



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of eight lines or less, no time, 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, forty-eight 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 str. 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. 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. 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 patients that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store. April 17.

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 Fernmanah Township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Wiley'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, 13.-4f.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson tends 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.-4f.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cellarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, Cans, Baskets, Horse Buckets, &c. at
MIFFLINTOWN, PA. BARNES.

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 jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

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 granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

Their is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry 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 tone
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart 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 spirit treads;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—there are no dead.

An Interesting Story.

THE FACTORY GIRL. A SENSIBLE LOVE STORY.

In a sweet, rural valley, nestled among the hills of Massachusetts, stands a pleasant village, with a picturesque mill pond and factory. Several summers ago this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently artists; as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for without a bit of pretension, both young men had a certain dignity of manner that made them look up to and many a pretty factory girl, as she tripped to her work, cast back a look over her shoulder as she met either of the handsome strangers. Though the society of the village was unusually intelligent, and the females were remarkable for their loveliness, yet there was one famed beyond all the rest, in both mind and person. Sweet Edith Mather. She was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived with an aged aunt, whom she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind, that even those who at first envied, learned at last to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom we shall name Lovell, soon became interested in the gentle girl, at least if looks, tones and constant seeking of her presence were any proof, he was thus interested.

One day he and his friend had clambered up some rocks on the steep hill side, from which the village was overlooked, and as they sat there, the bell of the factory rang, and the green was immediately covered with the girls employed in it, wending their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith Mather. "Is she not beautiful? Where can you show me a person so sylph-like?" said Lovell with undisguised enthusiasm.

His companion made no reply for a moment, and then abruptly remarked, "I think it is time we had left this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell in a tone of surprise.

"Because, if we do not, you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends, and you are too honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fulfill!"

"Hold out hopes I never intend to fulfill!"

"Yes—for you don't think of marrying the girl do you?"

"To be sure."

"The duce you do," said his companion, starting to his feet in unaffected astonishment.

Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked:

"Why not? Why for a thousand reasons. She's only a factory girl, a lady of neither birth or education, but a simple country lass, very good in her way, but no match for Fred Lovell!"

"Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town! No—no—it will never do. Shake off this love fit; pack up your trunk and let us be off to-morrow."

Lovell shook his head.

"I am, perhaps a more romantic man than you are, Harry," he said, "but I have some common sense in me, and I think I have brought it to bear upon this question. We have now been here a month, in which time I have become pretty well acquainted with Edith. I left town—we both left it—beautifully sick of its frivolities; and on my part with the firm opinion that I know no woman in our set there whom I would be willing to make my wife. The city girls are so frivolous, so fond of parties, so eager for wealthy alliances; and really so ignorant of household affairs that for a man of my tastes to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life—I think it wastes too much precious time, and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not involve me in a round of balls and other entertainments. I do not wish to be a hermit, a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to gather around me a small circle of the right kind; but promiscuous visiting I detest. Now I think I have found just the partner. I require in Miss Mather. She is well informed, agreeable, simple in her tastes, has sound sense, and with all possesses a large share of personal beauty, and if I mistake not, the power of loving very deeply. If I marry her and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply any deficiency in manner. In short I do not know where I could make a better choice."

"How? When she has no accomplishments?"

"She can sing with untaught grace, and as to jabbering French, I don't know as that would make her any better. She would soon learn, too, with her quick parts. Besides I am above the cant you talk of. I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns, that "worth makes the man and the only degradation I acknowledge is that of crime."

"Well if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more. But faith! Lovell, if you had a guardian, and I were he, I would take you from this place to-morrow. You'd thank me for it, when you recovered your senses."

This conversation here ceased; and directly the two friends retraced their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey. "I am going back to town" he said, "I am tired of ruralizing. The fit for that is over, and I am afraid if I stay I shall be as foolish as you."

So the two parted; but Lovell remained behind; and in less than a week it was known everywhere in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said, when he told his affection, "we may be happy."

Edith answered with a look of her bright eyes so tender, confiding and eloquent, that Lovell adored her from that moment more than ever.

In a fortnight they were married, when Lovell took his bride to see his relations in the Southern city from whence he came. Edith's parting with her aunt was sorrowful, but it was made in expectation of speedily returning. Arriving at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut street.—She was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting her to alight, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxony carpet, rosewood furniture, costly

curtains, and gilded mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor.

"Whose house is this? Have you relatives living thus?" said Edith surprised also much magnificence.

