

SETH W. BROWN, Editor. Office, on Main Street, opp. Court House.

Tuesday, January 12



22 degrees below zero. Bus drivers had their hands, feet, noses, and ears frozen. At Fort Wayne, Indiana, the mercury, on Saturday, the 24th, was 23 degrees below zero. The men were frozen to death.

What a Fall.

From the Democracy of former years to the Democracy of the present day, what a fall has been, my countrymen.

PERSONAL.

Chief Justice Taney didn't die as everybody thought he would. He is not going to leave the traces yet. His health is today considerably better.

GENERAL MEADE'S LATE MOVEMENT.

The Rev. S. A. Hale, of New Hampshire, recently visited the Army of the Potomac. According to newspaper report which you know is always reliable—General Meade made the following explanation:

REBEL PRISONERS.

The rebel prisoners at various camps throughout the country, are to be taken within General Butler's department. He is the man who can take care of them.

REVIEWS.

Letter from the 74th.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 28, 1863. Editor SENTINEL:

Enclosed you will find one dollar and fifty cents for which you will please send me a copy of your much-desired paper.

Mr. Editor, perhaps some of your readers would like to know how we spent Christmas in this department. In the festive line, our bill of fare consisted of hard bread and mess pork, to which add beans and the important item of potato, and you have our Christmas feast.

The few who had the good fortune of buying a chicken thought themselves favored by a special dispensation of Providence, among whom were our worthy Major, the Adjutant, and Quartermaster who mess together; and, I think, some of the boys managed to raise a chicken also. Now, many may think that such fare on Christmas would cause wide-spread dissatisfaction, but it did not. True, there may have been, and undoubtedly were, many who thought of this good old time when peace did reign supreme before rebellion and treason reared their poisonous forms from the miasmatic swamps of South Carolina.

At Evansville, Indiana, the mercury was

At Milwaukee, the mercury was 35 degrees below zero, and frozen cars and feet were innumerable. Several people were taken up on the streets in an insensible condition. So report the papers.

At Nashville the snow was three inches deep, and sleighs were running in the streets. Taking the country all over it was indeed a cold map of weather, and the change was so sudden that it was thought to be a hoax.

Letter from Washington.

Washington, January 8, 1864.

The Senate has been debating to-day on the Conscription bill, and it is hard to tell what will be the final action of Congress on the subject, though I predict that the three-hundred-dollar clause will not be repealed. It is thought that both classes will be thrown into one, and all, from twenty to forty-five years of age, will be equally subject to draft.

REBELS FALLING BACK.

The Star of to-day says that private information leads to the belief that the rebels are removing their military stores from Richmond to some point in South Carolina. The rebels are compelled to construct their lines. The anaconda is tightening its deadly grip, and the Confederacy is growing cold. The symptoms of final dissolution are visible.

THE QUAKERS.

The Quakers from several of the States were before the Military Committee of the House to-day. They do not want to be drafted, and they do not want to pay three hundred dollars. It is pretty generally admitted that the Quakers should not be compelled to fight, but reasonable men think they should pay the commutation without grumbling.

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But suppose they did think of old times, they also thought of the glorious cause they were serving, and did not murmur. Although the sounds of hallelujahs reverberated in their hearts, they were not unmoved. They were not unmoved. They were not unmoved. They were not unmoved.

Sketches of Travel—No. III.

Ready for that ride, Mr. Editor? Too cold? Why, my dear, it's only a little below zero. And besides, you need the fresh air. (That is a purely original prescription; but you may think you have heard something like it before. Use it—"no charge unless it cures you.")

Letter from Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, January 1, 1864.

Here I am, safely and warmly housed in Bachelor's Retreat, sitting with my paper under the gaslight, and my back toward a red-hot stove, and not very far from it either, for to-day has been extremely cold; yesterday, it rained from about eight o'clock in the morning until near four in the evening, when it turned to snowing and blowing, and continued very blustering all night. Old 1863, making a desperate fight to continue his reign, but not being able to successfully cope with his younger rival, fell to rise no more. In falling, he seems to have inflicted such a wound upon his conqueror's feelings that the victor has determined to punish the former subjects of '63, by ruling them (not with a rod of iron) but a rod of ice, of which rule will stand in such a dread that we can not appear outside of our fortifications of fire, without great trembling. This morning, the thermometer stood at twenty degrees below zero, being a change of about sixty degrees in eighteen hours. Last night, three soldiers at Camp Morton were frozen, one dying in a few minutes after being relieved from guard, and the physicians say that the other two cannot live. These soldiers belonged to the Indiana Invalid Corps, and were guarding the rebel prisoners at Camp Morton. It is said that the one who died first, upon finding that he could not stand the extreme cold much longer, called for the corporal of the guard, who asked him what he wanted, and upon being told by the man that he was freezing, paid no attention to him, and when going to relieve him he was found frozen stiff. They carried him into a tent, but he died in a few minutes after. The citizens feel very indignant in regard to the conduct of the corporal.

Letter from Yellow Springs.

Yellow Springs, January 6, 1864.

Editor SENTINEL:

This interesting village stands, at present writing, enveloped in a circumambient atmosphere of most frigid intensity. Cold, cold, bitter cold. Nature seems congealed into insensibility. The habitations of man are frosted with the breath of the burrable monster of the North, who, gazing through the windows, curious of the warmth and happiness within, and yearning to scatter to the winds the shelter which the skill of man has thrown around himself, breathes his icy breath upon the panes into fantastic shapes and forms of the Northern pole. People, as they draw about them their wintery garments, and hurry through the streets, seem to have changed from what they were but a few months ago. They have suddenly become intensely selfish. Their blood and sensibilities seem to have retreated to the inner sanctum of their own individuality. With unaccountable impudence they tell you as they hurry along that it is cold weather, as if, forsooth, they were not themselves unmistakable pictures of frigid, and it were necessary that "cold weather" should be put into the mouths of these walking statues in order to declare themselves. On they hurry, their mainly steps degenerated to a dog-rout, possessed of but one idea, and having but one blessed goal in their imaginations, some hot place where they may become permeated with caloric, and thawed with stupidity, and from whence they may not soon depart.

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