



A. L. GUSS & W. W. DAVIS.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE BASIS OF THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOLUME XVIII, NO. 40.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. JANUARY 11, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER, 840.

Professional Cards.

D. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson, Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he has removed to the corner of Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store.

TOMB STONES. REUBEN CAVENEY, Manufacturer of Tomb Stones, McAllisterville and Mifflintown. All work put up in the most tasteful and substantial manner. Give him a call. April 13-64tf.

CALL AND EXAMINE Our Stock of Ready Made Clothing before you purchase elsewhere. You will find a good assortment for Men and Boys wear, which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.

MICKEY & PENNELL, Patterson, Pa. 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).

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

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

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 10]

OY-EE! OY-EE! THE undersigned residing in Greenwood township, Juniata county, having taken out a license as Auctioneer, respectfully offers his services to the public. All letters addressed to him at Liverpool, Perry county, or Mifflintown, Perry county, will be promptly attended to.

SHOES. THE CHEAPEST and BEST place to get Ladies', Misses', and Children's Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters is at H. D. WELLER'S, Main Street, above Cherry Street, Mifflintown. A good assortment always on hand. TERMS CASH. H. D. WELLER. Jan 1-tf

DR. FRED'K SORG, Homeopathic Physician. Office in Thompsonstown, Juniata Co. Pa. Dr. Sorg practices the Homeopathic System of Medicine, which has so often proven its superiority to the common Drug Practice. He respectfully offers his services to the citizens of this county. Charges moderate. Feb. 25, '63-1f

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, 1863-1f

Premium CHAIR MANUFACTORY. OFFICE OF THE JUNIATA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Perryville, Oct. 16, 1863. We do hereby certify that the Committee on Manufactured Articles has awarded to CHARLES W. WATTERS the First Premium for the most substantial, neatest made, and best finished set of Chairs.

JOHN M. POMEROY (Late Paymaster, U. S. A.) Army and Navy Agency, No. 204 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ALL KINDS OF MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIMS ADJUSTED, COLLECTED AND NEGOTIATED. PENSIONS, BOUNTY AND BACK PAY PROCURED. No Charge unless Successful. Applications by Mail attended to as promptly as if made in person. The best of references given.

The Sentinel is the BEST advertising medium.

Choice Poetry.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times Has whispered to me, in her siren tones, But now, alas! I feel the tide of life Past ebbing from my heart. I know that soon The green and flowery curtain of the grave Will close as softly round my fading form As the calm shadows of the evening hour Close o'er the fading stream.

Oh! there are times When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought That, in the fresh, young morning-tide of life, I must resign my breath. To me the world is very beautiful. I love its flowers, Its birds, its dews, its rainbows, its glad streams, Its vales, its mountains, its green-wooding woods, Its moonlight clouds, its sunsets, and its soft And dewy twilights; and I needs must mourn To think that I shall pass away And see them nevermore.

But thou, the loved And fondly cherished idol of my life, Thou dear twin-spirit of my deathless soul, 'Twill be the keenest anguish of my heart To part from thee. True we have never lived With the wild passion that fills heart and brain With flame and madness, yet my love for thee Is my life's life. A deeper, holier love Has never sighed and wept beneath the stars, Or glowed within the breasts of saints in heaven—

It does not seem a passion of my heart, It is a portion of my soul. I feel That I am but a softened shade of thee, And that my spirit, parted from thee own, Might fade and perish from the universe Like a star-shadow when the star itself Is hidden by the storm-cloud. Ay, I fear That heaven itself, tho' filled with love and God Will be to me all desolate, if thou, Dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed That I might die before thee, for I felt I could not dwell without thee on the earth, And now my heart is breaking at the thought Of dying while thou livest, for I feel, My life's dear idol, that I cannot dwell Without thee in the sky. Yes, well I know That love like ours, so holy, pure and high, So far above the passions of the earth, Can perish not with mortal life. In heaven 'Twill brighten to a lovely star, and glow In the far ages of eternity, More beautiful and radiant than when first 'Twas kindled into glory. Oh! I love, I dearly love thee—these will be my last, My dying words upon the earth, and they Will be my first when we shall meet in heaven And when ten thousand myriads of years Shall fade into the past eternity, My soul will breathe the same dear words to thine: I love thee, oh! I love thee!

