



The Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Editor.

TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1863.

Summary of News.

The situation of affairs since our last issue has assumed a somewhat darker aspect. At that time, it was reported through the daily newspapers and most of the weeklies that both Murfreesboro and Vicksburg had been taken. The taking of the former has been confirmed. Our forces have been driven from the latter place by the Rebels a loss of from three to four thousand in killed wounded and missing. The capture of Murfreesboro was made only by a loss of life that makes the victory truly appalling.

The Texans under the Rebel General Magruder have retaken the city of Galveston with the garrison of 500 or 600, at that point; also at the same time they attacked and captured or destroyed the small fleet in the harbor, among which was the revenue clipper, Harriet Lane. The Westfield, the flag ship of the squadron was blown up by her commander Commodore Renshaw. Springfield Mo. is reported to have fallen into the hands of the rebels. Its loss will be severely felt in the west, a large amount of ammunition and being arms stored at that point.

In the army of the Potomac, no important changes have taken place. Gen Burnside is reported to have tendered his resignation for the third time, the last being a peremptory demand to be released from the command of the army. Gen. Hooker it is said will take his place.

Desertions from the army are very frequent. Many regiments are reduced to mere skeletons from this cause.

Our State Legislature.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, met at Harrisburg on Tuesday the 6th inst. The Senate organized by electing George V. Lawrence, of Washington, Speaker; George W. Hammerley, Clerk; G. W. S. Berry, Assistant Clerk; and John F. Cochran, Sergeant-at-arms, with the usual number of Transcribing Clerks, doorkeepers, &c., all being Republicans.

The House organized by election John Cassina, of Bedford, Speaker; Chief Clerk—Jacob Zeigler, of Butler; Assistant—R. Milton Spear, of Huntingdon; Transcribing Clerks—William S. Ralston, of Armstrong; William Gregory, of Philadelphia; A. J. Sanderson, of Lancaster; Hiram C. Keyser, of Franklin; Sergeant-at-arms—Benjamin F. Kelly, of Philadelphia; Doorkeeper—Sebastian Sebar, of Berks; Messenger—James R. Templein, of Northampton; Postmaster—A. J. Gerritson, of Susquehanna. All the officers of the House are Democrats.

On Wednesday the Governor's message was received and various bills and resolutions introduced, none of which, however, were of public interest. A report was received from the State Treasurer, but all its chief features are embodied in the Governor's message.

In both Houses, on Friday, nominations were made for United States Senator. The prominent Democratic candidates are Judge Campbell, of Philadelphia, Hon. F. W. Hughes Henry D. Foster, and Hon. Charles R. Bucklew; Hon. Simon Cameron is the prominent candidate of the Republicans. The election took place yesterday.

Borough Election.

The election for Borough officers yesterday resulted in the election of every candidate on the Democratic Ticket, by majorities ranging from nine to thirty. The following are the names of the officers elected:

Burgess, C. M. Koon; Town Council, M. W. DeWitt, T. B. Wall, R. R. Little, Samuel Stark, C. P. Miller; Constable, L. C. Conkling; Judge of Election, G. S. Tatton; Inspector of Election, John Day; Overseers of the Poor, W. Stansbury, Jacob Rittspangh; School Directors, Alvin Day, Wm. M. Platt; Assessor, James Young; Auditor, Jacob DeWitt; High Constable alias Provost Marshall, Earl Sicker.

The officer last named was elected with the express understanding, that he would perform his whole duty, and impound all weapons and troublesome animals, bipeds or quadrupeds, that may be found within his bailwick.

The election in Tunkhannock township resulted, we learn, in a complete "skunk" for the abolitionists. The Judge of election, both Inspectors and all other officers elected, being in favor of the white man's rights.

We commend to the careful perusal of our readers, the graphic account of the late "Fredericksburg slaughter," in another column, by a member of Capt. Ingham's company, 132nd Regt. This letter, though not written for publication, is one of the ablest we have read. Its writer—one of the scorched heroes of the Mexican war—is no novice in the arts of war. Our thanks for this favor are due alike to him and his friend to whom it was addressed.

