

Juniata



Sentinel.

H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Job Work.—The prices of JOB WORK, for thirty Bills, one eight sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$2.00; one-half, \$3.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per quire.

Business Cards.

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

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Sept. 20, 1865.

J. A. MILLIKEN,
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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.

Office—Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. M. Allison, Esq.

COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS connected with the profession promptly attended to.
Oct. 15, '65.

Dr. P. C. RUNDIO, 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.
April 6th.

VENUE AUCTIONEER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Venue Crier 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 Fern-nagh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.
Jan. 25, 1864.

WILLIAM GIVEN.

ALEX. SPEDDY,
AUCTIONEER.

RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county. Having had a large experience in the business of Venue 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.

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. [Feb.]

Pensions! Pensions!

ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION. All persons who intend applying for a Pension must call on the Examining Surgeon to know whether their Disability is sufficient to entitle them to a Pension. All disabled Soldiers will call on the undersigned who has been appointed Pension Examining Surgeon for Juniata and adjoining Counties.

P. C. RUNDIO, M. D.,
Patterson, Pa.
Dec. 9, 1865.

Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh,

TREATED with the utmost success, by Dr. J. ISAACS, Oculist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 519 PINE 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. 15, '65.—ly

SELLING OFF AT COST—

As the room now occupied by me as a Clothing Store, will be occupied for other purposes in the Spring, I now offer my entire stock of CLOTHING at cost prices, for OVERCOATS, DRESS COATS, PANTS, VESTS, UNDER CLOTHING, &c. Give me a call.
Dec. 6, '65. J. M. MICKLEY.

Select Poetry.

NEVER COURT BUT ONE.

I have finished it, the letter,
That will tell him he is free,
From this hour and forever,
He is nothing more to me!
And my heart feels lighter, gay,
Since the deed at last is done—
I will teach him that when courting
He should never court but one.

Every body in the village
Knows he's been a wooing me,
And this morning he was riding
With that saucy Annie Lee.
They say he smil'd upon her,
As he canter'd by her side,
And I'll warrant you he promised
To make her soon his bride.

But I've finished it, the letter,
From this moment he is free—
He may have her if he wants,
If he loves her more than me.
He may go—it will not kill me—
I would say the same, so there,
If I knew it would for firing,
It is more than I can bear.

It is twilight and the evening
That he said he'd visit me—
But no doubt he's now with Anna,
He may stay there too, for me?
And as true as I'm a living,
If he ever comes here more,
I'll set as if we never,
Never, never met before.

It is time he should be coming,
And I wonder if he will,
If he does I'll look so coldly—
What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming here—
Can it be?—yes, 'tis a figure
Just as true as I am here!

Now I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
For perhaps, 'twas but a story
That he rode with Anna Lee.
There he's coming through the gate-way,
I will meet him at the door,
And I'll tell still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

What's that shadow on the hill?
I declare, out in the twilight,
There is some one coming here—
Can it be?—yes, 'tis a figure
Just as true as I am here!

Now I almost wish I'd written
Not to him that he was free,
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And I'll tell still I love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more!

SOUND AS YOUNG TIMBER.

Once on a time not long ago a good-hearted man and his long-tongued, style-talking wife attended a social party. Almost every three minutes his wife would check her husband thus:

"Now, William, don't talk so loud!"
"Come, William, don't lean back on the chair that way!"
"Now, William, don't get noisy over pher!"
"Say, William, let the girls alone and sit by me!"
At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, who was really pitted by all in the room, arose and said—
"I beg pardon of the company; but as my wife insists on being boss all the time it is right she should have these!"
And he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his boots and drawers.
The company was astonished; the woman burst into tears; the happy couple soon went home; but neither of them wore pants.

