Juniata Sentinel.

H. H. WILSON, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

VOLUME XX, NO 15. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A, JULY 18, 1866. WHOLE NUMBER 1003.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

H. H. WILSON.

The SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the paper will be TWO DOLLARS per year in advance, and $2.50 if not paid within the first three months.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid—except at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of EIGHT lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents three, $1 50; and 50 cts for each subsequent insertion. Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notices, $2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, $8.00 per year. Merchants advertising (changeable quarterly) $15 per year, including paper at their Stores. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line.

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.

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.,

Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. Office first door North of Belford's Store, (upstairs.)

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. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Bridge Street.

Sept. 26, 1865.

J. A. MCCLURE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.

Office in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Bridge street.

COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS connected with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 18, '65.

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. April6-tf

VENDUE CRIER AND AUCTIONEER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer 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 Fermanagh 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 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.

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. [feb1

Pensions! Pensions!

ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLE DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLE TO A PENSION. All persons who intend applying for a Pension must call on the Examining Surgeon to know wether 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, 13.-tf.

MEDICAL CARD.

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

Dr. K. having had eight years experience in hospital, general, and army practice, feels prepared to request a trial from those who may be so unfortunate as to need medical attendance.

He will be found at the brick building opposite the "SENTINEL OFFICE," or at his residence in the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.

July 22, 1865.-tf.

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

GLOUFF, TROW & PARKER'S.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—ON AND after Sunday, May 20, 1866, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows:

EASTWARD.

Local Accommodat'n...	7.05 P. M.
Philadelphia Express..	12,44 P. M
Fast Line.....	6.41, A. M.
Cincinnati Express.....	6.26, P. M.
Day Express.....	11,31, A. M.
Way Passenger.....	10,07, A. M.

WESTWARD.

New York Express.....	5,54 A. M.
Day Express.....	3.38, P. M.
Baltimore Express.....	3.59, A. M.
Philadelphia Express...	5,09, A. M.
Fast Line.....	5.50, P. M.
Mail Train.....	4.38, P. M.
Emigrant Train.....	9.47, A. M.

JAMES NORTH, Ag't.

READING RAIL ROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

June 11th, 1866.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for *Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.*

Trains leave *Harrisburg* for *New York*, as follows: At 3,00, 8,10 and 9,05 A. M., and 2,10 and 9,15 P. M., arriving at *New York* at 5,40 and 10,00 A. M., and 3,40 and 10,35 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the *Pennsylvania Railroad*; Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3,00 and 9,20 P M trains without change.

Leave *Harrisburg* for *Reading, Pottsville Tamaqua, Muersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia*, at 8,10 A. M. and 2,10 and 4,10 P M, stopping at *Lebanon* and all *Way Stations*; the 4,10 P M Train making no close connections for *Pottsville* nor *Philadelphia*. For *Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven* and *Tolpehocken* via *Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad* leave *Harrisburg* at 3,20 P M.

Returning: Leave *New York* at 7,00 A M, 12,00 Noon and 8,00 P M, *Philadelphia* at 8,15 A M, and 3,30 P M; *Pottsville* at 8,30 A M & 2,45 P M; *Ashland* 6,00 and 11,15 A M, and 1,05 P M; *Tamaqua* at 9,45 A. M, and 1,00 and 8,55 P M.

Leave *Pottsville* for *Harrisburg*, via *Schuylkill* and *Susquehanna Rail Road*, at 7 00 A. M.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves *Reading* at 6 00 A. M., returning from *Philadelphia* at 5 00 P. M.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave *Reading* at 6 45 A M and 6 15 P M for *Ephrata, Lititz Lancaster, Columbia*, &c.

On Sundays: Leave *New-York* at 8 00 P. M., *Philadelphia* 8 a.m 3 15 P. M., *Pottsville* 8 00 A M., *Tamaqua* 7 30 A. M., *Harrisburg* 3 05 A. M., and *Reading* at 1 30 A. M., for *Harrisburg*, and 10 52 A. M., for *New-York*, and 4.25 p m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets to and from all points, at reduced Rates.

Baggage checked through: 80 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

READING, PA. Nov 27, '65-tf.

1866. 1866.

Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road.

THIS Great Line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HARRISBURG.

LEAVE EASTWERD.

