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Poetry.

The Heroes of Chickamauga.
On Chickamauga's gray field,
A thousand heroes lie,
Who thought it well to die,
And for the right to die.

Ye gallant dead, with laurel crowned,
Ye in whose blood the flag is dyed,
For freedom on that field renowned,
Ye gave all manly blood for God.

'Twas for our home, our liberty,
Our peace, that ye met death;
And now ye lie who hope on you
The country's future life.

Some say ye fought in feeble days,
Well who like not some words;
But first to him full freedom gave--
Who rules him he will curse.

They say ye fought as equals,
The negro with the white;
But who charge this can never be
The negro's equal, quite.

'Twas in a glorious cause ye fought,
And met death without fear,
'Twas for the freedom for us bought
By our forefathers dear.

Not yet ye peace and quiet them?
Now just your flag is gone,
THE FLAG floats to the breeze again;
And waves above your bones.

GLENFIELD.

Communications.

OUR PRISONERS IN RICHMOND!

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER OF THE 89TH O. V. I.

Full and interesting Account of the Part Taken by the 89th in the Battle of Chickamauga, and their Capture by the Enemy.

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following very interesting extracts from a letter written by an officer of the 89th Ohio, a well known and respected citizen of this county, to his wife, dated--

LINNY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.,
November 15th, 1863.

DEAR WIFE: * * * I received last night the carpet-bag and clothing, &c. sent me, in good order, all right, except the shoes, which are so small and narrow that I cannot wear them, also the shirt is rather small. I also received your letter.

There were about 250 boxes, barrels and bags of stuff came yesterday and was all delivered to the prisoners here, so that a large number of the officers are now living well. When I first came here I did not understand things here altogether, therefore did not know how to write, or what to write, in order to be sure that it would go through. I therefore resolved to write, or say any thing to insure success, hence said so many words, that my wife's treatment was good. * * * I can now state that that was simply false. In my subsequent letters, however, I made the statement that our treatment here was much better than I anticipated. That is the truth. * * * The worst that we have to contend with is the rations; but we have had the privilege of buying vegetables, &c., from the market here whenever it was to be had, so that by buying butter at about \$8 to \$8 per pound, sweet potatoes about \$30 to \$40 per bushel, and all other things in proportion, we got along very well. Col. Carlton, Lieut. Col. Glenn, Capt. Glenn and myself have been messing together, so far as what we bought and received from home went; as for rations issued, the prisoners are messed in numbers of about 30 to a mess, each having a cook of our own number. The rations issued are half a loaf of bread per day to the man, weighing, I suppose, from 8 to 10 ounces, 5 ounces of meat, mostly fresh beef, and a little rice. The meat is made into soup for dinner and hash for breakfast, by the addition of vegetables bought. We have cook stoves, about one to 100 men. The cooks of the large messes only cook rations furnished, each side-mess furnishing and cooking its own outside things. We cooked promiscuously until Col. Carlton received a box from his wife at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 12 days ago, containing a nice lot of ground Java coffee, sugar, Irish potatoes, dried beef, crackers, &c. Since that time, we have been cooking regularly, each one a week, my week is going on now, and will be out Tuesday, the 17th, when I shall be relieved for three weeks by the other three. I now have on the stove a bucket of sweet potatoes cooking while I write--enough for dinner and supper both. Capt. Glenn received a box of stuff last night from Hillsboro, containing ham, butter, sugar, coffee, &c., so we are now

fairing first-rate. We have to exchange our money for Confederate money here, and get from \$7 to \$7.50 for \$1, to buy stuff with.

Our prison is a large tobacco warehouse; the rooms are about 120 feet long by 40 wide. We have from 150 to 200 men in the room. There are now here fully 1,000 officers, about 84 surgeons, who will go away soon, which will give us a little more room. For the last week or two our rations have been cut down to corn bread, instead of wheat bread, and that of a poor quality, and no meat three-fourths of the days. Rebel officers here say it is because flour cannot be had here for either love or money. When we first came here, about the first of October, flour was selling from \$40 to \$50 per barrel, now it is from \$90 to \$100, and cannot be had for that except in very limited quantities. I believe upon the whole, they are treating us about as well as they can, and keep up their names as good rebels.

