

RIGHT OR WRONG. WHEN RIGHT, TO BE KEPT RIGHT, WHEN WRONG, TO BE PUT RIGHT.

EBENSBURG.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 18.

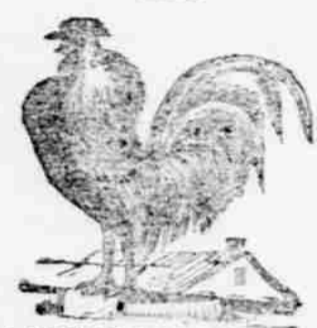
People's Party Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT: HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

VICTORY!!

GREAT AND GLORIOUS VICTORY! We Have Met the Enemy and They Are Ours!



CROW, REPUBLICANS, CROW!



H-OWL! LOCOS, H-OWL!

THE PEOPLE TRIUMPHANT!

PENNSYLVANIA O. K.

She Declares for Freedom and Protection!

BIGLER BEAT! BUCHANAN BUCKED!

Curtin Elected by over 31,000!

Blair's Majority 2,966!

OUR WHOLE COUNTY TICKET ELECTED!

The PEOPLE of the Old Keystone, on the second Tuesday of this month, achieved a victory of which they have reason to be proud. The administration of old Jimmy Buchanan has been signally rebuked, and Loco-Focoism of every shade and hue has been repudiated in terms which cannot be mis taken.

ANDREW G. CURTIN has been elected Governor by a majority of over 31,000! and the "gallant Harry of the West" has been graciously permitted to linger amid the quiet scenes of his own loved Westmoreland.

We have also elected twenty Congressmen, among whom is Hon. SAMUEL S. BLAIR, our present worthy member. His majority in the district is 2,966.

Both branches of the Legislature are Republican, the majority on joint ballot being very large. This secures the inglorious defeat of Bill Bigler, and makes certain the election of a United States Senator who will represent Pennsylvania truly.

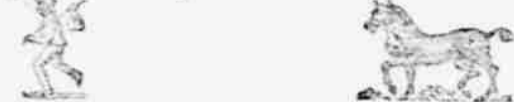
By reference to the Official Returns, which we publish elsewhere, it will be seen too that our whole County Ticket has been triumphantly elected. This result is great, grand, glorious! It is something in old Cambria certainly—especially when we reflect for a moment upon the bold and bad actions of Loco-Focos and disorganizers to accomplish our defeat.

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure yesterday morning of taking by the hand our old and much esteemed friend, J. B. Montgomery, Esq., of Williamsport. Mr. M. was formerly editor of the Pittsburg Post, and although a Democrat of the Douglas school, is nevertheless a gentleman that it always makes us feel good to meet. We trust the brief stay that he will make on the Mountain will be pleasant, and we wish him a good time generally in the future.

The Great Race.

WOOLLY HORSE WINS!!

One of the greatest and most exciting races of which history furnishes any record, came off in the Old Keystone, on the second Tuesday of October, between the celebrated nags, Woolly Horse and Bob Tail. No pains had been spared by the respective friends of each to thoroughly fit them for the turf, and when brought out in the morning, both nags looked remarkably well. Our reporter having secured their portraits at this seasonable juncture, we take great pleasure in presenting them to our numerous patrons:

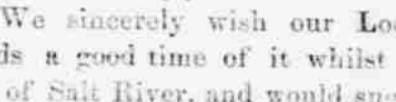


The course lay between "the shores of Lake Erie," (where a standard had been planted) and "the Delaware," (where a standard was to be carried.) The betting was lively. The Curtin rose a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and the race began.—The excitement ran wild. Bob Tail started off under the most flattering auspices, but a keen observer noticed that he soon became "weak in the knees." Woolly Horse rapidly gained on Bob Tail, and when Bob Tail reached Philadelphia (where it was thought he would run best,) it was discovered that he was "all beaten, broken and lean." Bob Tail's friends at once gave up the race, and Bob Tail proceeded to die of his injuries. (The Bell was duly tolled.)

Ye Woolly Horse. Ye Bob-Tail Horse. The course lay between "the shores of Lake Erie," (where a standard had been planted) and "the Delaware," (where a standard was to be carried.) The betting was lively. The Curtin rose a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and the race began.—The excitement ran wild. Bob Tail started off under the most flattering auspices, but a keen observer noticed that he soon became "weak in the knees." Woolly Horse rapidly gained on Bob Tail, and when Bob Tail reached Philadelphia (where it was thought he would run best,) it was discovered that he was "all beaten, broken and lean." Bob Tail's friends at once gave up the race, and Bob Tail proceeded to die of his injuries. (The Bell was duly tolled.)

Ye defunct Bob-Tail. The Woolly Horse never stopped or tired until he arrived at the end of the course. It is generally conceded in sporting circles that he made good time. He won the race by over 31,000.