"It is my house, it is now yours," said her husband. "I am not an artist, but a rich man, and richest of all in you."

Several years have passed since then, and Edith has fulfilled all her husband foretold of her. She has made the best of her husband, and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in.—Lovell's friend married a silly, fashionable woman, and no greater contrast in happiness exists that between those two former friends.

A handsome rural cottage, filled with all the appliances of luxury, has been erected in Edith's native town, and thither every summer she and her husband repair to visit their aged aunt, who has been installed mistress of this pretty retreat.

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF DESERTERS FROM THE ARMY.

The following bill has been passed by both Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature:

A further supplement to the Election Laws of this Commonwealth:

WHEREAS, By the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act to amend the several acts heretofore passed to provide for the enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes," and approved March third, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, all persons who have deserted the military or naval service of the United States, and who have not been discharged or relieved from the penalty or disability therein provided, are deemed and taken to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited their rights of citizenship and their rights to become citizens, and are deprived of exercising any rights of citizens thereof;

AND WHEREAS, Persons not citizens of the United States are not under the constitution and laws of Pennsylvania, qualified electors of this Commonwealth:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that in all elections hereafter to be held in this Commonwealth, it shall be unlawful for the judge or inspectors of any such election to receive any ballot or ballots from any person or persons embraced in the provisions and subject to the disability imposed by said act of Congress, approved March third, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and it shall be unlawful for any such person to offer to vote any ballot or ballots.

SEC. 2. That if any such judge and inspectors of election, or any one of them, shall receive or consent to receive any such unlawful ballot or ballots from any such disqualified person, he or they so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof in any Court of Quarter Sessions of this Commonwealth, he shall, for each offense, be sentenced to pay a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, and to undergo an imprisonment in the jail of the proper county for not less than sixty days.

SEC. 3. That if any person deprived of citizenship be disqualified as aforesaid, shall, at any election hereafter to be held in this Commonwealth, vote, or tender to the officers thereof, and offer to vote, a ballot or ballots, any person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof in any Court of Quarter Sessions of this Commonwealth shall for each offence be punished in like manner as provided in the preceding section of this act in the case of officers of election receiving such unlawful ballot or ballots.

SEC. 4. That if any person shall hereafter persuade or advise any person or persons, deprived of citizenship and disqualified as aforesaid, to offer any ballot or ballots to the officers of any election hereafter to be held in this Commonwealth, such person so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof in any Court of Quarter Sessions of this Commonwealth, shall be punished in like manner as is provided in the second section of this act in the case of officers of such election receiving such unlawful ballot or ballots.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR BROWNLOW.

Governor Brownlow has been at his home, in Knoxville, for some days, recruiting his shattered health. At the invitation of the German Union League of that city, he addressed a large assemblage of his fellow citizens on Saturday evening.

He prefaced his remarks by asking their indulgence, as he was feeble, but promised them to be brief and to the point. He said that parties were again at work, seeking an ascendancy in the Government. The Democratic party, under a new guise and new leaders, was again asking countenance from the people. The firing on Sumpter was a Democratic measure. The Southern States were all Democratic when they went in the rebellion. The revenue stamps you are now taxed with are Democratic, and so are shipplasters.

I announce to you that if Andy Johnson is to lead the way in reconstruction, with the Democratic party at his back, I go the other way. I go with the Congress of the United States, the so-called radicals. I do not fear to side with them. The name of radical has no terrors for me. I have been known as a "damned blue light Whig" and "damned lunatic," and I think it cheap if they will now let me off by calling me a "damned radical."

There are "two human monsters" now engaging the attention of the American people. Their names are on every man's lips. I refer to Sumner and Stevens.—President Johnson is engaged in a bitter warfare against them. To abscond these men is the test of the loyalty Mr. Johnson prescribes. They are both men of ability and unblemished private character. Stevens has sacrificed more for the Union than any five men in East Tennessee, and is a better man than any two men who ever lived in the South. I am not afraid to endorse these men on my own "dug hill." We must all be radicals or reconstructed Democrats. I prefer to side with the former class.

On the negro suffrage question I have only to say that, for the President, I am willing to be content with the freedom of the slaves, and with the privilege given them to testify in our courts. I differ from President Johnson on this subject. He says he is in favor of allowing negroes to vote who can read, who are worth \$250, who have been in the army; and of gradually extending the right of suffrage to all. It was through his influence that we succeeded in passing the negro testimony bill through our Tennessee Legislature. He wrote letters, and sent telegrams, asking members to support the bill. It was through his help the bill became a law.—He went further than I ever did. I want them to be qualified first; it will come in time. They voted in Tennessee prior to 1832.

