The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1870. NO. 31.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

For annum in advance.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....50

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One inch, or less	$ 75	$1 25	$1 50	$1 75
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Half column	20 00	30 00	45 00
One column	30 00	45 00	80 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines, One year.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 6 times, $2 50
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Local or Special Notices, 10 cents a line for single insertion. By the year at a reduced rate.

Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are reasonably low.

Professional & Business Cards.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community. Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Luden on Hill street. apl0,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '65.

R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST,

Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST.

Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 31, 1867.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Office on Smith street. my12'69

A. POLLOCK, SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Will attend to Surveying in all its branches, and will buy and sell Real Estate in any part of the United States. Stand for circular. dec29-tf

T. W. MYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

☞ Office with J. Simonl Stewart, Esq. no10-6m*

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Office on Hill street, three doors west of Smith. y5'69

J. HALL MUSSER. S. E. FLEMING.

MUSSER & FLEMING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. HUNTINGDON, PA.

Office second floor of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my26'69

AGEENCY FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS' CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS.

All who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person or by letter to

W. H. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, aug12,1863 HUNTINGDON, PA.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Special attention given to Collections of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. jan.1.1867

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL T. BROWN, JOHN M. BAILEY

The name of this firm has been changed from SCOTT & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, under which name they will hereafter conduct their practice as ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.

PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted. May 17, 1865-tf.

P. M. Lytle & Milton S. Lytle, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.,

Have formed a partnership under the name and firm of P. M. & M. S. LYTLE,

And have removed to the office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith.

They will attend promptly to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. sep1-tf.

JOSEPH ABT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS,

Of all sizes and descriptions,

ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 9, 1869-tf

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

HUNTINGDON INSURANCE AGENCY.

G. B. ARMITAGE, HUNTINGDON, PA.

Represent the most reliable Companies in the Country. Rates as low as is consistent with reliable indemnity. sep 2, '68.

No Assessments!! Fire & Life Insurance.

Capital Represented over $14,000,000.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

SELLING OFF AT COST

Bartol & Dale

Are now disposing of their entire stock of Goods AT COST. Persons wishing

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Will save money by calling on us, as we are determined to close out our entire stock without reserve.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

Smith's new building, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. oct12

HUNTINGDON LIVERY STABLE.

The undersigned, having purchased the Livery Stable recently owned by Mr. Simon Weston, is now prepared to accomodate the public with Horses and Carriages on reasonable terms.

Stable at the rear of the Jackson House, near the P. R. R. Railroad. aug25'69

LAMBERTSON & MASON.

READY RECKONER

A complete Pocket Ready Reckoner, in dollars and cents, to which are added forms of Notes, Bills, Receipts, Petitions, &c., together with a set of useful tables containing rate of interest from one dollar to twelve thousand, by the single day, with a table of wages, and board by the week and day. For sale at

LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

H. ROMAN.

E. C. SUMMERS. LUKE REILEY

UNION STEAM BAKERY AND Candy Manufactory, HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE undersigned have fitted up a first-class steam BAKERY at the Cattilian Garden on Church street, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

BREAD, ROLLS, BISCUITS, PIES, Plain and Fancy CAKES, &c.,

In large or small quantities, at reasonable prices. We would call especial attention of country dealers to

OUR CANDY MANUFACTORY.

We manufacture all kinds of Fancy and Common Confectionries, equal to any that comes from the city, and are prepared to fill large or small orders on short notice and at CITY PRICES.

We also keep on hand a large and constant supply of

FRUITS AND NUTS,

which they will furnish at reasonable rates.

The proprietors flatter themselves that it needs but a trial to convince the most sceptical, and please the most fastidious.

☞ We respectfully solicit a liberal share of public patronage, and shall endeavor to merit its continuance. sel,1869 SUMMERS & REILEY.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR NEW GOODS.

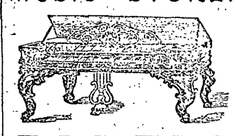
D. P. GWIN

INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE HAS JUST OPENED A SPLENDID STOCK of NEW GOODS THAT CAN'T BE BEAT IN CHEAPNESS AND QUALITY. COME AND SEE.

D. P. GWIN

Huntingdon, Oct. 4, 1869.

MUSIC STORE.



E. J. GREENE,

Successor to B. M. GREENE, DEALER IN

STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, And other makes, MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS,

Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Fifes, Flutes, Accordeons, &c., &c.

☞ Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons Warranted for five years.

Circulars sent on Application.

