



H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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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 ten lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents three, \$1.50; and so on for each subsequent insertion.

Business Cards. 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.

JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., Office on Main street South of Bridge str. etc.

WILLIAM M. ALLISON, Attorney at Law, and Notary Public. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care.

E. C. STEWART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa., Offers his professional services to the public.

JOHN T. L. SAHM, Attorney-at-Law, Mifflintown, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA. OFFERS his professional services to the public.

VENUE AUCTIONEER. The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue Officer and Auctioneer.

ALEX. SPEDDY, AUCTIONEER. RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county.

MILITARY CLAIMS. THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government.

PENSIONS! PENSIONS! ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION.

MEDICAL CARD. DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson town.

F. D. MILLER WITH LEWIS BREMER & SONS, TOBACCO WAREHOUSE, NO. 322 NORTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—ON AND after Sunday, May 20, 1866, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows:

NEW STAGE LINE MIFFLIN, PERRYVILLE AND CONCORD. Leaves Perryville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Concord at 4 o'clock, p. m.

Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road. THIS Great Line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

READING RAIL ROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. June 15th, 1866. GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tanawagon, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, etc.

LEAVE EASTWARD. Erie Mail Train 5:30 A. M. Erie Express Train 6:30 A. M. Elmira Express Train 7:45 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD. Erie Mail Train 8:00 A. M. Erie Express Train 9:05 P. M. Elmira Express Train 9:30 P. M.

General Superintendent, Williamsport, Feb. 14, '66-67. Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanawagon, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8:30 A. M. and 2:10 and 4:10 P. M.

Select Poetry.

OCTOBER. Come, my lassie, bonnie lassie, With the gentle eye, Come, my laddie brave and hardy, Sit ye down by me!

Now the farmers, glad returning From the field of corn, Heaped upon the grooming wagon, Summer hopes are borne.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA. I started from Midapore, a civil station about seventy miles southwest of the capital, on the morning of the 26th of June, and had hardly proceeded some seven miles, when commenced the painful sights which, varying only in intensity, continued till I again returned to this place.

He said that he and his companion had left their homes, after seeing their families die from the effects of cholera or famine, and had got thus far on their journey toward Midapore, hoping to get relief there, when one, struck by damp and hunger, died on the road under a tree, and the other wakes to find his friend's corpse, and himself, exhausted and drenched by the heavy rains that had fallen during the night, unable to move.

Sometimes I would see a cluster together. In one place there were twenty-two bodies within the space of half a mile; in another six, close together; all more or less mangled and torn by jackals, dogs and vultures. Pushing my way through the jungle and over paddy fields, often obliged to swim sundry streams swollen by the late floods, in one of which my palki was upset, I traversed one hundred and twenty miles of country, when I reached the house of a Mr. Falls, an assistant in Messrs. Watson & Co.'s indigo concern here.

On Sunday, I leave New-York at 8 00 P. M., Philadelphia 8 a. m. 5 15 P. M., Pottsville 8 00 A. M., Tanawagon 7 30 A. M., Harrisburg 9 05 A. M., and Reading at 1 30 A. M., for Harrisburg, and 19 52 A. M., for New-York, and 4 25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

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and, both to leave him to be a prey for the hawk and leopard, we placed him on the roof of a palki. The palki bearers, however, refused to budge an inch, saying that their case would be gone.

The misery endured by the Emine has brought on all the worst qualities of the lower class of natives. As a rule, affectionate and fond of their homes, they have in so many instances fled, leaving their wives and families to starve; but, as an eyewitness in two cases where nobler feelings held their sway, I here record them.

In another village we met a little girl and her mother, lying under a mango tree. Both were faint from hunger; they had been trying to keep life together on snails picked out of the ponds, berries and lizards, where they could obtain them, but daily feeling weaker they had sunk down under the tree, awaiting a lingering death.

He said that he and his companion had left their homes, after seeing their families die from the effects of cholera or famine, and had got thus far on their journey toward Midapore, hoping to get relief there, when one, struck by damp and hunger, died on the road under a tree, and the other wakes to find his friend's corpse, and himself, exhausted and drenched by the heavy rains that had fallen during the night, unable to move.

SEARCH FOR HIS REMAINS.—HIS BODY ABSORBED BY THE ROOTS OF A TREE.—A CURIOUS INCIDENT. Ninety years after his death, in 1771, steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storm of the Revolution came on and the work was forgotten.

On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outline of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. In Colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children; the remaining four were adults.

A London Letter in the Chicago Evening Journal has the following: The old saying that there is no cure for a broken neck has just been practically disproved by a surgeon at Greenock. He was called to see a young girl who had just fallen a distance of eighteen feet, and thoroughly dislocated the neck.

