestic was in-a still stranger circumstance! They were silent as the grave. "Even "Mamma," privileged to say and do what she pleased, and who could be heard amid the laughter and tongue clatter of the rest, had nothing to tell me. I asked a few questions; they were simply answered. It was evident that the servants were frightened; they knew not what they feared; but they were spellbound by an undefined dread of evil to them and harm to us. Indeed, this was the case with the blacks, generally; and while the excitement lasted, the patrol did not arrest one slave away from his quarters! An honest Irishman remarked at the time, "it was hard to tell which was most frightened, the whites or the negroes." The proposed revolt, as regards territory, was of this? How consent to kill your old master an extended one. It embraced a region having | and mistress? How dream of slaying me and over forty thousand male slaves. But the plot mine?" was poorly arranged, and it was clear that those who planned it knew little or nothing of the power they had to meet and master. six months the leaders of it had been brooding over their design, and two days before its consummation they were in prison and virtually doomed as felons. Then seizure arrested the insurrection without bloodshed : but not without a sacrifice of life! That was demanded by loved him and our neighbor, and did unto society and the law, Thirteen of the negroes arrested were declared guilty and hung. They had, according to all notions then, a fair trial, lawyers defended them, and did their best; an God, they should be equal before men. I saw impartial and intelligent jury determined their fate; and by the voice of man, not of God, this number of human beings was "legally" sent out of existence ! The leader of the insurrection-ISAACknew well. He was head man to a family intimate with mine. Implicit confidence placed in him, not only by his master, but by the minister of the church and everybody who knew him. The boys called him Uncle Isaac, and the severest patrol would take his word and let him go his way. He was some forty years old when he first planned the revolt. His physical development was fine. He was muscular and active-the very man a sculptor would select for a model. And yet, with all his great strength, he was kind and affectionate, and simple as a woman. He was never tired of doing for others. In intellect he was richly gifted; no negro in the place could compare with him for clear-headed ness and nobleness of will. He was born to make a figure, and, with equal advantages, would have been the first among any throng He had character: that concentration of reli gious, moral, and mental strength, which, when possessed by high or low, gives man power over his fellows, and imparts life to his acts and name. His superiority was shown on the trial. It was necessary to prove that he was the leader, and counsel were about taking this step. "I want of manhood in exposing the gentler sex to this human whirlwind of fury, and revenge, tation in his manner—no tremulousness in his tation in his manner-no tremulousness in his voice; the words sounded naturally, but so clear and distinct that the court and audience knew it was so, and it could not have been otherwise. An effort was made to persuade the slave-folon's conscience was unstained by him to have counsel. Ilis, young masters pressed the point. The court urged him. Slaveholders were anxious for it, not only because they could not help liking his bearing, prayed long and earnestly. I did not stop to but because they wished to still every voice of censure, far or near, by having a fair trial for all. But he was resolute. He made no set speeches-played no part. Clear above all, and your prayer." with the authoritative tone of truth, he repeat-

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ed, "I am the man, and am not afraid or ashamed to confess it."

Sentence of death was passed upon him and twelve others.

The next, step, before the last, was to ascertain all the negroes who had entered into the plot. Isaac managed this part wisely. He kept his own counsel, and besides his brother, as was supposed, no one knew who had agreed to help him at home or from a distance. \_ The testimony was abundant that he had promise of such help. His declaration to the colored informer, "The bonfire of the town will raise forty thpusand armed men for us," was given in evidence. He admitted the fact. But no ingenuity, no promises, no threats, could induce or force him to reveal a single name. "You have me," he said; "no one other shall you get if I can prevent it. The only pain I feel is that my life alone is not to be taken. If these," pointing to his fellow captives, "were safe, I should die triumphantly."

The anxiety on this point naturally was very deep, and when the usual expedients had failed, the following scheme was hit upon : Isaac loved his minister, as everybody did who wor-shipped at his altar, and the minister reciprocated heartily that love. "Isaac will not resist him-he will get out of Isaac all that we want to know." This was the general belief, and, acting upon it, a committee visited the pastor. An explanation took place, and the good man

He went to the cell. The slave-felon and the man of God confronted each other.

