



A. J. M. Allister

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### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of four lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and six or 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, 40 cents per line.

Job Work.—The price 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.

**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 1st.

**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. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

**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 Belmont's Store, (opstairs.)

**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 Old Fellows' Hall, Bridge Street.  
Sept. 26, 1865.

**VENUE AUCTIONEER**  
The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue Auctioneer 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 Fernanagh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. WIP'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 Auctioneering, 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 (near) 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 "SANTINEL OFFICE," or at his residence in the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.  
July 22, 1865-66.

**F. D. MILLER**  
WITH  
**LEWIS BREMER & SONS,**  
**TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,**  
NO. 322 NORTH THIRD ST.,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Sept. 12, 1865-16.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cellarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, Curnes, Buckets, Horse Buckets, &c., at  
**SUPPLIFF, FROW & PARKERS.**

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

EASTWARD.	
Local Accommodation	6.53 P. M.
Philadelphia Express	12.14 P. M.
Fast Line	6.41 A. M.
Cincinnati Express	6.48, P. M.
Day Express	11.51, A. M.
Way Passenger	10.07, A. M.
WESTWARD.	
New York Express	5.54 A. M.
Day Express	3.58, P. M.
Baltimore Express	3.59, A. M.
Philadelphia Express	5.09, A. M.
Fast Line	5.50, P. M.
Mail Train	4.30, P. M.
Emigrant Train	9.47, A. M.
Cincinnati Express, leaves Eastward,	(daily) at 6.48 P. M.

### 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.  
Leaves Concord Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Perryville at 3 o'clock, p. m.,—in time for the trains going east and west.  
Stages will leave Mifflin Station as follows:  
Leaves Mifflin Station on Saturday, at 9 a. m., and returns on Monday; leaves Tuesday at 6 a. m., and returns on Wednesday; leaves Thursday at 9 a. m.  
Stages will leave Mifflin Station for Leominster, daily in the evening, and return in the morning in time for the East and West trains. Baggage and packages of all kinds are taken in charge and promptly delivered at moderate charges. The stages on the above routes are in GOOD ORDER and under the charge of competent and experienced drivers. The proprietor hopes, by strict and personal attention to business to merit a fair share of public patronage.  
**LEMUEL R. BEALE, Prop.**  
Jan. 10, '66-67.

### 1866. Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road.

THIS Great Line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.  
It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY.  
TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HARRISBURG.  
LEAVE EASTWARD.  
Erie Mail Train 5.53 A. M.  
Erie Express Train 6.52 A. M.  
Erie Express Train 11.51 P. M.  
LEAVE WESTWARD.  
Erie Mail Train 8.50 A. M.  
Erie Express Train 4.05 P. M.  
Erie Express Train 9.50 P. M.  
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.  
NEW YORK CONNECTION.  
Leave New York at 9.55 A. M., arrive at Erie at 2.55 A. M.  
Leave Erie at 4.25 P. M., arrive at New York at 4.55 P. M.  
NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIE & NEW YORK.  
Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains. For information respecting passenger business apply at the corner of 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia.  
And for freight business of the Company's agents:  
S. B. Kingston, Jr., corner of 13th and Market streets, Philadelphia.  
J. W. Reynolds, Erie.  
Wm. Brown, Agent, N. C. R. R., Baltimore.  
H. H. HOUSTON,  
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.  
B. W. GWINNER,  
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.  
A. L. TYLER,  
General Superintendent, Williamsport.  
Feb. 14, '66-67.

### READING RAIL ROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. June 11th, 1866.

**GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM** the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tanawagon, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.  
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 9.00, 8.10 and 9.05 A. M., and 2.10 and 9.15 P. M., arriving at New York at 5.40 and 10.00 A. M., and 3.40 and 10.55 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad; Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 and 9.20 P. M. trains without charge.  
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., stopping at Lebanon and all Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M. Train making no close connections for Pottsville nor Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Ashland via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Road—leave Harrisburg at 3.20 P. M.  
Returning: Leave New York at 7.00 A. M., 12.00 Noon and 8.00 P. M.; Philadelphia at 8.25 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.; Pottsville at 8.30 A. M. & 2.45 P. M.; Ashland 6.00 and 11.15 A. M., and 1.05 P. M.; Tanawagon at 9.45 A. M., and 1.00 and 8.55 P. M.  
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Road, at 7.00 A. M., Reading Accommodation Train; Leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.  
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6.45 A. M. and 6.15 P. M. for Ephrata, Little Lancaster, Columbia, &c.  
On Sundays: 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 10.52 A. M., for New-York, and 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.  
Commutation, Allentown, Schuylkill and Excursion Tickets to and from all points, at reduced Rates.  
Baggage checked through: 80 pounds allowed each Passenger.  
**G. A. NICOLLS,**  
General Superintendent.  
Reading, Pa. Nov 27, '65-67.

