

Franklin Repository.

CHAMBERSBURG.

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 19, 1863.

UNION STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, ANDREW G. CURTIN, Centre. FOR SUPREME JUDGE, DANIEL AGNEW, Beaver.

UNION COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY, T. JEFFERSON NILL, Chambersburg. FOR PROTHONOTARY, K. SHANNON TAYLOR, Chamb. FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER, HENRY STRICKLELL, Antrim. FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, WM. G. MITCHELL, Southampton. FOR COUNTY TREASURER, JAMES G. ELDER, St. Thomas. FOR COMMISSIONER, HENRY GOOD, Quincy. FOR DIRECTOR OF THE POOR, JOHN DEBLER, Chambersburg. FOR AUDITOR, WM. S. AMBERSON, Washington.

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THE SITUATION.

The Army of the Potomac is still resting on the North side of the Rappahannock while Lee reposes on the South side. The intense heat of the last several weeks has doubtless prevented Gen. Meade from venturing on any offensive operations, and Gen. Lee is evidently too much shattered by his Pennsylvania campaign to resume the offensive. Rumors have been afloat of Lee having been largely reinforced, but we do not credit it for the very good reason that the rebels have not the troops to furnish him. Their universal conscription is a failure, and does not fill the vacancies created by desertions. Meade has been reinforced by Burnside's old Corps, not less than 10,000 strong, and returned deserters, convalescents and conscripts have swollen his ranks until he is now quite as strong as he was before the battle of Gettysburg.

The news from Charleston is especially interesting. Gen. Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren have doubtless commenced a combined attack upon the rebel works and forts, and we shall have the result in a few days. Large reinforcements have been sent to Gen. Gilmore, and he is now deemed strong enough for every emergency. We hope soon to record the fall of Charleston.

A RIOT WANTED.

The Harrisburg Patriot and Union announces with an air of fiendish triumph that "several regiments have been precipitated upon Schuylkill to enforce the draft," and in the same perfidious spirit inquires—"How does that sound? What becomes of Forney's idea that the draft is an expression of the popular will—something desired by the people, if it has to be enforced at the point of the bayonet?" Considering that the Patriot and Union has spared no pains to provoke open resistance to the draft, by its shameless perversion of the tenor and aim of the conscription act, and by its undisguised hostility to the war and the success of our army, it is not surprising that it should gloat with infernal joy over the remotest prospect of riot and murderous lawlessness within the limits of its own State. If there shall not be riots and anarchy in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, it will be no fault of the Patriot and Union, for it has appealed to every base passion, to every unholy prejudice, and now, after having aroused its dupes to the verge of resistance, it plays its last card by pointing to the bayonets it has made to glisten over its own malignant work, and seems impatient lest the bloody pageant should be averted.

The fidelity of the people of Pennsylvania to the laws, as a rule, has evidently been a source of the keenest mortification to Judge Woodward's central organ. For weeks past it has labored for a general revolution; but in no section, save in the mining regions, has there been a shadow of response to its mingled malignity and treachery. Despairing in its efforts for a sweeping hurricane of anarchy, it is still unwilling to forego entirely its treasonable enterprise, and it now

bends its energies with unrelenting fury to crimson the mining regions of Schuylkill, Luzerne, &c., with the blood of their own citizens. It well knows that there and there only is a lingering hope of lawlessness—there where free schools are contemned and the regular Democratic ticket voted with a yell, it makes its last, exhausting appeal for the deadly work of revolution to begin.