Hon. C. R. BUCKLEW was nominated in Caucus as United States Senator, on Monday evening last. His election is considered certain.

A Change.

It had been the practice up to our annual election of last year, to choose our local officers, without regard to party. The abolition party here, at that time, flushed with success at the last fall election, and deeming that they had a perpetual lease of power, for oppression and wrong, met in caucus and nominated a straight out woolly headed ticket, said one of their distinguished leaders on that occasion. When the names of some Democrats were suggested as fit persons to administer the affairs of our Borough. "No we've got the power in our own hands, let's use it."

The result showed that the power they fancied they had was likely to be of short duration. Abolish was beaten, and he has been beaten at every election since. The people have concluded that "power," is safest when placed in the hands of those who can use it, if need be, without abusing it. Our Borough affairs have been conducted economically, quietly and peaceably. Little boys can stick on the garden fence, hencoppers or elsewhere their miniature flags—even though they lack the thirteen stripes—without subjecting their fathers to threats of violence and mobs. We hear no more talk of making men "show their colors," of mobbing printing offices, or of sending men to Military Bastiles. The peculiar emphasis which some of our abolition snobs pronounced their favorite term for Democrats, "Secesh" is almost obsolete. A marvelous "change has come over the spirit of their dreams," all in one short year.

The people have concluded that they have the power and will use it; and until the government of the country is restored to them, will, hereafter, insist to no terms of compromise with its abolition traitors.

We have said this much, on what may be considered an unimportant matter—our Borough election.

It has a broader application. The feelings that animate us, extend throughout the whole land.

The place to commence the restoration of the country to the people, its rightful sovereigns, is at home.

If we are vigilant the country and our liberties can be preserved, with every man and his own hearthstone. If we are negligent or forgetful in these, our home affairs, all the blood of our armies and all the treasure of the land will not repair the error.

"When Shall We Have Peace."

The Portland Advertiser, the leading Republican paper in Maine, asks this important and interesting question, and answers it as follows. "We commend the answer to the careful consideration of those who are so free with their charges of treason against every Democrat who speaks of peace:

We answer, when Congress shall be persuaded that reason, not force, is the DIVINITY of the age in which we live. When Congress shall be persuaded that history furnishes no example of six millions of people, educated, free, and independent, being subjected to captivity, and ruled against their consent. When Congress shall be persuaded that no nation on earth has proved powerful enough in arms, or in wealth, to establish, and maintain, indefinitely, a military despotism over six millions of white men accustomed to freedom, and to a representative government.—When Congress shall be persuaded that every bayonet that carries a demand for obedience to law, and to the Federal Government, should also carry the announcement of religious respect for the political rights out of which the war has arisen, and a willingness to confer amicably upon the terms of a readjustment of those rights.

Fight on, ye men of the North! and fight on will be the cry of the men of the South, until, substantially, these conditions we have named shall come to pass. But fewer of each side shall live to enjoy the result, as day by day passes away, and all of each will be poorer in purse, until the result that gives peace shall be attained. Peace is the child of reason and reciprocal interests. War is the heathen and soulless Moloch, that devours, without remorse, every life and every interest that stands in the way of its imagined or proclaimed necessities. Cold, pitiless, inhuman, war, in its best aspects. It makes children fatherless, wives widows, the rich poor, the poor miserable, the powerful feeble, the feeble despairing, and the world itself everything which it ought not to be to every citizen and to every interest.

But fight on, fight on, will be the impulsive cry of politicians, of aspirants to office, of Government jobbers, and contractors, and of fanatical, one-idea men, both North and South. Fight on will be the cry of standard loyalty, until the still, small, and yet sublime voice of the ballot box shall bid battles to cease, and reason to resume its sway over the councils of the nation. Then no broken nationality—no invidious titles to superior righteousness in the frame-work of institutions and of society—will be recognized, but a reunited people with one flag of national glory and strength, and one Constitution, and government, and one supremacy, shall become the inheritance of all our people, East, West, North and South. If there be treason in these sentiments, "make the most of it."