Address E. J. GREENE, Huntingdon, Pa. Jan27,69 2d floor Leister's New Building.

HUNTINGDON FOUNDRY.

EASTON BLAKE. M. MARION McNEIL.

BLAKE & McNEIL, [Successors to J. M. CUNNINGHAM & SON.]

Iron and Brass Founders, HUNTINGDON, PA.

IRON and BRASS CASTINGS made in a first-class Foundry. We have always on hand all kinds of Plow and Stove Castings, Wash Kettles, Collar-windows, Grates, Coal hole Castings for pavements, Window weights of all sizes and weights, Pipe joints, Sled and Sleigh shoes, Wagon boxes, Machine Castings, for steam and water, grist, saw, sumac and plaster mills of all descriptions.

HEATERS AND IRON FENCES, of the most improved style, oven doors and frames, door sills, and in fact every thing made in this line.

We have a larger stock of patterns, and can furnish castings at short notice, and cheaper than they can be had in the country. Having a good drill, we are prepared to do drilling and fitting up of all kinds.

Office in Lieztors' New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. Mch. 17, 1869. BLAKE & McNEIL.

West Huntingdon Foundry.

JAMES SIMPSON MANUFACTURES

PLOWS, THRESHING MACHINES, FARM BELLS, SLED AND SLEIGH SOLES. WAGON BOXES, IRON KETTLES,

Castings

For Furnaces, Forges, Grist and Saw Mills, Tanneries and Brickyards,

AND JOB WORK IN GENERAL.

ARCHITECTURAL & ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Iron Porticos and Verandahs,
Balconies, Columns and Drop Ornament for wooden porticos and verandahs,
Window Lintels and Sills,
Cast Ornaments for wooden lintels,
Cellar Window Guards, all sizes,
Chimney Tops and Flues,
Sash Weights, Carpet Strips,
Registers, Heaters, Coal Grates,
Vault Castings for coal and wood cellars,
Arbors, Tree-boxes, Lamp-posts, Hitching-posts,
Iron Railing for porticos, verandahs, balconies, flower-beds,
Yard and Cemetery Fences, etc.

Particular attention paid to fencing Cemetery Lots.

Address JAMES SIMPSON, Huntingdon, Pa. se23,68

1869. CLOTHING. 1869.

H. ROMAN.

NEW MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING FOR FALL AND WINTER,

JUST RECEIVED AT

H. ROMAN'S

CHEAP CLOTHING STORE.

For Gentlemen's Clothing of the best material, and made in the best workmanlike manner, call at

H. ROMAN'S,

opposite the Franklin House in Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa.

BE IN TIME.

The voice of wisdom hear,
Be in time, be in time,
To give up every sin
In earnest, now begin,
For the night will soon set in,
Be in time, be in time.

Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time, be in time,
Your sins are moving fast,
Your dye will soon be cast,
Ye aged men make haste,
Be in time, be in time.

Though late you may return,
Be in time, be in time.
Though late you may return
You're not too old to learn,
While the lamp holds out to burn,
Be in time, be in time.

Ye who are young in years,
Be in time, be in time.
You say you're in your bloom,
And far from the dark tomb,
But mind your day will come,
Be in time, be in time.

Back-slider, dost thou hear,
Be in time, be in time,
Thy sinful course forsake
And thyself to prayer betake
Thy deathless soul's at state,
Be in time, be in time.

Should you the work delay,
You're undone, you're undone,
Should you the work delay
And squander life away,
Death will be a solemn day,
Be in time, be in time.

Oh! should the door be shut,
When you come, when you come,
Should God in thunder say,
Depart from me away
Oh! 'twill be too late to pray,
Be in time, be in time.

The Slave Law Givers.

Hon. A. K. McClure, of this State, who has been sojourning during the winter at Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina, has written a long letter to the *Chambersburg Repository* under the above title. It so forcibly exhibits the extraordinary changes that have taken place in the civil polity of South Carolina since the war, that we transfer it to our columns:

Here the Slave is now the Master; the Bondman is the Law-giver. Here has been fulfilled that singular prophecy ventured by Jefferson soon after his retirement from the Presidency. Speaking of the crime of slavery, he said, "that considering numbers, native and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events, and it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

I walked leisurley along the broad streets of Columbia, to the imposing, but still unfinished capital of South Carolina. The softest breeze of Northern spring-time greeted me, and the beautiful magnolia, mock-orange, firs, and other evergreens, seemed to proclaim perpetual summer. The streets are crowded with motley groups of whites and blacks, and on the modest elevation that fixes the centre of the main avenue stands the point of attraction—*the capitol with the Legislature* in session. I entered the vast rotunda, and passed on to the legislative halls, to witness the deliberations of the novel Legislature of reconstructed South Carolina.

