

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 18, 1861.

- County Nominations. FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE. ROBERT G. WHITE, of Wellsboro. FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES. ROYAL WHEELER, of Lawrenceville. VICTOR CASE, of Knoxville. FOR REPRESENTATIVES. S. B. ELLIOTT, of Mansfield. B. B. STRANG, of Clymer. FOR SHERIFF. H. STOWELL, of Delmar. FOR TREASURER. HENRY B. CARD, of Sullivan. FOR COMMISSIONER. JOB REXFORD, of Clymer. FOR AUDITORS. M. BULLARD, of Wellsboro. CHAS. GOLDSMITH, of Deerfield.

The Democrat calls our attention to a communication from Jackson township, in regard to the contested Seats at the Tioga Union Republican Convention. We know nothing of the merits of the case one way or the other. All we know from the records of that Convention, is, that O. F. Taylor, the late Democratic nominee for Sheriff, was Chairman of the Committee which decided against Mr. Henry Miller and Mr. L. C. Restan as delegates, and admitted their competitors.

The Democrat, not content with slaughtering the King's English in every one of its issues, tries to make us accessory after the fact by quoting from the Agitator, thus: "The Agitator calls every republican that don't vote the straight ticket weak headed and weak kneed." It is hardly necessary to say that we never used the language quoted, nor anything like it. What we said was, in substance, that any republican who made himself the tool of the forlorn democracy for the purpose of dividing and destroying the only real and unanimous Union Party in the country to build up the bogus Union Democratic party who are laboring only for the spoils, was not only weak headed but weak kneed. We had no reference to tickets, they being then none in the field. We care nothing for your misrepresentation of our sentiments of facts, for that is always expected, but in the name of Lindley Murray, leave us our orthography, if you quote from us again.

The Democrat, and Mr. Henry Sherwood, who seems to be its leading and guiding genius—do not, and cannot understand why Democrats should be asked to support a platform pledged only to "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Law," without getting a share of the offices this year, by way of payment for such loyalty. For our own part we shrink a year's probation for partisan democracy essentially necessary, in view of the fact that only a month ago the Democrat published without dissent an article as full of treason as the fading intellect of the old lady in breeches (Dogs' Dees) could possibly make it. We publish it elsewhere, and shall continue to do so for the detection of our readers, until the Democrats see fit to repudiate all affinity with its author by its sentiments. To print communications full of the most atrocious treason, is a new way to support the Union.

LATEST WAR NEWS. As we go to press, every indication points to a great battle on the Potomac near Washington, if indeed, the battle has not already been fought. There seems to be no doubt of the result, and that it will be on the side of the Union. The events of the past week have been most cheering. The reconnaissance under the direction of Gen. McClellan, our lines in front of Washington of the intervening country to Leesville, was a good thing and handsomely accomplished; the dressing administered to the great robber, traitor Floyd in Western Virginia by Gen. Rosecrans was a neat operation; the bold, unequivocal and fearless Union front assumed by the loyal Legislature of loyal Kentucky is worth an army of fifty thousand men; the rout of those rebel gunboats on the Mississippi below Cairo, was a dashing affair, and the way in which Fremont and his military associates officers and their forces are working up the rebels in Missouri is altogether encouraging. In fact, from the Potomac to the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers, the good cause goes bravely on. The only hope of the rebels now is in their army of the Potomac, and from that we have every reason to hope the means, the power and the prestige of victory have departed. Let all concerned, Federal and State authorities, put forward their energies now to strengthen McClellan in every way, and we shall have the day dawn of a glorious peace.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. We publish here a full report of the proceedings of the so-called Union Convention, and we think that even the dullest mind can hardly fail to see that the whole affair was a complete fizzle; and as might have been expected, a conglomeration of inconsistencies. There were a few Republicans present as delegates—though of whom they were the delegates, they themselves cannot tell. These men—some of them—were doubtless actuated by the very best of motives; others were there because they had a hope that something might turn up for them in the general scramble. But the controlling influence in the convention was that of the forlorn democracy. At the bottom of the whole thing, managed the spread eagle patriot-

