



Professional Cards.

DR. P. C. RUDDO, 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.

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

TOMM STONES, BREWEN CAVENEY, Manufacturer of Tomb Stones, McAllisterville and Mifflintown. All work put up in the most tasteful and substantial manner.

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.

MICREY & PENNELL, Patterson, Pa.

F. 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, (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, Pension, Back Pay, Bounty, Extra Pay, and all other claims accruing out of the present or any other war.

JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

F. Saiger and G. W. Reed, & Co. CLOTHING.

Also, Hosiery in CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, No. 423 MARKET STREET, North side, between Fifth and Fifth, PHILADELPHIA.

I. K. STAUFFER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 148 North Second Street, Corner of Quarry, PHILADELPHIA. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware.

W. A. LEVERING, Number & Commission Merchant, Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Premium CHAIR MANUFACTORY.

OFFICE OF THE JUNIATA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Perryville, Oct. 16, 1865.

WE do hereby certify that the Committee on Manufactured Articles has awarded to CHARLES W. WITZEL the First Premium for the most substantial, neatest made, and best finished set of Chairs.

G. W. JACOBS, Treas., WILLIAM HENON, Secy.

L. ERY HARPER, No. 520 ARCH Street, above Fifth, PHILADELPHIA.

Manufacturer and Dealer in Watches, FINE JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER WARE, and superior Silver Plated Ware.

WENDUE AUCTIONEER.

The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Crier and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him.

PHILADELPHIA PAPER HANGINGS, 1865.

HOWELL & BURKE, MANUFACTURERS OF WALL PAPERS,

WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS, CORNER FOURTH and MARKET STS. PHILADELPHIA. N. B.—Affine stock of LINEN SHADES constantly on hand.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The sale of the first series of \$300,000,000 of the 7-30 Loan was completed in the City of March, 1865. The sale of the second series of Three Hundred Millions, payable three years from the 15th day of June, 1865, was begun on the 1st of April. In the short space of thirty days, over One Hundred Millions of this series have been sold—leaving this day less than Two Hundred Millions to be disposed of. The interest is payable semi-annually in currency by coupons attached to each note, which are readily cashed anywhere. It amounts to Cities, Counties or States, and the interest is not taxed unless on a surplus of the owner's income exceeding six hundred dollars a year. This fact increases their value from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate levied on other property.

Subscribe Quickly. Less than \$20,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within two months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans. It is now more probable that no considerable amount beyond the present series will be offered to the public.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country, have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who are only to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which are the One cent per day on a \$50 note.

More and More Desirable. The rebellion is suppressed, and the Government has already adopted measures to reduce expenditures as rapidly as possible to a peace footing, thus withdrawing from market as borrower and purchaser.

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS. Which are always worth a premium.

Free from Taxation. The 7-30 Notes cannot be taxed by States, cities or towns.

JAY COOKE, SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, Philadelphia. Subscriptions will be received by the First National Bank of Philadelphia, First National Bank of Allentown, First National Bank of Carlisle, First National Bank of Harrisburg, Harrisburg National Bank of Harrisburg, First National Bank of Huntingdon, First National Bank of Selinsgrove, and by Duty, Parker, & Co., Bankers, Mifflintown, Pa.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Seventy-five cents per square of ten lines or less for the first insertion; three insertions for \$1.00 and 50 cents for all subsequent insertions. Estate Notices \$2.00. Professional and Business cards with paper \$2.00 per year. Local notices 10 cents per line.—People ought to look to their interest and advertise in the SENTINEL as its circulation is about one third larger than any other paper published in the county.

JOB WORK RATES.—Eighth sheet bills, \$1.25; quarter sheet bills \$2.00; half sheet bills \$3.00; whole sheet \$5.00—30 bills are always given if desired. Blanks \$2.00 per quire. Colored or fancy work extra. Cards at \$1.50 per hundred. Job Work respectfully solicited as we believe we can do up jobs as neatly and attractively and expeditiously.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.—The JUNIATA SENTINEL is Published on Main Street, next door to the Post Office, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., on every Wednesday at the rate of \$2.00 per year in advance and \$2.50 if not paid within the year. We wish to do a cash business as nearly as possible. We wish to deal honestly and alike with all, and therefore need not be asked to vary from our terms by any one. Thankful for past favors we ask the continued support and efforts of our friends.