How the affair was settled we cannot tell, but the last time we saw William he had the pants on. We are inclined to think she will not boss in company in a hurry.—Holmes County Farmer.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT.—Wm. Conway, a native of Camden, Me., died at the Naval Hospital, at New York, on Thursday last, in his 63rd year. In 1861 he was a sailor in our navy, having served over forty years as an enlisted man. In April, 1861, he was stationed at the Warrenton (Pensacola) naval station, Florida, and was the man whom E. R. Benschaw, of the old navy, ordered to lower the United States flag on the secession of the State. Mr. Conway, in reply to his order, answered that he "Couldn't do it." The order was repeated more positively—
"Lieutenant," answered the old sailor, "I have served under that flag for forty years, and won't do it." The rebel lieutenant did not insist. Shortly after Mr. Conway was sent North and remained during the war. He received from the citizens of San Francisco a gold medal commendatory of his gallant action on the occasion referred to, and this he had on his person at the time of his death, together with letters from Secretary Welles and General Halleck, praising him for his devotion to the flag.

An old lady in the country had an exquisite from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For desert there was an enormous apple pie. "La, madame, how do you manage to handle such a pie?" he inquired. "Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

NEW POINTS IN GRANT'S REPORT.

With reference to the report of General Grant, says the Lancaster Inquirer, which accompanied the President's message, we prefer to set before our readers that which is new in the General's narrative rather than to publish the whole of it, containing, as it does, so much that is well known. When he took command of all the forces as General-in-Chief, he found the armies of the East and the West acting without concert, and, like a balking team, no two ever pulling together. This gave the enemy great advantage of using the same force, at different seasons, against first one and then the other of our armies, or else of withdrawing one to the other to obtain rest. He determined to stop by keeping both of the great armies of the enemy employed all the time, and then, as he says, to "hammer continuously" against them with the greatest possible number of troops he could procure, until there should be nothing left to the enemy, but submission—
"Here we have the whole secret of his 'strategy.'"

A little way further on in the report we learn that General Grant, before starting across the Rapidan in his Richmond campaign, made known his purpose to put the Army of the Potomac on the south side of James river, if he could not beat Lee withing going there. This revelation overthrows all the newspaper argumentation that has been indulged in, on the theory that he never designed to go there at all, but was forced off his line.

The next thing that attracts attention is the following handsome tribute to Gen. Meade:

"I may here state that, commanding all the armies, as I did, I tried, as far as possible, to leave Gen. Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac. My instructions for that army were all through him, and were general in their nature, leaving all the details and the execution to him. The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right man in the right place. His commanding always in the presence of an officer superior to him in rank, has drawn from him much of that public attention, that his zeal and ability entitle him to, and which he would otherwise have received."

Here, again, is a disastrous defeat to the newspapers, and particularly to those which supposed that, because they kept General Meade's name out of their columns, the world would never know that he was the able and successful commander of the Army of the Potomac.

It is easy enough, however, to perceive which of the army commanders had the entire confidence of General Grant—
Thus he speaks in the same heavy terms of Sheridan. He made Sheridan a visit before the campaign of the latter in the Shenandoah Valley, as he wished to see the positions and surroundings himself—but he was so well satisfied with what Sheridan placed before him that he saw but two words of obstructions were necessary, and those two were "go in!"
General Grant says he never deemed it necessary to visit Sheridan again before giving him orders.

Of Sherman's movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta he says that it was "prompt, skilful and brilliant," and that the "history of his flank movements and battles during that memorable campaign will ever be read with an interest unsurpassed by anything in history." We learn from this report also that "Sherman's march to the sea" was not a result of Hood's flank movement from Atlanta, as was universally believed at the time, but that he had planned it deliberately and laid the general features of it before General Grant, more than two months before Hood started on his fatal tramp to Tennessee. We learn too, that Grant had doubts about the movements, but finally yielded his consent.

It now appears also that General Grant was very anxious about the cautious proceedings of General Thomas previous to the battle of Nashville, but he now says that "the final defeat of Hood was so complete as to vindicate the judgment of that distinguished officer." (General Thomas.) He speaks warmly of Gen. Schofield, giving him the credit of inflicting a fatal blow to Hood before the battle of Nashville.

