



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

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if paid in advance.

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STOVE STORE AND TIN SHOP,

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Where he will keep a large assortment of
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Of the latest Patent and most approved
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my stock and prices before purchasing else-
where, as I am determined to sell at the
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For the Journal.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

BY J. A.

When I was a boy the people did
not do as we do now. Things were
different, forty years ago.

Now, some old gentleman or lady
will exclaim, "forty years ago! why,
that's but a short time; I can remember
as well what took place then, as
though it were but yesterday." This
may be all true, but to those who are
quite young—who are only blossoming
for man or womanhood, forty
years ago seem like a long time.

"Oh dear," says the little Miss,
"when I shall be able to say from ex-
perience, forty years ago, will I not
be old? Why, a half century will
almost have passed. Mighty deeds
can be performed, and great changes
take place in a half century." Yes,
you are quite right, for matters of
great importance have transpired in
the last half century. But the
changes which have taken place have
been so gradual, that we scarcely
note them.

It is not my object to speak of the
uphevings in governments, with the
various physical and material changes
which have been wrought by the wis-
dom and energy of man, as these
things have been descanted on so
often by able pens than mine. I
only desire to note some of the little
incidents and changes which have
taken place in the last forty years.

For about that time I took my first
look at the external beauties of na-
ture. I am free to confess that my
ideas at that time were not of the
most enlightened; indeed, I was
somewhat bewildered when my
schoolmaster first informed me that
there were a class of men so crazy,
as to believe the dogma that the earth
revolved upon its axis, and the great-
est difficulty about the matter was to
know exactly what this thing called
axis was; but as neither of us had an
acquaintance with Doctor Webster's
dictionary, and as schoolmasters
were only required to cipher to the
rule of three, it could not be expected
that either of us should know. The
poor fellow died many years ago,
ignorant of the meaning of axis, or
of what its peculiar functions were, in
the revolution of the earth.

Forty years ago, Yes, I well re-
member when the young men took
the girls to meeting, two riding on
the same horse. Our fathers and
mothers went to meeting then! They
hitched the oxen or the horses to the
old wagon, and a spit-bottoned
chair was placed in the wagon for the
old lady to sit on; the baby sat on
mother's lap, and Johnny in a little
chair by her side; the old gentleman
sat on the rear horse and drove, or
if he had oxen, he walked and car-
ried a large hickory gad. They
never went to a much trouble only
when Lorenzo Dow, or some other
great man preached.

In those good old days, forty years
ago, the boys went *sparking*, and the
first time was considered the impor-
tant event of their lives, for it was
the preparatory step to *kitching* on,
or *tying up* for life. There was a
great deal of awkwardness, stum-
mering, and casting of "sheep-eyes,"
on these first visits; but these little
difficulties were soon got rid of, and
the solid sparking commenced, after
which, for economical and pruden-
tial purposes, the fire was covered
and the old lamp which gave out its
flickering light from the side of the
jam, was extinguished; and all was
dark, and nothing was heard, save
the snoring of the old folks who were
sleeping in a bed in the same room;
or an occasional whisper, or smack-
ing of the lips, which sounded as if
the young folks were tasting some-
thing that was extremely good.

These were the days when General
Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John
C. Calhoun, and Mr. Crawford, all
desired to be President of the United
States. But these days have gone,
and with them went the good old
customs of our boyhood. I should
be at a loss now to know how to
make love in these days of fine par-
lors, gas lamps, pianos and cush-
ioned chairs. My spirit yearned
for the days of old *sparking*, when
the old folks went to meeting to hear
the preacher talk about the beauties
of religion. But, alas! how we have
changed. We now go to church to
hear a Doctor of Divinity read a
commentary, or deliver a lecture.—
And young gentlemen and ladies sit
together in the same pew, under a
great dazzling chandelier, and make
love by moon-light, and go pleasure
riding in fine carriages. But these
thoughts make my head dizzy, and I
naturally look back to my boyhood
days, and wish I had been a man
then.

Correspondence of the Journal.

FROM THE 12TH REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS 12th Indiana,
Camp Stoneham, near Washington,
February 1st, 1865.

On the 17th of January we bid
farewell to the "sunny South," and
turned our faces towards the cold and
icy regions of the North. We found
the transition any thing but pleasant,
at least so far as congeniality of cli-
mate was concerned. When we left
the southern border of Tennessee,
the temperature of the atmosphere
was most delightful—vegetation had
already commenced budding into
beautiful verdure, and birds were
warbling their sweet notes of melo-
dy—unmistakable evidences that
"spring time was coming again."

We came on transports from Clif-
ton to Cincinnati—making the trip
in six days, laying over one night in
consequence of the density of the
fog on the river, making it danger-
ous to navigate. The 12th was on
board the *Majestic*, a new boat, ele-
gantly furnished, and commanded by
as gentlemanly and clever a Captain
as can be found on the river. We
all enjoyed his hospitality and the
trip hugely.

