These transcription were taken from scrapbook clippings that did not include the name of the newspapers in which they originally appeared or the original date of publication.

Letter from a Soldier

The following letter is published by request. The parties both lived in Madison county, in this State.

TOWLLAHOMA, Tenn., Aug., 7, '62.
RESPECTED PARENTS: This evening I received a letter from you dated July 2, * * * You wanted to know if I got the *Standard.* I have been getting it for several months. As you said something about the present issues now distracting the country, I have something to say in reply, not with any wish to dictate to you but simply to give my views. I agree with you in favor of putting down the Abolitionists and the rebels; they must be put down, and that too in the next two years, or our country is gone. But there is a time for all things, and this is the time to put out and down the rebellion. Put down first those in arms against the Government, and then put down those who are trying to change the Government and tearing it up for the avowed purpose of destroying slavery – one of its institutions. But you say put them both down at one time. This cannot be done, for if the North is divided, it will give strength to the rebels, who are a little too strong at the present time to suit everyone.

You said we wanted the Constitution as it was; that is so, and it is the same as it always was and always will be. - The trouble is there are some of its *subjects* that want to be made as they were once, loyal to the Union, and then all will be right. Perhaps, you may say that their rights were interfered with. No, sir, in no instance did they lose a single fight under the Constitution; in no instance has the Government interfered with slavery in the States; and in no instance will it ever interfere with the property of loyal men.

I have noticed in the *Standard* that Mr. Barker is very indignant at Democrats for being in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Why is this? Cannot a man be in favor of putting down traitors without being censured as an Abolitionist: I would say to Mr. Barker that if he can be a Democrat and oppose the prosecution of this war, he is more wise than Billy Barbour's colt, who jumped into the river to keep out of the rain. But Mr. Barker would say that he is in favor of the prosecution of the war, but to what extent? Why, until the Constitution shall be established as it was. It is evident then, that the Constitution is invaded by some one; and let us see by whom it is being trampled upon. Is it not by rebels: They are in arms against it, defying the world to make them live under it, and swear they will die before they will come back. - But there is another class of fellows working at or on a principle that will lead to the same thing, but have not taken up arms. Now, Mr. Barker, what is your policy or remedy: It is to meet the rebels with musket and guard rebel property, and they will come back. This won't do. Meet them with the musket, and tell them to surrender, and if they don't, shoot them on the spot; don't get to guarding them or you may guard them for forty years, and they will shoot you every chance they get. Fifty thousand men have lost their lives guarding rebel property, and still you ask me and your neighbors to keep on guarding. Then your policy for Abolitionists is to form and organize the Democratic party, having for its sole object the destruction the Abolition party. When you make this the sole object you make the party a sectional party, the same as the other. I would say to everyone by everything you hold dear and sacred in this world, to pause upon the edge of the precipice before you go another step; and in every word you speak, and in every look and action,

let it be in support of your country. Your gray-haired fathers and aged mothers call to you from their mouldering tombs, and tell you to let everything go, and save your country.

I stood on picket duty the other day in a grave yard where there was a Colonel of the Revolutionary war buried, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, and ..... the rebels here would not permit the ..... nor tomb-stone of that old patriot to stand, but tore them down and threw them in the mud as they have the Stars and Stripes.

I must close by saying and hoping the war may soon close that I may come to see my friends once more.

W.W. SEWARD

Obituaries for William Wesley Seward dated 28 January 1863 and 12 March 1863.

...s for My Nephew, Sergeant W.W. Seward

A mound is in the graveyard,
A long and narrow bed,
No grass is growing on it,
No marble at its head;
Ye may go and weep beside it;
Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But you'll find no balm for
Sorrow in the cold and silent clod.

There is anguish in the household –
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished son,
From the parent roof has flown;
A manly form is missing;
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the empty chair;
His clothing put away;
And all his precious books,
With your choicest treasures lay.
Strive not to check the tear-drops,
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines through them,
Ye shall see his face again.

Oh! Think where rests your darling boy:
Not in the fattle field;
Not in the distant graveyard,
With the still and mouldering dead;
Put in a heavenly mansion,
Upon the savior's breast.
With his savior's arms around him,
He takes his sainted rest.