The fellows who "bet their money on the Bob Tail horse," having lost, at once determined to take a trip up Salt River, and drown their sorrow in a bit of a spree:



By ye Salt. —We sincerely wish our Loco-Foco friends a good time of it whilst at the head of Salt River, and would suggest to them to remain there until after the second Tuesday of November. Those of them who return before that time will just have to make the same trip. That's so!

Before and After.

The change that has recently come over the friends of Henry D. Foster is really astonishing. To have seen and heard them gas, and puff, and blow, and brag before the election, and to see and hear them now—well, the truth is, one would take them for an entirely different set of fellows. Then, every Loco-Foco countenance told us, in unmistakable language, that its wearer had within him a strong hope that the "gallant Harry" would win the race; and that Loco-Focoism generally were about to have a nice thing of it.—None, sorrow and sadness, dejection and despair are depicted upon those same countenances, and even a casual glance at a Loco-Foco is sufficient to tell us that he feels the game is up with him and his party. So it is.

In our own county, we heard a great deal about Henry D. Foster and his prospects. We were told that his majority here would range from a thousand to twelve hundred! We were told that he would be elected! But we didn't believe it; and the result here and in the state shows that we were right.—Instead of the 1200 claimed for him in little Cambria, Foster has the beggarly majority of 406! Instead of 30,000 for him in the state, (as claimed by his friends,) he is beaten over 30,000! A slight difference truly!

From the manner in which Foster's friends here labored for him, it is a fair inference that they were impelled by the most powerful motives. It looked all the while as though they were all after something. It had been reduced to a certainty that, in the event of their success, Cambria was to furnish the material necessary for an Attorney General. But were there other expectants? Yes. The Secretary and Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, the Inspectors of Leather, the Inspectors of Whiskey, and a host of other officers too numerous to mention—all these it is now understood were to be taken from Cambria county.

Cruel Republicans of Cambria! why did you not split your tickets, and further the aspirations of these hungry Loco-Focos? And you, heartless Andy Curtin! look at the calculations you have spied!

Communication.

EBENSBURG, October 12, 1860.

GEORGE S. KING, Esq., My Dear George:—I cannot suffer this occasion to pass without congratulating you upon the glorious result of the recent election. We have indeed achieved a most brilliant Republican triumph.

Our friend, Andy Curtin, has been elected Governor by an overwhelming majority. This is glory enough for one day. We have also secured a goodly number of Congressmen; and add to all this the magnificent fact, that we have elected our whole county ticket. This is glory enough for several days at least.

You will, I well know, rejoice and be exceeding glad at the fact that I, among the rest, have made the landing. Such little episodes in our lives, my dear George, are peculiarly refreshing. That a number of unprincipled men, calling themselves Republicans, stumped the county for a Loco-Foco and did all in their power to accomplish my defeat, only tends, as you will perceive, to make my triumph the more interesting.

I trust you will excuse my presumption when I suggest that you were exceedingly fortunate in not permitting yourself, as you at one time thought of doing, to go before the people at the recent election, as an independent candidate for Congress. The result in the district must force upon every rational mind, the conviction, that you would have been sadly laid out—a consummation which I, in common with all your near and dear friends, would have deeply deplored.

And this very naturally leads me to the inquiry: Are you still a candidate for Congress? Think not that I ask the question merely to gratify an idle curiosity. I am deeply sensible of the propriety of the rule, that "one good turn deserves another," and, remembering the yeoman service you have rendered in the campaign just closed, as well as in the past, I shall gladly await the opportunity to reciprocate your favors. Be assured, my dear George, that I regard you as one who has entitled himself to my most profound consideration.

But I must close. Give my love to Ellis, Shafter, and all inquiring friends, and as there is nothing private in it, if you like, you may read them this letter. I fancy I can see you all chuckling over the result in our county. Isn't it glorious? It shows what we can do when we all pull together. Hoping to hear from you, soon, and merely returning my thanks until you are "better paid,"

I remain, as ever, Yours affectionately,

A. C. MULLIN.

P. S. If you should happen to be in Harrisburg, during the coming session, don't forget to bob round and see me.

Too Large.

Our Loco-Foco friends who had claimed from 1,000 to 1,200 majority, in this county, for Foster, were brought down a peg or two by the actual vote. Only think of it, 406 over Curtin in this great Democratic stronghold! But even this is too large. It is far more than he should have received. Had it not been for the exertions of George S. King & Co. to defeat the Republican candidate for Assembly, Foster's majority would not, in all probability, have exceeded 100.—These men made a dead set against Mullin, and openly declared that they would sacrifice every other man on the ticket to secure his defeat. They did injure every man on the ticket—but the beauty of it is, they didn't make the point they were after. Both they and their Loco-Foco cohorts are welcome to all the consolation they can suck from the result. They certainly deserve to "feel good."

18th Congressional District.

The official vote for Congress in this District foots up as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Blair: 2900, M'Allister: 2285, Cambria: 2263, 2452, Huntingdon: 3042, 2120, Somerset: 2980, 1362. Total: Blair's maj.: 2966.

