The Press.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1863.

The Election of Senator.

It would not be proper for us to permit the recent election for Senator to pass without making a word of reference to the scenes attendant upon the canvass. The Democratic leaders have played many desperate and unscrupulous ventures, but none can exceed the last. It seems that there was an indication on the part of many members of their party to be select in their choice of a candidate for the office of Senator. Many of the candidates were obnoxious to them by reason of their extreme devotion to the South, and as loyal men they could not support their election. This difference of opinion came to the ears of the Democratic State Central Committee, and, as Mr. HUGHES had some hopes of being nominated himself, he took energetic and prompt means to prevent the threatened defection. Trains were chartered, tickets sold at a nominal rate, and large bodies of men taken to Harrisburg. There they roamed around the town, slept on chairs and benches, and gave their time to dissipation and revelry. They threatened and swore and terrified peaceable men. Mr. RANDALL, our next Representative from the First district, harangued them at a midnight assembly in words that can only be construed as an invitation to violence, while others, not quite as bold as Mr. RANDALL, were far more malignant and bitter. The result was, that the House and Senate met surrounded by a mob, and legislated under the knives and pistols of lawless men.

This is the plain story about the election in Harrisburg yesterday. The circumstances surrounding that act of high and solemn legislation are shameful. We see men in the interest of a party not only defying the law, but deliberately contemplating the commission of violence and, perhaps, murder. These are the same men who, a few months ago, were so generous in their party discipline. Mr. RANDALL and his friends distinguished themselves in 1860 by opposing the regular nomination of the Democracy, and were bold and open schismatics. When the ruin of the Democratic party served the cause of the South and Slavery, they assisted in its ruin. Now, when its success is desired by treason and slavery, they assist in restoring it, and make death the penalty of a refusal to obey the mandates of its caucus. We are anxious to know when such men as Mr. RANDALL and his Harrisburg friends became so earnestly attached to party sentiments, and whether they remember how they made themselves conspicuous by their advocacy of a minority candidate against Mr. DOUGLAS. As it is, we have a right to suspect their loyalty to the party which, before, they abused, but which now they sustain by appealing to the worst passions of our nature.

Charles R. Buckalew.

The Hon. CHARLES R. BUCKALEW was yesterday elected to the Senate of the United States from this State as the successor of the Hon. DAVID WILMOT, whose term expires with the present Congress. Mr. BUCKALEW was chosen on the first ballot, his opponent being the Hon. SIMON CAMERON. The elevation of Mr. BUCKALEW to this high position is a fine compliment to one of our ablest public men. He has not taken an active part in politics since his return from Ecuador, although his sympathies have been with the Democratic party. Mr. BUCKALEW is, we should judge, about forty-five years of age. He has been a close student all his life, and is a gentleman of erudition and experience. For six years he was in the State Senate as a representative from Columbia county, and made a fine reputation as a clear-headed, sagacious, and well-informed gentleman. When Mr. WILMOT ran for Governor against Mr. PACKER, Mr. BUCKALEW acted as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and managed Governor PACKER's campaign with adroitness and energy. Mr. BUCKALEW is said to entertain extreme Democratic sentiments, and is quoted as a warm believer in the doctrine of State Rights. This, we trust, is not the case. We did not support Mr. BUCKALEW's election—we should have rejoiced over the return of Mr. WILMOT or Mr. CAMERON, but this does not prevent us from hoping that Mr. BUCKALEW, in his new and exalted position, will rise above party and place and take such a course as will endear him to the true and loyal friends of the Union and the Administration.

The Manchester Union Gathering.

There is intelligence from Europe to the 2d of this month. One item is too positive in fact and too pregnant in suggestion to be hastily passed over. It is a brief notice of a public meeting held at Manchester, where "Cotton is King," under the presidency of the Mayor, himself a manufacturer. The meeting was composed—not of millionaires, not of cotton-lords, not of cotton-brokers, not of cotton-speculators, but of the horny-handed, long-suffering, deeply-feeling working men of Manchester, assembled on the last day of the year, in Free-Trade Hall, the arena where, seventeen years before, had been got up that expression of public opinion, that "pressure from without," which broke down the landowners' monopoly in the supply of food, at monopoly prices and profits, and compelled Sir ROBERT PEEL to allow cheap bread to the working millions of England.

As yet, we have notice of this great gathering and its action only from the news-summary brought over by the Jura, and telegraphed for the Associated Press from Cape Race. Here we must express a doubt as to the propriety of having such summaries written by perfectly impartial news agents. They are prepared, we believe, on the other side of the water, and no partisan feeling, no exaggeration or misrepresentation, ought to appear in them. The summary-writer cannot have spoken the truth, and did not, when he announced that resolutions were "passed expressing sympathy with the attempt of President LINCOLN and his colleagues *to coerce the South*, and high satisfaction at the proclamation of emancipation, and other measures tending at once to give freedom to the slave and restore peace to the American nation." This is an untruthful as well as offensive way of putting it. In a few days we shall have English papers with details of the meeting, including copies of the resolutions adopted, and we are confident that in them the words "attempt to *coerce* the South" will not be found. The writer of the summary either sympathizes with the South, and considers an attempt to put down Treason as an attempt to coerce the South, or he has carelessly used words which convey an erroneous expression, and could not have been used. The Associated Press are invariably dealt with in either case.

