

The Allegonian.

EBENSBURG:
THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3.

NATIONAL UNION TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois.

"MY ENEMIES PRETEND I AM NOW CARRYING ON THE WAR FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF ABOLITION. SO LONG AS I AM PRESIDENT, IT SHALL BE CARRIED ON FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF RESTORING THE UNION."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee.

"I WOULD HAVE ALL TRAITORS ARRESTED AND TRIED FOR TREASON, AND IF CONVICTED, BY THE ETERNAL GOD, THEY SHOULD SUFFER THE PENALTY OF THE LAW AT THE HANDS OF THE EXECUTIONER."—ANDREW JOHNSON.

ELECTORAL TICKET.

SENATORIAL: Morton M. Michael, T. Cunningham.

REPRESENTATIVE: 1. Robert P. King, 13. Elias W. Hale, 2. G. M. Coates, 14. Chas. H. Shriner, 3. Henry Bavin, 15. John Wister, 4. William H. Kern, 16. D. M'Conaughy, 5. Barton H. Jenks, 17. David W. Woods, 6. Charles M. Runk, 18. Isaac Benson, 7. Robert Parke, 19. John Patton, 8. William Taylor, 20. Samuel B. Dick, 9. John A. Hiestand, 21. Everard Bicer, 10. Richard H. Corryell, 22. John P. Penney, 11. Edward Halliday, 23. Eben. M'Junkin, 12. Charles F. Reed, 24. J. W. Blanchard.

A Last Word.

Before another number of this paper, the Presidential election will have come and gone. Reader! have you thought of the tremendous issues at stake in the contest—issues greater by far than ever before agitated the mind of man? Have you given the matter that serious, prayerful consideration which it so eminently deserves? Never again, live you a thousand years, will you be allowed to participate in the arbitrament of a question so great, so grand, and so grave as the one you must pass in judgment upon on next Tuesday. For the question is—*Shall we, or shall we not, have a Government hereafter?*

We are now in the midst of civil war. Fathers sight the gun and point the bayonet at their own offspring, and brothers lift up their hands against brothers. It is unnecessary to here discuss the prime cause which led to this unnatural, unholy state of affairs. Enough to know that war, in its deadliest aspect, really exists. Who commenced the war? The South commenced it. The first overt act of hostilities was committed during the administration of President Buchanan, when (January, 1861) the rebels fired upon the "Star of the West," a Government steamer employed on legitimate Government business. The most bitter partisan cannot therefore say that the present Administration is responsible for the war. Abraham Lincoln went not into the Presidential chair until after seven Southern States had gone out of the Union so far as they could vote themselves out, and until after they had defiantly sounded the tocsin of war. It is quite common nowadays to hear Copperhead orators and newspapers charge it upon the present Administration that they began the war—how can the facts in the case be made to bear out the assertion?

March 4th, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, the legally elected President of the United States, was formally inaugurated. In his inaugural address, he assured the South that their "rights" would be as much respected under his rule as they ever were under the rule of his predecessors, and used the following language: "Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican Administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. *There never has been any reason or cause for such an apprehension.*" He then adjured them, by the memory of the heroism and sufferings of the fathers of the Republic, to not consummate the sin and folly they sought to commit. What was the response of the South to these pacific and patriotic words? In April following, a month thereafter, without due cause or provocation, they bombarded Fort Sumter, a Government fort! Then, and not till then, did President Lincoln, in pursuance of his oath registered in high heaven to preserve, protect and defend the integrity of the entire Union, take measures, as the head of the Government, to stem the tide of rebellion. Oh! the Government was slow to anger. It bore and forebore with its erring brethren of the South until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. It received cuffs and blows upon the right cheek as well upon the left before it struck back.

If it be not held that the Union is a mere temporary combination of States, dependent upon the whims and caprice of those States for its very existence,—and we think no man of sound understanding will so hold—it will not be denied that the Government was powerless to prevent war. The South had virtually succeeded

from the Union, and had levied war to insure their "independence." Pleadings and promises were alike ineffectual to win them back from the error of their ways—they were joined to their idols, and wanted to be "let alone." What was to be done? Taking the broad ground that the Union sustained the same relation to them that a father does to his sons, which was unquestionably the view of the framers of the Constitution, what remained but to "coerce" them into obedience? Once acknowledge the right of secession, and where would the Union be? First would come a Southern Confederacy, then a South-western Confederacy, then an Eastern Confederacy, then a Middle Confederacy, then a Western Confederacy, and soon the Union would be sliced up in a half-dozen different shapes and forms, and all semblance of the original compact of States, for the establishment of which our fathers fought, bled and died, wiped out of existence. Without consenting to the utter dissolution of the Union, and thereby to the assassination of civil liberty on the Western continent, as well as to the manifestly fallacious proposition that a *minority* should rule in a nation, the present Administration was powerless to prevent war.

