

THE AGITATOR

WELLSBORO, PA.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 19, 1854.

New Advertisements. On this page we notice to Landholders, the Pennsylvania & Tioga Plank Road Co., Angus Griffin & Sons, Fanning Mills, Wadsworth & Jewell, Life Insurance, &c. Don't forget to read them.

Those who want a fine water cure, or who will do well to call at the new Rooms opposite Cass and Hotel, where the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Parva, will be happy to accommodate all who favor him with their patronage. No attention paid to the weather.

The object of securing the services of some of the most able lecturers in the country in furnishing a course of lectures to the people of Wellsboro and vicinity is under serious consideration. We will report progress next week in the right direction, we hope.

The War. Too late for this week we learn that the Allied Army has taken Sebastopol, annihilated the Russian Army, sunk ten ships of war, killed 18,000 Russians and made 24,000 prisoners. 10,000 of the Allies have fallen. A thousand guns were taken, Fort Constantine blown up, and Mentchikoff forced to surrender. Full particulars next week.

Prior to the election, some very good friends of Prohibition assured us, among others, that Mr. Bigler was considered just as favorable to the cause of temperance as Mr. Pollock. Very few believed it to be true, then, and still fewer will believe it now. By reference to the official returns it will be seen that in those districts where Bigler had a majority, heavy votes were polled, against Prohibition. Perhaps some of our temperance men will begin to think that the "nowhereness" of Bigler on the liquor question secured him, generally speaking, the Run influence at the ballot-box.

We would like to receive several cords of seasoned wood at this office on subscription, immediately. We are actually suffering for wood to keep the office comfortable. We do not wish to purchase by the load, but by the cord. A cord or two of green maple will be thankfully received. In our present straits, an old-fashioned coal snap, would treize us solid. Friends, countrymen and farmers, we don't ask you to lend us anything, but only do as we would be done by—as we would do by you were you in a similar pickle—what is never denied to an insensible locomotive, even,—WOOD US!

We gladly give place to the following piece of information, kindly furnished us by a friend: "Thompson's Bank Note Reporter of the 14th inst., under the head of 'Fraudulent Bank Notes,' says—'A few days ago, we saw a \$10 note, splendidly engraved, on the Hopkinton Bank, Michigan; and on Saturday, a well-dressed man walked into a shoe store, selected a pair of boots, and offered a ten,' on the Merchant's & Farmers Bank, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory. He had a considerable amount in 5's and 10's in his possession, and reported himself as the President of the Company.' It is scarcely necessary to add that the above notes are fraudulent and should be refused. We are informed that such notes have been seen here, within a few days. Look sharp for them.

The Reason. Pollock's majority will be upward of 30,000, probably. Prohibition will, we think, be carried by a small majority. One thing is certain: Tioga County has eclipsed all others in regard to the anti-Nebreska issue. The usual Democratic majority here, has been from 800 to 1000. The recent election shows a change of nearly 2000 votes, in favor of the soil and free men. Susquehanna has generally gone 'Hunker' about 800 majority. Now, she rolls up nearly as much for Freedom. It is not a glorious result? Bradford, Susquehanna, and Tioga, give Pollock and Prohibition nearly four thousand majority! Little Poller has done well for Pollock and Prohibition, but we regret that the Republicans did not triumph fully in the election of county officers.

