

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 2, 1861.

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

RESOLUTIONS. WHEREAS, Civil War with all its horrors and attendant evils now exists in our country... Resolved, That until peace shall be again restored by a vigorous and successful war, there can be but no parties—no maintaining inviolate the Constitution and the Union, and the government established by it; and the other directly in arms, or indirectly by supporting the efforts of the administration to enforce the laws, and palliating, excusing, apologizing, or sympathizing with rebellion, conspiring to overthrow the Constitution and thereby destroy the Union of the States.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S ATTITUDE. The Knoxville Whig of the 7th ult., contains a card from Mr. Brownlow, designed to correct some erroneous notions that prevail in regard to his position on the war question. He says: "I entertain the same position he always has of 'the heresy of secession and the leading man who brought about a dissolution of the Union, and of the motives that prompted them.'"

LATEST WAR NEWS. Mansour's Hill is at length in possession of our troops, the enemy having abandoned that, and her position in that direction, on Friday night. As no defensive works had been erected there except a few rude rifle pits, and no guns apparently had been put in position, it is quite possible that these points might have been taken possession of without waiting for their voluntary evacuation by the Rebels.

O. F. TAYLOR. The Democratic Convention which assembled at Wellsboro on the 12th ult., very judiciously altered its name and dubbed itself "Union." It showed at least some shrewdness in so doing, for so much treason had been concocted under the shield of that name, that it had justly become odious to the people.

The Democratic leaders had another object in view. There were a few tender footed—sore headed men in the Republican party—men who didn't seem to themselves to be properly appreciated by the masses of that party—that some how or other couldn't rise up to that importance which their "varied talents and respectability" entitled them to, who couldn't make a bargain with their respectability to dub themselves democrat—but who were willing to go it, if they could only throw over their heads some kind of a hazy cloak that was not marked Democratic—material or name made no difference with them only it was not to be called democratic—so they agreed to dub their head card "Union," and in went their caputs, like a certain silly bird in South America, who, when frightened, sticks her head incontinently into the sand, but shows her—subtergum—more prominently to every passer by.

We do not mean our medical friend up town exactly, yet we can not but hope that he will rise to that position in the society of his new friends that his "genius and varied acquirements" seem to entitle him to—at least we have some hopes that he will convert to true Unionism, some of those with whom he now seems to be cheek by jowl. We do mean, however, the gentleman whose name heads this article, "whose liberality" according to the Democrat, "generous, social nature and sympathy with and for the laboring masses," is so well known, and who so well "discharges every duty to society and his family." We are not going to dispute the Democrat's eulogium, but leave all that to be settled between him and his neighbors.

The successful candidate was a man fresh from the people, who never before asked for office, and who was nominated by a vote that could not leave a doubt in the mind of any one that he was the choice of the people. What does this honorable man, O. F. Taylor, do? He and his friend who was defeated, almost the very next day set themselves to work to defeat this nominee. He commences, forsooth, negotiations with the Democratic party, to be himself their nominee. Coy and modest at first, he springs at last lovingly and rapturously into the embrace of the party which he had always professed to hate, like the maiden advanced in years, and thinking that the last chance, or in hot blood, maddened by passion, regardless of the giver, if only the gift can be possessed. When the passion is over, and the heat cooled down, and he sees his course as others see it now, let Mr. Taylor ask himself in his sober retirement, if he can justify to his conscience and feelings of honor, the course he is pursuing. Is it honorable to go into one convention, get fairly defeated there, and then go into another to be made a tool of by designing men? In his bitterness of spirit, consequent on defeat, let him ask himself if he is really that intelligent and shrewd man that his friends have called him? Did the man whose back he is now obeying—and because he was defeated in his aspirations for the Sheriffship in the Republican Convention, is now riding the County night and day to defeat the Republican nominee, ever advise him to his advantage? Finally, Mr. Taylor, is your course honorable? We know what your answer will be—"All things are fair in politics." Our answer to such an answer is—that he whose ethics rise so higher than that, is not fit to be trusted to public office. "Honesty is the best policy" in politics, as in everything else. A few words to the public, and we have done.

Hezekiah Stowell, Jr., is a young man of unblemished reputation—he has been no office seeker—from childhood, he has been a worker. By his gentle and amiable manners, he had made friends of all who knew him, and by those friends he was brought forward for the office. He was placed in the field, and as in everything else, he went heartily into the work and canvassed the county. He was successful. Why he was successful, each and every one who became acquainted with him, can easily tell. He succeeded, because every one saw in him just the man, that in the hard times to come, was eminently fitted to be the Sheriff of Tioga County. We trust that no Republican of Tioga County will fail to deposit his vote for Hezekiah Stowell, Jr.