The contest which the South precipitated and causelessly invoked has been going on for nearly four years. If it was right and proper in the Government to fight in the first place, it is right and proper for it to continue fighting. And it must fight on until the rebellion goes down. There is no other way. We could not escape the issue in the beginning—we cannot creep out of it nor get behind it now. Human ingenuity can devise no settlement of the difficulty other than that contained in the abandonment of the cause of rebellion, and the renunciation with it of the theory of secession. Unthinking men may cry "peace!" but even they must admit that the peace, to be acceptable to the people, must be an honorable one.—How can we arrive at an honorable peace except over the ruins of the rebellion?—The South consistently declare they will stand by their mushroom Confederacy to the last, and that they will not consent to a restoration of the Union; we started out with a determination to smash their mushroom Confederacy and *make them come back into the Union.* The issue is thus made up. Why not fight it out first as well as last—fight until either our side or theirs is compelled to succumb?

During the term of war we have already had, our successes have been commensurate with the greatness of our cause. We have conquered an extent of country fifteen hundred miles in length by six hundred in breadth, and obtained a firm foothold in every insurrectionary State. Besides this, we have taken every stronghold held by the rebels at the start except Richmond, Charleston and Mobile, and, unless the signs of the times be strangely at fault, these will speedily share the fate of the others. The rebels have confessedly "robbed the cradle and the grave" to enable themselves to make a last stand; they are at the rope's end; they are about played out, and can continue the contest only a limited length of time longer. We, on the contrary, are strong as ever, buoyant as ever, and as self-reliant. If necessary, we are able to fight on for an eternity in behalf of the principles we have espoused.

It is sometimes charged that President Lincoln's Administration has done comparatively nothing toward the putting down of the rebellion. Taking into consideration the manifold difficulties to be contended with at the breaking out of the war, when an army and a navy had to be created, the national finances established on a firm foundation, and treason rooted out of every department of the Government, every unbiased man must acknowledge it has done all that could be reasonably be expected of it. Sins of commission and omission many and various are charged upon the Administration; but, although not claiming for them that they are infallible, still we unhesitatingly declare our belief that no other set of men on God's green earth could have done more for the nation than Abraham Lincoln and his Cabinet.

War is an evil, but a necessary one. As we have shown, it was impossible for our country not to become involved in civil war. Since we have got into the difficulty, it is the bounden duty of every American freeman to see to it that we get out thereof honorably, and after a full realization of the objects for which we contended.—Tens of thousands of precious lives and untold millions of dollars have been spent thus far in the solution of the problem whether we have a Government, competent to protect alike its citizens and its own integrity. The question is being settled

day by day, and must be definitely determined sooner or later. Determined in the affirmative, then the country will speedily recover from the evil effects of the war, and at once take rank foremost among the nations of the earth; determined in the negative, it will be rent continually with intestine strifes and disorders, until anarchy at last will come down like night and seal its eternal doom.

Abraham Lincoln is the standard-bearer of the party who believe that the Government cannot, must not be destroyed. He is the candidate of the party who declare that enemies at home or abroad are alike impotent to disrupt the Union. He is the candidate of the party who go not into war of their own choosing, but who, once gone in, in behalf of great and eternal principles, never say *yield* until their object has been most fully accomplished. In short, he is the candidate of those who favor a perpetuation of the Government in the future as it was in the past, with all its rights and privileges intact, and its glorious traditions untarnished.

George B. McClellan is the candidate of those who believe the experiment of self-government to be a failure. He is the candidate of those who say the Union is irremediably destroyed, and the Constitution not worth the parchment whereon it is written. He is the candidate of those who call the sacrifices of our brave soldiers on many fierce battle fields a "useless waste of blood." He is the candidate of those who desire nothing so much as the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. He is the candidate of those who love Slavery better than their own souls.—He is the candidate of Northern Copperheads and Southern rebels.

