Franklin Repository.

Wednesday, October 18, 1865.

HEAR PENNSYLVANIA!

Pennsylvania is still true to her noble fame, to her heroic soldiery, to the memory of her martyred dead, to the Republic rescued from treason in the field and then threatened by the treacherous friendship of its deadly foes.

The same Democracy that proclaimed the war a failure but one year ago, turned upon its own consistent record and sought to deceive the patriotic people it could not make faithless to their government. It endorsed President Johnson, with the hope of making him perfidious in case of their success, and demanded that the authors of treason and war and our widespread bereavement, should be restored to the power they wielded for our destruction.

They appealed to every prejudice that hates even justice to the victims of slavery, and impelled thousands to vote against their own best interests lest they should be degraded by negro equality; but the profound, patriotic convictions of the people have prevailed, and once more Pennsylvania thunders that to faithful men, and not to traitors, shall the power and destiny of this government be entrusted.

The Union party occupied no doubtful position. It had no concealment—no double-dealing. It met the issues manfully and trusted to a just cause and the intelligence and virtue of the people for success. Their platform is explicit as to the true policy of the administration, and although assailed with all the ingenuity and malignity that accomplished Democratic leaders could exercise, it has triumphed solely because the people believed it Right.

—There is Pennsylvania—behold her! Her voice is one of admonition to her Rulers, to the South, to the Democracy, and one that bids loyal men be of good cheer and hope confidently for the full fruition of the causeless, bloody war with which treason appalled the Nation. Let the doubting look to her sturdy sons—ever slow to accept but equally slow to surrender—and go forward in renewed faith that the Republic lives!

REVENGEFUL JEREMIAH.

Hon. Jere S. Black is revengeful—fearfully, relentlessly revengeful. He was once great when he was himself. When he drew in the sweet, pure air of his mountain home, and administered justice to trespassers, violaters of the peace and small felons, he was mighty, and serene in his greatness. But sad days dawned upon him. Ambition seized him and he became the toy of politicians. He gazed with longing eyes on a seat in the United States Senate, but gazed in vain. He reached the Chief Justiceship of the State only to feel that it was an empty bauble, while the honors for which his heart yearned were still denied him. At last, in an evil hour, he was called to the Buchanan cabinet, and from thence may be dated the decline of all his hopes. His towering genius was perverted to the strange treachery of Democracy, and instead of leading it to fidelity and greatness, he trembingly, blindly followed it into the very valley of death. In his high official trust, charged with the exposition of the powers of the government, he persistently denied its right to preserve its own existence, and while the hearts of millions of loyal men were chilled to despair by his war upon the very government whose life was in his hands, there was joy in every perfidious household at his official suicide. In the fulness of time, his official trust ended, and hope dawned upon our National life. Long and bloody was the struggle that followed to dethrone the treason him and his party had created and made mighty; and throughout that terrible contest, with the very existence of the Republic at times trembling in the scale, not one word came from the lips or pen of Judge Black that did not cheer the traitor in his murderous work. He seemed to hate his country when it triumphed, and his affections followed treason—apologized for it, extenuated its crimes, plead its cause, and ever chilled the hopes of faithful men. He seemed revengeful then—revengeful upon the institutions which rescued him from obscurity and made him great; and now, since his country has triumphed in spite of himself, he is revengeful still. His mind, once clear, logical and gigantic, whether in defence of falacy or fact, seems now—

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

He wanders in chaotic madness over the issues arising from conquered rebellious States, and ends in revengeful maledictions upon the very traitors whose cause he loves to defend.

But once during the late campaign did the Democracy allow him to peril its success by his lingering obliquity of inexorable events. He tried to fasten the fatal fangs of his heresies upon the Democratic State Convention; but they heard him patiently and in silence and sorrow voted him down. Determined that his smothered vengeance should have some play before the campaign closed, he rushed to Williamsport and dealt out vituperation and revenge in mingled accents until he dispelled the last hope of Democratic success in that region. There were hopeful Democratic legislative candidates there, who had been beaten by nominal majorities a year ago; but they were crushed by Jeremiah's billinsgate and the power of the Union party as if between the upper and the nether mill-stones.

The Union party, which has controlled the loyal States during four years past, and to which all rational opponents yield a decent respect, was denounced as an organization that "cursed the Constitution "and blasphemed christianity—habitually "slandered the best men of the country "and sung hymns of praise to the memory "of a common thief." Such is the party, says the revengeful Jeremiah, that has been "preying" upon the Nation for four years past. It has, according to his eminently chaste and dignified address, done nought but evil; has oppressed the meek and virtuous sons of the South; butchered their warriors and desolated their homes, merely because they fired upon our flag, plundered our mints and arsenals, and made war upon the constitutional government. For treason he has every plea of defence—for loyalty he has every vile epithet the pot-house lounger could whisper in his ear. But when he exhausts his blackguardism on loyal men, he turns with unmeasured vengeance upon his own friends and demands that death shall go forth to every Southern home that can furnish its occupant, and leave none to tell the history of the departed. His is vengeance intensified. After sweeping a flood of vituperation over the North, he turns upon the South with that hatred that can only be the offspring of unrequited love, and none seems so favored as to escape the fearful sweep of his judgment unto death. He swears—

"Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much;
And I will not abate a single groan!"

