

H. T. McWister

# Juniata



# Sentinel.

A. L. GUSS & Co.

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

EDITORS.

VOLUME XIX, NO. 19.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. AUGUST 16, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER, 955.

### Professional Cards.

**DR. P. C. RUNDIO, 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, April 1st.

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

**TOMB STONES.**  
HEUBEN CAENEY, Manufacturer of Tomb Stones, McAllisterville and Mifflintown. All work put up in the most tasteful and substantial manner. Give him a call, April 13-14th.

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

**MURPHY & 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 Bedford's Store, upstairs.

**WILLIAM M. ALLISON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Mifflintown, Pa.  
**W. H. SALZER,**  
Military Publicist,  
Mifflintown, Pa.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

**MILITARY CLAIMS.**  
Our 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 arising out of the present or former war.

**JEREMIAH LYONS,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.  
**H. F. SALZER, G. W. REED, & CO.**  
**CLOTHING**  
Also, Jobbers in  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS,  
No. 125 MARKET STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.

**I. K. STAUFFER,**  
**WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,**  
No. 148 North SECOND Street, Corner of QUARTZ, PHILADELPHIA.  
An assortment of Watches,  
Jewelry,  
Silver & Plated Ware,  
Suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.  
Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to.  
Dec. 6, 1864-7.

**W. A. LEVERING,**  
**Lumber & Commission Merchant**  
Callowhill Street Wharf, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Supplier of Timber, Staves, Logcut 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, Ferrysville, Oct. 16, 1864.  
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 seat of Chairs.  
G. W. JACOBS, Treasurer,  
William Hench, Secy.  
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, 1866, 3mo.

**WILLIAM GIVEN,**  
AUCTIONEER  
The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Vendee 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 Ferrysburgh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.  
Jan 26, 1864.

**PHILADELPHIA PAPER HANGINGS,**  
**BOWELL & BURKE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**WALL PAPERS,**  
AND  
WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,  
Corner FOURTH and MARKET Streets, PHILADELPHIA.  
N. B. Above stock of LINEN SHAMES constantly on hand.  
Feb. 16, 1865 3m.

### Orphans' Court Sale.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Robert Harris, late of Beale township, dec'd., will expose to sale at public outcry on the premises, on

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 19TH 1865.**  
A tract of land situated in Beale township, Juniata County, Pa., adjoining lands of Calvin and Peter Beale, and heirs of Robert Strrett, dec'd., and containing about

**127 ACRES,**  
About 90 acres of which are cleared and under cultivation—the balance being timber-land.  
There are on the premises a log house, a log barn, an apple orchard and good water at the house. The property will be sold in a body or in

**THREE PARCELS,**  
as shall be deemed most desirable.  
**TERMS.**—Cash on confirmation of sale by the Court.  
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day when attendance will be given by July 12-13. JOHN COFFMAN, Adm'r.

**LAND FOR SALE!**  
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE SALE a lot of land situated in Walker township, Juniata county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Shellenberger, Daniel Wertz and Philip Meredith, containing about

**20 ACRES,**  
About 18 of which are cleared, and in good grass, the balance being well timbered. There is a

**Log House and Frame Bank Barn**  
on the premises. Also good water and fruit trees.  
For terms and further information, inquire of the undersigned residing near Mexico, at which place letters may be addressed to him. July 12th, '65. WM CRIMMEL.

**F. GROVE & CO.,**  
**General Commission Merchants**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**GRAIN FLOUR, & C.**  
N. W. Cor. Howard & Mulberry Sts.  
**BALTIMORE.**  
Consignments of Grain, Flour, and Country Produce respectfully solicited. Also, a large and general assortment of Groceries on hand.

**F. GROVE & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE  
**DEALERS & MANUFACTURERS OF**  
Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff.  
No. 161 FRANKLIN Street  
BETWEEN GREEN and PINE STREETS,  
**BALTIMORE.**  
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.  
Superior IMPORTED CIGARS, fine CLEMING TOBACCO, and LEAF of every description, with a general assortment of Pipes, Snuff Boxes, Fancy Articles, &c.  
July 19-3m.

**Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh.**  
TREATED with the utmost success, by Dr. J. ISAACS, Dentist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 519 FINE 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. 16, '65-7y.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.**  
The Patrons of the SENTINEL who may visit Harrisburg, or desire a first class Picture should by all means go where they take the most splendid likenesses ever gotten up anywhere, which is at  
**BURNITE & CO'S 110 Market St. Harrisburg**

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
Seventy-five cents per square of ten lines or less for the first insertion; three insertions for \$1.50 and 50 cents for all subsequent insertions. Estate Notices \$2.00. Professional and Business cards with paper \$8.00 per year. Merchandise cards with paper \$15.00 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 \$6.00—50 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 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 no be asked to vary from our terms by any one. Thankful for past favors we wish the continued support and efforts of our friends.

