



POETRY.

The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

san officers selected and sent home over
twenty-five thousand soldiers—Republican
soldiers—to vote. No avowed Democratic
soldier could get a furlough to come home
and vote for Woodward—not one—but all
who would vote for Curtin had a furlough
presented them, and a free ticket home in
the bargain.

We have sent over two hundred thousand
soldiers to the army, yet we poll more
votes than ever before. Is it, can it,
be honestly done. Do you believe that
nearly one hundred thousand men voted
in Pennsylvania at the late election who
never voted in their lives before?

The Result, and How it was Attained.
From the Kittanning Monitor.
To the brave and true men of Pennsylvania,
who looked to the second Tuesday
of October as a day of redemption from
a tyranny the most hateful and a corruption
the most disgraceful, the result of this
day would be a most bitter disappointment.

On the other hand it is equally clear
that the abolition vote in the State is a
spurious one, got up for the occasion.
If it is not, let them show it by going
and filling up the army which is to continue
a vigorous prosecution of this war.

Other figures and calculations appear
in the extracts below, to which we referred
above.—ED. DEMOCRAT.

THE GREAT FRAUD.
From the Washington Monitor.
The result in the State is, if properly
viewed, a withering rebuke to the party
in power. Notwithstanding the immense
power and patronage of the Administration—
the lavish expenditure of money,
and the perpetration of the most outrageous
frauds ever practiced upon a free people.

tated to use force. The means they used
were more convenient and safe; they knew
too well the temper of the Democracy to
use it except in the last extremity. We
all know and feel that if justice and right
had prevailed, Judge Woodward would be
Governor to-day. But we have come out
of the contest with pure robes; there is
not even the smell of corruption or injustice
upon them. We can work cheerfully,
sleep soundly, for we have a clear
conscience. We did what we could to
redeem our country, but failed for the
time. The future will be more propitious.
We will never despair.

DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH.

The State of Pennsylvania has been
carried by fraud at the recent election, no
one can doubt. Here are the figures to
prove it.

Table with 2 columns: Description of vote and Total. Includes entries for 1860 Gov vote, 1863 vote, and excess of fraudulent votes.

Excess of fraudulent votes. 97,801
The State of Pennsylvania has been carried
by the Democrats in a fair vote by a
majority exceeding 82000 votes.

CHEATING THE PEOPLE.

The Abolition journals are continually
representing to their deluded readers, that
in Baltimore now, as in New Orleans or
in Nashville, great changes of public
opinion are going on in their favor—

All this is delusion—the old delusion—
and the writers up of it know it well.
But take Schneec and his army from Baltimore,
and not a single Lincoln member
of Congress can be elected from that city,
or from the State.

A REAL CALAMITY.
From the Salisbury Democrat.
The re-election of Andrew G. Curtin
has fallen like a sad presentment of future
evil upon the people of Pennsylvania.
It was accomplished by the Administration
through reported votes and greenbacks,
and is not the expression of the bono fide
residents of the State.

How Governor Curtin was Elected.
Every day brings us not only reports
and grounds of suspicion that frauds of
the most astounding character were
perpetrated by the Abolitionists at the late
election, but evidence going to show that
their success was owing to such means
entirely. In the city of Pittsburgh they
had full sway. Their majority was enormous,
the increase of their vote unpre-

cedented. That the ballot-box was tampered
with, is too mild a charge. These enemies
of liberty actually disfranchised numbers
of citizens, not by preventing their
voting, or going through the form of
it, but actually by suppressing their votes.
In the First ward of that city, one hundred
and fifty-seven men voted for George
W. Woodward, who substantiated the fact
by their oaths, (and how many more voted
that way we do not know) while the return
made by the election officers gives
Woodward but 75 votes. One other instance.
In the county of Bradford, another
of their strongholds, the vote for
Governor was 9,679. According to the
last report of the Revenue Commissioners,
Bradford county has 9,882 taxables; of
this list it seems that only 209 are not
voters, which is preposterous. We have,
from all parts of the State, proofs of similar
stuffing of the ballot-box or the crowding
in of illegal voters. We believe that if
a fair investigation could be had in every
election district it could be proved that
George W. Woodward was elected Governor
of Pennsylvania on the second
Tuesday of Oct. last.—Dem. Press.

McClellan.
The soldier stands aloof—not now
He seeks the crest of fame;
His country's love binds on his brow.
Her blessings on his name;
He served her well when foment threw
The gauntlet in her face,
And bore the strife that brought to view
The manhood of our race.

The Horrors of War.

One of the editors of the Atlanta (Ga.)
Intelligence, who visited the field of
Chickamauga, ten days after the battle,
writes to his paper an interesting account
of his observations, from which we take
the following extracts:

At the back part of the field, sweeping
eastward and south of east, was a large
destructive battery. The worn places
where each gun was placed indicate that
ten or more guns were in a battery there.
The dead horses and Yankees lying about
tell how vengeful the assault was, and how
successful. But from the hill where this
battery cast its storm and rain of shot,
and shell, and canister, and grape, the
evidence of a terrific fire and more apparent
here than anywhere else on the field.

Treatment of the Croup.
A "Physician's Wife," at Carrol Co.,
Illinois, writes to the American Agriculturist:
"Croup gives warning in advance
and woe to the mother who fails to heed
that warning. Last Sunday morning the
good of the sermon was lost to me by the
dry hacking croup cough of a little boy in
one of the front seats. As the sermon
progressed the coughing grew deeper and
harder, and I thought the services would
never get through. A mother in front of
me clutched nervously at her shawl every
time the little fellow coughed, as if she
would fain pull it off and wrap it around
the child. There he sat with a low necked
jacket on the throat, and part of the
chest exposed and bare; the sight of a
corpse would hardly have chilled me more.
I was a stranger to the lady who sat beside
him, but learned it was his mother.