A vote for Lincoln is a vote for the perpetuation of the Union and the Constitution.

A vote for McClellan is a vote for anarchy and disruption, and a Southern Confederacy. Choose ye!

A Chapter of the Unwritten History of the Democratic Party of Cambria County—Chicanery and Double-Dealing.

Pursuant to a section of the Act of Assembly legalizing the Soldiers' Vote, the Return Judges of Cambria county met at the Court House, Ebensburg, on Friday last, to count the returns from the army. Mr. Chairman Bowen, of Coneaugh, called the convention to order at 2 o'clock, p. m., and signified his readiness to proceed to business.

THE LAW ON THE SUBJECT.
The law provides that when an election is held in the army, the Judges thereof must, after duly canvassing the vote, transmit to the Prothonotary of the proper county their poll-book, list and ballots; when it becomes the duty of such Prothonotary to make a certified copy of the returns so received, and submit the same to the Return Judges of the county at their meeting, for their guidance in casting up the vote.

MICHAEL HASSON ON THE SUBJECT.
At the precise juncture when the Secretary commenced reading the first return from the certified copy, which had been duly furnished by the Prothonotary, Michael Hasson, ostensible editor of the *Ebensburg Dem. & Sent.*—a most pestilent fellow—jumped excitedly from his chair, assumed a perpendicular position, and, brandishing his fists in air and wildly rolling his eyes, proceeded to strenuously object to receiving the returns in the shape in which they were submitted. He held that the soldiers' vote ought to come before the convention just as received by the Prothonotary, in the original package, accompanied by poll-book and list of voters—that no certified copy would answer the purpose—that the Judges must go back to the fountain-head for the figures. He said he knew what was what, and he wasn't going to have things done "unconstitutionally."

COL. HASSON'S MOTIVES.
What Col. Hasson's motives were in taking this stand, it were not difficult to make plain. By requiring the convention to examine and count separately each distinct package of votes, comparing the same with its accompanying poll-book and list, which would require about three days' time, he hoped to throw much odium upon the experiment of soldiers voting. Or, did he hope, through unlimited pretension to legal acumen, to gerrymander the convention into absolutely throwing out and refusing to count at all the vote? Or did he expect to precipitate that body into a row and free fight, pending which the lights should be put out, the door locked, the convention declared dissolved, and the soldiers' vote allowed to go by default?

MATTERS AND THINGS BROVE TO A STAND-STILL.
Col Hasson objected most emphatically to receiving the certified copy. The Chairman read the law to the disaffected individual, wherein is fully set forth that a certified copy, and not the original packages of returns, is what must be laid before the Return Judges. Whereupon the Colonel waxed indignant that the law could be presumed to know more than he, and he frothed at the mouth and made a tearful noise.
COL. HASSON CALLETH FOR A "DIVISION."
The Chairman proceeded to the performance of his duty, and ordered the Secretary to read out the returns from the certified copy. At this, the Colonel went off into clonic spasms, and, usurping the office of Chairman, roared out—"I tell ye, I object to the whole proceeding; all in favor of me and my position come to the side of the house where I am standing—all opposed to me and my position go to the other side!" Whereupon all the Democratic Judges flocked unto the Colonel, even as sheep flock unto the bell-wether.
ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.
All this, it must be admitted, was exceedingly egotistical in Col. Hasson. It was more—it was both impudent and insolent to the last degree. But some pork will assuredly come out of Philip when he is drunk. Col. H. flattered himself that he was subserving in his own peculiar way the ends of Democracy; we may remark just here, *en parenthese*, that he receives to-day more kicks than kisses from his political friends for his ill-advised exhibition of spleen and dishonesty.
CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.
Affairs had now reached a pretty pass, to be sure! The Chairman, backed by the Union Judges, was fully determined to go on in the performance of a plain duty and count the votes as per the certified copy of the Prothonotary, while Col. Hasson, backed by the Democratic Judges, objected to so counting them, and threatened to secede from the convention unless the original packages were sent for. Was there no oil to calm the perturbed waters—no friend to whisper to the Colonel that it devolved on him to occlude and quit making an ass of himself?

