



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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OFFICE

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Select Poetry.

After the Battle.

Two youthful brothers, fled by Mars,
Enlisted in their country's war.
One for the "North," one for the "South."
Went forth to face the cannon's mouth.
A widow's pride and prop were they;
She tried with prayers and tears to stay
Them from the fratricidal strife.
Next one should take the other's life.
But vain her pleadings with each son—
Each felt that he was called upon
To battle in a righteous cause—
One for his "home"—one for the "law."
Two great contending armies met—
The battle-plain with gore was wet.
For, thick the wounded and the killed
Fell fast upon the mangled field.
Whither more dreadful grew the fray
From morning till the close of day;
When, lo! the northern army fled,
Leaving their dying and their dead.
Next morn, upon the crimson ground,
Lying side by side, two youths were found.
Two stripling youths with foreheads bold,
And ghastly faces icy cold;
With many a gash and wound to tell
Each bravely fought and bravely fell.
Lay bleeding in the sun's hot ray,
No more to see the light of day.
Sad news goes fast. The dirful word
"Her sons were dead" the widow heard
Her noble sons, beloved and brave—
Both sleeping in one glory grave!
Then, oh, the agony she felt!
Frenzied she cried, "Who dealt the blow
That split the life-blood of each son?
Was't it by his brother's hand 'twas done?"
And night and day this widow's prayer
Is constant borne upon the air:
"O thou who lookest from afar
On all vile, earthly things,
Thou, who didst give my brave sons breath,
And sweet them now to cold in death;
Smile him with thine avenging hand
Who brought this curse upon our land;
And bid the angels whisper low,
(For surely, Heaven, Thou must know.)
"My brother's hand the fatal blow
My boys upon the battle plain!
One for the 'North'—one for the 'South,'
They faced the belching cannon's mouth;
And each was learned the art to send
The deadly ball some life to end.
O God! O angels! tell me how
Who gave my sons the fatal blow?
O, tell me, Heaven! O, tell me God!
Did either shed his brother's blood,
And enter with the mark of Cain
The dreary realms of Death's domain?
Grief-wild, will not this widow's cries
With others, reach beyond the skies,
With the avenger's mighty hand
Shall purge and purify our land,
And send sweet Peace to reign once more
Upon our own fair native shore?
Sisters, who love the "Prince of Peace,"
Plead in His name till war shall cease."

Miscellaneous.

A Painful Scene on the Battle Field.

While at a halt, says a Federal letter writer from the Manassas battle field, it was my lot to witness a very painful scene. I captured a prisoner (a German) belonging to the Eight South Carolina regiment, and took him to Major Colburn for instruction as how to dispose of him. The prisoner requested one privilege as his last, which the Major very humanely granted. He said his brother lay a short distance off, in a dying condition, and he wished to see him. I bade him lead the way, and I followed. He took me to an old log hut but a few rods from where our regiment was halted. On the north side, in the shade, we found the wounded man. The prisoner spoke to him—he opened his eyes—the film of death had already over-spread them, and the tide of life was fast ebbing. He was covered with blood, and the swarms of flies and mosquitoes, which were fattening upon his life's blood, indicated that he had lain there for some time. They clasped hands together, muttered a few words in the German language, supplicated the Throne of Grace for their families at home, kissed and bade each other a final adieu, the prisoner remarking, as I took him by the arm to lead him away—for the column was moving—"brother you are dying, and I am a prisoner." The man was shot with a musket ball in the back, just over the hip, from which fact I inferred that he was on the retreat when the deadly ball overtook him.

An English lady, who went to make purchases in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro shopman as "massa." Where upon her sable follower exclaimed, with a look of infinite contempt, "Why for you speak such bad grammar Sabby? Why for you call my missus massa? Stupid fellow—him's a she!"

The Bivouac.

In primitive warfare armies rush to battle unnumbered with baggage, or with much breadstuff. The country through which they pass must feed them; and when night comes the ground is their bed. And it is curious to observe how the perfection of the art of arms, in modern times, causes a return to these simple practices of barbarism.