ism of the resolutions and speeches, was the overruling desire for spoils; and we doubt whether the cohesive power of public plunder will be able to keep them united until the 8th day of October. Should this fail, we suggest Spaulding's prepared glue. The great engineer of the Convention as may be seen from the report of the proceedings, was Mr. Henry Sherwood. This was right and proper enough, inasmuch as it was in his office, two or three weeks ago, that the whole thing was concocted. We congratulate that gentleman and his friends upon the success of the whole scheme, and we venture to say that the speech of Mr. Gridley was the only thing not put down in the programme beforehand. The wisdom and policy of the nomination of Hon. R. G. White for president Judge, of Hon. B. B. Strang for one of the Representatives, of H. B. Card for Treasurer, and of Chas. Goldsmith for one of the Auditors, cannot be questioned. This was the very best thing the leaders could do. But the nomination of Mr. Reynolds (who, we believe, is an excellent man, and a good Republican,) was the same as to declare Mr. Elliott a rebel and traitor of the deepest dye. We know that the Pro-Slavery Democracy of this county hate Mr. Elliott on account of his out-spoken hatred of slavery, but the people have learned that he made an excellent, honest, upright and incorruptible Representative, and they will probably say so once again at the polls.

Perhaps another reason why the Democracy dislike Mr. Elliott, is that he earns his living by working with his hands. The laboring classes of the county will take care to show their appreciation of labor combined with talent and honesty. Mr. O. F. Taylor the Democratic candidate for Sheriff, is well known throughout the county as having been a leading Republican of his section, and a delegate at the Tioga Republican Union Convention. If he can lead the Republicans of his section into the folds of Democracy, he will have more personal popularity than even he dreamed of. Mr. Bentley, one of the nominees of the convention for Associate Judge, was a candidate for the same office before the Republican Union Convention, and as he failed to secure the nomination there, he thought, probably that the Democratic nomination was better than none at all. Of the Democratic nominees of the Convention, we know nothing. Neither of them, so far as we have heard, have been known to talk treason, and in this respect, at least, they are much more acceptable than many of the delegates who nominated them. Whether all the men whom these offices sought will accept the nomination thus tendered them, and whether the offices which seek the nominees on the highways and by ways of Locofocoism, will ever find them, are questions which the future alone can answer.

FROM THE TIOPA BOYS.

CAMP NEAR DARN'S TOWN, SEPT. 8, 1861. FRIEND AGITATOR—Through the kindness of Capt. Holland, I am this morning excused from drill, and seated in a quiet spot away from the tumult of an excited camp, to let the readers of the AGITATOR know that the sons of "Old Tioga" are still among the armies of the living. The past week with us has been one of intense excitement. Last Wednesday night, we were ordered to be ready to march at sunrise on the following morning. All necessary preparations were made, and we camped down upon our bank of leaves, expecting that when "Old Sol" chased the night away, we would bid this shaded camp adieu. But morning came, and with it a drenching rain which lasted nearly all day, and not only prevented us from leaving, but kept the inmates of these tented folds, huddled together in little groups, amusing themselves in a thousand different ways—some writing to their loved ones at home, others reading the news of the day, while the greater portion were killing old time with a pack of spotted papers. Thursday night came and passed away, and nothing new transpired only we were kept in constant readiness to march at a moment's warning, with three days' rations on hand—two cooked and one raw. Friday afternoon while on parade, we could distinctly hear the roaring of distant cannons as they echoed over the hills. We stood in silence for a moment, while the blood gushed through our veins. We were then marched from the field, and again told that we would leave on the coming morning. But Saturday morning came like the two preceding, and our march was to the field for a long, hard drill. In the afternoon another dispatch came, and our knapsacks were packed, our haversacks filled with provisions, our teams grove up for loading, while we waited orders to start, and in this uncertain condition this morning (Sunday) finds us—and now while I am writing this, the loud peals of artillery are again sounding in the direction of the Chain Bridge, causing the hearts of thousands to throb quicker than usual, not with fear, for there is no mark of fear upon their noble brows; but with anxiety which they feel for the country they have enlisted to serve. We know not where it is, or what it is for, but without doubt a party of Johnson's men have attempted to cross the river.