LETTERS AND REMITTANCES.—Letters on Business, Communications for the paper, and Remittances should be addressed A. L. Guss, Sentinel Office, Mifflintown, Pa.

Select Poetry.

WELCOME HOME.

O, the men who fought and bled, O, the glad and gallant tread, And the bright skies overhead, Welcome home! O, the brave returning boys, O, the overflowing joys, And the guns and drums and noise Welcome home!

Let the deep voiced cannon roar, Open every gate and door, Four out, happy people, pour—Welcome home!

Bloom, O Banners, over all, Over every roof and wall, Float and flow; and rise and fall, Welcome home!

Splendid columns moving down, Iron veterans, soiled and brown, Grim heads, fit to wear a crown, Welcome home!

Grim heads, which a wall we've seen, Keeping sacred things within, Keeping out the hosts of sin, Welcome home!

There the women stand for hours, With their white hands full of flowers, Raining down the perfumed showers, On the dear men marching home!

Do you see him in the line? Something makes him look divine, And a glory makes him shine, Coming home.

Look out where the flag unfurls, Look out through your tears and curls, Give them welcome, happy girls! Welcome home!

Welcome home from war's alarms, Welcome to a thousand charms, Waiting lips and loving arms, Welcome home!

Strong man, with the serious face, If you saw him in his place, Matching swift to your embrace, Coming home.

You would weep with glad surprise At the dear dead boy that lies Underneath the Southern skies, Fat from home.

Women, with the tender eye, Weeping while the boys go by, Well we know what makes you cry, Weary home!

God be with you in your pain, You will look and look in vain, He will never come again, To his home!

So amid our joy we weep For the noble dead, who sleep In the vale and on the steep, Far from home—

For the chief who fought so well, For the Christ-like man who fell By the chosen son of Hell, And went home!

And we thank you, Sister's dead, And the hosts of Wrong are fled, And the Right prevails instead, Welcome home!

Limbs, and tongue, and press are free, And the Nation shouts to see, All the glory yet to be, Welcome home!

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

NOBLE LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Splendid Dedication Poem by Colonel G. G. Halpine.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LETTER.

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., July 3 d, 1865.

To David Wills, Esq., Chairman of Committee.—Sir:—I had promised myself the pleasure of participating in person in the proceedings at Gettysburg to-morrow. That pleasure, owing to my indisposition, I am reluctantly compelled to forego.—I should have been pleased, standing on that twice sacred spot, to share with you your joy at the return of peace; to greet with you the surviving heroes of the war, who have come back with light hearts, though heavily loaded with honors, and with you to drop grateful tears to the memory of those that will never return.

Unable to do so in person I can only send you my greetings, and assure you of my full sympathy with the spirit and purpose of your exercises to-morrow. Of all the anniversaries of the Declaration of Independence none have been more important and significant than that upon which you assemble. Four years of struggle for our national life have been crowned with success; armed treason is swept from the stand; our ports are reopened; our relations with our internal

commerce is free; our soldiers' and sailors resume their peaceful pursuits; and our flag floats in every breeze, and our only barrier to our national progress, Slavery, is forever at an end.

Let us trust that each recurring Fourth of July shall find our nation stronger in wealth, stronger in harmony of its citizens; stronger in its devotion to nationality and freedom. As I have often said, I believe that God sent this people on a mission among the nations of the earth. He founded its perpetuity.

That faith sustained me through the struggle that has passed. It sustains me now, that new duties are devolved upon me and new dangers threaten us. I feel that whatever means He uses, the Almighty is determined to preserve us as a people. And since I have seen the love our fellow citizens bear their country, and the sacrifices they have made for it, my abiding faith has become stronger than ever, that a Government of the people is the strongest, as well as the best Government.

In your joy to-morrow, I trust you will not forget the thousands of whites as well as blacks whom the war has emancipated, who will hail this Fourth of July with a delight which no previous anniversary of the Declaration of Independence ever gave them.

Controlled so long by ambitious, selfish leaders, who used them for their own unworthy ends, they are now free to serve and cherish the Government against whose life they in their blindness struck. I am greatly mistaken if, in the States lately in rebellion, we do not henceforward have an exhibition of such loyalty and patriotism as was never seen nor felt there before.