The Manchester workingmen nobly closed the year 1862, by passing resolutions supporting the Union cause, and by agreeing on an Address to President LINCOLN. We have, as yet, scanty details as to speakers, but it appears that JAMES STUART MILL, champion of the principle of "the greatest happiness to the greatest number of persons," wrote a letter in which he warmly approved of the demonstration as a just rebuke to the mean feeling of the great portion of the people, and as a source of unqualified happiness to those whose hopes and fears, in the interests of humanity, are bound up in the prospect of the working classes.

The Address to Mr. LINCOLN, we are told, congratulates him on his humane and righteous policy of emancipation, and besseeches him, while yet his enthusiasm is a flame, and the tide of events runs high, to finish the work effectually. What the Manchester men then prayed for, Mr. LINCOLN had anticipated. At the moment when the earnest men of labor, the true humanitarians of Lancashire, were praying the President to do, thereby putting the seal upon his righteous policy, he had even then completed. The Proclamation of Emancipation lay upon his table, at that moment, an accomplished fact, waiting but his signature to make it the most effective and memorable public document of the nation since the Declaration of Independence was signed.

In what Manchester has thus done, we perceive the action of the *people*, which is very different from that of the *aristocrats* and *money-lords*. In "the Old country," as it used to be called, there is a double aristocracy—on one side, the pride of title, lineage, and hereditary estates; on the other, the pride of great wealth, with bizarre ostentation, and great bonsting at having risen from the ranks. When DICKENS, in "Hard Times," sketched the character of Josiah Bounderby, who bragged that he had been cradled in an egg box, nursed in the streets, and had successively ran through the stages of vagabond, errand-boy, laborer, porter, clerk, chief-manager, small partner, and sole head of a vast manufactory, he had occasion not to *invent* but to *observe*. There are thousands of such men in Lancashire—hundreds of them in Manchester. They have risen from the people, and they crush the people with their iron heel. Manchester out-of-work laborers must have been rendered careless or fearless by despair, before they ventured to act so entirely against their *masters'* will as to meet and express sympathy with President LINCOLN and the Union. They have done it, and unmistakably, too. The wealth of Manchester may sympathize with Treason and Slavery, but the labor of Manchester sympathizes with Freedom and the Union.

Let us candidly admit that laboring Manchester has generally sided with the right principle, wherever asserted. For Parliamentary Reform, for the removal of all restrictions upon liberty of conscience, for untaxed food, for the abolition of slavery in all parts of the British Empire. The great measure whereby, on the first day of August, 1834, as many as 800,000 slaves in British territory were unconditionally emancipated, at a cost to the nation of $100,000,000, had the warmest support in Manchester. Many hard-working men who spoke in favor of it at public meetings, thirty years ago, are now at the top of the tree, as millionaires, and—such is human inconsistency!—are strenuously supporting the treason of the Southern States, whose chief bond of union in their conspiracy is the maintenance of Slavery as a perpetual institution! The want of cotton, the possession of vast wealth, and the accumulated desire of augmenting it, have frozen up human sympathies in the hearts of these men. For our part we prefer, as honester and truer, the disinterested, spontaneous, and earnest sympathy of the working classes, hitherto their serfs, with the patriotic policy of President LINCOLN, and the good cause of that Union which, with God's good help, built us up one of the greatest among the nations of the earth.

The Senatorial Canvass.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

HARRISBURG, Jan. 13, 1863.

It was nearly midnight when the Democratic caucus adjourned. The members spent the greater part of the evening in miscellaneous debate, and reached a ballot about ten. The result of the first ballot made the nomination of Mr. Buckalew a certainty, and the other ballots were merely taken to enable the friends of the different candidates to cast complimentary votes for their favorites. There was an earnest effort made by the friends of Mr. Hughes to have him nominated, while Mr. Foster remained in the field until the last moment, hoping against hope. When all hopes of a spontaneous nomination faded, the friends of Mr. Foster rallied around Mr. Buckalew, and nominated him. Glancy Jones had retired in the afternoon, finding the members of the convention indisposed to recognize his ponderous statesmanship. Judge Campbell had a warm host of friends, including all the leading politicians of your city, and the full delegation from Philadelphia. The habitation of the Judge ruined him, for it is getting to be a historical fact that the men of the town must be sacrificed to the men of the country, in dispensing the highest offices of the State. When the nomination of Mr. Buckalew was finally made, there was great excitement among the Democracy, an immense number of whom were in town, as I wrote to you yesterday. They crowded around his rooms in Buehler's Hotel, and in one of the parlors extemporized a convivial mass meeting, around a table covered with whisky bottles. Here they prolonged the services until two o'clock in the morning, and as many of the auditors were houseless and homeless, they were disposed to remain until daylight. The absence of speakers and the disappearance of the whisky, however, prevented this wild intention from being adopted. The speeches were rare and racy. Col. Hopkins, the hero of the Buckshot War, was facetious, and told an extremely long story, which would scarcely bear publication. A gentleman named Staley was very bitter upon the Administration, and commenced his speech by quoting the rebel song, "There's life in the old land yet." A gentleman by the name of Jenkins thanked God for numerous things, and particularly for the nomination of Mr. Buckalew. A very fierce-looking young man, named Lamberton, who seemed disposed to be highly tragic, and addressed the meeting as "sirs," told marvellous stories about large sums being offered to bribe the unterrified Democracy. J. Laurence Getz was very happy, while Mr. Cassidy returned a few courteous words of thanks for the kindness shown to Judge Campbell by the Democracy of the State. J. Glancy Jones made a speech about the Democracy of Berks and the necessity of union, and seemed quite glad that he had not been nominated. Henry D. Foster was also so extremely delighted at the result that it is a matter of surprise that he became a candidate. Samuel J. Randall, of your city, was intensely earnest on the question of sustaining the nomination, saying that the Democracy of Philadelphia had come to Harrisburg to have the matter done properly, and that if any Democratic member dared to vote against the Democratic nominee they would *"reckon him among the things of the past."* This bloody threat was loudly cheered.