As our subscribers doubtless perceived, we issued no paper last week.—The cause of this is palpable—the Fair with its divers pleasures, and election-day with its sundry responsibilities, so bore upon all concerned in our establishment, that work was out of the question. Dear reader, accept our regrets.

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota have gone Republican.

Large table with columns for Districts, Candidates, and Votes. Includes names like A. G. Curtis, H. D. Foster, etc.

Chest Springs.

To the Editor of The Alleghanian: Our peaceful and usually quiet borough was put into quite a commotion on Saturday last, by what we suppose was a great heave or swelling out of all the old and young political wags of the wings of the Democracy of the country, "Harmonious Democracy," and political workers of ye ancient village of Chest Springs. The first intimation we had of this coming forth of the "friendly confraternity," was a notice we saw sticking up against an old, dilapidated stump, which appeared to have been split in twain by the lightning of heaven, many years ago, in fit emblem of the political cockatrice of the Democracy of the country. Requesting the unfortunates of Chest Springs and vicinity, irrespective of party, to attend a Democratic Mass Meeting, which would be held at the house of one Daniels, in said borough, who, it will be remembered, is a convert to, and a corporal in, the ranks of the harmonious Democracy, and who is P. M. and whiskey seller, and resides in a large and commodious house, situate and lying in the N. E. corner of the borough, on Cambridge's Lane, opposite a deserted blacksmith shop, where all would be enlightened upon the great issues of the day.

The appearance of the cavalcade on coming into our town was somewhat imposing. Two very large politicians of the canine race led the van, growling, whining, snarling and barking at everybody and everything they came in contact with; (the representatives of the great leaders of the two wings of the Democracy.) Next in order came the political hounds, carried in wagons and mounted upon horseback, who never whined or yelped until they came up in front of Daniels's, where they dismounted and set up a terrific howl, and then took up a very threatening position in front of Daniels's bar, and at once made an unmerciful onslaught on Daniel's good whiskey. It was really amusing for an uninterested person to stand by and look on. The crowd was in part composed of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the thick and the thin, the insane, the lame, the blind and the halt.—Among the crowd, and soaring above the rest, was a tall, thin, spare, gaunt, lean stripping of a fellow, who looked as though he was expressly designed to serve the multitude as a lightning rod, in case of a thunderstorm overtaking the caravan on their journey; around and about this thin, lantern-jawed fellow stood a motley crowd of all shapes, sizes and appearances, from the man that stands on the wooden peg, down to the little fellow that is somewhat remarkable for being the owner of a very large pair of ears, all appearing to be pregnant with the essence of Loco-Focoism. Feeling somewhat interested to know what would come out of this strange conglomeration of personages we silently followed them from Daniels's over to the large and commodious school house which our gentlemanly and accommodating Board of School Directors allowed them to have for the occasion. Quietly talking a seat and waiting until they had organized, I soon found out that they had agreed to disagree, and instead of defining their position as parties, and discussing the great political issues of the day, they pitched into each other like so many Kilkenny cats, and seemed to think that the people of Chest Springs did not know how to vote, and that it was their duty to come down and tell us what to do.

Now, we would most respectfully beg leave to inform this "friendly confraternity" of buzzards and jackals, that we are FREEMEN, not SLAVES, CITIZENS, not MISERIONS of POWER, voters of the great State of Pennsylvania having rights, and knowing them, we fearlessly assert them, and are determined to attend to our own business in our own way, and to vote for whom we please. There is not one thing which we have learned of them, i. e., that they are a destructive party, inasmuch as they tore up school books, broke down writing desks, smashed up seats, and broke in the windows, while none of them had generosity or manhood enough about them to come forward and offer a V or an X to repair the damages, which the honest taxpayers of this borough will have to bear. Now, I have been thinking the matter over for some days, and trying to solve in our own mind what brought those fellows down here, and the only practical conclusion that I have

come to, is that the harmonious wings of the Democracy are minus a body, and came down to this place in hopes to find one to buckle on to; but being doomed to disappointment in not finding a wingless body to unite with, and doubtless feeling sore and tired after their great exertion, resorted to the only possible means to help them through their difficulties, which was, to take large doses, oft repeated, of Daniel's "springs," which caused them to become considerably elevated in their own opinion. Remaining until after the sun went down, they took their inglorious flight, and soared heedless back to their nest, where we would advise them to stay until after old Abe's election. After that time they may have an opportunity of disposing of a few quills from either wing to the Republicans for tooth picks.

Chest Springs, Oct. 10, 1860.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

It will be seen by the following tables that the Republicans have large majorities in both branches of the Legislature—forty in the House and twenty-one in the Senate—giving them a majority of sixty-one on joint ballot:

Table with columns for REP. and DEM. showing counts for various counties and districts. Includes names like Adams, Allegheny, Armstrong & Westmoreland, etc.