In the course of the narrative we find two illustrations of the damage done by indiscreet publications of army movements. While speaking of the preparations for the expedition against Fort Fisher, General Grant says, that through the "imprudence of the press," the enemy was warned, and the sailing of the fleet had to be postponed. The other case worked to our advantage, for General Grant says that he learned all about the plans of the enemy through the speech that Jefferson Davis made at Mason, Georgia, in the fall of 1864, and which was fully reported in the Southern press.

A HARMONIOUS JURY.—"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a locked-up set of twelve, whom he had left under one of his men, Denny Garry, and whom he met upon the stairs with a pall in his hand. "Oh, yes," replied Denny, "they have agreed to send out for another half gallon."

HON. ELI SLIFER, SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

The following from the pen of a correspondent of the Chambersburg Repository, is a worthy tribute to a worthy man.—Hon. Eli Slifer, Secretary of the Commonwealth. No political trickery, or unfair means ever aided this man as he ascended step by step to his present position. A poor young man, he started in life with little or no means, but with a better legacy than gold—a good name, and an honest purpose, he has carved out a reputation for political integrity, honesty, and personal worth, which political tricksters are vainly striving to tear from him.

There are few men of the thousands who meet him in his matter of fact official transactions in the course of a year, who know Eli Slifer, the Secretary of the Commonwealth. Quiet unobtrusive and retiring to a fault, he labors in his responsible department week after week and month after month, with a degree of industry, integrity and a singleness of purpose which are rarely found in an official these days. In all respects a self-made man—a trained mechanic, without friends or fortune or any fortuitous circumstances to give him advancement, he has won his way by his own merits without seeking distinction, until he is one of the most capable and thorough officials ever connected with our State government; and it would be well if in our national affairs there were more men of the clear, practical judgment and thorough familiarity with great questions and with the people, which Mr. Slifer has ever displayed in his various responsible public trusts.

He entered public life about 1848 as a member of the legislature from old Union and Juniata, and was re-elected the following year. In 1851 he was nominated for Senator in the Union, Millin and Juniata district, after a protracted and bitter struggle in the conference between three other aspirants—all agreeing in the end to unite on him, and he was nominated in defiance of his earnest protest and elected without opposition. In both branches of the legislature he earned confidence and distinction by his unflinching fidelity to the interests of the State, and his enlightened and thorough views as to our finances and sterling integrity of character, made his political friends single him out with great unanimity for State Treasurer in 1855. He was elected, and more than met the high expectations of the State by his management of the treasury, but the succeeding year the Democrats secured a majority in the legislature and he, of course, had to retire.

In 1855, when the Republicans again carried the legislature, he was re-elected, and the legislature of 1860 again confided the treasury to his keeping. In 1861, when Gov. Curtin was inaugurated, he called Mr. Slifer to his cabinet as Secretary of the Commonwealth, and he has filled the position until now with the same spotless fidelity to the State and to his chief which have ever characterized him in all public positions. He is still in the prime of life, and if he had ambition equal to his strength and merits, he might have many honors in store for him in the future; but he would rather manage his beautiful farm on the Susquehanna than seek political honors however certain the prospects of success. He has been a most invaluable auxiliary to Gov. Curtin during the harassing cares of his administration, and when it shall be ready to commit to history, there is no man who will deserve better of the people, or to whom Gov. Curtin would pay a more heart-felt and grateful tribute, than to Eli Slifer. For thirteen years he has been in responsible official positions here, and he will retire the same upright, faithful, christian man he came, after having filled the highest measure of public trust in the State, excepting only the Executive chair, with eminent honor and success."