A Word to Correspondents.

We have received several communications within the past few weeks, one or two of which have considerable merit, and would have been published had not the writer exhibited entirely too much modesty by withholding from us their real names. We have so often stated the rule by which we are governed in all such cases that we hardly think omission was any other than intentional.—We do not promise to publish all communications received by us, even though accompanied by the real name of the authors, but all such are less liable to find their way, unnoticed into the rag bag. Where the writer does not subscribe his or her real name—but a fictitious one—a separate note signed by the author should in all cases be sent. The name of course is not wanted for publication or disclosure to our intimate friends. In such matters we have no intimacies—but as a guaranty of the good faith of the writer.

The Abolition Proclamation.

The confused, bewildered and helpless victim of Abolition delusion, now temporarily holding in his hands the destinies of a great people, has finally walked deliberately to the edge of a mighty precipice and jumped off. He probably saw no other way to go, and over he has bounded. No language can do proper and exact justice to, and probably no imagination is capable of conceiving, in all its length and breadth, the enormity of this gigantic crime. Its moral, social and economical aspects we do not purpose to touch in this article, but shall point out very briefly a few of its more glaring inconsistencies as a legal, constitutional and common sense measure. First, Mr. Lincoln declares that "by virtue of the power vested in him as Commander-in-Chief," he does this act.—Where is this power vested in him? Why did he not refer to the clause of the Constitution containing it? Simply because he could not. It is simply a bold, unblushing, base assumption. Then he says the act is a "fit and necessary war measure for the suppression of the rebellion," yet it is notorious that not a single negro can be freed until after he "suppresses the rebellion." Does he suppose that the people are such fools as not to know the difference between causes and effects? The freeing the negroes will be the effect of his "suppressing the rebellion," not the cause of it. He proposes to "suppress the rebellion," as he calls it, by overthrowing the Constitution, by denying the States the right to do with their negro population as to them seems best for the interests of their citizens. He thus makes war on the Constitution he has sworn to support, and tramples it under his feet. "I DO ORDER AND DECLARE," says this bold usurper. Who placed you in the chair of Washington to "order and declare" anything? You were put there to carry out the laws, sustain the Constitution and obey the people. Instead of that, you set yourself above all laws, all Constitutions, and despise the people who placed you where you are.

"The Executive of the United States we have heard of, but the Executive Government of the United States is an entirely new wrinkle. There is a Congress to pass laws, an Executive to execute them, and a Judiciary to expound them. These taken together constitute "the Government of the United States," under the Constitution; but an Executive Government! God help us, where are we? In Austria, in Russia, in Naples?—Does Mr. Lincoln pass laws, expound them and then execute them? Ave, yes, too truly he does. He is absorbing all functions, The Judiciary he overthrew long since, and the Congress only exists as a Debating Society to register his edicts, or the edicts of the Abolition cabal who surround him. "The military and naval authorities!" Here is another innovation with a vengeance. Who supposed that the army and navy had any "authority"? They have power to enforce, to act, but the "authority" was supposed to be in Congress—the people, whose agents they are, nothing more. And thus we might go on enumerating the absurdities, follies, &c. of this wretched compound of delusion, trash and insanity. But we forbear. It is enough to state that Mr. Lincoln generously frees all the negroes not within the lines of his army, and holds all as they are, who are within his lines! In other words, he tries to do what he can't do, and leaves undone what there is, at least, a chance of his doing!—And this is exactly the policy he has pursued ever since he was elected President. But what shall we think of the consistency of the Abolitionists in another sense? They profess and declare that "freedom" is a great boon both to the negro and the white man, and yet they have granted this great "blessing" to the "disloyal States," and denied it to the "loyal ones." What does this mean? If negro freedom be such a "great blessing," why should they confer it on their enemies, and deny it to their friends? But why waste time on this supremely silly and intensely wicked abolitionism? It is simply a poor, weak, peevish man trying to fight the Almighty. It is no wonder he makes such a botch of it.

