



H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOLUME XIX, NO 45.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. FEBRUARY 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 931.

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 year. 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, for the first week, \$1.50; and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisers for a, 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 Bedford'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, Main Street, one door South of Snyder's Hotel. Sept. 20, 1865.

J. A. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA. (Office—Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. M. Allison, Esq.)

COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS connected with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 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. A price-14

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. He may be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home, in Pennsylvania 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. [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, 1864.

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.

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 23, 1865.-44.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cedarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, Trays, Baskets, Horse Buckets, &c., at 251 WEST BROAD & DANBURY.

Select Poetry.

MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Sweet mother, the birds from the bowers have fled,

The reaper has gathered his sheaves,

The glorious summer lies silent and dead,

And the land, like a pale mourner, grieves;

But the garden of memory is blooming to-day

With flowers and leaves ever new.

And the birds and the fountains that around it play

Are singing, dear mother, of you.

Like green shores receding beyond the blue seas

Seem the years by your tenderness blest,

And youth's merry music grown faint on the breeze

That is wafting me on to life's West;

Yet beautiful seems the mild glance of your eye,

And the blessing your fond spirit gave,

As the mists of the valley hang bright in the sky,

Though the mountains are lost in the wave.

I wonder, sometimes, if the souls that have flown

Return to the mourners again,

And I ask for a sign from the trackless Unknown,

Where millions have questioned in vain.

I see not your meek loving face thro' the strife

Which would blind me with doubting and fear.

But a voice murmurs "peace" to the tempest

Of life,

And I know that my mother is near.

The cold world may cover my pathway with frowns,

And mingle with bitter each joy;

It may load me with crosses and rob me of crowns,

I have treasures it cannot destroy;

There's a green, sunny isle in the depths of my soul

Whose roses the winds never strew,

And the billows and breezes around it that roll

Bring tidings of Heaven and you.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

John Taylor was licensed when a youth of twenty-two to practice at the bar. He was poor; but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1860, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was about to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered an insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of the overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Pike and Ashley, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted—the Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giant.

The slander case was for the ninth, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served as powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney, all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice, Mary started—it was unhealthy, sweet and mournful.

and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed through his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed the Judge a parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witness to tell their own story, and he allowed the defence to lead off. Ansley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down with cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn, he arises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam. Every one looked surprised.

Then he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle, and his eyes to open—dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes—glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eye—the full heart streaming from his face.—Then, without bestowing any allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjurer witness of Hopkins—tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspen leaves, and two of them fled from the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united souls seemed to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger; he inspired them with the power of his malignant passions; and he seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was yet to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assisist, Hopkins, and his lean, taper finger assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hopes of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held the slanderer up to the scorn and the contempt of the populace. Having thus girt about him with a wall of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet, filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with an undertone of the sweetest cadence.—His forehead glowed like a heated furnace; his countenance appeared haggard, like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he threw his long, bony hands on high, as though grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such colors that, in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining upon an accursed monster, and then fixing both portraits on the sinning Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as tears rose faster—till stout men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed with a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he then advised the panel, after they should bring in the verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it. In other words, "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned, the stranger said:

"John Taylor will preach here this evening, at early candle light."

He had preached, and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom and Beecher—but I never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, a cataract of fire.

KEEP THE LOAF UNDER YOUR ARM.

The following is copied from a New York paper printed in the year 1775, and is related as a fact. Similar cases often occur in these days, where a parent, having given all into the hands of his children, is obliged to spend the remainder of his days in poverty and want:

At this time there is living in Harlem an old man who relates the following story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm with everything necessary for his business, and had one child, a son who having married, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with the parent as he was a widower. These things went on exceedingly well for some time when the son proposed to his parent that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house and otherwise improve the farm.—The father through persuasion, gave him a deed or gift of it, and everything belonging to it.

After a few years, as the father grew old he grew a little fretted and dissatisfied, while the son, thinking he had nothing more to expect from him, forgot his filial duty and used his old father worse than his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to eat at the table with his son and wife, but compelled to take his meals in the chimney-corner, and was continually ill used by them. The illness of the old man was at length carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a neighbor, and relation of his declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again, he should be obliged to come and live with him.

His friend answered that he might come and live with him, and if he would follow his directions, he would help him to get his estate back again.

Take this bag of dollars, carry it to your room at your son's, shut it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner, shut your door, and have all your dollars spread on the table in the middle of the room. When they call you make a noise with them by sweeping them into your bag again.

The bait took completely. The wife had peeped through the key-hole, and saw the dollars spread out on the table and told it to her husband. When the old man came down, they insisted on his sitting at the table with them, and treated him with uncommon civility.

The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions how to do, if his son asked for the money.

After a few days the son discovered the old man very busily engaged in counting out his money, and at the next meal time asked him what money it was he had been counting.

"Only some money I have received for the discharge of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. N's farm, upon which I have a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

After a few days the son told his father he intended to build a house on the farm, if he would let him have that money.

"Yes, child, all I have is coming to you. I intend giving you the bonds and mortgages I have, but then, I think it will be the best to have it put all together in a new deed of gift. I will get neighbor L. to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly his friend and cousin, who had devised the scheme, came to the house and the son gave the father the deed that another might be drawn off it.—When the old man had got the instrument into his hands, in the presence of his friend he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire, saying:

"Burn, cursed instrument of my folly and misery! And you, my dutiful children, as this estate, is all my own again must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have learned, by sad experience, that it is best for a parent to hold the loaf under his own arm. That one father can better maintain ten children than ten children can a father."

