# THE XENIA SENTINEL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.**

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**All kinds of GAME**

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MEALS SERVED UP AT ALL HOURS, ACCORDING TO ORDER, AND THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

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J. F. PATTON,

HAVING greatly enlarged and extended his Drug Establishment, and correspondingly increased his stock of Goods, is prepared to offer

**Great Inducements**

To customers. He invites his old customers and everybody else to call at the old stand, three doors west of the Post Office, and examine stock and prices. Prescriptions compounded with neatness and care.

**CORN!! CORN!! CORN!!**

**50,000 Bushels Wanted**

**For Government use immediately,**

For which the highest market price will be paid.

Enquire of

**DR. C. M. BOYD,**

Or of

DEAN & CRABB,

At Edsall's old stand,

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HOW TO SAVE MONEY!

**500,000 Feet**

**LUMBER FOR SALE!**

*IF YOU WISH TO INVEST YOUR GREENBACKS IN*

**LUMBER,**

*BY CALLING AT THE LUMBER YARD OF*

**SWEENY & PELHAM,**

YOU CAN BE ACCOMMODATED WITH

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**PINE AND POPLAR LUMBER,**

SUITED FOR ALMOST ALL CLASSES OF BUILDINGS, INCLUDING

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ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED, AND DELIVERED IF DESIRED.

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**Suffer not! I'll Cure! Try Me!**

If you have Neuralgia, use Dr. Barber's relief. If you have rheumatism, try it. If you have head ache, try it. If you have toothache, it will cure you. If you have cramp-cholic, it cures in five minutes. If you get croup, it will cure it quicker than any remedy ever found; bathe the chest and neck freely and put a flannel over the part. If you have sore throat, use it. If you have children who have cholic-pains, give them two drops in a little water and sugar; it cures them. If you have piles and sores, try it. If you have old sores, use it, and use my Restorative Pills and get well.

Sold by all dealers. Look out for counterfeits. My name on each label, and my initials on the stamp. All others are counterfeits.

8-1y DR. G. BARBER.

**Coughs, Coughs.**

ATTEND to that cough in time, "delay is dangerous." You can get a Balsam that will cure you at PATTON'S.

**CARRUTHERS & CARSON,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**GROCERS.**

IF YOU WANT

**TEAS,**

GO TO CARRUTHERS & CARSON.

IF YOU WANT

**SPICES,**

GO TO CARRUTHERS & CARSON.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**COAL OIL LAMPS,**

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**COAL OIL.**

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PLEASE GIVE US A CALL.

**H. K. CONNOR,**

**Manufacturer and Dealer**

IN ALL KINDS OF

**BOOTS & SHOES**

West Main Street,

XENIA, OHIO,

Keeps constantly on hand a good supply of

**Leather and Findings**

In fact, every article for the manufacture of

**BOOTS & SHOES.**

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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R. S. USTICK. A. G. BARBER.

**NEW FIRM.**

**Ustick & Barber**

TAKE this method of informing the citizens of Greene county, that they have entered into partnership in the

**GROCERY BUSINESS,**

In the town of

**CEDARVILLE,**

And will always be found ready to welcome their customers. They will keep constantly on hand a choice assortment of

**Groceries,**

**Queensware,**

**Glassware,**

**Hardware,**

**WOOD and WILLOW WARE,**

**Salt by the Barrel, etc.,**

All of which they will sell as low as can be found in the market for Cash or prompt paying customers. USTICK & BARBER.

N. B.—All persons indebted to me are respectfully invited to call and settle their accounts during the month of January, 1864.

no.7 1y. R. S. USTICK.


[Original.]

## Maxims for Young Men.

My dear young friends, mind what I say,
'Twill do you good some other day.

Good company keep, or else keep none,
And don't be idle though alone.

If for your hands you've no employ,
Brush up your minds and don't be coy.

Still speak the truth let what will come,
And what you promise still perform.

If you have secrets keep them well,
And others' secrets do not tell.

Look in his face to whom you speak,
And in your converse still be meek.

Your character keep always true,
It can't be injured but by you.

Drink no strong drink—drink none at all,
For surely by it you will fall.

If any one speaks ill of you,
Let your life show that its not true.

Within your income always live,
And to the poor a penny give.

And when you to bed I pray,
Think what you done all day.

And to be rich do not make haste,
And what you have pray do not waste.

If gains are small and come in slow,
They'll not take wings before you know.

At games of chance, O do not play,
You'll rue it much some other day.