In phrenzied hate he proclaims that there is but one government that the Democracy can sanction, "and that is the "old Constitution." "We would give "them this," he thunders, "because we "are *sworn* to administer no other to any "community * * * and any policy not "sanctioned by it must have perjury for "its corner-stone." Again he declares that "if the paramount authority of the Con-"stitution in the Southern States" was not the object of the war, "they confess "that they have obtained $4,000,000,000 "and a half a million of lives upon false "pretences." In seasons of victory most men relent upon their foes, and magnanimity is a virtue that Nations are free to boast of: but Jeremiah knows only revenge—dire, deep, deadly revenge. He seems to have but one cry—

"I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more!"

It is denominated in the bond which he demands to the uttermost—in the constitution which he pronounces perjury to disregard, that "treason against the United "States shall consist only in levying war "against them, or in adhering to their ene-"mies, giving them aid and comfort," and Congress in obedience to the clause requiring it to "declare the punishment of "treason," has long since pronounced it "DEATH!" While many cry peace and forgiveness, Jeremiah would "pour the "sweet milk of concord into hell" and drive all unity from earth. It is denominated in the bond that traitors shall die, and he would find consolation only in a whirlwind of death from the border States to the Gulf. To do aught else he pronounces "perjury"—yea more—it is mocking the sorrows of the bereaved in the North and stamping their untimely graves as the fruits of "false pretences." They must therefore die—the bond so demands it, and Jeremiah can be jolly only as its last fibre of flesh is devoted to the scales.—He presents no one to plead as did fair Partia of old; but flesh and blood and life must be the appalling atonement, as he shuts the "gates of mercy on mankind!" Woe to the sad child of the sunny South, since Jeremiah has decreed his fate, for henceforth he must flee from home deluged by death for there he shall find—

"The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind!"

We turn from this crimsoned chapter of our future history as the revengeful Jeremiah paints it, with feelings of relief. Not alone to the once lordly Southern does he breathe his vengeance, but the sable slave, excites his keenest hatred and arouses his fiercest denunciation.—He cannot doom him to the gibbet, for the law does not so provide for the crime of *accepting his freedom by the overthrow* of treason. But the black man is untutored; our laws forbid that the slave should write his name or read the inspired word, and now that he may acquire both and make himself measurably a man, Jeremiah hates him and fears him. He protests that the white race shall not be "humiliated by sneaking behind the ne-"gro and getting him to govern us."—Perhaps not. There are many who might well take refuge by "sneaking behind" the manhood of the negro, and he must be a degraded shoat of the race indeed who could not thus shelter a great lawgiver who trembles at the liberation of a degraded race, lest the bondman shall win the right to a voice in the government. Whatever may be the future of the negro he has made a record which in history will shame the perfidy of men like Judge Black, who knew better but did it not. In the language of the martyr Lincoln—"there will be some black men who "can remember that with silent tongue, "and clenched teeth and steady eye, and "well poised bayonet, they have helped "mankind on to this great consummation. "while I fear there will be *some white ones* "*unable to forget that with malignant* "*heart and deceitful speech, they have* "*striven to hinder it!*

But Judge Black's revenge does not stop with the rebel and the negro. He seems to hate President Johnson and spares him not in his general tirade against mankind. He did not traduce the President, for that would have been a kindness; but he declared that Mr. Johnson "does most "heartily concur" in all his vituperation against his party. "When I give you this "assurance," continues Jeremiah, "you "are not to understand me as speaking "from rumor, or report, or common fame—"I know whereof I affirm." This was the most malignant of all the malignant vagaries of the speech, for in the doctrines enunciated by Judge Black there is not one to which the President has given his sanction. We charitably suggest to the revengeful Jeremiah that his vengeance should have some sort of bounds. He won't spare the Democracy, nor the Southerners, nor the negroes, nor himself, nor the President; but we beg of him to leave some monument of his kindness—say Captain Werze, for instance, or J. Wilkes Booth, and let him make his record that these he loved while he remorselessly persecuted all the rest of the human race!

THE VERDICT OF 1865.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut held their State elections prior to Tuesday of last week, and the Union men gained in Congressmen and swept every State.

Pennsylvania elected a Union Auditor General, Surveyor General and about 37 majority on joint ballot in the legislature. The State ticket is chosen by from 15,000 to 20,000 with a very light vote.

In Ohio the vote is very light and the Democratic candidate, Gen. Morgan, being much less objectionable than Vallandigham, the Union majority is reduced to about 30,000. The Democrats made an exhausting effort, and elect as near nothing as possible.

