

FOR THIS WEEK.

BY J. B. HARRISON.

As I sit down to write, my wife and the young woman who lives with us, are singing old Anti-Slavery songs. The familiar words and air carry my thoughts back to the early days of the struggle, when such songs were sung oftener than they are now. Why do we never sing them of late? Is it because people feel too deeply and earnestly for singing?

It is said that there is not yet any song that is a real expression of the spirit of the time; and some have wondered at this, and have urged that in a crisis like this, there ought to be a song which should be the Cause set to music; and which, uttering the voice of the hour, should stir all hearts like a trumpet-call. We have no such song; but perhaps it is because the time for singing has not come. Men sing before the battle; sometimes after it; but not in the fierce agony of the conflict. They may pray, or they may curse, but they do not sing when they are feeling for each other hearts with sharp steel. When the Right has triumphed, when the enemies of Liberty are crushed, and our country is free, we shall again hear the voice of the people in song. It will be the anthem of Victory: On the lips of millions who never sung before, it will be the anthem of deliverance.

But I was thinking of the time when the movement against oppression was in its infancy. I remember an anti-slavery meeting held in our neighborhood in Green County, Ohio, about twenty years ago. The lecturer's name was Withrow. He was very earnest; did not reason much but denounced all opponents in a strain of bitter invective. He seemed amply able to give them scope for scorn.

When he had done speaking, three or four men sang some anti-slavery songs—"I am an abolitionist," and one of which I can recall only the chorus—

"The bounds are breaking on my track; Oh, Christ, will you send me back?"

There was no disturbance that night, but a few days after, as the same lecturer was going to meet three or four miles from our place, he was waylaid and fired on; a pistol ball passing through his clothes, and cutting off his watch-guard. I heard many people express regret that it had not gone through his heart.

This man was not a specimen of the better class of anti-slavery people; though there were doubtless many among them who were not the best people in the world. Many who descended to the level of their adversaries, and when they were reviled, did revile again. There were some, too, professed friends of the cause, who were not controlled by principle; whose lives were manifestly unworthy; and who were thus greatly in the way of success. But this has been true of every other good movement. Precisely the same thing has always obstructed the progress of Christianity.

It is agreed that many of the anti-slavery saints were not very saintly people. Very humane reformers they were; somewhat selfish—stubborn, for stubbornness is a necessary element in the character of a martyr; but they labored and suffered, and some of them died, for the cause. There may have been fanatics among them, too; (if any body knows just what that is,) but we know, and the world will know sometime, that among the pioneers of the Anti-Slavery movement were some of the purest and noblest spirits that ever battled for the Rights of Man in our own or any other land.

December 18th 1862.  
 Seventeen violins were recently sold at auction in London at the average price of \$500 each.

Six members of one family were drafted in the township of Conewago, Penn.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg, well known in literary circles recently died in London, aged 70 years.

## INK-LINGS.

BY BRANWELL HAWORTH.

A favorite author of mine, the Rev Timothy Titcomb, thinks our American system of Education too prone to stimulate the already luxurious ambition of our youth, by keeping constantly before the pupil's eye such flash sentences as,

"Nothing is impossible to him who wills."  
 He denounces the beautiful lines of Longfellow,

"Lives of great men all remind us  
 We may make our lives sublime,"

a musical cheat—a seeming truth, but a self-evident lie. In his opinion, lives of great men teach a no more important lesson than this—that distinguished men have made their own lives sublime, and have embalmed their own names and memory in history. I will not mar the force and beauty of the words in which he expresses his thought by any attempted paraphrase:—"If you do not believe it, go to the center yonder. There they lie—ten thousand upturned faces—ten thousand and breathless bosoms. There was a time when fire flashed in those vacant orbits, and warm ambitions pulsed in those bosoms. Dreams of fame and power once haunted those hollow skulls. Those little piles of bones that once were feet ran swiftly and determinedly through forty, fifty, sixty, seventy years of life; but where are the prints they left? "He lived—he died"—he was buried," is all the head stone tells us."