I have some secrets to tell of the freedmen's bureau bill. I think the bill was objectionable, and it might have been proper for me to veto it, but President Johnson ought not to have done it.—Generals Howard and Fiske drew up that bill. They carried it to the President and read it to him, section by section.—He favored it. General Fiske thought the expense would be too great, but the President said "no." He argued it, and promised to sign it if Congress should pass it. It went through both Houses—in the meantime he got into a personal quarrel with Sumner and others, and when the bill came before him for his signature he vetoed it, after having promised to favor it. This is a secret, but true.

I am in favor of the test oath, and don't want it repealed, and it won't be, thank God! There are crippled rebels in Washington who want to govern this country, and I am opposed to letting them in.—They wouldn't help govern the country. President Johnson can't carry a single State south of Mason's line but Kentucky, and I wish he would carry that State to "hell."

They had forty papers in Tennessee, and but seven of them are loyal. The thirty-three are bitter, artful, rebel sheets—many of them edited by Northern Copperheads—the meanest class of men that walk on earth. They are meaner than Judas Iscariot. Arnold and Barr were patriots compared to them.

Our State Legislature is at a lock—twenty one members bolted. They all endorse President Johnson. They have

left 200 lunatics and 300 convicts to starve. I have provided money to feed them; if the next Legislature refuses to refund the money, I will turn the crazy and convicted loose on Middle Tennessee. It will be the best physic they ever had.

The Governor closed by warning all his old friends to stand by the Government. He predicted that the South would attempt another revolution through the ballot box. If they did, he said, the Northern hordes would grind them to powder.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights Bill has passed both Houses by a decisive vote over the President's veto. Among loyal people in all parts of the country, a strong feeling prevails in favor of the bill. Multitudes who sustained the Veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, endorse the passage of this bill over the veto. This proceeds principally from a consideration of what is actually intended to be accomplished by the enactment of the law. In part, also, it proceeds from a recognition of what the bill carefully avoids meddling with.

The bill does not confer any rights upon the blacks. It does not make them voters. It does not seek, ever so remotely, to endow them with social equality, either among themselves or with their white neighbors. It is not a charity. Charity does not come within its purview. It neither distributes alms, nor founds hospitals, nor builds schools, nor maintains churches.

Its sole end is to render the blacks secure in their persons and property; to protect them in the fair and full enjoyment of the rights conferred on them by the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. It simply aims to fulfill the pledge of the Nation that emancipation should be complete and permanent. In all other particulars it throws the black entirely upon their own resources, leaving them to work out their own destiny as best they may. Nothing is accorded to them but what is freely conceded alike to blacks and whites by the regular operation of the laws in the most intensely aristocratic nations of Europe.

The provisions of the bill do not discriminate between States. They apply absolutely in Pennsylvania as in Virginia. Nor do they interfere with State laws except where those laws are made to interfere with the spirit and intent of the Federal Constitution. If a State provides for the fair administration of justice to the blacks, this bill will almost of necessity be of no effect within its borders. If a State will persist in having one measure of justice for white people and a very different one for the blacks, doubtless this bill would be felt intrusive and grievous. But this does not militate against the right and obligation of the general government to secure perfect equality before the laws for high and low, rich and poor, black and white.

Gen. Geary fought gallantly in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac from Leesburg to Gettysburg, and afterwards under Sherman from Missionary Ridge to the surrender of Johnson in North Carolina. Gen. Clymer has fought in all the copperhead battles from his refusal to arm the State in April, 1861, through the numerous campaigns of his party, resulting in various draft riots, thousands of skulking deserters, the denial of suffrage to soldiers, &c., until he finally attained the chief command at Harrisburg on the 6th ult. The people of Pennsylvania may have a decided choice between two such soldiers to fill the position of Governor. Vote as you like, but vote for Geary.—Chambersburg Repository.

THE CANDLE FISH.—The California Express says: "This is one of the most curious members of the tribe. It is caught on the coast of British Columbia, where it is extremely common, and proves very useful to the natives. Some idea may be gleaned from the fact that the natives use it as a lamp, the light given being very considerable. The fish, when dried, has a piece of rush pit, or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress tree, drawn through it, a long needle made of hard wood being used for the purpose; it is then lighted and burns steadily till consumed. Any one can read comfortably by its light."

When was beef steak the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.