ORDER RESTORED IN WARSAW.
There was Gen. Joseph M'Donald, Prothonotary of Cambria county, proved to be the foremost of God to say to the raging elements—"Peace, be still!" This gentleman made it known to the convention, through one of its members, that he understood the law to its minutest particular, and that a certified copy of the returns was all that was required by the convention; and he furthermore assured them that under no circumstances or combination of circumstances would he lay before the convention for their consideration the original packages of votes.
COL. HASSON WILTETH.
Now, be it known, Gen. M'Donald is a good Democrat, standing a head and shoulders higher in the estimation of his party than Col. Hasson. "Call you this backing of your friends?" quoth the Colonel—"a plague on such backing!" The tide had set in against him, and he knew it; and so, to save himself from being overwhelmed thereby, the doxy Michael hastened to withdraw his objections to the certified copy, and humbly begged pardon of the convention for the innumerable insults he had heaped upon it.
THE END.
And thus it was that the soldiers' vote was counted according to law, and not to suit the whims of a demagogue. Thus it was that the expressed will of legally qualified electors was not set at nought. Thus it was that Michael fought with Right, and came out second-best from the encounter.
MORAL.
Don't attempt to act the rascal, in politics or out of them, for it never pays.—Take warning by Col. Hasson, and be honest!


The Book of Michael, Commonly Called The Paddy.
TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ORIGINAL SHERDEW.
CHAPTER V.
Michael is sent for, and goeth to the Temple of Maynooth.—The Wise Men look upon him as a Great Curiosity.—The Master decideth that he is a Man, and employeth him as a Servant.—Michael remaineth two years, and then resorteth to go to America and become a Great Man.—The ship on which he embarketh is lost, with all on board, except himself.—He escapeth miraculously, but is afterwards harpooned as a Whale, and is in danger of death, when he is carried to New York and placed in an Hospital for treatment.

Now there was in Maynooth a great temple of learning, and when the master thereof heard that Michael was in the city, he sent a man-servant after him, and bade him come to the temple.
2. And when the servant had made known his business, Michael was sore afraid, not knowing the desire of the

master's heart; but the servant bade him be of good cheer; so Michael went with him.
3. And when Michael had come, the master brought in his disciples, and did even so with the wise men and the scribes that were within the temple, and he set Michael in the midst of them.
4. And they began with one accord to ask him questions, and he answered each according to the thing that he required, albeit he took heed not to say aught concerning his ancestors or the place whence he came.
5. And they were amazed, and consulted their books and writings, and took counsel among themselves whether he was man or beast, and some said one thing and some another;
6. But the master gave judgment that he was a living soul, for that he was gifted with the power of speech like unto other men.
7. ¶ Now the master was well pleased with Michael, and said unto him, I have need of a fellow like thee in the temple, and if thou wilt be my henchman, and serve me faithfully, I will reward thee according to thy works.
8. So they agreed among themselves, and Michael served faithfully, and his calling was to carry filth and slops from out the temple, and to clean the sandals and polish the shoes of the wise men and the disciples;
9. And in return the master gave unto Michael his meat and drink and raiment; likewise the wise men and the disciples each gave him a penny now and then, as seemed good unto them.

10. ¶ And it came to pass when Michael had been two years in the temple, he communed with himself, saying: Lo, I have served in this place a long time, and have become something of a scribe, yet have I not got learning enough to put me beside myself;
11. For, albeit there be many things that I know, yet there be many things that I do not know, and herein is a difficulty; nevertheless, I would fain be considered wise and great, and have my praise on the tongues of many people.
12. I will arise, therefore, and journey afar off, even unto the land of America, where the inhabitants know not so much as a whit, and I will say unto them:
13. Harken unto my voice, O ye people of America, and listen unto my words; for, behold, I am Michael from the temple of Maynooth, a man gifted with much learning and great knowledge, understanding and speaking the languages of them who lived and spake in the olden time.
14. And by this cunning device, I will gain the hearts of the people of America, and I will wax rich, and become a ruler over their affairs, and my praises will be sounded far and wide, and I shall be known as Michael the Mighty.
15. And it came to pass when Michael had done communing with himself, he sold his father's ass, whereon he had journeyed to Maynooth, and the scrip which he received therefor he put into his purse;
16. And he acquainted the master of the temple with his desire to be gone, and the master was grieved thereat, lest he might not be able to find another to do the things whereat Michael had wrought.
17. Howbeit the master, in the process of time, gave his consent, and when he had put upon Michael a new raiment, he bade him depart with his blessing.
18. Likewise the wise men and the disciples made him presents of rare and costly things, curiously wrought in brass and other precious metals, which when they had done, they bade him go on his way rejoicing.
19. Then straightway Michael turned his back upon the land of his fathers, and went to the seaside, and got upon a ship bound for the coast of America; and that he might not spend the scrip in his purse, he took passage on the lower deck of the vessel, and became even as an hiredling.
20. Now when the ship had been at sea many days, the provisions thereon became exceeding scarce, so that they who were on the lower deck were fed upon mean victuals, the same being none other than bean soup, and onions, and boiled chestnuts.
21. And it came to pass when the ship drew nigh unto the coast of America, there came a violent storm, and the winds blew with great force, and the vessel was beaten against a rock, and parted, and all they that were therein, save Michael, perished and were lost.
22. Now Michael was mysteriously spared, and it was in this wise: For just before the storm set in, Michael, being an hungred, had partaken of much bean soup, besides a plenty of onions and boiled chestnuts,
23. And after he had so done, behold