As the world became civilized armies were provided with tents. A camp is like a city of white roofs, which, as hosts move on, disappears from one valley in the morning, and re-appears in another at night, as if by magic. But it is a magic with labor in it, and is accomplished only with a large outlay of time and toil.

Napoleon who revolutionized everything in war, revolutionized this. He left the camps and the long lines of heavy and slow-moving wagons behind. His soldiers built their fires where they halted; the foragers swept the country for provisions; supper and bed were improvised beside the blaze; and in the morning at the sound of the drum and trumpet the army rose to its feet as one man ready for the march. There was no camp to take off; and the legions of the conqueror were on the enemy while he was rubbing his eyes open or cooking his breakfast.

Napoleon's innovations were imitated by the rest of Europe; and the night bivouac particularly has become the practice of all modern armies that find quick and unnumbered movements necessary or advantageous. There is something picturesque and sublime in it. The lines of fires flickering and growing in the night; the groups of tired soldiers, their free and easy attitudes, their arms on the ground ready to be caught up at any instant; simple fare, the men cooking their supper, the long-stretching shadows and the back ground of darkness—who cannot imagine all this? Then the vast multitude slumbers as one man only; the sentinels keeping watch—The trees shelter some, and some lie in their blankets under the stars. And thousands all around are dreaming—some of home, some of battle and victory, some of partings that were painful, or of future meetings that shall be full of joy—till suddenly the trumpet sounds; and all that host rises from the earth, and the realities of the march, the fight, the terrible roar and whistle of death, take the place of dreams.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Vaccination was first tried upon condemned criminals in the years 1772.

The interest of the national debt of Great Britain is over twenty-four millions pound sterling.

Looking glasses were first made in Venice in the year 1800.

Iron was first discovered by the burning Mount Ida, one thousand four hundred years before Christ.

Muslins were first manufactured in England during the year 960.

The oak tree lives in a state of nature one thousand five hundred years.

Air is eighteen hundred and sixty times lighter than water.

Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.

Linen was first discovered and made in England, in 1553.

The average coinage of the mint of Great Britain for the last thirty years is eighteen million pounds sterling per annum.

Microscopes were first invented and used in Germany in 1821.

The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin.

The plague in Europe, Asia and Africa, commencing in the year 588, lasted for 50 years.

OUT AT NIGHT.—Look out for your boys, fathers and mothers, when night comes. There is nothing more ruinous to their morals than running abroad at that time. Under the cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, they see obscene things, they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from dissipation, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home.

At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness—our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Great Union Meeting at Irving Hall.

SPEECH OF HON. JOSEPH HOLT, OF KENTUCKY.

[From the Journal of Commerce, 4th inst.]

The severe thunder storm of last evening did not prevent the filling of Irving Hall with merchants and other citizens, to hear an address from Hon. Joseph Holt, Ex-Secretary of War, in compliance with an invitation from the Chamber of Commerce.

About 8 o'clock Mr. Holt appeared on the stage, accompanied by the officers and members of the Chamber. The distinguished Kentuckian was saluted with cheers, the swinging of hats, the waving of handkerchiefs, and all the conventional tokens of admiration and sympathy.

Wm. E. Dodge called the meeting to order, and nominated as chairman Peleah Perit, President of the Chamber.

Mr. Perit, on taking the chair amid great applause, briefly stated the object of the meeting, and adverted to a few well known important events in the recent history of Mr. Holt, whom he then formally introduced.

