

H. J. McCallister

My Letter in this Paper

# Juniata



# Sentinel.

A. L. GISS & Co.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITORS.

VOLUME XIX, NO. 11.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. JUNE 21, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER, 547.

### Professional Cards.

**DR. P. C. RUNDLO, of Patterson.**  
Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store. apr9-11

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

**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. apr11-13-64.

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

**MICKY & 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 Belcher's Store, (opposite.)

**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. [tel10]

**H. F. Sailer & G. W. Reed, & Co**  
**CLOTHING**  
Also, Jobbers in

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS,**  
No. 423 MARKET STREET,  
North side, between Fourth and Fifth,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**I. K. STAUFFER,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,**  
No. 138 North SECOND Street, Corner of  
Quarry, PHILADELPHIA.

An assortment of  
**Watches,**  
Jewelry,  
Silver & Plated Ware,

constantly on hand, Suitable for HOLIDAY  
PRESENTS.  
Repairing of Watches and Jewelry  
promptly attended to  
Dec. 6, 1861-1 yr.

**W. A. LEVERING,**  
**Wholesale & Commission Merchant**  
Callowhill Street Wharf,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Supplies of Timber, Staves, Lumber, Pine  
Hoop Poles, &c. &c. and Lumber generally,  
will be purchased, contracted for, or received  
on commission, at the option of the shipper.

**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. WEITZEL the First Premium for  
the most substantial, greatest made, and best  
finished set of Chairs.

**W. W. JACOBS, Trial**  
WILLIAM HERRL, Sec'y.  
Jan. 13

**HENRY HARPER,**  
No. 520 ARCH Street, above Fifth,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**Manufacturer and Dealer in**  
**Watches,**  
FINE JEWELRY,  
SOLID SILVER WARE,  
and superior Silver Plated Ware  
March 29, 1865, 3mos.

**VENDUE AUCTIONEER**  
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 Fer-  
managh township. Orders may also be left  
at Mc, Will's Hotel.  
Jan. 25, 1864.

**WILLIAM GIVEN.**

**PHILADELPHIA**  
**PAPER HANGINGS.** 1865

**HOWELL & BURKE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**WALL PAPERS,**  
AND  
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,  
Corner FOURTH and MARKET STS  
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—A fine stock of LINEN SHADES  
constantly on hand. Feb. 15, 1865.—3m.

### Select Poetry.

From the Home Journal.  
**ROSES.**

BY W. L. SHOENAKER.

The hyacinth and crocus fair  
Have ceased their early blooming,  
And now the soft and sunny air  
The lilacs are perfuming.

The loving vernal Zephyrs woo  
The lilies of the valley,  
The proud, imperious tulips, too,  
And round them fondly dally.

A myriad flowers in shady dells,  
In meads and woodland mazes,  
Ring, all day long, their fairy bells,  
In May their mother's praises.

And they are dreaming, all night long,  
Of happier seasons coming,  
Whereof a low, prophetic song  
The wandering wind is humming.

But what are these but heralds bright,  
That, ere the spring tide closes,  
Announce the advent to the light  
Of roses, royal roses?

All other flowers, how fair soe'er  
May shine their dewy faces,  
When roses come least fair appear,  
And with diminished graces.

For roses reign the queens of flowers,  
By right divine are royal,  
And all the rest that charms the hours  
Are their retainers loyal.

Beloved by love, they scent the air;  
He evermore does choose 'em,  
To bloom amid his odorous hair,  
And nestle in his bosom.

Sweet are the flowers—yes, every one  
That on earth's breast repose—  
But still the sweetest 'neath the sun  
Are roses, royal roses!

So, honor unto roses be!  
The flowers, methinks, all love them,  
Who, longing, wait their reign to see,  
With Summer skies above them.

### AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

Gov. Curtin has issued the following eloquent and patriotic address to the people of Pennsylvania, announcing the close of the war and the preservation of our common liberties:

PENNSYLVANIA EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
HARRISBURG, Pa., June 19, 1865.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

The bloody struggle of four years is ended. The fires of rebellion are quenched. The supremacy of law and right is re-established. The foulest treason recorded in history has been between to the earth. Our country is saved.

These blessings we owe—under God—to the unquenchable heroism—civil and military—of the People. In the darkest hours—under the heaviest discouragements—falter who would—they never faltered.