Erie Mail Train	2,30 A. M
Erie Express Train	8,30 A. M.
Elmira Express Train	1,15 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train	5,00 A. M.
Erie Express Train	3,55 P. M.
Elmira Express Train	2,00 P. M.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

NEW YORK CONNECTION.

Leave New York at 9,00 A. M., arrive at Erie at 7,10 A. M.

Leave Erie at 6,45 P. M., arrive at New York 4,40 P. M.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIE & NEW YORK.

Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains.

For information respecting passenger business apply at the corner of 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

And for freight business of the Company's agents:

S. B. Kingston, Jr., corner of 13th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

Wm. Brown, Agent, N. C. R. R., Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.

H. W. GWINNER,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.

A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.

Feb 14, '66-tf.

NEW STAGE LINE

MIFFLIN, PERRYSVILLE AND CONCORD.

Leaves Perrysville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Concord at 4 o'clock, p. m.

Leaves Concord Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Perrysville at 3 o'clock, p. m.,—in time for the trains going East and West.

Stages will leave Mifflin Station as follows.

Leaves Mifflin Station on Saturday, at 6 a. m. and returns on Monday; leaves Tuesday at 6 a. m. and returns on Wednesday; leaves Thursday at 6 a. m.

Stages will leave Mifflin Station for Academia, daily in the evening, and return in the morning in time for the East and West trains.

Baggage and packages of all kinds are taken in charge and promptly delivered at moderate charges. The stages on the above routes are in GOOD ORDER and under the charge of competent and experienced drivers.

The proprietor hopes, by strict and personal attention to business to merit a fair share of public patronage.

LEMUEL R. BEALE, Prop.

Jan. 10, '66.-tf.

Select Poetry.

A WISH FOR JEFF. DAVIS.

BY A CONVERTED REBEL.

May hooting owls, and whizzing bats,
And howling dogs, and spitting cats,
And bumble bees, and stinking goats,
And rattlesnakes and Norway rats
Feed on his liver, gnaw his heels,
And tickle every nerve that feels,
While little demons pinch his nose,
And weasels nibble at his toes,
May every cup once filled with bliss,
And all the joy of life's dread waste
Prove Dead Sea apples to his taste.
May pallid fear sit on his walls,
And Libby's ghosts flit through his halls.
May nightmares rob him of his rest,
His pillow be a hornet's nest—
And fill his softest feather bed
With porcupines alive and dead.
May "greybacks" be his constant care,
And "hardtack" petrified his fare!
May toothache make his "dander riz"
And twinge his nerves with "rheumatiz."
May yellow-jackets build their nest
Within the lining of his vest;
In short, may everything conspire
To fill his mouth with coals of fire!
And when earth's every stinging dart
Has pierced the craven traitor's heart,
Consign him to Cimmerian ponds
And bind him with Confederate bonds—
Where dead men's skulls with ghastly grins
Remind the traitor of his sins,
And scorpions crawl and adders hiss
Throughout the deep, dark, dread abyss;
Where alligators cleave the spheres
And crocodiles shed burning tears,
And woodpiles full of "niggers" rise
Like sable ghosts before his eyes—
There may the doomed wretch ever dwell,
Beholding Heaven, but feeling h—ll!

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT GENERAL GEARY HAS DONE?

When rebel cannon fired upon the flag of our Country at Fort Sumpter, on the 12th, 13th and 14th days of April, 1861, Gen. Geary was a plain farmer in Westmoreland county, in this State. He had served his country with distinction in Mexico, had been honored with distinguished positions in California, had been Governor of Kansas, and he had retired to the shades of private life, and amid the quiet tranquility of the country, surrounded by an interesting family, he lived like the noble Cincinnatus of Rome, happy and contented. But when the enemies of free government sought to pull down this grand old temple of freedom, and treason threatened to destroy the nation, then John W. Geary, like the gallant old Putnam of the revolution, left his plow standing in the furrow, and hurried away to the battle field, to defend his country's honor. Within the brief space of ten days he disposed of all his property, moved his family to Philadelphia, and reported himself to Governor Curtin for duty! As soon as authority could be obtained for the raising of three years troops he began to recruit the 28th Penn'a. Volunteers, and in a brief time he raised this regiment *at his own expense* He then went down to the front and remained there until the war closed.