A SINGULAR CASE.—About fifty-five years ago, a young gentleman and lady formed an association as young people of tea do, and it was supposed by the friends that it would terminate in matrimony.—But for some reason best known to the parties, the association was dissolved, and they separated. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married, and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family.—During the last year her husband died.—The lady remained a widow about eleven months, when her former suitor made an advance to her—being about 75 years old, and the lady 71—and they were married. The parties are living in the vicinity of Lynn P. O. Susquehanna county, Pa., and the gentleman gave his consent to the publication of this notice.—Montrose Republican.

A coroner's jury in Oneida county, New York, recently rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man had come to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury.

Why is the Secretary of the Navy like a crazy petroleum speculator? Because he's Giddy-on Wells.

SUBTERRANEAN LAKE.

The editor of the Reading Daily Times, in a recent visit to the East Pennsylvania Railroad shops at that city, thus notices a subterranean lake or cistern that was discovered on the premises of the Company:

"While going over the works we were particularly struck with a description of the well which supplies the water for the different shops, engines, &c. It appears in digging this well a very hard bed of rock had to be perforated. This was succeeded by softer stone, until the bottom of the well fell out! This revealed to the workmen a subterranean cistern or lake, the water of which was as pure as crystal and the supply inexhaustible. No bounds could be found to its southern termination, and the conclusion arrived at is, that there exists a lake of some dimensions, over which the workshops are erected."

BEAUTY IN WOMEN.—A beautiful face and figure are the two things in a woman that first attract the attention of a man. The second is a fine taste, both in dress and habits, and the third is common sense. What a man most dislikes in a lady's is untidiness, slovenly habits and affectation.

There is a medium between prudery and relaxed behavior, which a man appreciates almost by instinct. Place a man of genial disposition, with a disengaged heart, in the society of a woman of beauty, sense and spirit—not too much of the latter—and the chances are of immediately falling desperately in love. The poor wretch cannot avoid it, and in his frantic efforts to escape he falls on his knees at her feet and avows the might and majesty of her beauty. All you have to do will be to treat the poor fellow as kindly as you can, and make no effort to please him. Let nature have her own way, and depend upon it, you will be fondly pressed to the warm bosom of some generous-hearted fellow.

AN ELEPHANT ON THE RAMPADE.—An elephant, named Romeo, became unmanageable at the Ridge avenue depot, in Philadelphia, on Sunday night, during the temporary absence of the keeper.—He smashed one wagon, partly demolished a car, and tore down about seven stalls, and then made his way up Ridge avenue; traveled on that road northward for a mile; tore down a fence or two, and twisted off a small tree in a field. Word was sent to the keeper, who speedily arrived, and who soon subdued the elephant. The huge animal was taken to the menagerie, at Tenth and Callowhill streets, before day-break, where he picked up a man, threw him against a partition, and then, with his trunk, broke down a part of the stable wall. The elephant weighed five and a quarter tons, and is now perfectly subdued. The amount of damage done by the elephant will not exceed \$900.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.—An old lady residing in the lower part of this county, 86 years of age, walked to Reading, a few days ago, a distance of 16 miles.—Most of our young ladies, now-a-days, consider it quite a hardship to walk a mile, and on accomplishing that distance, are overcome with fatigue. The old lady referred to, in a conversation with a gentleman from Lebanon, the other day, remarked that when she was young, she did all kinds of farm work, and she liked it all well enough except sawing wood. In those days breath was not squeezed out of the body with tight lacing, and the minds of the girls were not engrossed with the important subjects of waterfalls, jockey hats, ribbons and feathers. They cultivated their common sense, and were helped to their mothers.—Lebanon Courier.

James McCormick, supposed to have been the oldest man in the United States, died in Newburg, New York, on the 11th inst., at the advanced age of 114 years, 3 months, and 5 days. He was remarkable for health and strength as for longevity, and his life was an excellent temperance argument. His invariable answer to the question what he thought more than anything else caused him to live so long, was temperance, exercise, plain food, regular meals, and regular hours in going to bed and getting up.

