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P. HIATT,
SCHOOL EXAMINER for Randolph county, will attend to the Examination of Applicants on the
Fourth Saturday in Each Month,
In the New Brick School-House, North of the Railroad, Winchester, Indiana.
Nov 21-ly

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

D. R. FERGUSON, Winchester, Indiana. Office and residence on corner of Main and South Streets, where I may at all times be found, unless professionally engaged.

W. B. PIERCE, Druggist, and dealer in Books and Stationery.
Corner of Franklin and Methodist Sts.

EMPIRE HOUSE, Union City, Ind.
R. Farley, Proprietor.
Board \$1 per day or 25 cts. per meal.
Enlarged and improved stabling for horses. 612 ly

J. H. ROSS, Grocer and Baker, and dealer in Provisions, &c. Store on the northeast corner of Main and Franklin Streets.

EVANS & WELSH, 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, on 15th Street, Winchester, Ind. Graduate of Philadelphia College of Medicine, and Philadelphia Living in Charity Hospital, engaging 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-east corner of the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.
Nov 19, 1862.

TAILORING.
JOHN RICHARDSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
West of the Public Square,
WINCHESTER, IND.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
Always on hand and made to order in the best style.
PRICES REASONABLE.

TILE AND BRICK.
TILE! TILE! TILE!
Drain your Wet Lands!
THE Drain Tile manufactured by the undersigned have been pronounced the best in use. Try them, and if you do not become satisfied that they are just the thing for training wet lands, we will refund you the money paid for them. We also keep on hand BRICKS 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 23ly O. & J. K. MARTIN.

MEAT MARKET.
D. M. 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 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays mornings; meat always on hand.
agly 1

STATIONERY.
OWEN, STEWART & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
BOOKSELLERS
AND STATIONERS
No. 15 Washington St., Indianapolis.
PUBLISHERS OF
SCHOOL REGISTERS AND Teachers' Class Books.
SUPERIOR Blue, Black and Carmine Inks.

DR. N. SIMMONS,
Druggist and Bookseller,
UNION CITY, INDIANA, continues to keep at LOW PRICES, a COMPLETE STOCK OF
DRUGS, FAMILY AND HOME-PATHIC MEDICINES,
PAINTS, OILS AND DYESTUFFS,
TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS, SHOULDER-BRACES,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
AND STATIONERY, ETC., ETC.

WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series, WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1862. Vol. 1, No. 21.

POETRY.

From the Friends' Review.
A VOICE OF THE DEPARTED.
I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of heaven;
I am one of the sainted bands;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come.

Oh friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are waiting still in the valley of tears—
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright;
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence it came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why do your tears run down,
Why your hearts so sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown
And another soul in heaven?

FOR THIS WEEK.

BY J. B. HARRISON.

We came here in October. We are in the north eastern part of Henry county; about twelve miles south of Selma, and, as the road runs, something more than twenty-five miles from Winchester. I have taken only two, or three walks, and have not seen much of the region around us. The ground is undulating, lying in long slopes and swells. Where there is a large space cleared and under cultivation, the view in Summer must be very beautiful. Several of the farms in this vicinity are quite large, containing several hundred acres each. Most of the houses which I have seen are substantial structures, built for use rather than display; and some of the barns are not surpassed anywhere. All this region is "White Oak land," and is specially adapted to the production of wheat. Corn does not yield so well here as on the Beech lands, though very good crops are raised by men who know how to farm. There has been some little effort for the improvement of farm stock; but the people here are not interested in this matter as they should be. Indeed I have seen but little evidence of any earnest love of farming for its own sake; or of a desire on the part of any man to bring out all the capabilities of his business and his possessions. When a big farm is merely a little one spread out thin, so as to cover a great many acres, it is only a waste of land.

There are very few, if any agricultural papers taken in this region. The apple crop is considered quite important by many farmers here, but very few take any special care of their trees. The fruit is, consequently, not so good generally, as might be grown. There is but little strawberry culture, though many people have given up a part of their gardens to the plants. I have seen a few neglected grape-vines; but I have not seen or heard of any person interested in the cul-

ture of small fruits, or in their introduction into the country.

