

A. J. McCallister

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by H. H. WILSON.

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of forty lines or less, for one week, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and five, \$2.50.

Business Cards.

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

E. C. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa., Office his professional services to the public.

WILLIAM M. ALLISON,
Attorney at Law,
AND
Notary Public.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

JOHN T. L. SAHM,
Attorney-at-Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA. OFFERS his professional services to the public.

J. A. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA. Office in the Old Fellows' Hall, Bridge street.

D. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson,
DR. wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cedarware such as Tubs, Borer Bowls, Buckets, Churns, Buckets, Horse Buckets, &c. at

Select Poetry.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

[This noble poem of Bryant's is so seasonable at the present time that we reprint it—Like many other good things, time has given it new virtue.]

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle field.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And hark of wandering time are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black mouth'd gun and staggering
Men start not at the battle cry: [vain;
Oh! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who nighest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long:
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Miscellaneous Reading.

GLASS MANUFACTURE.

The "Local" of the Pittsburg Post describes the process of making glassware in one of the establishments of that city in the following manner:

The pots in which the "batch" of mixture is melted, are thirty nine inches high by forty three inches in diameter. They are made of the finest and purest Missouri and Allegheny clay, and the greatest possible care must be exercised in their manufacture. A housewife may get an accidental atom of dirt into the bread she makes and be forgiven, but there is no pardon for the man who mixes ever so little dirt with the pot of clay, and his sin will surely find him out, for a piece of dirt less than a pea will ruin the pot—About one hundred of these pots are kept on hand ready for use. They are not fit to be used until they have the seal of age upon them.

The materials used are principally sand, lead, pearlash, and nitre. The sand is of the purest Missouri, and before it is used it is washed thoroughly, and when it is put into the "batch" it is pure enough for the neatest housewife of old to have sprinkled her "best room" floor withal.

A furnace provided with a large iron pan by way of a bottom, is used for pulverizing the lead. On the floor near by is piled a quantity of pig-lead, and into this iron bottomed oven these pigs are placed for roasting. A little long-handled hoe is kept stirring the lead. A seam of hardened metal appears on the surface and is shoveled back into a second division, called a "burning area." Here the lead is thoroughly burned, and when it is taken out it is sifted, after which it is a red powder.

A large tank holds a saturated solution of pearlash. It is left in this tank until all impurities settle to the bottom, when the clear portion of the liquid is decanted into another tank through which a coil of steam pipe passes. Here it is boiled by steam until the liquid evaporates, and the pure ash remains as white and stainless as snow. The nitre employed in the manufacture is treated in the same manner. These ingredients are now ready to be mixed into glass "dough."

The batch is made up of the following proportions:

Two thousand pounds of sand, six hundred and fifty pounds of lead, five hundred pounds of pearlash, and two hundred and fifty pounds of nitre.

The batch, when it is ready, is of a pretty cinnamon color, and does not look in the least as if twenty four hours hence it would be shining in beautiful goblets and fruit dishes. When the ingredients are ready for transformation the mess is shoveled into a little dray and hauled to the pots.

The next that we see of this pretty cinnamon colored mixture is when it is taken, in little melted bits, on the end of rods, out of the glowing mouth of the furnace.

It is glass now, and no trick of art or incantation of science can make sand and lead and pearlash of it again. Standing all about the different furnaces are many presses, all provided with distinct and different molds. Each press is tended by a workman, assisted by two or three boys. A boy runs from the furnace to the press with a little wad of melted glass twisting rapidly on the end of a rod. He holds the rod over the open mouth of the mould and lets the glass run in till the operator clips it with a pair of shears. By the working of a lever the mould is closed and the "follower" passes into it. When, by another motion of the lever, the mould is opened, the glass article is taken out complete. Perhaps it is a goblet, or a dainty wine glass, or a beer mug with a handle on all complete. Whatever it is, it is perfect.

In the finishing room little grind stones are whirling in all directions. One man has a stand near him filled with all manner of the finer bottles for druggists. He seizes a glass stopper, fastens it on a kind of a spindle and fits over it an iron mould, which is stationary, the stopper whirls rapidly, grinding its surface down true as a die. The mould is taken off and the mouth of the bottle which the stopper is to fit is smeared with wet emery and held over the whirling stopper till the two surfaces fit with absolute accuracy, and that is the way ground glass stoppers are fitted. Another man holds the rough bottom of a tumbler against the grind stone until it is smooth; he then holds the different parts skillfully against the stone until the required shape is obtained, and that is the way glass is "cut."