They have been inspired with the determination to maintain the free Government of our fathers—the continued Union of our whole country—and the grand Republican principles which it is their pride and duty to defend, for the sake not only of themselves, but of the human race.

I glory in saying that the people of Pennsylvania have been among the foremost in the career of honor. Their hearts have been in the contest. Their means and their blood have been poured out like water, to maintain it.

The remains of the heroic bands; that left her soil to rescue their country, are now returning, having honorably fulfilled their service. They have left tens of thousands of brothers on many a bloody field.

Their memories will be preserved on our rolls of honor. For their widows and families, a grateful country will suitably provide.

Let the survivors, who are now returning to us, have such a welcome as it befits a brave and patriotic people to give to the gallant men who have saved the country, and shed new lustre on Pennsylvania.

I recommend that in every part of the State, on the approaching Anniversary of Independence, special observances be had of welcome to our returned defenders and of commemoration of the heroic deeds of themselves and their comrades who have fallen.

A. G. CURTIN.

He that is innocent, may well be confident.

### THE FIELD, THE DUNGEON AND THE ESCAPE.

We have received a few of the advance sheets of a work of this title, by ALBERT G. RICHARDSON, a correspondent of the Tribune who was captured in an attempt to run past the batteries at Vicksburg when GEN. GRANT was besieging that stronghold. We give below a few characteristic extracts, which may assist our readers to form some conception of the interesting character of the work.

On that Sunday evening, half an hour before dark (the latest moment at which the guards could be passed, even by authorized person without the countersign), my friends, Messrs Brown and Davis, went out to the rebel hospital, beyond the inner line of sentinels, as if to order their usual medical supplies for the sick prisoners. As they passed in and out a dozen a time a day, and their faces were quite familiar to the sentinels, they were not compelled to show their passes, and Mr. Brown left his behind with me.

A few minutes later, taking with me a long box filled with bottles in which medical supplies were usually brought, and giving it to a little lad who assisted me in my hospital duties, I started to follow them.

As it in great haste, we walked rapidly toward the gate, while, leaning against trees or standing in the hospital doors, half a dozen of our friends looked on to see how the plan worked. When we reached the gate, I took the box from the boy, and said to him, of course for the benefit of the sentinel:

"I am going outside to get these bottles filled. I shall be back in about fifteen minutes, and want you to remain right here, to take them and distribute them among the hospitals. Do not go away now."

The lad understanding the matter perfectly replied: "Yes, sir," and I attempted to pass the sentinel by mere assurance.

I had learned long before how far a man may go even in captivity, by sheer native impudence—by moving right along, without hesitation, with a confident look, just as if he had a right to go and no one had any right to question him.—One several occasions, I absolutely saw prisoners, who had procured citizens' clothes thus walk past the guards in broad daylight, out of Rebel prisons.

I think I could have done it on this occasion, but for the fact that it had been tried successfully two or three times, and the guards severely punished. The sentinel stopped me with his musket, demanding:

"Have you a pass, sir?"

"Certainly, I have a pass," I replied, with all the indignation I could assume.

"Have you not seen it often enough to know by this time?"

Apparently a little confounded, he replied modestly:

"Probably I have, but they are very strict with us, and I was not quite sure."

I gave to him this genuine pass belonging to my associate:

Headquarters C. S. Military Prison,  
Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 5, 1864.

Junius H. Browne, Citizen, has permission to pass the inner gate of the Prison, to assist in carrying medicines to the Military Prison Hospitals, until further orders.

J. F. FAQUA,

Capt. and Ass't Commandant of Post.

We had speculated for a long time about my using a spurious pass, and two comrades prepared several, with a skill and exactness which demonstrated that, if their talents had been turned in that direction, they might have made first-class forgers. But we finally concluded that the veritable pass was better, because, if the guard had any doubt about it, I could tell him to send it to headquarters for examination. The answer of course would be that it was genuine.

But it was not submitted to any such inspection. The guard spelled it out slowly, then folded and returned it to me, saying:

"That pass is allright. I know Captain Faqua's handwriting. Go on, sir, excuse me, sir, for detaining you."

I thought him very excusable under the circumstances, and walked out. My great fear was that during the half an

hour which must elapse before I could go inside the garrison I might encounter some Rebel officer or attack who knew me.

