

THE WINCHESTER JOURNAL
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
J. E. BEVERLY
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P. HIATT
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All kinds of Blanks on hand, or Printed to order.

DR. J. A. HENNING,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Having located in
FARMLAND, - - - INDIANA,
WOULD respectfully tender his services to the citizens. Having had an extensive practice the last seven years, he would further say that he will devote part of his time to treating chronic diseases. Charges moderate in all cases. [m34 m3

The Compound Syrup of
HOPS AND BONESET
Is the cheapest and best medicine. It is good for Colds, for Soariness of Breast, for Hoarseness, for Whooping Cough. It is also a sure remedy for Croup, and Chronic Cough, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Give this medicine a trial.
For sale by H. P. Kizer, Winchester, Ind.

NEW GRAVE YARD!
The undersigned has laid off a New Grave Yard, immediately adjoining the old one, on the west, in lots 15 1/2 by 19 1/2 feet square, which he offers to sell on reasonable terms. Those desiring to secure a family burial place can now do so by calling early on DAVID HEASTON, May 21, 1862.

WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series,
WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1863.
Vol. 1, No. 43.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
WINCHESTER JOURNAL.
New Series, Vol. 1.
J. E. BEVERLY,
Editor and Proprietor

LOCAL NEWS
will be carefully gathered up and spread before the readers. The

GENERAL NEWS
of the whole country will be epitomized for the columns of the JOURNAL, and nothing of particular interest, connected with the world's progress will be entirely overlooked. In the

HEALTH DEPARTMENT
will be found accurate accounts of the state of the general health. Notices of all prevailing diseases and epidemics, with descriptions of their nature and course, the best way to prevent them and their most rational management when they may have seized upon the system.

FARM, THE ORCHARD AND THE GARDEN
will have a watchful advocate in the JOURNAL, and the transcendent subject of the

EDUCATION
of the rising generation will always be treated as of the first importance. It may be said, in short, that the present publisher of the JOURNAL has taken hold of it with the view of making it as useful and valuable as possible to every one of its readers, hoping that it may not prove unprofitable to himself. Will not every one of the present readers lend a helping hand? Let every one who sympathizes with the undertaking make him or herself a voluntary agent to obtain subscribers for the paper, and let those who can, furnish them for its columns. In this way we can get on smoothly.

THE TERMS are:—For single subscribers, \$1.50. Three Copies for \$4.00, and Five Copies for \$5.00. This is the very lowest, when the money is paid in advance.

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION!

Abbott is the most noted writer and essayist of the day, and his time. He shows that more than thirty years ago the rebellion was inaugurated, which was then as a little cloud no larger than a man's hand, but which continued to grow and spread until, as a solid phalanx, its dark folds from horizon to zenith overshadowed our whole country, and poured out its vial of wrath in lightnings and thunders.

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Mrs. N. A. Williamson, MANTUA MAKER,
OFFERS HER SERVICES to the ladies of Winchester and vicinity. Having had several years' experience in New Hampshire, she feels confident of giving satisfaction. Residence in the Frazer property, South of the Seminary.

For the Journal.
TO-DAY.
BY J. E. HARRISON.
The orchards are white with the spring-time snow
Of fragrant blooms, and sweet and low
Comes the blended music of birds and streams,
Like melodies heard in our childhood dreams.
And I think of a land under fadeless skies,
Where frosts never fall, and spring never dies;
With rivulets dreamily droning their tune,
And life evermore a morning in June.

THE BETTER.
BY BENJ. S. PARKER.
If cares assail and sorrow comes,
Pray, what's the use of sighing?
Why should we march with muffled drums,
And seem forever dying?
Since pining will not make the night
Cast off her sable fetter,
Let's turn our foreheads to the light
And gladly sing the better:
The better! O, the better!
And gaily sing the better.

Though snarling trumps of war resound,
And brother's blood is flowing,
And o'er the moral waste around
God's hurricanes are blowing,
The man who mouths and sighs and moans
Is but a graceless fretter;
Leave such to misery and groans
And nobly sing the better:
The better! O, the better!
And gaily sing the better.

