Juniata Sentinel.

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

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Poetry.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the Homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins,
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course onward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,
They're wealthy in gold without doubt,
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out,
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low,
Better risk the old farm awhile longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so,
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

Select Story.

"INASMUCH."

"Why, bless me, Fanny, you are growing more old maidish every day you live. I wonder what your next idiosyncrasy will be?"

"I wonder what it can be, mamma?" and Miss Belle Lindsay laughingly looked up from the fauteuil on which she was reclining, to take part in the arraignment of her sister.

"Was ever a mother so vexed as I am?" continued Mrs Lindsay frowning on the object of her displeasure, who was standing meekly before her, with folded hands, and eyes confused with tears. "Here you are, Fanny Lindsay, the daughter of a rich and honorable house, running all around the city, among the lower classes, seeking out your charitable objects, as you call them, which objects are generally old women and ragamuffin children, whom you bring here regardless of our feelings as well as our respectability, expecting we shall feed and clothe them. There is not a tramp in Boston who does not come here at some time or other to be fed and pampered. I tell you, Fanny, it is simply outrageous."

"But, mamma, do they ever trouble you?"

"No, thank goodness, I can't say that they do; but then the idea, how very plebeian and vulgar; but in my veins there is no plebeian blood, and I cannot—" And Mrs. Lindsay raised her viniagrette to her nostrils, as if there was something contaminating in the very name of "plebeian."

"Fanny is just like papa," said Miss Belle, with contemptuous shrug. "He would sooner die with a poor man any day than with the Lord Mayor of Boston."

Whereat Fanny laughed. The idea of a Lord Mayor in this Republican land was rich, and she appreciated it.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Belle, who knew it was some mistake of hers.

"I was only thinking I should like to see the Lord Mayor. Oh, Belle, I fear your education has been neglected."

"It has not been neglected so that I am only in my element among beggars and tramps," was Belle's spiteful rejoinder.

"Fanny, you are very rude," said her mother, with severity. "Belle's nerves are very delicate, and ought not to be jarred the very least: Dr. Wallace says so."

Fanny smiled. She knew the doctor's private opinion on the subject, but as it was given *sub rosa*, she did not then repeat it.

Making her escape from the room, she hastened to the kitchen where she found a small basket of delicacies prepared by the cook, another of her sympathizers, and taking this upon her arm she left the house by the rear door, taking care that none of her relatives should see her. A short but rapid walk brought her to the door of a dreary looking tenement house and entering she passed up the narrow staircase, dismal and unsafe, and rapped gently upon the door of one of the rooms.

"Come in," a feeble voice responded.

"Why, Mrs. Galt," said Fanny, as she obeyed the invitation, "you are alone."

"Yes, dear Miss Fanny," replied the invalid, for such she was, sadly. "I am alone, and am compelled to remain alone the greater part of the time. Johnny must go out to sell his papers or we could not live, and I have no one else. But after all," she added, brightening up, "I get along quite well. I have my bible always."

"But if you should happen to be taken away with a violent fit of coughing," exclaimed Fanny, sorrowfully, gazing upon the wasted cheek on which consumption's poetical seal was plainly visible.

"God will take care of me," said Mrs. Galt, looking up reverently.

Fanny's tears were flowing; but she took her basket and spread its delicacies before the good woman, whose eyes were also full, as she found voice to murmur:

"God will surely remember you, dear friend, for your kindness to me. I pray that he will bless you ever."

And Fanny, not in the least aristocratic, stooped over the bed and kissed her.

"Where have you been, Fanny?" asked Belle, as Fanny re-appeared in the parlor, a couple of hours later.

Fanny did not perceive the tall gentleman who stood conversing with her in the curtained recess of the deep bay-window, and she replied unhesitatingly.

"I have been to see poor Mrs. Galt, who is dying slowly of consumption—I carried her a few trifling comforts, for she has not long to live."

Belle crimsoned with vexation. The gentleman started so violently, and stepped from behind the curtain.

"My sister, Mr. Hosmer," said Belle.