### Select Poetry.

**TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.**

In the prison cell I sit,  
Thinking, mother dear, of you,  
And out bright and happy homes far away,  
And the tears that fill my eyes  
Spite of all that I can do,  
Though I try to cheer my comrades and begay  
Chorus—  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
O, cheer up, comrades they will come;  
And beneath the starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again.  
O! the free land in our own beloved home.  
In the battle front we stood  
When their fierce charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred paces or more,  
But before we reached their lines  
They were beaten back dismayed.  
And we heard the cry of victory 'er and 'er  
Chorus—  
So within the prison cell  
We are waiting for the day  
That shall come to open wide the iron door,  
And the hollow eyes grow bright,  
And the poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home once more.  
Chorus—

### BROWNLOW ON RETURNING REBELS.

Those who are in sympathy with returning Rebels are suddenly enamored of the virtues of repentance and pardon, and no parable of the world's history has such attractions for them as the parable of the Prodigal Son. They seem never to weary in quoting this parable as one of unequalled beauty and pathos. It is interesting to note the points difference between the Prodigal Son and our returning Rebels:

First—The Prodigal Son did not *secrete*; he went with his father's consent, and as the Scriptures indicate, with his blessing. Next, he *went*; he did not stay and vilify the old man in his own house. He asked for something to start him in the world; he did not present a pistol to the old man's breast and demand his greenbacks or watch. He *received* the portion his father gave him; he did not *press* it—a modern Southern name for stealing. And *receiving* it, he started out "to seek his fortune." He did not retire to the south side of the old man's farm, and join a band of robbers who were plundering the old man, and his law-abiding neighbors. Receiving his portion, he *quietly* took his journey into a far country. Finally, he repented of his folly, not because the old man *shipped* him into repentance, but because he "came to himself," and saw that he had wasted his substance in riotous living. He went back home, not with murder in his heart, boasting how many he had killed, and threatening what he would do, but he bowed down in honest contrition, and asked all sorts of pardon. He didn't return saying, "I have fought you four years, and until I was overpowered," but he went back crying "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy, to be called thy son," and imploringly said, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." He went home, because, throughout his entire course of riotous living, his heart was there. He did not return demanding "rights," his property and back rents. He did not ask instant pardon upon the faith of an oath of an amnesty, but proposed to prove his repentance *genuine by his works.*

The story of the Prodigal Son is one of sincere, deep heartfelt and voluntary repentance for a great wrong. Do our returning Rebel come *repenting* of their unparalleled crimes? As long as rebellion showed any signs of success, did they show any signs of repentance? Are they coming back because they love the Union, or were about to "perish with hunger?" All who return peacefully to their homes, cultivate friendly relations, and abstain from hostile acts dis-countenancing every attempt at disorder should be met with the same spirit and treated with leniency. When they manifest a hostile spirit, make them lick the dust.—*Knoxville Whig.*

A woman's tears often soften a man's heart; her flatteries soften his head.  
The sourest cider in the world is made from the apples of discord.  
It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.  
Woman are not all angels. If they were, they would go to Heaven for husbands—or, at least, be more difficult in their choice on earth.

### A DAY WITH THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS, OR THE EXPERIENCE OF DR. T. H. BURROWS IN VISITING MIFFLINTOWN AND M'ALISTERSVILLE.

Five o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July found us, with a companion who had charge of the boys' uniforms, at the quiet county-town of Mifflin, in Juniata. An hour made the necessary arrangements, and by six we were on the road, with boxes packed, in an open spring wagon, behind an active pair of horses, and at half-past seven pulled up at the school by the rural hamlet of McAllister'sville, with Col. McFarland, the yet crumpled veteran of Gettysburg and other battles, at the door. The glad faces of seventy boys, too, attested that the visit was as welcome as it was well timed—for they were just about to start "for mother and home," and only awaited the "new clothes."

The ride had been delightful. It ran eight miles across one of the finest valleys or series of valleys in the State—Shade mountain on the north, broken in outline by numerous gaps and indentations, with the more regular line of the Tuscarora on the south, bounded the horizon in opposite directions, but within no narrow limits. The interior space being the whole breadth of the country, was not less than twenty miles, including the blue Juniata along the foot of Tuscarora and the space to the north, watered by Lost Creek and its branches, and varied by that rolling character of surface which adds to the apparent distance and gives to every turn of the road a new feature. In this beautiful valley and at the early invigorating hour at which it had been rapidly traversed, the scenery of Juniata seemed more attractive than ever.