Before I had walked ten steps, I saw, sauntering to and fro on the piazza of the new headquarters building, a deserter from our service named Davidson who recognized and bowed to me. I rather thought he would not betray me, but was still fearful of it. I went on, and a few yards further, coming toward me in that narrow lane, where it was impossible to avoid him, I saw one rebel officer who knew me better than any other—who came into my quarters frequently—Lieut. Stockton the post-adjutant. Observing him in the distance, I thought I recognized in him that old ill-fortune which had so long and steadily baffled us.

When we met I bade him good evening, and conversed for a few minutes upon the weather, or some other subject in which I did not feel any very profound interest. Then he passed into headquarters, and I went on. Yet a few yards further I encountered a third Rebel named Smith, who was entirely familiar with me, and whose quarters, inside the garrison, were within twenty feet of my own. There were not half a dozen Confederates about the prison who were familiar with me, but it seemed as if at this time they were coming together in a grand convention.

Not daring to enter the Rebel hospital, where I was certain to be recognized, I hid down my box of medicines, and sought shelter in a little outbuilding.—While I remained there, waiting for the coming of the blessed darkness, I constantly expected to see a sergeant, with a file of rebel soldiers, come to take me back in the yard; but none came. It was rare good fortune. Stockton, Smith, and Davidson all knew if they had their wits about them, that I had no more right there than in the village itself. I suppose their thoughtfulness must have been caused by the peculiarly honest and business-like look of that medicine-box.

At dark, my two friends joined me.—We went through the gate in full sight of the sentinel, who seeing us come from the hospital, supposed that we were Rebel surgeons or nurses. And then on that dark, rainy Sunday night, the first time for twelve months, we found our selves walking freely in a public street without a rebel bayonet before or behind us.

So, on that cold night, when we were so stiff and exhausted that we could barely keep our seats on the mules they had so thoughtfully furnished, these friends conducted us fifteen miles, and left us in a Union settlement we were seeking.

It was now five o'clock in the morning. Leaving my companions behind, I tapped at the door of a log house.

For many months, even before leaving prison, we had been familiar with the name of DAN ELLIS—a famous Union guide, who since the beginning of the war had done nothing but conduct loyal men to our lines.

Ellis is a hero, and his life a romance. He had taken through, in all more than four thousand persons. He had probably seen more adventure—in fights and races with the Rebels, in long journeys sometimes bare-footed and through the snow, or swimming the rivers full of floating ice—than any other man living.

He never lost but one man, who was swooped up through his own heedlessness. The party had travelled eight or ten days, living on nothing but parched corn. Dan insisted that a man could walk twenty five miles a day through snow upon parched-corn just as well as upon any other diet—if he only thought so. I feel bound to say that I have tried it and don't think so. This person held the same opinion. He revolted against the parched-corn diet, vowing that he would go to the first house and get an honest meal, if he was captured for it. He went to the first house, obtained the meal, and was captured.

After we had traveled fifty miles, every body said to us, "If you only find Dan Ellis, and do just as he tells you, you will be certain to get through."

We did find Dan Ellis. On a Sunday night, one hundred and thirty-four miles from our lines, greatly broken down, we

reached a point on the road waited for two hours, when along came Dan Ellis, with a party of seventy men—refugees, prisoners, Rebel deserters, Union soldiers returning from their homes within the enemy's lines, and escaped prisoners.—About thirty of them were mounted and twenty armed.

Like most men of action, Dan was a person of few words. When our story had been told to him, he said to his comrades:

"Boys here are some gentlemen who have escaped from Salisbury, and who are almost dead from the journey. They are our people. They have suffered in our cause. They are going to their homes in our lines. We can't ride and let these men walk. Get down off your horses and help them up."

Down they came, and up we went; and then we pressed along at a terrible pace.

To-day when we came on the hot track of eight guerrillas, the Rebel-hunting instinct waxed strong within Dan, and, taking eight of his own men, he started in fierce pursuit. Seven of the enemy escaped, but one was captured and brought to our camp a prisoner.

Then Dan went to the nearest Union house, to learn the news; for every loyal family in a range of many miles knew and loved him. We, very weary, lay down to sleep in an old orchard, with our saddles for pillows. Our reflections were pleasant. We were only seventy-nine miles from the Union lines. We progressed swimmingly, and had even begun to regulate the domestic affairs of the border.