"Who did you say you had visited?"

"A Mrs. Galt," replied Belle, flippantly; "a sick and poverty stricken protege of hers. We don't encourage her in such vulgarity, however."

"I spoke to your sister, Miss Belle," said Mr. Hosmer, with such emphasis that the rebuke was keenly felt.

"Miss Fanny, will you please inform me what her Christian name was," he added earnestly.

"It is Aurelia, I believe."

Mr. Hosmer's voice grew husky.

"And you say that she is dying?"

"Yes; going in quick consumption."

"You seem to take great interest in a beggar, Mr. Hosmer," Belle interrupted, scornfully.

His dark eyes flashed with a sudden fire, and his cheeks reddened angrily, as he replied:

"So I should, Miss Lindsay, when that beggar is my sister; Mrs. Galt, the only one I ever had, I could not find for years. Of course you will not care to wed the brother of a beggar; therefore if you please, we will consider our engagement at an end; I do not care to have my wife look down upon me."

There was a scene; but Hosmer, who had wooed and won Belle at Newport, where he had seen but one side of her character, was inexorable as Fate, and humble in the dust, she gave him up.

Mr Hosmer went to see his sister, and in a day or two she was removed to the grand house over which Miss Belle had so fondly hoped to preside as mistress. But his visits to the Lindsay mansion did not cease with this unfortunate one—or fortunate, we prefer to say—and after the death of Mrs. Galt, who, in prosperity as in adversity, regarded Fanny as an angel, his house grew strangely lonely. And so—why prolong the tale—he married Fanny, and is not sorry yet; while Belle, whose delicate nerves could scarcely endure Newport or Saratoga, went through four seasons at one place or the other, before she caught a husband.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nerly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his hat and coat, hung them on a windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that hat and coat on the windlass they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow any thing more than a hearty laugh which soon followed.

SHUN evil speakers. Deal tenderly with the absent, say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of a misunderstanding or evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide, then believe what evidence compels you to, and no more. But, even then, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing them good.

GREAT talent renders a man famous; great merit, respect; great learning, esteem; but good breeding alone insures love and affection.

A TALE OF DEVOTION.

Some years ago a Russian nobleman was traveling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to the inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him to the next station, where he intended to pass the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for he said there was danger in traveling so late—the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wanted to keep him as a guest; he said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off, with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him. On the box of the carriage was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no sign of danger. The moon shed her pale light, and brought out into burnished silver the road on which they were going. Al length the little girl said to her father:

"What was that strange, howling noise that I just heard?"

"Oh, nothing but the wind sighing through the trees," the father replied.

The child shut her eyes and was quiet. But she said again:

"Listen, father; it is not like the wind, I think."

The father listened, and far, far away in the distance behind him, through the clear, cold, frosty air he heard a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He then put down the window and spoke to his servant:

"The wolves I fear are after us; make haste. Tell the man to drive faster, and get your pistols ready."

The postillion drove faster. But the same mournful sound which the child had heard approached nearer and nearer.

It was clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. So he said to his servent:

"When they come up with us do you single out one and fire, and I will single out another, and while the rest are devouring them we shall get on."

As soon as he put down the window, he saw the pack in full cry behind the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell—The others instantly set upon and devoured them, and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But the taste of blood only made them more ferocious, and they were soon up with the carriage again.—Again two more shots were fired, and two fell and were devoured. But the carriage was soon overtaken, and the post house was yet far distant. The noble man then ordered the postillion to loose one of his leaders that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically in the forest and the wolves after him and was soon torn to pieces. Then another horse was sent off, and shared the same fate.—The carriage labored on as fast as it could with the two remaining horses, but the post house was still distant.

At length the servant said to the master:

"I have served you ever since I was a child; I love you as my own self. Nothing can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and little ones."

The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up the faithful fellow threw himself among them. The panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last fatal attack. But the travelers were safe.