Give us, after all, our own Pennsylvania landscapes,—with their mountains and hills, their rapid rivers, their dashing brooks, their clear glancing springs and here and there a lakelet,—their tree and vine-clustered homesteads, their rich fields, their stattered shade trees and their ever-recurring pieces of wood land,—in preference to all the broad prairies and sea-like lakes and almost interminable rivers of the mighty west. We do like to quench our thirst at the clear sparkling brook by the wayside, with enough of motion in it to keep its life from stagnation. We do like now and then to get off the dead level of the tramp, tramp, tramp, be it walk, or trot, or gallop—over the prairie, and to try other muscles of the body, whether of man or horse, in mounting and other sensations in the enjoyment of the hill top. In a word, we like variety; and though the fertility of the west may be exhaustless and its productions almost spontaneous, we prefer the compelled but kindly response which the mother earth of our own State makes to the stalwart demands of her sons. There is not only manly exercise, but pleasant variety in this. We may be unlike others in this; still we question whether we could long continue to take pleasure in the absolute ownership even of a dollar mill, ere some money King to present us with one, that should drop into the hand its golden grist, at the fixed rate of one per second—neither more nor less, and all alike—bright, round and yellow; but still all alike and always the same.

But, to come back from the "Yellow-boys" to Orphan boys,—there they were,—clean washed, boots blacked, hair combed and smiling, like other boys waiting for their new suits. Out of nearly one hundred sets, it was the task, and no light one, of Mr. Royer to rig sixty-eight applicants in four hours. But at last the work was done, with only two or three misfits; and these of that encouraging kind which time will surely remedy by growing up the wearer to the size of the garment,—provided only that the garment shall last the process of adaptation.

The boys were brought to the dressing room in squads—awkward at entrance but neat, erect and shaming at exit; and it was pleasant to listen to the hearty hurrahs with which the newly attired and transformed were received upon their first appearance on the play ground. Of course this became less and less loud, as party after party issued forth; till, at last the noise settled down to a curious hum of congratulation, satisfaction and pleasure. To be sure, there at length began to be heard some criticisms on the colors

were too wide, pants too long, sleeves too short; and the poor tailor crime in foot some complaints, which, if justice were done, dame nature should have borne, for not making all her specimens of boyhood on the fine models which the aesthetic artist had taken as his guide. But, on the whole, the very large majority were pleased and the rest became acquiescent.

Then came the dinner, which of course, being for an extra occasion, was a feast,—with its puddings and pies. But, judging by the best test,—the ruddy looks and the satisfied appearance of the children,—the every day fare must be, as it is known to be, abundant, wholesome and sufficient. After dinner occurred the company parade of the boys in their new uniforms—with their Captain, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Corporals, ever so grand; really doing credit to their drill officer, and adding, as the teachers concur in saying, a most efficient means to the discipline of the school.

While all this was in progress amongst the boys, the girls, whose neat and tastefully made muslin de lifine dresses and straw hats had all been in readiness the day before, were on the green of the school, enjoying the occasion and awaiting events. On inspection, their costume was found to be plain and neat, though tasteful, and what is better, satisfactory to the wearers.

In the evening came the crowded meeting in one of the churches, where little speeches were delivered by little orphans, songs and hymns sung by the school, explanatory addresses made by their authorities, and addresses of warm-hearted welcome responded on the part of the citizens. After a liberal collection toward a library for the school and the benevolent, the meeting adjourned,—alike encouraging to the Soldier Orphan cause and creditable to the people of Mifflin.

It would be omitting the pleasantest feature in this most agreeable event, not to add, that these children were all hospitably taken to their homes, for the night and while in town by the people of the place, and that had their number been five instead of one hundred, there were places and a welcome for all. In fact there was quite a contest to get them, and many were disappointed.

So ended the first public reception of the first school of Soldier's Orphans in the State; and four o'clock following morning found self and companion at home ready for a late nap.

We should like to give the proceedings of the meeting more at length, but have no space. This will, however, no doubt, be done by the Rev. Mr. Guss, who originated and so well managed the affair, and whose local paper is warmly advocating the cause.—*School Journal.*

**WOMEN ON A RAID.**  
The town of Greenfield, Ohio, was the scene of great excitement one day last week. It appears that, enticed by the almost constant nightly rows and riotous proceedings in a number of the whisky shops of the town, the ladies resolved to put a stop to whisky selling in their midst. They improvised a meeting to be held on Monday morning, met, passed resolutions and marched in solid phalanx to several places where whisky was "sold in quantities to suit purchasers," and demanded the liquor, which was persistently refused; whereupon, with axes and hatchets, they made an involuntary attack upon the doors of the establishments, went in and rolled the casks out and spilled the liquors in the streets. They were a most determined set of raiders. The male portion of the community looked on complacently, thinking it a matter not committed to their hands, and let the ladies have their own way generally. The result of this raid is the combination of the whisky sellers, who have commenced suit against the raiders. The better disposed citizens held a meeting and resolved to stand by the ladies, and see them through the matter. The best legal talent will be employed by the ladies, who have succeeded with little effort, in raising a large fund already to prosecute the case thoroughly.

