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P. HIATT,
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BROWN & CHENEY, Attorneys at Law, Winchester, Ind. Office in the Jail Building. Give especial attention to the securing and collection of claims.

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R. BOSWORTH, Physician and Surgeon, Deerfield, Ind. Office southwest corner of Main and Meridian Streets. Special attention given to Chronic Diseases. Ague and Catarrhic Pills, always on hand and for sale, by the box or single dose, and warranted free from Calomel, Quinine or Arsenic. [m236m]

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BEVERLY & DYNOS, News, Book and Job Printers, East of the Public Square, Winchester.

JOHN ROSS, Grocer and Baker, and dealer in Provisions, &c. Store on the north-east corner of Main and Franklin Streets.

LEKERSDORFER & WESP, Manufacturers of Furniture and Chairs, of the latest and best styles. East of the Public Square, Winchester.

THOMAS WARD, Hardware Merchant, Washington Street, north of the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

JOHN B. CROWLEY, M. D., Physician, and Surgeon, Winchester, Ind. Graduate of Philadelphia College of medicine, and Philadelphia Lying-in-Charity Hospital, embracing Practical Obstetrics and Diseases of Females. Having been Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy, and having spent three years in the Hospitals and Dispensaries of Philadelphia, and being supplied with excellent Surgical Instruments, he is prepared to perform all operations in the various departments of the profession. Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye. OFFICE—Washington street, near the north-west corner of the Public Square, Winchester, Ind. [m261]

WESTERN COMMERCIAL NURSERIES. The Proprietor keeps constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Roses, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, and all kinds of Nursery Products. Responsible Agents wanted in every County. Catalogues supplied free on application. Address C. FLETCHER, Jr., nov 28 ly Indianapolis, Ind.

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TILE AND BRICK. TILE! TILE! TILE!! Drain your Wet Lands! THE Drain Tile manufactured by us is undersigned have been pronounced the best in use. Try them, and if you do not become satisfied that they are just the thing for draining wet lands, we will refund you the money paid for them. We also keep on hand BRICK, of our own manufacture, which we warrant to give entire satisfaction. Give us a call at our Yard, north of the Depot, Winchester, Indiana. may 23 ly O. & J. K. MARTIN.

MEAT MARKET. D. J. REISOR WOULD respectfully inform the public, especially the lovers of GOOD MEAT, that he is now selling BEEF, VEAL & MUTTON at from 4 to 6 Cents per Pound. Market on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays mornings; meat always on hand. aug 1 ly

DENTISTRY. DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!! A. J. ROSS, Surgeon Dentist, WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Old Randolph that he is prepared for doing anything in the line of Dentistry upon the most reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. OFFICE—Over Ross's Grocery no 17, 1882. n10-ly

WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1862.

Vol. 1, No. 22.

POETRY.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On Board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south arose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily rains,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort,
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle but send her strait
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag," the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wreck!
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how butiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the sea!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

Written for the Journal.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.,
Nov. 21, 1862.

Editor Journal:
I am spending a few days in this place, and, under the impression that a few lines may be welcome to the readers of your paper, I write them. On the way from Louisville here, one sees the fearful destruction of war every few miles; fences and buildings destroyed, railroad iron torn up, and bent, and railroad bridges that cost their thousands, and were once the pride of the country round, reduced to a scattered heap of charred timber!—These bridges are all replaced by a structure either temporary or permanent in its character, but still the work of ruin stares you in the face, and the presence of a detachment of troops, reminds you that the work of repair can have no permanence, without the wearing out of valuable lives in the camp, and the crushing of fond hearts at home. Arrived here, one sees yet more vividly the desolation. Imagine one-fourth of Winchester, comprising nearly all its best buildings, given to the flames, heaps of brick and mortar, ashes and blackened timber, and you will have some conception of the appearance of this town. Imagine the ties of friendship, brotherhood, parentage, that have grown with your growth, and twined themselves round your heart, constituting all your enjoyments and softening all your sorrow; imagine all these consumed by the lurid flames of the rebellion, and in their stead bitter hate; neighbor warring against neighbor, friend against friend, brother against brother, and you will have some idea of the ruin of social relations.—Convert your churches, school-houses, and other largest buildings to the number of sixteen into military hospitals, crowd into them three thousand sick soldiers, dirty, without a change of clothes, three-fourths of them with no bed but a blanket, and no pillow but a knapsack; cut off all possibility of immediate relief; see from five to fifteen of these poor sufferers dying daily hundreds of miles away from home and friends, and you will have a counterpart of the suffering and loss of life that we are compelled