If sighing ever raised a soul
Above the vulgar level,
Or ever gave the good control,
Or ostracized the devil,
Then might we groan for ever more,
Each poor and humble debtor,
Then might we live but to deplore,
And never sing "the better":
The better! O, the better!
And never sing the better!

But since it cannot change the clouds
To mounts of light and glory,
Nor venture death's pale shrouds
With fancy's magic story,
Nor hush the villain's slanderous lie,
Nor break the bondman's fetter,
Let sorrow's grizzly shapes go by
And gladly sing the better:
The better! O, the better!
And gaily sing the better.

Here's to the friends, the friends we love,
And here's to those that hate us,
May blessings greet them from above
Even while they curse and rate us.
We will not moan and sigh around,
Like poor de-serv'd fretters,
But walk upright upon the ground
And nobly sing the better:
The better! O, the better!
And gaily sing the better.

From all the gloom and doubt to-day,
From all our woes and sorrow,
From every field of mortal fray,
New hopes shall bloom to-morrow.
As bursts days of earth dark night,
As bursts the bondman's fetter,
Then let us raise our voices high
And nobly sing the better:
The better! O, the better!
And nobly sing the better.

Army Correspondence.

DEAR FATHER—Our Regiment, with the rest of the troops here, has been lying in line of battle along the breast-works since the 11th inst. The rebels have partially surrounded our works, and they are bold and daring. Whether the latter is to be accounted for by their having an overwhelming force, I can not say. Prisoners taken, report from 40 to 60 thousand, and Longstreet in command. Some have even asserted that Lee is here; but that is hardly credible. Constant skirmishing is going on, and considerable artillery firing. Probably we have lost 50 men, killed and wounded, since the enemy made their appearance, and I should think that their loss would reach a hundred. We have taken some 30 prisoners.

The rebels generally drive in our pickets two or three times a day, with artillery and a pretty good force of infantry, coming within sight of our breast-works. Since writing the above this morning, I have been out along with a hundred more men from our Regiment, "feeling the rebel lines." About one mile and a half from our works we came upon them, posted behind breast-works and rifle pits which they have erected. We had quite a lively skirmish with them for a couple of hours, either killing or wounding five or six of the enemy, while we had three

men wounded, two it is thought mortally, and one a Lieutenant in Co. F. I was also out last evening along with 50 men from our Regiment, helping to re-establish our picket-line, which the rebels had driven in with their artillery and infantry. We drove them back in short order, killing two, (which they left lying in the woods,) and wounding several. We also took a prisoner belonging to the 9th Virginia. Our Regiment had no men hurt, but two of the pickets, belonging to the 112th New York, were wounded.

The 13th does most of the skirmishing along the front of Foster's Brigade, the rest of the Brigade being composed of raw troops and giving way too easily. Whenever the enemy are to be driven along the picket line, volunteers are called for from the "Hoosier Regiment." And the boys are always anxious for a brush with the butternuts, a great many more volunteering to go than are called for. In short, the 13th still keeps up her good name, and takes the lead of everything here in the fighting line. I believe the Regiment has only had twelve men wounded as yet.

I captured a "Richmond Dispatch" this morning the 9th inst. There is nothing in it worth sending you. The rebels threw a 12 pound rifle shell into our company quarters last evening, but luckily it didn't burst, and no one was hurt. The enemy have been here now for six days, and have made no attempt to capture our works. The report is that they are planning siege guns around us in order to shell us out, but they will find that two can play at that game. I hear, upon good authority, that Gen. Sickles will be here to-night with 12,000 men, and that we will attack the enemy to-morrow. And I think that we shall undoubtedly whip them. A train has just arrived, of 32 cars, loaded with troops.

