



H. H. WILSON,

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WHOLE NUMBER 967.

Business Cards.

JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge str et.

E. C. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.,
Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. Office first door North of Belford's Store, (upstairs.)

WILLIAM M. ALLISON,
Attorney at Law,
and
Notary Public.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

JOHN T. LSAHM,
Attorney-at-Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.
OFFERS his professional services to the public. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office, Main Street, one door South of Snyder's Hotel.
Sept. 20, 1865.

J. A. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.
(Office—Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. M. Allison, Esq.)
COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS connected with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 18, '65.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson,
Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patients that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store.
1865-11

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. S. O. KEMPPER, (late army surgeon) having located in Mifflintown, tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.
In hospital, general, and army practice, feels prepared to request a trial from those who may be so unfortunate as to need medical attendance.
He will be found at Will's Hotel at 1 o'clock, except when professional engaged.
July 22, 1865.

VENDUE AUCTIONEER CRIER
The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. He may be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home in Fernmanagh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.
Jan. 25, 1864. **WILLIAM GIVEN.**

ALEX. SPEDDY,
AUCTIONEER.
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county. Having had a large experience in the business of Vendue Crying, he feels confident that he can render general satisfaction. He can at all times be consulted at his residence in Mifflintown, Pa.
Aug. 16, 1865.

MILITARY CLAIMS.
THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government, Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Extra Pay, and all other claims arising out of the present or any other war, collected.
JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb]

Pensions! Pensions!
ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION. All persons who intend applying for a Pension must call on the Examining Surgeon to know whether their Disability is sufficient to entitle them to a Pension. All disabled Soldiers will call on the undersigned who has been appointed Pension Examining Surgeon for Juniata and adjoining Counties.
P. C. RUNDIO, M. D.,
Patterson, Pa.
Dec. 9, 13.-11.

Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh,
TREATED with the utmost success, by **DR. J. ISAACS,** Oculist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 519 PINE STREET Philadelphia. Testimonials from the most reliable sources in the City and Country can be seen at his Office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. **ARTIFICIAL EYES,** inserted without pain. No charge made for examination. Feb. 15, '65.-17

New Millinery Establishment
THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY INFORMS the Ladies of Mifflintown and vicinity that she has just returned from the City with a large assortment of Millinery goods which she will dispose of at reasonable rates. Such as **HATS, BONNETS, &C.**
made and repaired to order, also, new ones ready made kept on hand and for sale cheap. Sleeve, Coat and other patterns kept on hand and for sale. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.
Call at the residence of Nathan Keeley a few doors East of the Presbyterian Church.
TILLIE M. KEELEY.
Oct. 11, '65.

CHAMP FERGUSON

The Confession he Made before his Execution.

A LONG LIST OF CRIMES AS PERPETRATED BY HIM.

HE JUSTIFIES HIMSELF IN ALL HE COMMITTED.

The day before his execution, Champ Ferguson made a confession to the local editor of the Nashville Dispatch, which he requested might not be published until after his death. It is quite lengthy, and Champ said that the statements comprised all the killing in which he figured.—We subjoin some portions of this document:

THE KILLING OF FROGG.

The case of Frogg is another in which I am falsely placed. The circumstances are well known to many in that neighborhood. He was with the Home Guards, and instigated my arrest while I was peaceably pursuing my vocation as a farmer. Not satisfied with this, he laid in wait on the highways to kill me. He even went so far as to make his threats to the neighbors that he intended to kill me. On the day that I passed down the road leading to Frogg's house, Mrs. Pleasant Beatty called to me, and warned me that Frogg was watching for an opportunity to kill me. I had been cautioned by a number of persons. There were two men with me at the time Mrs. Beatty spoke to us, and I told the boys that I would settle the matter by going direct to Frogg's house and killing him. His wife was at the door peeling apples. I dismounted and went in. He was lying in bed, and on seeing me, he pulled the cover over his head and hid under it. I saw his wife run away, and as I passed out I met Miss Russel, who lives near there. She asked me what was the matter? I told her that Frogg was killed, and that she had better go in and look after him. No words whatever were passed between Frogg and myself. I consider myself justified in killing him.

THE SALTSVILLE MASSACRE.

as it has been termed, was no work of mine. I was not in the fight, and did not kill any negroes as charged. I acknowledge, however, that I killed Lieut. Smith in Emory and Henry hospital. I had a motive in committing the act. He captured a number of my men at different times, and always killed the last one of them. I was instigated to kill him, but I will not say by whom, as I do not wish to criminate my friends. Smith belonged to the 13th Kentucky, and operated around Burksville. I will say this much—he never insulted my wife or daughter, as reported. He was a relative of my first wife and always treated my family with respect. He is the only man I killed at or near Saltsville, and I am not sorry for killing him.