We are living in daily expectation of a fight which must soon come, and the sooner it comes the better, for I believe if we can ever sustain our rights, it is now. When we received the news of Butler's grand victory, it caused some tall cheering. We all felt that the right man was in the right place, and in such hands we were willing to risk the safety of our country. We can find no fault with our fare for the past week. Our bread is good, much better than it has been for the past month. Besides, we have good fresh beef. I am proud to learn through your columns that there are other companies being organized in "Old Tioga." Friends of Tioga, your actions cheer us on, for we now have undoubted proof that your hearts are with us. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, your garners are full," and now leave that happy home of yours, come to the battle field, and by your sides fight—by our sides live, or by our sides fall for the cause of liberty and civilization.

One morning last week an old soldier came into our camp who attracted considerable attention. He could handle a gun so much better than we could, that we felt ourselves to be only an awkward squad. After convincing us that he was as supple as the best of us, he made the following eloquent speech. "Fellow soldiers: I am an aged man—my head is bleached with the snows of sixty-eight winters—I fought for my country in the battle of Lundy's Lane, also at Bull's Run under the cowardly Patterson; and that was the gloomiest day of my life, but I pray to God that I may yet live to fight in my country's last battle, and see this rebellion wiped out so dry that no future historian can find a spot upon the pages of the American history." Such language coming as it did from a man whose head was as white as snow, struck a tender cord in the heart of every bystander. If our friends at home have not received our letters, or if they have received them and the postage has not been paid, let them not blame us, for the fault is with our old Jew who has been acting as sutler for our Regiment; for we have learned that in some cases he has not sent them at all, and in others, he has sent them and not paid the postage. I am ready to admit that we are poor, but we can pay our own postage yet. COL. CROCKET.