to see here. Such is Bowling Green to-day. Before the rebellion it was a beautiful and prosperous village. It may appear to you who are at home, that this miserable state of the sick must be owing to culpable neglect on the part of those having them in charge; but one who is here, and knows the vast amount of work done by the Post-Surgeon, Dr. Pearson, and his subordinates, and appreciates at their true value the fine sensibility that prompts, and the fine executive ability that directs this work, will come to a very different conclusion. Every thing is being done that can be done; and in a very few days there will be a great change. Bunks are being made, and beds provided as fast as possible. A small supply of sanitary goods came to hand yesterday, but they will hardly be a drop in the bucket. From a conversation with one of the gentlemen in whose care these goods were sent I was led to believe the supply would be ample, but it turns out to be a great mistake. Sheets, quilts, shirts, drawers, pillows, pillow-slips, towels, handkerchiefs, old rags, in short, every thing in the way of sanitary goods is needed, and needed badly.

A few days ago a soldier in jail for some offense was attacked with measles. Dr. Pearson ordered him out and in doing so visited the institution. Happening to be hanging round at the time, I got an invitation to go along and of course accepted it. The jailor unlocks the door and in we go. A villainous smell salutes our nostrils, and looking round we see about fifty persons, men, women, and children, confined in a damp room about fifteen feet square, nearly all of them looking as hopelessly miserable as a human being could well look. About three-fourths of these poor creatures are negroes, or mulattoes of some one of the many shades. I inquired why they were here, and learned they were guilty of one of the worst of all crimes, man-stealing. They were the property of their masters and without the fear of God before their eyes had attempted to steal themselves away.

Dr. Clason, of Hospital No. 13, told me of a circumstance yesterday evening that may bear repeating. A bright mulatto woman belonging to a friend who lives just across the street from the Hospital, and whose name is Everett, was in the habit of coming into the hospital twice a day to sweep it up, and do what she could to promote the comfort of the sick. Her master threatened that if she did not quit it, he would give her a hundred lashes, but still she came, contrary to the advice of the Doctor, who did not wish her kindness of heart to bring upon her such a terrible punishment. Two or three days ago she ceased her visits, and her husband reports that the brutal threat has been executed. Now I have a great horror of being called a "damned abolitionist," and I am trying to learn to look upon incidents like these as only some of the divine features of the peculiar institution. Of course I admire them, and if you fail to realize my admiration, it is only because I have been unfortunate in the choice of words.

There are but few troops encamped near the town; but, from the large number of teams I see and the quantity of commissary stores that are being consumed, there must be several regiments not very far off. Daily, troops are pouring Southward by hundreds, and now and then we see some moving Northward. Yesterday a battalion of the 60th Indiana marched through the street with steady tramp, on their way to Indiana, to join their comrades who were captured and paroled at Mumfordsville.—Where the regiment, re-united, is destined to go, I know not. Trains still run no further than Mitchellville, and unlucky travelers Southward are having their pockets nicely picked by bus drivers and other birds of prey. This great thoroughfare, so important to our military operations, will be open again in a few days, and then the pent up current of goods and men can

flow on. This point, Bowling Green, is the head of navigation on Barren River, but Barren River is little more than a dry branch now.
O, for a rise in this and the Cumberland!
Yours truly,
GEO. O. JOSES.

Resolutions of the "I. O. of Good Templars."