**BROWNLOW ON A PARDON CASE.**  
A characteristic letter from Gov. Brownlow has been received in the matter of an application for pardon. The petitioner is the Rebel Brigadier General Wm. H. Carroll, a wealthy and once prominent citizen of Tennessee, and the same who is suspected of being connected with the Rebel conspirators in Canada. It was but recently that Carroll employed counsel for the purpose of suing the United States Government for the use of and damage done to his property by the appropriation and use of the same for army purposes. He now asks for pardon, however, and his case was referred to Gov. Brownlow for suggestion. The Governor's letter in reply is received. He says: "This man Carroll, were he to come within the State of Tennessee, would not be permitted to live five minutes. The people would not tolerate his existence there. I can't say anything against so poor and mean a man as this, and can't say anything for him. I therefore say nothing."

A Traveler, near the close of a weary day's drive over a lonely and muddy road, came to a little log cabin in the forest and asked for a drink. A young woman supplied his wants, and afterwards as she was the first woman he had seen for several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young lady who had never seen a dime before, looked at it with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied, what she chose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said, "you may take it back and give me another kiss."

The boys were brought to the dressing room in squads—awkward at entrance but neat, erect and shaming at exit; and it was pleasant to listen to the hearty hurrahs with which the newly attired and transformed were received upon their first appearance on the play ground. Of course this became less and less loud, as party after party issued forth; till, at last the noise settled down to a curious hum of congratulation, satisfaction and pleasure. To be sure, there at length began to be heard some criticisms on the colors

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While all this was in progress amongst the boys, the girls, whose neat and tastefully made muslin de lifine dresses and straw hats had all been in readiness the day before, were on the green of the school, enjoying the occasion and awaiting events. On inspection, their costume was found to be plain and neat, though tasteful, and what is better, satisfactory to the wearers.

Next came the brief address, the burden of which however moralized and sentimentalized in phrase, necessarily amounted to the old caution:—be good children and take care of your clothes; for such ever has been and such always will be the "course of human events" under similar circumstances.

Arrangements had been made, or thought to be made, by the kind neighbors, to convey all the pupils of the school to Mifflin, where they were to take the cars for their homes and also to enjoy a reception by the kind citizens of the place. Before the half were seated, however, in the carriages, wagons, &c., it appeared as if there would be a lack of conveyances for all. So, self and companion threw traveling saks and cloth coats into one of the carriages and took it aloft.

This eight miles walk, relieved by rests in the shade, excursions over the fences after blackberries and an occasional drink of thick-milk at a farm house, was at first most pleasant; then it settled down into "fine wholesome exercise," next the miles in these parts became astonishingly long; and finally it was quite sufficiently fatiguing to render a good wash and a cup of coffee at host Sayder's hotel very refreshing.

During this walk, some of the occurrences were suggestively though sadly interesting. Going in the same direction with ourselves and generally passing us, were the carriages loaded with the orphans to an extent that would have been instructive even to a city street car conductor in the art of close packing. Ever and anon a group of boys getting along by the old mode of "ride and tie" or turn about, would be waiting in the shade for the next wagon, or another be seen hurrying along to the appointed station; but all lively and bent on getting to the end of the journey. Passing the other direction were groups of horsemen or persons in carriages, with led horses. These latter were found to be purchases at a sale in the neighborhood that day, of discharged government horses. Here were two results of the war and signs of its close. The dead warrior's orphans returning, in the care of a grateful State, to cheer the widow's heart, and his war horse going back to the plow. Many a saddle is empty—many a heart desolate. Let us honor ourselves by doing our duty to the living.

When rested and again on foot, we found the quiet of Mifflin, disturbed—gone. All the resident children, in their best dresses, were out to see and welcome the Orphans. Aye, and more too. The adult population partook the feeling of the young. The iron railing above the Court House green was lined with an unbroken row of spectators. The green itself was covered with children—the young girls of the place, mixed with and entertaining the female Orphans, and the boys admiring the evolutions of the Orphan Company, as, if with drum at their head and officers at their posts, they marched, filed and wheeled about the green, with the precision of veterans.

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