We get daily Richmond papers here every morning. The cry is all the time that "the Yankee prisoners are eating up all the provisions, and there are citizens starving for want of them." Wood is now \$30 per cord, and very scarce at that, corn \$15 per bushel, candles \$1 a piece, and the meanest kind at that. The poorest quality of small-sized letter paper costs from 12 1/2 to 15 cents a sheet. * * *

Our prospects for getting away from here soon are not very flattering. I want you to send me a box of stuff every four weeks until I direct otherwise. Put in ground coffee, sugar, butter, ham, beef, fruit and jellies, about a pound of good candles, a lot of newspapers and things to read. We have been here furnished from the North, with testaments, tracts, and a variety of religious reading matter. Put in the Highland News, and also the paper containing the election returns of the Highland election for county officers by townships. Fill in some good green apples, Irish potatoes, and put in cheese, crackers, and cakes of all kinds that will not spoil on the road, and in short, anything that is good to eat and plenty of it. * * *

Write me long letters and lots of them. The length of letters coming here is no objection to them, it is only those going away that they say must be short. * * *

Your advice to me to be of good cheer is indeed very reviving, and I can do no better than to say the same to you. The main thing here is the confinement. We are not allowed to go out of the building at all, although each officer has access to the rooms of any of the others at any time. Owing to the necessarily sedentary life here, we have not such appetites as we had in the field, and want something finer to eat. * * *

I recovered from my camp sickness, and when I joined the regiment at Bridgeport, the Doctor and Colonel both said I had better stay back. I told the Colonel I was going with him if he would let me. He said he expected we would have pretty hard times. I improved and felt well for several days, but was sick again on the 15th. When the regiment went out to Ringgold, about 14 miles on a reconnaissance, with Gen. Stedman, in command of six regiments, I rode in the ambulance until we arrived nearly to the rebel pickets, when I took command of my company and remained with it during the engagement, (which was only a skirmish) and returned in the ambulance. I was always determined my company should not go in a fight without me, if I was possibly able to be with them. We returned to camp all safe and right the next day. We were ordered out early on Saturday morning the 19th. All knew it was a fight then. We knew Rosecrans had telegraphed to Chattanooga the night before that the fight would commence that day. We went out with 339 men, and were engaged about two hours that evening in a skirmish and partial engagement, making it, what we thought, tolerably hot about half the time. I had only one man wounded in my company that evening, (John C. Johnson.)

We lay on our arms in line of battle during the night, until about 8 o'clock in the morning, when we fell back about a mile and reformed our line in an advantageous position, and lay down to receive the attack of the momentarily expected enemy. In a very short time

our wagon came up and issued two days' rations, coffee, sugar, bread and meat. The boys were very hungry and began to put them in haversacks as fast as possible, but before we could possibly get them all in, we were ordered to fall in and march to the rear a short distance, and then crossed at once to the right of Gen. Thomas's corps, a distance of nearly 5 miles. With the brave Gen. Gordon Granger, and Gen. Stedman at our head, we were at once ordered forward to gain a certain very elevated point on Missionary Ridge, and held it at all hazards. This we did, going forward on double-quick-time. A good part of the time we could not see the men for the dust. For the last mile we were shelled on both sides by the rebels, but went on double-quick-step, dodging occasionally as the shells came closer, until we gained the point to which we were ordered, the 22d Michigan regiment in front of us, and the 115th Illinois in front of them. Very soon, however, after our line halted, the 22d Michigan fell back under a heavy fire to our left, and formed on it. Another moment and here came the 115th Illinois, wounded, straggling, running, and line broken. At this moment our men began to prick up their ears, as they heard the yells of the rebels, as they followed closely after the Michigan and Illinois troops, pouring into their broken ranks a very heavy fire. Gen. Stedman rode along the line in front of them and tried in vain to rally them as they approached our line. Col. Carlton ordered our regiment to lie down, which we did, and they passed over us, trampling on a good many of our men as they went over the line; some with and some without guns, some carrying wounded, others limping on one leg, and so on.