From what I have observed here and elsewhere, I conclude that an old orchard of inferior apples, is a great curse to a man. He will raise nothing new, will never have any good apples, or any small fruits, because he has an orchard already.

Several men near me take political newspapers, but I cannot learn that any of them take any paper or magazine for their wives or children. Unfortunately, this is true of very many places besides this.

Men are not so scarce here as in Randolph County. They have not all gone to the war; though a good many were drafted just about here. I see a number of young men here; some of them with faces bloated and blistered with whiskey-drinking.

Every lady thinks it a sad and terrible thing when a neighbor is killed in battle; and so it is, but who mourns over the worse fate of the thousands slain by the demon rum?

SUFFOLK, VA., Dec. 6: '62.

MA. EDITOR: Probably the many readers of your valuable home paper would devote a few moments attention to the state of "our affairs" at Suffolk. The 13th Indiana is the only regiment here from the Hoosier State. I believe that it was the first three years' regiment accepted from Indiana, and started from Indianapolis on the 4th of July, 1861, en route for the seat of war in Western Va. It took a prominent part and behaved gallantly in the battle of Rich Mountain, under Gen. Rosecrans, along with the 8th and 10th Indiana. The 8th and 10th were three months' troops then, one company of the 8th being from Randolph county, several of whom were wounded in the battle.

The 13th then moved to Cheat Mountain Pass, and took part in the actions of Greengrass and the Alleghanies, also figuring in innumerable skirmishes with Ex-Secretary Floyd's guerrillas who infested the mountains of that region.

In December, 1861, the regiment was ordered to Romney, where it joined Gen. Kelly's division, subsequently Lander's, and on the latter's death General Shields. At the battle of Winchester, March 23, 1862, this regiment made the final charge which broke the rebel General Jackson's "Stonewall Brigade," true to their name, being ensconced behind a stone fence. In this charge the regiment lost 65 men, killed and wounded, in less than fifteen minutes. The 7th and 14th Indiana were also in this battle and done splendid fighting—Gen. Kimball, of Indiana, was in command of the Union forces on that day, (Gen. Shields being unable to be present on account of the wound he received in the preliminary action of the day previous,) and gave Jackson the only good thrashing he has had during the war. The same is the case of Gen. Reynolds, of Ind., who has, so far, proved the only General able to compete with the rebel Gen. Lee, as evinced in his campaign in Western Virginia.

Let us hope that Gen. Burnside, another Hoosier General, may soon capture the rebel capital and bring this war to a speedy termination.

We were then placed under Banks, operating against Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley until the middle of May, when we joined McDowell's command at Fredericksburg, preparatory to operating with McClellan against Richmond. Then came Banks' retreat from the valley and the "change of base" of McClellan's army, to which latter we were ordered as re-inforcement June 30,

Assisted McClellan's army to throw up intrenchments at Harrison's Landing. When that army left the Peninsula in August, our brigade was ordered to this post, where we have been located ever since.

The 13th is in what is here called the "Western Brigade," consisting of the 39th Illinois, 62d Ohio, 13th Indiana and 67th Ohio. These are the only Western regiments here and are acknowledged by all to be the "crack brigade" of the division. I would not have written so at length of the previous history of this regiment, were it not for the fact that it has been grossly overlooked among the mass of Eastern troops which have generally surrounded it, praise rightfully its due being given to other troops.

Suffolk is a very pretty town, before the war containing some 1,500 inhabitants. Well-grown and beautiful shade-trees are planted along both sides of all the streets, making it cool and pleasant even in the height of summer. Most of the private dwellings are neat and tasty, the yards being almost invariably decorated with all manner of flowers, vines and shrubs, pleasing to the eye and smell. There are numerous large, fine mansions in the town, now deserted by their former occupants, the "F. F. V.'s," and occupied by the Union troops as hospitals, brigade headquarters, etc. Every citizen not too old or young to bear arms, is in the rebel army, either willingly or "by the force of circumstances."

Suffolk is located at the headwaters of navigation of the Nansemond river, the narrowest, crookedest, dirtiest river that ever bore a steamboat on its surface. A gunboat plies daily between here and its mouth, so as to prevent if possible any correspondence being carried on between rebeldom and the outside world.