At intervals the open woods show
signs of the conflict being more severe
than in the thickly wooded spots. It is
along here, we are told, General Hood and
his men made such terrible onset and
slaughter. They and that portion of our
army which advanced from the Red House,
and along the road to the right of the saw
mill, did execution which is perfectly fearful.
The carnage was awful—every avenue
had been swept as by a broad bosom
of destruction in the hands of Heate.—
Battery paths are innumerable. Here they
found—there they retreated—leaving
dead horses, men, broken caissons, piles
of ammunition, rent clothes, and a destruction
generally. On one point on the rise
of a hill, we saw the body of an immense
Newfoundland dog. He evidently was the
pet of some battery, and was shot while
following it up. Close by him we counted
thirty-eight dead Yankees, nearly thirty
dead horses—saw more than a ton of shell
shot and canister, and all the broken and
abandoned paraphernalia of a strong battery
all within the space of eight feet
square."

How TO RAISE 150,000 MEN.—We invite
the attention of the President to the
following short and sensible and patriotic
paragraph from the Louisville Journal.—
While some of his "loyal" friends in
Pennsylvania are doing their best to
prevent voluntary enlistments, Prentice comes
to the rescue, and shows in four lines how
one half of the number of men required
can be obtained. He says:
"We don't know that the President can
raise 300,000 new volunteers, but he can
raise Buell and McClellan in the field, and
that would be worth half the number."

Ice for Diphtheria.
A correspondent of the Providence Jour-
nal vouches for the efficacy of ice as a
cure for diphtheria, croup and all ordinary
inflammation of the throat. The manner
of application is as follows:
"Break up a small lump of ice in a towel
and put the pieces in a bowl. Take position
slightly inclined backwards, either on
a chair or on a sofa. Proceed for half an
hour with a teaspoon to feed yourself with
small lumps of ice, letting them dissolve
slowly in the back part of the mouth or
the entrance of the throat. A single such
application will often break up a common
sore throat, which otherwise would have
a course of two or three days. In case of
a bad sore throat, use the ice frequently
and freely. In case of ulceration or dip-
theria, keep a small lump of ice constantly
in the mouth."

General Buell.
It is understood that the Court of In-
quiry in the case of Gen. Buell has acquit-
ted that officer of all the charges brought
against him. This result will be received
with the utmost satisfaction by all who
are cognizant of the merits of the case.—
Especially West of the Alleghentes, where
the character and military career of Gen.
Buell are more intimately known than in
the East, his acquittal will be hailed with
the liveliest satisfaction, as the vindication
or justification—tardy though it be—of a
much maligned soldier. Gen. Buell had
the misfortune to be one of the victims
sacrificed to the nation's own inexperience
of war. It is the old story that appears so
often in the histories of all democracies
suddenly plunged into war. Such men
the Greeks exiled, and then raised monuments
to their memory; such men Revolutionary
France sent to the guillotine, and
afterwards transferred their ashes to the
Pantheon! We hope American history
will never be blotted with such acts. It
is hard enough to submit, as General Buell
has had to do, for more than a year, to
public suspicion and malice, and the stings
and arrows of an outrageous tortoise. The
revenge of time come round, however;
a court of his peers has cleared him of
every charge that ignorance or malice
brought against him. We now sincerely
trust that a field will be assigned to Gen.
Buell where his great military talent will
have full scope.

Democrats to be Exempt.
The following telegram was dispatched
to Forney, by the Secretary of War, the
day after the late election:
"WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Thanks for
your telegram. All honor to the Key-
stone State! She upheld the Federal
arch in June, with steel and cannon
shot, drove rebel invaders from her soil;
and now, in October, she has again rallied
for the Union, and overwhelmed the
foe at the ballot-box.
EDWIN M. STANTON.

MILROY NOT TO BE COURT MAR-
TIALED.—The President announces that
"no court martial is necessary" in the case
of Gen. Milroy, who it will be remembered
last summer abandoned his artillery stores
and munitions of war, to the Confederates
at Winchester, and, as the whole country
believes, shamefully abandoned them. So
we go, Mr. McClellan saves the capital—to be
deposed. Buell, at Shiloh, turns disaster
into victory, and huris Bragg's legions out
of Kentucky—to be court martialled.—
These men are soldiers, gallant soldiers,
and gentlemen—but they are Democrats.
Milroy is not suspected to possess any of
the qualities; but he is a radical, and of
the exterminating stamp. Twenty-five or
thirty pieces of artillery, thousands of prisoners
and a great amount of stores were
lost at Winchester, and Milroy was in command.
But Mr. Lincoln decides that no
one is to blame, and he is the commander-in-
chief.

A JOLLY FELLOW had an office next
door to a doctor's shop. One day, an
elderly gentleman of the old fogey school
blundered into the wrong shop.
"Is the doctor in?"
"Don't live here," said the lawyer, who
was in full scribble over some nasty old
documents.
"Wh! I thought this was his office."
"Next door."
"Pray sir, can you tell me hes the doctor
my patient?"
"Not living."
The old gentleman told the story in the
vicinity, and the doctor threatened the
lawyer with a libel suit.

In a lecture at Portland, Maine, the
lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl
the manner in which the lobster casts his
shell when he has outgrown it, said,
"What do you do when you have outgrown
your cloths? You cast them aside, do you
not?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one,
"We let out the tucks." The lecturer
confessed that she had the advantage of
him there.

SIX soldiers from the army of the Poto-
mac are to be shot for desertion, the find-
ings having been approved by General
Meade. It would require a large grave-
yard to bury them, if the same punishment
was meted out to all deserting.

There is great excitement in Kentucky
because of the rumor that the Federal
Government is going to arm the slaves of
both the loyal disloyal masters.