Right Triumphant. There is a love of victory for victory's sake, and there is another love of victory for the sake of the dominion it confers and the opportunity for personal aggrandizement it affords. The first is felt by men whose leading trait is Obstinacy; the latter by those who are slaves of a venal ambition. There is another love of victory which depends upon the triumph of Principle—and this warms the hearts of true men only. The glorious result of the late election has awakened this joy in the bosoms of thousands—it was a triumph of Principle. The freemen of Pennsylvania have achieved few such victories in the past, but the way is open for a brilliant series in the future. The eyes of the whole country are upon Pennsylvania, attracted by the brilliance of her late achievement. Her action on the great question of the day is in a good degree final. Had she proved subservient to Douglas and the Administration, the partial defeat of a great principle could not have been stayed. Thank God, she did not prove subservient. The grand central prop (as this State was considered by the Administration) of a corrupt democracy is taken away, and the base men who insisted upon making the treason of Douglas a test of democratic orthodoxy, can now sink away and be forgotten. Secured only to those which Religion has been made to father, have been the monstrosities promulgated under the name of Democracy. It has cloaked many a sin, and if the masses could have been kept in ignorance of what existed behind the curtain, it might have covered more. The Reign of Terror, in which many of the noblest and best men and women in France were indiscriminately slaughtered, was the offspring of democracy with French poison in its veins. The Nebraska bill, which aims to extend, and thereby perpetuate human slavery, was the offspring of a degenerate Administration with Southern blood in its veins. Franklia Pierce represents a democracy which claims Slavery as a beneficent institution; but he does not represent Northern democracy. It has been said that the North had forgotten the example of its Revolutionary patriots; but if the results of the recent elections in the several States at the North be taken into consideration, the accusation is false. We set it stated in some papers, that 'Pennsylvania has gone Whig by a large majority.' It is false. The State has gone Republican by a great overwhelming majority—that is the truth of the matter. Men of all parties joined hands and went in for Pollock. The old lines which party at the North is powerless to produce anything like the result before us. Again, it is said that the democratic party had beaten. This is not true. The democratic party are a greater dependency than at present. Democracy and its twin sister—Reaction, are both equally signally beaten. The South has dropped from the eyes of the people, and the degrading shackles of party dropped with them. The Free Democrats of Pennsylvania desire the warm friendship of every true friend of Freedom in the land. They have been elected to the office of State, and thoroughly imbued with the anti-slavery

spirit, but when it comes to the point of defeat, they are the first to desert. It is a sad sight to see the men who have been so long and so bravely fighting for the cause of Freedom, when they are defeated, to see them turn their backs upon the cause, and go home to their homes, leaving the cause to be fought out by others. It is a sad sight to see the men who have been so long and so bravely fighting for the cause of Freedom, when they are defeated, to see them turn their backs upon the cause, and go home to their homes, leaving the cause to be fought out by others.

On Wednesday, the 27th of September, the Arctic was, as far as could be ascertained, about forty miles from Cape Race. The weather was calm, the sea tranquil, and covered with light caps of foam. The ship was proceeding at full speed; eight bells (noon) were about to be struck; and the passengers in the cabin were preparing to place themselves at table for lunch; some of them were engaged in drawing the numbers of the lottery which took place daily on board the steamer.

All at once, a shock was felt in the forepart of the vessel on the larboard side, then a second, then a third. These blows were not sufficiently violent to cause any serious apprehensions; and some persons attributed them simply to a wave having struck us. Nevertheless they ascended to the deck when they perceived, over the larboard bulwark, an iron vessel without national colors, whose bow was completely broken off, and which, half submerged, seemed to be about to be engulfed.

Capt. Luce caused a boat to be launched, with which the second in command, Mr. Gourlay, and five sailors threw themselves in order to go to the assistance of the stranger; at the same time the Arctic wheeled round to co-operate more actively in the rescue. But scarcely had this maneuver been executed ere the critical situation of our own steamer was perceived, and the imperative necessity of looking after our own safety was forced upon us. The unknown vessel had struck with its bow upon the Arctic, a little after the cutwater on the starboard side, causing an opening of eight feet wide by five high, to which a part of her own bow still remained. Two other lesser openings were seen at intervals, approaching toward the paddle-box, corresponding to the second and the third shocks felt during the collision. Through these three openings the sea rushed into the interior of the vessel, which rendered all obstacles opposed to it powerless, and all efforts fruitless. While they were making these useless efforts to arrest the inroad of the water, and the passengers were working the pumps, they made for the land, with the hope of being able to keep the steamer afloat sufficiently long to beach her by putting on all steam.

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CAPT. LUCE SAFE.—HIS STATEMENT.

QUEBEC, Oct. 13, 1854. E. K. COLLINS.—Dear Sir:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the total loss of the Arctic, under my command, with your wife, son and daughter.

The Arctic sailed from Liverpool, Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 11 A. M., with 233 passengers, and about 150 of a crew. Nothing of special note occurred during the passage until Wednesday 27th, when, at noon, we were on the Banks, in lat. 40 deg. 45 min. N., and lon. 52 deg. W. steering west by compass.

The weather had been foggy during the day; generally, a distance of half to three-quarters of a mile could be seen, but at intervals of a few minutes a very dense fog, followed by being sufficiently clear to see one or two miles. At noon I left the deck for the purpose of working out the position of the ship. In about 15 minutes I heard the cry of "Hard starboard" from the officers of the deck. I rushed on deck and had just got out when I felt a crash forward, and at the same moment saw a steamer under the starboard bow, and at the same moment she struck against our bows and passed astern of us.