When you have consecrated a National Cemetery, you are to lay the corner stone of a National Monument which, in all human probability, will rise to the full height and proportion you design. Noble as this monument of stone may be, it will be but a faint symbol of the grander monument which, if we do our duty, we shall raise among the nations of the earth, upon the foundation laid in Philadelphia nine and eighty years ago. Time shall wear away and crumble this monument, but that, based as it is upon the consent, virtue, patriotism and intelligence of the people, each year shall make it firmer and more imposing.

Your friend and fellow citizen, ANDREW JOHNSON.

The letter was frequently applauded, particularly in the portions which alluded to the stability of the Government and the emancipation of the negro. At the conclusion, three enthusiastic cheers were given for President Johnson.

Colonel Halpine's Poem.

THOUGHTS OF TIME AND PLACE.

As men beneath some pang of grief, Or sudden joy will dumbly stand, Finding no words to give relief, Clear, passion warm, precise and brief, To thoughts with which their souls expand, So here to-day, these trophies high, No fitting words our lips can reach; The hills around, the graves, the sky, The silent poem of the eye, Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day a nation meets to build A nation's trophy to the dead, Who, living, formed her sword and shield, The arms she sadly learned to wield, When other hope of peace had fled; And not alone for those who lie In honored graves before us blest, Shall our proud column broad and high, Climb upward to the smiling sky, But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief as well as joy, For others, as for these, we raise; For these beneath our feet who dwell, And all who in the good cause fell, On other fields in other frays, To all the self same love we bear Which here for marbled memory stirred, No soldier for a wreath would care, Which all true comrades might not share, Brothers in death as in their lives.

On southern hill-sides, parched and brown In tangled swamps, or verdant ridge, Where pines and broadening oaks look down And jasmine weaves its yellow crown, And trumpet creepers clothe the hedge, Along the shores of endless sand, Beneath the palms of Southern plains Sleep every where, hand locked in hand, The brothers of the gallant band Who here pursued life thro' throbbing veins. Around the closing eyes of all, The same red glories glared and flew.

The hurrying flags, the bugle call, The whistle of the angry ball, The elbow touch of comrades true, The skirmish fire, a spattering spray, The long sharp growl of fire by file, The thickening fury of the fray, When opening batteries get in play, And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer, Red flashes through the gathering smoke; Swift orders, resonant and clear, Blithe cries from comrades, tried and dear, The yell-scream and sabre stroke, The volley fire from left to right, From right to left, we hear it swell; The headlong charges, swift and bright, The thickening tumult of the fight, And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now closer, denser, grows the strife, And here we yield, and there we gain; And here with hurrying missiles ride, Volley for volley, life for life; No time to heed the cries of pain, Panting, as up the hills we charge, Or down them as we broken roll, Life never felt so high, so large, And never o'er so wide a range In triumph swept the kindling soul.

New raptures waken in the breast, Amid this hell of scene and sound, The barking batteries never rest, And broken foot, by horsemen pressed, Still stubbornly contest their ground; Fresh waves of battle rolling in, To take the place of shattered waves, Torn lines that grow more bent and tight, A blinding cloud, a maddening din, 'Twas then we filled these very graves!

Night falls at length with pitying veil, A moonlit silence, deep and fresh, These upturned faces, stained and pale, Vainly the chill night dews assail; For colder than the dew that flows, And flickering far, through brush and wood, Go searching parties, torch in hand, Seize if you can some rest and food, At dawn the fight will be renewed—'Sleep on arms!' the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie In line, these rough and weary men, 'Dead or but wounded!' then a sigh, 'No coffin either!' 'Guess we'll try To get those two guns back again!' 'We've five flags to their one, oh!' That bridge, 'twas hot there as we passed,' 'The Colonel dead!' It can't be so, Wounded badly, that I know, But he kept the saddle to the last!