It has well selected its field of operations. If it cannot breed lawlessness in Schuylkill, then must its occupation be gone, for in no other section of the State have ignorance, prejudice and partizan hatred promised such abundant fruits of treason. In portions of Schuylkill, peopled exclusively by miners, Jeff. Davis could reign supreme, surrounded by approving subjects, as long as Frank Hughes and such echoes of his sentiments as the Patriot and Union did not invoke their prejudices against him. The writer hereof had somewhat to do with this people a year ago when the last draft was made; and in Cass township the miners stopped work and resolved that they would not be drafted, and that they would permit no resident of that district, however willing, to respond to the call of his country. In pursuance of that resolution they mobbed the cars loaded with patriotic conscripts and drove them out with pistols, knives and stones, and but for the timely interposition of the Catholic clergy, who finally brought them to peaceable submission, we should have had the riots then which the Patriot and Union so badly wants now. A little inquiry into the character, habits and prejudices of these men, and the uses for which they are employed by designing and reckless political leaders, removes all surprise at their probable attempt to defy the laws. During three years there were thirteen deliberate murders in Cass township, and not a single criminal was brought to trial. The District Attorney labored in vain to have processes served and arrests made, but the civil authorities had become completely powerless before this perpetual mob. Democratic politicians must have their votes, and they cannot hang or imprison one half and vote the balance at their pleasure, so the laws have become a by-word and mockery, while an almost unanimous Democratic vote at elections; an occasional little home riot, and now and then seasons of labor at their own prices and under their own regulations, vary the amusements of the innocent creatures upon whom several regiments of men have been "precipitated" to enforce the laws.

Gen. Whipple, the military commander at Pottsville, has already had several rifle balls "precipitated" at him by skulking assassins, and the mines have been stopped by the operatives preparatory to a general shindy when the draft is made. They are perfectly masters of law-makers, law-officers and property owners in their region; and when they want prices of goods reduced, wages raised, bosses discharged, systems revised, processes prevented, or particular laws defied, they resolve to have it done, and hitherto their decree has been final. Judges, Sheriffs, and other officers of the courts must be voted for by the enlightened and virtuous citizens of Cass and kindred townships, and when once elected it is trouble enough for the leaders to keep them in order for the next election, without exasperating them by imposing upon them the restraints and penalties of the laws. Their last resolve was against the draft—it should not be made—the conscripts should not report for duty, and all labor has been arrested to prepare for a free fight. But it seems Gen. Couch has some old-fashioned ideas about the Cass township amusements of killing, robbing and defying laws generally, and he has "precipitated" several regiments upon the exceedingly docile citizens of the mines. Instead of making speeches to them and telling them to vote the Democratic ticket and thus stop the draft and this "nigger-war," he has employed as his orators several batteries of artillery and the gleam of several thousand bayonets; and judging from the agonies of the Patriot and Union he has almost persuaded them to reputable citizenship. Whether they will submit, as do better men everywhere, or whether they will bring upon themselves the fearful consequence of lawlessness, is for the Patriot and Union, Frank Hughes,

and other owners of their prejudices to determine. If they insist upon a riot in behalf of Jeff. Davis, a small experiment can now be made in that way; but beyond a few funerals of the men who should have been hung long ago for the reckless commission of capital crimes, and the consequent reduction of Judge Woodward's vote at the next election, we don't see the profits of the transaction. The laws will be vindicated—the time has come!

CHARLES THE VALIANT.

Hon. Charles J. Biddle, whose people voted him into Congress because they believed him to be a patriot, and afterwards voted him out, decisively because they found that he wasn't, has turned up alive—a fact we announce with pleasure to our Democratic friends, especially those of the positive copperhead stripe. We had mourned Charles as dead, and would have embalmed him in history with the illustrious heroes of border defence, had we been able to discover his deeds of daring and the bloody field on which he fell. For weeks we supposed that he had fallen in some sanguinary struggle, and found a grave in some secluded spot, unwept and unsung, where he would lie monumentless and unepitaphed, because his dying valor spared no foe to record his achievements. But he is alive—thanks for that; he has written an address of five mortal columns—thanks for that; he promises to write and publish more of the same sort—our gratitude overflows!