In Iowa the Democrats nominated a General also and endorsed President Johnson, hoping therely to deceive many Union voters, but they are defeated by from 20,000 to 25,000.

In California there was no state ticket to elect, but two-thirds of the members of the legislature chosen are Union thus settling another coppery as Senator—Mr. McDougal.

In old Virginia the rebel-Democracy have elected several members of Congress, but as they won't get in, its no odds, as Toots would say. No where out of rebeldom has Democracy vegetated this year!

They will have their fun down East. One of their standing annual jokes is the nomination of a Democratic State ticket in Massachusetts, and this year they have perpetrated the joke of a gubernatorial nomination on Maj. Gen. D. N. Couch, once the clever commander of the Department of the Susquehanna, with head-quarters in Chambersburg, according to general orders, but occasionally on the wing in point of fact. We congratulate the Democracy of Massachusetts on their substantial advancement as manifested in selecting a candidate for Governor who proved his loyalty on many sanguinary fields, on the stump, by his votes for Curtin and Lincoln, and by his manly enforcement of law and order among the lawless copperheads of North-eastern Pennsylvania. As the Democracy of Massachusetts is a very small institution and extremely youthful in success, it is naturally impressible and goes right and right wrong and sometimes a little of both without serious inconvenience and material damage to its prospects. This year it has a good candidate and a good platform considering its parentage, and it may come within fifty thousand of success, which would be a clever gain on last year. We also congratulate our old friend Gen. Couch on the prospect of not being elected Governor this year. If he will keep at it, however, he might be elected sometime in the next forty years, as he might be struck by lightning some fine frosty New Year's morning. Marcus Morton tried it thirteen times and finally made it by one vote, and he thereafter atoned for the stain to Massachusetts by joining the Republican party. Gov. Boutwell also made it over Gov. Winthop, who had became so sublimated as to deny that the world moved, and he was accordingly left behind; but Boutwell made haste also to wipe out the blot of Democratic success by joining the Republican party, and now is one of the first New England Republicans in Congress. We promise to be with Gen. Couch at his inauguration as Governor—when he is elected, and if military will be deemed in order, the home guards of Chambersburg, with whom we have occasionally marched and frequently fled, will be on hand to grace the imposing ceremonies.

There seems to be no limit to the fatality that follows the ambition of the Woodwards. Chief Justice Woodward was defeated for U. S. Senator when regularly nominated and his party in power; was subsequently rejected by the United States Senate when nominated by President Polk as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and again rejected by the people in 1863 when presented for Governor. Weary of defeats with the father, and desiring in some measure to retrieve his memory, the Democracy of Luzerne, his home, nominated his son Stanley for the Senate this fall, and the people of that strong Democratic county have rejected him by 235 majority, while the rest of the Democratic ticket is elected. Verily the sour grapes which the father has taken has set his children's teeth on edge.

We give elsewhere in to-day's paper the particulars of a terrible accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Lancaster on Saturday last, by which nine persons were killed and quite a number wounded. Among the killed we are pained to record the names of Col. Wm. Butler and wife of Lewistown, Mr. L. Butler, of Carbon, Clerk in the Surveyor General's office and formerly member of the House, and Mrs. Barr, wife of Colonel James P. Barr, Surveyor General of the State and Editor of the Pittsburg *Post*. Col. Butler was one of the most prominent citizens of the interior of the State and held the position of Whiskey Inspector under Gov. Curtin. Some eight or ten persons from Chambersburg were on the train, but all escaped entirely but Mr. John K. Shryock, who received a slight flesh wound in the leg.

Hon. Jere S. Black don't seem to be of a forgiving disposition. The Democratic party has labored industriously for its own sake to consign Buchanan and Black to forgetfulness, and only at the late State Convention refused to accept his heresies. Some men under such circumstances would try to forget their own history; but Jere is revengeful, and he plunged into a most vituperative speech in Williamsport before the late election, and left the Democracy just about no majority in Lycoming where they had 900 last year. We forgive Jere if the Democracy will!

In spite of the most unscrupulous efforts to defeat him, Morton McMichael is chosen Mayor of Philadelphia by over 5,000 majority. Although he has given the best energies of his life to defend the great industrial interests of Philadelphia and the country on all occasions, he was assailed persistently and bitterly as the foe of the laboring classes, and while most of them disregarded these falsehoods, still a few were deluded to vote against their best and ablest friend. It will be a matter of congratulation among the Union men of the State that Mr. McMichael is chosen to the Chief Magistracy of the great emporium of the State. He will discharge the grave duties assigned him with dignity, ability and fidelity, and maintain the high character of Philadelphia for devotion to order and law.