I can assure you, of a certainty, that the rebels have negro soldiers in their army. One of their best sharpshooters, and the boldest of them all here, is a negro. He dug himself a rifle-pit last night just across the river, and has been annoying our pickets opposite him very much to-day. You can see him plain enough with the naked eye, occasionally, to make sure that he is a "woolhead," and with a spy-glass there is no mistaking him.

The enemy, so far, have been unable to cut our line of communication with Norfolk. This is prevented by the swamps and our gunboats on the Blackwater.

Ever, your son,
JAMES G. BRICE.

COMING EVENTS.
MEMPHIS, TENN., April 22.
With armed hosts all around us, we are nevertheless apparently in the midst of profound peace. True, it was reported yesterday that there was a little skirmishing with some bushwhackers near where was formerly Lavergne, but that nobody was hurt. Again, it was said that somewhere on the Shelbyville road our pickets were fired upon, and one man was wounded in the hand. These are the only military events which a loyal correspondent would give to the public, even if he dared to write more. But he may safely say to the loyal people of the country (and to the Copperheads also, if it will be any comfort to them), that they need not be surprised to hear very soon of some events which will startle them.

What seems a dead quiet here is, in reality, not such. Both upon our side and that of the enemy there is a restless activity, which one unacquainted with the chess-play of contending armies finds it difficult to reconcile with the almost utter absence of conflicts and battles. But I am convinced that victories are lost and won frequently without a sword being drawn from its scabbard. The attitude of the forces of Johnson and Rosecrans, for the past two months, has been that of two practiced swordsmen, who will fence and parry for an hour together without either receiving a scratch. Yet the well-aimed blow which is turned, or the dexterous thrust which is parried, is as much an advantage gained or lost as though the sword's point had reached the body and drawn blood therefrom. True, the contest between the swordsmen is never thus decided, and by and by, when each has sufficiently tested the skill and strength of the other, a bolder and more desperate effort on the part of one, a concentration at some decisive moment of all his

strategy and energy, completes the work and finishes the contest, either by wounding and disarming his antagonist, or by laying him dead at his feet.

The history of the Union and rebel armies in Middle Tennessee for the past two months, is the history of just such a sleepless trial of vigilance and skill as that between the swordsmen. The rebels seem not to rest even for an hour. At times a series of demonstrations will commence on one of our wings, and extend entirely round to the other, as though the rebels would examine every portion of the charmed circle within which lies the Union army, and discover, if possible, its vulnerable point. But wherever he looks he finds himself confronted by armed men ready, if he desires, to accept his challenge and try conclusions with him. Checked in this manner, he quietly withdraws, and not a gun is fired upon either side. So, too, the enemy while he is making demonstrations upon our lines, suddenly discovers that Reynolds or Wilder is threatening his own, and at once begins a series of withdrawals or counter movements to check or baffle the supposed design. And thus the ceaseless movement goes on, and the observer constantly beholds bodies of troops marching and counter-marching, going this way and that without any apparent object.

But by and by all this preliminary play will be over, and all Middle Tennessee will tremble with the tread of mighty hosts and the shock of contending arms. Both armies are strong and confident. The opposing generals are well aware of the magnitude of the stake for which they play. The most superficial observer can appreciate the beneficent results to the Union cause which would attend the expulsion of the enemy from East Tennessee; while the rebels universally believe, as their prisoners say, as their presses indicate, and as their private letters (a large number of which I have recently read) declare, that if they could only succeed in crushing Rosecrans, it would be equivalent to the triumph of the rebellion.

Only yesterday, I read an epistle written by a prominent "secesh," which ardently sighed for peace, and expressed a belief that Rosecrans and his army were about the only obstacles to its attainment. With what absorbing interest will the nation and the world gaze upon the momentous conflict about to take place in Middle Tennessee! Let the loyal take heart. We have here all the materials for achieving success, and, better still, a LEADER who knows how to use them.—[Cin. Gazette.