Weak and low My pulse of life is fluttering at my heart, And soon 'twill cease forever. These faint words Are the last echoes of the spirit's chords, Stirred by the breath of memory. Dear me, love, I pray thee, to you open window now, That I may look once more on Nature's face, And listen to her gentle music-tone, Her holy voice of love. How beautiful, How very beautiful are earth and sea, And the overarching sky to one whose eyes Are soon to close upon the scenes of time! You blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill With his sweet picture on her breast; the white And rosy clouds are floating through the air Like cars of happy spirits; every leaf And flower are colored by the crimson hues Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged By thoughts of Paradise; and the far trees Seem as if leaning like departed souls, Upon the holy heavens. And look! oh, look! You lovely star, the glorious evening star, Is shining there, far, far above the mists And daws of earth, like the bright star of faith, Above our mortal tears! I ne'er before Beheld the earth so green, the sky so blue, The sunset and the star of eve so bright, And soft, and beautiful; I never felt The dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh Upon my cheek and brow; I never heard The melodies of wind, and bird, and wave, Fall with such sweetness on the ear. I know That heaven is full of glory, but a God Of love and mercy will forgive the tears, Wrung from the fountain of my frail, young heart By these thoughts of parting with the bright And lovely things of earth.

And, dear one, now I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell To thine. Oh! no, no, dearest! not farewell, For oft I will be with thee on the earth, Although my home be heaven. At eventide, When thou art wandering by the silent stream, To muse upon the sweet and mournful past, I walk with thee, hand in hand, and share Thy gentle thoughts and fancies; in thy grief, When all seems dark and desolate around Thy bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide Like a bright shadow o'er thy soul, and charm Away thy sorrow; in the quiet hush Of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit soars

Communion with thy spirit, I will To nerve thy heart with strength, I lay My lips upon thy forehead with a kiss Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze Stealing o'er bowers of roses; when the wild, Dark storm of life beats fiercely on thy head, Thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud, A rainbow to thy spirit; I will bend At times above the fount within thy soul, And thou wilt see my image in its depths, Gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile As I have gazed in life. And I will come To thee in dreams, my spirit-mate, and we With clasping hands and intertwining wings, Will nightly wander o'er the starry deep, And by the blessed streams of Paradise, Loving in Heaven as we have loved on earth.

THE FEDERAL CHAMELEON.

An Interesting Story.

One evening, about an hour after the Sun had gone down, a couple of stout men dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, and each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, rapped at the door of a small frame building, near the C—— road, in Virginia. The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her grey, uncombed and disheveled hair.

"And what may ye want, heah?" she exclaimed, as her deep-set eyes flashed on the two men. "I haven't the smallest bit of Johnny cake in the house, to offer ye, for it was all——"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat; but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late."

"Dressed in blue and carrying a double barreled rifle," added the other. "Hey! hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands, and speaking in a sharp, angry voice, "If ye hadn't interrupted me I reckon you'd a heard me speak of him before now, as that was the very man who came here and bought all my cakes. It was about two hours ago, and——"

"Which way did he go after he left you?" inquired both men, eagerly. "Before I answer that question you must tell me who he is," said the old woman, with the curiosity natural to her sex.

"He's a celebrated Union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times gray, and he has even been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go on a hunt after him and capture him, if we can, either dead or live. And now as we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little impatiently, "we demand that you answer our question, and——"

"Demand!" interrupted the hag in shrill, piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman, and an old woman at that?"

"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I meant no harm—it is only my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive and perhaps not," said the old woman, shaking her head.

"How far is your camp from here?" "What is that to you? What has that to do——"

"There you go again with your accused incivility!" shrieked the hag, fiercely; "but you shall answer my question before you get a single word out of me. Now, then, how far is your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn-cakes, d'ye see, and I want to know the number of mouths that I have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," said the rebel, "do not see any reason why I should satisfy you. Our camps, then are about five miles from here, near the Cross roads, and our number may be about five thousand."

"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction—"yes, that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy a supper is the one you are after?"