Mr. Holt was received with new and prolonged outbursts of wild enthusiasm. He commenced by alluding to the position of Kentucky. Traitors within and traitors without had in vain tried to drag that old State from her moorings, and send her on that stormy sea whereon many States are now nearly wrecked. Kentucky and New York are bound in the same Union, and animated with the same hope to preserve it. Kentucky, by her late election, shows that she abhors traitors as Rome abhorred Cataline, as Americans abhor Benedict Arnold, as Christians abhor Judas. Yet the papers now assure us that the secessionists are preparing to light the flames of civil war in that State, because she has refused, like Faust, to sell herself to the devil. In such an event he could only say that the peaceful Union men of Kentucky carry bullets as well as ballots in their pockets. Mr. Holt then modestly referred to his conduct as Secretary of War. Had he done anything less than he did, he would have disgraced himself infinitely before the world. He did not intend to inflict on his audience a studied harangue. It was unnecessary, among those people and at this time. He would, however, say something of his observations in several loyal States through which he had journeyed. He found everywhere a solemn determination to carry on the war and uphold the Government, and at the same time to do justice to the South.

This resolve was everywhere accompanied by deep sadness at the unhappy condition of the country. The war seemed everywhere to be regarded, not as a war upon the South, but a war for her protection and defence. It was a war upon those traitors who had levelled a desperate blow at our Union and our greatness. The advantages of Union needed no demonstration. To dismember these States, and make them the prey of every audacious spoiler, would utterly destroy the last hopes that belong to us. The war is not one of conquest, or spoilation, or passion, or revenge, but in every light in which it can be regarded, it is a war of duty. It is a struggle for national existence. It was a war of duty because no nation can commit suicide without the perpetration of a cowardly and atrocious crime. It was a war of duty, because we have no right to bear our fathers' names, and give up the institutions won by their blood, to be trampled under the feet of traitors. It was a war of duty, because we are the appointed agents to transmit these institutions to our children. It was a war of duty, because we stand before the world as the champions of a Republican form of Government, whose downfall would be cheered by kings and despots. How often have kings and despots predicted this day, and longed for its coming? How gladly would each one of them build a monument with these words on it—"In memory of the great American Republic, founded by Washington, destroyed by Toombs, Twiggs and Floyd!"

The speaker then briefly sketched the progress of the rebellion, and showed that it had been accompanied by treachery at every step. The sentiment of patriotism had been corrupted at the very fountain. That man who will betray his country will betray his God. He will not be true even to his wife and children. The Government had been and is surrounded by traitors. There are traitors in the North in the persons of those who justify the Southern rebellion, and they are morally guilty of the deaths of those men who fall fighting the battles of their country. Treason in the street, in the counting room, and in the social circle, should be branded as an accursed thing. When he looked in the

eyes of traitors, he saw that they were red with the blood of their countrymen. Some well meaning people think that the country might be separated into two nations and still live on in peace. No greater fallacy ever crept, serpent like, into the American bosom. The speaker referred to ancient history, and to the present condition of Mexico, to refute it. He rejoiced to know that at this time, the spirit of loyalty dwelt abundant in the heart of the North and North-west, but he besought his hearers to add more still to the depth and fervor of that loyalty. We now need a patriotism that will abide the ordeal of fire, which knows no fear, which is indomitable and exhaustless, which resolves that under no circumstances shall the national flag be abandoned, or the honor of the country compromised. It should be a patriotism which, obliterating all party lines, and embracing all party issues, says to the President "here are our lives and fortunes; use them boldly but successfully; for, upon the graves of our fathers, and upon the cradles of our children, we have sworn that, though all things else perish, this country shall live!" The capitalists of the country have come nobly forward.—They have proved that if there is much gold in Wall street, there is more patriotism there. Mr. Holt then painted the degradation which this country would endure if this rebellion triumphed. The name of America would become a byword of scorn, and an American citizen would not be permitted to walk in the streets of an European capital without having the finger of contempt pointed at him. Referring to the Administration, he said that no man can doubt the courage and loyalty of the President of the United States, and his determination to suppress this rebellion. His hands are your hands, and in weakening him you are weakening yourselves. He is at this moment overwhelmed with mountains of responsibility, and is entitled to warm and generous support. Amid all the discouragements that surround us, the speaker still had faith in human progress, the best fruits of which were the Republic of the United States. He could not admit to his bosom the crushing thought that such a Government as this was fated to perish beneath the sword of guilty rebels. He would not believe that 20,000,000 Anglo-Saxons would suffer their institutions to be overturned by 10,000,000, nearly one-half of whom are helpless slaves, with fetters on their hands. Let us then, he said, nerve and raise ourselves fully to the work of duty. We must work promptly, fearlessly, vigorously. If we could, at this moment, precipitate all the forces of the loyal States upon the South, it would be a measure of wisdom and of economy. Alluding to his previous interest in the question, Mr. Holt said, that if this rebellion triumphed the grave of every earthly hope would open at his feet—and so it would at the feet of many of his audience. He had ventured to lift up the voice of counsel and entreaty in their hearing, and he thanked them for their kind attention.

