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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

AFFLICTION.

This plaintive song wrung from the heart of Thackery, when afflictions came upon him, might well be ours when suffering under bereavement:

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! Whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with care be bent,
And whitened with the Winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part;
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose, or conquer if you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!

A Thrilling Adventure.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight, for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh! then, but I'll go and seek him and help 'em to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"And," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day long in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door, watching him as he went merrily whisting down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and her heart sought its safe refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasure.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting along.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of our architectural beauty. The chimney was of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffolding was almost down—the men were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by. The scaffolding had been removed without remembering to take up the rope. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father? He walked around and round the circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth farther and farther from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind—his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below. The day passed as industriously as usually with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband or children in some way, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts, were silently thanking God for the happy home and for all those blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get the words out.

"Mother! mother! he cannot get down!"

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked his mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom still scarcely able to speak.

The mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressed her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had gathered round the foot of the chimney, and stood quite holpless, gazing up with their faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad," cried the wife with a hopeful voice; "thee munna do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as it he could not speak—and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted yarn, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the outstretched hands that were awaiting it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull;" cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil—it had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She bid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magical influence her few words had exercised over him.

She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him—as if the little thread had carried the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that, as she waited there, the words came over him: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God." She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested upon him as upon a rock.

There was a great shout.

"He's safe, mother; he's safe!" cried Tom.

"Thou hast saved my life, my Mary," said the husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails you? thou seemest more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such fear, had overcome her.

"Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and in the nearness of the danger that had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?

The Mystery of an Old Fort.

A letter writer, in describing Fort Marion, one of the defences of St. Augustine, Fla., gives the following story: Fort Marion has an old, solemn, and rather threatening warlike appearance. The outer wall, five feet thick, of the material called coquina (kokeina), found in great abundance on the beach, near the lighthouse, has quite a slant, or inclination inward, several degrees from a perpendicular. An inner wall, two and a half feet thick, standing perpendicular, keeps in position a bank of sand eight or ten feet thick between the outer and inner walls. Behind these walls are arranged the casements, strongly arched overhead, and extending all around the interior. Upon these arches and the walls a floor of brick, stone, and concrete is laid, whereon the heavy guns of the fort are placed; very few are in position now. Within the enclosure of the fort below are piles of cannon balls and quite a number of old Spanish guns, partly eaten by rust. In 1858, while pulling some heavy guns in position on the fort an arch gave way, making a hole some five feet wide, disclosing a cell hitherto unknown to any person living. In this new and strange apartment were found one or two gun carriages, made of mahogany, finely wrought. During the excavations made by the officers, one of them accidentally discovered the appearance of a doorway that had been masoned up. They determined to test the reality of the suggestion, and removing a few stones revealed an opening into another cell, where was found a bedstead, on which lay the skeleton of a man chained to a huge staple in the wall; beside the bed stood an open mahogany chest five feet long, two and a half feet wide, sides of plank two inches thick, mounted with huge iron strap hinges and three enormous locks. No clue has yet been found to the history of this case, or the offence of this terribly punished victim.

☞ A lively urchin accosted a traveling dealer on Market street, the other day, and cried, in and earnest voice: "Mr. ——, please give me an apple; my brother goes with your sister."—He'll do.

☞ Capital punishment in Arkansas—to be locked up two days with eleven pretty girls in a jury-box. Oh, my! who would ever find a verdict.

☞ A modest old lady in Lowell, characterized her canine, when she applied for a license, as a "boy dog of the black spaniel variety."

☞ An Irishman said, "No printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

☞ Virtue is its own reward.

Moving into New Houses.