It was at this moment our regiment was to be tried. The rebel lines following up with a yell, as if their victory was complete. As the balls began to reach our line, I shall never forget the command of our gallant little Colonel, who knew we were not accustomed to such a fire as was coming. He sat on his horse within a few rods of where Gen. Stedman's horse had been shot under him, and where a few minutes after, his own horse suffered the same fate, but he sat as cool as a preacher in a pulpit, and commanded, "Steady, Steady, Steady!" Then we opened a terrific fire of volley after volley into their ranks, for the space of three-quarters of an hour, their line wavering to and fro, while ours was as steady as a clock, and by this time they were back, leaving the ground literally strewn with their dead and wounded. We had no orders to go forward and did not follow them, but had not long to wait till they came again with fresh troops to dislodge us from our position; but we again sent them back howling as before; and so on, until nearly dark, they made charge after charge against our single line, only to be as often repulsed with great slaughter each time to them, and comparatively small loss on our side.

It was now nearly night, when the lines having given way on both right and left of us, we were subjected to an enfilading fire of shot, shell and musketry, thus flanking us, so that we were forced to turn our line, but we rallied again and charged again, driving them back. By this time our ammunition was gone, having fired sixty rounds, besides all we could gather from the boxes of the dead and wounded. The firing having ceased, we selected a spot to lie down and await the darkness of the night to work our way back, knowing the rebels were three or four lines deep in our rear. We had sent back an hour before sun-down that our ammunition was nearly gone, the order came back as before, to hold that point.

Soon after dark the rebels knowing we were there, so disposed their forces as to open fire upon us and charge us from three sides, having a brigade on the fourth or front, to renew the attack, while the others closed in and surrounded us, and thus we were sacrificed to save the other part of the army, and prevent a complete rout of our whole line, and the rebel occupation of Chattanooga. All the accounts of the great battle, admit that for the timely aid of Gens. Gordon Granger, Thomas who have been overwhelmed and ruined, after the falling to pieces of Gen. Crittendon and McCook's corps.

It was now we were flanked and

forced to turn our line, that our regiment suffered severely. I had 20 men in the fight, two were killed--Wm. Syphard and C. Carey--18 prisoners--wounded. About 3 or 4 ran away during the fight--their names I forbear to mention.

The names of the prisoners here are Sergis, H. H. Rodkey, D. B. Robbins and R. C. Barrett, Corporals J. W. Lucas, Lewis McNeal, John Arbaekle and Amos T. Rice; Privates J. D. Clark, John Carter, John B. Davis, J. P. Darrick, S. W. Kelly, James W. Ludwig, W. H. Martin, Samuel Nolder, Peter Smith and P. W. Shriver. I cannot now recollect the names of all the wounded, McCoy, Countryman and Kisinger were seriously wounded, balance I think but slightly.

What the Butternuts Should Do.

A little advice, if honestly given and kindly received, might be of advantage to the Butternuts.

While it cannot be denied that the leaders of the Butternut faction are bold, mischievous men, it is evident that many of their followers are lacking in the quality of true courage. Hence, the latter have been easily brought to the support of "peace" demagogues. Had they not been deceived, many of them never would have been found walking in the path that leads directly to bloody civil war, with all its accompanying horrors, but would have shunned it with more care than they have shown avidity in pursuing it.

