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THE
RANDOLPH JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED
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BY
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the eye. OFFICE—Washington street, near
the north-west corner of the Public Square,
Winchester, Indiana.

NOW OR NEVER.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Listen, young heroes! your country is call-
ing!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and
the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and
falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for
you.

You whom the fathers made free and de-
fended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their
name!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended
Leave not your children a birthright of
shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom
stands grasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in its
pail!
Brief the lips! meeting be, swift the hands!
clasping!
"Off for the wars" is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly
caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast! sabers are
drawn;
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall
bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are
gone!

Now or never! cries the blood of the nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose
should bloom.

Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated
cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the
skies;
Never or now! laps the shell-blasted pen-
non

O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland
lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers
are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
From the rank swamps where our martyrs
are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;

From the hot plains where they perish
out numbered,
Furrowed and ridged with the battle-
field plow,
Comes the loud summons, too long you
have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or
now!

THE EGRO. ON THE FENCE.

Harken to what I now relate,
And on its moral meditate.

A wagoner, with grist for mill,
Was stalled at the bottom of a hill.
A brawny negro passed that way,
So stout that he might a lion slay.
"I'll put my shoulder to the wheels,
If you'll bestir your horses heels!"
So said the African, and made
As if to render timely aid.
"No," cried the wagoner, "Stand back!
I'll take no help from one that's black!"
And, to the negro's great surprise,
Flourished the whip before his eyes.
Our "darkey" quick "skedaddled" thence,
And sat upon the wayside fence,
Then went the wagoner to work,
And lashed his horses to a jerk,
But all his efforts were in vain
With shout and oath, and whip and rein.
The wheels budged not a single inch,
And tighter grew the wagoner's pinch.
Directly there came by a child
With toiling step and vision wild.
"Father," said she, with hunger dread,
"We famish for want of bread."
Then spake the negro; "If you will,
I'll help your horses to the mill."
The wagoner, in a grievous plight,
Now swore and raved with all his might,
Because the negro wasn't white,
And plainly ordered him to go
To a certain place that's down below.
Then rushing came the wagoner's wife,
To save her own and infant's life.
By robbers was their homestead sacked,
And snake and blood their pillage tracked.

Here stops our tale. When last observed
The wagoner was still "converted"
In mud at the bottom of the hill,
But bent on getting to the mill;
And hard by, not a rod from thence,
The negro sat upon the fence.

John J. Cheney is supposed to
be the author of the "sell" on
Tuesday which caused the sud-
den exit of the invalid population.

BAD NEWS!

The Randolph Boys in Ken-
tucky—They are Scattered
all over the Country—Lieut
Martin Wounded—Lieut-
Way Escapes with Twenty
Men—Capt. Ross, of Hants-
ville, Killed.

It will be seen by reference to
the summary of news published
elsewhere in this paper, that the
69th Indiana regiment of Volun-
teers, which left Richmond but
three short weeks ago, raw and
undisciplined, was in the hottest
of the recent terrible battle near
Richmond, Kentucky, where 8,
000 of our men, principally new
Indiana regiments that had never
been drilled, were opposed by
15,000 old, disciplined troops,
under command of the rebel Gen.

Kirby Smith. Overpowered thus
by superior numbers, these new
regiments soon became demoral-
ized, and the men who were not
killed or wounded fled precipi-
tately from the field. There were
about 300 Randolph boys enga-
ged in this fight—Capt. Bone-
brake's company, raised here,
Capt. Ross's company raised in
Westriver township, and parts of
companies raised at Lynn and
Union City.

The latest news received from
Capt. Bonebrake's company is
contained in a letter written by
E. J. Putman, from Indianapo-
lis Wednesday, Sept. 3, to J. W.
Williamson, who has kindly fur-
nished us with a copy of the
same. From it we learn that
Mr. Putman had seen Capt. Far-
ra, who had just arrived from
Louisville with his company of
three months' men, and from him
learned that Lieut. J. Stewart
Way was in Louisville with a-
bout twenty men, among whom
were the following:

Doc Hill,
Henry Hobbs,
Amos Lasley,
Charlie Monks,
William Segraves,
Wesley Moorman,
David Strahan,
John Hueston,
J. E. Hueston,
Old Johnny Conner,
John Cook's son,

and others that Captain Farra
did not know. Lieut. Way said
that Clark Hobbs was missing
before the fight. [He has arriv-
ed here, and also two others of
the company who represent that

they were taken prisoners by the
rebels, released, and sent home
before the fight commenced.]—
Lieut. Martin was shot in the
groin; Charlie Stine shot in the
breast; Wm. S. Hoak cut with a
sword by Gen. Nelson, not dan-
gerously wounded. Four others
were wounded by Nelson in the
same manner, two of whom have
died, but whether they were Ran-
dolph boys or not the letter does
not state. Way says that Capt.
Bonebrake escaped, but did not
know how many men he got away
with him. David Abbott was
supposed to be killed. David
Ward stayed with the boys that
were wounded. The boys
were scattered all over the coun-
try, and were coming into the
lines one at a time. Some of
them are likely killed, but more
taken prisoners.

We saw a young man by the
name of Cox, who belongs to the
Huntsville company, on Wednes-
day, and he says that before he
left Capt. Ross was killed, and
that a few of that Company es-
caped, which was about all he
knew about it.

We have had all kinds of ru-
mors here—one that Capt. Bone-
brake and Lieut. Martin were
both killed—but the above is all
that has been received up to the
time of going to press—5 o'clock
Thursday evening—that can be
relied upon.

Farmer B—was sitting in the
country church. He had been
working hard in the harvest field
hands were scarce, and farmer
B—was dozing. The loud
tones of the minister failed to a-
rouse the farmer, until at length,
the time waning, the good man
closed the lids of the Bible, and
concluded as follows:

"Indeed, my hearers, the har-
vest is plenteous and the laborers
are few."

"Yes," exclaimer farmer
B—, "I've offered \$3 a day
for cradlers, and can't get 'em at
that."

At a Methodist meeting in
Boston, last week, the clergyman
made an appeal to the people to
enlist in the army. "Why don't
you come forward lively?" said
he. "I'll enlist now—after you
receive the benediction, that will
be a proper time to enroll your-
selves under your country's flag."
The result was that in a few
minutes after the services were
closed, the clergyman found his
own name at the head of sixteen
true men, who will all go to the
Union army.

The following notice of Major
Isaac M. May, of the 19th Indi-
ana, who was killed near Manas-
sas, we copy from the
Cincinnati Commercial:

The telegraph brings the pain-
ful intelligence of the death of
Major May, of the 19th Indiana,
in one of the late battles near
Manassas. Major May was an
accomplished soldier, and a man
of brilliant courage. He was
promoted from a captaincy for
conspicuous merit, and was the
darling of his regiment. He was
a native of Eastern Virginia, but
emigrated to Indiana when quite
a youth. At the time of his
death he was aged about thirty
years. Indiana has lost no bet-
ter soldier, or more skillful offi-
cer, since her first regiments
marched into the mountains of
Virginia.

Appeal to the People.
STATION GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, Aug. 30, 1862.
To the Loyal Women and Children of the
United States.

The supply of lint in the mar-
ket is nearly exhausted. The
brave men wounded in defense
of their country will soon be in
want of it. I appeal to you to
come to our aid in supplying us
with this necessary article.—
There is scarcely a woman or
child who can not scrape lint, and
there is no way in which their as-
sistance can be more usefully
given than furnishing us, the
means to dress the wounds of
those who fall in defense of their
rights and their homes.

WINCHESTER, Sept. 2, 1862.
According to previous notice a
number of the Directors of the
Agricultural Society from differ-
ent Townships met at the Court
House. The President being
absent, Philip Barger was called
to the Chair. On motion of Dr.
Converse that the Society hold
an annual fair this season, a vote
was taken and found to be a tie
vote. The President refused to
decide and the motion was lost.
It was then moved that the Soci-
ety hold a Fair this Fall, provid-
ed the citizens of Winchester
and the county donate a sum
sufficient to repair the old fair
grounds suitable for holding the
fair this season.

H. H. Neff was appointed to
raise the amount needed and re-
port to the executive committee
in fifteen days. The executive
committee was empowered to fix
the time for holding the fair and
report and fit up the old grounds
and make a premium list, &c.

The committee appointed to
enter into an article of agreement
with David Heaston for a lease
of ten years, on his field adjoining
town on the west, presented the
contract properly signed, which
was accepted and ordered recor-
ded. Adjourned.

PHILIP BARGER, Pres.
N. P. HEASTON, Sec.