Extracts from a Private Letter. CAMP TENNALLY, D. C. Sept. 3, 1861. \* \* \* To learn to be a soldier, not frequently comprehends a knowledge of divers little plans and devices—harmless but handy—by which one is enabled to pass the guard and enjoy the quiet and shade of fields and woods, which is often wished for, than found, inside the chain of camp sentinels. And it is to a little of the practicing of their knowledge, that I owe my present privilege of lounging in the sweet-smelling clover and welcome shade of overhanging grape vines, which may be found within easy rifle range of our camp. I passed the guard with a perfectly serious intention, this morning, and honest enough, too. Mr. Sentinel is quite mistaken, if he supposes, that I went after water, because I passed him with a pail. I presume the presence of pail would quite naturally suggest water, but if Guard had seen this large sheet of foolscap, he might have divined my intention of perpetrating a dire inconviction on some one—provided, they were obliged to read what I might be pleased to write. According to our present regulations, we are only allowed to pass the guard for the purpose of bringing water, unless we have a "Pass," with the signature of the commanding officer of the Regiment attached. Now this applies to all, exclusive of commissioned officers—they have the privilege of the camp—go where they please, and when. Well now, since some of us are unable to understand why an epaulette should entitle one to privileges which qualifications do not authorize, and as said privilege is sometimes abused, and not seldom depreciated; therefore we consider ourselves measurably justified in resorting to such little stratagems expedients, as to pass the lines, ostensibly for water, but really to read, to write, to rest, or some other good (?) purpose, practice or pastime. In speaking of the abuse of privilege—or leisure—by men with straps on their shoulders, I can only say that it mostly consists in discommodation. This may sound like hifalutin; but we are not allowed to particularize in such cases. When we cannot truthfully speak in respectable terms of our Superiors, we can only indulge in ambiguous ones; so when I say a man is discommodated, you must draw your own inference as to his physical uprightness. We are enjoying an abundance of fine weather, the last week; in fact, we have had but little unpleasant weather since we joined the "Army of the Potomac." I find we have been much in error, in my impression of the climate of Southern Maryland and Virginia, unless this season is an exceptional one. I expected the heat would be very oppressive to our soldiers during the month of August, acclimated as they are, to the cool valleys and comfortably cool, four-month winters of Northern Pennsylvania; but I have yet to see warmer weather than I have experienced in Tioga County. I think I never knew as cool nights during July and August, as we have here. Five o'clock roll-call, even in August, sometimes rouses our sleepy-heads from their bunks, with shaking limbs, red noses and toes, and there the poor fellows must stand, "right dress"ed in line, but in wadded uniform, until our very orderly Sergeant can very leisurely call his roll of a hundred names. Poor fellows, how cold their feet get in the heavy dew! And how they shiver, too! If I tell you how we sometimes happen to appear in the ranks with our toilette incomplete. If, by any manner of means, we but just miss a roll-call, of which we have several a day—more or less—straightway, we go on guard the next day, for twenty-four hours; and since that is an honor, which we have no compunctions in declining; we are naturally somewhat anxious to answer to our names, whether in state; hobnob cat, abridged pants and brogans, or in distillable, flag of truce, pants hurriedly adjusted, as apt to be front in rear as any way, and brogans "No war!" to be seen. Camp life is a great simplifier of habits in the economy of keeping life in the body. I am informed that after one has used the soft side of a board for a bed and a soap-stone as a pillow for a year, he is loth to relinquish it for the softest couch; but my muscles have not yet become sufficiently hardened to convince me of the correctness of this, and when I do attain such a degree of physical toughness, you may regard me as bullet-proof. Necessity is a frugal Teacher. When forks break we find that fingers can perform their office to a charm. When a tin plate "goes to smash," we observe that a shingle serves a soldier's turn as well as porcelain and china. Necessity also, teaches the important lesson of self-reliance; as if a seam ripper or a button comes off we think we can repair the damage as well as "any other man." In fact, we have "a right smart chance" of making proficient housewives of ourselves; but marriageable daughters need not sigh over this, for we shall not practice our knowledge of feminine accomplishments, if we can get anybody to do it for us. A tin plate, a tin cup, a knife, fork and spoon, embraces the most liberal allowances of the soldier's kitchen furniture. Our kitchen is our reception room; our chamber, our cellar and parlor is synonymous with Sunday morning inspection, for then it is, that every thing must look as prim and tidy, as if an old maid were to inspect us, in person. I wonder how it would seem to sit in a chair once again? Mother earth and a piece of canvas stretched on two sticks, approximates as nearly to a chair, as anything I have used for a seat since my first lesson in the "School of the Soldier."