That death frequently ensues after moving into a new house is unquestionably true, but examination will prove that it is due to the imprudence of the occupant in many cases. The most frequent cause of such an event is the state of the undried plastering. It is, however, sometimes occasioned by the entire change of habits, which follows what is frequently a decisive step upward in the career of the owner. Sand is used in constructing plaster for the simple reason that when the lime itself hardens there shall be a material dispersed through it as hard as itself. Water is the agent which produces this effect. When that is suddenly absorbed, from contact with porous bricks, or from exposure to powerful heats, or to drying winds, the necessary union is not formed, and the material, instead of being mortar, consists of slaked lime and dry sand. When the water is allowed to remain in the mixture the hardening process goes on, but proceeds slowly. A mason, examined as a witness in this city some years ago, testified that mortar in a thick wall was twenty or thirty years in acquiring its full solidity.—The process is somewhat like that by which nature converts certain minerals in the earth into stone.

When plaster is applied to laths it dries rapidly and thoroughly, but yet it is wholly unsafe to inhabit a dwelling only recently plastered. When a house is occupied too soon it is as if the walls consisted of water and the dampness were inhaled at every breath.—Very obstinate cases of sickness proceed from this cause.

When sleep is affected by damp walls sore throat or a cold follows in eight or ten days, attended with an extraordinary difficulty of recovery—The main cause, the dampness of the house, is a continuing cause of disease.

Many houses are now being constructed for occupancy this spring.—The assertion that they are thoroughly dried will unquestionably be made by persons having them for sale or to let; and although many of them will be stimulated by ambitious wives and husbands to move into them for the sake of losing no time in making appropriate display, it will be far wiser to wait for a whole year after a house is finished, and use in the winter furnaces, and in the summer drying winds, to render it safely habitable.

Although moving from a dry to a damp house ought to be regarded as a sufficient cause for serious ill-health, there are but few who perceive it, inasmuch as it is the interest of many persons to keep the true cause away from observation, in order that new houses may not remain on their hands unoccupied by tenants, and also that there may be patients needing to be cured. The condition in this respect of the house into which one designs moving cannot be too carefully weighed, or a new case may be furnished to aid the too popular conviction which ignorance so readily assigns in such cases as a cause of death if it occur.—*Harper's Bazar.*

☞ The Philadelphia *Ledger* publishes a much longer list of marriages and deaths than any other paper in that city. Many of the defunct personages are fond of poetical notices of a hopeful or mournful nature, and there are several quite remarkable verses which are popular for this sort of work. For instance, the line "gone but not forgotten" is as popular as it is absurd, for the subject of the notice is so recently gone and as yet unburied, so that even the worst memory would find it difficult, under the circumstances, to lose him. Here is a badly rhymed favorite:

To that bright land our Mamie's gone,
For Jesus bade her come;
He took her from this world of woe,
To live with Him at home.

The last line is forced to close this remarkable production:

Short was her suffering,
Hard was her pain,
No murmur escaped her,
None heard her complain,
May the sun shine brightly
And the rain fall lightly
On our little Sarah's grave.
Gone, but not forgotten.

And for all full grown men this peculiar little gem is the especial favorite. We have often seen it three or four times in the same paper:

None knew him but to love him
His strong spirit's fled
To the Lord above,
While his active limbs
Lie mouldering in the dust.

Funeral Thoughts.

Fellow mortals, what are the feelings which prompt you to attend funerals? Are you influenced merely by idle curiosity?—Did you go to sympathize with bereaved friends? Or was it to hear what the minister had to say on the occasion? It could not be through idle curiosity, for this is too solemn a place—sobs, tears, a shroud, a coffin, a grave. Oh! who could seek to while away time here? To sympathize with friends. This is right, your presence cheers in some degree, *the mourning ones.* For oh, how hard it is to see that dead one carried away from home, neglected. But this is humane. We should weep with those who weep; Jesus wept with Mary and Martha, and well you may weep. You knew him well; you walked, talked and enjoyed yourself with him, but you shall do so no more. The light is put out of his eye, his voice has lost its melodies and his beauty has faded and gone. Yes, weep, your tears become you, your sorrow is just. This tender overflowing of the soul humanity requires and reason well approves.

Here, too, contemplate your latter end.—Your present place is a favorable one for this. Let the shroud, the coffin, the grave, darkness, corruption, worms, dust and bones speak—these are sure to become your apparel, house, bed, cover, portion, companions, and end. Think of your breath failing, your throat rattling, your eyes growing dim; cold sweat gathering on your forehead and friends weeping. Think of all these as you hear the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." ALPHA.

