

H. L. McAlister

# Juniata



# Sentinel.

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

VOLUME XIX, NO 29.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., OCTOBER 25, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 965.

### 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.

It makes FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, Lock, Knot, Double Lock, Double Knot, each stitch perfect and alike on both sides of the fabric.

Operators can select any stitch they want and change from one stitch to another without stopping the machine.

Its stitches cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability and beauty of finish. No difficulty experienced in sewing across thick seams.

Sews light and heavy fabrics with equal facility.

It will Sew, Tack, Quilt, Cord, Acen, Fell, Bind, Gather, and do all kinds of stitches required by families and manufacturers. The work will feed either to the right or left, without stopping the machine.

The most inexperienced need no difficulty in using it.

It is thoroughly practical and easily understood.

It has no springs to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

It runs easily, and is almost silent.

It is the most rapid sewer in the world, making five stitches per second.

It uses the same size thread on both sides of the fabric.

It is made in various sizes, all of which will bring on top of the table.

Every machine is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and to do all that is claimed for it.

Mrs. CAROL E. STRAWN, is the agent for this county. By calling at her residence on Main Street, Mifflintown, one of these machines can be seen in operation.

September 12, 1865-ly.

### Select Poetry. (From the Round Table.) THE NATION'S DEAD.

BY E. C. F.

Four hundred thousand men,  
The brave—the good—the true,  
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,  
On battle plain, in prison pen,  
Lie dead for me and you!

Four hundred thousand of the brave  
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,  
By many a black bayon,  
In many a cold and frozen camp,  
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,  
And died for me and you!

From Western plain to ocean tide  
Are stretched the graves of those who died,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain  
Their ready sword they drew,  
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,  
A home—a heritage to gain,  
To gain for me and you!

Our brothers murdered by our side,  
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall  
They charged—those boys in blue—  
Mid urging smoke, and volleyed ball  
The bravest were the first to fall!  
To fall for me and you!

These noble men—the nation's pride—  
Four hundred thousand men have died,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison hold  
Their manes entwine grow  
To shame like the saints of old,  
While, amid agonies unceasing,  
They starved for me and you!

The good, the patient, and the tried,  
Four hundred thousand men have died,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we never can pay  
To them is justly due,  
And to the nation's latest day  
Our children's children still shall say,  
"They died for me and you!"

Four hundred thousand of the brave  
Made this our ransomed soil their grave,  
For me and you!  
Good friend, for me and you!

I was a little heated with wine. I had drunk just enough to warm my blood and give my brain an extra impulse, and my words were not chosen as I should have chosen them had the spirit of wine been absent. As I walked toward my home I sought to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snare of a coquette, and that I might be the better enabled thus to reason. I stopped at the hotel, where I found a few of my companions, and helped dispose of half a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with a headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceding evening I was anything but happy. I began to realize how much I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I fairly wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love, and its influence had penetrated every fibre of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groaned in bitter anguish when I thought she was lost forever. I had resolved that I would feel very sorry and indignant, but when the sweet face was called up to mental view such feelings melted away, leaving me sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended church, where I saw Mary once more. She played the organ, as she had done for the past year, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied that I could detect a tremulousness which I had never noticed before. Was it only imagination or was it really a plaintiveness—a sadness in the expression of her music?

To me it seemed at times as though the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the rivers of Babylon.

When the services were over and we went out from the church I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan as though she had been sick. What could it bet? Was she suffering as I had suffered? The thought flashed upon me that some one might have told her something to my disadvantage. I had seen in the village—enemies who envied me because I had inherited some wealth—and I fancied enemies who envied me the love of Mary Granville.

Another week passed and I became more sad and homesome. My business was irksome to me, and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact I could not read, for my mind was never upon the page before me. Another Sabbath at church and I saw Mary again. She was paler than before, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my old college-chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office in Berryville. After supper, as we sat in the cozy parlor smoking our cigars, I suggested that a bottle of wine would not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charlie," he said, "we'll leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink it, Jack."

"Yes, but it never did me any good."

"And do you think it ever did you any harm?"

"As to that I will not say; it never shall do me harm. I know it has harmed others who were as strong as I am."

"By the way, Charlie, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?"

I turned away my face and pretended to have heard something at the window.

"I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton, "and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total abstinence grow stronger and stronger. When we were school children together her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy."

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"He was of a social disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was often grossly intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances, one or two things must happen—the man must reform or he

must sink. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death, leaving his family in poverty and suffering.

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I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I rose and opening one of the casements, stepped out on the balcony, where the fresh air restored me.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I had retired to my chamber I paced to and fro until long after midnight. I could no longer misunderstand the motive which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine, and that that evening when last we met she must have discovered that I drank enough to bring a false flush to my cheek.