Six square feet of ground—what our tent covers—constitutes the home proper, for five of us; being the embodiment of the Soldiers' all—his goods and ills—where he eats, drinks, sleeps and stays, it must contain his wardrobe—a bunch of things—his accoutrements, his implements of war, his implements of peace, his things in general—not many, and his things in particular—fewer yet. Now for all this, we are not "lucked up" so very much and find room to invite our neighbors in; we manage somehow to exchange an occasional civility, invitations to tea are quite frequent. You must know that this is keeping up a time worn custom in the face of difficulties; but we have not left all our home institutions behind us; yet I think you would think some of them were intensely simplified. It may interest you to know of what our "teas" consist. They simply consist of coffee; other ingredients are sometimes added, as circumstances, not taste, may dictate. When we can't get bacon, pork answers every purpose, and in the absence of corn meal, we use hominy.—Beans are usually served up as a desert; beef steak is not entirely unknown, though it was never known to be overmuch buttered, I believe. But crackers are our "main stay" and chief dependence, to which we anchor with perfect trust. Their use supposes a full set of sound teeth—they are not what you would call "soft." We have now quite a surplus on hand; it is proposed to have them made into scale armor. They make an admirable diet for dyspeptics, so innocent are they of any heating ingredients, even salt is a negative substance in their composition. I am getting to be quite an adept in the art that properly belongs to the Washerwoman's province; it would be quite a novel scene to see us washing our clothes in this, "Love's labor's lost." Starch is a foreign substance to the soldiers' linen, and flat-irons are a curiosity seldom seen, nevertheless, cleanliness is an attainable possibility. To overcome difficulties, is a part of our profession. I mention these, some of our every day experiences, not that they are irksome or grievous to us, but that they may know what constitutes a part of the "real and actual" of our new occupation. Think not that we complain of any hardship or inconvenience that may present itself; on the contrary, we willingly meet them, for we did not leave our homes on a mere pleasure excursion, or to indulge in a season of boy's play, and whatever privations it is ours to endure, will be met by no whining lament at the loss of former comforts and luxuries—for our exposures, hardships, and even our lives, are as naught in balance if we but preserve that proud legacy, that sacred boon—our precious liberty, for which our fathers suffered, and than which nothing is dearer to the American heart. And by the memory of our homes, by the remembrance of the grateful sympathies of loved ones there, by the justice of our cause and by our duty to our country, we will persevere our heart-grained liberties. The right must triumph. Such a monstrous treason, spreading desolation and destruction in its path, must be overtaken by retributive justice. I see by the last section of the recent confiscation act, passed by the Senate, entitled, "An act to confiscate property, used for insurrectionary purposes," it is provided, that "whenever any person, under the laws of any State, shall employ such person in aiding or promoting any insurrection, or in resisting the laws of the United States, or shall permit him to be employed, he shall forfeit all right to such service or labor, and the person whose labor or service is thus claimed, shall be thenceforward discharged therefrom, any law to the contrary notwithstanding." All thanks to the noble men who have given us such a bill! This bill strikes the chains forever from the limbs of all slaves aiding or abetting in the insurrection.—They cease to be slaves the moment they are put to any rebellious use. Never, since the passage of the Declaration, has Congress given us a measure fraught with more important consequences; and it may be regarded a reliable proof that the days are no more, when the fear of offending a slave power, shall be the criterion of American legislation. Too long have we cringed to the dictates of an exacting oligarchy—and as soon as a free people legally express a political idea, by the election of the man of their choice to the highest gift in their power, representing their views, secession lifts its ugly head in the land, ostensibly to vindicate an alleged but unfounded right, but in reality, to combat our political principles. But if freedom do their duty, indignant thousands will soon sweep this vile scum of secession from the continent. Let traitors pause and beware how they tamper with the rights of a great nation, or the back-bone of slavery will break so effectually, that to live again, were a human, or rather an inhuman impossibility. But I am making this letter too long—I will weary you no longer. M. W. G.

DEATH OF L. L. BACON. ARLINGTON GROVE, VA. Sept. 7, 1861. MR. M. L. BACON—DEAR SIR.—It becomes my painful duty to impart to you the sad intelligence of the quite sudden and unexpected death of Levi L. Bacon, a member of my company. He was taken with indications of fever about the 25th of August, while he was by no means considered very sick. He received all the attentions and comforts that camp affords, and the best of medical care. He was constantly attended by some of his numerous associates in arms. On the 31st he was recommended by the Surgeon to be moved to the General Hospital, where better accommodations, and more comfortable quarters are to be had, than are possible to be obtained in camp. On the 6th, at 6 o'clock A. M., he died of remittent fever. Owing to reckless ignorance of those in charge of the hospital, of our whereabouts, the intelligence did not reach us till today at 4 o'clock P. M. Of course he was then buried, or I should have had his remains eased and sent to his friends. I immediately dispatched Mr. Brown with orders to telegraph to you. He learned he could not do so, and he wrote you. Levi was buried at the Soldier's Home, about three miles from Washington on that side of the river. I wish to do anything in my power, if you signify a will to have his remains disinterred and forwarded. Although he was a stranger to me and most of my company when we organized at Elmira—save a few, with whom he came from Alfred, among whom the strongest ties seemed to exist—since which, his noble heartedness, his kind and generous disposition, his moral and exemplary conduct, his prompt and soldierly deportment, had won for him hosts of friends and admirers, both in the company, as well as the Regiment. And while I most heartily sympathize with his family and you, in the loss of so noble a member, and brother, I at the same time mourn the loss of so worthy a member of my Company, as does his country's cause, that of a patriot and soldier. You have no doubt heard from Mr. Brown ere this. When you communicate, I shall be happy to act. Most respectfully yours, NATH B. FOWLER, Capt. Co. K., 23d Regiment, N. Y. V.