Wm. B. Mann is their steady through nag in Philadelphia, when the Union men want to give the Democracy an extra flagelation. He has 8,080 majority, the largest ever given to a local candidate since 1854, and of course is the highest man on either ticket. He is chosen to the fourth term of the District Attorneyship, and was the wheel-horse to carry various crippled candidates through. In thus honoring Wm. B. Mann Philadelphia does but honor to herself. We would be glad to know whether one Isaac Newton Brown was really running against him, or, being the son of his mother, did he refuse to serve his country in office, as he refused to serve in the field? If there is any other Brown who has ever been done Browner than Isaac Newton, we should be glad to hear of him.

William M'Lellan is defeated for Assembly, and the result is one of uncommon significance. No one is more respected as a citizen—none more blameless in character, none conceded more integrity of purpose, and no one in ten years past has had so many reluctant votes cast against him. He could have gone to the legislature almost any time during the last fifteen years while acting against the Democratic party, and now, when he accepted the nomination rather to serve others, as he believed, than to serve himself, he is defeated. Such a result teaches how earnestness of conviction prevails just now over all personal considerations, and how devoted are the people to the fulfilment of the just teachings of war.

Bedford gives about one-fifth the Democratic majority it gave last October, and as the *Gazette* insists that the soldier vote was pretty much all fraudulent, the revolution must have been fairly worked out by the Union men at home. The *Gazette* helped very much by its floods of coppery venom which impelled many men to revolt and vote the Union ticket. If the *Gazette* wants the particulars of the revolution in that county we affectionately refer it to Mr. *john cessna*, who, as we learn from several coppery journals, is chairman of the Union State Committee, and sometimes resides in Bedford.

The "mule ticket" came out about nowhere in Dauphin county—the regular Union candidates going through by over 1,200 and Col. Alleman figures at the tail end of the candidates. We commend the perusal of the letter from "Horace" to all who are particularly desirous *not* to know what the local fight in Dauphin county was about. He seems to have had much trouble on the subject and learned just nothing about it. We must beg the ambitious politicians of Harrisburg to let our correspondent alone hereafter, or one of these days his letter may date from the Insane Asylum.

We think that Mr. Cessna has been remiss in not furnishing the *Age* with reliable election returns. On Wednesday morning it announced that the result "indicates the election of the Democratic candidates," and on Thursday morning it declared that "a day or two will probably show who is victor." Cessna should send one of his obliging Secretaries at once to the *Age* office and give it the information that the Democracy were not running candidates this year of any account.

We class Mr. Duncan as Senator elect, although there is reasonable hope that Mr. M'Conaughy is chosen. Duncan has 91 majority on home vote in Adams—where some Union men helped to strike down their own candidate and fellow-citizen, and M'Conaughy has 57 in Franklin. If the 77th Regiment, now in Texas, has voted, it will settle the matter in favor of M'Conaughy. We prefer, however, to err on the safe side, and if correction is to be made it will be an agreeable task.

Hon. John Cessna has more than met the expectations of the loyal men of the State in the energy and skill with which he directed the late contest. His addresses were plain and to the point—stating the issues so that he who runs could read, and his organization was as thorough as effort could make it in a sluggish campaign. He may well be proud of his victory, and his own home has crowned his laurels by giving the Union ticket the best vote it has cast since the war commenced.

Information is wanted of the soldiers recognized by the Bedford *Gazette* "as among the bravest and most gallant men who went out to fight under the flag of our country," who addressed the people of Bedford in support of the copperheads. They seem to have forgotten to vote themselves or they have made a mistake in their tickets. The *Gazette* will please leave the information with Mr. Cessna.

In 1861 Franklin rejected Mr. Augustus Duncan for Associate Judge by 100 or so; this year Adams has rejected Mr. Wm. Duncan for District Attorney, and Mr. Calvin M. Duncan is probably rejected for Senator. If there are any more Duncans, we beg the Democracy to hand them along!

Quincy gave Duncan a little of the hair of the dog that bit Sharpe on Convention day, and the antidote seems to have been as deadly as the disease. Last year Quincy gave 118—this year 85.

The Pittsburg *Post* treats as a "most remarkable feature" of the late election "the extraordinary vitality exhibited by the Democratic party." As it has carried about next to nothing and but little of that, for people who like that sort of vitality it is, we presume, just the sort of vitality such people like. How many more such exhibitions of vitality would it take to leave but the blotted history of Democracy?

The legislature is more decidedly Union than last year. The last House had 24 Union majority, and we gain one here, one in Adams and one in Armstrong, which makes the Union majority in the House 30. The Senate will have 7 Union majority if Duncan is chosen, and 9 if M'Conaughy is elected. The Union majority on joint ballot will not be less than 37—enough for all practical purposes.

The "Young Guard" is becoming ambitious of her old-time fame. For three years Adams elected the whole Democratic ticket by majorities of from 300 to 500; but this year the Democratic State ticket has but a nominal majority, and the Union candidates for Assembly, Prothonotary and District Attorney are elected. We welcome the "Young Guard" back to her early love.