The Senate Hall, designed to echo the eloquence of the Hamdens, the Rhetts, the Hammonds, and other distinguished sons of chivalry, has been fitted up in a modest elegance, and 18 whites and 15 negroes fill its chairs.—As a body, it is but little below some Northern Senates I have seen, in point of intelligence, and among its members are able men of both races. Mr. Corbins, the President, is a very able lawyer and debater, and perhaps the commanding intellect of all the contributions from the North to the statesmanship of South Carolina. He is well appreciated, too, as a Senator, U. S. District Attorney, and codifier of the laws, and fills all with credit. Senator Jillson, another son of New England, is a gentleman of culture, and is State Commissioner of Education, as well as legislator. Senator Leslie is an ex-New York Democrat and ex-Democratic legislator from Brooklyn. He is now a Republican Senator, and State Land Commissioner. These doubly or trebly honored gentlemen are not singular, however. There was a lack of white material when the wheels of government were put in motion, and it became an agreeable necessity for a number to accept multiplied offices. Mr. Moses, Speaker of the House, is Adjutant General; and Mr. Nagle, Controller General; Mr. Tomlinson, Auditor General; Mr. Elliott, Assistant Adjutant General, and Mr. Stolbrand, Superintendent of the Penitentiary, are all commissioned State officers, and members of the House.

The most notable negro in the Legislature is Senator Wright. He is a full-blooded negro, of medium size, with a finely chiseled face and handsomely developed head. He came here with the certificate and seal of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, as an Attorney-at Law. His features and form are fairly Caucasian in all save color, and he speaks fluently and forcibly. He is eminent for his integrity, and devotes himself intelligently and earnestly to the advancement of his race and State. On the right of the Chamber sits a tall, gaunt, full-blooded negro, black as mid-night, with the regular Southern negro dialect, and the awkward gait of a field-hand. He is Senator Nash, the representative of the capital district, and successor to Wade Hampton. He is quite intelligent although entirely uneducated, and was, in olden times, the best hotel porter in Columbia. Senator Cain sits near the centre aisle, and boasts of no discount on his African blood. He is a tolerable debater, and an ardent preacher of the Methodist persuasion. A little in front of him, sits Senator Swalls, a light quadroon, and a hasty graduate of the country free schools of the Cumberland Valley. He is doubtless remembered by many of the citizens of Chambersburg. He writes a beautiful hand and speaks quite intelligently.

The hour of noon is indicated by the plain mahogany circular clock above the door, and the Senate is called to order. A very plain jet-black, white chokered man stepped up on the Speaker's stand and called the Senators to their devotions. A more simple, beautiful and appropriate prayer I never heard, than Chaplain Adams offered for his dubious flock, and stricken Commonwealth. Routine legislation then followed, and I turned to take a look at the popular branch of the Legislature. It sits in the spacious library room of the new capitol, temporarily appropriated to the purpose, and a large gallery is usually crowded with negroes, watching with intense interest the maiden efforts of their respective brethren, as law-makers. Speaker Moses is in the chair, and he presides with great dignity and ability. He is an Israelite, and an enthusiast. From an extreme rebel he has transformed himself into an extreme Republican. As a staff officer of Governor Pickens, he was accorded the honor of hoisting the Confederate flag over Fort Sumpter, when Anderson surrendered, and now he presides over the first Republican Legislature. His father was rebel commissioner to persuade North Carolina to join in secession, and now he administers Republican laws in hearty sympathy, as Chief Justice of the State.