"I come, Isaac," said the latter, "to find out from you everything about this wicked insurrection, and you"\_\_\_\_\_ "Master," hastily interrupted Isaac, "you

come for no such purpose. You may have been over-persuaded to do so, or unthinkingly have given your consent. But will you, who first taught me religion, and who made me know that my Jesus suffered and died in truth-will you tell me to betray confidence sacredly intrusted to me, and thus sacrifice others' lives because my life is to be forfeited? Can you persuade me, as a sufferer and a struggler for freedom, to turn traitor to the very men who were to help me? Oh, master, let me love you :" and, rising, as if uncertain of the influence of his appeal, to his full stature, and looking his minister directly in the face, he added,

with commanding majesty, "You know me!" I wish that I could repeat the tale as I heard the old minister tell it. So minute, yet so natural; so particular in detail, yet so life-like! The jail, its inner cell, the look and bearing of Isaac, his calmness and greatness of soul. It was touching in the extreme. I have known sternest slaveholders to weep like children as they would listen to the story. But I can only narrate it as I remember it, in briefest outline.

"I could not proceed. I looked at Isaac: my eye fell before his. I could not forget his rebuke; I acknowledged my sin. For the first time in my ministerial life, I had-done a mean, a base act; and, standing by the side of a chained felon, I felt myself to be *the* criminal." A long silence ensued. The minister was in hopes that Isaac would break it; but he did not. He himself made several attempts to do so, but failed. Recovering from his shock at length. and reverting in his own mind to the horrors which the revolt would have occasioned, he resumed the conversation thus :

"But, Isaac, yours was a wicked plot; and if you had succeeded, you would have made the very streets run blood. How could you think

with the man she loved. And you uttered a

days are long." "But your salary, young man?"

"It is sufficient for us, sir. I have five hun-dred dollars a year. We can live well on that, and lay up something too."

"Well, well-take her-love her-be good to her-don't never-

When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from his child's eyes, he turned away and walked quickly from the house ; but he was not so quick but that he heard the blessings that followed him. And when he walked alone beneath the starry heavens, he wiped his own eyes as if something troubled him.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheeks, and smiles were upon her happy face, like sunshine, all day long.

"Do you pray to God to help you to love me now ?" the old man asked, after he had lived with Walter some months.

"Why, what do you mean ?" asked Agnes in surprise.

"You used to pray so, for I have heard you," returned Noah.

A moment the young wife gazed into her parent's face, and then she answered, as she threw her arms around his neck-"Oh! I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness; but—love you? Oh! I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father-he loves you very much, for he has told me so many times." There was something more than usual in the

old man's eye now. One evening as the happy trio catat the tea

table, Walter looked more thoughtful than was his wont. "What is it, love?" asked Agnes. "O, nothing," the husband said, with a smile. "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"

"Only castle-building-that's all." "In the air, Walter ?" asked Noah.

"Yes, very high in the air," the young man eturned, with a laugh. "But tell us what it is."

"Well, I'd as lief tell you as not. Mr. Osgood is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in years, and he will live now for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all ?" "Yes."

"But what 'castle in the air' is there about that?"

"That is not the trunk I" whispered Agnes in | that could underlie human action- My heart "But the old man spoke no further. | kened. But it was for my sweet child to pour He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk .-- the warmth and light into my bosom. It was This was only filled with old deeds and dusty for her to keep before me the image of the

receipts ! "Ruined! Lost!" groaned Noah Breman, as he turned from the scattered embers. "I had fifty thousand dollars in that trunk! And where are they now ?"

"Never mind," said Agnes, winding her arm about her father's neck, "we'll be hap; y without it." \* \* \*

"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?"

"Yes," replied the youth, hopefully, "I could never be happy without Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor father had no home. Come-we'll live together, and be happy as the

"She cried when she kissed me," he whis pered, wiping the tear from his hard hand .-"I don't see what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me. But she may have it from\_\_\_\_

The old man stopped, and a cloud came over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang in his beart. He remembered the gentle, uncomplaining being who had once been his companionthe mother of his child. He remembered how the became his wife, even when the boon of manhood had passed from him; how she loved him, and nursed him, and cared for him, and how she taught her child to care for him too. And he remembered how she had never complained, even while suffering, and how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips, though the gold of her husband brought her no comforts.

