



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

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Original Poetry.

The Wyoming Massacre.

As a herald of the dawn, That heralds the new day, Government's great war, and the North's noblest day.

As a man may, he fought his fight.

As a man may, he fought his fight, Proved his truth by his endeavor; Let him sleep in solemn night.

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between the two parties stand upon the same ground, in every respect, as a public war between two different nations.

THE DEMOCRACY TRUE TO THE UNION.

The Democrats will not, of course, insist upon separation for an instant. Such a suggestion, in their eyes is treason—a proposition to dissolve the Union—for which one ought to be hanged.

THE GREAT QUESTION BY THE PARTY.

An ancient axiom of the law has been applied to the Union, and between certain elements heretofore hostile.

THE CONSERVATIVE WILL TRIUMPH.

The chief element in the accomplishment of this reactionary movement is the war which the Administration is conducting for the restoration of the Union.

THE UNION ISM.

These allowed myself to indulge in the following simple but not prosaic political cant about the Union.

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ministration party, and sink it deeper than ever. But the Democrats will not, of course, insist upon separation for an instant.

THE PROCLAMATION A FAILURE.

Many suppose that the effect of the proclamation of emancipation will be to thoroughly, speedily and completely annihilate the extricate slavery.

THE SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

The Senator from Massachusetts, (Mr. Sumner) who has lately been reported to arrive another term of six years.

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of Northern civilization. I have no fear to set it in competition with that of the South. Let them proceed side by side in the race of empire, and we shall see which will triumph.

The Feeling in the South-Western Army.

ON BOARD STEAMER SIOUX CITY, MILKERS BEND, JAN. 23. To the Editor of the Inquirer: I have been favored by a fellow-soldier with the enclosed copy of a letter written by him to a friend of his in Providence, R. I.

DEAR FRIEND E—

I am about to do what will probably cost me your friendship—write an honest letter. Not that I have hitherto written dishonestly, nor that you are accused of having done so.

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bankruptcy, and the ever-lengthening line of pensioners, who for a paltry stipend and a puff of praise, must hobble aimless, eyeless, footless, to the pauper's grave!

DEAR FRIEND E—

For what were these things begun, for what must they continue, without even the remote prospect of an end? Nobody knows. But from the many conflicting rumors on the subject, we may examine four of the more common and plausible: each and all of which, instead of justifying the war, are conclusive reasons why it should be condemned, and at once abandoned.

DEAR FRIEND E—

Firstly. We are fighting, it is said, to cram the pockets and wine cellars of the commissioned aristocracy, whose reign and revelings must end when peace removes their shoulder-straps.

DEAR FRIEND E—

Secondly. We are fighting, it is said, to drain the blood of the Union to the sea, and to leave the Union a mere name, a mere shadow, a mere phantom.

DEAR FRIEND E—

Thirdly. We are fighting, it is said, to restore the Union, and to leave the Union a mere name, a mere shadow, a mere phantom.

DEAR FRIEND E—

Fourthly. We are fighting, it is said, to restore the Union, and to leave the Union a mere name, a mere shadow, a mere phantom.

DEAR FRIEND E—

I will not speak of the demoralizing effects of war, nor even enlarge upon its physical horrors, as a further cause for being sick of the present struggle.

DEAR FRIEND E—

What are we fighting for? In the name of reason and humanity, what is the sublime result, which can justify year after year of sackcloth and barefooted marches, death having left me no earthly home to sigh for.

been brought to the test. Indiana, especially, has no indulgence or partiality to crave at the hands of history.

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Written for the Columbia Democrat.

Col. LEVI L. TATE:—

Dear Sir:—A marked change is visible in the looks and actions of our Republican friends in this locality, during the past few weeks.

DEAR FRIEND E—

I have no concern about the dangers of the van. Yet I am a man with friends in the ranks and a heart in my bosom; a man to whom the mothers, wives, sisters, and children of those friends look for news from the fray, and whom they justly hold responsible for at least the mortal welfare of many who came with me to the field.

DEAR FRIEND E—

As ever, your true friend, J. H. CLEVELAND.

Dirge for a Soldier.

Close his eyes; his work is done! What to him is friend or foe-man, His of moon, or set of sun.

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