The Speaker soon vacated the chair, and a stout, finely formed negro took his place and presided very gracefully. He is Mr. Whipper of Charleston—a Michigan waif that came with war and lodged, when the army was disbanded. His face is round, full and well-drawn. If covered with a white skin and flaxen hair his features would be more than ordinarily good. He is the Patrick Henry of the House as an orator; but his want of culture mars the beauty of his sentences. He is a lawyer, and aspires to the vacant seat of the Supreme Bench, as does Senator Wright. Mr. Elliott, a Massachusetts negro of full blood, is perhaps the ablest disputant and parliamentary leader on the colored side of the House. I saw him lead in a desperate struggle of two days, in support of a bill that was fought desperately by fillibustering, and he managed it with great skill until he covered his efforts with success. Capt. Small, the hero of the "Planter" during the war, is also a member. He is a stout, burly mulatto, and his face indicates considerable intelligence and great decision of purpose. Pervis, is a neat, slender mulatto, and hails from Philadelphia, where his father is well known as one of the most successful financial princes of his race. The son is the negro Beau Brummel of the House—dresses very tastefully, and parts his soft waving hair in the middle. He is an active and influential member and speaks well. De Largo is a dumpy, little quadroon, a fluent but not very forcible talker, and has a passion for the floor. He was a steward in the rebel navy during the war. Cook, of Greenville, is a very genteel mulatto, and a quiet but efficient member. He is the son of his former master, and long struggled to free himself from bondage. He saved fifteen hundred dollars, by sixpences and shillings earned after labor hours, and offered in vain for his liberty.—*Finally the rebellion brought Emancipation*, and his savings gave him a comfortable home.

The House is nearly two thirds negroes who were once slaves, and every possible shade is to be found. There are half a dozen members who would readily pass for pure whites, but they were South Carolina slaves only a few years ago. Mr. Tomlinson, a Philadelphia Quaker, and an offshoot of the Bureau, is the ablest white man on the floor, and one of the most vigilant and faithful members in either branch. Close to him sit Gen. Dennis and Mr. Jenks, two able political leaders of the House. In the front row is the patriarch of the Legislature—an old native, white preacher, his head bleached by the frosts of over seventy winters. On each side of the Speaker sits a bright mulatto clerk, and close by is Mr. Etter, the reporter. In the gallery sits the first negro of South Carolina, with his sprightly quadroon wife by his side. Mr. Cordoza, the Secretary of State, is a robust, full-faced mulatto, and everything about him indicates the highest culture. His father and master was an officer of customs in Charleston, and gave him a complete education in Scotland. He was regularly ordained as a minister, and was pastor of a New England congregation for some years before the war. Gen. Howard has urged him to accept a professorship in the Lincoln University, but he wisely prefers to serve his long oppressed race in South Carolina. He is highly respected by all classes, and exerts a most salutary influence in all matters pertaining to the interests of the blacks. If he desired to fill the Executive Chair of his State or a seat in Congress, either would be conceded to him without a serious struggle; but for the present he is content to continue as Secretary of State. It is not improbable, however, that on the 4th of March, 1871, Mr. Cardoza, once the slave of South Carolina, may appear at the bar of the U. S. Senate to qualify as the representative of the chivalry in the first legislative tribunal of the nation. A. K. M.

Columbia, S. C., January 12, '70.

Rearing Children.

We take the following from Mrs. Hunnicee's diary in the *Hearth and Home:*

Mrs. Lee.—It is time to pass to the discussion of our regular topic for the afternoon: The best modes of forming habits of virtue and piety in our children. I am glad to see so large a number of mothers present who have grown children. In the multitude of counsellors there wanteth not wisdom.

Mrs. Burt—[A strict religionist; but her oldest boy is one of our Busydale profligates].—I used to think I knew just how to make boys grow up into good men. There's Sammy, my oldest, when he was a little shaver, I allers made him git his Sunday school lesson every Saturday arternoon, and go to meetin' mornin' and arternoon, besides Sunday-school; he knowed his catechism by heart from "What is the chief end o' man?" to the end of the book, and all the ten commandments, and I made him go to prayer-meetin' with me reg'lar, though he didn't want to go; but Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go," and I tried to train him, but he don't go in that way now, and I can't help feelin' as though I'd made some awful mistake somewheres. I never see him—and I don't git to see him often nowadays—but I never do see him but I don't talk to him about the concerns of his soul, and ask him if he ever thinks about his latter end.

Aunt Betsey.—Mebbe that's the reason you don't see no more of him—Folks don't want to be forced to go to heaven. Ef you talk to him 'bout his dog or his horse, or praise the set of his coat or the cut of his whiskers, mebbe he'd give you a chance now and then to talk about his soul. Now, I've got a brother that is a wicked, worldly man, and ever since I growed up and thought about things, I've made up my mind that it was religion too much that ailed him. Why's long ago as I kin remember, mother was allers talkin' to him 'bout the gospel ministry, and goin' missionary to the heathen, and how he enjoyed his mind. "Hang me, Bess," said he one day, "ef I ever set my foot in a meetin'-house when I git to be a man: it's nothin' but psalm singin', prayer-meetin', and solemn, pious kind of talk from mornin' to night, and I don't want to go to heaven if that's what we've got to do forever and ever." And there Johnny's stuck ever since, an' I can't help thinkin' that if he hadn't been stuffed with religion all the time, or what mother called religion, he'd a been a better man than what he is.