"Oh! my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair. "I wonder not that she refused to place her future life in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accused cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long enough upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening path of life led towards the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen."

"But," I asked myself, "why did she not tell the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrunk from wounding my feelings. I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew that she was afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and head strong enough to resent such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined I might look upon her part as the offering of her hand in consideration of my renouncing the wine cup, and that I might spurn her offer.

On Friday Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening I called at Mary's boarding house. Mary herself answered my summons. She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly toward her heart.

"Mary," said I speaking calmly, for I had a mighty strength of will to support me, "I have not come to distress you, I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me an audience for a few moments."

She went into the parlor, and I followed her, closing the door behind me; and when we were alone she set the lamp upon the table and motioned me to a seat.

"No," said I, "I will not sit down yet." Give me your hand, Mary.

Mechanically she yet forth her hands and I took them in my own. There was a wondering look in her eyes, and a slight flush had come to her pale cheeks.

"Mary," I continued speaking slowly and softly, and I knew that moisture was gathering in my eyes, "you must answer one question. Answer it as you please, and take my solemn assurance that I ask it only for your own good. Tell me, do you love me? No, no—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not—O, fear not; for I had rather go into endless night than to do you wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you love me?"

"I cannot speak falsely," she tremulously whispered, "for my own peace, perhaps I love you too well."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her nearer to me; "when I have told you what I have to tell you shall be the judge."

She did not strive to free her hands, but looked up eagerly in my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light.

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"Yes," she replied.

"He was my best friend when we were at College, and my friendship has not grown less." He came to see me and told me the story of the trials and sufferings of one of the schoolmates of his earlier days. Oh, Mary, I know well why my hand was refused and I blame you not. It may be that our paths will be different

through life, but you shall at least know that he whom you loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance, I know that I have hitherto wandered into the path of danger, but henceforth I am free from the dread snare. Under the new light that has dawned upon me I hold the wine-cup to be a fearful enemy. I will shun it as I would shun a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look upon her boy, can smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen.

"And now, Mary, if at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask you again for your hand; and should it be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy in my being to make your life a joyous and peaceful one."

I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I turned toward the door really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name. I looked back and her hands were stretched out towards me.

"Not now," I whispered. "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love and will."

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon her bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms about her. "Oh, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know you cannot deceive me. God bless your noble resolution; and let me help you to keep it."

I cannot tell how long I stopped that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospect of the coming year was bright and glorious.

On the following day—a Sabbath, calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new Temple more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that sometime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by inspiration. To me it was like the holy outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from her instrument I caught her eye. Mine were dim with moisture, but hers were bright, gleaming with seraphic light.

Two weeks had passed, another had pressed the keys of the organ for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar—by my side—and over us both the aged clergymen stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

And we went out from church together—Mary and I—out in the new life—bound heart to heart, and hand to hand, to love honor and cherish forever more.

April—two years ago—he was seen in a box close by the water-trough in the barn-yard. She helped herself to them and eat very freely, and soon began to gain in milk; and although she was farrow, she gave as much milk as she did the year before. In September she began to gnaw boards a little again. As the soap bones were gone, my husband went and dug up the bones of a horse he had buried, and baited them in lye until he could pound them up fine, and these were put in the same box. As long as we kept a few bones within their reach, our cattle do not gnaw boards. As long as they show a disposition to gnaw boards they invariably grow poor, while they gain in flesh when that appetite is appeased.

SUNDRY MANURING—For many years we have advocated, and proved by the most indisputable evidence, that surface manuring of the land is the best mode to apply dung in a general sense, and that some of our best farmers had adopted it with respect to many of their crops. We notice in the last number of the *Gaulese Farmer* a short communication from that intensely practical farmer, John Johnson, on this subject, in which he sustains, in a few words, all that has been said in our columns in its favour, to wit:—"I have used manure, only as a top dressing, for the last twenty-six years, and I do think one load used in that way is worth far more than two ploughed under on our stiff land."—*Germanstown Telegraph*.

A NEW HEDGE PLANT.—The silver thorn is a species of *Elaeagnus* from Asia, and promises well. Some kinds of hedge plants grow too fast; others, like *Pyrus japonica*, too slow. The honey locust and osage orange are subject to attacks from mice in winter. The silver thorn is bushy, hardy and thorny; grows to a complete hedge, three feet high, in three years; the leaves are beautiful; the roots wiry; and at three years of age bears seed, which grow readily. Its flowers are as sweet scented as the *Jessamine*; it is perfectly hardy, though a native of Asia. The *Pyracantha* is not hardy in sunny places. One variety of it is quite bushy, bears white berries, and its foliage endures the winter well.—*Gardner's Monthly*.