True it is that of all the millions who lie quietly in the valley of shadows, but a few have left a life-record behind them. Countless multitudes have threaded the humbler paths of life, and dying, have passed from the worlds memory. A meager few in a generation only have lived up to their capacity. Nature has bestowed upon many a measure of manhood and womanhood, which they, through their indolence, have never realized. "God is a good worker but he loves to be helped." Does the fact that most men are humble and ignorant, teach that greatness, in a degree, is not attainable by every reasonable being? Is it true that many have accomplished so little because their Maker has not given them the power to do more? Nature has not treated her children with an ungenerous partiality—she has not begrudged some with her blessings and stinted others—she has not lavished her gifts upon a favored few, and dealt them out to her created and dependent millions with the stinginess of a miser. Equality is the primal—the omnipotent law in nature. Life, Air, Light, Liberty—all blessings—are distributed with an equal hand by the Almighty. If there be exceptions to this great law, man, not God, has made them. Human intellect exists in variety, but the Great Architect has established no natural intellectual aristocracy. One mental characteristic is more strikingly developed in some, another in others, but there is not inferiority in the one, and superiority in the others, but simply dissimilar equality. Brains have been much more evenly distributed than we seem willing to believe. "Genius is only great patience." The apparently immeasurable difference between men—between great and little men,—is almost wholly self-created. Talent must not only "light its own fire," but it must supply its own fuel. If a man would be free, he must labor, and if he would be noble, he must think. Grains and pigmies are alike mortalities. They are alike the result of a violated law. Don't slander the Almighty by charging your ignorance upon nature, when you must know it to be the result of your own indolence. That man who lives without a purpose in life—who shuts his intellect up in a shell like an oyster, cannot escape the fearful retribution of a just God by charging his dwarfed and stunted brain to a partial and niggardly nature.

If you desire an instructive les-

son on this subject, go to yonder school room. There in the same class, you see some dozen boys: scan them closely and you will observe but little difference in their manifestation of talent. But years roll on, and one or two become eminent, a few remain mere common place plodders and stumblers on the road leading eternally ward, while others wreck themselves upon the shoals of dissipation and sink dishonored to the grave. They started even in the race of life, why this difference at the out-come? Look and you may see. Leaving the school room the parallel of their lives was at an end, and from that point the paths they trod were divergent. Those who set their mark high, ran well—those who labored without an end in view, halted and stumbled, and they who believed that "nature had bound them fast in fate" soon mired in the quicksand of vice and disappeared from human sight.

Young man, young woman your destiny lies within yourself—you may shape it as you will. God is made you equipt to the task He has given you to do. He has given you strength to meet his every exaction. He has written plainly the law of individual accountability, and you cannot escape answering to it. Labor is the price of eminence. There is no more a "royal road" to distinction than there is to proficiency in Mathematics. He who would conquer must fight earnestly—he must not sleep by the wayside who would win the race.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
 Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night."

## THE LATE DANIEL WORTH.

On such information as we possess, and it is not so full as we could desire, we can not well refrain from laying before our readers some account of the life and labors of this our old and somewhat distinguished fellow-citizen of whose recent death a simple announcement was made in our last issue.

Mr. Worth was born in Guilford (or Randolph) County, N. C., about 1794. Of his early life we know nothing. He must have received the rudiments of his education at the place of his nativity, as he seems to have been reared, and, was married there. He came to the West about 1816 or 1820, first settling in Illinois, but very soon removed to the south-west corner of this county where he made a farm and continued to reside till within a few years since. Having evidently received a much more thorough English education than usually falls to the lot of the Southern emigrant, and moreover being endowed by nature with a very active temperament and very social qualities of mind, he was not allowed to remain long in private life. He was chosen to represent this County in the Legislature at a very early day, and we think he was, perhaps, her first Representative as one of his contemporaries says it was at a time when the County had no north-western boundary that he knows of this side the lakes. It is our impression also that he held other offices of trust in the earlier part of our country's history.

About the year 1832 Mr. Worth became a member of the M. E. Church, in which he long held a good reputation, and became a local preacher. When the Anti-Slavery agitation arose, he heartily embraced the cause of the down-trodden and threw his influence and personal exertions into their defense with a zeal and fervor that was never relaxed; and when the division in the Church arose on that question, he went with the Anti-

Slavery or Wesleyan branch. In this connection he engaged in the ministry about 1845 and travelled, at first, near home, and afterwards was transferred to Miami, Ohio, Conference for a time. After this he was sent by his church as a kind of missionary back to his old native place in the South. Here he lost his wife, and, during his stay there, married again.—He got on very well for a while with his Anti-Slavery Gospel. In some letters of his in the newspapers about that time he was rather inclined to exult a little that he could preach his radical doctrines right in the very home and lair of the monster.—But after a while an old scathed and battered Kansas soldier, half-maddened by the murder of his sons by the minions of Slavery, pitched his tent near Harper's Ferry and perpetrated the "John Brown Raid." This might have passed as a very small affair under another state of things, but as it was, the event was like a spark of fire in a powder magazine. It sent an electric shock throughout the whole slaveholding region. The men of that section felt it as a new and terrible admonition that they were sleeping over a magazine that any one with daring sufficient might throw a brand into. John Browns were seen in every Northern man. It was even said the cows did not escape suspicion. Open and avowed Abolitionists would come in for attention. To furnish the better pretext, the subject of this sketch had sold a few copies of the celebrated Helper's book. Of course there would be no difficulty in his conviction, though he always spoke in the highest terms of the Judge before whom he had his trial. Sentence, after several months' imprisonment waiting for the assizes, was two years imprisonment, pillory and whipping. His attorney moved for a new trial, which opened a chance for bail. This he gave in bonds to the amount of \$4,000. Still he could only come out of jail and leave the State by stealth. With somebody's help this was effected.