Mrs Lee.—Let us hear something on the positive side of this question.—Aunt Betsey tells us "how not to do it." What has Mrs. Smith to say on the other side?

Mrs. Smith.—I have three boys that certainly give me nothing but pleasure, though it's not for me to praise my own. There's William, my oldest, who is surgeon in the navy, and John, who is practicing medicine, and George, who is a farmer—all good boys and members of the church. We always had family prayers, to be sure, and went to church regular when they were little, and we tried to teach them to be honest and industrious, and keep the ten commandments, and follow *Christ's sermon on the mount.* They always loved their home very much, and didn't seem to care about going off with other boys, and now they seem to enjoy talking with each other and with their sisters better than associating with young company about town. I don't hardly know what kept them from being wild, like some other boys I know of, unless they loved their home so much and didn't want to hurt their father's feelings and mine by being bad. We never talked about religion so very much, but we tried to act consistent.

Mrs. Blake.—I think Mrs. Smith has hit the nail on the head this time. Example speaks louder than precept. If parents make their children happy homes and show the beauty of piety and virtue by consistent Christian *lives, by* evenness of temper, and heavenly sweetness of disposition, they will win what they cannot command. Love is the most potent element in training children, though other influences must be likewise brought to bear on them. When my children were small, I asked an old minister why he thought the sons of clergymen so often turned out badly. "Because," was his reply, "they place the church before the family, when God has placed the family first." If we wish to insure success in rearing our sons and daughters in the love of virtue, we must place our duties to our families first.

Mrs. Lester—I think the whole subject of piety and virtue should be presented to children in attractive and engaging form. Let the Bible be read as a story-book to young children, and *explained so they can understand it,* and as they grow older continue to invest the sacred page with new interest by comments drawn from travels in the Holy Land, from the manners and customs prevalent in the East, from maps and illustrations; thus the hour of morning devotion may be made the most interesting and profitable of the twenty-four.

☞ Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc.—Single-blessedness is—shoot-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, rheumatism, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb, and any amount of misery.

☞ Subscribe for THE GLOBE.

Punishment in Schools.

Two deaths, one at Chicago and the other in New York State, have resulted lately from whippings in school, and suits have been instituted against teachers in various parts of the country for severely flogging children under their charge. It seems that the "spare the rod spoil the child" doctrine, which originated a very long time ago, is still pertinaciously adhered to in this enlightened age and country, notwithstanding it has been shown that children in schools, at least, can be more advantageously managed by means of other than corporeal punishment.—Whatever argument may be urged in favor of Solomon's doctrine, it should be practiced, if practiced at all, by the parents of the offending juvenile. Few men or women are willing to have their children beaten by strangers, however they may delight in beating themselves. *It might be shown, we think,* that flogging children at all has a brutalizing tendency and engenders in the youthful heart far more of evil passion than it expels. It is generally inflicted in anger, or from a revengeful feeling, and evil must beget evil. There may be instances in which corporeal punishment is necessary and beneficial, but in most cases other punishments might be substituted with advantage to all concerned. There can be no question that excessive flogging is brutal, as well as brutalizing, and ought not to be tolerated even when administered by a parent; certainly not when done by a stranger.

Corporeal punishment has long been entirely banished from the public schools of this city, which are among the best and best governed in the world, and we see no reason why it should not be banished from the schools of other cities—even Chicago. Human nature is about the same everywhere, and what answers so well here would answer equally well in other parts of the world. It is far better to stimulate than mortify the proper pride of a child, and better to win than to alienate its affections. If one be found perfectly incorrigible under proper treatment, it is not likely that it could be reformed by means of physical torture. The best way to dispose of such children is to banish them from the school.

