



H. H. WILSON,

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Attorney-at-Law,

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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. 18, '65.

D. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson, Pa., wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store. April 14.

VENUE AUCTIONEER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as 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 Millintown, or found at his home in the village 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 Millintown, 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, soldiered.

JEREMIAH LYONS,

Attorney-at-Law, Millintown, 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, 18--tf.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) has located in Patterson and offers 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 Boils, Buckets, Baskets, Horse Buckets, &c., at SEWELL, BROT & PARSONS.

Select Poetry.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in heaven's jewelled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers, To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The gentle racks disorganize To feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait through winter hours, The coming of the May

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate— He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers— Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice whose joyous tones Made glad this scene of joy and strife, Sings now in everlasting song Amid the trees of life.

And where He sees a smile too bright, Or hearts too pure for taint and vice, He bears it to that world of light To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless Universe Is life—there are no dead.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

In the Fall of 1846 I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady—The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous, but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that the fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers also, and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt, than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler then proceeded:

At the age of eighteen I was light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month of October, the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old, grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter a joyous, bewitching creature, about so ten-

teen, and his son, about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as a talker, I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on.—Presently there was a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the darkness of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me so fetters for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray limb of a tempest torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest!" said the old lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm. There is something so grand among winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the *Jura* immediately recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent." "Is it not said to be dangerous?" "By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it were daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jesu Marie! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very heavy volume of rain coming down at each thunderburst and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked: "We are on the mountains!" "I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver, but the only answer was a heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words:

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

God in Heaven! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards.

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts.—One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper; and I knew from its desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses.

Crash upon crash a heavy thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By this light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like one in prayer. I

could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

On a humble couch, in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice lushed for a time all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any intercourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to set up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I guessed, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded. "Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and Uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise!—poor orphan!" "God pity you!" I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gleam of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied. I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief, but briefly acquaint you that I at least succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the South; and that in twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has made a physical coward of me, at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who attended to the recital of the story with much attention, what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of him deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, with in a few yards of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

An Old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Thompson has gone too, poor man!"

A Milkman the other day, in speaking of the dullness of the market, said, "I can't make anything now-a-days, there is so much composition in the business." He probably told the truth unwittingly.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

How plain, simple, and comprehensive are the laws of God! and how adapted to the universal understanding of the whole world! Let us consider what would be the state of society if the law of which we write was in all classes obeyed.

"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." How much meaning there is in these few words! And how happy we should all be if we would make them our guide through life!—What better law do we want to guide us, and where could we get a better? How different it is from those laws which men make for the guidance of mankind (which have so many words) in this simple golden rule! And if we only try how easily we can obey and follow it, and make it the rule of our lives!

Behold the condition of the world as it now is! (and what a difference the following of the precepts of the golden rule, would produce!) The watch-dog would have no need of slowly pacing our yards with the ear ready to catch the slightest sound, for we could lay our heads upon our pillows and sleep in peace; the lock upon our doors would be needless; we could grasp the hand of our brother man in confidence and suspect no treachery there, the court rooms of our land would be transformed into schoolrooms; the grates and bolted doors of the prisons would have no convict to keep from the free and pure air of heaven; the judge would not sit upon the bench, and the occupation of the lawyer would be gone.—There would be no drunkard's for man could not raise the fiery drink to his lips to take away his reason, and render himself so low that his mind, that noble gift of God, could not act through that body, and we should not see that being, made in the image of Him who has formed us all, rolling and wallowing like the swine in the mud and filth of our streets, and sending dizziness, wretchedness, hunger and unhappiness, into his home and family.

The golden rule! obey it; and as the dew vanishes from the petals of flowers before the rays of the morning sun, so would crime vanish from the face of this beautiful world if we would but let this ray of light from the Book of Life fall upon us, purifying and raising us all to that perfected state of manhood and womanhood that it should be the desire of us all to attain.

Reader, with this state of happiness before us, will not you try and do your share in following this simple law of God? If you do not help others, you will certainly help yourself, for you will feel much more joyful and happy. It is the Christian's duty to obey God's laws; and as we journey along through this world, let us strive so to live that we may obey them, and among them let us keep this one ever by us, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—*American Phrenological Journal.*

Mrs. Anna Dickinson, has been lecturing in New York on "Marrying and Giving in Marriage." She does not positively decry marriage, but she seems to think that it is put too prominently before woman as her chief end in life, and that the training and education of girls is made to bear too exclusively upon the matrimonial relation. She says:—

"From the earliest time upwards the woman of the present day is taught that the one end of her life is marriage—the one happiness and ambition of her life, marriage—the only opportunity to be or do anything, marriage—and the only sphere in which she can develop her powers, or be of service to herself or others, marriage—everywhere and by everybody she is advised to get a husband. The boy, on the other hand, is educated for manhood; he is to go through his school life, through the university and college; he is to choose his trade, business, profession, or calling; he is to earn money, and make for himself a home. And then, having educated himself, and having gotten a home, society says to him: "Take a wife to help spend the money, and to be a useful and ornamental appendage of that home." The man is educated, not for husbandhood, but for manhood; and why is the woman not educated for womanhood?"

Do nothing to-day that you will repent of to-morrow.

A HUSBAND WANTED.—Among the many old customs which distinguished the Chinese of Java, is one which would startle the young ladies of our own country. Beneath the windows of their houses is often to be seen an empty flower pot, lying horizontally on the portico roof. Its position cannot be accidental, because it is seen in so many cases—Nor can it be looked upon as a religious symbol, for then there would probably be one in each house. It is nothing more nor less than a matrimonial advertisement, the plain English of which is "A young woman is in the house—a husband wanted."

The late rebels are getting the offices in the South and are treating men who were loyal to the Union there through the rebellion as if "loyalty were a crime and must be punished." The guerrilla Mosely is acting as prosecuting attorney at Warrenton, Virginia, and is arranging all Union men of that vicinity upon petty trumped up charges. The rebels need a different kind of "reconstruction" from that which they are getting. It will be a shame on our government if it allow the Union men of the South to suffer persecution now for having been true to the country.

A singular case of juvenile suicide occurred at Berlin lately. A boy ten years of age, after an altercation with this elder brother, complained to their father of the injustice with which he had been treated. To the boy's great surprise, the father declared that the elder was right. This decision so affected the lad that he determined to put an end to his life, and told several of his play-fellows that he would hang himself at a certain hour. He resolutely executed his purpose, and soon after was found hanging, quite dead, in his bed room.

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT.—A temperance lecturer, descending on the essential and purifying effects of cold water, remarked as a knock down argument:

"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."

"Yes," replied the toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

A Western farmer who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in United States securities went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the Treasury notes. The clerk inquires what denomination he would have them in? Having never heard the word used except to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation replied: "Well, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the rest out in Free Will Baptist."

A Drunken lawyer, going into church, was observed by the minister, who said to him: "Sir, I will bear witness against you at the day judgment." The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced law twenty five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn State's evidence."

A Countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied: "Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

"I Don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Dotsey sit at the window as soon as the bell begins to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got any thing new."

A Stray contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse-power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heaps ob things in my life, but I neober saw before anythin whar a boss could do his own work and ride his self too."

One pound of gold may be drawn in to a wire that would extend round the globe, so one good deed may be felt through all time, cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth it may glide the hours of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.