Before midnight some one shook my arm. I rubbed my eyes open and looked up. There was Dan Ellis.—"Boys, we must saddle instantly. We have walked right into a nest of Rebels; several hundred are within a few miles; eighty are in this immediate vicinity. They are laying in ambush for Colonel Kirk and his men. It is doubtful whether we can ever get out of this.—We must divide into two parties. The footmen must go to the mountains; we who are riding, and in much more danger—as horses make more noise, and leave so many traces—must press on at once, if we ever hope to reach the Union lines."

The word was passed in low tones.—Flinging our saddles upon our weary horses, we were on our way almost instantly. My place was near the middle of the cavalrycade. The man just before me was riding a white horse, which enabled me to follow him with ease.

We galloped along at Dan's usual pace, with the most sublime indifference to roads—up and down rocky hills, across streams over fences—everywhere but upon public thoroughfares.

I suppose we had travelled three miles, when Mr. Davis fell back from the front, and said to me:

"That young lady rides well, does she not?"

"What young lady?"

"The young lady who is piloting us."

I had thought Dan Ellis was piloting us, and rode forward to see about the young lady.

There she was, sure enough. I could not scrutinize her face in the darkness, but it was said to be comely. I could see that her form was graceful, and the ease and firmness with which she sat on her horse would have been a lesson for a riding-master.

She resided in the Union house where, Dan had gone for news. The moment she learned his name she volunteered to pilot him out of that neighborhood, where she was born and bred, and knew every acre. The only accessible horse (one belonging to a Rebel officer, but just then kept in her father's barn) was brought out and saddled. She mounted, came at midnight, and was now steadily guiding us, avoiding farm houses where the Rebels were quartered, going round their camps, evading their pickets.

She led us for seven miles. Then, while we remained in the wood, she rode forward over the long bridge which spanned the Nolechucky River, to see if there were any guards upon it; went to the first Union house beyond to learn whether the roads were picketed; came back told us the coast was clear. Then she rode by our long line toward her home. We should have given her three rousing cheers had it been safe to cheer. I

hope the time is far distant when her name may be made public. Until the Rebel guerrillas are driven from out their hiding-places near her mountain home, it will not be prudent.

"The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape," will abound in stirring events never before given to the public.

In view of the author's material, his well-known trustworthiness, and graphic descriptive powers, the publishers feel justified in predicting a work of unusual interest, containing more of the fact, incident, and Romance of the war, than any other that has yet appeared.

Sold only by subscription. Agents wanted for every city, country and township in the United States. This work presents a rare opening to both men and women, who desire lucrative employment. For particulars, address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, (Successors to Harbut, Scranton & Co.) Hartford, Connecticut.

A BOY'S LAWSUIT.

Under a great tree close to the village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was the first to see it."

"No it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I was the first to pick up."

And so they began to quarrel in earnest.

"I will settle the dispute," said an older boy, who had just come up. He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said:

"The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut, the other piece of shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of most lawsuits."

"Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out of Eden?"

"Well I s'pose he climbed over de fence."

"No dat ain't it."

"Well, den he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out."

"No."

"I gub it up, den."

"He got snaked out."

Some people have instilled the notion into their mind that the publishing of a newspaper is a mere amateur profession, followed for amusement's sake, and for the cost of which little or nothing is expected. Yet there is not in the entire round of business a more expensive employment than that of publishing a newspaper.

"Monkey roosts" is the expressive name given to the fronts of stores and taverns, where loafers are allowed, especially on Sundays, to gape at ladies passing on the streets. [And what do they call the ladies who are always trying to pass the "monkey roosts" and give a side-long glance at those in such places?]

John Brown was hung for attempting to arm the slaves of Virginia; and use them for the prosecution of a treasonable warfare on the Government. Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee both openly and earnestly advocated the arming of the same class for the same purpose. What is to save their necks from the halter?

The Charleston race course, where so many Union prisoners are buried, was recently dedicated as a cemetery, the graves having previously been mounded, and a substantial fence erected.

Thomas S. Becock, of Virginia, Speaker of the rebel House, is the "fortunate" individual upon whom in the absence of Davis and Stephens, devolved the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy, if any of it is left. He has not yet reported.

What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other killing with intent to eat.

Jeff Davis was born in the same year with President Johnson, but will probably die some years sooner.

An Andover boy, 16 years old, has been sent to the State Prison for fourteen years for burglary.