### Select Poetry.

**OCTOBER.**  
Come, my lassie, bonnie lassie,  
With the gentle eye,  
Come, my laddie brave and hardy,  
Sit ye down by me;  
Let us view the pleasing landscape,  
Tinged with golden hue;  
Ah, fair our old home was lang syne!  
But fairer still the new.  
See yon forest dyed in beauty,  
Orange, crimson, green,  
Cloudless all the mild blue heaven,  
O'er this fairy scene,  
Mirrored in yon placid water,  
View each painted tree;  
Indian Summer, sweet and mild!  
Ah, dear art thou to me.  
Now the farmers, glad returning  
From the field of corn,  
Heaped upon the grooming wagon,  
Summer hopes are borne.  
Hope hath come to its fruition,  
Labor now is crowned,  
The hidden seed was lost in spring,  
But now again 'tis found!  
Gentle lassie, bonnie laddie,  
Lift your thoughts on high,  
Where the giver of all beauty  
Dwells above the sky.  
There and here and through creation,  
With a hallowed hand,  
He blesses every vision so sainted,  
And every peaceful land!

### 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.—Rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the palkim were trading slowly through the mud, when, a little after day-break, I saw two bodies under a tree. As there seemed to be a slight motion in one, I alighted, and on going up to it found, covered under an oil cloth, an old man slowly dying from hunger. He appeared as if he had a thin piece of transparent India rubber tightly drawn over his skeleton frame, so emaciated had he become. I gave him some beer, and he slowly faltered out his tale of woe.

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 a corpse, and himself, exhausted and drenched by the heavy rains that had fallen during the night, unable to move. The dogs and jackals feast off the body, while this living skeleton but a few paces off is powerless to prevent them. He faintly begs from the passers by, but in vain. Hunger is gnawing his vitals also. They all turn a deaf ear to his cry. The beer seemed to revive him, and I went to my palki to get some biscuits, but returned to find the poor sufferer in a state of coma, and in a few minutes he was dead. The half-picked body of his companion attested his tale. I continued my journey, passing at intervals the dead as they lay unburied and in every stage of decomposition on the side of the road.

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. That gentleman informed me that a woman had died by the roadside, and that a living child was said to be at her breast. He sent out his servants, who returned saying that they had found the corpse and the child, but the mother's arm clasped the other so tight that in bending it back, stiff and cold, it broke. They say that the living and the dead had been thus linked together for two days; at any rate, the poor little infant, exhausted by exposure and want, died as it was being released.

The above gentleman and myself were traveling through a dense jungle. Miles away from any human habitation we perceived a famished native, of the Sonthal tribe, lying on the ground, he had thrown himself down to meet certain death; but a little brandy rekindles the vital spark,

and, bath to leave him to be a prey for the jackal 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. "Survivor in modo" is tried, but "no go;" "fortiter in re" then came into play. They murmured, looked at the palki, asked for a bottle of grog, and then trudged along with their tipsy burden. The brandy had been too strong for him. I am glad to add that in twenty-four hours after this the burden was walking about.

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.—A woman, with her three young children crawls into a planter's house just as uncheon was being carried from the table; she begs for the remains of the curry and rice, which are at once taken out into the verandah and placed before her. Without attempting to eat, she quietly seats her three children round the dish, who in a few minutes demolish its contents, and although the mother is wasted to a skeleton, yet, manubring her thanks, she turns away, grateful that her offspring have been fed, even while she herself hungereth.

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. We got some boiled rice and put it before them. The younger is the stronger; the mother is too weak to raise herself. Although the child's big eye flashed with a hungry gleam, yet her little hands, well filled, first seek the mother's mouth, and not until half the rice is thus gone does she herself eat. It is impossible to judge of the number that have died from actual want, as no returns are kept, but taking three districts of Balasore, Cuttack and Midnapore, I should say quite 1,200 a day. In Balasore large plague pits have had to be dug near the towns to receive the bodies of those found dead near their precincts, but in too many instances the bodies are left to rot on the roadside.

#### ROGER WILLIAMS. 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. But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet at least have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty three years, not even a rough stone has been set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained after the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume.

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. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down in the "charnel house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years.

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. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle in vegetation, but for its great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust!

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! There stood the "guilty apple tree," as it was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

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. On Thursday, at two p. m., he left the Waddell House for a walk, but soon returned, complaining of a pain in the head. After being treated a few minutes he exclaimed, "I am dying," and in about an hour he expired.

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. On his return from Texas he gave his first public exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, since which time he has almost constantly been before the public. In the course of his career he was consulted by the chief cavalry officers of England and this country, and Major General Halleck employed him in 1863 to inspect and report upon the condition of the horses of the army of the Potomac, which he did with considerable discretion.

#### 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 the 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. Close attention was afterward paid to the case, and after much fever and occasional convulsions, the child recovered, and is now as well as ever. I believe there is not another similar case on record. Of course, much time must not elapse between the injury and the treatment.

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

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 baby, 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.

**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. Such are some of the properties of carbonic acid—a substance deadly poisonous when breathed, yet absolutely necessary for our very existence.