Noah Breman bowed his frosted head more low and in his heart he wished that he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his life .-But he could not forget. He could not forget that it had been whispered that his wife might have lived longer, if she had had proper clothing and medical attention.

"But it would have cost so much! I saved money !"

Ab-the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost. Nuch Breman had passed the allotted age o'

man, being over three-score and ten, and all his life had been devoted to accamulating money. He had denied himself every comfort, and his heart had been almost as hard as the gold he barded. But as his hair grew more white and the state and the years came more heavily upon him, he thought more-reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was doing its mis-Lon now; and the pure love of his gentle child Fas a remembrancer to him that there were better bearts than his own.

At length the miser arose and passed out of the room. He would have left the hut, but as be reached the little entry way, he heard a blice from the garret. It was his child's. He crept up the rickety stairs and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her heee. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped towards heaven.-And she prayed-

"O, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and peaceful! Make me to lore him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my sainted mother! I promised her that I would love him and care for him always. Father in heaven, help me ? Oh ! help me !" The old man crept down stairs and out doors,

the trees. He thought again of his wife, again the flaring ruins,

and in his hand he brought a small trunk. He man. barred the door, and drew the tattered curtains olose.

"See !" he said, as he opened the trunk, and piled the new bank notes upon the table .--'Look here Agnes, and see how I have worked in my life time. I had no education, but I've laid up money-money-koney! How many men would sell me all their brains to night for this 1 See-one thousand-two-three-four-

five. There's a thousand good dollars in each package ! Agnes counted them over, for she thuoght

her father wished it, and she made out fifty of the packages. "Why have you taken it from the bank, fath

r ?" she asked.

"To let it, my child-to let it at a round interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling-double it-DOUBLE IT !"

And while the old man's eyes sparkled with evident satisfaction, his child wore a sad, sorrowing look. And long after that she sat and looked at the working features of her father, and prayed that the Gold Fiend would set him free

When Agnes retired she left her father up but ere long she heard him put his little trunk away and then go to his bed. And then she slept.

Hark! What sound is that? Agnes starts up in affright, and listens. But see ! A bright light is gleaming out into the night, and thick volumes of smoke pour into the garret !

"Fire | Fire !" sounded a voice from the en try, and she hears the sharp crackling now. and feels the heat. "Agnes! My child !" And in another moment she meets her father upon the stair. He is dressed, but she is not. Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you can put it on in the entry. The house is all on fire." In a few minutes more the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of her clothing in her hand, while the former held a small trunk. They gazed upon the burning building but neither of them spoke.

And others came running to the scene, but nine thousand eight hundred and seventy five no one tried to stay the flames. And the effort would have been useless had it been made, for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still-no one would have made the effort, even had success been evident, for the miserable old hut had too long occupied one of the fairest

spots in the village. There were no other buildings to be endangered, so they let the thing hurn. "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 !" And as he spoke only after my gold ; and I knew that in most

"Then what is the castle ?" urged the old

"Why, simply this," said Walter, laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it : ... "This noon Mr. Osgood patted me on the shoulder. and. "Walter I'll sell you all my interest said he, here for fifty thousand dollars."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Noah Breman, "and you thought he was in earnest?"

"No, no," quickly returned the young man, "I did not think that; though I know the other partners would willingly have me for an associate."

"But it seems to me Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high figure."

"Oh, no. It is a very low one. There is clear capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the business at this moment; and then think of all the standing and good-will of the concern which goes for nothing." "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed; and then Agnes laughed; and then they finished their supper. On the next evening Walter Adams came in

and sank down upon the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated, and his eyes had a vacant, wandering look.

"Walter !" cried Agnes, in terror, "what has happened?"

"He's sick," muttered Noah Breman without looking around.

"No no, not sick," returned the young man, starting up; "but I am the victim of a misera ble trifling." "Eh ?---how so ?" asked old Noah, now tur-

ning his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmod-ic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting-room after the rest had gone. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk, saying, as he did so-'Here, Walter, these are yours.' And then he went out. When I had finished my work, I opened the papers. The first was a sort of in- insurrection. Could worse forms of evil be ventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and footed up, in square numbers, forty-

dollars. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two !'

"Well." said the old man, 'I dont't see anything very bad about that.'