How PLANTS GROW.—Plants breathe carbonic acid instead of oxygen. Deprive a plant of carbonic acid, and it would sicken and die. Over the surface of leaves are countless numbers of pores or open mouths which take in the carbonic acid. Thus the leaves of plants are like the lungs of animals. It escapes when ever fermentation takes place and whenever bodies are decomposed.

Near the grave stood a venerable apple tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes.

Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves were all gone!

To explain the phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given, and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted; the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmitted into the apple tree; it had passed into the woody fibre and was capable of propelling a steam engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?—Hartford Press.

DEATH OF JOHN S. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER. The celebrated horse-tamer, John S. Rarey, died suddenly at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 4th inst. Last December he had a stroke of paralysis, since which time he had been treated by several prominent physicians.

Mr. Rarey was a native of Franklin county, Ohio, where he was born in 1828. He first publicly developed his system for taming, or rather training horses, in 1855, but from early childhood had been a student of what is now known as "Rarey's system." In 1856 he visited Texas, and studied for a year or two the habits of the animals of that State, meeting with great success in taming the wild horses of that wild region.

IS A BROKEN NECK CURABLE? A London Letter in the Chicago Evening Journal has the following: The old saying that there is no cure for a broken neck has just been practically disproved by a surgeon at Greenock. He was called to see a young girl who had just fallen a distance of eighteen feet, and thoroughly dislocated the neck.

When he reached her the face was nearly reversed, and looking over her back. He promptly supported the back with the left knee, took a grasp of the head, and began to pull gradually and pretty strong, whereupon the girl's eyes opened and there was an effort at breathing. Increasing the pressure, the parts suddenly came to their natural position, and after a minute or two regular breathing was established.

How PLANTS GROW.—Plants breathe carbonic acid instead of oxygen. Deprive a plant of carbonic acid, and it would sicken and die. Over the surface of leaves are countless numbers of pores or open mouths which take in the carbonic acid. Thus the leaves of plants are like the lungs of animals. It escapes when ever fermentation takes place and whenever bodies are decomposed.

A MOTHER AND TWO DAUGHTERS IN ALABAMA DIE FROM ACTUAL STARVATION.—A FEEL-RENDERING NECTAL.

About two or three weeks ago, says the Montgomery, Alabama Advertiser, in a house near the Fair Grounds, a woman was found dead on the floor. She had fallen from the bed, and must have died during the night. Around her lay her four little daughters, the oldest one about twelve years of age. Daybreak revealed to them their mother's dead body lying on the floor. But this was not all; these little girls lying around her were dying for the want of bread and attention. In this fix they were found and brought by some one, in a little cart, to Bishop Cobb's Home for Orphans. They were brought there on Friday. When these little girls came to the Home they were the picture of misery and want, and had scarcely a rag on to hide their nakedness; emaciated and sallow, they looked like living skeletons, and they were crying for bread. The lady, about three years of age, died on Saturday. The poor little thing was too near gone for any human aid to do her any good. She begged for bread until she died.

Another one named Lizzie, about seven or eight years of age, died on Wednesday. She was a pretty little girl, but reduced to a mere skeleton. She begged those around her to give her some meat and bread to the last. The other two are still at the Home. It was thought at first that they would die too, but the oldest one, a bright, sweet little girl, is improving. Her account of the suffering they underwent is enough to melt the hardest heart to tears—how they cried for bread and could not get it—that they had been drawing rations, but when they all got sick they sent their ticket by a negro woman, but that the ticket was torn up, and the answer was, "no more rations"—and how their poor sick mother, the evening before she died, with tears streaming down her cheeks, pressed them to her bosom—and much more which this little girl told me in a straightforward manner and which had truth stamped upon what she said.

The other little girl, named Mary, about nine years of age, is still very low, and it is doubtful whether she will ever get well.

A VERY APP REPLY.

A soldier who served with distinction as Colonel of a Michigan regiment, was approached by an officer who supports Johnson, with a suggestion that, as military men, they ought to pay their respects to President Johnson upon his arrival at Toledo.

"You may, but I will not," replied the Michigan Colonel, "for I have no respect for him." "But," quoth the Johnsonian, "you will go with us to show your respect for Grant and Farragut, who accompany him, won't you?"

"My dear sir," replied the Colonel, "there was once an old lady who kept a boarding house for laborers. One morning she came across a piece of tainted beef which she purchased cheap and boiled for dinner. It 'smelt to heaven,' and not a boarder would touch it. That evening she sliced and fried it, but it wouldn't do—it still smelt. The next morning she made hash of it, but it smelt louder and louder, when a boarder, who could stand it no longer, spoke his mind: Look here, old lady, you may bile it, you may fry it, or you may spile good potatoes by hashin it with 'em, but that meat stinks, and you can't crowd it down me in any shape."

"Now," continued the very positive Colonel, "you make take Johnson boiled, fried, stewed or sandwiched between two as good potatoes as Grant and Farragut, and he still stinks. You can't crowd him down me at any price." The conversation closed abruptly.