LIVING AND DYING.—Two men were once disputing about the color of their hair, in a tavern where Bruten was a guest. The locks of one were gray and the other jet black, although the latter was much the oldest. Bruten was appealed to say which man he thought would live the longest. "What nonsense!" said Bruten; "how can I tell? though I should say that the younger person, no doubt, will be 'gray as long as he lives,' while the eldest man will be 'black as long as he dies.'"

The New York Tribune on the 1st instant, divided among its stockholders \$50,000 as the profits of four months business. As the entire original stock of the institution was only \$100,000 the dividend is somewhat remarkable. The present capital of the Tribune Association invested in machinery and buildings is over \$500,000.

Farmers Department.

WORKSHOPS FOR FARMERS.

It is always perplexing and unpleasant, and not unfrequently a cause of much expense, to be compelled to run to the carpenter or blacksmith every time a hinge is to be replaced, a wheelbarrow injured or a strap broken. To obviate such contingency, the farmer should either be himself or have in his employ one who can repair such injuries, and he should also provide accommodations and tools which will enable him to do it. A workshop, with a good bench, vice, and all the various tools required in the performance of the more simple details, should be among the buildings of every homestead. A little skill in the use of tools—and this any person of moderate capacities can readily acquire—will enable one to save many dollars, annually, besides furnishing pleasurable and profitable employment for many an otherwise idle and perhaps painful hour. Here should be found white wash, paints, oils and brushes; cements, pruning and grafting tools, syringes for irrigating plants; glass, nails, screws, putty, glazing tools, and indeed, every article that may be required in keeping the premises and apparatus of the farm in a state of complete repair.

Having once become accustomed to these advantages and conveniences, the wonder will be how it were possible that they were not introduced long before.—Germantown Telegraph.

TEMPER IN TREATING STOCK.—The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and the milk cows. A man of irascible temper gets up nervousness in a horse or a cow. The brute becomes afraid of him; and if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtful, spitefully inclined, perhaps irremediably spoiled—whereas a mild-tempered, discriminating man will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milk cows, wild as deer, brought to a placid tractability. The man is a superior—and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock-men keep fools and irritants out of their stock-yards.

HOW MANY INCHES IN A BUSHEL.—The standard bushel of the United States contains 2150.4 cubic inches. The "Imperial bushel" is about 68 cubic inches larger, being 2218.192 cubic inches.—Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2150.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, vegetables, coal and other similar substances, one-fifth must be added. In other words, a peck measure five times over full makes one bushel. The usual practice is to "heap the measure." In order to get on the fifth peck measures must be heaped as long as what is to be measured will lie on.

TO PREVENT HORSES KICKING.—Having a horse that would kick everything to pieces in the stable, that he could reach, and having found a remedy for it, (after trying many things, such as fettering, whipping, hanging chains behind him for to kick against, &c.) I send it to you. It is simply fastening a short trace-chain, about two feet long, by a strap, to each hind foot, and let him do his own whipping if he cannot stand still without it, and he will not need to have boards nailed to his stall every day.—Country Gentleman.

BAKED CORN PUDDING.—Scald three pints milk, into which stir smoothly two cups corn meal, and one cup chopped suet, or half cup butter. When cooled add a well-rounded cup of good sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of salt, and a pint of milk, mixed with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour. Add a cup of raisins, and bake 2 1/2 hours.

RATS.—Neighbor Jones says, that if we will go to a tin shop and get a lot of scrap tin, and crowd it into their holes, they will evacuate the premises at once. Whether they fear them as traps, or whether they have a natural fear for it, he could not tell. He only knows the fact.

It is said that a small quantity of sassafras bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

WIPING DISHES.—Much time is wasted by housekeepers in wiping their dishes. If properly washed and drained in a dry sink, with a cloth spread on the bottom, they look better than when wiped, besides the economy in saving time and labor.

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel; two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel; and over fourteen thousand seeds in a ounce of tobacco.