The Beauty of Forgiveness.

"How beautiful falls from human lips that blessed word 'FORGIVE.'"

If there is anything which has power to bind the heart of man with a firm enduring affection, it is forgiveness, called forth by meek, sincere, unconditional repentance. Every one of us, however short our lives, and slight our experience, can perhaps, remember, when having done injustice to some one near and dear, pardon has been implored, and forgiveness readily and affectionately granted; can remember, I say, the magic with which it sweeps away any lingering trace of alienated feelings, and bound with renewed strength every sentiment of regard and esteem. The faculty of forgiving and receiving forgiveness is one of the finest in human nature. It is the main point in every noble, every refined, and elevated character. Dark, sinister and intriguing man can never forgive, and the consciousness of being forgiven is sufficient to arouse their darkest passions. An illustration of this may be found in the Rasbleigo Osbaldistone of Walter Scott when, in his dying moments, he calls his cousin and pours into his ear a torrent of impotent, scornful hate, and in the face, too, of kindly manifestations of forgiveness. That very manifestation, so superior in its manliness to his own malignity, caused him to realize his own worthlessness, and aggravated his hate.

If a man or woman wishes to live a peaceful, rational life, he or she must call forgiveness often into action; and will find it has the magic of a charm to allay all bitterness, reconcile all differences, dispel all those petty quarrels which so often embitter the intercourse of every good individual. It is the glorious element of God's government over man, the essential life-giving principle of the plan of redemption. It is the leading feature in Holy Writ, and finds an ardent, sincere response in the bosom of every high-minded man. It is the strongest link in the chain that binds the heart of every Christian to his Lord and Master. It is the consciousness of being forgiven that awakens all the nobler emotions of his soul, and rouses his dormant energies to active service in the cause of his Redeemer. Forgiveness from God or man lays an individual under obligations that to a sensitive, delicate mind are anything but unpleasant or humiliating. A certain degree of pride of character is far from being reprehensible—it gives force and dignity; but the pride that cannot ask forgiveness is obstinacy, is stubbornness, and the mind that will not melt and subdue, must be dead to all that is noble. Could the world at large be induced to enter upon the practice of forgiveness, alike whether it were sought or unsought, its use would soon be obviated, and the millenium dawn upon us in all its splendor and glory.

Let us, then, remember that as in the ocean the greatest commotion is produced by the action of some particles one upon another, so we, although insignificant members of an extended community, are constantly coming in contact one with another, and transmitting our thoughts, feelings, and opinions. And however our feelings may be injured, our characters assailed, our tempers vexed and tired, let us remember it is God-like to forgive.

And let us remember that, if destined for a better state of existence, where none but the higher, and more elevated faculties of our immortal nature will be called into action, that the cultivation they receive here, the better prepared we shall be to enter at once upon the enjoyment of their practice in futurity. Let us then, as far as possible discard all our conflicting propensities, everything that is debasing, and elevate our standard of moral and intellectual character, as far as can be, to that which must be ours when inhabitants, if ever, of realm of stintless purity and perfect bliss.

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.—The entrance to society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their hearts are presentable. It is a great trial to tender or tough age. For any overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing there are a dozen girls within and knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then sit down and dispose of one's pockets is an achievement of which few can boast. If a boy can get so far as to measure off ten yards of tape and manage to cut it short at one end he may stand a pleasant chance to spend a pleasant evening; but let him not flatter the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy, so mischievous and impressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy having the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking his elbow, stammers out the words: "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and thus they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as goslings. As soon as she is safe inside her own doors, he struts home and really thinks he has been and done it.—*Erie Despatch.*

The man who doesn't take a paper was in Indiana recently. The paper says he set his watch by a sign, wiped his nose on a bolt of calico hanging in front of a store, stopped at the National Bank to find out the price of coal, and paid twenty-five cents to a smart drug clerk for a Jayne's almanac.