[Reported for the Agitator.] THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. Pursuant to a call published in the Democrat a few weeks since, the Democratic County Convention assembled in the Court House in this Borough on Thursday night last. Mr. Jenkins, the publisher of the Democrat moved that W. W. Webb be the President of the Convention. After a fair show of hands the result was announced to be satisfactory, and the doctor took the chair. Chas. Ryon of Elkland was elected Vice President but declined; whereupon A. H. Bacon, of Deerfield was elected and did not decline. For Secretaries Tho's B. Bryden was named, but declined; and R. Jenkins of the Democrat and W. H. Coon of Bloss were elected. The President suggested that the Call for the Convention ought to be read so that its object would be known, but there being no Call convenient, the President proceeded to state the object of the Convention. The roll of townships being called, the following persons took their seats as delegates. Bloss—B. R. Hall, W. H. Coon. Brookfield—Not represented. Clymer—Jared Davis, T. B. Bryden, of Wellsboro. Chatham—Armon Cloos, Phillip Cloos. Chautauq—H. J. Elliott, Ellis Henry. Corning—T. C. Goodenow, L. Gillet. Cuyahoga—Morris Seelye, Addison Decker. Delaware—David Gorrie, Calvin Ryon. Deerfield—A. H. Bacon, A. Purple. Elk—Not represented. Elkland—J. Parkhurst, C. Ryon. Farmington—John Daily, Wm. Campbell. Genesee—Benj. Forman, Charles Rexford. Jackson—Morris Seelye, Addison Decker. Lawrence—Not represented. Lawrenceville—Not represented. Knoxville—Not represented. Liberty—N. Elder, A. P. Shaw. Monticello—L. S. Rumsey, John A. Ellis. Middlebury—M. Kelsey, W. N. Orton. Morris—H. Campbell E. Webster. Mansfield—Not represented. Nelson—Chas. Smith, A. M. Loop. Oneida—Fredrick Culver. Richmond—Er W. Phelps, Henry Searle. Sullivan—E. S. Murrough, E. Baker. Skaneateles—G. W. Harrington, D. Harrington. Sullivan—J. B. Cadworth, D. Miller. Tioga—Township not represented. Tioga Boro.—R. P. H. M'Alister, L. D. Taylor. Union—Not represented. Westfield—B. Hunt, Joseph Wood. Wellsboro—W. W. Webb, R. Jenkins. Ward—Patrick M'Carthy.

The President announced the Convention now organized for business. Mr. Jenkins of the Democrat moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft Resolutions, and that while we are out, that Mr. Henry Sherwood took the floor and said that the nomination of a ticket was of more importance than anything he could say, and suggested that the Convention proceed with that business. The Convention thought the idea a good one, and proceeded to nominate for President Judge, Hon. R. G. WHITE was nominated by acclamation. Nominations for Associate Judges were next in order. The following gentlemen were named: Victor Case of Knoxville, John Parkhurst of Elkland, E. T. Bentley of Tioga, Benjamin R. Hall of Blossburg, and Alex. S. Brewster of Wellsboro. Mr. Brewster said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor sought to be conferred upon me, but as I have held all the offices in the county for the last twelve years, I beg to decline." (Loud and long continued laughter and cheers by the naughty outsiders.) The Convention then proceeded to ballot with the following result: 1st Ballot 2d Ballot 3d Ballot Victor Case 26 20 18 John Parkhurst 40 — 13 E. T. Bentley 20 25 13 B. R. Hall 7 5 — At the conclusion of the first ballot, Mr. Parkhurst was declared nominated, and at the close of the third ballot Mr. E. T. Bentley of Tioga was announced as the other successful candidate. The Convention then proceeded to name the following Candidates for sheriff: O. F. Taylor, H. Stowell Jr., B. B. Holiday and A. G. Elliott. The last named gentleman being present, promptly declined the honor. (Cheers.) The following was the result of the ballot: For Stowell, 10; Taylor, 43; Holiday, 6. So O. F. Taylor was declared duly nominated. Nominations for Representatives were next in order. Thos. Goodenow modestly declined; so also did Jerome B. Niles, who said he did not sail in that boat; so also did Mr. Henry Sherwood who had no desire for legislative honors. The balloting then proceeded on the remaining nominees with the following result: G. D. Smith, 18; N. L. Reynolds, 42; B. B. Strang, 30; So Messrs Reynolds and Strang were duly declared the choice of the Convention.