Charles was some two months ago appointed Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He bore his honors meekly until the rebel hordes invaded Pennsylvania, when he resolved to draw his somewhat tried but still bloodless sword against the vandals who were desolating his native State. But a point of etiquette, or perhaps a grave question of political policy, confronted him. Could the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee engage in actual hostility against an invading foe without compromising his party? Charles reasoned the case, and decided that he clearly could not without a special dispensation. Whereupon Charles asked leave of his masters to fight. He would fight at the head of a division, of a brigade, of a regiment, of a company, of a squad or as a private; but fight he insisted upon and fight Charles would; and to remove all difficulty in the solution of the novel question, he proposed "to resign the position of Chairman, in order to give as a private soldier, or in any sphere that may be open, my (his) whole exertions for the defense of our invaded Commonwealth." A council was called, and the pugnacity of Charles was duly considered, and the delicate relation a fighting soldier would sustain to the leadership of the Democratic party was made the occasion of a profound consultation. How the issue might have been determined, had not Charles been pre-determined to fight, history will never know; but as he was already on record as an unrelenting belligerent, the knot had to be cut and Charles had to be allowed to go. Judge Woodward therefore said—"I cheerfully consent so far as I have any interest in your movement, to your resort to arms in the defence of the State." He probably did not know that the Nation was engaged in a deadly war to preserve the life of the Republic, and Charles evidently forgot to tell him; but he did agree that the naughty rebels should not "with impunity tread the soil of Pennsylvania."

Charles drew his sword. Placards as if by magic graced every brick-pile, mortar-bed and street corner regardless of "post no bills here," and the daily journals of the Quaker City were tuned to war by the bulletins wherewith Charles called the people to fill a regiment, of which he should be Colonel. Morning and evening notices announced how rapidly its ranks were filling up. In a little time the equanimity of the city was restored, and we supposed that side by side with the three Union League regiments, the several Coal regiments and the Grey and Blue Reserves, was the valiant Charles with his thousand heroic Copperheads; and that they had marched on with eager tread to the scene of conflict, with drums beating, banners flying and muskets gleaming. We did not see them march through Chambersburg, but we felt assured that they had

found some shorter route to meet the foe, and that where the cannon boomed loudest and the hail of leaden missiles was thickest, there was the pugnacious Charles leading his heroes and burying his dead. But the smoke of battle and the hostile tread of rebels have cleared away, and of the redoubtable Charles and his regiment, "Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note."

Neither his warlike deeds nor his death were recorded, and we mourned him as an unheralded martyr to the defence of our homes; for whether departmental, division, brigade, field or line commander, or whether "a private soldier," we did not doubt that he had gone, as bidden by Judge Woodward, "to teach the world that no hostile foe can, with impunity 'tread the soil of Pennsylvania.'" But, Charles neither marched, nor fought, nor died; neither commanded nor was commanded; but "still lives," as he did during the invasion, in peace and security in Philadelphia, as his immense address to the Democracy of the State assures us. That Charles didn't fight we rejoice, for he might have fallen, and more sense and patriotism might have appeared in Democratic addresses to defraud the voters of the State, but that he insisted upon rushing to battle, and called the world, Judge Woodward and "the rest of mankind" to witness his bloody purpose, and then quietly squelched out while thousands marched to the field without making public proclamation of their bravery, might be called by the unappreciating home-spun world a mingling of fraud, falsehood and cowardly bravado, Charles might have redeemed his military pomposity inausurably by issuing a truly patriotic address to the Democracy, and excused himself by pleading the labor of such a mammoth production; but his address is as vapory as his valor, and has not an earnest line in defence of the life of the Nation.

—Let us have a few more addresses, Charles. Hand them along!

CHARLESTON.

Charleston was the cradle of treason. It was there that the first paralytic blow was aimed at the government—there that traitors first met to counsel the severance of the States—there that the bloody drama, since enacted over the graves of two hundred thousand citizens, was first conceived—there that the insidious poison of infidelity to the Republic had been first taught, and for years poured out upon the Nation—there that Sumter fell in the first assault of armed rebels against our common flag. Since then two years of horrible, sickening war have crowded into history the most thrilling achievements and disasters known in the crimsoned records of human daring. The confines of the murderous foes of the Republic have been narrowed, and still narrowed until not a single State can point to the national ensign floating within its borders, and more than half the territory claimed and originally held by the foes of Free Government, has been permanently wrested from their fatal embrace.