Inauguration of Governor Seymour.

Hon. Horatio Seymour was inaugurated as Governor of New York, on the first inst. In a reply to Gov. Morgan's farewell address, he made the following significant remarks:

I have solemnly sworn to support the constitution of the United States, with all its grants, restriction and guarantees, and I shall support it. I have also sworn to support the constitution of New York, with all its powers and rights, and I shall uphold it. I have sworn to support the duties of the office of Governor of the State, and with your aid they shall be faithfully performed. Those constitutions and laws are meant for the guidance of our official conduct and for your protection and welfare. The first law recorded for my observance is "that it shall be the duty of the Governor to maintain and defend the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the State." The most strict injunction of the constitution is that the Governor shall take care that the laws "are faithfully executed," and so help us God they shall be.

The first official act of Governor Seymour was to summon the New York Commission before him to answer the charge of using the police department for partisan purposes, of endorsing the acts of their subordinate, Kennedy, in his illegal transactions in the Burnside case, and of allowing their local organization, designed for the protection of our own citizens, to be converted into a military engine of oppression, by the order of national officials. The law gives them eight days in which to reply to the summons, and they appear to be disposed to avail themselves of the extreme limit of the statute. They have entered a protest against the proceedings, and Mr. Blauvelt has handed in more affidavits. Governor Seymour says it is proper that the Commissioners should have a fair trial, and that the public interest calls for a full investigation of their conduct. Accordingly, an early day will be appointed for their examination in this city.

Communications.

Letter from the 132nd.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
Dec. 19 1862.

FRIEND * * * Your favor of the 2nd inst., was not received until the day before yesterday, for the reason that all mail communications with the army, has been suspended, for fear, I suppose, that some of the strategy about to be exercised might by some possibility be disclosed to the enemy.

The newspapers have kept you advised of our advance upon Fredericksburg, and have told you how we set down in front of an inferior force, for twenty-three days, permitting it to fortify and gather the strength of the rebel army before arrangements were completed for attacking it, when if taken in detail it might have been routed and annihilated. On Friday night, a week ago to day, our pontooners threw across the Rappahannock four pontoon bridges, and by daylight next morning, two entire army corps—Couch's and Hooker's—had passed over, taking possession of the city with little fighting and no considerable loss—the rebels retiring to their earth works on a neighboring hill, commanding the town, and there silently and sullenly awaiting the attack of our troops.

The Rebel fortifications consist of three tiers of earthworks, with scarp and rifle pits in front, having a base of about three miles, and built in the form of a horse shoe. The works were mounted with heavy guns, and in order to reach them, our men were compelled to pass over a perfectly level plateau, divided by a canal, with scarce a bush or shrub behind which they could, for a moment, shelter themselves from the iron storm which was poured upon them. From the nature of the ground and the peculiar shape of the enemy's works, every inch of the plain, from the city to the base of the hill, was exposed to a heavy enfilading fire from either direction. When it is considered that there is no neighboring hill upon which corresponding works could be erected, you will at once perceive that the works, if taken at all, must be taken by storm.

At noon, on Saturday, it having been determined to undertake to carry the works, the storming party, consisting of fifteen Brigades, composed, in all of about 45,000 men, was ordered to advance. French's Division of which our Brigade (Max Weber's) forms a part, of course, led the van. They fought as men never fought before; but all valour, all discipline was in vain—their broken and shattered columns were hurled back upon their advancing comrades, who in turn advanced to meet the fate of those who had preceded them. The fight lasted until after night fall; and the scene viewed from the hills, on this side the river, was terrible beyond description. The plain seemed one perfect sheet of molten flame, whilst wild streaks of light beamed forth all along the hill, meeting and mingling with the glare below. The booming of the cannon—the rattle of the musketry, the plunging of the grape and canister, and the whizzing shrieks of the shells, as they went bursting through the air, made a din more horrid than the mind can conceive of. Whole columns were swept away, but the ranks closed up, and pressed on, until the first line of earthworks was almost won; but human nature could withstand no such wall of fire, and shattered and bleeding, our brave fellows were forced to abandon the unequal contest, and the enemy were left masters of the field.