On the 24th of September, 1861, he had a fight with the rebels at Point of Rocks, Va., and beat them; and again on the 30th of the same month, Gen. Geary, (then Col.) beat the Confederates at Berlin. On the 16th of October, he crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and captured 21,000 bushels of wheat stored in a mill at that place. He also had a fight with the enemy and was victorious. On the 9th day of August, 1862, was fought the battle of Cedar Mountain, in which Gen. Geary received that terrible wound in the left arm, which has rendered it almost entirely useless since. Gen Geary then returned home and remained a few weeks, and reported again for duty at the battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, *being absent only one month and nine days.* On the 2d of December, Gen. Geary fought the battle of Charleston, and defeated the enemy. On the next day he advanced to Winchester and demanded the surrender of that place.—Major Myers in command, replied that he would evacuate the town in one hour, and asking for that time to allow non combatants to retire. This Gen. Geary refused, and the place was surrendered unconditionally. On December 11th, Gen. Geary advanced upon and occupied Leesburg. He also took part at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th. Gen. Geary was at the battle of Chancellorville, and was wounded. In the fearful battle of Gettysburg, fought on the 1st, 2nd and 3d days of July, Gen. Geary bore a conspicious part, and his division killed and wounded SEVEN THOUSAND OF THE ENEMY.

These are some of the exploits in which Gen. Geary took part, while belonging to the army of the East. Of his services in the South west it is not our purpose to speak now. Think of these terrible fights, Cedar Mountain, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville and Gettysburg, They were regarded at that time as being among the greatest battles in history.—That Gen. Geary was twice wounded, once in the arm and in the right breast, shows that he was truly *at the front—at the post of danger.* Not only did Gen Geary go to fight the battles of his Country, but he took with him his two sons—one of them, the eldest, fell beside his gun in the terrific struggle of Wauhatchie. And yet, men calling themselves honorable stand up to traduce the character of this gallant officer. They speak flippantly and lightly of his patriotic services. They sneer at his bravery.—GEN. GEARY'S SEVEN WOUNDS ATTEST HIS BRAVERY?

No man can say he is a coward. No man can say that he did not do his whole duty. It cannot be charged that he was away from his post His name and exploits are written upon the page of history with his own good sword, and calumny can neither obliterate them nor dim their lustre. Had it not been for his valor at Gettysburg, York might have shared the fate of Chambersburg, and the Capital of our State fallen into the hands of Lee. The people of Southern Pennsylvania, owe a debt of gratitude to Gen. Geary which no mortal consideration can ever repay. Let these men who are seeking to underrate his services, who deny his bravery, who sneer at his bright record win a cloud of calumny, who hesitate not to aspersе his private character, remember that the services he rendered his country in her hour of peril will never be forgotten by a generous people.

As the "White Star" was the symbol of victory when borne by the victorious legions of Geary, so surely shall he retain those honors purchased upon the fields of glory. The men who would rob him of his hard earned fame, who are seeking to blast the reputation and blacken the character of one of our most illustrious soldiers, cannot be regarded as the friends of liberty or our country. All honor to the gallant soldier, and shame upon the man who would deery his valor, tarnish his honor, or try to rob him of the laurels of renown.—*York True Democrat*

A CHILD BORNE WITH ONE ARM.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* is responsible for the following: One of the most remarkable cases that has ever come under the observation of our medical fraternity has just transpired at the residence of a young man named Abriel, who resides on First street, Arbor Hill. Mr. A. is a returned soldier. He has been home something less than a year. When he came home he was suffering from a minie ball wound through the fleshy part of his right arm. It became so bad that the attending physician talked seriously of amputation. This worked seriously on the mind of his young wife (he had but a short time previously got married) She cared for and dressed the arm regularly, and paid every attention to it, not wishing to see her husband with only one arm. This was some eight or nine months ago. Under the kind care of the wife, whose whole attention was absorbed in the thought of a one-armed husband, the wound got well, and the arm was saved Now for the sequel. The other day the wife of Mr. Abriel gave birth to a child who had one well-developed arm, but the other was a stump, similar to one which the poor wife's mind was impressed with at the time the surgeons were talking of taking off her husband's. Amputation could not have produced a more beautiful stump and what is more, the scar of the bullet hole, so visible on the father's arm, was as visible on the child's arm, at the base of the stump, as if really inflicted by a ball. This is the most remarkable case of "child-mark" ever known. It has attracted the attention of all our leading physicians and surgeons. The child is a healthy and beautiful one, perfect in every respect, save the absence of the arm referred to.