The Convention proceeded to nominate for Treasurer. Mr. H. B. Card was named; then Thos. Allen, who declined in favor of Mr. Card; then Dr. Webb who declined because he did not want that office or any other; then Mr. Wilson who thank his friends for the offer of the best office in the County, but couldn't think of taking it. The course being thus cleared, Mr. Card was nominated by acclamation. The nomination for the office of Commissioner sought out a great many gentlemen, but only found a few who were willing to take it. A. M. Loop of Nelson; Mr. Goodenow (declined); Josiah Harding, Gen. Dorrance, H. C. Vermilyea, B. T. Vanborn (declined), C. F. Culver, B. R. Hall, (declined) Job Doane, Job Rexford. The ballots resulted thus: FIRST BALLOT.—Dorrance, 17; Loop, 8; Harding, 2; Culver, 8; Doane, 5; Rexford, 9. SECOND BALLOT.—Dorrance, 27; Loop, 5; Harding, 1; Culver, 3; Doane, 2; Rexford, 11. So Mr. Dorrance was declared duly nominated for Commissioner. The next business in order was the nomination of two auditors. The following gentlemen were named: Chas. Goldsmith, Anson Purple (who declined), B. C. Wickham, J. S. Murdaugh, Chas. Ryon (declined), T. B. Bryden (declined), G. D. Smith (declined), Thos. Allen (declined), M. Bullard, H. L. Miller, and B. R. Hall (declined). The ballot stood: For Goldsmith 30, Wickham 25, Murdaugh 7, Bullard 11, Allen 1, Miller 6. So Chas. Goldsmith and B. C. Wickham were declared duly nominated. The nominations having all been made Mr. Jenkins of the Democrat read the following RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That on this present occasion, while the country is engaged in a contest involving the existence of the Government and the ascendancy of the Constitution and laws, as well as the integrity of its Territory, it is deemed eminently proper for the people, discarding party names and party platforms, to reaffirm their fidelity to liberty and law, as regulated and secured by our model Constitution. Therefore Resolved, That in this hour of our country's peril it is the duty of all good citizens to stand by the Union, without reference to party predilections, party platforms or party or-