"We are sure of it, for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by his double-barreled rifle as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and

paid for his meal, he says to me, 'Friend I should like to put up here for the night if you have no objection.' But as I don't like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him as I expected visitors before many hours. 'Well, then says he, 'can you tell me of any place where I can pass the night a little comfortably. 'You see,' he added, looking toward his big double-barreled rifle 'I don't like to camp out, as it looks like rats, and this piece might be hurt by it. I know of no place, I answered, 'short of four miles from here an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain.' 'Four miles is a pretty long distance,' said he, 'and as I have been tramping about considerably to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far,' pointing to his knapsack as he spoke. 'Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?' 'Well yes,' said I, hesitating a little and throwing a significant glance at the well-filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a green-back dollar. 'All right,' said I, and he then departed, saying he'd call for his luggage in the morning, after he should waken from his sleep in the barn. 'Now then, continued the woman 'which way ye do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him until morning?'"

The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they again advanced to the side of the old woman.

"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first, "that is if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think I could describe it so that you could find it in the dark," replied the hag, "but as I am willin' to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you to show you the place."

"That is right," answered the rebel, and he'll see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," replied the other. "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words she disappeared into an inner room, but came forth in a few minutes with a gray blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of the Yank's knapsack," said she, with a short, dry laugh; "don't you think it becomes me?"

"Aye, aye, my good woman, very much. But lead on if you please, for we have no time to lose."

The hag then closed the door of the house. "Forward march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward march! Close up! close up!" And she moved along the road at the following tottering pace natural to a person of her age.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscured with thick driving clouds, and the wind screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered upon each side of the road. Occasionally a heavy branch wrenched from its native trunk, would fall into the road with a terrific crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces in the belief that the din was caused by the discharge of some Yankee rifle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old hag upon one of these occasions, "it seems to me that you are easily startled. Don't you think your commander might have picked out a pair of bolder hearts than yours for this expedition?"

"You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, until you have had an opportunity to witness as many battles as we have," answered one of the men; "a good soldier is always on his guard."

"Aye, aye!" replied the old woman but she should know how to distinguish between the crashing of a branch and the ring of a rifled musket."

The rebel did not relish the noise made by the loud, sharp tones of the female guide, and, in order to put an end to the conversation, he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark.

The party then continued their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them until they had gone about three miles, and a loud clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend!" answered the old woman, in a ringing voice; "friend with prisoners!" "We are betrayed!" yelled her companions, and, even as the words passed their lips they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of the light flashed upon the hag, the rebels saw the gray hair, the blanket, and the female apparel drop to the ground, revealing the slight but iron-like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life!

"It is he, by—!" exclaimed the prisoners, simultaneously, as their glances wandered to the long double-barreled rifle which he now held in hand; "it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!"

"Aye, aye!" answered the latter, as he leaned upon his weapon, with quiet smile "You are trapped, sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of the many that I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express my thanks to you for the information you gave me regarding the position of your camp and the number of your men. I have already sent a message to my Colonel in relation to the matter, and I perceive that he has commenced to act upon it."

And as he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops forming into line might be faintly distinguished.

They were soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and the cheers of the Federal troops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour, when the prisoners learned from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.

THE MARRIAGE RITE, RIGHTEOUS. A right-down cynic, named Writener, from Wrightstown, Write county (out-West,) a millwright by trade, is perhaps upright enough by nature, but is most unrighteously wry-necked about women. Writing about woman's rights and the rite of matrimony, he writeth thus: "It is so seldom ladies do write what is right about that rite, that it may be written as never rightly done." If this writing be not right, then Writener is all wrong.

PARSON BROWNLOW thus compares his family record with that of Prentice, of The Louisville Journal: "My two sons entered the Federal army, and one of them is now at home on crutches, because of wounds received in leading his regiment of cavalry in a charge upon Wheeler's forces, in Middle Tennessee. My other son is in General Gillem's command, and was in the fight when the great Kentucky horse thief, Morgan, was killed, under whom and with whom your sons have been fighting against the Government upon whose bounty their rebel mother and contract-hunting father are living. One of your sons was killed in Kentucky, while on a horse-stealing expedition under rebel officers. Your other son is now on trial in Virginia, for the murder of a brother rebel by the name of White. Your wife is an avowed rebel, and ought to be sent South by the Federal authorities; and you are but one degree removed from a rebel and a traitor, having completely played out."