Just now every patriotic heart turns with no ordinary emotion to Charleston. Hitherto it has escaped the scourge, it nursed into colossal power to desolate the homes of others, but at last the retribution of sometimes tardy but ever sleepless justice, seems to be on the eve of its relentless vindication. The handwriting has been on the wall at Gettysburg, at Vicksburg, at Port Hudson, at Helena, at Tullahoma, in characters too plain to be misunderstood; and now with Lee and his shattered columns at bay south of the Rappahannock, and Bragg and Johnston driven in confusion into the interior of the so-called confederacy, Charleston is being encircled by patriot commands on land and water; and soon we hope to see the National heart electrified with joy over the announcement that the home and hot-bed of treason has at last felt the avenging stroke, and has fallen before the gallant sons of the North.

—On the first page of to-day's paper we give an accurate and comprehensive map of Charleston, its approaches and defences, and the range of its various batteries. Our readers may readily understand the condition of affairs between the two contending armies. Gen. Beauregard commands the rebels, and it will be seen that he has every avenue bristling with his guns ready to sweep approaching par-

ties; but Gen. Gilmore, who is at least Beauregard's equal as an Engineer and as a brave and skillful commander, has made a secure lodgment on Morris Island, and now has his immense guns planted within short range of Fort Wagner, and easy range of Sumter. Since his repulse in the attempt to storm Wagner, he has been amply reinforced, so that the siege cannot possibly be raised by a sortie from the rebel works; and the Charleston papers confess that unless Gilmore is dislodged by assault, he will in his own time reduce Fort Sumter and capture the city. The iron-clads are heroically aiding Gen. Gilmore, and have several times engaged both Wagner and Sumter at a few hundred yards; and when the final attack is to be made, they will play no unimportant part in the glory of restoring the Old Flag over the last lingering hope of treason. Heaven speed the day!

UNION LEAGUES.

There should be a Union League organized in every election district of Franklin County without delay. It needs but a little effort, is attended with little or no expense, and in no way can so much effective work be done to promote the Union cause.

Union Leagues should be working institutions. With active officers and efficient committees, every vote in the district can be ascertained—the doubtful strengthened, the timid and hesitating supplied with documents, and, above all, a full vote can thus be secured in October. A full vote in Franklin, bear in mind, will give 1,000 Union majority.

Let the good work begin at once. There is no time for delay. The enemy is busy everywhere, quietly talking about taxation, debt, Abolitionism and kindred treachery to mislead honest voters against the government. Their efforts must be met sternly by the patriotic Union men, and they have but to expose the treasonable designs of Copperhead leaders, to alienate hundreds of loyal Democrats from the support of Woodward.

Sometimes public meetings are necessary or wise—sometimes not. Let the Leagues see to this, and when speakers or documents are wanted, call on the Chairman of the County Committee for them and they will be forthcoming. Now is the time to begin the work of organization, and we hope that two weeks hence will see a thoroughly officered Union League in every district in the county.

UNION COUNTY TICKET.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the proceedings of the Union County Convention, held on Monday last; and a full Union ticket is now presented to the loyal voters for their suffrages. That there are disappointments when choice has to be made from many competent, faithful and meritorious men in the selection of a ticket, is inevitable; but the chosen representatives of the party having, after consulting the preferences of the several sections of the county, presented the names on which the loyal men can best unite, and for whom they can give the best promise of success, but one duty remains—that is to sink all preferences and regrets and unite in an earnest, determined effort to give a decisive triumph to the ticket.

We have neither time nor space to review the ticket; but we can assure the Union voters of the "Green Spot" that the men upon it are honest and competent; are strong in the affections of the loyal people, and are faithful to the Union cause as the needle is to the pole. Several of them wear honorable scars and maimed limbs as the testimony of their bravery in the sanguinary field in defence of the Republic, and they will achieve a crowning victory, alike for themselves and for the government, at the polls in October next. If this ticket don't have 1,000 majority in Franklin, it will be because Union men fail to discharge their whole duty.