The next morning they went out, and saw the place where the faithful servant had been pulled down by the wolves.—His bones only were there, and on the spot the nobleman erected a pillar, on which was written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with his paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade "Jonathan, run home and bring me something to kill the varmint! Mind you don't stay, for I'm in a fix." Jonathan ran off but stayed a long time. During the interval the bear made several attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Johnathan came back. "Haloo, what kept you so long?" "Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready; so I stopped to eat." "Well," said the comrade, "come you, now, and hold the critter while I kill it" Jonathan seized the bear's paws and held the animal. "Well, have you a hold of him?" "I guess I have." "Very well, then hold fast; I am off for dinner."

RUMORED DISCOVERY OF A MURDER THAT OCCURRED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The Lewisburg *Journal* contains the following account of the rumored discovery of the murder of a Berks county man committed thirty years ago, in Union county, this State. Says the *Journal*:

No doubt many of our readers will remember a rumor which was in circulation some thirty years ago, that a man traveling on horseback through Penn's Valley Narrows had been foully dealt with. The rumor was based upon the fact that the body of a horse was found some twenty rods from the pike, which had apparently been knocked down with a cudgel and killed. The horse was found several days after he was killed by some boys who were out gunning. Other circumstances connected with the affair caused a great deal of excitement in the neighborhood. Some half dozen of the citizens were soon after summoned to the spot, who reported that the case required a thorough investigation. A call was made upon the citizens en-masse and a day appointed to make search for the body of the man supposed to have been murdered.

On the day appointed, a number of men from Centre and Union counties repaired to the spot where the horse was found and set out in squads through the woods, and searched all day diligently, but found nothing. They then concluded that if there were any ground for their suspicions, and that a man had really been murdered, his body must have been sunk in a sawmill dam close by. Another day was then appointed to let the water out of the dam.

On the night before the day fixed upon to let off the water, the gates were drawn by some unknown parties, and the water let out. The feelings of the searching parties can only be imagined when, the next day, they found things in such a condition. Those who had given the matter very little thought, and had ridiculed the idea of their being any cause for such apprehensions, at once changed their minds, and the excitement became intense. Search was, however made in the mill dam, when fresh tracks were found that had no doubt been made the previous night by the parties who had been wading through the mud, but no further developments were brought to light.

Various rumors were in circulation.—Several parties were implicated in the crime, but as in most cases of this kind, the rumors were mostly, if not all, unfounded, and the occurrence was seemingly forgotten.

Some ten years ago, however, it was published in the newspapers in certain localities in this State that a man, who had been a former resident of Union county, had confessed upon his death-bed that he was one of a party who had murdered a man in Penn's Valley Narrows some twenty years previous to that date. This news created some little excitent at the time, but it soon also died out.

Within the last few days rumor has it that a certain man who moved out west from the upper end of the county many years since had lately died, and had confessed at his dying hour that he was one of the party who committed the Penn's Valley Narrows murder, some thirty years ago, and had implicated three others. That they played card (with the man they afterwards killed) at a tavern this side of the Narrows, and there discovered that he had a large amount of money, being a drover from Berks county; that they at once laid a plan to kill and rob him; that they followed him through the Narrows to the place near where the horse was found, and killed him and the horse, and buried his body under the horse. After the horse was discovered they moved the man's body and sank it in the mill dam, and when the matter was talked of and the citizens determined to let the water out of the dam, he and the other parties implicated let out the water the previous night and took the body and carried it several miles away, towards Brush Valley Narrows, and buried it and were the first on the ground the following morning to help in the search.

The remains of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, are buried under an old mulberry stump in front of the residence of Gen Cameron, Front street. When that tree was flourishing, in the year 1720, the Indians of a certain tribe attempted to burn Harris, but were foiled in their designs by the approach of a friendly tribe, in canoes, from the opposite side of the river.

Eicher, a noted horse thief, recently captured at Newton, Iowa, is also a somewhat celebrated violin player. The other evening the marshal of Newton took his musical prisoner to a dance and had him fiddle. The marshal stepped to one side to get a glass of beer, and the result is that a reward of $100 is offered for the apprehension of his orchestra.

