



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

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. OCTOBER 18, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER, 964.

The Long Looked For—Come at Last! THE CELEBRATED

Florence Sewing Machine. This machine is the most perfect instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery in the world. It is simple and perfect in its mechanical construction. The feed may be reversed at any point desired without stopping, which is a great advantage in fastening the end of seams.

GOSLING'S BRILLIANT, EASY SHINING, Leather Preserving BLACKENING.

A Composition of Neat's Foot Oil and pure Ivory Black, imparting to BOOT and SHOE LEATHER the softness and pliancy of KID—while with one fourth the labor usually employed in the application of the ordinary Blackings, it produces a JET BLACK ENAMEL GLOSS, equalled only by Patent Blacking.

HOME Insurance Company of New York.

Cash Capital—Two Million Dollars. Assets Jan'y, 1865 \$2,765,503.42. Liabilities, " " 77,901.52

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.

JOHN T. LSAHM, Attorney-at-Law,

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA. OFFERS his professional services to the public. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office, Main Street, one door South of Snyder's Hotel. Sept. 20, 1865.

H. F. SAIGER WITH PEIPER & MARKLEY, MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALEDEALERS

BOOTS & SHOES

ALEX. SPEDDY, AUCTIONEER.

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

Kishacoquillas Seminary, WILL open its Winter Session, on October 16th, 1865. Tuition, Board, Light, Fuel and Furnished Rooms per session of five months, \$5. For further particulars address S. Z. SHARP, Kishacoquillas, Pa.

Select Poetry. THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

I have come back to you, my mother, Weary, and wasted, and worn, Locks matted over my forehead, Uniform blood-stained and torn; No wonder you shrieked when you saw me, As if I had struck you a blow; I'm not looking much like the dear fellow You parted from three years ago.

HARD TO PLEASE.

The New York Daily News writes: "The working classes of the South are exposed more than those of this section at present are, to the pressure of negro competition. The equality of the two begins its assertion there, in a form more threatening to the white laborer than even in the case of the North. The progress of the struggle at the South may therefore be watched by the working classes here as a study of what is, as yet, but in progress of development among themselves."

stupid and ignorant as to be dangerous to the republic; but

Fourteenth, That they ought not to be instructed or permitted to acquire knowledge. Fifteenth, That it would be a curse to Northern workingmen to have the negroes flock into these States; but Sixteenth, That Northern workingmen ought not to favor a policy which would make the negroes contented to remain in the South. Seventeenth, That the workingmen of the Northern States are the most intelligent, the most capable, the most industrious and the most virtuous in the world; but Eighteenth, That they will inevitably be ruined and deprived of work by the competition of ignorant and idle negroes. Nineteenth, That the presence of the blacks amongst us will always be a source of difficulty and more trouble; but Twentieth, That the Emancipation act is wrong, chiefly because, under its operation, the negro race is likely to die out, like the Indians.

HOW THE REBELS WENT TO SCHOOL—WHAT THEY LEARNED.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, in his latest letter has the following amusing remarks: No citizen of the New England States could have gone more profitably to school than have these same chivalric sons of the South during the rebellion. Their experience is about as follows: "Yes, we saw the tiger and the elephant, and the whole menagerie, orchestra and all. Yes, we have been educated. Considering that we started out on a sort of picnic in 1861, it is astonishing how from a frolic it ran into a fight, from a flirt into a war, and from a war into an almighty defeat, leaving the whole Confederacy in a heap, precisely as if we had hatched all the seceding States into one train of cars, and then put all our best men, our speakers our preachers too, at the head for engineers, and so rigged and filled, and full of glory and gas, had gone about two miles a minute, till we got on the long bridge between the despotism of our old Union and blessed independence of our new heaven of a monarchy, when the bridge broke, and—here we are at your service! But we went to school for all that. Let us see what we learned. Well, we first found out that the Northerners could fight; then the darkies would fight for the Yanks; then they would not work; then they would tell our secrets; and, finally, that they liked the strangers better than old massa. Our women had to cook, wash, cut wood, and make their own clothes. Having no calico and little to wear save what the blockade-runners brought us, we had to learn, by rude machinery, by hand, to weave our own fabrics. In this way quite a large business was carried on in the cotton States. When we stopped growing cotton we grew sorghum, and for two years fed thousand with the molasses made of that tropical plant. Our rebellion made us adepts in arms, in their use and manufacture—also in all the military arts—in the management of ships-of-war and in the handling of coastwise craft—Our marcher gave us a new knowledge of our own section, thus making us geographers. In a moral sense we found secession to be a destructive dogma; our leaders false prophets and our hopes of foreign aid fallacious. We soon discovered that the morale of the Federal army stood it instead of an additional element—that in fact it was re-enforced by the schools, churches, newspapers, mighty charities, and well-fed people behind it—We had no such rock to rest on. We had almost no homes to go back to. Toward the last we had no place to go to but the army, and so we staid in it, and many of us never left the battle-field. Two hundred thousand are still there, sound asleep in their graves! In fact, the war left us almost without a spot on which to rest our living bodies. But the greatest lesson was that no American ought ever to fight the Union. And we advise you never to go to school for such an experience. We give it to you second-hand, but gratis—You might succeed in perpetual motion; you might try to bottle the sunbeams you get out of cucumbers; you might take a daguerreotype of the sun in the light of the moon; you might prove that a Copperhead was a genuine patriot—but you could never get the upper hand of that quiet old man known as Uncle Samuel.—We tried it, and we are here!"

SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A few days ago a very interesting scene took place at the usual crowded reception of the President. Applications were approaching Mr. Johnson, each with his ease ready; after briefly stating which, and a record being made of it by the private secretary, way was made for others. In the line was Mr. Banks, an enterprising young merchant of New York, and his friend Mr. Kervan, of Petersburg, a leading miller, who applied for pardon coming as he did within the twenty thousand dollar or thirteenth clause of the amnesty proclamation. As soon as the President saw Mr. Banks he recognized him, asked him his business, and hearing that it was to ask a pardon for Mr. Kervan, he took a note of it, and told him, smilingly, he would hear from him in the morning. The reason why the President recognized the young New Yorker is best explained by the following narrative: In April of 1861, after the Senate of the United States adjourned, Mr. Banks was going from Washington to the South, on the railroad running by Gordonsville and Petersburg. At his side was a very pleasant person, who conversed freely on the different topics of the hour, and finally asked him to change a \$50 gold piece, which he did. When the cars stopped at Gordonsville there was a great and exciting crowd assembled. They at once demanded, and sent their number into the train to see "whether Andy Johnson was on board!" "Let's hear from him!" "Drag him out!" At this moment the gentleman at the side of Mr. Banks, arose, and was walking to the platform to show himself, when the engineer started the train and dashed off at his best speed. His companion was Andrew Johnson! As he took his seat, Mr. Banks asked him where he was going. He said "To my home at Greenville, Tenn." "I am glad we got off from those gentlemen, Governor," said Banks. "I am sorry," said Johnson; "I want to tell them what I thought of secession." Mr. Banks then asked the Governor if he was armed. The reply was in the negative; when the New Yorker handed one of his fine revolvers to the Tennessee Senator, and they soon afterwards parted to meet a few days ago in the Presidential mansion.—Banks has his gold piece to this day. The next morning he was sent for, and as the President met him he said; "I have often thought of you, Mr. Banks. You gave me a pistol that might have saved my life. I now give your friend, Kervan, a pardon to start him in business."

NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

A correspondent writing from Mobile says: While on my way to supper last evening, I walked up the street with an old gentleman who is engaged in the type setting business, or in foremanizing others who are, and he told me that he had just returned from a visit to one of the cemeteries of the city. "I went out, there a great many years ago," said he "to help bury a printer, and I remember that his grave was but the tenth one there. Now, instead of ten, I find there at least ten thousand; and when I looked abroad this evening over that little wilderness of green hillocks, and thought of the many tears and oreaking hearts that have been since I stood there at the burial of that poor printer long years ago it made me feel badly, and I was tempted to say I wouldn't swear any more." I replied that the thought was rather a solemn one, and that if it should cause him to break himself of the ugly habit of swearing, his visit to the cemetery would turn out to have been the best Sunday evening's work he had ever done. "Ah," said he, "you never acted as form an in a newspaper office, or you would know that a sight of all the graveyards in creation could not break me of that habit. Why, Sir," he continued, "if there had been a printing office in Heaven, and Lucifer had been the foreman of it, I'll be— if he hadn't fallen a thousand years before he did!"

A SCENE IN FUTURE.

In a lecturer recently delivered at Chicago, Grace Greenwood adverted to a scene that will doubtless one day be a common one. Speaking of the future of our country, she drew a picture that probably many that read these words may live to see: We may picture to ourselves a group of noble young lads—some ten years hence, thus proudly accounting for their orphanage—an orphanage which the country should see to it shall not be desolate. Says one, "My father fell in beating back the invaders at Gettysburg." Says another, "My father fell on Lookout Mountain, fighting above the clouds." Says a third, "My father suffered martyrdom in Libby Prison." Says another, "My father went down in the Cumberland;" yet another, "My father was rocked in the long sleep below the wave in the iron cradle of the Monitor."—And there will be hapless lads who will listen in mournful envy, saying in their secret hearts—"Alas, we have no part or lot in such gloryings. Our fathers were rebels!" And here and there a youth more unfortunate, will steal away from his comrades and murmur in bitterness of soul, "Ah, God help me!—My father was a Copperhead!"

HOT AND COLD.—Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, where he met a tall, gaunt figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, I suppose?" "Healthy? It ain't anything else.—Why stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without traveling more than fifteen minutes. Just think of that the next cold morning when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot and the other cold. Well, get on the mountain with a double barreled gun, and you can without moving, kill either summer or winter game, just as you will!" "What, have you ever tried it?" "Tried it! often, and should have done pretty well, but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates.—The last dog I had froze off his tail while pointin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—true as you live." Marble sloped.

Why is a skating park like Niagara? It is a good place to see the falls.

Why are young ladies like arrows? Because they are all in a quiver when the beau comes.

Why is a talkative young man like a pig? Because, if he lives, he is likely to become a great bore.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.