



W. S. M. Johnston

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Business Cards.

JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,

Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., Office on Main Street South of Bridge St. et.

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 Bedford's Store, (upstairs).

WILLIAM M. ALLESON,
Attorney at Law,
and
Notary Public.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

JOHN T. LSAHM,
Attorney-at-Law,

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

J. A. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.

106cc—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. 18, '65.

DR. P. C. RUNDLO, 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. 1865-6.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. R. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Mifflintown, 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 treatment.

He will be found at White Hotel at Leona, except when professionally engaged. July 22, 1865.

VENDUE 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 Farmington township. Orders may also be left at Mr. White's Hotel. Jan. 23, 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. 10, 1865.

MILITARY CLAIMS.
THE UNDERSIGNED will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government, Bunk 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. RUNDLO, M. D.,
Patterson, Pa.
Dec. 9, 1864.

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, '65-1y

New Millinery Establishment.
THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY INFORMS the Ladies of Mifflintown and vicinity that she has just returned from the City with a large assortment of Millinery goods which she will dispose of at reasonable rates. Such as

HATS, BONNETS, &C.
made and repaired to order, also, new ones ready made kept on hand and for sale cheap. Sleeves, Coat and other patterns kept on hand and for sale. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

Call at the residence of Nathan Keeley a few doors East of the Presbyterian Church. FULLER B. FERRY.
Oct. 11, '65.

Select Poetry.

YOUR MISSION.

BY HELEN M. H. GATES.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high;
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
Over the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do!
Fortune is a lazy goddess;
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

A ROMAN HERO.

In the war between Rome and Carthage the consul Regulus was taken captive. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining sickening in his loneliness, while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he should come back to his prison if there should neither be peace or an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the wall."

His wife Marcia, ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come into them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first, then Regulus standing up said, as one repeating a task, "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace, and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to give his opinions as a senator who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said that he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore, he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again, and indeed he believed

that his enemy had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priests came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" he said "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the name of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, as calmly as he had been returning to his home.—Book of Golden Deeds.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Florence, Italy, says: "Among the first incidents which met my eyes as I entered Italy were one or two, which are perhaps not altogether unworthy of being read, and one of which in particular may have a peculiar interest for American readers. I was walking through the narrow streets of the little town of Lugano, when my eyes were attracted by a well known portrait suspended in front of a small bookstore. The portrait was that of Abraham Lincoln; and you will not wonder that the sight alone of the familiar features arrested one's footsteps, as they hang there in that quaint, mediæval, out-of-the-way place, looking round upon a scene so wholly foreign to that other world, of which the late President of the United States was so vividly the personification. I went up by an irresistible impulse of respect to look at it, and I was glad I did so, for I found beneath it in writing, and in Italian, an inscription which showed that the little portrait had in fact been attached to his house by the owner like a sacred image, and once a testimony of his own faith and feelings, and an appeal to those of his fellow citizens. "This," said the inscription, "is a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and so long as the sun shines on men, so long shall the name of him who redeemed four millions of slaves from captivity, of him who, clutching to his strong breast the faces of the American Union, fell a victim to horrible assassination—so long shall his name resound great, venerated, and blessed throughout the world."

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated eight hundred and sixty, that are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects.

Adelung another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every providence has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Babi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceania—which term distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

The loveliest bird has no song.

WHAT THE NATIONAL UNION PARTY HAS ACHIEVED.

In one of his recent speeches in New York, Senator Wilson thus described the achievements of the Union party since its formation. It is a glorious record:

"Let me rapidly sketch its achievements. It came into being eleven years ago to maintain the cause of American and universal liberty; to resist the encroachments of slavery, which claimed more than 500,000 square miles of the public lands. It denounced the infamous declaration of Judge Tauey, that 'the negro had no rights a white man was bound to respect.' In Kansas it repelled the bloody ruffians intent on enslavement; in Congress it rebuked the Leocompton swindle. It chose for its standard-bearer the sainted Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] It received the Government from the hands of the corrupt Democratic party, with its armies scattered and debauched, its navy crippled—with three vessels and a few skeleton regiments of regulars to begin upon, it raised two millions of men, six hundred ships of war, three thousand millions of money, to meet the most colossal rebellion the world ever saw. Its every individual was fired with love of liberty and a love of Union. [Cheers.] No Republican was ever found firing at his flag or shooting down its defenders.—Of all the swarms in rebel gray, most of them were Democrats; their leaders were members of the Democratic party, and the men who clung to the party were the ones to demand a cessation of hostilities, and proclaim the war in behalf of the Union a failure. All the 325,000 who now sleep in untimely graves on fields red with their blood, are the victims of their treachery, the dishonesty, and the folly of Democrats, as called. Well, the Republican party has saved the Union, defeated its enemies, and they are now crawling up the steps of the White House for pardon. It has done for America what Cromwell did for England. Is this a record that it should be ashamed of? What has it done that it should die? What has the Democratic party done that it should live? [Cheers.] No, gentlemen, the Union party has a bright and glorious future. It has wrought more of good to the world, and in less time, too, than any organization that ever existed. You have reason to be proud of it. It will continue the work. It will protect all men, of whatever race, in their lives, their labor, their homes and their persons. It will care for the widows and families of its fallen heroes. It will secure the sacred fulfillment of that debt incurred for the safety of the country as a religious obligation."

WHY MEN FAIL.

Mrs. Stowe says that people of small incomes, if they deny the tastes to please the imagination, can adore their homes with many gems of art. The following incident may be suggestive to many who find their incomes inadequate to their wants:

A young merchant who had just failed in business, having spent in four years a legacy of ten thousand dollars, in addition to any profits realized, was met by a thrifty young mechanic, who had formerly been on terms of intimacy with him. During the conversation which ensued, the merchant said to him. "How is it, Harry, that you have been able to live and save money on the small sum you receive for your services, while I found it impossible to live in my business with a good round ten thousand dollars to back me?"