UNION PYRAMID. OHIO IOWA MAINE KANSAS OREGON NEVADA ILLINOIS INDIANA MISSOURI VERMONT MICHIGAN LOUISIANA TENNESSEE WISCONSIN MARYLAND MINNESOTA NEW YORK CALIFORNIA CONNECTICUT RHODE ISLAND WEST VIRGINIA MASSACHUSETTS NEW HAMPSHIRE PENNSYLVANIA

"Freemen, cheer the LINCOLN TREE. In storms its boughs still shelter thee; In glory let its branches wave— 'Tis planted on the REBEL'S grave!" Pyramid of Little Mackerels.

DELAWARE KENTUCKY THE JARSEYS

IGNORANCE.—A Union Chaplain in Arkansas asked the woman of the shanty if there were any Presbyterians in those parts? Hesitating a while, finally "she guessed not—her husband hadn't killed any since they lived there." [She thought them some sort of game.]

Eld. David Jones, near one hundred years ago, inquired of an old New Yorker where he could find some Baptists? The aged citizen shook his head—"he'd lived there all his born'd days, but never heard of any body following that occupation."

When the cholera was raging along the Mississippi, a corporeal inquired of a poor white family if they ever had the Gospel there? The head of the house said "he 'lowed not—but they had it awfully down at New Orleans!"

THE President's enviable faculty of statement was happily illustrated in his remark to the wife of a rebel prisoner on Johnson's Island. In answer to her last appeal, to liberate her husband because he was a religious man, he said: "You say your husband is a religious man; tell him, when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

LIST OF JURORS.

Grand Jurors Drawn Dec. 30th, 1864, for Feb. Term, 1865.

Frederick Cramer, Susquehanna, Jacob Koons, Turbett, John McLaughlin, Turbett, Jacob Hbbs, Milford, Daniel Kloss, Walker, Alex. McClure, Sr., Tuscarora, Wm. Bratton, Walker, Elijah Clair, Delaware, Samuel Stroup, Greenwood, Enoch L. Anderson, Tuscarora, Joseph Marks, Monroe, Samuel Piles, Lack, Wm. Robinson, Turbett, Daniel Conz, Spruce Hill, J. J. Rhine, Fayette, Wm. Okeson, Beale, Peter Swartz, Monroe, Daniel Beshor, Fermanagh, Samuel Buck, Perryville, Samuel Adams, Walker, John Sherlock, Beale, Thomas Harris, John Miller, Monroe, Hugh Hamilton, Walker,

PETTIT JURORS.

Benjamin Walls, Lack, James Kerin, Patterson, Abraham Whitmer, Susquehanna, David Sellers, Delaware, David Miser, Susquehanna, Lewis E. Rapp, Delaware, George W. Snyder, Lack, J. R. Wirt, Walker, George Speakman, Delaware, Joseph Dyingier, Walker, Israel Wetzel, G. M. Graham, Perryville, John Thompson, Spruce Hill, Cyrus Hench, Turbett, Alexander Wallace, Tuscarora, Lemuel Ramsey, Lack, James H. Simons, Mifflintown, Uriah Guss, Walker, Andrew Wiloughby, Beale, Daniel Hostler, John Hummel, Susquehanna, Amos Stouffer, Walker, John Detrick, Delaware, Henry Wynn, Tuscarora, Peter Mingle, Fermanagh, George Hart, Tuscarora, Samuel McMeen, Turbett, Wm. Deluck, Walker, Samuel Buck, Fermanagh, James Fitzgerald, Spruce Hill, S. R. Notestine, Patterson, John Robinson Sr., Milford, N. A. Elder, Mifflintown, John Anderson, Patterson, Isaac Kurts, Fermanagh, John Patterson, Beale, G. W. McAllister, Fayette, Charles Marley, Milford, Hugh Palm, Tuscarora, Samuel McMeen, Walker, John Sieber Sr., Fayette, Elias Tilton, Mifflintown, Henry Stouffer, Fermanagh, E. J. Nangle, Patterson, James Kirk, Mifflintown, Robert Robison, Lack, John Hench Jr., Turbett, Jacob Smith, Fayette.

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An old criminal was asked what was the first step that led him to ruin. He answered: "The first step was cheating the printer out of two years' subscription. The devil held him after that."