The official returns from forty-two counties of our State show a Union gain of 20,340 as compared with the vote for Auditor General in 1862, when Slenker, Dem., carried the State by 3.382. The twenty-four counties yet to be officially heard from will, in all probability, add 5,000 votes more, which will make the total Union majority for the State ticket 22,000.

The defeat of Col. D. Watson Rowe, although pretty certain to be remedied by the army, was a most ungracious act of our scratching Union voters. No man has deserved better of the Union party. He has vindicated their cause heroically in the field and eloquently at home, while his opponent had the least possible claims upon Union men.

The Copperheads do not like the President's speech to the colored men of Washington, and some of them begin to fancy that they have been too hasty in endorsing him. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"The President's speech to-day caused much grumbling among the Copperheads here, who are making a show of endorsing his policy. Expecting something from which they could extract consolation for their present political sacrifices, quite a number were on the ground: but when the President gave utterance to the sentiment that "he who was the most virtuous and the most intelligent would be most exalted and occupy the highest position, without regard to color," these snakes were so ungracious as to hiss, and when His excellency went so far as to call the black veterans before him "his countrymen," they turned on their heels and left in disgust. The colored people cheered the President heartily, and received his remarks with enthusiasm."

Up to Friday week, President Johnson had signed two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pardons, more than three-fifths of which were granted within the past ten days. The business averages from fifty to one hundred and fifty per day, and yet the number issued does not equal one-sixth of the applications on file. Among those recently pardoned is L. Pope Walker, the first Confederate Secretary of War. It is stated that the Cabinet have declined to recommend the pardon of any of the excepted classes except those known as the twenty thousand dollar class. All other applications are filed away separately by the Attorney General for future consideration.

The colored population of Washingotn had a grand jubilee last week, the occasion being the public reception of the First District of Columbia Colored Regiment, which recently returned from the South. The command marched to the Executive Mansion, and were addressed by President Johnson, who thanked the troops for the services they had rendered. He said this was the country of all within its limit, without reference to color. In concluding he gave them some wholesome advice, inculcating the importance of honesty, industry and virtue, and the necessity of showing by their conduct that they are worthy of freedom.

The following resolution, adopted by the Convention which nominated our State ticket, has just been endorsed by a majority very nearly as large as that given to Lincoln last year. Read it:

3. That the mild and generous method of reconstruction offered by the President to the people lately in rebellion, in the judgment of this Convention, has not been accepted in the spirit of honest loyalty and gratitude, but with some evidence of defiance and hostility as to impel us to the conviction that they cannot safely be entrusted with the political rights which they have forfeited by their treason, until they have proven their acceptance of the results of the war, by incorporating them in constitutional provisions, and securing to all men within their borders their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We welcome back to the editorial chair of the Hagerstown *Herald* John M'Curdy, Esq. He is one of the ablest of our political editors, and as worthy as he is able. We wish him abundant success, and doubt not that he will receive it.

Up to the present time 1,578 National Banks have been chartered by the Treasury Department. These banks have an aggregate capital of $398,264,213, with a circulation of $174,182,630.

The specie captured with Jeff. Davis is estimated at more than $100,000 in value.

HARRISBURG.

Return of Horace—His Welcome—Confusion on the Mule and Anti-Mule Question—Cooped and Voted—Defeat of the Mule Ticket—Struggle for the Post Office—The Next Legislature, &c.

Correspondence of the Franklin Repository.

NO. XXXIII.] HARRISBURG, October 14, 1865.

In obedience to orders from the Senior requiring me to proceed to this place and report in writing to head-quarters occasionally or oftener, I am here in person, in good condition, with abundance of stationary and steel pens, and you will please kick aside your personals, politicals, &c., and let me in as of yore. Since my last epistle chronicling the adjournment and dispersion of the legislature, I have had enough vicissitudes to crowd a volume. I ran the oil regions through, had takes in various wells which produced anything but oil and gold; sported in the lake region where I shook hands with Cochran of Erie and bought another mule at a government sale; scaled the White Mountains in search of the fugitive health; plunged into "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste" because it is fashionable; took a flying trip over the green prairies of the West, and finally got back just in time to save the Republicans in the State by one or two of my most eloquent speeches delivered in rural school-houses. I am now a fixture for the fall and winter season, and your readers will hear from me oftener perhaps than they will care to read.