Fredericksburg was of course untenable, and on Monday night our forces commenced evacuating; and by the following morning not an armed Yankee was left in the place. The usual flags of truce were passed, and the work of seeking and bringing the dead commenced. Brothers sought brothers, and friends sought friends—too often, alas! in vain. War had claimed its bloody tribute and groups of unrecognized slain were buried as they lay.

I make no pretensions whatever to military skill or a knowledge of the science of war; and, yet, had I been the commander of the army of the Potomac and sent my men into such a slaughter pen, I could esteem myself guilty of no less crime than wholesale murder; for, to even the least practiced militiaman, the position is impregnable to the assaults of all the storming parties that could be hurled against it. What soldier can have confidence or heart to fight under a General who thus uselessly imperils his life, and has uselessly sacrificed the lives of thousands of his comrades? The little faith with which Burnside could inspire the army is gone forever; and only defeat and disaster awaits its every step if he is continued in command.—The men say: "McClellan would not have sent us into such a place," and wait with anxious expectation the welcome words, "your tried and trusted leader is again restored to you." He is the only man in whom the army universally, have faith and confidence, and he is the only man, too, whose lead it will ever follow to a permanent and decisive victory. Your newspaper Generals and your political "Jerry-manders" may cry up or campaign, remove Generals and force such movements as they please, but they can never inspire the army with much hearty good-will in a cause whose leaders seek to dishonor their best and bravest friend, and direct the objects of the war from its legitimate purpose—"the maintenance of the Constitution as it is, and the restoration of the Union as it was—for political capital, and in order that certain political schemes may be realized. In a word, that the country may be abolitionized. And here let me say, *en passant*: I have seen much in the newspapers, of the ultra-abolition school, about the popularity of the President's emancipation proclamation in the army. Why, my friend, I assure you it is all "boosh." I have taken some pains to inform myself as to the sentiments of the army in regard to the pol-

icy or practicability of the scheme, and have conversed with many intelligent officers and men, in the various army corps. With few exceptions, I have found its condemnation universal, even amongst those who had ranked themselves amongst the Republicans on election days; and many of them went as far as to say if they had known this war was to have been turned into an Abolition crusade, they never would have entered the service, upon any consideration whatever.

But I did not mean to digress. The evening that our brigade crossed over into Fredericksburg, and whilst they were drawn up alongside the road in order that other troops might precede them, our old commander—Kimball—passed at the head of his command. The moment he was recognized by the men of the 132nd, they made the welkin fairly ring with their loud huzzahs. The General acknowledged the compliment and said to the boys that he knew they were good men, and that the regiment was a reliable one—that it had made for itself a reputation better than that of any of the other new regiments—that, in the coming fight, he would be near them; but Kimball was mistaken. He was carried, badly wounded, from the field, long before our men thought of turning their backs upon the foe, and it is doubtful whether he saw them through the engagement.

Our company lost but three men—two wounded—Geo. M. Harding and John B. Overfield, and one—Samuel Bishop—missing, since the battle, and probably killed.—The Regiment behaved with much gallantry, and fully sustained the reputation it won at Antietam.

I would like to continue this letter indefinitely for I have many things to say that I know would interest you, but if you could see me wrapped up in blankets, writing a moment, and then warming my hands under them, you would wonder that I have had courage to persevere so far as I have.

CLINT.

CAMP BAYARD, NEAR BELL PLAINS, VA.,
NEW YEAR'S EVE, DEC 31st '62.