ganizations, and fight for the Union and maintain it, with the unalterable determination not one foot of territory bequeathed to our fathers, shall ever be surrendered to our abroad or rebels at home. Resolved, That we will stand by the Union, fight for the Union, and maintain the Union, until rebellion and treason shall be completely crushed, and the spirit and strength of the loyal citizens of this country by every means in his power to divide loyal citizens or deter any man from yielding a full and enthusiastic support to men and measures upon which we rely for successful and complete victory over the enemies of our country. Resolved, That the doctrine of Secession is totally inadmissible, and the war inaugurated by the Southern States of the Union unwarlike and inexecutable, having no just foundation, acts of aggression or violation of the Constitution by the North, deserves the severest reprobation of all good citizens. Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention no true patriot will disgrace himself while the Country is at war, by begging nominations for office. If he is worthy, and the people want him to serve them, the offices will seek him and not he the office. Resolved, That we denounce all parties as worthy of the severest condemnation who, for the sake of party ends or other selfish introduce or support measures, or questions calculated to embarrass the Government in its efforts to maintain and enforce the laws of the land. That the salvation of the Union is paramount to party, and all party men should rally around a common cause, and have, if possible, our beloved country are eminently due to those soldiers of this country—our brethren and neighbors—who are fighting the battles of our country, gallantly in upholding the flag and defending the integrity of the government against armed and unprovoked rebellion, has secured our heartiest approval. We will honor their courage and patriotism while we live. Resolved, That we believe in a rigid and economical administration of our country's resources. Let us be liberal in our country's defense, but most prudent in our home expenses. Resolved, That we approve of the course of the Administration in confiscating the property of those who are in arms against the authority of the Government. Resolved, That the patriotic citizens of this country, without distinction of party or band of brothers in this terrible crisis in the country's history, and politicians of every hue and dye must either join or stand aside, and the Stars and Stripes float again in safety over every portion of the Union. The Resolutions were adopted with applause. Mr. Henry Sherwood, who sat beside the speaker and engineered the Convention, was called out for a speech amid cries for "Gridley of Deerfield." The latter assured Sherwood he might have the opening speech, whereas he took the floor. We cannot give a report of Mr. Sherwood's remarks—a fact which we deeply regret. Those who have read Mr. Dickenson's speech at Ithaca, can get along very well without Sherwood's edition of it, remodeled to suit latitude. The most amusing part of it, where he quoted some poetry which the "Binghamton" applied to the Cager—racy of New York, intending it to apply to leading Republicans of this county. Still his speech was full of patriotism and loyalty, but for the fact that he avowed that he could understand so plain a platform as that contained in the Tioga Resolutions, his speech would have a very pleasing effect. We cannot by any language of ours do justice to the speech of Mr. Thos. E. Bentley who followed Mr. Sherwood. He treated glowing rhetoric the rise and decline of liberty in ancient times, and its glorious resurrection in our young republic. He traced the history of the wicked men down South who are trying to overthrow the institutions of freedom to kick upon their ruins the black institution of slavery. His biting sarcasm, his incomparable wit, and his quaint humor kept the audience in excellent temper, and all were sorry when through. His speech was greeted with applause. We are assured by Mr. Gridley did not do himself justice in account of recent ill health. We hope to see the pleasure of hearing him on some future occasion when he feels well. The Convention adjourned sine die.

[From the Wellsboro Democrat, August 14th.] THE WAR AGAINST THE SOUTH. EDITOR DEMOCRAT—We hear it asserted as well as printed that slavery is the great cause of all our troubles: which is true in the sense, and no other, that money is the cause of all our thefts and robberies. The robber claims, "Had it not been for the money in your pocket I should not have robbed you." So, if there had been no involuntary servitude, we should not have been troubled with the agitators who have been instrumental in bringing about the war, and arraying brother against brother, in this unnatural conflict. These agitators have for years denounced the Constitution as a vile instrument, and by so doing played into the hands of the secessionists of the South. Calumny and misrepresentation have accomplished its work, and civil war, with all its horrors, is upon us. As to the few words will give you my mind: Suppose one of our chivalrous beaux should take a hide under his arm, and wend his way to the residence of his "ladie love," and say, "Adieu, I have waited some time for a favorable answer from you, and I want to know whether you will have me or not?" She answers, "I will not." "But why?" "I don't like you nor the company you keep." "But you shall have me." "I shall not!" "But you shall or I will lick you with this raw hide until you say Yes," and he attempts to put his hide into execution—how would he fare? In our opinion he would come out of the contest with one or both eyes scratched out, and not enough left on his cranium for a scalp lock. But, suppose he should by some lucky or unlucky blow, so completely paralyze the face of his "dulcinea," that she could not see what kind of a life-partner he would give to your readers' imagination to picture. DORA DEAN. Lawrenceville, August 12, 1861.

THE STEAM GRIST MILLS near Tioga will resume business on the 25th of September. H. S. JOHNSON.

CHINGLES are now in good demand. It is likely to pay better next Spring, than it does now. Those who will draw good Timber to the saw-mill may have it made into Chingles for the season. H. S. JOHNSON. Tioga, Sept. 18, 1861.—34