They were informed by those that led them that, if they could gain the elections, peace would result. Peace they longed for--peace was all they wished, no matter what the terms--how degrading, or how unstable. For a little fictitious peace, they would sacrifice the Nation and their posterity. They could not tell, exactly, how this peace was to be brought about, (for their ideas were considerably muddled,) but they probably supposed that by some mysterious method, known to their leaders, it would be accomplished.

But, since the road to lasting peace lies through national military success, and not through the intrigues of political aspirants, the sooner these men know it the better. Beyond doubt, they have already very much prolonged the war by their foolish and wicked opposition to the Government; thus retarding its progress, and giving hope to the despairing rebels. The longer they continue in this irrational and sinful course, the worse it will be for all concerned.

As some of the fruits of their bad conduct, we have the Conscription Law. Had they labored as hard to encourage as they did to discourage enlistments, and had they admonished their friends in the army to remain, good and faithful soldiers instead of urging them to become infamous deserters, they would not now be confronted by the Conscription Law.

Many of them have entertained the delusive hope that this law cannot be enforced, and have boastfully threatened resistance thereto. But it is certainly time that their eyes should be open in reference to this. If the "Dead Rabbits" of New York, having the sympathy of an unprincipled Governor, did not carry out their well-planned schemes of resistance, it would be hard to do it elsewhere--especially since the people throughout the loyal States have, at the late elections, emphatically endorsed this law. It goes hard to be forced into measures, bitter, a thousand times, to go peaceably and willingly, than to be disgracefully whipped into the service of one's Country.

There remains, then, nothing but submission to the law. "What cannot be cured, must be endured." The question then arises, What should the Butternuts do? Evidently they should adopt a thorough change of tactics. They should "about-face" without delay, and henceforth act as becomes sensible men and good citizens. If they do not wish to be conscripted, they should fall to, and, with all the energy they possess, encourage enlistments as the only means of avoiding conscription. They should advise those hale young men who are politically connected with them, and who have no families to leave behind, to heed their country's call and enlist in its defense, as the most honorable course they can pursue.

This war can soon be terminated, and that honorably, if the people of the North are resolved it shall be done. This Government has the men and the munitions of war, and the ability to put them in the field and to keep them there. And, not only so, but it has "God and the Right" on its side.

What, then, do men promise themselves by opposing its progress? Do they not see that the rebels are already "cornered," and, in all probability, must soon succumb? What manhood is there, then, in begging peace of those baffled rebels, who have been spilling the blood of our friends and relatives, and striking at our dearest interests? Let those who have been opposing the war and the rightful means for carrying it on, cease their miserable whining, and hereafter acquit themselves as men. If they are frightened by the Conscription Law, let them exert themselves in procuring enlistments, and it will soon lose its terror. They will feel the better, too, for having done their duty. It is far better to become eleven-hour laborers than to eat out upon the good work at all.

Those ladies (?) too, who have been so fearful of the harmless black--who have been begging their fathers to save them from "negro equality," and who so much desire "white husbands or none," would do well to cease such silly and vulgar trappings, and set about redeeming themselves. They should bear in mind the fact, discovered by the best observers, that it is not always those who affect the greatest horror of the negro that are most elevated above him. Nobleness of soul does not consist in spitting upon and abusing the weak and defenceless. Two white persons may be chosen--one of exalted character and the other debased--and be assured that the one, whose superior, both mentally and morally, may a negro is, will be the first to revile the unfortunate black. It indicates low breeding, then, to be always maliciously assailing the negro. Ladies should not do so--it is bad enough for gentlemen to engage in such a business. Besides, the influence that women thus exercise increases the prejudices of the opposite sex against the black; and the consequence is, many refuse to enlist in a cause in which the negro is unavoidably and innocently involved, lest some slight advantage might accrue to him. Christian ladies could be more charitably employed by becoming active members of the Soldiers' Aid Society; patriotic ladies would certainly desire, could they be convinced that such conduct creates a feeling against the war and prevents volunteering.