Don't buy a thing you do not need,
And pay your debts with honest speed.

Don't borrow if you can avoid it,
And for the future be provided.

Don't marry till you're fully able,
To keep your wife and covered table.

Of others do not evil speak,
Disputes and quarrels never seek.

And when you're young lay by the gold,
So you can spend it when you're old.

And if you would happy be,
From grog-shops and sinners flee.

Be kind, be honest, just and true,
You'll be happy if this you do.

XENIA.

[Delayed letter.]

## Letter From Jamestown.

*Jamestown, January* 1, 1864.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

Yes, Mr. Editor, *One thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.* A happy New Year to "*yer 'onor.*" "Long may you wave," and may "*devils*" tremble when they approach your "form," or finger in your "*pi.*"

In giving you some items of local news, I shall notice one or two matters of public interest which occurred some time ago and which will, perhaps, be news to some of your readers, if not to those who live in the immediate vicinity of this place.

About two weeks ago, the noble hearted farmers of Silvercreek Township visited Jamestown in respectable numbers, and said visit resulted in a large reinforcement of the woodpiles and pantries of the wives and families of the noble boys who stand between us and the element that seeks to destroy us, and mar the happiness of "generations yet to be." I regret that I can not give you the names of all the contributors, and the kind and amount of necessaries furnished.

But as the weather was very unfavorable on that occasion, and consequently many who desired to contribute to this good cause could not attend, it is now proposed (at some time not far in the future) to have a general coming-together of all the benevolent of this region, and make the hearts of the families of volunteers glad with an abundant supply. When the time is fixed I shall give due notice through the papers, and when the occasion arrives your correspondent hopes to be present, and make a report that will do justice to the patriotism and benevolence of our people. I must also mention in justice to the noble boys of this village, that they banded together, and with saws, bucks and axes, converted large portions of the aforesaid woodpiles into stove wood. I never saw a more happy band than those *Saw Buckeye* boys, as they sang and sawed and laughed and chopped, happy in the consciousness that their frolic was help to the needy. I must not omit to mention that we have had a visit and speech from Colonel Josiah Given of the 74th O. V. I., and the pleasure of making the acquaintance of that excellent soldier and polished gentleman. At the commencement of the Colonel's speech, the scrupulous exactness of his language and the labored system of his arrangement, combined with the fact that he used manuscript, was perhaps painful to admirers of dashing eloquence and spread-eagle style, bu his arguments were forcible and unanswerable; his exactness betrayed an admirable quality in a military man, and the impression which he made upon his auditors was favorable in the extreme. On Tuesday the 29th ult., the ladies from Jamestown gathered together a large supply of the good things of this world in the edible line, and having spread a table in Messrs. Syfers & Son's hall, invited the public to a supper at 25 cents per head in the evening, (as I learned from the treasurer), realizing the sum of $45 for the Sanitary Commission. I regret that I can not particularize upon the good things under which the table groaned, and the "gay and festive" spirit of the crowd assembled; and will offer as an apology that at the instance of some of the ladies I entered the room during the day to take some note of the preparations made, but was peremptorily ordered out by the city marshal, which worthy functionary I found officiating as doorkeeper. This was searching after items under difficulties, but supposing that I could call in the evening, pay my way in, quietly sit down and take an inventory of the establishment without meddling, and retire, I was prevented by sickness at home. On the last day of the year, there came to Jamestown the last remains of our former fellow-citizen Samuel J. Winans, to which we paid our last respects. The deceased was buried with military honor. A clergyman, who came with the procession and whose name I have not learned, made some very appropriate remarks, after which Rev. Samuel Marshall offered an appropriate and touching prayer.

The moist earth closed over the form that had recently given up a noble spirit: a patriot who had watered the tree of liberty with his blood. We knew him when blithe and gay in boyhood. He won by his gentle mien, the admiration of all. We respected him. We loved him.

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou should die,
That death should settle in thy glorious eye."

FOGY.