JAS. G. BRICE,
Co. A, 13th Ind. Vol.

ABOLITIONISM.

Dr. Hall of New York, who has heretofore been strongly conservative, talks as follows in a late number of his Journal of Health:

The remedy, then, for the nation's malady is the perfect, utter and eternal eradication of the unfortunate cause, and that is the institution of Slavery. But how apply the remedy? Go according to the law of the land, as long as it is law; free every slave, instantly, belonging to a voluntary opposer of the Government of the United States; take from such persons all the property they have on earth; demand an unconditional oath of submission to the constituted authorities, or require them to leave the country forever, with the penalty of summary death if they return unbidden. As to the slaves of the loyal now living, let them be purchased at a fair price, and be set free; and all born hereafter, to be born free. What do with these millions? Do as Almighty wisdom did with Adam and Eve—turn them into the field of the world, and let them alone. Just give them as fair a chance as you would give any other human brother to give you. If, after that you find some of them are likely to suffer, do as you would do to any stranger beggar—try and put them in away of doing something for themselves. The negroes of the South have done a great deal towards the prosperity of this nation. Don't owe them a little help? The gains which their sweat and toil have helped to make, have aided in building many a mansion in Fifth Avenue and Walnut street, on the Hudson and at Newport.

SINCE CONFISCATION IS THE LAW OF THE LAND, let all the confiscated soil be divided, by the Government, into conveniently small-sized parcels, and leased to any who will take them, for the cultivation of cotton, etc. It is this done, the annual yield of cotton, in five years, will approach eight million bales, instead of four or five millions, some two years

ago. We have often laughed in our sleeve, as many a cotton planter has no doubt done, at the monstrously absurd admission of the North, that only negroes were fit to cultivate the burning plantations of the south, and that white men could not stand it.—Dear delightful ignoramuses of the North, did you ever inquire who dug the canals of the South, and ditched its millions of reclaimed lands? White men, for the most part. We have a medical student in our office now who graduated with honor last spring at one of the best medical schools in the nation, who at sixteen, made a full "hand" on his loyal father's immense plantation. We can give you the place, and name, and date, and residence of families in the Gulf States, whose cotton was plowed, and planted, and hoed, and gathered by the girls and boys, under the direction of the father, not a negro on the place; but they soon became able to own negroes, and now have plantations and "hands" of their own, all paid for. Having practiced medicine on Southern plantations, we speak by the authority of personal observation and actual knowledge of the facts.

THOUGHTS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used, in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize and partly seek to imitate the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But probably, we should make a fatal error if we omitted from our calculations the heavy and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the aesthetic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some part of the lassitude and weariness of life, of which we hear so much in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects, exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm, as well as to an over-exercise on lower ones, whether an engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, be not at the root of some of the maladies which affect our mental convalescence? Any one who tries it soon finds out how wearying, how disproportionately exhausting is an overdose of "light literature" compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of brain—of thought—is one of the essential elements of human life. The perfect health of a man is not the same as that of an ox or a horse. The preponderating capacity of his nervous part demands a corresponding life.—Corahill Mag.

CONTRABAND LOGIC.—The conversation of the contrabands on their title to be regarded as freemen showed reflection. When asked if they thought themselves fit for freedom, and if the darkies were not lazy, their answer was, "Who but the darkies cleared all the land round here? Yes, there are lazy darkies, but there are more lazy whites." When told that the free blacks had not succeeded, they answered that the free blacks have not had a fair chance under the laws—that they don't dare to enforce their claims against white men—that a free colored blacksmith had a thousand dollars due to him from white men, but was afraid to sue for any portion of it. One man, when asked why he ought to be free, replied, "I feed and clothe myself and pay my master one hundred and twenty dollars a year; and the one hundred and twenty dollars is just so much taken from me, which ought to be used to make me and my children comfortable." Indeed, broken

as was their speech, and limited as was their knowledge, they reasoned abstractly on their rights; as well as white men. Locke or Channing might have fortified the argument for universal liberty from their simple talk. So true is it that the best thoughts which the human intellect has produced have come, not from affluent or ornate speech, but from the original elements of our nature, common to all races of men and all conditions in life; and genius the highest and most cultured may bend with profit to catch the lowest human utterances.