Markleville, Madison County Ind., Jan., 28th, 1863

Killed on the battlefield Dec. 31st, 1862, Wesley Seward, aged 23 years. Thus has one of the noblest youths passed away from this world to a world where wars can never come, where nothing can disturb the soul, and all is joy and peace. Wesley was an amiable, kind and generous, good dispositioned young man, and was universally respected by all who knew him. It seldom occurs that the death of any person causes more universal regret. He was so intimately connected with all our joys. And was withal so much in sympathy with the whole people, that we do not wonder that a deep gloom is cast over all the community and in every heart a trouble that earth cannot heal.

Weep not dear friends for one that has gone to rest. But rather prepare to meet him on the celestial clime.

"Soldier, rest thy warfare is o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Dream of battle fields no more,

Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

WINNIE MANZY.

Obituary.

Pleasant Home Ind,, March 12 1863.

Mr. Sproule – Dear Sir: You will confer a favor on many friends by inserting the following notice in your paper: Sergeant William W. Seward, was killed instantly on the battle field in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the 30th day of December, 1862.

Was eldest son of Joseph I. and Charlotte Seward, of Madison county, Ind. Young Seward was endowed with a warm, ardent heart, a sweet temper, and a noble, manly bearing, and manifested no ordinary talent .....public speaking. His power in debate, connected with his enterprising turn of mind, had already placed him in advance of, and above his associates. His company was sought by the amiable of both sexes.

In the midst of this success and pleasure, this noble youth beheld our fair temple of liberty, the best government ever reared by human hands, about to be stricken down by the hand of ***treason*** came bravely and nobly to the rescue, and entered the service of the United States on the 18th day of November, 1861, and was called to the position from which he was removed by death.

His superiors in office, as well as fellow soldiers, all concur in giving him full credit, for calmness, bravery and fidelity in all cases, even under that dreadful cross-fire in which he fell. Young Seward (I regret to say it) was not treated as his merit and qualifications, as well as previous promises, demanded. But when men buy place, as some did in the 57th regiment, honest men seldom get justice. Sergeant Seward was a Democrat of the old Jeffersonian school, and this may account for his having been elbowed out of his just dues. No man ever made sacrifice more freely for the government than he. But he often said, (and I take pride in recording it) that he went out and beared his breast to the foeman's steel, to save the government, and not to free the slaves.

But young Seward fell far away from home and friends. And while the rich crimson current of his precious life watered the cold ground, his fellow soldiers,

Without useless coffin to enclose his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud they wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Young Seward was 24 years of age last July 30th, and was six feet one inch in height.

But he has gone where no hostile tread is ever heard -- where the ashes of those who once were foes, rest together in peace.

He leaves a father and mother, four sisters and five brothers, with a long list of relatives and friends to mourn the loss. May God in his mercy bless these bleeding hearts for their anguish is overwhelming. But we drop the vail over their scene of grief, and wipe the tear of sympathy from our own eyes.

The remains of Sergeant Seward were taken up and brought home on the first day of February, and followed by a large procession to the meeting house, known as White Chapel, where suitable funeral service was conducted by Elder Wm. Vanwinkle, after which the largest procession I have ever witnessed in this community, followed the remains to the cemetery at Mechanicsburg, where they were interred

DANIEL FRANKLIN, V.D.M.

Ye may kneel and kiss the sod,
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow
In the cold and silent clod.

There is anguish in the household ,
It is desolate and lone,
For a proudly cherished son
From the parent roof has flown;
A manly form is missing,
A heart has ceased to beat,
And the chain of love lies shattered
At the desolator's feet.

Remove the empty chair,
His clothing put away;
And all his precious books
With your choicest treasures lay.
Strive not to check the tear drops
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines thro' them,
Ye shall see his face again.

Oh! Think where rests your darling boy-
Not in the battle-field,
Not in the distant graveyard,
With the still and mouldering dead;
Put in a heavenly mansion,
Upon the Savior's breast;
With his Savior's arms around him,
He takes his sainted rest.

L.P. FRANKLIN