A VOICE FROM THE PEOPLE.
The citizens of Nettle Creek Township, Randolph County, Indiana, met in Union Meeting on last evening, April 29th, and after being organized by calling W. L. Johnson to the Chair, appointed a committee on resolutions, who presented the following, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, 1st. That we know no party, so long as party men support the Government of the United States; that we know no friends, but the friends of the Republic, whoever they are, wherever they may be; that we know no enemies but the enemies of the Government; that a Sympathizer or a Tory now, is infinitely worse than a Tory in 1776.

2nd. That Republicans, Democrats, Abolitionists, Americans, Conservatives, and men of all parties, and men of no party should join heart and hand cheerfully, to preserve this glorious Union, for which our forefathers fought, died and died, and which was sealed with their blood.

3d. That we are unalterably attached to the Union of these States, and we regard a dissolution thereof as the greatest calamity that can befall this nation.

make any sacrifice necessary to restore the Union entire, we will never consent to give one dollar to buy Negroes, or one man to fight for their Emancipation only; but if Slavery or any thing else, comes in the way of a restoration of this Union, we are in favor of taking it out of the way.

4th. That the Secretary of this meeting have these proceedings and resolutions published in the Richmond Jeffersonian, and Randolph County Journal.

W. L. Johnson, President.
D. N. Kimball, Secretary.

GEN. SPINNER ON SECESSION SYMPATHIZERS.
Many a reader has doubtless puzzled himself in trying to decipher the astonishing scrawl on the face of every "greenback," followed by the words "Treasurer of the United States." It is a pity the signature is so utterly illegible, for the name of F. A. SPINNER is one that deserves to be remembered. In the darkest hours of the rebellion there was no man whose hope was so uncomparable as his; and now that we have passed the crisis of our danger, it still does one of weaker faith good to get in his presence.

At a chance meeting, at the dinner table the other day, it was particularly refreshing to hear his account of a little affair with a young Captain in the army. The Captain wanted a newspaper, but would buy none except the World. He never read any other, wouldn't have anything to do with any other. The World suited him exactly. Gen. Spinner had been a witness of the colloquy with the news-dealer. "Then, young man," he burst out, "you've got the wrong uniform on. You ought to be in the rebel army, where your sympathies are, and I'll thank you for your name!" The young gentleman in straps was unwilling to give his name. "Then you're a coward too, willing to sympathize with the rebels, but too cowardly to take the responsibility of your sympathy."

"Burnside's order is the best thing I've seen yet," said the General. "Let these people who sympathize with the rebels go and cast their lot with them. They have no business among us. For my part, I long ago made up my mind that no man could utter treason in my presence, without getting knocked down; and that he couldn't long breathe the same air with me if I could help it!"—[Cin. Gazette.

HALF AN HOUR IN A RAILROAD OFFICE.
TRAVELER. "New York," plunking the price of a ticket. The ticket clerk jerks out a ticket and jerks in the money almost in an instant, without a word, and the traveler gives place for the next comer, who, perhaps, has the same destination, but who occupies much more time in making his wants known, something after this style:

"What's the fare to New York?"
"Four dollars."
"How long afore you start?"
"Ten minutes."
"Ah—er—can you change a fifty-dollar bill?"
"Yes, sir."
"Give me change in Boston money, (laying out the fifty,) and in five-dollar bills if you can."
Change is made, and the ticket thrown out in almost a second of time.
"Do you get into New York as early now as usual?"
"Yes, sir."
"What time does the Felicity train leave to-morrow mornin'?"
"Sevend-thirty."
By this time the queest had gathered up his bank notes, folded them up, put them smoothly into a pocket-book,

poked his umbrella into the stomach of a beated individual from the rural districts, who was waiting nervously behind him, and by the delay caused the collection of half-a-dozen other applicants for tickets.

Next comes the countryman's turn: [Breathlessly.] "Ticket for Boston!" "You are in Boston now, sir." "O, O—er! Yes—ah! ha! ha! I want to go to Plimpton-ville!"—no show of money.