FRIEND SICKLER:

Dec. 16th I left my native hills in old Nicholson, and started for Dixie land, my trip was attended with no unusual events. I noticed unusual marks of sorrow in the faces of every person I chanced to meet. The defeat and disaster at Fredericksburg had cast a gloom over the whole land. On my way, I came across, and became well acquainted with Mr. Palmer, who was a prisoner in Richmond about a year. He was then on his way to Gen. Sigel's Division, for whom he is chief scout. He has a particular dislike for southern hospitality, as illustrated toward him while a prisoner in Richmond. In Washington I came across Ira Tripp, Mr. Elsie and several others that I had frequently met. Mr. Maynard, of Scranton, with whom I got pretty well acquainted, was en route for Sigel's Headquarters as engineer for bridge building—all very pleasant companions. We enjoyed ourselves as well as possible under the circumstances, with a bloody war just before us. Dr. King, Surgeon General of Pa., a very fine, sociable man, also accompanied us from Harrisburg. I arrived at Aquia Creek when, very unexpectedly, I came across several old chums from Nicholson; Mr. Bacon, Nichols, Capwell, Driggs &c, who seemed very much pleased to see one from Wyoming again.—They are at work on the Rail Road at Aquia Creek. I remained with them one night, and with social sakes and games of euchre, time passed rapidly by. Next day at two o'clock, I had to bid them good-bye; leaving them considerably homesick, I think, in fact, I began to feel so too. After passing through quite a desolate portion of old Virginia, (it is all so, that I have seen,) I arrived at Falmouth, the end of my railroad journey, and began to seek the 1st. Penna. Cavalry, the one to which I was assigned. My inquiries and searches proved unavailing for the day. After travelling until dark with no success, no one knowing where it was stationed on account of its changing position so often.—Towards night I began to realize that I was in a land of war. Saw nothing but soldiers, arms, army wagons and other things pertaining to war. With my satchel in hand, I was travelling on foot, I knew not where. I thought of the lone pilgrim wanderer in a strange land. I had some rations in my haversack, but I gloomily still, I sat down and drew forth something for the stomach's sake. It seemed poor living to me, but I find that crackers and cheese are a luxury to a soldier; not had even on holidays. Crackers we have but they make business for the dentist. I took my fill and travelled on. Had serious notions of not reporting to head-quarters, resigning my commission, and taking the back track, didn't like war. Just as night had taken the place of day, and candles were quite necessary, I arrived at my regiment, as I supposed. I struggled into camp, touched my hat to every white man, tried to be polite, tried to do as the rest of the wreath-hatted epaulettes of ones did—enquired for the head-quarters of my regiment—learned that they had gone off on picket duty ten miles away. Night was upon me, strangers around me, didn't know but I should be scalped for a Secesh. I found the tent of our regimental Quartermaster, who had not yet gone with the regiment. I was invited to stay all night and take a horse and an orderly, and go to my quarters next morning. I very readily accepted the invitation, and after the evening was far spent in talk and tobacco fumes, I rolled into my couch, (on the ground of course,) slept soundly, and dreamed of Father land—arose in the morning, breakfasted, and mounted a good horse, lent me by Col. Taylor of my regiment, and, with an orderly, started for Lamb Church, nine miles away, where my regiment was encamped out on picket duty. I arrived, reported myself ready for duty, took charge of the hospital and sick department generally. The chief Surgeon had resigned, the Assistant had just been promoted to chief surgeon and had tak-