The bows of the strange vessel seemed to be literally cut or crushed off for full ten feet, and seeing that she must probably sink in a few minutes, and taking a hasty glance at our own ship, and believing we were comparatively uninjured, my first impulse was to endeavor to save the lives of those on board the sinking vessel. The boats were cleared, and the First Officer and six men left with one boat, when it was found our own ship was leaking fearfully.

The engines were set to work, being instructed to put on the steam pumps, and the four deck pumps were worked by the passengers and crew, and the ship headed for the land, which I judged to be about fifty miles distant. I was compelled to leave my boat with the First Officer and crew to take care of themselves. Several ineffectual attempts were made to stop the leak by getting sails over the bows, and finding the leak gaining on us very fast, notwithstanding our very powerful efforts of keeping her free, I resolved to get the boats ready and as many children and ladies placed in them as possible. But no sooner had the attempt been made than the firemen and others rushed into them, in spite of opposition.

Seeing this state of things, I ordered the boats astern to be kept in readiness until order could be restored, when by my dismay I saw them cut the rope in the bow, and soon disappear astern in the fog. Another boat was broken down by persons rushing at the davits, and many were precipitated into the sea and drowned. This occurred while I had been engaged in getting the starboard guard boat ready, and placed the second officer in charge, when the same fearful scene as with the first boat was being enacted; men leaping from the top of the rail, twenty feet, pushing and maiming those who were in the boat.

I then gave orders to the second officer to

As I again struggled to the surface of the water a most awful heart-rending scene presented itself to my view. Over 200 men, women and children struggling together amid pieces of every kind of wreck, calling on each other for help, and imploring God to assist them. Such an appalling scene my God preserve me from ever witnessing again.

I was in the act of trying to save my child when a portion of the paddle-box came rushing up edge-wise just grazing my head, falling with its whole weight upon the head of my darling child. Another moment I beheld him lifeless in the water. I succeeded in getting on the top of the paddle-box in company with eleven others—no however soon left for another piece, finding that it could not support so many.

Others remained until they were, one by one, relieved by death. We stood in the water at the temperature of forty-five degrees up to our knees, and frequently the sea broke directly over us. We soon separated from our friends on other parts of the wreck, and passed the night, each one of us expecting every hour would be our last. The wished for morning came, surrounded by our own party, seven now being left.

In the course of the morning we saw some water casks and other things belonging to our ship, but nothing that we could get or afford us any relief. Our raft was rapidly settling, as it absorbed the water. About noon Mr. S. M. Woodruff of New York was relieved by death. All the others now began to suffer very severely for want of water, except Mr. George F. Allen and myself.

In that respect we were very much favored, although we had not a drop on the raft. The day continued foggy, except just at noon, as near as we could judge. We had clear horizon for about half an hour, and nothing could be seen but water and sky. Night came on thick and dreary, with our minds made up that neither of us would again see the light of another day, for very soon three more of our suffering party were relieved by death, leaving Mr. Allen, a young man and myself.

Feeling myself getting exhausted, I now sat down for the first time, about 8 o'clock in the evening, on a trunk which providentially had been found on the wreck. In this way I slept a little through the night, and became somewhat refreshed. About an hour before daylight—now Friday, the 29th—we saw a vessel's lights near us.

We all three of us exerted ourselves to the utmost of our strength in hailing, until we became quite exhausted. In about a quarter of an hour the light disappeared to the east of us. Soon after daylight a bark hove in sight to the north-west.

The fog having lightened a little, steering apparently for us, but in a short time she seemed to have changed her course, and again we were doomed to disappointment; yet I felt hopes that some of our fellow sufferers may have been seen and rescued by them. Shortly after we had given up all hopes of being rescued by the bark, a ship was discovered to the east of us, steering directly for us. We now watched her with the most intense anxiety, as she approached. The wind changing caused her to alter her course several points. About noon they fortunately discovered a man on a raft near them, and succeeded in saving him by the second mate jumping over the side and making a rope fast around him, when he was got on board safely. This man saved proved to be a Frenchman who was a passenger on board the steamer which we came in collision with.

He informed the captain that others were near on pieces of the wreck, and going aloft he saw us and three others. We were the first to which the boat was sent and safely taken on board about 3 P. M. The next was Mr. James Smith of Mississippi, second class passenger. The others saved were five of our firemen. The ship proved to be the Cambria of this port from Glasgow, bound to Montreal. Capt. John Russell, who commanded the bark Jesse Stevens, and was rescued by Capt. York of the Pacific. Of Capt. Russell it would scarcely be possible to say enough in his praise for the kind