Having been absent from the capital for some months, I was confused and worse confounded when I returned and made some effort to get the hang of local politics. The first friend I met was brother Bergner who immediately grasped me with both hands and put the momentous query—was I mule or anti-mule? Not knowing that I belonged either immediately or remotely to that philosophical class of creation, I supposed that Bergner had been shut up in the Insane Asylum during my absence, and had just escaped; but he looked sober, grave and rational and pressed upon me mule or anti-mule. I tried to expostulate, to insist that I had not been transferred into one of the long-eared gentry and didn't mean to be; but still with distended eyes and increased grasp of my hands, he answered only—mule or anti-mule! Noticing great drops of sweat coursing their way down his finely chiseled face, I begged him to be seated, and inform me how many mules he wanted; how may be had to deliver, what time he had for the delivery, what margin he had on the contract, and who all were in with him; but his eyes beamed back indignant flashes as he thundered—"no horse mules—that's played out—votes! *votes!* VOTES!—mule votes, are threatening the harmony of the party, the harmony of the Post office, the harmony of the next United States Senator, the harmony, in short, of all mundane hopes!—*are* you mule or anti-mule?" Bewildered, and agonized I begged to have ten seconds for reflection. "Reflect," said the perspiring brother, "but are you mule or anti-mule?"—We separated from each others' embrace, and bent our steps in our own ways, when Bomberger greeted me with his blandest smile and uttered the pregnant inquiry—mule or anti-mule. Ere I could answer, Kunkel with cool, measured step was by my side and grasping me by the buttonhole, whirled me around the corner and thundered in my ear, with frightful gesture—mule or anti-mule?—how goes the REPOSITORY? I begged him to allow me to breathe, to understand that the REPOSITORY had not gone any where in particular since it was burnt out when it went down town, and that there wasn't a mule of the regular species either at the flitting or about the establishment to the best of my knowledge and belief. "Tis well" he responded in deep, funereal tones, and would have added more, but Cameron just then stood between us, lifted his hat to your correspondent higher than ever before, and begged me to honor him by an immediate visit to Lochiel where we should have a feast of mules and a flow of wine. We took the flow, and had the feast—mules for soup, mules for fish, mules for the heavy courses and mules for desert. In vain did I plead that I was no contractor—that I didn't know a mule from a Winnebago, and that I "wot not of" the pressing issue of long ears or short ears. But still the same interrogatory was thundered in my distracted ears—mule or anti-mule? I begged for explanation, but mule or anti-mule was the only explanation I could get, as it came in plain, vexed, and cork-screw interrogatories.—In a fit of phrenzy I rushed out hatless, and Cameron after me, bearing on a banner this strange device—"Excelsior—anti-mule." Panting, weary, confused and well nigh crazed, I reached my room, sent for sixteen waitors and begged of them to tell me what great discord socially, politically, financially or otherwise the mule had produced in Harrisburg. Whereupon I was informed that there was a mule ticket—a cross of Alleman and Heck running against the regular Union nominees for the legislature, and that one or the other of the tickets would probably be elected. So the problem was solved—there was a mule ticket and an anti-mule ticket, and one ran one way for Senator and the other didn't.

I did not recover my equanimity in time to vote intelligently, but was cooped while some oysters had temporarily flew to my head, and voted mdependently as somebody put me through, innocent of mule or anti-mule; but I must have gone anti, for the anties have it by something like forty thousand—more or less. The general impression is that the mule ticket is beaten mainly for want of votes.

I am grieved to learn that pretty much everybody, most of their relations and a considerable slice of the rest of mankind, have signed a petition in favor of Gen. Knipe for Post Master.—Knipe going in would not be a matter of serious moment, but brother Bergner don't relish going out, and there's the rub. The tale of the mule fight is therefore transfered to Washington, and my impression is that if Bergner goes out Knipe will go in, and that if Knipe stays out, Bergner will probably stay in. In this I may be mistaken, but if so, there are many more sagacious men cruelly deceived.

—The legislature is largely Republican in both branches, and the State is sufficiently Republican to demonstrate that there is not enough of vitality left in the Democracy to enable it to make a respectable contest for Governor next year. Kemble will, of course be re-elected State Treasurer; Fleming, Speaker of the Senate and Hamersly Clerk. In the House the Speakership will be contested by Kelly of Washington, Glass of Allegheny and Negley of Butler, two of which will pretty certainly be defeated. The west will most likely in the end concentrate on Kelly, who is an able, dignified and in all respects a competent gentleman. I presume that there will be no opposition to the re-election of Father Benedict as Clerk. HORACE.

WASHINGTON.

Preparations for the Meeting of Congress—The Triumph of the Union Party—The Pardon Business—The Werze Trial—The Freedmen.

Correspondence of the Franklin Repository.

NO. L.] WASHINGTON CITY, October 14, 1865.

We return to the city and find it about the same as when we went away. Everybody is busily engaged in preparing for Congress, and all expect to reap a rich harvest, as there is every prospect of a crowded city. The hotels are already full, and quarters for the winter are being engaged very extensively all over the city. Owing to the enormous influx of Southerners, and their engagement of rooms for many months ahead, we opine that the city will be even more crowded than last winter. In fact there is but few rooms, conveniently located and well furnished, now to be had, and the prices asked are enormous. To rent a good, comfortable house, is out of the question.