The following resolutions expressing the opinions of the "Order of Good Templars" in regard to the war, and the connection of Indiana with it, were adopted at the recent annual session held in Peru:

WHEREAS, It is the duty of all citizens to support the Government under which they live, and more especially it is their duty in times of national peril to exert to the utmost their energies to maintain the authority of law, to the end that they may be the recipients of the blessings of good government;

AND WHEREAS, A wicked and senseless Rebellion now threatens to overthrow the liberties of this people, subvert the Constitution, and disrupt the Union of the American Republic, thereby producing national chaos and desolating the fair heritage we received from our patriotic fathers as their blood-bought purchase; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Union of the States, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the perpetuity of our Republic, and the happiness of our posterity, are indispensable to our existence as a peace-loving, prosperous, and happy people; the loss of either of which would be ruinous to us as citizens, and destructive of every element of national greatness.

Resolved, That in view of the unhappy and fratricidal war now existing in our once happy land, it is the duty of all patriots to sustain the Federal authority in every effort to crush rebellion and restore peace to the nation.

Resolved, That in the language of Andrew Jackson, "The Union must and shall be preserved," even though it require every son of the Republic to go to the battle field, and every dollar we possess to replenish the national treasury; believing as we do, that though we expend all we possess and save the Government we still will be the wealthiest people of earth, while if we save our treasure and lose the Government, we will be the poorest people that inhabit the globe.

Resolved, That as members of the Order of Good Templars, and patriots, we are unconditionally for the Union, and regard those who place conditions upon their support of the Government as not filling that high standard of patriotism which should characterize the true American citizen.

Resolved, That we feel justly proud of our own patriotic State, and honor the thousand more who obey the call to arms to preserve all that Freedom holds dear.

Resolved, That we return our heartfelt thanks to the Indiana Volunteers who have nobly sustained the high character of the Hoosier State upon every battle field, and to those members of our Order in the service of our country, who have maintained the integrity of our principles amidst all the temptations that are thrown out to allure the soldier from the paths of sobriety and honor.

GEN. ROSECRANS' GALLANTRY.

W. D. B. of the Commercial is Assistant Provost Marshal General at Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters, and has charge of the female Department. Occasionally a refractory female breaks away from Capt. B., and insists on seeing the General. One of these yesterday rushed up to Gen. Rosecrans, intruding herself between Gen. R. and Gen. Hamilton, saying—
"Is this Gen. Rosecrans?"
"Yes, madam."
"Well, General, can't I have a pass?"
"Madam," (with a low bow.) "It is not my business to give you a pass; it is my duty to refuse it."

Another lady approached on another occasion, and began with a piteous story in regard to her "poor, dear, sick uncle."
"I condole with you, madam," said the General, in that quiet way of his. "It is unfortunate that uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, afflicted uncle."
"Then you can sympathize with me," she said.
"Yes, madam, I do, and when my Uncle Sam gets over his present serious indisposition I will give you a pass."

It would of course be an anticlimax which would ruin the story to relate what the lady did.

An attorney before a bench of Magistrates a short time ago, told the bench with great gravity, that he had two witnesses in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them.

He doeth much who loveth much; he doeth much who doth well; and he doeth much and well, who constantly prefereth the good of the community to the gratification of his own will.

Written for the Journal.

TOWNSEND'S BRIDGE, KY.,
SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, '62.

EDITOR JOURNAL:
"There is no rest for the wicked," and although I am weary from being in the saddle nearly all the time since midnight last night, yet I feel like conversing a little while with you and my old Randolph friends again.