"But I do," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

There was something in Noah's eye again, but he managed to get it out, and then he spoke thus :

"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover about my child, I believed they were and for a whole hour he walked alone among he held it up and gazed upon it by the light of cases I was correct. I believed the same of money it is the light of cases I was correct. I believed the same of money it is the lose of money it is the lo you. I knew nothing but the love of money offering the usual salutation.

of political action against it, and stated that I was in favor of a servile insurrection. I be lieve I found no one who approved of such a scheme of abolition. John C. Vaughan was in the room. He told

us of the terror which such events inspired in Southern communities, whenever it was be lieved the negroes intended to revolt.

He told the story of Isaac. It made an indelible impression on my mind. Subsequently I desired him to furnish me with a written ac count of the death of the heroic slave.

This chapter is the result. After a prelimi nary word on slave insurrections, Mr. Vaughan proceeds :

THE STORY OF ISAAC.

All other perils are understood. Fire upor land, or storm at sea, wrapping mortals in a wild or watery shroud, may be readily imagined. Pestilence walking abroad in the city making the sultry air noisome and heavy, hush ing the busy throng, aweing into silence heated avarice, and glooming the very haunts of civilization as if they were charnel-houses, can be quickly understood. But the appalling terror of a slave revolt, made instinct with life, and stunning as it pervades the community---the undescribed and indescribable horror which fills and sways every bosom as the word is whispered along the streets, or borne quickly from house to house, or speeded by fleetest couriers from

plantation to plantation-"an insurrection"-"an insurrection" -- must be felt and seen to be realized.

Nor is this strange. The blackest ills are associated with it. Hate, deep and undying, to be gratified-revenge, as bitter and fiendish as the heart can feel, to be gloated over while indulged-lust, unbridled and fierce, to be glutted-death, we know not how or where, but death in its basest and most agonizing form; or life, dishonored and more horible than most excruciating death-these are the essence of an conjured up? Can any human actions-the very darkest that walk at midnight-excite equal terror? We pity slaveholders who are

startled by the dread of it, and wonder at their and lust and death.

But to our story. I remember, when a boy. going out one bright day on a hunting excursion, and, on returning in the evening, meeting at the bridge, a mile or more from the town I lived in, a body of armed men. The road turns suddenly, as you approach the spot from the south, and is skirted, on either side, by deep swamps. I did not see them, consequently,

until I came directly upon them. "Where have you been ?" was the abrupt question put to me by the captain, without

"Master," Isaac quickly responded, "I love old master and mistress. I love you and yours. I would die to bless you any time. Muster, I would hurt no human being, no living thing. But you taught me that God was the God of black as well as white-that he was no respecter of persons-that in his eye all were alike equal -and that there was no religion unless we others as we would that they should do unto us. Master, I was a slave. My wife and children were slaves. If equal with others before my young masters learning, holding what they made, and making what they could. But master, my race could make nothing, holding noth-

ing. What they did they did for others, not for themselves. And they had to do it, whether they wished it or not; for they were slaves. Master, this is not loving our neighbor, or doing to others as we would have them do to us. knew there was and could be no help for me, for wife or children, for my race, except we were free; and as the whites would not let this be so, and as God told me he could only help those who helped themselves, I preached freedom to the slaves, and bid them strike for it like men. Master, we were betrayed. But I tell you now, if we had succeeded, I should have slain old master and mistress and you first, to show my people that I could sacrifice my love, as I ordered them to sacrifice their

hates, to have justice—justice for them—justice for mine—justice for all. I should have been miserable and wretched for life. I could not kill any human creature without being so. But master, God here"-pointing with his chained hand to his heart-"told me then, as he tells me now, that I was right."

"I do n't know how it was," continued the old minister, "but I was overpowered. Isaao mastered me. It was not that his reasoning was conclusive; that, I could have answered easily; but my conduct had been so base and his honesty was so transparent, his look so earnest and sincere, his voice so commanding, that I forgot everything in my sympathy for him. He was a hero, and bore himself like one without knowing it. I know by that instinct which ever accompanies goodness, that crime even in thought; and, grasping him by the hard, without scarce knowing what I was going to do, I said, 'Isaac let us pray.' And I think of my words. My heart poured itself out and I was relieved."

"And what," I asked, "was the character of

"What it ought to have been," energetically