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.

A foreign exchange gives the following instances of remarkable events happening upon the 14th of the month:

"The fourteenth has been memorable in many ways, and memorable perhaps above all other days for assassinations—Let us note a few of the more famous:—On the 14th of May, 1610, Ravillac murdered Henry IV. of France; on the 14th of July, 1793, Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday's dagger; on the 14th of February, 1400, Richard III. was murdered in Pomfret castle; and on the same day of the same month, 1696, the dastardly plot to assassinate William III. was discovered and frustrated. Captain Cook was killed on the 14th of February, 1779, and Admiral Byng was executed on the 14th of March, 1757, the victim of an unscrupulous administration. The Duc de Berri was stabbed on the 13th and died on the 14th of February, 1820. An attempt was made at Baden by Oscar B. Eker, a half mad student, to kill the King of Prussia on the 14th of July, 1861. On the 14th of January, 1858, Orsini and Pierri were guillotined for their diabolical attack on the life of the Emperor of the French; and on the 14th of April, 1865, the atrocious and cold-blooded assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the attempted murder of Mr. Seward convulsed America with grief and indignation and shocked the whole civilized world."

An old fellow in a neighboring town, who is original in all things, especially egotism and profanity, and who took part in the late great rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question: "I say, old Joe, how many rebs did you kill during the war?" "How many did I kill, Sir? how many rebs did I kill? Well I don't know just 'actly how many; but I know this much—I killed as many o' them as they did o' me."

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

Under the shadow of the old Lutheran church of this city and close by the door where the worshippers from week to week go in and out, lies the body of a distinguished Pennsylvania officer, who fought under Washington in the war for Independence. The mural tablet which tells the story of the sleeping soldier reminds us strongly of the scenes of to-day;

THOMAS MIFFLIN,
Major General in the Revolutionary Army of the United States and Governor of Pennsylvania.

It seems, then, that it is not a new thing in our history for a grateful Republic to reward her patriotic children with civil honors. Connecticut, in tendering her governorship to Gen. Hawley of Richmond and Rhode Island, in offering the first position in her gift to fighting and persevering Burnside, were only doing in 1866 what Pennsylvania had done in a past century.

And shall Pennsylvania do less to-day for her fighting sons than in the Revolution? Shall the children be less grateful than their fathers? What Major General Mifflin did in 1776, Major-General Geary has done in 1861. Alike they have trodden for the Commonwealth the bloody wine press of war. Alike have they held in their hands the most precious trust of the State—the lives of her young men. In the time of peril, in the hour of danger, alike their manhood was the bulwark of the Commonwealth. Our fathers the fathers of the men who walk the streets of Lancaster to-day, who will vote at the polls of Lancaster this fall, our honest, upright fathers, as a matter of simple justice, made Mifflin Governor. Shall we do less to-day? Shall our recognition of such services be less substantial, our gratitude less prompt and graceful because our strite was bloodier?

Thoughtless in those days there was opposition. Doubtless Gen. Mifflin had his Clymer some truly sympathizer, some cold, polished gentleman too respectable to associate with the ragged Pennsylvania line, or feel for the martyrs of the common people at Valley Forge. But the people of those days believed that the men who fought for their country were the safe ones to govern it, and that those who had represented them on the battle field were their proper representatives in the Council Chamber. History applauds their decision. In honoring their patriotic citizen they did honor to themselves and laid their action for a lesson to their posterity.

That ancient grave, in the churchyard of Old Trinity, is a standing appeal for the Republican cause. It is an admonition from our ancestors, ever reminding us to be true to the cause and the men of the Union. It was erected in perpetual memory of the soldier-governor of our patriotic forefathers, and to remind us forever, by their example, of our duty.

Yes, this grave, and the grave of every soldier in the Commonwealth, pleads for Geary. He represents not only the living, but the dead of all the State. We honor them in honoring him. And truly when we think of the great army of our martyrs who have given their lives that Republic might live, and how they died on bloody fields, in ghastly hospitals, and spectral prisons, we feel that we can never too greatly honor or do too much for those men who were the comrades of our dead.

What community of feeling or interest has Clymer with the dead of the people? Consistent only in his cold opposition to his country and his country's army, is it not revolting to mention his name with the sleeping children of the nation? Is it not wrong to speak of him when we mourn for fallen manhood, and deplore the fate of generous patriotism?