en sick and left for home on a thirty days leave of absence, leaving no surgeon to take charge of the regiment. I walked in and am now chief surgeon, assistant Surgeon, Surgeon General and all the surgeon in our Regiment, now on duty. The next morning after my arrival, at the sound of the Bugle I visited the Hospital to take charge of the sick, soon they came in and company A was disposed of first. I examined the patients made a prescription, the Steward said we hadn't the Medicine prescribed again, hadn't the Medicine, I then enquired what Medicines we had and now prescribed accordingly. I pity the patients, but won't warrant a cure. This is a land of prematurely broken down wrecks of humanity, with disease, sorrow, suffering and hardships in every lineament, sick and discouraged, and longing for the termination of this hellish unnatural war fare, officers, soldiers, and all concerned, except those at home speculating out of their miseries. My quarters are with the chaplain of the Regiment, Rev. Mr. Beale a very fine merry sociable young fellow good deal of a warrior and first rate fellow, has been here a year and a half and is getting sick of his war ton. McClellan and nobody else, say all here—officers, soldiers, Democrats, Republicans and all, is the man to lead our army, they have no confidence in, nor can they fight under any body else, abolitionists are not to be found here their opinion would probably differ from these, but soldiers say, let them come and try shell and bullets a short time and their abolitionism will vanish. I am getting pretty well acquainted with the officers and men of our Regiment and began to feel more at home, but can't see the beauty of war yet. Christmas Eve the officers had quite a justification on poor whiskey, got hold of an old Planter Secesh Doctor near here got him beautifully drunk and very jolly made him drink to the Union and when he couldn't drink any longer a guard was detailed to escort him home. It was attended with considerable trouble as the old gent fell off his horse several times, but finally reached his quarters, and was laid out to sober up, being a little sick of Christmas. Now it is New Year's E. e. and the boys are merrymaking loudly, for whiskey, but it can't be found. Secesh were not altogether forgetful of Christmas either. They got up a big drunk just across the river from our Pickets and got to firing pretty loud and fast so much so, that we thought they were attempting to cross the river and were firing upon our Pickets. The alarm was given through camp the Colonel ordered out another Battalion of men, they soon mounted their horses and rushed to the rescue, great excitement prevailed in camp, things were packed and all preparations for a retreat if necessary, but the men soon returned stating that it was well, Secesh was on a drunk and shooting among themselves. Sunday we changed our quarters to this place, called Camp Bayard near Bell Plains, named after General Bayard who was killed by this Regiment and was killed a hero.

To-day I mounted my horse, and started out to find the boys from Tunkhannock and Nicholson, in the 12th Regt. Pa. reserves who I learned lay near here. Geo. Fetzer a not with them. The last they saw of the was in the fight at Fredericksburg. They think his war is ended. The boys look very gloomy and long for the war to be over. I saw John Hoadly, Ross, John Shingler, and Hamlin Benjamin from Nicholson. The look healthy, but not happy, and say they dread every battle more and more, that the fight at Fredericksburg was the worst they had been engaged in yet.

Yours &c.

H. N. K.

Only One Killed.

Only one killed; that is all, only one precious young life suddenly cut short; only one happy household shrouded in gloom; only one home chair broken; only one man made a widow; one group of little ones fatherless, or perhaps one fond mother heart robbed of its idol; one tender soul made brotherless; one loving young man stricken down in his first great agony. How many times within the last few months have faithful comrades broken the turf, and deposited underneath, the form of the only one killed. The next morning papers told of a brilliant affair—repulse of the enemy with only one killed on our side, etc., and after an indifferent glance at it, we passed to the next paragraph. And yet for so poor hearts the term only one killed, counts an immeasurable amount of sorrow. How will they watch for that loved one, who went out from them in all the strength of beauty & youth. In vain will they look for the sound of that voice whose last note for them was the sad cadence, good-bye! The anxious eyes that so often gazed by the old road, will not be gladdened by sight of that dear form, and the harmonious home music will ever be broken, for the voice will always be wanting. Next to willow grave, and there quietly sleeping the only one killed, and alas, how many graves there are scattered over the country. Graves that are marked by no head stone, no loving friends ever plants flowers on the no loving eyes ever water them with their tears. Hands hardened by grasping the consigned them to the dust; and those eyes moved to weeping, gaze on those graves. We do not realize the vast amount of sorrow this war is creating. Next to those from whose hearthstone has been taken the only one, can realize it.

A receipt to make a Modern Federal Abolitionist.

Take the head of an old hypocrite, a Conspirator, 1 lb. Base tongue; 25 drops Spirit of Oliver Cromwell; 15 drops of Christ. Put the compound into the mouth of Self Righteousness and pound it with the Pele of Malice; sift it through the mill of an old Connecticut Priest; put it in the file of Rebellion, steam it over the fire of the 14th hours, then put it into the mortar of Brittle influence, cork it with Toryism, and settle till the next assembly site and it will be fit for use. Give the patient eight or ten just before election and if he is not of a robust constitution it will have the effect.