Michael was seized with a violent wind-colic, inasmuch that he became swollen and puffed up to a great size; wherefore, when he fell into the sea, he did not sink, by reason of the wind in his belly;
24. So Michael was tossed to and fro upon the sea, even as a ship without a rudder, until at length he drew nigh unto a vessel that was cruising in those parts for whales.
25. Now when they that were on the vessel espied Michael, they supposed he was a whale; wherefore they smote him with an harpoon, the which having lodged in his belly, they straightway hauled him on board the vessel.
26. Which when they had done, they discovered they had committed a grievous mistake, and immediately they began to make amends as best they could;
27. But, behold, when the harpoon was taken from Michael, there appeared a grievous rent in his belly, and immediately the wind rushed out thereat, and the sound thereof was like unto the sound of a great trumpet;
28. And suddenly the air was filled with a great stench, and it entered into the nostrils of them that were on the vessel, inasmuch that they cried out with one voice,
29. Verily, if all the carcases and dead men's bones which are in the valley of Jehosaphat were collected together, they could not make so great a stink.
30. ¶ Now when the wind had done issuing from Michael, behold he collapsed, and for a long time it was feared he would give up the ghost; but there was a learned doctor on board the vessel, who gave him good heed;
31. And when the vessel had come to New York, a walled city by the seaside, Michael was put in a place called, in the Shebrew tongue, an hospital, that he might be ministered unto and cured of the ill which had befallen him.
32. And when Michael had been brought in and cared for, the master of the hospital searched his pocket, and found his purse with the scrip therein;
33. Likewise he found rings of brass, and other costly ornaments, which had been bestowed by the wise men and the disciples; but of rubies or other precious stones Michael had none about his person.

OH! WHAT, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

The XVIIth Congressional District Redeemed!
COPPERHEADISM WIPE OUT!
VERDICT RENDERED IN FAVOR OF THE PERPETUATION OF OUR GREAT AND GLORIOUS FREE GOVERNMENT!
Union Majority: 507!
THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!!
The following figures constitute the official Home Vote and the semi-official Army Vote for Congress in this (the XVIIth) district:
[HOME VOTE.]
Cambria.....1,591 2,534
Blair.....2,534 2,269
Huntingdon.....2,539 2,022
Mifflin.....1,407 1,406
[ARMY VOTE.]
Cambria soldiers.....295 54
Blair ".....253 maj.
Huntingdon ".....171 "
Mifflin ".....42 "
Grand totals.....8,832 8,325
Barker's actual majority..... 507
He may be an ignorant Yankee, all the way from the State of Maine—he may be a fanatical Abolitionist—he may be a miscegen—he may be a miserable, common, every-day sort of fellow—he may be a maker of shocks and a driver of oxen—he may be, in short, a plebeian, as the opposition are pleased to style him,—but, in addition to all this, it must be confessed Barker is elected to Congress!
So huzza! huzza! huzza!
The Union and the Constitution; The Stars and Stripes shall wave Till the day of resurrection! Whack-row-de-dow!
Where's the usual Democratic rooster this fall!
Whack-row-de-dow!
How are you, Copperhead torch-light procession!
P. S. : If the Ebensburg Dem. & Sent. and the Johnstown Democrat, to say nothing of the other opposition papers in the district, should, through some chance of mischance, happen to Hear The News From Maine within the next six weeks, we hope they will each as soon as possible issue an extra with full particulars concerning the which, and send us one copy of the same, marked!