"Oh," said the mechanic, that is easily understood. I have lived with reference, mostly to the comforts and tastes of myself and family, while you lived mostly with reference to opinions and tastes of others. It costs more to please the eye than to keep the back warm and the stomach full."

A NOVEL INVENTION.

The Chemical News states that M. Pelou has invented a new heating apparatus adapted to the warming of railway carriages, and called a "heat generator."

It consists of a cone of wood, which is covered with hemp, and which is made to revolve with great speed within a hollow cone of copper. These are enclosed in a metallic vessel, through which air is passed, and becoming heated in the passage, then conveyed to the carriage. The inventor proposes to place a generator outside each carriage; motion will be given to the wooden cone by one of the axles of the carriage; and the heated air will be admitted to the vehicle by an arrangement under the control of the passengers. The "heat-generator" is, indeed, in actual use at Paris, and seems to be really efficacious. The machine is turned by a force equal only to about the twentieth of a horse power, but, after rotating for about eight or ten minutes, the air escaping from the apparatus was found to have attained a temperature of 70 deg. C.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC ON EARTH.

The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to San Marino, a small republic in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about seven thousand. The republic was founded more than fourteen hundred years ago, on moral principles, industry, and equity, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it.—Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people, (sixty-six in number,) who were chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm-houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty, the happy effect of morality, simplicity, and frugality.

FAITH.

A few evenings ago, my little daughter who had been spending the afternoon at a neighbor's started with me through the darkness for home. It was the first time that she had ever been out doors in the night, and everything seemed new and strange. "Papa, I see lots of stars in heaven," said she. "Why, papa, see how many houses have got lights in the windows." As soon as her curiosity abated somewhat, she began to be troubled about the way home. "I can't see our house, papa. I don't know the way; where are we going?" she said anxiously. I replied, "I can see the road, and if you keep hold of my hand I will take care of you. Then she said: "Yes; you do know the way, don't you, papa? You will take care of your little girl, cause you love her, don't you, papa?" After this she only grasped my hand a little tighter, and trudged cheerfully onward, wherever I led the way.

APRICALTURAL.

LABOR SAVING—LABOR MAKING.

Labor saving implements were once thought to be destructive to the interests of the working man, just in proportion as they saved the drudgery of labor. This seems reasonable at first, but a little thought will correct the error. How then do the farm laborers, thrown out of work by the introduction of improved implements, ultimately find work? Plainly by the increased amount of tillage which horse power, machinery and tools make possible in the country. In a section where all the soil is under cultivation of some kind, it will lead to more thorough system of farming. In the case of our own country, it leads to the faster extension of civilization westward, the rapid subjugation of wild lands, and the better cultivation of that already under the plow. For instance, the Western grain grower, who now devotes 75 or 150 acres to corn and other grain crops, with the meager facilities of thirty years ago, could not have managed one-fourth part that amount in a similar manner. This increase of agriculture, not only keeps good the original number of farm laborers, but creates a new demand for laborers in every other field of industry. More ships and railroads are required for transportation, more manufacturing establishments, more mechanics to construct these, and men to manage them, more miners, machinist, etc. In fact, the whole body politic thus receives vital refreshment from every really labor-saving invention. This is a forcible illustration of the fact that whatever fairly advances the interests of one class, becomes a benefit to all classes in the community.—American Agriculturist.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

A correspondent of the last New England Farmer thus refers to "bright varnish" as a cure for cuts, wounds, and especially scratches in horses:

"When I worked at my trade in the city, I had occasion to use different kinds of paints and oils; among them is what is called 'bright varnish.' Frequently I would cut myself, sometimes so severely that I have been laid up for weeks. I would try all kinds of salve, but the wound would be a long time healing. One day I cut my hand severely, and as I had nothing at hand to put on it, I thought I would try some of the bright varnish; as it is a sticky substance, and I thought it might stick the wound together; accordingly I bound up my hand with it and kept on at work; the varnish relieved the pain, I had no soreness in the wound, and in one week it was entirely healed. My son was sawing through a board one day, and carelessly put his hand under the board. He had his fore finger bone entirely sawed off. I put the ends together, put on this varnish and bound it up. The result was, that after one week the bandage was removed, and the finger had nearly grown together. My horse once had scratches so badly that it was difficult to get him to move about. I rubbed the parts affected with this varnish for two days, which caused a perfect cure. The varnish can be bought at the paint shops for six or eight cents per quart."

FATTENING THANKSGIVING TURKEYS.

For each turkey mix about a pint of Indian meal with one pint of unbolted wheat flour, and pour boiling water on it, stirring rapidly till it forms thin mush. Place the dish where the fowls can have access to the feed at any time. Let skimmed milk or water be given also. In two weeks they will be fat and oily as butter. They will fatten better if have their liberty in a spacious yard.

THE BLAIRSVILLE NEW ERA SAYS:

A few days ago a Mr. William Stitt handed us a copy of the Blairsville Record, published in 1831. Among the curious things in it we notice the prices in the market rates, as compared with the prices of today: Flour, \$4; Wheat, 75 cents; Rye, 50 cents; Corn, 62 cents; Oats, 25 cents; Butter, 12½ cents; Lard, 6 cents; Tallow, 10 cents; Whisky, 25 cents per gallon; Hams, 8 cents. Were such prices to prevail now, what would our farmers say?

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THE CATTLE PLAGUE IS STILL PREVAILING THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN, AND TO A FRIGHTFUL EXTENT IN SOME DIRECTIONS.