For the Agitator. Flood in the Cowanesque. It is for the purpose of giving your readers a sketch of the disastrous events that have transpired in our midst during the past week, that I write. We have been surprised by the stern visitation of water, which has in its rapid and onward flow, carried with it the property and resources of the Cowanesque Valley, which was obtained by steady stroke, and hard and diligent toil.

On Friday morning, Sept. 27th, it began to rain very hard, and it kept up a steady shower the most part of the day, and it completely filled the ground with water, without making any material alteration in the river. Along about five o'clock it held up, and did not rain again until about eight, when it began to pour with increased force upon our already drenched valley, and we became convinced that if the rain continued until morning, we should probably have full banks at least; but we never dreamed that in an hour when we least expected it, we should be surrounded with water. We had several very hard showers during the fore part of the night, and the wind shifting to the west, added fury to the storm, and sent down water in perfect torrents upon us, which we had thought under the circumstances, must have already "leaked out," or been "dried up," owing to the profuseness of the element that had already been lavished upon us. We retired at the usual hour, and never once thought of the prospect of our being washed out—although the rain fell in perfect torrents, yet we thought it would not begin to rise before morning. But we found that our prognosis of the matter, was decidedly unfavorable, when about 3 o'clock we were aroused from our slumbers by the roaring and rushing of the water around our dwellings. The water began to raise in the river about 11 o'clock, and at 2 o'clock it covered the flats and ran into our village, filling cellars, wells, houses and all over the premises of those whose houses it did not enter, and every one in the town sustained a considerable amount of damage. The water in the streets, and on the walks, was about three feet deep, and the current very rapid; it tore away fences, undermined dwellings, and washed away plank-walks, and gullied out the streets and walks, so that considerable labor must be done in order to repair the roads so that they may be made passable. As far up the Cowanesque as we have heard, bridges, houses, mills and dams have been carried away, and crops of all kinds that were on the flats were swept off, and the farms were badly out—cattle were carried off in considerable numbers, and several large buildings were moved from their foundations, with the families still in them, and carried several rods down the stream. Immediately back of main street, in this village, large lots of logs and flood-trash, are piled in almost mountain high, and amongst the rubbish are cattle, and parts of houses, furniture, and T. Richardson's Saw Mill, lays in an upright position, just as it was carried off. Along Main Street can be seen the effects of the disaster—stumps, logs and trash, were floated into the village, and in some cases giled against the fences with such force, as to carry them away. The water filled into most of the stores, shops and offices, and we understand by our merchants, that they have all sustained considerable damage, which damage was mostly of their groceries which were upon the floor. T. B. Tompkins is among the heaviest losers in this vicinity; his loss consists of lumber, logs, houses &c. It carried away wagons loaded with lumber—it also damaged him in cutting away his docking, and washing out the banks. The Bridge at this place crossing the Cowanesque River, was damaged to such an extent, that it is hardly considered safe to cross upon it, and we have since learned that there is but two bridges remaining on the whole length of this river. The Thomas bridge, and Ellison bridge, also the Fay-Mill above Beecher's Island were swept off. We have been informed that Mr. A. Loey, of Nelson, sustained a heavy loss. On the flats scarcely any fences are to be seen. The Corn and Buckwheat crop, is mostly all destroyed. It would be out of my range to undertake to give a rough guess, or estimate of the amount of damage done in this valley, but I am sure that it would run into the thousands.

This was the greatest flood ever before known in this river; and those who witnessed the memorable May flood in 1833, which surpassed anything ever before, or since known, until now, say that this was by far the largest and most terrible. Fortunately the Tioga River was not more than bank full; if it had been as high as the Cowanesque, this place would have been drowned out. The two rivers come together at this place, and if there had been an equal addition of water from the Tioga River, destruction of life, as well as property, must have followed. But as far as we have heard, no lives were lost; and we feel to rejoice that we came off as well as we did, and are very thankful that matters are no worse than they are. Lawrenceville, Sept. 30, 1861. L. D. Ja.

A FAT MAN IN BATTLE.—During the Bull Run battle an order was given to a New England company to lie down and load, and only rise when in the act of firing. During the hottest of the conflict Captain Taylor observed a man standing while loading. "Contrary to order," exclaimed the captain, "you must lie down while loading." "The fact is, Captain," said said the man addressed, "I am so plucky fat that if I lie down to load it takes too long to get up again." The Captain turned away with a smile and left the fat man, to choose his own mode of fighting.

Hon. Edward Everett commends the Administration for its vigorous action in suppressing the circulation of secession newspapers at the North. He holds that in time of war, when treason is rife through the land, no squeamish notions about the freedom of the press should prevent the people from abating these nuisances. In a time like the present, such opinions from such a man cannot fail to attract attention.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—The patriots of the revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, expressed when he said, "Wealth is useless unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself but a bubble unless it ministers to the honor or glory of our country." The nobility of this sentiment is attested by the fact that Gov. Sprague, who is the wealthiest man in New England, has given from his personal fortune immense sums to promote the cause of the Union, and has periled his life in the foremost ranks of the army upon the field of battle.