Coming from Paducah to Cincin-
nati we were every where enthusias-
tically cheered by the citizens on
both sides of the river. I do not
recollect of passing a single dwelling
in view of the river, where fair ladies
were not waving their white hand-
kerchiefs, and the men fairly tossing
their hats in the air, and cheering at
the top of their voices. Not un-
frequently we found groups of ladies
collected on the bank of the river,
greeting us with their smiles and
waving miniature flags with the stars
and stripes emblazoned on them. I
need not tell you that our gallant
and brave boys uniformly responded
to such evidences of loyal hearts,
with a will. Amid such outpouring
demonstrations of appreciation of
their services to the country, they
forgot all their hardships, privations
and suffering, resolving anew to
stand by their country, "sink or
swim, live or die, survive or perish."

We remained at Cincinnati twenty-
four hours, supplying the men with
clothing and five days rations. Here
we got transportation by rail for
Washington city, via Columbus, Bel-
laire, Cumberland and Washington
junction. The men and line officers
were transported in box cars, with-
out stoves; the weather being intense-
ly cold, the suffering of the men was
almost beyond endurance.

Leaving Cincinnati on the 24th,
we arrived at Columbus the following
morning, when, for want of rolling-
stock, or some other cause, we were
compelled to lay over until 11 o'clock
P. M. All this while the soldiers
were compelled to remain in the cars
without fire, there being no place
provided for them where they would
be comfortable, or shielded from the
piercing cold that swept through
the streets. We had supposed that
in the Capital of the great and pro-
fessionally loyal State of Ohio, some
provision would have been made for
the comfort of the soldiers, in extreme
cesses of this kind, and that its citi-
zens would at least manifest some
disposition to evidence their regard
for, and appreciation of, the services
they had rendered their country
in this hour of her greatest peril.—
These brave and patriotic soldiers
have for one, two and three years,
been defending, at the sacrifice of
homes, friends and comfort, the Gov-
ernment that protects the citizen in
the enjoyment of his social, political
and religious rights and privileges.
How sadly were our boys disap-
pointed at the cold and illiberal
reception they received at the Capital
of the Buckeye State. No cheering
by the male citizens, or waving of
handkerchiefs by fair ladies—like
regarding the "dirty soldier," as
his tattered and scanty clothing, as
beneath the dignity of their notice;
not even a kind look or sympathiz-

ing word was bestowed upon them.
I wondered if those gentlemen, wrap-
ped up in their "broad-cloth," and
those ladies, sweeping along the
street in their costly silk, heedless of
the suffering of the defenders of the
country, had no sons, brothers or
friends in the army. By running the
gauntlet of "red tape," we finally
succeeded in procuring *wool* coffee
from the commissary, and that was
issued to the men out of barrels, in
the street. If, perchance, a few
soldiers would so far forget their
duty, and step into a public house to
warm their almost frozen limbs, the
doors would immediately be closed
against them, and the proprietor post-
ed off for the commanding officer to de-
mand protection against the intrusion
of the "dirty soldier." The Govern-
ment officials and employees were
impertinent and insolent.

Such was the treatment of the
soldiers in the metropolis of Ohio,
who had successfully terminated one
of the hardest campaigns of the war,
and on their way to enter upon an-
other, perhaps equally hard and
bloody. And I regret to say that
this was not an isolated instance
where such gross and palpable want
of kind treatment and sympathy was
exhibited in passing through the
State. With the solitary exception
of Zanesville, the same uniform cold
and heartless indifference was mani-
fested by the citizens in towns, vil-
lages and country. Zanesville alone
was the exception, and I take great
pleasure in recording the fact. Here
we were met by scores of ladies,
with hot coffee, and baskets filled
with pies and cakes. Two eating
houses near the depot, had also pre-
pared coffee for eight hundred men;
and one of them furnished an excel-
lent meal for the officers, free of
charge. Such evidence of kindness
and liberality towards the soldiers is
keenly appreciated and gratefully re-
membered by them. Long life and
pleasant dreams to the people of
Zanesville, and especially to those
noble and generous-hearted ladies.

We arrived at Bellaire on the
evening of the second day after
leaving Columbus. We crossed the
Ohio river on a ferry-boat, and land-
ed on the Virginia shore, at Ben-
wood. Here we found Capt. —
A. C. S., and Capt. Goodrich, A. Q.
M., two noble specimens of loyal
Virginians. They anticipated our
coming, and had prepared a bounti-
ful supply of hot coffee for all our
men. After feasting upon that excel-
lent and indispensable beverage, un-
til all were fully satisfied, the boys
again jumped into the cars, heedless
of the piercing cold. All along the
road through Virginia and Maryland,
we were greeted by the same hearty
and spontaneous enthusiasm that
greeted us along the shores of Ten-
nessee, Illinois, Kentucky and our
own glorious Indiana. I regret that
we were deprived the privilege of
passing through our noble Indiana.
I know the feeling that animates the
hearts of the people there in behalf
of the soldier, from our noble and
generous-hearted Governor, down
to the humblest peasant. We all
feel proud of Indiana, and her ex-
cellent Governor, who is every where
known as the soldier's friend.