No; the great armies of our dead, whether of Revolutionary or Contemporary memory—for they fought for a common cause and fell for a common country—implore us in language that cannot be unheeded, to stand by the men who, for us, in the great extremity, stood by them—even unto death.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?" "Well I don't exactly know, drawled his opponent, "but to judge from your size, appearance and constant buzzing, I should think you belong to the class generally called insects."

CONSTITUTION OF THE JUNIATA COUNTY CENTRAL GEARY CLUB.

This Society shall be known by the name of the "Juniata County Central Geary Club," and its object shall be to advance the Republican cause, and secure the election of Major-General John W. Geary.

Any person can become a member of this Club who is eighteen years of age or over, who shall pledge himself to use his influence, and if of legal age, vote for Maj-Gen. John W. Geary.

The Officers of this Club shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected *vice voce*, and who shall serve until the State election, and of an Executive Committee of five persons, who shall be appointed by the President, to serve for the same term.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings, preserve order, and sign all orders presented to him by the Secretary.

In the absence of the President, one of the Vice Presidents shall act in his stead, and perform all duties pertaining to his office.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep accurate minutes of the Club, to write all orders, carry on all correspondence, receive all monies and pay the same to the Treasurer, taking his receipt for the same.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all monies, pay out the same on the order of the Executive Committee and keep a correct account of the same.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to attend to the general business of the Club, procure rooms in which to meet, light, fuel, &c., decide as to the time and place of holding public meetings, procuring speakers, &c.

All meetings of the Club shall be conducted by the principles and rules of "Cushing's Manual," where they do not conflict with its Constitution.

The Constitution and By-Laws may be amended or altered at any time by a vote of two thirds of the members present.

J. K. ROBISON, Pres't.
E. W. H. KREIDER, Sec'y.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Shortly before the departure of the lamented Heber of India, he preached a sermon which contained this beautiful sentiment:

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders.—The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth, and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry around us; we are excited at some short lived disappointment. The streams bear us on, and our joys are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves beneath our feet, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

A young minister went into the country to preach, and observed, during his discourse, a poor woman who seemed to be much affected. After the service he resolved to pay her a visit, and see what were the impressions on her mind. "Well," said he, "what were you so much affected about during the service?" "Oh, sir," said the woman, "I'll tell you. About six years ago, me and my husband removed to this place, and all the property we had was a poor donkey. Husband he died, and then me and poor donkey was left alone. At last, donkey he died, and, to tell you the truth, your voice put me in mind of that dear old critter, that I couldn't help taking on and crying about it."

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Just before the declaration of independence, a yankee peddler started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Jonathan traveled over the city, asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. He got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook (for history doesn't tell where he got it,) and strutting up town one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware, as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he would supply him with pleasure.

"Very good," said our naval officer, "I will call then."

Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route, and had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said he'll be goll darned if he didn't take 'em home before he'd take less than his first price.

The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; while Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his manoeuvre, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

In the United States Senate, December 19, 1860, Andrew Johnson, Senator from the State of Tennessee, said:

I believe we have the power in our own hands, and I am not willing to shrink from the responsibility of exercising that power. * * * I am for abiding by the Constitution, and in abiding by it I want to maintain and retain my place here and put down Mr. Lincoln and drive back his advances upon Southern institutions, if he designs to make any. Have we not got the brakers in our hands? Have we not got the power? We have. Let South Carolina send her Senators back; let all the Senators come; and on the 4th of March next we shall have a majority of six in this body against him. This sectional candidate, who is in a minority of a million, or nearly so, on the popular vote, cannot make his Cabinet on the 4th of March next, unless this Senate will permit him. Am I to be so great a coward as to retreat from duty? I will stand here and resist all encroachments and advances. Here is the place to stand. Shall I desert the citadel and let the enemy come and take possession? No. Can Mr. Lincoln send a foreign minister, or even a consul, abroad, unless he receives the sanction of the Senate? Can he appoint a postmaster, whose salary is over \$1,000 a year, without the consent of the Senate? Shall we desert our posts, shrink from our responsibilities, and permit Mr. Lincoln to come with his cohorts, as we consider them, from the North, and carry away everything?

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has chanced to meet with it before:—When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said it could not be done.—Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, indeed, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." "It cannot be done," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible?" repeated Mr. Webster, "impossible? Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill!" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

A discriminating literary patron of Paris carries five different brands of cigars at all times, that he may offer each author whom he may meet a weed of flavor proportionate to his standing in art or letters.