ON HIS MUSCLE.

Thomas Topham, the "strong man," was born in London in 1710, and was bred a carpenter, but afterwards "travelled on his muscle." He was a quiet, peaceable man, of middle size and weight made like other men except that the usual cavities under the arms and hands were, in his case, filled full of muscles.—The wonderful stories of his feats of strength are well authenticated.

He could hold under perfect restraint, and with ease to himself, the strongest horse. He lifted a table six feet long with fifty pounds on the end of it, with his teeth, and held it in a horizontal position a considerable time. He rolled up a powder dish weighing seven pounds, with as much apparent ease as the reader would roll up a sheet of paper. He held a powder quart pot at arm's length and squeezed the sides together like an egg-shell.

He lifted 200 pounds with his little finger and waved it gently around his head. He lifted Mr. Chambers, a clergyman, who must have lived on the fat of the land, for he weighed 278 pounds with one hand, Mr. Chambers' head being placed on one chair and his feet on another. At a blow he struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter, against his arm and bent it like a bow.

One night, observing a watchman asleep in his watch box, he picked up box and watchman, carrying the load with the greatest ease, and dropped them over the wall into Tindale burying ground.

A butcher once passed a large window at which Topham was sitting. He stooped down and took half an ox from the fellow's shoulder with so much ease and dexterity that the man swore the devil had flown away with his beef.

At a race a man insisted upon driving upon the track; so Topham took hold of the tail of his cart and drew it gently back, the driver whipping the horse like a madman all the time.

When he kept a public house two men were determined to fight him; so, to satisfy them, he seized them by the napes of their necks, and knocked their heads together till he knocked all the fight out of them.

He astonished a sailor who presented him with a popo-nut, by cracking it close to his ear as you would a pea-nut; and upon one occasion he lifted three hog-heads of water. Once he threw his horse over a turn-pike gate, and at any time could go through the usual of arms with the beam of a house.

QUODLIBETS.

Johnny says he supposes dwarfs could not get enough to eat when they were young, so they went short; but giants must have been better fed, because he cannot think how they could be kept long without food.

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

Age is venerable in man, and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

Why are we justified in believing that the pilgrims to Mecca undertake the journey with mercenary motives? Because they go for the sake of the profit—Prophet.

Select from all the ages of the world the one of whose history we know the least. The sausage.

What islands in the Mediterranean remind you of woman at sea? The Cyclades (sick ladies.)

What kind of publications are the driest? Those that are the most pored over, or course.

STRANGE BRIDAL STORY.

A strange story is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning became so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable one, and was a fish who, it seems, had not been easily hooked.—There was, therefore, great danger in delay, so instead of postponing the marriage the second sister, covering herself with a long veil, personated the first, and duly went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bridal dress and ornaments to her sister, who, in her innocence, was thus considered to have all proper claim to this husband she had married by proxy. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are to be taken not only in the civil, but in the criminal courts of Berlin.

A SERMON ON PRECIOUS STONES.

An extravagant baronet, well known to the clubs in St. James, London, being, on one of very many occasions, hard-pressed for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him her lady ship's casket of diamonds, with which he forthwith proceeded to the family jeweler, expressing a wish that he would substitute the best parts for the real article when her ladyship would be none the wiser; to which the lipidary unhesitatingly replied: "Why, Sir Charles, I did that for my lady more than twelve months since!" thus showing that "my lady" was quite as "fast" as her "lord," and in nothing was he her "master."

A MAN FOR THE TIMES.—There is a progressive chap round Philadelphia who lives on his wits, and from their quality, we guess he won't starve soon. On a rainy day he goes into a bar-room, or a barber shop, and seizing the first umbrella handy, he very angrily says: "Ah, found it, darn pretty note, to go and steal a man's umbrella in that way!" and away he goes. The other day he marched up to a gentleman on Chestnut street and grabbing at the umbrella in his hand said he: "That's mine, sir; where did you get it?"

"I beg pardon sir; it was loaned to me by an acquaintance. If it is yours, take it, sir."

"Mine? Of course it is," says Diddler, and he took it. He'll do.

TEACHING POLITENESS.—A Western correspondent says: In a district in the West we had a gentleman teacher who thought it advisable to give some lessons in politeness. Among other things he told the boys that in addressing a gentleman they should always say "Sir," and gave them examples, and made quite a lesson of it. One boy was particularly delighted, and took occasion to speak to his teacher often, to show he profited by his teachings. When he went home to dinner his father said:

"Tom, have some meat?"

"Yes, sir, I thank you."

The next thing the child knew his father's hand came smack on his ear, and his father's voice thundered forth, "I'll teach you to sass your dad!" Tom gave up being polite.

NEVER RETRACT.—"Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information. Impossible, sir! But tell me what do you allude to?" "You said that Mr. M. had been tried." "True." "Condemned." "Very true." "Hung." "Most true." "Now, sir, I am that gentleman himself." "Impossible!" "I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope that you will contradict what you have alleged." "By no means, sir." "How! What do you mean? You are deranged." "It may be so, sir, but I will not do it." "I will complain to a magistrate." "As you please; but I never retract. The most I can do for you is, to announce that the rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have my principles, sir, and must maintain them."

THAT STORY.—The celebrated Bubb Doddington was very legirthic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the General reproach, Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove that he had not offered to repeat all that Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."