DEATH OF THE GREAT ILLINOIS FARMER.—Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Morgan county, Illinois, died suddenly at his residence on the 24th of August Mr. Strawn was a very remarkable man. He went to Illinois at an early period, and commenced business as a farmer and purchaser of cattle for the western and other markets. It is said that his whole fortune at the time of his settling in Morgan county consisted of half a dollar in silver. He however, had entered 500 acres of land. But energy, industry, and perseverance, enabled him in the course of thirty-five years to amass a very large fortune. He was one of the largest landholders in the State.

Mr. Strawn went to Illinois from Ohio in 1830. Previous to moving his family to Illinois he entered about 200 acres of land near Jacksonville, at \$1 25 per acre. This was the nucleus of the immense landed property he possessed when he died, amounting to between thirty and thirty-five acres. The land is now worth from \$40 to \$50 per acre. At this valuation Mr. Strawn's landed property alone would be worth \$1,500,000. Mr. Strawn, was immensely stout, would probably weigh 350 pounds, and generally rode in a low buggy. If he could get a friend, or even a stranger, to ride and post him on the news of the day, but especially upon the gates on his property, he considered he had made quite a point for the day. During the war he was a thorough Union man, and did a great deal to moderate the Copperhead sentiment of his section of the State. A short time since he offered a gift of \$10,000 to the State Sanitary commission, if the people of Morgan county would subscribe double that amount. The money was raised, and Mr. Strawn presented his check for the \$10,000. Besides his immense real property, Mr. Strawn has a large amount of money loaned.

Some cute Yankee has invented a palpitating bosom for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring. A will spring of affection in the heart is a much sadder and more valuable invention. It don't need winding up, except twice a year with a new bosom.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—ON AND AFTER Monday, Oct. 25th 1865, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflintown as follows:

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express, 12:43, P. M.  
Fast Line, 3:41, A. M.  
Day Express, 11:21, A. M.  
Pittsburg & Erie Mail, 4:31, P. M.  
Mail Train, 10:05, P. M.

WESTWARD.

Pittsburg & Erie Mail, 8:27, A. M.  
Baltimore Express, 4:59, A. M.  
Philadelphia Express, 5:58, P. M.  
Fast Line, 3:53, P. M.  
Mail Train, 10:07, A. M.

JAMES NORTH, Agt.

Daily except Sunday. (Daily except Monday.)  
Stop at Perryville at 11:28 (if stopped)  
11:20—8:53 Stop at Thompsonston at 11:46, 4:16.  
Stop at Perryville at 3:19 (if stopped)—  
5:04 Stop at Thompsonston at 3:25—3:50 (if stopped.)

**GOOLING'S**  
BRILLIANT, EASY SHINING,  
Leather Preserving  
**BLACKNING.**

A Composition of Neat's Foot Oil and pure Ivory Black, insuring to BOOTS and SHOES LUSTRE, softness and pliability of LEATHER, with one fourth the labor usually employed in the application of the ordinary Blacking, it produces a SET BLACK, AN AMEL GLOSS, equalled only by Patent Leather.

Sold Retail by all GROCERS and SHOE DEPOTS. Orders received by American Agency, 286 Broadway New York, and Wholesale at the  
Manufacturer's Depot,  
104 Broad Street, N. Y.

**CHAIR MANUFACTORY.**

OFFICE OF THE JUNIATA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Perryville, Oct. 15, 1865.

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

G. W. JACOBS, Treasr.  
WILLIAM HENCH, Secy. Jan 13

**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. 24, 1865.

H. F. SAIGER  
WITH  
**PEIPER & MARKLEY,**  
MANUFACTURERS  
AND  
WHOLESALE DEALERS

**BOOTS & SHOES**  
No. 31 North Third Street, Phila  
M. G. PEIPER, H. B. MARKLEY.

**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, 1866.

**THE TWO ANSWERS**

"No, Charlie, it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I cannot be your wife. I have compassion on me and do not press me further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke, with her hands clasped and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen, and I fancied there were tears in her eyes. She was a beautiful girl, and I had thought her as good and pure as sine was beautiful; and further than this, I had believed that she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools. Of her early life I knew nothing, save that she had been well educated and had moved in good society; and I had reason to believe that, at some time, her parents had been wealthy but her father had failed in business, and it had been told to me that the sad reverse killed him. I had known that Mary was poor—that she was dependent upon her daily labor for support—and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantage of moderate wealth, had given increase to my prospective happiness. But this unexpected answer dashed all my bright hopes to the ground.

