

# THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, A DEMOCRATIC FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, &C.

## THE GLOBE.

Huntingdon, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1859.

### LOCAL & PERSONAL.

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**—All hail Saturday night! The night prior to the poor man's holiday, or rather day of rest. But how is Saturday night spent by the poor man? Is it in preparing for the Sabbath? Or, is it in drunkenness and rowdyism? Alas! too true! Hundreds, yea thousands, spend it in drunkenness and debauchery. Of course, there are some who prepare for the coming Sabbath, and who spend their evenings at home with their families, but we are inclined to the opinion that a majority pass their Saturday nights in haunts of darkness, where the poisoned cup and the enticing game leads them to utter ruin and damnation; where friend meets friend, and each strives to fleece his neighbor out of his hard earnings for the week. And what becomes of their families, whilst they are in these dens on Saturday nights? Oh! name it not, for it will make their conscience smote them in their downward course to destruction. When the husband returns from his week's labor on Saturday evening, his wife meets him with a smile and a kiss, and announces supper in readiness. Supper over, the husband puts on his hat and is about going out, when his wife intercepts him, and inquires what time he will be home to-night? He informs her that he will not be gone long; that he has promised to meet a friend, and that it was impossible for him to break the engagement. Poor wife, little does she know what awful deeds her husband is committing while she is patiently waiting his return. She reminds him before he departs from her side that it is Saturday night, and that she would like to have his company.—He assures her that he will not be gone long, she kisses him affectionately, he departs, and she waits his return with the patience of Job. She watches the hands of the clock, as they tell the hour of night. Eight o'clock comes but no husband. Nine, he comes not. She listens with that attention which only a wife and mother can listen, for the footsteps of her husband. Alas! he comes not yet.—"Great God," she at last exclaims, "four o'clock, and husband not home yet." At last he comes, reeling and tottering under the maddening influence of the intoxicating bowl, his money all spent, and his hopes blighted. She, however, meets him with a sad smile and puts him to bed, where he spends most of his Sabbath. She entreates of him to do so no more. He promises, and all goes smoothly along again until Saturday night; he makes some kind of an excuse for being so poor when his dear wife entreates of him for a morsel of bread. By her shrewd management, however, they make out to get along until next pay day. This is Saturday night spent by thousands, and thus it is spent by some in Huntingdon. Young men, take warning. Old men set your sons a good example, and teach them to shun the haunts of wickedness and corruption.

**BOR KILLED.**—We are informed that a boy was killed by a freight train on the Broad Top Railroad, at Saxton, on Saturday last. It appears that the train was switching off the main track to the siding, and, as is customary with boys everywhere, he was jumping off and on the train whilst in motion, and being caught somehow or other, he was thrown with his head upon the track, the wheels passed over it, taking the upper part entirely off. He died instantly. We did not learn his name. This is another sad warning to boys. Every day do we see boys climbing about the cars while they are in full motion. This can, and should be stopped before such an accident occurs again. It is forbidden by the Railroad Companies, and why is it tolerated? We are only surprised that it does not become our sad duty, as a reporter, to chronicle more accidents of this kind. It is no pleasant task, we assure you, to write about such things, and the less we have to do, the better we will be satisfied. Only last Saturday evening, we witnessed a foully attempt of a young man to jump on the passenger train going west, whilst in full motion opposite the Post Office. He missed the hold he reached for and was thrown with great force to the ground, and we only wonder that he escaped getting his neck broken; however, he did not receive any serious injury, more than being dreadfully frightened. We wonder that any sane man would attempt such a rash act. Parents would do well to keep their children away from about the cars, else, some day they may see them brought home a corpse. Not only in this town is it practiced, but in all others. "A word to the wise," &c.

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Court commenced on Monday, and the crowd in town is quite large. We return thanks to those of our patrons who have already called upon us. "Keep the ball in motion."

**PERSECUTION.**—We know of no class of individuals who are more subjected to persecution or blackguardism than editors.—Last week's leader contained a sentence which does not meet with the approbation of all.—It was either too strong or too weak. It was either deviating from the correct principles which he professes to support, or it was not. Another article, not exactly under the editorial head, was altogether wrong. Some, however, think it was exactly the thing. Such a notice would have been better had it been inserted in the stove, &c., &c. "Now in the name of all the God's at once!" what is an editor to do. How can we please "everybody and all their relations." That's the question. How is it to be settled? Just this way:—Let every editor do the best he can and please as far as is possible for him so to do. Every day is he held up in some light or other, either in ridicule or just the opposite. It has been so in all ages past, it will be so in all ages to come, and we say let it be so, for we, as an editor, do not pretend to please everybody, for we know that a man of sound mind and good judgment, will condemn an editor for publishing what does not exactly please him, because he happens to be on the opposite side of the question, or because his views of the leading political questions of the day do not exactly agree with those of the editor.

**AUGUST.**—Beautiful August! The last Summer month of the year; and we can soon exclaim, with the prophet of old, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Soon will the leaves turn yellow, wither and fall to the ground. How, dear reader, have you enjoyed the warm summer months that are passed and gone? We have spent a happy season. We are perfectly satisfied with the pleasures and sports we have witnessed and participated in, and we think, when a printer has no room for complaint, no person else has. How thankful we all should be, for the bountiful harvest we have been favored with. Soon autumn, with all its varied changes, will be upon us. How we love the autumn; how we admire the beautiful aspect it presents. The green foliage of to-day, will then be changed to a fascinating yellow. But it is not our intention to deliver a sermon on the beautiful season near at hand, so we will close, by quoting a few lines from Bryant, who exclaims—

"Oh, Autumn! why so soon  
Depart the leaves that make thy forest glad;  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave the wild and wintry cold?  
Ah! 'twere a lot too brief  
For ever in thy colour'd shades to stray,  
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest,  
To roam and dream of aye."

We go to press on Tuesday at noon, consequently we can not give the proceedings of either of the party Conventions. The attendance on the People's Convention which was held yesterday afternoon, was large, and the Democratic which meets to-day promises to be more than usually interesting. The indications are that harmony and nothing else will prevail in our Convention. This is gratifying to the true friends of the Democratic party and its principles. We shall give the tickets nominated, and the proceedings of both Conventions in our next.

**THE DELEGATE ELECTIONS IN THE BOROUGH.**—The Democrats were united and selected by acclamation, Owen Boat and Lewis Bergens, as delegates. The People's Party had a "high time" of it. Two sets of delegates were run, Rothrock and Nash on one side against all opposition, and their delegates were elected by four to one. We have never seen a warmer or more spirited contest. Visitors from the Bedford Springs are fast returning to their homes in the cities.—The amount of travel done on the Broad Top Road just now, is considerable. The Warm Springs have been pretty liberally patronized this season. Had we the time and the means we might take rooms at some of the celebrated watering places with many of our eastern brothers, who are rusticating with the "bags" in every direction.

On Saturday evening last, while Mr. Albert Owen, County Superintendent, was riding along in the country, a short distance from town, his horse became unmanageable and ran against a fence, injuring him considerably. We did not learn the extent of his injuries, but are informed that he is recovering as speedily as can be expected.

John Householder, a young man, son of Geo. Householder, was almost instantly killed on Monday evening, by being thrown off and in front of a hand car on the Pa. R. R. about three miles below this place. The car passed over him and injured him to such an extent that he died soon after the accident occurred.

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