Then let all who have any desire to aid in defence of the good Government that has protected and prospered them, and which has been most infamously assailed by perjured traitors, come to the rescue, and lend a helping hand in a noble cause.

GLENFIELD.

The majority for Brough in Montgomery county, by the aid of the soldier's vote, is 1,000. Soldiers from Montgomery know how to appreciate Vallandigham.

The Portsmouth Republican says that the Portsmouth & Newark Railroad has been sold to the Marietta & Cincinnati company.

Horace Greely is writing a history of the war. A Hartford publishing house will pay him for it \$10,000.

The vote of Clark county soldiers stood--Brough, 610; Vallandigham, 10. The united vote against Vallandigham in that county is 2,196.

Youth's Department.

Robus.
For the News.
A Scottish hero of whom we've read,
Who's long since assumed with the dead,
A Scottish hero that we'll name,
And then a part of some fame,
A Greek warrior, who for from home,
In exile was compelled to roam,
A Greek, who in days of yore,
Included his hands in Roman gore,
The battle for us, never you live,
An Irish hero's name they'll give.

Enigma.
For the News.
My life is in earth, but not in ground;
My life is in noise, but not in sound;
My life is in man, but not in boy;
My life is in pleasure, but not in joy;
My life is in eye, but not in sight;
My life is in state, but not in might;
My life is in war, but not in peace;
My life is in love, but not in ease;
My life is in heart, but not in brain;
My life is in soul, but not in pain;
My life is in life, but not in death;
My life is in man, but not in beast;
My life is in the same of "what" in Paintow-ship.

The Home Circle.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

Tall old men have no air upon their mountain tops.

If a woman keep a secret at all, it is generally with telling effect.

Temptations are strongest in high places. When the Savior himself was tempted, he was led to the top of an exceedingly high place.

He who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

A sweet temper in a wife is worth more to a husband than a sugar plantation.

A gentleman can marry whatever lady he will--if he pleases.

A man who marries a lady he adores, is "joined to his idol."

Men mutilate their own bodies seldom; their characters often.

Many books are like the one eaten by St. John, they are sweet to the taste, but make the stomach bitter.

A poor woman can see more sympathy in sixpence than in streams of tears.

A red produced blossoms when held in the hand of Aaron. A birch rod produces fruit in the hands of the school-master.

To win woman's love, be not all sweetness; molasses catches fewer flies than molasses and vinegar.

Blame not a man too harshly for throwing dirt; he shows by the very act that it is his natural weapon.

If tobacco gets scarce, there's no harm done. If you can't chew, eschew.

Pearls.

The pearl is a small concretion which is formed within the hard envelope of a shell-fish, but particularly in what is called the mother-of-pearl oyster which nearly resembles in shape the common oyster, but is larger, being usually about three inches in diameter. The pearls are most commonly contained in the shell, but sometimes they are found in the thickest and most fleshy parts of the oyster. A single oyster will frequently contain several pearls; and it is on record that one has been known to contain one hundred and fifty. The pearl itself is supposed to be the result of some accidental deposit or extravasation of the liquor secreted by the animal in the gradual enlargement of its shell--very small in the first instance, but increased by successive layers of pearl matter. The formation of the pearl has, however, embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of very curious hypotheses. Some have even supposed that pearls are formed like other stones in animals.

I content that every dollar spent in insuring a thorough system of ventilation in barns and stables, "pays," it is an investment which tends to keep animals healthy, for it is a bulwark of defence against many forms of pulmonary disease; it keeps the cattle and spontaneous pneumonia separate; it curtails doctors' bills, and puts a stop to the barbarous known as horn-boring and tail-docking; and at the same time, should the cow have an accidental cough, pure, cold air is the best cough medicine in the world, and as it costs but little, it is worth a fair trial. [Dr. Dadd.]

Scene in a Street Car.