ESSENCE OF THE WEED.—A painful rumor having reached Springfield, that the Southerners were about to poison the tobacco consumed at the North, a meeting of old choppers was held, who resolved that if the South could get up anything worse than they had tried, they would like to see it. A copy of the resolve was sent to Jeff. Davis.

FROM THE TIOGA BOYS. CAMP UNION Mt., Sept. 23d, 1861. FRIEND AGITATOR.—To-morrow morning we are to leave this camp and march to one far from Washington. When we arrived in this camp at the close of a long, rainy day, about one month ago, it was only to stop during the night, and then continue our journey on the following morning, but circumstances unseen by us, have kept us here until now. Our camp is situated in a grand oak forest, which has been trimmed and cleaned up by us, until it is as neat and clean as a parlor, and nearly every company has made a large stone bake-oven, for the purpose of baking their own bread and beef.

Maj. Lewis of the Pa. 46th Reg't., was yesterday shot dead from his horse by a private in his own Regiment. It appears that two men got into a row—put a drinking quarrelsome fellow that had been drummed out of the three month service. The Major seeing the fight, ordered him tied to a wagon, which was done. In a short time he worked himself loose, loaded his gun, and when the Major rode by, shot him dead on the spot. He was instantly taken, tied hand and foot, loaded into a wagon, placed under a strong guard, and taken to the Provost Guard, where he will soon be stretched between the heavens and the earth, to kick out the last moments of a useless life.

The 46th is now encamped within sight of us, and as I am writing this, the slow and solemn death march is passing by, followed by the remains of the beloved Maj. Lewis, which is being taken to Washington, and from thence to his friends at home.

Major Lewis was a second Lieutenant in the Mexican war—a Captain during the three month service, and returned to Camp Curtin the second time with a Company, when he was promoted to Major. He was a fine looking man, and respected by his whole company. They wept like children when they saw him fall from his horse.

It is now believed among military men here, that it is not the intention of those that control this vast machinery, to make an attack upon the enemy along the Potomac for weeks, and perhaps for months; but to fortify well every point, and defend ourselves, while an army sails down the Gulf Stream, attacks them in the rear and retake our stolen property. If the natives in some of those Southern ports and cities should wake up some morning and find bombs, shells, and bullets, whizzing around them like the hail-stones around the icy hut of a Norwegian, they need not be at all surprised.

Our army is at the present time, building wide roads to the river, to be used in case of an attack. Yesterday a party of rebels approached the river, and began to throw up breast-works, when they were observed by our men. Soon the loud report of a cannon, and the bursting of a few shells in their midst, made their situation rather unpleasant; so they picked up their shovels and pick-axes, and took a "double quick" to the woods. I did not learn that any were killed. A number of regiments have moved from Washington into this vicinity, within the past week.

There are five secession prisoners now in the hands of the Provost Guard, in this place. I saw them Saturday; they have good quarters, and are well cared for, and will be, until they learn that the flag under which they were born, have lived, and grown old, is not to be dishonored and torn down, while the united millions of the North Stand ready to rally around its standard, and protect its rights. COL. CROCKETT.

THE WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—We understand it is through the agency of this marvellous viewing instrument that Dr. Ayer, has at length succeeded in finding the PALUDAL MIASM and determining its character. Of its effects we in this section have abundant evidence in the Fever and Ague which it alone produces when absorbed through the lungs into the blood. It has long been held to be a vapor or something in the vapor of water from decayed and decaying vegetation. Under a great magnifying power, the Doctor has found this vapor to contain distinct organisms or living bodies, corresponding precisely with those found in the blood of Ague subjects. They are 13,000 times less than visible to the naked eye, but have distinct character and form. He thinks they are productive in decaying matter or in the blood, and hence their long continued life or the remote effects of them in the system. He maintains that they resemble in character the other fermentative poisons, or such as the virus of rabies or of a dead body, &c., all of which are known to reproduce themselves with great rapidity like yeast in moistened flour, so that the slightest quantity impregnates the whole mass. Yeast through a powerful magnifier is seen to forest of vegetation which grows, blossoms, and goes to seed in a short time. Miasm is not so distinctly vegetable but has more the appearance of animal life, although its motives cannot be perfectly distinguished.—What the Doctor claims to have settled is that it is an organic substance and he has further found and embodied in his "Ague Cure" what will destroy it.—Leader, St. Louis, Mo.