The late glorious triumph of the Union party in Pennsylvania causes much comment among all classes here. The friends of the Administration and of the departed Lincoln did not look for such a glorious victory. The Copperheads felt sure of carrying the day, and consequently feel sore over such a disagreeable defeat as they met last Tuesday. We can also see upon the faces of many of the Southerners a doleful grin over it. Lately they have been very bold and defiant. They go right up squarely to the President and demand a pardon as a matter of right—a thing they are entitled to at once. If the President does not heed their request they openly insult him. But a few days since a noted rebel, not meeting with success in his endeavors to secure a pardon, marched boldly up and addressed the President thus: "I thank you, Mr. President, for my pardon; I am now a good Union man; have taken the oath and am one of you; but Mr. President did not Stonewall Jackson give us hell in the valley?" The man was shown the door, but not until quietly applauded by many of the same sort of Southerners standing round him.

The pardon business is still continued and there is grounds on which to base a statement, that a general amnesty proclamation will in a short time be issued. Whether Jeff. Davis will be included in it we do not know, but we do know that should such be the case it will cause much disappointment among the people all over the country and there is much dissatisfaction already because he has not been tried long since. Should the government not deal out a traitor's death to some of the important ringleaders of the rebellion, we feel safe in predicting that unless Davis, Lee and many others of the same class clear the country at once, they will meet with the rewards due them at the hands of some soldier who is now dragging out a miserable existance caused by inhuman treatment received in the Andersonville prison pen, or by some father made childless, or some child fatherless by this cruel war commenced and carried on by these leaders to whom the Government at the present time seems as if about to extend pardon and forgiveness for all their past sins and misery caused throughout the land.

The Werze trial is nearly ended. On next Wednesday the Judge Advocate will deliver the arguments for and against the prisoner. Baker the prisoner's counsel to-day abandoned the case, leaving the Judge Advocate to sum up both sides. It is estimated that the cost of this trial will be over one hundred thousand dollars.

The number of Freedmen under charge of Col Eaton in the Washington District is 34,308. It would be a good idea to try and get a portion of these people sent to some place where their labor is in demand. There is nothing in the world for half of them to do here. The demand for their services in very large, but the Freedmen will in very few cases leave the district preferring to remain and trust to chance and Uncle Sam to get their shelter and subsistance. We think that as long as there is so much demand for their labor at other points it is very unwise in the Freedmen's Bureau providing them with quarters for so trifling a sum and encouraging them to stay when the fact is so palpable that there is no work here for them. Unless it be for the old, the sick or orphan children the Bureau should not provide quarters at any price and compel them to accept the office of farmers elsewhere. S. C.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The following is a complete list of the members elect to the legislature of 1866. The only possible variations may be in the Clearfield, Elk and Forrest Assembly district, where there was a triangular fight, and we have no returns, but we guess that Dr. Early is chosen, and in this Senatorial district, where there is some hope that the army vote may defeat Duncan and elect M'Conaughy. Last year the Senate stood 19 Union to 14 Democrats—the new Senate, conceding Duncan's election, will stand 20 Union to 13 Democrats—a gain of one in Luzerne county, where young Woodward is beaten. The Union majority in the Senate is therefore certainly 7, and may be 9. In the House the Union majority was 24 last year, and we gain one in Adams, one in Perry and one in Armstrong, which makes the majority 30, and 37 on joint ballot. We subjoin the list of members. Those marked with a star (*) were members last year, and those marked with a dagger (†) were members previously:

SENATE.

1. Jere. Nichols, U.
2. Jacob E Ridgway,* U.
3. C. M. Donovan, D.
4. George Connell,* U.
5. W. Worthington, U.
Horace Royer, U.
6. Oliver P. James, D.
7. Geo. B. Schall, D.
8. Heister Clymer, D.
9. Wm. M. Randall, D.
10. H. B. Beardsley, D.
11. George Landon,† U.
12. L. D. Shoemaker, U.
13. Capt. Warren Cowles, U.
14. John Walls, D.
15. D. Montgomery, D.
16. D. Fleming, U.
17. B. Champneys, U.
John M. Dunlap, U.
18. A. Heistand Glatz,† D.
19. Calvin M. Duncan, D.
20. Geo. W. Householder, U.
21. Louis W. Hall, U.
Kirk Haines, U.
22. Gen. Harry White,† U.
23. Wm. A. Wallace,* D.
24. John Latta, D.
25. J. L. Graham,* U.
Thomas J. Bigham, U.
26. Wm. Hopkins, D.
27. Rev. R. A. Brown, U.
28. Thomas Hoge, U.
29. Morrow B. Lowery, U.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Philadelphia.
1. George W. Ghegan, U.
2. W. H. Ruddiman,* U.
3. Samuel Josephs,* D.
4. Wm. W. Watt,* U.
5. Joseph T. Thomas,* U.
6. James Freeborn,* U.
7. James Subers, U.
8. James N. Kerns,* U.
9. Geo. A. Quigley,* D.
10. Elisha W. Davis,† U.
11. F. D. Sterner,* U.
12. Alexander Adair, U.
13. Jaines Donnelly,* D.
14. Francis Hood,* U.
15. Geo. DeHaven, Jr.* U.
16. David A. Wallace, U.
17. Edward G. Lee,* U.
18. James N. Marks. U.