To give some idea of his Southern prison house, in the like of which so many have perished for the sin of being Northern-born, we will give the reader a paragraph from a letter of his own:

"If I should fail in making the money, of course I must return to my iron, and release my bail. To go back to prison is beyond all question to die there. Another case remains yet to try which will add another year at least to the imprisonment, perhaps more. And what is this prison house? Words are not sufficient to describe it. Think of pining away in a room of unsufferable stench, closed up from every human eye, except the visits of your keeper twice a day when he brings your coarse food and water; all the sounds which reach you are, loathsome curses, oaths and blasphemies, from the mouths of the most dreadful wretches the sun ever shone upon; imagine your sinking nature finally confined to your couch, no friend to stand around you to administer christian consolation, or wipe the cold death-drops from your brow; no one to open the sacred volume and read in the words of David, "Thou makest all my bed in my sickness;" and finally to yield up the spirit to God amidst such scenes, the last earthly sound being oaths and blasphemies,—this, this is, or would be, to die in Greensboro' jail,—a fate from which I see no deliverance, except by paying the bond-atorsaid."

But he proceeded to New York and to New England, where the matter of "making the money"

turned out, to use a term of his own in a speech here after he came West, "a perfect ovation."

He again resumed his labors as a Minister among his old acquaintances, suffered an attack of sickness of some kind at West-field last summer, from which he was thought to have recovered; removed to Newport in Wayne county, where he sickened again, and died after a short illness on Dec. 12th inst.

Written for the Journal.

## "THOUGHTS."

MR. EDITOR: I noticed, in your last issue, a quotation from a teacher who was desirous of hearing the thoughts of Randolph County teachers.

Well, I have been thinking, and thinking, and thinking; but, being a modest man, have refrained from writing the thoughts I think until now.

I am, circumstantially, a teacher by profession; whether excellent or indifferent, some know, others do not. Now, it may seem improper, in these critical times, for a man to be teaching; but, notwithstanding the fearful crisis, the condition of our country, the much-going to war, the sacrifices of my fellow-brethren, I seem to have been passed by, and to have evaded these horrors, and these short December days find me in the school-room, a place more deleterious, perhaps, to the health of both body and mind than the camp. I have a brave brother a-w-a-y down South in Dixie, who is a better teacher than I, and a more distinguished writer; and, I kind of console myself by thinking that all can not go to war, and that somebody must teach school.

But those "thoughts," in the first place, I think that teaching, under most circumstances, is rather a hard berth. When we consider his high responsibility, his imperative duty, how he has to be wearied and peep'ered, we conclude a teacher should receive at least a great big dollar and a great big quarter (1.25) per day. When a teacher is to be employed, the farmer says: "Why pay him more than the common laborer?" The teacher says: "Pay me as much as you do your mechanics—\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day—and I am satisfied." "But," says the farmer, "they have lost time and money in learning their trade." "Av," says the teacher, "so I did to learn my trade."

"O, yes," says the farmer, "but you wouldn't take what your 'lamin' cost you and do without it, would you?—Of course, the teacher answers "ng," and thus the parents of uneducated children sometimes reason with teachers; but we are happy to know that men are now becoming more interested in, and enlightened on the subject.

On the teachers part, he should be amply qualified for his undertaking, for "A man, to teach a public school, AND TEACH IT WITH SUCCESS, must be a wise man, not a fool. Or else I've lost my guess." He or she should be prepared to avoid a "stall" in any case; and if there should be any would be graduates in the District who think they know as much as any common school teacher, the teacher should be able to say to them: "bring on your Analytical Orthography your Higher Arithmetic, your 24 Part Algebra, your English Teacher, (Pinneo's), your Philosophy, etc. and when you fag through them all, I will then confer upon you the degree of A. B.

On the parents' part, they should try to be perfectly reconciled with the prospect of their school from the day it commences, onward; and the voters should be very particular in selecting one that will suit all, without any sinister motives in view, laying aside every prejudice; and, they and the teacher and students should all co-operate together.

Everything else but wrangling and jangling like there is in some Districts! (It is not so in mine.) Then, to recapitulate: A scholar for a teacher, reconciled and satisfied parents, agreeable and obe-

dient students, and you will have a prosperous and pleasant school. There are many difficulties with which teachers have to contend. One is that of larger students misbehaving and being disobedient and rude, and then THEMSELVES complaining of the order their teacher keeps, and talk of quitting the school in consequence thereof; such as this is decidedly a bore, and is calculated to "pique" the most of us. Another trouble is that of instructing and advancing dull, heartless little "urchins" which it seems almost impossible to instruct or improve. There are many other difficulties, but I will not notice them now.