ORGANIZE AT ONCE!

The Union men of Franklin County now have their State and local tickets in the field, and in less than sixty days they must triumph or suffer a most disastrous, a fatal defeat, at the polls. Bear in mind that at no previous election have such grave, such vital issues been involved. If we would maintain the integrity of the

Republic, the supremacy of the laws, the cause of our soldiers doing battle for our Nationality, we must strengthen our cause by a decisive popular verdict.

Our foes will not openly assail the flag, nor will they manfully decry the cause of the country. But they will poison the public mind untiringly; they will appeal to every prejudice, to every passion, that promises to array an honest voter against the government. They will be organized in every election district, and, with an energy worthy of a better cause, they will contest our success at every step.

Let the friends of the Union commence the work of organization at once. The time is short—the duty imperative—the cause worthy of the noblest efforts of every patriot. Let it not be endangered or lost by supineness. Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty!

The Spirit has taken a spasm—but whether it was because the Union ticket was elected in Kentucky, or because General Burnside issued an order declaring that "no disloyal persons be allowed to vote," is not particularly clear from its half-column of incoherent ravings on the subject. Either would be a mortal offence to the Spirit; for if Kentucky elects an unconditional Union Governor, the last hope of Woodward perishes in Pennsylvania; and if "disloyal persons" are denied the right of suffrage in Kentucky, it might so happen in Pennsylvania, reasons the Spirit, and then Woodward would figure with a most scanty column of election returns. Besides, what business has Gen. Burnside, "or any other man," to stop "disloyal persons" from voting in Kentucky? Why stop the traitor Breckenridge's brigade, or Forrest's, or Morgan's cut-throats from stealing home into Kentucky, as they did two years ago, voting the Rebel-Democratic ticket in order to swing the State out of the Union, and then go back into the rebel ranks and help to fight her into the deadly embrace of Jeff. Davis? The Spirit insists that such restrictions upon the right of suffrage indicates "with what frightful rapidity we are drifting into despotism!" Most certainly! It is true that every criminal who cuts a throat, or steals a purse, and feels the despotism of the law in restraint of his liberty, whines just as the Spirit does. If "disloyal persons" had not been morally certain to vote the Spirit's ticket in Kentucky, its equanimity would not have been disturbed in behalf of the cowardly traitors who have but one purpose in voting, viz—to steal or defraud Kentucky out of the Union; but the case being altered, alters the case! It pronounces Gen. Burnside's order a "most alarming manifestation of usurpation" and declares that such victories "are no cause for congratulation." On the other hand the Buffalo Courier, a radical Democratic paper, declares the result in Kentucky "a victory over Secession and over Abolition, and for the Union and the laws." Has not the Spirit got tangled in this affair?

Say, Mr. Showman, which is the monkey and which the elephant? We presume the Spirit's idea is that you "pays your money and takes your choice!"

The attention of Farmers is directed to the article and illustrations on the third page of to-day's paper. Especially do we urge upon every owner or occupant of land to see to the destruction of the Canada Thistle without delay. It threatens to become one of the most dangerous foes of the Farmer in this section, unless immediate and persistent war is made upon it. If you have an indolent, thriftless neighbor who allows it to grow upon his land, and thus raise weeds to destroy the crops and pollute the farms of others, remind him of the act of assembly, and if he don't move, see that the work is done for him and that he pays so dearly for it that he will not need telling next time.

The Spirit announces that Brig. Gen. Alexander Hamilton Coffroth, M. C. from this district, did not raise a row generally about Union soldiers taking rails and butter-milk in Adams county. We stand corrected and are prepared to apologize; and as soon as convinced whether we should apologize to the General or to the people of Adams county for thus associating them, it shall be given heartily. Can the Spirit tell?