"Do you mean," I cried, vehemently, "that you thus dismiss me? Am I cast off?"

"I cannot be your wife," was the reply. "Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have betrayed under other circumstances, "I leave you to yourself, and while I strive to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I will only hope that ere you lead another into your net you will conclude beforehand whether you will keep him."

She looked up into my face with a painful, frightened glance, but I did not stop to hear her speak further. I turned and left the house.

I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more cool and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose, dear readers, the attending circumstances were? I'll tell you candidly.

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"Oh! my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair. "I wonder not that she refused to place her future life in my keeping. She has suffered enough from the accused cup. The night of sorrow and desolation has been long enough upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening path of life led towards the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen."

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On the following day—a Sabbath, calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new Temple more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that sometime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning, and all seemed moved by inspiration. To me it was like the holy outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from her instrument I caught her eye. Mine were dim with moisture, but hers were bright, gleaming with seraphic light.

Two weeks had passed, another had pressed the keys of the organ for Mary was not in the choir. She knelt before the altar—by my side—and over us both the aged clergymen stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

And we went out from church together—Mary and I—out in the new life—bound heart to heart, and hand to hand, to love honor and cherish forever more.

April—two years ago—he was seen in a box close by the water-trough in the barn-yard. She helped herself to them and eat very freely, and soon began to gain in milk; and although she was farrow, she gave as much milk as she did the year before. In September she began to gnaw boards a little again. As the soap bones were gone, my husband went and dug up the bones of a horse he had buried, and baited them in lye until he could pound them up fine, and these were put in the same box. As long as we kept a few bones within their reach, our cattle do not gnaw boards. As long as they show a disposition to gnaw boards they invariably grow poor, while they gain in flesh when that appetite is appeased.

SUNDRY MANURING—For many years we have advocated, and proved by the most indisputable evidence, that surface manuring of the land is the best mode to apply dung in a general sense, and that some of our best farmers had adopted it with respect to many of their crops. We notice in the last number of the *Gaulese Farmer* a short communication from that intensely practical farmer, John Johnson, on this subject, in which he sustains, in a few words, all that has been said in our columns in its favour, to wit:—"I have used manure, only as a top dressing, for the last twenty-six years, and I do think one load used in that way is worth far more than two ploughed under on our stiff land."—*Germanstown Telegraph*.

A NEW HEDGE PLANT.—The silver thorn is a species of *Elaeagnus* from Asia, and promises well. Some kinds of hedge plants grow too fast; others, like *Pyrus japonica*, too slow. The honey locust and osage orange are subject to attacks from mice in winter. The silver thorn is bushy, hardy and thorny; grows to a complete hedge, three feet high, in three years; the leaves are beautiful; the roots wiry; and at three years of age bears seed, which grow readily. Its flowers are as sweet scented as the *Jessamine*; it is perfectly hardy, though a native of Asia. The *Pyracantha* is not hardy in sunny places. One variety of it is quite bushy, bears white berries, and its foliage endures the winter well.—*Gardner's Monthly*.

DEATH OF THE GREAT ILLINOIS FARMER.—Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Morgan county, Illinois, died suddenly at his residence on the 24th of August Mr. Strawn was a very remarkable man. He went to Illinois at an early period, and commenced business as a farmer and purchaser of cattle for the western and other markets. It is said that his whole fortune at the time of his settling in Morgan county consisted of half a dollar in silver. He however, had entered 500 acres of land. But energy, industry, and perseverance, enabled him in the course of thirty-five years to amass a very large fortune. He was one of the largest landholders in the State.

Mr. Strawn went to Illinois from Ohio in 1830. Previous to moving his family to Illinois he entered about 200 acres of land near Jacksonville, at \$1 25 per acre. This was the nucleus of the immense landed property he possessed when he died, amounting to between thirty and thirty-five acres. The land is now worth from \$40 to \$50 per acre. At this valuation Mr. Strawn's landed property alone would be worth \$1,500,000. Mr. Strawn, was immensely stout, would probably weigh 350 pounds, and generally rode in a low buggy. If he could get a friend, or even a stranger, to ride and post him on the news of the day, but especially upon the gates on his property, he considered he had made quite a point for the day. During the war he was a thorough Union man, and did a great deal to moderate the Copperhead sentiment of his section of the State. A short time since he offered a gift of \$10,000 to the State Sanitary commission, if the people of Morgan county would subscribe double that amount. The money was raised, and Mr. Strawn presented his check for the \$10,000. Besides his immense real property, Mr. Strawn has a large amount of money loaned.

Some cute Yankee has invented a palpitating bosom for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring. A will spring of affection in the heart is a much sadder and more valuable invention. It don't need winding up, except twice a year with a new bosom.