I wish to speak of the examination of teachers.

I like the present method excellently; but I would recommend that we be "on hand" at a pretty early hour if we want an A No. I certifi-*cat*. When I went before the Examiner I met with about fifty other teachers—good looking, intelligent looking ones, especially the ladies, qualified by the former adjective. I thought it would have been very interesting if I had only been a spectator. I thought it would certainly be "real nice" if we could institute a TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION on some kind of a basis for the mutual benefit and occasional entertainment of all teachers. Who wants something of the kind? "What do you say, Examiner?—'In a land?'"

We look for our Examiner among us some time, during the Winter; at least we think he ought to visit the schools, advise the teachers, lecture the students, and see how education is prospering throughout the county.—These are my thoughts.

It does appear, Mr. Editor, that I CAN NOT make my articles brief. I have either lost, or never had, the laconic style of composition.

It is true that ALL we write is NOT PRINTED. That is well enough; for our principal motive in writing should be to improve and cultivate the thinking faculties more than anything else; but this article is written to be PRINTED, and I hope to see it published, notwithstanding its length.

Respectfully,

MITZWA,

Pleasant Ridge, Ind., Dec. 20, 1862.

On the subject of "promotions" we find, in one of our most highly valued exchanges, the following allusion to our bold and indefatigable fellow-townsmen, Col. Colgrove:

Colonel Silas Colgrove went out as Lieutenant Colonel of the 8th Regiment in the three months service. He labored in the entrenchments at Clarksville, and fought at Rich Mountain. He was in all the service that the "three months' campaign" required of any man. Since then he has commanded the 27th on the Potomac all the time, never has been away from it a day, has fought with it in a dozen battles, marched with it over a thousand miles of weary and bloody ground has seen its ranks thinned by bullets and disease from a thousand men to hardly more than a single company, and still the iron links of the blade, rapidly as it is wearing away in the fearful strife, that seems to have neither aim nor end, in Eastern Virginia. Is there no material for a Brigadier in this veteran? He has seen as much as a dangerous service as any Colonel East or West, and stands side by side with the gallant Gavin in all but the accidental honor of a wound.  
 Daily Journal.

## HOW IT WORKS.

A gentleman just from the South informs us that the rebel Government has granted permission to all its soldiers who own twenty slaves or more, to return home to provide for the next year's planting, and crops, and to look out for the operation of the Emancipation proclamation. The poorer soldiers, who have wives and children, and few or no slaves, at home, don't like such a distinction, and it has created a deal of ill feeling among the "white trash," who make up five-sixths of the rebel army. Blow and ridicule as its opponents may, there is no mistaking the alarm with which the rebels regard Lincoln's Proclamation. It is their nightmare and terror. If supported by the unanimous assent of the loyal States it would alone cripple the rebellion more than any army could.—Daily Journal.

**Business Directory.**  
 Business Cards of 10 lines or less, 25 cents per year.  
 INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

**SCHOOL EXAMINER.**  
 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.  
 nov21-ly

**BROWNE & CHENEY.** Attorneys at Law, Winchester, Ind. Office in the Jail Building. Give special attention to the securing and collection of claims.  
 [5ml]

**D. D. FERGUSON.** Winchester, Indiana. Office and residence on corner of Main and South Streets, where a majority of all times to be found, unless professionally engaged.

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

**EMPIRE HOUSE.** Union City, Ind. J. B. Farley, Proprietor.  
 Board \$1 per day or 25 cts. per meal.  
 [5ml] Enlarged and improved stable for horses. [5ml]

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

**LEMKERSDORFER & 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-east corner of the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.  
 Nov 12, 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 has 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. REASOR**  
 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 Saturday mornings, meat always on hand.  
 aug 31

## STATIONERY.

**OWEN, STEWART & Co.**  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**BOOKSELLERS**  
**AND STATIONERS**  
 No. 18 Washington St., Indianapolis.  
 PUBLISHERS OF  
**SCHOOL REGISTERS AND Teachers' Class Books.**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 Superior Blue, Black and Carmine Inks.  
 no-17

**DR. N. SIMMONS,**  
 Druggist and Bookeller,  
 UNION CITY, INDIANA, consisting of a complete stock of  
**DRUGS, FAMILY AND HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND DYE-STUFFS, TRUSSES AND SIF-FORTERS, SHOULDER-BRACES, SCHOOL BOOKS, AND STATIONERY, ETC., ETC.**