The following incident is vouchered for by a correspondent of the Christian Register:

A daughter of Massachusetts, living in New York, was riding in a crowded street car. An intelligent young soldier, suffering from lameness, was standing. This lady kindly offered him her seat, which he politely declined, whereupon a city dame, occupying the next place, gathered up her robes, and scornfully said she thought things had come to a pretty pass, when a New York lady offered her seat to a man, especially a soldier.

"Shame upon you, madam," rejoined our humane friend, "have you no dear ones in the army?"

"No," was the reply, "my husband should not go."

"Indeed!" was the patriotic answer. "I had rather be a soldier's widow, than a coward's wife!"

An outburst of applause greeted the speaker. There was a happy finale to the incident. The lame soldier soon obtained the very best seat to the unfortunate woman who had so insulted him.

Miscellaneous.

"Statistics of Voters," &c.

Under this heading we find in the Cincinnati Gazette, a very valuable article on the statistics of voters in Ohio. It is in answer to some enquiries from Dr. Francis Lieber. Mr. Mansfield, the author, is the Commissioner of Statistics for the State of Ohio.

In reference to the election of 1863, he gives the following figures:
Total number of white males in 1860, 1,171,720.

Total number of white males over twenty-one years, 46,791.

Which gives white males over twenty-one years, 539,330.

Three years' increase of population is, per cent, 7 1/2.

Which adds to the number of white males over twenty-one, 40,447.

Which gives the total number of white males over twenty-one years of age in July, 1863, 579,777.

Deducting from these the emigrant foreigners over twenty-one, and those who are native but not in the State one year, and we have the net number of voters estimated at, for 1863, 549,777; the number actually voting was, in round numbers, 432,000. From which figures, after deducting the soldiers' vote, Mr. Mansfield shows that at least 42,777 legal electors did not vote at the last election. He deduces from this analysis, the proportion and number of voters in Ohio, on October 13th, 1863, as follows:

Whole number of legal voters, 549,777.

The number actually voting in the State, 432,000.

Number of soldiers absent, who might vote, 75,000.

Whole number of voters at home, and soldiers absent, 507,000.

Number who might, but did not vote at home, 42,777.

Proportion of voters at home, 79 per cent.

Proportion of voters and soldiers, 92 per cent.

Proportion of voters at home who did not vote, 8 per cent.

Applying the same ratio to population, legal voters and actual voters, from 1840 to 1863 inclusive, which have been ascertained as above, we have the following table of results, viz:

Legal voters in 1840, 553,904; actual voters, 273,842; proportion, 76 per cent.

Legal voters in 1844, 387,900; actual voters, 312,232; proportion, 80.5 per cent.

Legal voters in 1848, 416,896; actual voters, 323,594; proportion, 79 per cent.

Legal voters in 1852, 445,891; actual voters, 353,428; proportion, 79 per cent.

Legal voters in 1856, 477,279; actual voters, 386,497; proportion, 80 1/2 per cent.

Legal voters in 1860, 509,673; actual voters, 412,441; proportion, 87 per cent.

Legal voters in 1863, 549,777; actual voters, 507,000; proportion, 92 per cent.

In the last vote is included the probable number of soldiers of legal age, a part of whom did vote, and all of whom would have voted at home.

Mr. Mansfield concludes his able article as follows:

"From the above table of voters it appears that in every election, except the last, the silent electors could have reversed the decision. In the last they could not, and thus the election of 1863 is memorable for being the only one of which it could be said that it could not be reversed by any accident or any effect. Is it not wise to take that as a final verdict? Can we ever get a more direct one? It may be taken for granted from the history of a century in this country, that the people will never lay down their arms, while there is an enemy in the field, a country to defend, or freedom to maintain."

Loss of Horses.--During the past year the government has lost 11,000 horses by battle and disease. The average number daily received at the veterinary hospitals at Washington alone was over 100, of which not more than one-half are returned for duty. It was claimed that a large proportion of this mortality might be saved by the employment of regularly trained veterinary surgeons in the army.