We arrived at Washington City
on the evening of the 30th, took our
men to the Soldier's Rest, where they
partook of refreshments; after which
we marched by the Capitol on our
way to camp Stoneham, on the south
bank of the east branch of the Poto-
mac, where we pitched our tents, and
are now in camp; but only tempo-
rarily, as I understand. A few days
hence we may find us embarked on the ocean,
with our faces again turned toward
the sunny South. The 23d Corps
will not be left idle long, or be "bum-
ming in the rear," so long as there
are rebels to fight.

Respectfully, H. H. NEFF.

For the Journal.

SCHOOL MATTERS.

For some time past there have
been thoughts suggesting themselves
to my mind, in reference to the re-
cent course pursued by our County
Examiner, and others, in the case of
Wilson's series of books. Some time
ago it was announced in the
Eagle and *Chip-Basket*, (and I am
not sure but in the *Journal*, also,) by
the Examiner, that he would be
around visiting the schools, and that
he designed removing Wilson's
books, and supplying in their stead,
McGuffey's.

In a short time afterward, in the
editorial of the *Eagle*, the fact that
the above announcement was being
carried into effect, was favorably
noticed, endorsing the proceedings—
giving as a reason that the books
were made for Southern market, &c.,
which reasoning, I think, indeed,
gigantic!

In the Examiner's report of last
week, we noticed that in six schools
out of fourteen he visited, he found
Wilson's Readers. In two instances
he speaks with apparent self-compla-
cency of *ordering* and *putting* Wil-
son's Readers "on the shelf." In one
instance he "gave McGuffey's new
series in exchange," and in the other
he "made arrangements to exchange."

There is a query in my mind in re-
gard to this matter. Is it possible
that only four out of fourteen schools

use Wilson's Readers? Or does
the Examiner only mention those
schools wherein he effects an ex-
change?

Who invests the County Examiner
with the power to *remove* Wilson's
books, or any other series that may
be used? I understand that he is
appointed by the Commissioners to
examine and license teachers, but
they do not appoint him to dictate to
teachers the kind of books they shall
use in their schools. He has the
liberty to recommend the use of
such books as he may, in his judg-
ment, think best; but when he goes
beyond this, and notifies teachers
that he will be around at a certain
time, and *order* them to be ready to
exchange books, and then makes his
visits, and reports that he *ordered*
and *put* certain books on the shelf, he
is, in my humble opinion, assuming
a province that he has no right to
perform. If he chooses to be an
agent for McGuffey's new series, let
him doff his official robe and ap-
proach us in that capacity, and not
come to us as one having authority—
being clad in official garments. I
suggest this as an editorial for the
Eagle.

"P. Hiatt, County Examiner for
Randolph county, has turned itin-
erant book agent for McGuffey's new
series, and will visit the various
schools in the county, *asking* teach-
ers to take McGuffey's series instead
of Wilson's. Look out for him!"

I have not said any thing in this
article in regard to the merits of this
series of books that is being *ordered*.
I think it unnecessary at present.
When the enemies of Wilson's series
will dare to assault their utility and
superiority, the series will have its
defenders. We are not thoroughly
acquainted with the books yet; I
have, however looked through them
enough to know that the author's
name is Wilson, instead of Wilson,
as it is invariably spelled by the Ex-
aminer.

J. N. CHAPMAN.

Correspondence of the Journal.

Adventures of a Union Prisoner in Dixie.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1865.

Levi Oren, of the 9th Indiana
cavalry, a son of Ephraim Oren, of
our county, came inside our lines at
this city on last Friday night, after
having escaped from the custody of the
chivalry. I had a long conversa-
tion with him to-day, and as his nar-
rative interested me I send you some
notes of it, hoping it will interest
your readers.

He was captured in a skirmish on
Sugar creek, about midway between
Pulaski and Lamb's Ferry, on the
20th of December. He was imme-
diately relieved of his overcoats,
blankets, and money; and in com-
pany with five others of his regiment,
who were captured at the same time,
started under guard for the Tennessee
river. During the two days occupied
in this part of their journey, they
drew no rations of any kind. For
the next three or four days, during
which they were on the march from
Lamb's Ferry to Iuka, they drew two
pieces of corn bread, about the size
of a man's flat, per day. From Iuka
they were taken to Corinth, where
the daily ration was increased to
three pints of unsifted corn meal and
a half pound of blue beef.

Here they were put in company
with one hundred and thirty more
prisoners, and, after staying one
night only, started for Tupelo, a
distance of sixty-five miles. They
were four days making the trip; and
the rations provided for it were two
pounds and a half of hard crackers,<