'Be sure to send it if I fall!' 'Any tobacco? Bill, have you?' 'A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing dolt,' 'Good night, boys, and God keep you all!' 'What, sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep to-night,' 'Aye, just about this hour they pray For dad,' 'Stop talking! pass the word,' And soon as quiet as the clay Which thousands will but be next day, The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

Oh men, to whom this sketch, though rude, Calls back some scene of pain and pride, Oh widow, hugging close your brood, Oh wife, with happiness renewed, Since he again is at your side, This trophy that to-day we raise Should be a monument for all, And on its side no nigard phrase Confine a generous nation's praise To those who, here have glanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine Still other monuments to raise; Here for the dead we build a shrine, And now to those who crippled pine, Let us give hope of happier days, Let homes for those sad wrecks of war, Through all the land with speed arise, They cry from every gaping scar, 'Let not our brother's tomb debar The wounded living from your eyes.'

A noble day, a deed as good, A noble scene in which 'tis done, The birthday of our nationhood, And here again the nation stood, On this same day its life re-won, A bloom of banners in the air, A double calm of sky and soul, Triumphal chant and bugle blast, And green fields spreading bright and fair, As Heavenward our hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed, The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb; Passed as some horror we have dreamed, The very meters that here streamed, Threat'ning within our homes to come, Again our banner floats abroad, Gone the one stain that on it fell; And bettered by his chast'ning rod, With streaming eyes uplift to God, We say, 'He doeth all things well.'

'What a fine head your boy has,' said an admiring friend, 'Yes,' said the fond father; 'he is a chip off the old block; ain't you sonny?' 'I guess so, daddy,' 'cause teacher said yesterday I was a young block-head!'

LINCOLN'S VIEWS ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The most important expression of President Lincoln's views on the question of negro suffrage has just been given to the public in a letter which he wrote to Governor Hahn of Louisiana. It is as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 13, '64. Hon. Michael Hahn: My dear Sir: I congratulate you on having fixed your name in history as the first free State Governor of Louisiana, now you are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably debate the elective franchise. I barely suggest, for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help in some trying time to come to keep the jewel of Liberty in the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone. Yours Truly, A. LINCOLN.

THREE VIEWS.

That we may know what dependence hereafter to place in the oracular utterances of the great Cockney Thunderer, let us here quote some of its fulminations at three periods of the war:

[From the London Times, Nov. 26th, '60.] 'It is evident on the smallest reflection that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North.'

[From the London Times, Sept. 14, '64.] 'The public will admit that they have not been misguided by our comments.—We said that the North could never subdue the South and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion.'

[From the London Times, April 10, '65.] 'The catastrophe seems complete, and in all its accessories calculated to impress people with a feeling that the work is so completed and that the civil war is really at an end.'

In the beautiful consistency of these prophetic oracles is there not food enough for an immense laugh?

FRAUDS UPON UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES.

2s. imitation, are reported in circulation, poorly done. 5s. altered from one's Portrait of Chase. 5s. imitation. Poorly done; coarse. 5s. photographed. Have a blurred look; the paper is stiffer and heavier. Signatures very heavy. 10s. imitation, well executed, are reported in circulation. There is no treasury stamp upon the bill. 10s. altered from 1s. Vignette portrait of Lincoln. 20s. imitation. Engraving coarse; general appearance bad. 50s. imitation. The head of Hamilton is coarse and blurred; otherwise excellently done, and well calculated to deceive. 50s. altered from 2s. Vignette portrait of Hamilton below the words, United States. An genuine it is above. 100s. imitation. The only points of actual difference between the genuine and counterfeit are these: In the upper left corner are the words, 'Act of February 25th, 1862.' In counterfeit the "th" and the ornamental lines above run into and touch the border; in the genuine there is a clear space between. On the right end of back of note there are fourteen small oval; on the edge of each oval the figures on the bad read 001, or inverted, while on the left they are 100. This is the reverse of these figures in the genuine; there, it will be seen, that on the right hand they read 100, and the left 001. These notes are well executed.

Postage Currency—25 cents, imitation; poorly engraved and on poor paper. 50 cents, imitation—poorly done. The heads of Washington are blurred, and are not alike. 5 cents, new issue, imitation poorly printed. 50s. new issue, are now in circulation. Observe caution. The portrait on each coarsely done. National Banks.—6s. imitation, well executed and of a dangerous character, are reported in circulation. Coupons.—Counterfeit coupons, dated March 1, 1865, for \$12 50, in the similitude of 10-40 five per cent. United States \$5000 bonds, have been offered at different United States depositories. 7-30 Bonds.—Some of these are in circulation with the coupons cut off and are offered as currency. Without coupons they are of no value until mature. Refuse all such.