The speech was interrupted by frequent and enthusiastic applause.

Wm. Curtis Noyes then made a few remarks, after which the meeting adjourned.

HOME.—A home!—It is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth life! When shall it be reached? It is not the house, though, that may have its charms; nor the field, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a "great rock in a weary land;" nor yet is it the fireside, with its cozy comfort; nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones; nor the cherished books; but more, than all these, it is the presence! The altar of your confidence is there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adoring it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction that there, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet over with gentle forgiveness; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!

A proprietor of a cotton-mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted upon his factory gate the following notice:—"No cigars or good looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said, "The one will set a flame among my cottons, and the other among the gals. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk."

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in the late battle, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder.—The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah, my poor son!" said the father mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you. But it's a bad place to be hit in—thus in the back." The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointing to the opening above the arm pit, exclaimed,

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The true way to form a Union Party.

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"This Republican party is organized and built up on the antagonism of sections and whilst it lives, the animosity its existence engenders will not die. Its participants have plunged recklessly on, secured at Union saviors, and discredited those who sounded the alarm of dangers ahead. They derided the cry of wolf, forgetting that in the fable the wolf did come at last. The first step to a restoration of the Union is a dispersion of the Republican party, a disorganization of the whole concern, a repudiation of the basis of its existence. Perhaps an entire breaking up of parties in the North might in the end answer the purpose; but a union with the dominant party there would be taken at the South as an acquiescence on the part of the minority in the purposes and objects of the majority. The whole north would be written down enemies. That the Republican party must die, if the Union lives, and that it will die, we believe. Its existence costs the country too much, and the sooner it consents to pass away, the sooner will the calamities of war cease. Do they expect one section of this Union to dominate over the other at discretion, and that upon principles that cause all the hatred and animosity of the other? We submit to all sensible men that this is impossible. We make no apology for this wicked effort in the South to destroy the Government. We grant the necessity of suppressing it; but Abolitionism, that has produced it, must also be suppressed. Abolitionism and Secessionism must be buried in the same political grave. The patriot who loves his country must consent to sacrifice them both. Seward said 'parties, platforms and men must be sacrificed to the Union,' and he told the truth that once. The Union men of the South have made the sacrifice. We have given up parties, and separated from old party friends. We have given old creeds and platforms to the winds to save a country and free institutions. The people North must make the same sacrifice, no matter under what name they go. Whilst we acknowledge the necessity of armies, something more is necessary. This sectional antagonism must be smothered out and buried. We want a Union party North and South, composed of men ready to sacrifice all, except the cardinal doctrine of free institutions, to the one object—the preservation of the Union!"