The Republican caucus assembled again this morning at eight o'clock, and remained in session until eleven. The proceedings were secret, but I understand that the main part of the debate was an effort to harmonize the friends of Cameron and Wilmot. The resolution of Mr. Lowry was also discussed. Many of our friends were in favor of adopting it, but other counsels prevailed. It was evident that intimidation existed—that many of the worst and most desperate men of Philadelphia were in the city, with the avowed purpose of murdering the Democrat who dared to disown the caucus or manifest any desire to be independent. Violent threats were made against General Cameron, and it was generally threatened that in the event of his election they would pay him a visit. The General remained in town at the residence of his son, and walked around with his ebony cane as usual. It was further said that if the Governor did not take measures to protect the Legislature, its members would not be justified in avoiding an executive responsibility by a legislative act. They further contended that the canvass was Democratic, and that if the party saw fit to surround their own members with rowdies for the purpose of overawing them, it would be unjust to interfere. They expressed a decided partiality for Mr. Wilmot, and had the caucus had controlling influence in the election he would have been the candidate. Gen. Cameron, however, had been made the object of the Democratic contumely and malignity. The main fight was made against him, and accepting the issue, they placed him in nomination.

At ten o'clock the Senate assembled, but the Republican members were absent, and no organization was effected. At eleven the House assembled, but the Republican members were also absent, and, although there was a quorum without them, no business was transacted, and a recess was granted to await their return. In the meantime the hall was crowded to suffocation, many of the most notorious gentlemen of your city occupying prominent places on the floor. The window sills, desks, railings, every available and, we might say, every unavailable foot of space was covered. The Senate chamber, the rotunda, the stairs, and the pavement outside, were also crowded, and, as the hour of twelve approached, the excitement became intense. It was generally thought that the Senate would refuse to enter into a Convention, and the miscellaneous crowd was quite exasperated. Finally the Senate organized, and a rush was made to the lobby. Mr. Hamersley, the clerk, read a tedious journal to an impatient audience, when Mr. Lowry called up his resolution which had been passed to a second reading. After a little conversation it was put upon the final passage, and, to the general surprise of the outside assembly, rejected. Shortly afterwards a committee came from the House, and asked the Senate to enter with it into a joint convention. Presently the hour of twelve approached, the Senators crossed over to the House, Mr. Lawrence took the chair, and after a formal motion or two, the tellers took the places assigned them, and the clerk began to call the roll. The name of Mr. Boughter was first called, and as he voted "General Simon Cameron" there was a round of applause, this being the first indication that he was the nominee of the party. The ballot proceeded. When Mr. Laporte's name was called he voted for "William D. Kelley," amid a murmur of astonishment. When the name of the pure and incorruptible Albert R. Schofield was called, he arose, and was about to give his experience as a legislator, and more particularly how he refused to accept a hundred thousand dollars for his vote, but the House being evidently incredulous refused to hear his story, and he voted for Mr. Buckalew. As the ballot drew to a close the excitement became almost painful, the silence being unnatural and subdued. When the last vote was announced there was a hurried comparison of tallies, and a premonitory cheer. The crowd was evidently astonished at the result, there being such a rumor about the name of Cameron that they evidently expected another gunpowder plot, or something in the nature of wholesale assassination. Presently the chairman announced the result formally, and the multitude gave vent to its enthusiasm in prolonged and excited cheers. Many of the respectable members of the crowd went home in the afternoon, while the remained called upon Mr. Buckalew—shouted, screamed, and generally behaved like a Saturnalia.

Thus has ended this great canvass, and with it one of the most humiliating and shameful scenes that it was ever the lot of a Pennsylvanian to see. The capital of the State in the hands of a mob; a man holding the door of the Senate chamber; desperate mob watching each member as he spoke, and ready, in the words of Mr. Randall, if he did not speak the bidding of the caucus, "to reckon him among the things of the past." If Mr. Buckalew had not been elected there would have been a scene of blood or death. This was avowed on the streets, and those who know the men who went to Harrisburg, as well as you know them, armed