We can't "see it" in any other light but that many of our professional brethren who have practiced in the "rural districts" must recognize a "truthfulness to nature" in the following brace of professional anecdotes, found in a late number of "Harper's Draw-er":

"The writer is a 'practitioner' of medicine in his feeble and humble manner—as old Brother Colburn, our circuit preacher, said of his discourse—among the illimitable prairies. I frequently have written applications for medicine, etc., as many of my customers live at a distance. One day, not long since, a negro boy rode up to the fence, hallooed 'Hello!' and handed me a note. Here is the 'doekment':

July 11 1862
Dr.—please send mee a little sugar of led to mak som I water oblige Your
C—H—

A few days subsequently the same specimen of the 'Torridd Zone' reported himself at my office with another epistle from the same friend—*videlicet*:

July 10 62
Dr.—please of send a vile of I water for the baby and some powderes the babe has fever agane we brok the vile of I water hee still seems C—H—
to rub his hed'

The 'vile of I water' was dispatched, and as the case did not convalesce, I was summoned to see the child. It was laboring under acute ophthalmia, complicated with remittent fever. In a few days I dismissed the case. 'But the end was not yet.' A few days later the son of Africa dismounted at my gate with the following luminous message:

July 28 1862
Dr.—plees sende me som mounr I water I wish you to sende somthing to stop nite swets on him hee seems to fall off all the tin
Yours
C—H—

And here again:

"Dr. H— was always fond of a practical joke, and sometimes at the expense of his best friends; and when annoyed, as he often was, by some old woman stopping him in the street to ask him about his patients, he added a little spice of malice. Old Mrs. Young was one of this troublesome class, and one day seeing the Doctor's gig standing a long time in front of Judge P—'s house, she hailed him as he came back and asked him who was sick at the Judge's.

"The Judge himself," he replied.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's been taking poison," said the Doctor, and whipped up his horse and left her.

In an hour from that time the village was in a terrible state of excitement, and the Judge's house was filled with a crowd of anxious friends, for he was a great favorite in the place. He was not more surprised and gratified, however, at so many calls and their great solicitude, than they were to learn that he had had an attack of chills and fever the day before, for which the Doctor prescribed arsenic.

Did't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy? No more he wout. Tis not till after the fire that he shies.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was a picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book, "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look, said Bessie. "It seems strange to think that large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come up large, strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"Oh, no, father! I have not planted any seeds for a long time."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers and weeds to-day!"

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I shall have to tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your brother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie, and will grow up brightly and sweetly, if you water them well by a constant repetition of these acts. But, more than all, I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, and allow it to grow and spread, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient while baby was cross, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up by the root, my child, do not suffer them to grow in your garden, or they will completely overrun it."

Treasury for the young.

THE FASCINATION OF FRUIT CULTURE.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in an account of the Horticultural Exhibition at Chicago, says:—

"I was amused to notice how much the exhibitors thought of their fruit; with many, this is the first year their trees have borne, and this care was particularly the case with those who have lived in cities, and who only a few years ago turned their attention to fruit growing. Hour after hour they stood by their tables, their eyes running from plate to plate, and often they rearranged them so that each pear and bunch of grapes should show the best that it could. Human affection is scarcely less devoted. I was reminded of a young wife with her first baby. Some may call this a species of insanity. Very well, I own to being a little insane on strawberries. But people do not understand it. They do not have before them the years of persevering industry, as the fruit-grower does, and they have no long hopes realized. They know not how he has watched his trees through all seasons, till they have become 'familiar trees;' how he has thought of them when falling asleep, or on a journey, or how he has walked among them with his wife on Sunday afternoons. Of all the descendants of Adam, none have so nearly succeeded in getting back into Paradise as in the fruit grower."

Zeno the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. A servant thought to avail himself of this doctrine while being beaten for theft. "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," said his master, "and to be flogged."

"Welcome, little stranger!" as the man said when he found a three-cent piece in among his postage stamps.