## Letter from Chattanooga.

*Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan.* 5, 1864.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

Let me congratulate you upon the success of your interesting paper, and wish that its glory may become brighter and brighter until it shall eclipse and leave in total darkness all other luminaries which have not for their motto, "Our Union—and the vigorous prosecution of this war." Your paper comes to us richly ladened with all the interesting news of the day, giving us a detailed account of that which we wish to know, viz.—"What they are doing at home"—and your local column, filled as it is with home events, is greeted by all—for what better do we love to hear than of "Home, sweet home." Since, Mr. Editor, you have so kindly solicited correspondence from the soldiers. I shall consider myself at liberty to write, for I belong to that class, which if not now considered noble by a certain clique of the human kind—appropriately called copperheads—yet we know that all loyal men and future generations will know us with something better—everlasting gratitude. The 94th O. V. I., the regiment which I have the honor of claiming membership, is still at Chattanooga, encamped upon a barren, bleak and "most too auful" cold hillside, with nothing to relieve the monotony of a dreary camp life, except the usual picketing, fatigue duty, and sitting on the dying embers of a few stolen sticks of wood to keep from freezing. How I do pity all the able bodied young men of Ohio. I have not much doubt they are freezing—poor souls, they ought to at once come down here where it is so much warmer, for, Mr. Editor, it can not be disputed but that it is much warmer here than in the North—for instance, Mission Ridge, Chickamauga, etc.—rather too warm for some, hey?

We were made glad a few days ago by the arrival of our Colonel, S. A. Bassford, who has been absent for some time recruiting. We hail his return with joy, for he has proven himself worthy of the high position to which he has meritoriously attained, and now while we are writing we would beg leave to state a few facts about our Colonel, which can not be disputed by any of those who have personal ill feelings against him. As long as he was not detached from the regiment recruiting, he was with us in every engagement—in the battle of Chaplain Hill, he showed himself to be a man and a hero—at Stone River, he came from the hospital and was with us from the beginning and through the thickest until knocked down by the concussion of a shell, and then he only strived to gain strength, and was with us again in a short time. At Hover's Gap, where we were exposed to a heavy fire of shot and shell he was with us, and manifested a coolness and ardor which only belong to the brave. As disciplinarian, he has not his equal. At Murfreesboro, he labored assiduously to bring his regiment up to the standard of drill and discipline, and often did we receive compliments for our perfection from the General and other officers, all of which he chiefly helped us to obtain. As for his being at home so long, was no fault of the Colonel's; he was detailed to recruit by order of General Rosecrans, and the duty of a good soldier is to obey—repeatedly he asked to be relieved from that service, but that was not granted until within the last month, and he is now with us again to show himself worthy of the cause which he has sworn to defend. As yet I have not had any chance to say much more than "How do you do" to him, but I intend to have a chat with him which I know will be allowed, for the Colonel is that kind of a man.

Wishing you prosperity, I close.

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD SINCLAIR.

## Letter from Cedarville.

*Cedarville, Ohio, Jan.* 16, 1864.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

This splendid winter weather is well improved by those fortunate enough to obtain a horse and sleigh; and so sleighing is "all the rage" in this delectable vicinity.

The proudest and wealthiest condescend to take a sleigh ride, for the pleasure afforded, in their handsome sleighs, with prancing steeds, as proud as their owners; and the humblest rag-a-muffin finds much the same enjoyment in his little rough-made sled.

It will be readily admitted that there is comfort to be derived from a sleigh ride, when crowded in a two-horse sled, a company of boys and girls go sailing over the glistening snow.

It is enough to cure one of the blues and make all hearts glad, while everything goes as merry as sleigh bells.

If Congress postponed the draft in order that folks might enjoy sleigh riding, you may rest assured that folks will take advantage of the opportunity, and enjoy themselves as much as possible before going to war.

Some of the 12th Regiment boys, E. Tomason, James Willis, William Shope, William R. Ford and John Davis having re-enlisted, are at home on furlough, looking much better than when they went to war, nearly three years ago.

Last week we were favored by some Government employees, who were on their way to Tennessee to work on some railroads, with a

RAID ON CEDARVILLE—NO LIVES LOST—CONSIDERABLE BOOTY CARRIED AWAY.

On Wednesday morning, a train of cars, with the horde of villains, stopped on the switch and waited for the morning express to pass.

The gang determined to employ their leisure moments in making a raid on our peaceful village, and soon with horrid yells, which aroused the people and made them think of their past lives, and a future state, the wretches overran the southern part of the town like a pack of hungry wolves let loose, seeking whom they might devour.

They seized several dollars' worth of revenue stamps from one man—the tinner, Gettz, lost his tin cups and tinware, while the doggeries suffered severely as might be expected.

One luckless wight had the misfortune to lose his cap, and when he attempted to regain it he was handsomely repulsed—the thieves had the majority—and since we are all in favor of a Democratic form of Government, and the majority must rule, he ought to have known better than to rebel against their decision in reference to the cap.