GOING TO FREMONT.—A long string of stalwart fellows were marching gaily down the street yesterday afternoon. They all looked jolly, and nearly all had carpet bags. We inquired: "Which way boys?" And the reply was the single word, "Fremont!" There is music in the name. The boys go to him with a will, and more recruits can be obtained for his department than for any other. Companies recruited for his army leave here nearly every day. Ask almost any squad of sturdy young men who are evidently off for the wars, where they are bound, and you hear the name "Fremont," given with a hearty emphasis and a glitter of the eye that how the gallant little man with nerves of steel lives in the hearts of the people.—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE MOZART WING OF THE DEMOCRACY IN NEW YORK CITY, decided by a vote of 5 to 1, to support the Republican Union State Ticket! "regular" Democratic Ticket will be elected than ever, this year, in all the Free States.

It seems that John A. Washington, who was related with the bones of the illustrious General of Mount Vernon, was killed while fighting a Rebel. His body was given over to his friends. When will the Rebels give up the body of our Cameron?

General Fremont in Self Defense. (From the St. Louis Democrat.) Just before leaving this city Gen. Fremont wrote a letter to a friend in New York. He wrote succeeded in getting a copy, which he relates to public affairs, and possesses at the time public interest, we commit no impropriety in laying before our readers:

"St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 27, 1861. "My dear Sir: I leave, at eight o'clock in the morning, and send you this hurried note in the mid of the last arrangements before starting. "We have to contend with an enemy having no posts to garrison and no lines of communication to defend or guard; whose whole force can be turned at will to any point; while we have from Leavenworth and from Fort Scott a Ladschach to keep professed. "I wish to say to you that, though the position is difficult, I am competent to it, and at the same time to attend to the enemy at home. It is a shame to the country that an officer sent to the field, his life in his hands, solely actuated by the desire to serve his country and win to himself its good opinions, with no other object should be destroyed by a system of concentrated attacks utterly without foundation. These are spoken of where there are none to be made. What is the object of the repetition of these falsehoods, except to familiarize the public mind to the idea that something is wrong? Already our credit, which was good, is shaken in consequence of the newspaper's imputations of my being removed. Money is demanded by those furnishing supplies. It is necessary and belongs to my duty against a necessary.

"If permitted by the country, this state of things will not fail to bring on disorder. An exponent of a part of the force of the nation directed against the enemy of the country. Every thing that is directed against me is directed against it, and gives its enemy aid and comfort. My private character comes in incidentally. I defend it because national reputation is dear to any man, but only incidentally. This is the foundation of many of my acts, and will be if I stay here. Everything that hurts, impends, or embarrasses work entrusted to me, I strike at without hesitation. I take the consequences. The more that can happen to me in relief from great trials, Yours truly, "JOHN C. FREMONT."

[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, and been condemned to years of imprisonment." 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 have 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, "My bella, 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, "No, I will not." "But why?" "I don't like you nor the company you keep." "But you say you have me." "I shall not." "But you said or I will lick you with this raw hide and say 'Yes' and he attempts to put his arm into execution—how would he fare? In my opinion he would come out of the contest with one or both eyes scratched out, and not left on his cranium for a scalp lock. But, suppose he should be some lucky or unlucky blow, so completely paralyze the brain of his "dilectone," that she could not say what kind of a life-partner he would get, but to your readers' imagination to picture.

Lawrenceville, August 12, 1861.

[From the Wellsboro Democrat, August 24th.] Republicans Cause the War. This abolition editor (Hugh Young, the editor of the Agitator) pretends now to be a Union-Saver, and so did his co-laborers for years. His paper is rightly named the "Agriculturist." It was established, and like many others of like stripe in the North, its sole object has been to agitate the slavery question—to precipitate Northern people against the Southern; to create a bitterness and a hate between them. THIS WICKED REBELLION UPON US.

After the capture of Fort Hatteras, one of the shells was found to have pierced the powder magazine, without bursting. On examination, it appeared that the gunner, while on duty it was, had forgotten to tear off a small leather cap, ordinary put on for safety. This was the only shell thrown that did not explode. Had the cap been removed, the fortification would have been blown up, and not a handful of prisoners left alive to be captured as prisoners of war.

HOW TO GET UP A REGIMENT.—David Taylor, Union candidate for Governor of Ohio, reports about ten thousand dollars in getting up a regiment for the war, and his son belonged to it, and carries a musket. Of course as Mr. Taylor was a man of distinction and wealth, he would have had a commission, whether he would of any account or not. But that was not David's way. His son must go into the ranks.—Cin. Gazette.

The Mozart wing of the Democracy in New York City, decided by a vote of 5 to 1, to support the Republican Union State Ticket! "regular" Democratic Ticket will be elected than ever, this year, in all the Free States.

It seems that John A. Washington, who was related with the bones of the illustrious General of Mount Vernon, was killed while fighting a Rebel. His body was given over to his friends. When will the Rebels give up the body of our Cameron?