FOUNT ZACHERY.

I confess that I shot the lad, Fount Zachery, and stabbed him after he fell to the ground. We were out on a scout, and expected a fight that night. Jim McHear was in command, and had given us orders to shoot down any person who might be seen with guns. As we neared a creek, the lad emerged from a thicket with a gun on his shoulder. I shot him on sight in obedience to the orders.

JOSEPH STOVER AND OTHERS.

I killed Joseph Stover after he had shot at me twice. He was taking a third aim when I shot him in the mouth, and Fount Frost shot him in the side at the same time. William Johnson was run over a cliff and one of the boys shot him. I shot and killed Pierce, as he was running with a double-barreled shot gun.—They were all Home Guards, and seeking our lives.

ELISHA KOGIER.

I killed Elisha Kogier, and done a good trick when I did it. He watched my house day and night, and sometimes until he was nearly frozen, to get to kill me. He was a treacherous dog and richly merited his fate. A number of very affecting stories are told in connection with his death.

PETER ZACHERY AND OTHERS.

I killed Peter Zachery, after one of the most desperate struggles that I ever had in my life. We fell to the floor, and he

kept shooting, while I would knock the pistol aside; I finally got out my knife and stabbed him a few times, killing him. There were several in the house, and we had ordered them to surrender. Allen Zachery was killed by one of the boys.—John Williams was shot by Ben. Barton, and David Delk was shot by another of our boys, all at the same time.

JOHN CRABTREE.

I killed John Crabtree. I went to Piles' house in the night and stabbed him and did another good job when I killed him. He was a murderous villain, and had went to men's houses and shot them to get their money.

AFFY WILLIAMS.

I killed Affy Williams and a negro man on the mountains. I shot and stabbed them. They were scouting after my command, and they found the head of it

BOSWELL TABER.

I killed Boswell Taber as a bushwhacker. He had killed three of my men a few days previous. He was in front of his house when I shot him. He ought to have been killed sooner.

NOT TROUBLED WITH HAUNTED DREAMS.

I am in good health and spirits. My sleep is undisturbed by dreams, and I have just concluded to give myself up to these good friends of mine around here, and if they are determined to hang me, it is all right. I would like to live for my family, for they have lost all. I leave them penniless. I am not worth a dollar. I do not fear death, but I love my family, and am grieved to leave them on the world without means. I have a firm belief in God and the future. A minister of the Presbyterian Church was here to-day. I am pleased to meet and talk with him. I was not surprised when the sentence of death was read to me. I was looking for it daily. If my family had plenty I could sit without a murmur.

He said, in answer to a question, that "if he lived" until the 28th of November he would be forty-four years of age. He remarked that he had no choice of the manner of death; it all amounts to the same thing in the end. I surrendered to General Thomas on the letter or order sent to all armed bands, me with the rest. I did not think they would treat me as they have done. I am the same man I was before the war, and my intentions are the same, and will be till the last minute of my life.

INCIDENTS PREVIOUS TO AND AT THE EXECUTION.

The Nashville Union reporter gives the following incidents which occurred prior to and at the execution. The reporter says:

HOW HE TOOK HIS SENTENCE.

The result of the trial was communicated to the prisoner by Col. Shafter, and when the last sentence had been read, he barely remarked:

"As I expected, sir."

Till within the last four days of his existence he was as profuse as when heading his band of outlaws, and uttering imprecations against all who remained true to the Union—against even his own brother, one of whom died in support of the 8 Stars and Stripes, beneath which he had been reared, and which neither promises nor threats could induce him to desert. He appeared as braced against every feeling of humanity as when, with his own hand, he murdered the venerable old man who had cradled him on his knee, and to whom he was indebted for a thousand favors.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF DYING.

"Have you any horror of the method of your death? Would you prefer to be shot?" we inquired.
"No, I have no particular objection to hanging," said he; "it is no worse than shooting; it is only death, after all; of course all of us hate to die, or be killed. It makes no difference to me, as to how I am killed."

He then stated that he knew that he must die; and although he had not then heard the result of his application for pardon, he had no idea that there was the remotest hope; but he would die without a shudder; he had resolved upon it, and he claimed that he had sufficient self-control to meet his end without giving way. This was on Thursday night, and at that time, we must say that he did preserve as much equanimity as he ever possessed.—His nerves were in splendid condition, and his face ruddy, as if he had but just returned from a scout in his native hills.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAMILY.