Allegheny.
Alfred Slack,* U.
John P. Glass,* U.
G. Y. M'Kee,* U.
H. B. Herron,* U.
J. D. Danks, U.
David Shaffer, U.

Adams.
Lieut. Philip S. Houck, U.

Armstrong.
Lieut. Frank Mechling, U.

Berks.
Frederick Harmer,* D.
Henry B. Rhoades,* D.
John Missimer,* D.

Blair.
Joseph G. Adlum,* U.

Bradford and Sullivan.
Lorenzo Grinnel,* U.
G. Wayne Kinney, U.

Bucks.
Luther Calvin,* D.
F. W. Headman,* D.

Cambria.
Cyrus L. Pershing,* D.

Carbon and Monroe.
Allen Craig, D.

Centre.
Fred'k Kurtz, D.

Chester.
Nathan J. Sharpless,* U.
N. A. Pennypacker,* U.
W. B. Waddell,* U.

Clarion and Jefferson.
W. W. Barr,* D.

Clearfield Elk and Forrest.
Dr. R. C. Early,† D.

Clinton Cameron & M'Kean.
E. B. Eldred,* D.

Columbia and Montour.
W. H. Jacoby,* D.

Crawford.
J. C. Sturdevant,* U.
Geo. H. Bemus,* U.

Cumberland.
Philip Long, D.

Dauphin.
Henry B. Hoffman, U.
Dr. J. Seiler, U.

Delaware.
Ellwood Tyson,* U.

Erie.
Col. D. B. M'Creary, U.
Col. O. S. Woodward, U.

Fayette.
Charles E. Boyle, D.

Greene.
Thomas Rose,* D.

Huntingdon Mifflin and Juniata.
Ephraim Baker, U.
James M. Brown, U.

Indiana and Westmorland.
J. R. M'Afee,* U.
James M'Elroy,* U.
George E. Smith,* U.

Lancaster.
Maj. R. W. Shenk,* U.
Capt. Chas. Dennes,* U.
Day Wood,* U.
John M. Stehman, U.

Lebanon.
Capt. Jacob Meily, U.

Lehigh.
Nelson Weiser,* D.
James F. Kline,* D.

Luzerne.
Anthony Grady,* D.
Daniel F. Seybert,* D.
David S. Koon,* D.

Lycoming, Union & Snyder.
S. C. Wingard, U.
Capt. D. A. Irwin, U.
Dr. Isaac Rothrock, U.

Mercer, Lawrence & Butler.
Josiah M'Therrin, U.
Samuel M'Kinley,* U.
John H. Negley,* U.
Henry Pillow, U.

Montgomery.
Dr. A. D. Marclay,* D.
Ed. Satterthwait,* D.

Northampton.
Oliver H. Myers, D.
T. D. Barrington, D.

Northumberland.
Charles W. Tharp, D.

Perry and Franklin.
Col. F. S. Stumbaugh, U.
Capt. Geo. A. Shuman, U.

Schuylkill.
Dr. K. Robinson, D.
John M. Crosland, D.
Peter J. Collins, D.

Somerset, Bedford & Fulton.
Moses A. Ross,* U.
D. B. Armstrong,* U.

Susquehanna and Wyoming.
J. T. Cameron, U.
Peter M. Osterhout,* U.

Tioga and Potter.
Dr. Wm. T. Humphrey, U.
John S. Mann, U.

Venango and Warren.
W. L. Wham, U.
Col. H. Allen, U.

Washington and Beaver.
James R. Kelly,* U.
Joseph B. Welsh,* U.
M. S. Quay,* U.

Wayne and Pike.
William N. Nelson,* D.

York.
James Cameron,* D.
A. S. Lawrence, D.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On last Tuesday evening a personage well known in this State by the assumed name of D. Mocracy, died very suddenly. He had received severe injuries last fall by coming in contact with several soldiers, but it was supposed that he had entirely recovered, as for weeks before his death he was in apparent good health, although keen observers noticed a demoralization of his physical system. He was noted during his eventful life for the number of changes he made in his name and clothes. For the past four years he sported a suit of grey, but at the time of his death had on a blue coat, although it is asserted that his much loved grey coat was worn next his skin. It is thought by some that his sudden death was hastened by his being smothered under a number of blue coats. An inquest on his remains was held at the Y. M. D. C. room at an early hour on Wednesday morning, and after the jury had retired to the *Intelligencer* office, they returned the peculiar verdict of "died from a want of votes." This verdict was only arrived at after considerable cyphering, and the reading of several telegraphic despatches from different parts of the State, where the dead man was well known—Although D. Mocracy was but the assumed name of the deceased, it is hard to tell what his right name was, as he had different names in different localities. A great many well informed persons say that his real name was C. Sesh; others are as positive that his proper name was R.