A party of the happy raiders "pressed" a sleigh into their service and had a fine ride.

One brave man drew a revolver and requested them not to lay violent hands on his possessions, and by this means succeeded in gaining a commanding position, and holding them in check.

But the express whistled and the jolly rogues hurried to their quarters on the train, and away they went, followed by the imprecations of the injured, whose loss was gain to Nork York raiders.

Some "old and tried soldier" might have made his name immortal if he could have captured this wicked crowd. E.

## Letter from Louisville.

*Louisville, Ky., Jan.* 8, 1864.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

If any of your readers have a friend in in the army who has not been heard from for a long time—who may have been killed, wounded or taken prisoner, or who may be sick in hospital and unable to write to his friends—if information in regard to said friend is desired—by addressing a letter to S. H. Holbrook, Esq., Superintendent of the U. S. Hospital Directory, Louisville, Kentucky, stating the name of the soldier in full, the company, and regiment, or corps to which he belongs, and where he was when last heard from, an answer from Mr. H. may be expected in a reasonably short time, giving the most reliable information in regard to the soldier's whereabouts and condition. The Hospital Directory is conducted by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and its agents have facilities for transmitting letters and telegrams, and of making personal inquiries in regard to sick and wounded soldiers when private individuals have not; besides reports of arrivals of sick and wounded soldiers, deaths, transfers and all other changes in the hospitals in every department of the West and Southwest, are received daily at the Hospital Directory, and from these reports a complete record is kept, so that in most instances, an answer may be given to inquiries by return mail.

The Hospital Directory was established here in December, 1862, and, although the great advantages it could afford the soldiers and their friends were made known through the principal papers throughout the Union, it seems that comparatively few persons know that there is such an excellent institution in existence. Let any one who knows a friend in any hospital west of Lake Erie or Western Virginia, direct a letter of inquiry as above, and the answer will prove, satisfactorily, that Mr. Holbrook is posted. All such information is given without fee. A postage stamp inclosed to pre-pay the answer will not be objectionable, yet will not bring the answer any sooner.

The weather has been remarkably cold since the beginning of the New Year, the thermometer ranging from ten degrees above to seven degrees below zero. Thousands of helpless poor are suffering from the intense cold. Many have frozen to death. At the present high prices for fuel it is impossible for poor people to keep a supply on hand. The "poor fund," although sufficient for present demands, does not seem to be appropriated to the best advantage. The large quantity of ice floating in the river has interfered with navigation. The mail boats are not running, and it is with difficulty and danger that the ferry-boats cross the river to and from Jeffersonville, Indiana.

Notwithstanding the intense cold, robbers and highwaymen are not idle. The police force in the city is not sufficient to protect citizens from being knocked down and robbed in the streets at night, by the outlaws who are prowling about the city. These scoundrels have become so bold that the citizens, generally, take the precaution to leave "themselves and other valuables" at home after sundown.

The streets are in capital condition for sliding around in boxes, but as this is probably the first sleighing season ever known in Louisville, nobody is prepared to enjoy it in good style. If there is a good sleigh in the city, it has not been seen, for the reason, perhaps, that if brought out, the rush of men and boys to get into it would be too great for its capacity or ability. The merry jingle of sleigh bells is seldom heard, yet every proprietor of a horse and store box is out on a slide, having at least one, perhaps a half dozen cowbells dangling about the horse's neck, producing more noise than music. Hackmen who are so fortunate as to be provided with *sleds* are charging from $10 to $15 per hour for the use of them, which extravagant price is readily paid by the fast young men. P. M. Q. D.

## How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.

For hard lying, the following can't be beat. A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell, and as a sample relates the following:

Joe called at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested—

"You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em."

"Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"Seen a smokey chimney cured?" said old Joe. "I think I have! I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why, you see," said Joe, "you see, I built a little house out yonder in Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him that he would have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon see what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards; it gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down bucketsful."

"Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton. "But what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney?"

"Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe.

"Yes, I did."

"How?" asked Holton.

"Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much."

"Drew too much?" asked Holton.

"Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down and the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see another of 'em shooting towards the fire-place. Next the table went, and I seen the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other, and started; but just as I got to the door, I seen the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just seen her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her."

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton. "Of course you couldn't live in such a house?"

"Couldn't I though?" said Joe; "but I did. I put a poultice on the jam of the fire-place, and that drawed t'other way; so we had no more trouble."