The Journal came duly to hand this evening, and several of us are glad to get it and read it; and last night while on the track of 18 or 20 Rebels just returned stealthfully from the Rebel army, it was the topic of conversation among us. About 11 o'clock last night a Union man was fired at by the above infamous gang of scoundrels, but escaped unhurt to my quarters and reported the facts to me, when I mounted two men on horses and mules, took them on foot and struck out in pursuit. We kept the track several miles when we finally lost it and gave up the pursuit and returned about 4 o'clock to camp. To-day six of us went about four miles to church, and afterward got on track of the whelps whom we will yet trap and take. I took during last week six good horses from Returned Rebels, which, together with six mules belonging to my company-team, enable me to mount a scouting squad of twelve men when necessary. The Government orders that the property of Rebels be taken in every case where the evidence is conclusive as to their disloyalty, so I acted "by authority" in taking these horses, and also in procuring hay, fodder and grain to subsist them. I have already turned over to the Quartermaster several horses, and in a few days will have a good many more, as within ten miles of me two or three rebel companies were raised and many of them are returning with their horses. The prisoners are all kept to exchange for our men, so that I have the satisfaction of knowing that we are making the hearts of some of our Union soldiers glad in the fact that they are again permitted to fight for their country. But what is "meat for one is poison for another," so the scotch curse and swear when I am gone, but I care not for that as I left my gloves at home! War means war! and confound them. I want them to feel the effects of it since they have commenced hanging Union men for no other reason than because they are Union men. I am here alone now with my company, beyond supporting distance by others, and I have authority and intend to use it, to make the Rebels feel my power.

Our Colonel has kindly done all in his power to assist me in organizing and disciplining my men to perform the double duty of infantry and scouts, and the boys are paying him well for his trouble in their efficiency. The Union men here are doing all in their power to inform and assist me in the severe duties of my post. They go with me and act as guides in all of our expeditions. "Bully for them." They have felt the sad effects of this ungodly war, and if I cannot justify all their actions, I must, at least, look upon them with a "degree of allowance." The Rebels stripped them of nearly every horse and wagon in the country.

Many families are almost destitute of the necessities of life, as the "devils incarnate" have taken their all by order of the Rebel Generals. "There's a better day a coming," "Glorious Hallelujah!" "Father Abraham" be "glorified" for his new policy of disposing of Rebel property.

But you ask what of the negro? What of slavery? To these queries I can only answer that none have come into my lines to ask protection. When any come, if their masters are Rebels, "pop goes the darkey" beyond their reach. If the master is a Union man, why, then, I can only say "go it Dick and go it Devil," that is, I have no part or lot in the matter! But you know where my feelings and assistance are!

I used to be a "Free Soiler," but could never believe the half that the Abolitionists told us in their speeches of the demoralization of Southern society and

the co-habitation of the whites and negroes. But now I am "completely cooked." Pro-Slavery men cry out, "AMALGAMATION!"

Bless you! I have seen scarcely a darkie in Dixie that had not white blood in him. And they bawl "nigger lovers!" Shame! Why I have seen them eat, drink and frolic and play together in many instances, and the people seemed surprised to think that it was not universally the case in the North. Further than this: In two cases I saw fathers holding their own children in bondage, the evidence of paterfamilias being too plain in the features of each for a fool even to mis-read. In one case the boys threw it at the fellow and the old dog stood and stared and grinned!

But I told you in my last that this time I would write about our fare and cooking, but I can't, but in my next I will try to do so.

Pardon the length of this and I will try and not bore you so long next time.
Yours, very respectfully,
WM. D. STONE.

Many persons, and ourselves among the number, have been disappointed in the New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberry. The following from the Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs may enlighten some of us on the subject:

"To have this berry in perfection, it must be left on the bush till it is fully rounded, intensely black, and drops from the stalk by a touch; it will then be sweet and juicy. If taken earlier, even when black, the berries will be hard and sour. The Home-stead says, that unlike common blackberries, which are red when they are green, these continue green after they become black!"

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.

Two unsophisticated country lasses visited Niblo's, in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, *sotto voce*. "Well, Mary!" "It ain't nice; I don't like it!" "Hush!" "I don't care; it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the folks laugh at you." After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing miss said: "Oh, Annie, let's go; it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, "its the first time I ever was at the theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs."

