



Original Poetry.

McClellan's Spirit at Gettysburg.

From the Army of the Potomac, by Artillerist.

From Rappahannock's bloody side Potomac's army marched in haste...

With hearts depending, wearied limbs, We stopped at Fredericksburg...

South Mountain prim was then in view, Artillery rolled but just beyond...

We met at Gettysburg—on her hills Was the deadly contact waged...

The cannon deep and rifle clear Rang out upon the startled air...

ADDRESS OF THE Democratic State Central Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

An important election is at hand, and the issues involved in it may now claim your attention...

By Mr. Lincoln's election, in November, 1860, the power to save or destroy the Union was in the hands of his party...

"I believe this to be a fair basis of amicable adjustment. If you of the Republican side are not willing to accept this..."

The Peace Congress was another means by which the border States strove to avert the impending strife...

"Truly, your friend, "Z. CHANDLER." "P. S.—Some of the manufacturing States think that a fight would be awful..."

It was the triumph of the Abolitionists over the Democrats and Conservatives of the North, that secured a like triumph to the secessionists over the Union men of the South...

dorsed and recommended by the leaders of the party that was about to assume the Administration of the Federal Government—leaders who openly inculcated contempt for the Constitution...

above it." Impatient at any restraint from law, a partisan majority in Congress hastened to pass an act to take from the State courts to the United States courts...

shall be a short one!" Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, the Republican leader in the last House of Representatives, declared, "The Union shall never, with my consent, be restored under the Constitution as it is..."

the unconditional aims of the Abolitionists substituted for the original objects of the war. They have seen with indignation many gallant soldiers of the Union driven from its service...

William Barker—The Young Patriot.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

Chapter I.—"No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are equal in wealth and social position."

"The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five."

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

Chapter II.—Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed Wm. Barker. "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours."

"The old man's lips curled with scorn.—A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre-table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

"See! Look on this wealth. And I've ten-fold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the Potomac with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"—and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—"

"I see! I see!" cried the old man.—"And good beef they make too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And, now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

"Boy, she is your's. But hold! Look me in the eye. Through all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "you are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war!"

"I am, I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, my child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy my children!—and whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government!"

A LITTLE GIRL KILLED BY A WILD CAT.

—A little daughter of Josiah Tyler, living near De Soto, Ill., aged six years, met a horrible death on the 17th of July.

It appears the parents of the child sent it to a neighbor's on some little errand, late in the evening. Failing to get what it was sent for, it went to the next nearest neighbor's, and on returning home was attacked and killed.

It was dragged about thirty yards from the road, and buried by the side of a log with leaves. When night came, the parents getting uneasy, went in pursuit of the child, and learning that it had started home, followed up, but could not make any discovery.

The alarm was given, and all the neighbors turned out, and hunted all night, but in vain. After daylight the little girl's bonnet was found by the roadside. Near by was part of its dress. It was finally traced by the rags torn from its clothes, and found, by the log, covered with leaves.—

From appearance the savage beast had jumped on its back and gave it one very severe rake with its claws. The child's throat and face were severely torn. The animal was supposed to be a wild cat.

Stick in Your Hat and Keep It There.

"I declare upon my responsibility as a Senator, that the liberties of this country are in greater danger to-day from the corruptions, and from the profligacy practiced in the various departments of the Government, than they are from the enemy in the open field—J. P. HALE, Republican Senator from New Hampshire.

"If these infernal fanatics and Abolitionists ever get the power in their hands, they will override the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, LAY VIOLENT HANDS ON THOSE WHO DIFFER IN OPINION, or dare question their fidelity, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is a notable fact that all the Abolitionists who are loudest in their laudations of the conscription act, are either over age or have got money enough to purchase exemption! These are the patriots who are getting up "Union Leagues" to crush the Constitution, prevent a reunion on the old basis, and establish a despotism on the ruins of our republican institutions.

An exchange says, "When David slew Goliath with a sling the latter fell stone dead, and of course was much astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before."

"Hon. Edward Everett has paid the exemption fee of \$300, in the case of both of his sons who were recently drafted in Boston. He found it much easier to talk patriotism and urge others to go, than to see his own sons going."

But a few days ago it was announced all over the country that "both of Edward Everett's sons were drafted and they are going too." These false statements are sent over the country merely for effect.—The probability is that Everett's sons never were drafted at all. The stories that Mr. So-and-So, a prominent Republican, was drafted, are generally false. These stories are scattered over the land to gull and deceive poor people.

PATRIOTIC.—A street conversation overheard by our reporter: Democrat—"Good morning Mr. Republican. Ready for the draft?" Republican—"Ready! If my distracted country needs me—if she requires the sacrifice of my life—if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with my hearts blood—if it is necessary for her preservation that she stride onward to victory over my dead body—then sir the victim is ready! With a heart prepared for any fate, and with a firm trust in Divine Providence, I shall, with a living feeling of doing my duty, and nothing but my duty, march boldly on—to the Collector's office, and pay my three hundred dollars."