A WORD TO SOLDIERS.

Soldiers, we wish to propose a few plain questions for your consideration. When you went forth to fight, did you think the South was wrong? The Democrats said then, and say now, that the South was not wrong. Did you then believe Jefferson Davis to be a traitor? Seven Democratic Congressmen from this State said that he is not. Did you believe that a man who volunteered to serve his country had no right to vote so long as he was in the field? The Democracy held that you had no right to vote in the field. Do you think that all your officers were untrue men who would try to deceive you? The Democratic party said so, and this was the argument they used why you should not vote. Did you not enlist in your country's service from pure motive? If so, do you think the Democratic party was justified in calling you "Lincoln hirelings," "mercenaries," &c? Do you think a man who skulked off into Canada to avoid a draft, or deserted from the army and left you to do not only your own work, but to bear the burden which he should have borne, is just as honorable as you, who have done your whole duty? The Democratic party say that desertion is no crime. If that is so, then fighting bravely can be no honor! Do you think that you fought to destroy the country? The Democratic party said you did.

Do you think the war was a failure?—The Democratic party said it was, without a dissenting voice. Do you think Mr. Clymer is a true friend of the soldier?—If so, why do you so believe? Did he not denounce the cause for which you fought? If he did, he said to you that you either were bad men, fighting for a bad cause, or else you were so ignorant that you did not know what you were doing? Did he not vote against increasing your pay? Did he not vote against giving the thanks of the people of Pennsylvania to General Grant for his splendid victories? *Did he ever do anything to profit a soldier? If so, what was it?—Did he ever speak a kind word for a soldier? If so, when and where?* If he opposed you and your interests when away in the field, do you think he can possibly be your friend now? If so, why? How then can any true soldier, or the friend of a soldier support him for Governor? He has never favored you, how can you support him?

Soldiers, think of these things, and when you have answered all these questions, you must be convinced as to which of the two candidates is more closely allied to your interests, and will best serve you.—*York True Democrat.*

TAKING UP A COLLECTION.

Rarely have we heard a better story or a better told story, than this, from a reverned gentleman in Missouri;

The life of a preacher, in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and popular communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground upon terms of easy familiarty. People who live in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of "rough and tumble life," wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sometimes absorbs completely the spiritual, and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher, they have to be powerfully "stired up" from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district, at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our preacher "nary dime," as the boys say, and we expected a schorer from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. He preached us a moving discourse from the text "owe no man anything." At the close of the sermon he came at once to the subject in hand.

"Brother," said he, "have you paid Brother———anything this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—pay up—that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now and must have it. Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to slide.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder, "Steward, lock that door and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand table in front.

The Steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, steward said he, "go round with your hat. I must have twenty five dollars out of this crowd before one of you leaves the house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were all aback. The old folks looked astonished, the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties.

The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table.—The elder poured "funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start brethren! Go round again steward." We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters. Not enough yet. Go round again, steward.

Around goes the steward a third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half. Mighty slow brethren! "Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat them. Go round again steward!"

By this time the audience began to get fidgetty. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly but surely, the pile on the table swelled to the requisite amount.

"Twenty four dollars and a half!—Only lack half a dollar! Go round again steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window on the outside a hand thrust in holding a half dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young man outside, exclaimed:

"Here, parson, here's your money—let my gal out o' there. I'm tired of waiting for her!"

"It was the last hair that broke the camel's back;" and the preacher could exclaim in the language of Ike Tattle, "This'ere meet'ns done."

NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in a coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired and struggling, with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up and give him a seat and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy what his object was in coming there.

He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him.

She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well

Twenty years after this the coach was returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road. When near Bishopton, a sea captain observed an old widow lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat and he would pay for her.

Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopton, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and the old lady who remained in the coach.—The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling towards her as she was now unable to pay for a seat. To which the captain replied:

"I have always sympathy for weary pedestrians, since I myself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this place, when a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take me up, and paid for my seat."

"Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."