It was half-past ten o'clock yesterday when the parting with his family; and seldom have we witnessed a scene more heart-rending. Mrs. F. clung to her husband and wept aloud; "My God! my God!" said she, "have I not already suffered enough. Is my agony never to cease? and her tears eloked her utterance, and she remained long, clasping her husband, who stood like a marble statue, showing no outward signs of emotion.—"Alone, alone, henceforth am I," she at length said; "deprived of my supporter, my husband; Oh God, is there nothing that will save my husband! Lost! Lost! Lost!" Then suddenly rising, she nerved herself up and exclaimed:
"Die bravely, Champ; die bravely!"
"I will," was the response of the condemned.
The daughter, too, was deeply afflicted; and after the two had been separated from the prisoner, it was with difficulty that they could sustain themselves, and but for the assistance rendered them, they would undoubtedly have fallen, fainting, to the floor.

THE GALLOWES.

The hour of eleven arrived, and Champ was warned that the time had come when he must prepare to die. "I'm ready, when you are," said he to Lieut. Chittenden, and he was led out by a guard of eight men to the scaffold. His step was firm, his carriage erect, and his bearing just what it had been from the beginning. He nerved himself up to the occasion; not a shudder marred the tranquility of his frame; not a change passed over his countenance.

His hands were pinioned behind him with a strong cord. His dress was a black suit, of coarse cloth, but neat and clean; and on his hands were black gloves. When he reached the scaffold, Colonel Shafter inquired: "Shall I help you to ascend?" "No," he replied; "I'll walk up myself;" and he did so, with firm and unflinching steps.

On reaching the platform, he faced the two or three hundred auditors and the guards without blinking, but requested that Dr. Bunting should pray for him. The doctor complied with the request, and implored the Throne of Grace to show mercy on the prisoner. The prayer recognized the hand of God in all things, and asked that the soul so soon to be launched into eternity might find its place on the right hand of God, as a fitting monument to His grace and to the saving merits of Jesus. He then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and to it the auditors responded by one deep and solemn amen.

During the prayer, the prisoner wept—the first evidence of emotion which he had yet given. Col. Shafter took a handkerchief, and wiped the prisoner's eyes, his own, at the same time, being any other than dry.

After this, the Colonel read the charges and specifications against him—Ferguson standing unmoved till he had read the fifth, in which he was charged with murdering the venerable Reuben Woods. When that name was mentioned he dropped his head, and looked steadily on the ground, for a time. He was evidently affected; remorse had penetrated to his callous heart. But like Pharaoh, he soon steeled himself against the reproaches of conscience, and raised his head and braved the worst.

On reading the 11th specification, in which he is charged with murdering an old man named Rizer, and his little daughter, he shook his head; and on reading the 15th specification, in which he is charged with murdering three soldiers of the Union army, he turned to the colonel and said: "I could tell it better than that, colonel."

"I presume you could," was the reply, and the reading was continued.

After the reading of the charges and specifications the drop fell, and this unfortunate man was called into the presence of his God.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

Secretary Seward made a speech in Auburn, New York, last week, in the course of which he alluded to the efforts of the Democracy to make the President unfaithful to his principles and his friends. Mr. Seward said:
Some of you seem to have been slightly disturbed by professions or demonstra-

tions of favor toward the President, made by parties who have heretofore opposed his Administration, as well as the Administration of his predecessor. [Laughter.] And you ask, may not the President yet prove unfaithful to us? For myself, I laid aside partisanship, if I had any, in 1861, when the salvation of the country demanded that sacrifice. It is not, therefore, my purpose to descend to mere partisanship now. Andrew Johnson laid aside, I am sure, whatever of partisanship he had at the same time. [Applause.] That noble act did not allow, but on the other hand, it forbade, collusion by the friends of the Union with opponents of the policies of the war and of reconciliation which the Government has found it necessary to pursue. Duty requires absolute and uncompromising fidelity to the supporters of those policies, whatsoever, and of whatsoever party they may be.— [Applause.] Andrew Johnson has practiced that fidelity against the violence of enemies, to the sacrifice of his fortune the hazard of his liberty, and even the peril of his life. [Enthusiastic cheering.] The same fidelity is still identified with the success of those policies, and, of course, is necessary to the achievement of their magnificent ends. [Loud applause.] Why should he now abandon those policies, and desert time-honored and favored supporters, merely because the dawning success of our efforts has compelled former opponents to approve and accept them? [Renewed applause.] Patriotism and loyalty equally, however, require that fidelity in this case shall be mutual. Be ye faithful, therefore, on your part, and although the security I offer is unnecessary and superfluous, yet I will guarantee fidelity on his part. [Renewed cheering.] Those who hitherto opposed the President, but now profess to support him, either are sincere or insincere. Time must prove which is the fact. If they are sincere, who that has a loyal heart must not rejoice in their late though too long delayed conversion? If they are sincere, are we either less sagacious, or have we less ability now than heretofore to counteract treacher to the national cause? Perhaps you fear the integrity of the man. I confess, with a full sense of my accountability, that among all the public men whom I have met, or with whom I have been associated or concerned, in this or any other country, no one has seemed to me to be more wholly free from personal caprice and selfish ambition than Andrew Johnson; none to be more purely and exclusively moved in public action by love of country and good will to mankind.