"Forty-five cents"—waiting for a show of funds.
"Yes; well, I'll take one ticket."
"Yes, sir, forty-five cents."
By this time gent from the rural district comprehends the pay-in-advance principle adopted at all well-regulated railway stations—and fishing into the profound depths of his pantaloons pocket withdraws in a capacious hand a miscellaneous collection, which, from a hasty glance, appears to be composed of a piece of candlestick tobacco, a lead pencil, a piece of red chalk, large jack-knife, a political medal, leather shoe-string, a couple of buttons, a suspender-buckle, and some change. From the latter a twenty-five cent piece, two half-dimes, two three-cent pieces, and four cents, are laboriously extracted and deposited on the counter, from which they are rapidly swept by three or four dexterous passes of the clerk, who turns to serve a lady.

"I want a lady's ticket to Providence"—depositing a five-dollar note. Clerk throws out a "lady's ticket," which bears a striking similarity to, and, in fact, would be called a twin brother of a "gentleman's ticket," and also the change at the same time. Lady cautiously examines a bank note she has received in change—
"Is this a good bill?"
"Certainly, madam; we give none other."
Lady retires perfectly satisfied.

The next customer is an illustrious exile, whom we have every reason to suppose has recently fared sumptuously upon a repast in which onions figured conspicuously as a vegetable, and moderate-priced whiskey as the principal beverage. "Shure, what is the price of a ticket new to New York?"
"Deck passage, two dollars and a half."
"Wouldn't we take a dollar and seventy-five? Shure, it's all the money I've got at all, at all."
"No! two dollars and fifty cents."
[Persuasively.] "Shure, wouldn't ye take two dollars?"
"Not a cent less than two-fifty."
[Emphatically.] Pass out your money, or pass on!

Pat finding blarney and persuasion of no use in this instance, counts out his cash, which the quick eye of the clerk discovers to be a little short of the required amount.
"Three cents more!"
The stray three-cent piece is reluctantly dropped from Patrick's warm palm, and the individual who succeeds anxiously inquires "what time the five o'clock train leaves," and is seriously informed as "sixty minutes past four."
The next inquires,
"Has Mr. Smith bought a ticket for this train?"
"Can't say, sir; don't know him."
"O, he's a dark complexioned man, had on a dark overcoat, and an umbrella under his arm."
In consideration of the fact that about fifty "dark complexioned" individuals, with dark overcoats on, had purchased tickets of the clerk, some having umbrellas under their arms, and some not, it is not very extraordinary that he does not recollect which one is Mr. Smith. All the time these negotiations are going on eager interrogators on the outer circle of the crowd about the office are propounding questions, and a running fire of them and replies fill up every possible pause.

"When does the next train start?"
"Ten minutes of five."
"Say, you! what do you tax to Mansfield?"
"Seventy-five cents."
Sailor. "Panser, give us a card for New Bedford." Slaps down a gold piece, sweeps ticket and change back all into the crown of his hat, takes a bit of the weed, and rolls off to a car "well furred."
"Does this train stop at I.?"
"No; this is the express train."
"Which one does?"
"Accommodation—leaves at two and a half o'clock."
"Ticket in 'arf to Providence."
"How old is the half ticket?"
"Hey!"
"How old is the child you want the half ticket for?"
"Seven seven and eight."
"Is that the boy?" pointing to a lad of about eleven, who was endeavoring to make himself look as short as possible, by crooking his legs and resting his chin on the counter.

"Yes, that's him; 'spose you only charge half price for boys."
"Full price for him, sir."
"Full price? why, he's only a boy; yet had 'n't ought to charge full price?"
"Big enough to occupy a seat; sir; full price, if you please."
The applicant reluctantly draws out the money, and the boy grows some eight or ten inches in stature in as many seconds.

"Ticket for New York," says another, throwing down a ten-dollar note. The clerk gives a rapid glance at the bank note, followed by a keen searching one at the applicant, and then replies, "Counterfeit!"
The dropping of the under jaw, the blank and stupefied amazement of the latter at this announcement, protest at once the official judgment was correct, and that the applicant was unconscious of the character of the note still he tendered in payment for a ticket,