RELIGION is a personal business; and if all the rest of the world were to forsake Christ, it would be our duty to follow him.

ELEGANT WEDDINGS.

There are elegant weddings transpiring every night in New York. The other evening the most brilliant affair of the season was consummated. Ten thousand dollars were expended for flowers alone. A large room in the house was set with a tank the size of the apartment, which was filled with water to represent a lake. Shrubs and choice exotics bordered it—lilies floated upon it, and tiny boats fashioned of flowers were drifted upon the tide. Every door was removed from the house, and garlands of roses with trailing vines supplied their places. Even sets of chairs and sofas (useless, of course) were fashioned of camelias, and the floor was deeply strewn with choice floral carpeting. Within an arbor constructed of orange blossoms, a figure in white velvet gave her heart, or its counterfeit, to another figure in full dress.—Perhaps the two will find sufficient bliss in the thought of the splendor of their wedding to last them a couple of years. But, I'm thinking, people in these times who will throw awaw so much for an hour's triumph of mere display, will find their boat a wreck, before life together is half crowned. There are not enough of the dear old-fashioned weddings now-a-days. The necessary aim for the young men is, first rich, then marry. Is the word help meet obsolete I wonder? The age would not be so fast, nor so free in license and practice if we could slip back into our grandfathers' ideas about courting and matrimony. Don't you think so good people? Good night.

EASTON has reason to be pround of her convicts, as they seem to be men of the keenest sense of honor. The *Free Press* says that on Monday evening last one Jack Shipman, a well known thief, escaped from jail under the following circumstances: It appears that this orderly individual was permitted to exercise himself in the corridors for fear that by close confinement in his cell his health might be impaired, and society lose one of its most valued (?) members. Quietly, calmly, and collectedly he walked to the door and opening the padlock with a piece of wire, walked out, hanging the lock outside the door. He met a little son of the deputy warden in the entry, and picking up the little fellow carried him to the saloon of Valentine Messinger where he purchased for him a lot of sweetmeats; then took him up in his arms again, carried him across the street to the court house steps, and told him to run home. Jack's escape in the meantime was known, and a party started in pursuit of him. When Jack left Messinger's he went to the Pine Tree Tavern, where he whiskied. After procuring as much tangle foot as he thought was good for him he returned to the jail, knocked at the door, and asked the warden, Mr. Malone, "if he didn't think it was about time to turn in." The warden thought it was and admitted him, and when his pursuers returned Jack was all snug in his little bed.

ANTI-SWEARING ASSOCIATION.—The Miners' *Journal* says: An anti-swearing association has been formed at Harrisburg by the crew of the shifting engine Richmond, of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. By the rules of the association, a fine of ten cents is inflicted for every oath uttered by a member. We should like to see moral courage enough displayed for the formation of several such societies in this borough. In Newport, Kentucky, swearing on the streets costs a dollar an oath. We believe there is a law in this state imposing a similar fine for this offense, but whoever heard of it being enforced? And yet why should it not be? Why should our statute books be filled with laws which are thus permitted to become null and void? Far better repeal than allow them to be thus repeatedly and shamefully violated.

It may be only a conceit of ours, but we are daily impressed with the idea that there is more shameless, open profanity and blasphemy in our streets and places of business than ever before, at least within our recollection. It will not, perhaps, exercize any influence upon the minds of the profane to say what we propose doing in the next sentence, but with the hope that it will possibly induce some young man to pause and reflect for a moment, we will pen it: Profanity, whether on old or young lips, is an abomination in the sight of God. It has neither sense nor reason for its indulgence. It is the indellible evidence of a depraved and vulgar mind and no one who aspires to the title of a gentleman has a right to inflict it upon others.

A little waif, met in one of Boston's narrow thoroughfares the other morning, when asked if she had a mother, replied naively, "I dunno, but I guess not, for when I ran away this morning the old 'uns were quarrellin', and father had the hatchet."

"I despise mankind," said an arrogant millionaire to a noted clergyman. "I see you have studied your own nature," was the quiet reply.