STRENGTH OF MATERIALS.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the most abundant materials in nature—iron—is the strongest of all known substances. Made into best steel, a rod of one fourth of an inch in diameter will sustain 9000 pounds before breaking; soft steel, 7000; iron wire, 6000; bar-iron, 4000; inferior bar iron, 2000; cast-iron, 1000 to 3000; copper wire, 3000; silver, 2000; gold, 2500; tin, 300; cast zinc, 160; sheet zinc, 1000; cast lead, 55; milled lead, 200. Of wood, box and locust, the same size, will hold 1200; the toughest ash, 1000; elm, 800; beech, cedar, white oak, pitch pine, 600; chestnut and soft maple, 650; poplar, 400. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as a hemp cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice is not safe to subject it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch in diameter, the strength will be one quarter as much; a quarter of an inch, one sixteenth as much, and so on.—*American Artisan.*

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

Well has a writer said:—"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them everywhere: not one unfinished; not one bearing the marks of a brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, gracing the pulseless beat of the gray, old granite, every where they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors."—And another adds, "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and for the gay, for the living and for the dead—for all but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."

Agricultural.

GIVE YOUR HORSES LIGHT AND AIR.

History informs us that a certain emperor loved a favorite horse so much that he had a golden manger made for him.—This extravagance appears unpardonable in the estimation of many, now-a-days, and yet it is more pardonable than the opposite extreme—meanness in the treatment of the horse. In looking at the constructions of a very large proportion of our horse-stables, I am sometimes led to think that the object of the builder must have been to see how widely he could depart from every principle of humanity and expediency—humanity in compelling a patient and faithful animal to remain penned up in a close, dark, and filthy apartment—expediency in sacrificing not only the comfort, but the health, and consequently the usefulness and value of the animal.

Light is indispensable to the plant and to the man, is it less so to the horse? If it is, why? When the tyrants of the old countries sought to inflict their most fearful punishments, next to death, confinement in a dark cell was considered the most severe. It is reasonable that the horse—whose native home is in the desert and wilderness, where there is nothing to obstruct the free light of heaven—is it reasonable, I ask, that he should not suffer from confinement in our generally dark and gloomy stables? Is it not a shame, in a land like ours, where glass enough for a moderate sized window can be had for fifty cents, that a valuable horse should be shut up day after day in a dark stall or stable? Let every horse owner's heart, if he has one, answer!

Is foul air wholesome for plants? Certainly not. Is it wholesome for men?—Most emphatically, no! If not wholesome for plants or men, can it be for horses? The answer is as emphatically, no!

Why then are the majority of our stables constructed without the slightest regard to that most important feature, ventilation? In thousands of cases, an animal, than which none other loves the fresh air better, is doomed to confinement for days and nights at a time, in a stable, the atmosphere of which is so foul, that a man would die in it. How many of the diseases to which our horses are subject, may be traced to this unpardonable error. I say unpardonable, for no man possessed of either common sense or common humanity, would thus punish one of the best and most faithful friends—the horse.

A word in conclusion. Farmers! if you would have healthy, lively, serviceable horses, give them plenty of light—God will supply it, if you will only furnish the means whereby it can be made to reach your stables.

Look to the ventilation of your stables, if you would not have prematurely old and worn out horses. Depend upon it, plenty of light, and plenty of fresh air in your stables, will save you many a dollar in the course of a lifetime.

A LOVER OF HORSES.

FOREST LEAVES.

If gathered in the fall and placed in the yards, or mixed in heaps with fermentable substances, forest leaves will in a short time decay, and become excellent manure. The leaves of all trees contain phosphate and other valuable elements of vegetable nutrition of a mineral character, as well as the ingredients of humus. In order, however, to facilitate the decomposition of the fibrous substances of the leaf, it is well to mix a liberal quantity of lime or ashes with the mass, and to see that it is kept moist until decomposition commences, unless the putrescent ingredients of the heap are sufficient to effect the object. Brakes, mosses, small bushes, and, indeed, all succulent and easily decomposable vegetable substances, are of value in composting. They decay rapidly, and leave behind a residuum which is found to be singularly salutary to almost every description of crop.

Have our friends provided winter shelter for their sheep? or are they—many of them—neglecting it as usual—and, as usual, not having the best of luck with their sheep. Depend upon it, that cold in addition to wet, is hurtful. You will see it more especially in the spring. Shelter is feed saved; strength kept, which would be lost.