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The Louisville, Ky., Democrat, edited by Col. HARNEY, who led on the Union ticket which so signally triumphed over Secessionism at the late election there, thus points out the only way in which a successful union of political parties for the restoration of the Union can be formed. "Abolitionism and Secessionism must be buried in the same political grave," says the Democrat. That's the talk! And while the Democracy of the North are ready to contribute of their men and money, more than their share to answer the requirements of government to reclaim and protect public property, let them wage ceaseless war against Northern sectionalism, at the ballot box, as they always have done in days gone by. The Democrat says: "The Democracy of New York refuse to unite with the Republicans in political action, although the latter made an overture for that purpose. It is certainly desirable that party strife should cease everywhere, except on the issue involving the salvation of the country; but the way to effect it is not by a union of incongruous elements that are entirely antagonistic to each other. It would, perhaps, be thought preposterous, but we, nevertheless, suggest it, that the Republicans disband and support the Democratic candidates. They have made the experiment of a purely sectional party, and they see its fruits. It threatens to cost them their country. They can't have a Union with sectional domination. No matter how wisely and justly a sectional party may rule, its domination is itself the vice that a country will endure. All men are not philosophers, and the millennium has not come yet. Even up and down town boys have ceased to wrangle and fight. The present contest is reduced to just about such a fight. No rights are involved; you can't get a secessionist to go back to the original cause of complaint. They are too insignificant before the startling magnitude of the contest, and the immense sacrifices they require. It is a blind, wicked, suicidal war of sections, with a rational basis, except blind hate. A statesman must despise the puerility of the contest, whilst he finds in the nature of man enough to account for it.

"This Republican party is organized and built up on the antagonism of sections and whilst it lives, the animosity its existence engenders will not die. Its participants have plunged recklessly on, secured at Union saviors, and discredited those who sounded the alarm of dangers ahead. They derided the cry of wolf, forgetting that in the fable the wolf did come at last. The first step to a restoration of the Union is a dispersion of the Republican party, a disorganization of the whole concern, a repudiation of the basis of its existence. Perhaps an entire breaking up of parties in the North might in the end answer the purpose; but a union with the dominant party there would be taken at the South as an acquiescence on the part of the minority in the purposes and objects of the majority. The whole north would be written down enemies. That the Republican party must die, if the Union lives, and that it will die, we believe. Its existence costs the country too much, and the sooner it consents to pass away, the sooner will the calamities of war cease. Do they expect one section of this Union to dominate over the other at discretion, and that upon principles that cause all the hatred and animosity of the other? We submit to all sensible men that this is impossible. We make no apology for this wicked effort in the South to destroy the Government. We grant the necessity of suppressing it; but Abolitionism, that has produced it, must also be suppressed. Abolitionism and Secessionism must be buried in the same political grave. The patriot who loves his country must consent to sacrifice them both. Seward said 'parties, platforms and men must be sacrificed to the Union,' and he told the truth that once. The Union men of the South have made the sacrifice. We have given up parties, and separated from old party friends. We have given old creeds and platforms to the winds to save a country and free institutions. The people North must make the same sacrifice, no matter under what name they go. Whilst we acknowledge the necessity of armies, something more is necessary. This sectional antagonism must be smothered out and buried. We want a Union party North and South, composed of men ready to sacrifice all, except the cardinal doctrine of free institutions, to the one object—the preservation of the Union!"

Will those of our Northern Republican newspapers which have so loudly exulted over the election of Col. HARNEY, and the success of the Union ticket in Kentucky, republish his views, as given above?

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in the late battle, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder.—The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah, my poor son!" said the father mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you. But it's a bad place to be hit in—thus in the back." The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointing to the opening above the arm pit, exclaimed,

"There it is, father."

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Letter from Hon. Jno. Sherman.

THE HABEAS CORPUS QUESTION.

To the Editors of the Cincinnati Gazette.

MANASSAS, Ohio, August 12, 1861.

Gentlemen: In your paper of the 8th I find an editorial which you commence with the following statement:

"Mr. Sherman declined to vote his approval of the President's act in authorizing the suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in the case of the arrest of the Baltimore rebels by military authority, because he said the Constitution conferred the power to suspend this writ solely on Congress."

Thereupon you read me quite a lecture. The difficulty in the statement upon which you base your article is that it is not true. I did not decline to vote my approval of the act of the President referred to, but, on the contrary, did vote my approval of that act, and declared my approval in the Senate in as strong language as I knew how to use.

It is true I did not vote for Senator Wilson's resolution. No vote by Yeas and Nays was taken upon it. I would have voted against it, and I am well satisfied a majority of the Republican Senators would have voted likewise. But it was not for the reason you state. All the Republican and several of the Democratic Senators cordially approved and