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what his religious belief? "Is it me belafie y'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady's. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she blaves I'll never pay her, and faith, that's my belafie too."

A collision occurred on the Central Kentucky Railroad, five miles from Paris, on the 27th, in which E. H. Crow, of Fayette county, Ohio, John Simpson, of Knox county, Indiana, and Josephine Hise, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, lost their lives.

"Papa, can't I go to the zoological to see the camomile fight the ry-no-sir-ee boss?" "Sartin my son, but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history! No longer ago than yesterday he had eight tom cats hanging by their tails to the clothes-line."

"Orpheus C. Kerr" explains the cause of the inactivity of McClellan's army satisfactorily. He says the General was so much a father to his men, that while he was with them they could not possibly get a step farther.

Why is a patch of corn like a dance?—Because it's always liable to get its ears pulled.

The men who deserve, if they do not find, the greatest favor among women, are husband-men.

A CLEAN TITLE.—A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

In the name of Him who eschews all promises unattended by action—who will judge men, not by what they say, but by what they do, I call your attention to these things.
Yours, fraternally,
E. R. AMES.

A New York illustrated paper of last week has a terrible "cut" of "Old mother Buchanan at Wheatland. The old Lady is in a terrible fright, exclaiming: 'Oh! 'twas't me 'twas Floyd and them others done it. The cut is underlined as follows:

(Compare Richard III.)
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes: I am.
Then fly—What! from myself....
I am a villain. Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree!
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree!
All several sins, all several in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all-guilty!
guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me!
(Vide BUCHANAN'S Reply to GEN. SCOTT.)

A TRUE EPITAPH.—Here is a sharp and spicy epitaph on an old cardinal, reminding us of Shakespear: "The evil that men do," etc.

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought Both good and evil in his time; The good he did was good for naught; Not so the evil—that was prime.

A contemporary boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital." We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

President Lincoln made a visit to Burnside's army by special steamboat conveyance, on the 26th.

"SHALL I LEARN TO DANCE?"

Asks a young reader of the *American Agriculturist*. Certainly py all means. Commence with the "Quickstep" out of bed in the morning, and keep it up until the "chores" are finished. The boys will of course have a "concoction" at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "country-dance" in the kitchen. After this, all hands "change," and promenade to school, keeping step to the music of merry laughter. Repeat the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break-down" in a snow bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it. If these and kindred dances are thoroughly practiced, they will leave little time and no necessity for the polkas, schottisches, and immodest fooleries of the ball room.

To The Ministry and Laity of the M. E. Church Throughout the State of Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, NOV. 24, 1862. DEAR BRETHREN.—In view of the recent timely and humane proclamation of His Excellency, Hon. O. P. Morton, calling for the adoption of relief measures for the families of soldiers, I feel it incumbent upon me to earnestly recommend to you immediate co-operation in this benevolent and patriotic work.

The precursors of a rigorous winter, and the rapid advance in the price of fuel, provisions, and all the necessaries and comforts of life, foreshadow destitution and suffering that can only be mitigated or prevented by the prompt and systematic action of all good citizens throughout our commonwealth. Such action will not only relieve the wants of those in our own midst who have been rendered poor by the present struggle for our National existence, but will strengthen the hands and cheer the hearts of those who have gone forth to fight for our Government.

I do not advise that in this you should act denominationally, but that you should co-operate in carrying out the spirit of the proclamation both with the civil authorities and with all those, by whatsoever name they may be called, who love Him who says that all kindness to the poor and the suffering is kindness to Himself. To this end I would suggest that the minister of the M. E. Church, in connection with the clergy of all other denominations, in each county throughout the State, hold a meeting, inviting the township Trustees to join them, and agree upon some organized method of relief and visitation since the work to be done is a great one, and nothing but organized, intelligent, and persistent effort can accomplish it.

In the name of Him who eschews all promises unattended by action—who will judge men, not by what they say, but by what they do, I call your attention to these things.
Yours, fraternally,
E. R. AMES.