But, happily, such children are very *scarce, as school experience in this city* has proved. Here almost every pupil appears to take delight in obedience and in excelling in his or her studies, and all this without the aid of Solomon's rigid rule and rod. Patience and sound judgment in the teacher are far more potential for good than the birch or the ferrule.—*Phila. Day.*

HOME.—The following from an exchange, will meet with a hearty response from many hearts: Bless the old people, say we! What should we do without them? Does not a man feel better and stronger in the battle of life for having a gray-headed old father and mother under the shelter of some brown-caved farm-house far away? Does the millionaire's heart leap so high, at the sight of the pines and oranges that daily decorate his table, as it does when the barrel of red-streaked apples comes from the country home—apples from the old hillside orchard, carefully picked out by a spectacled mother, and directed in a shaking hand by the kindly old man? Ah! those apples have a flavor of home and childhood! What an event it is to the dwellers in brown stone mansions and marble-fronted palaces, *to have the old folks come up* from the country on a visit, with their old-fashioned ways, and antiquated snuff-colored garments, and horror to all new inventions and dangerous novelties! We can but smile when they blow out the gas, and sit as far as possible from the furnace registers for fear they shall burst, and start every time the speaking tubes are used, and regard the waterpipes as fearful and wonderful things. Such things make them feel that their day and generation are over, even more than the white-headed little grandchildren, and the silver threads in the locks of the son or daughter who was their "baby" once. Yet there is something beautiful in their simplicity—their utter ignorance of the marvels of city life.

The dear old folks! As long as they are alive there is always an untiring ear for our tales of joy or trial, a ready excuse for our foibles—there is always some one to whom we are still "the children." It is only when the accustomed fireside chair is empty, and the violets growing over the gentle eyes, that we feel the bitterest pang of heart sickness that earth has to give. When the old folks are gone we are alone, though a thousand friends sit around our hearth stone.

☞ A good story is told of a Tioga county merchant who agreed to take a farmer's oats at 40 cents a bushel if the latter would let him tramp the measures when filled. The farmer agreed to it. The buyer paid for sixty bushels and next day went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, and the merchant got in and tramped them down. Whereupon the farmer poured the oats so compressed into the bag. The merchant protested, and demanded that the measure should be filled up after tramping. The farmer informed him that there was no agreement of that sort, but that he might tramp down the oats to his heart's content after they were measured.

Learning by study must be won—Gray.

Just men alone are free, the rest are slaves—Chapman.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise—Massinger.

Order is heaven's first law—Pope.

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☞ All kinds of plain, fancy and ornamental Job Printing neatly and expeditiously executed at the "GLOBE" ffice. Terms moderate.

Sam Patch--His great Leap at Genesee Falls.

The Elmira *Gazette* has reprinted some extracts from a paper issued in that village forty years ago, describing the exploits of Sam Patch in jumping at Genesee Falls. A successful leap made October 12, 1828, was thus described:

"Sam has made his great jump. The day was lowery and rainy. However, the number of 300 persons assembled on the island to witness the feat, the Canadian shore was crowded. To view the platform erected for the fearless Patch from the Biddle stairway, did not appear so grand, as the platform reached only about two-thirds the height of the bank; but to descend to the margin of the water in the gulf beneath, and there look up at the perpendicular ladder made, you imagine that it would require superhuman powers to accomplish such an enterprise. Sam ascended the ladder, and remained on the top about ten minutes, resting himself for the leap, during which he was repeatedly cheered by the spectators. At length he rose—every eye was bent intently on him, he waved his hand and kissed the star-spangled banner that floated gracefully over his head, and then precipitated himself like an arrow into the flood below. 'Twas a matchless and tremendous leap. He very soon reappeared and swam to the shore with great ease. Then it was that a painful and unpleasant yet indescribable sensation was driven from each breast by the flood of joy which succeeded on seeing that he was safe. Then it was that the benumbing spell which had reigned from the moment he arose on the platform, was broken by the burst of the voices of congratulation."

The jumping hero made his last fatal leap November 13, 1829, thus chronicled:—

"Sam Patch is no more! He made his last leap from a scaffold erected on the bank of the falls this afternoon."—The staging was elevated 25 feet. He sprung fearlessly from it, and descended about one-third of the distance as handsome as he ever did. He then evidently began to droop; his arms extended, and his legs separated; *and in this condition he struck the water,* and sunk forever! It was a fearful leap, and fearfully it terminated. The *prevailing opinion* is that he became lifeless ere he reached the water. He had drank fearfully in the morning, but was not apparently more overcome than he was on Friday last. It was truly a solemn scene, where so many thousand were witness to an immolation which had its origin only in an effort to satisfy the craving appetite of human curiosity. Sam's last request, I understand, was that the funds collected should be sent to his mother, if his terminate fatally. His *body has not been found.* The height of Genesee Falls, from which he jumped, is one hundred feet. The staging was twenty-five feet above the falls. The distance which he decended was therefore one hundred and twenty five feet."

Sam Patch was a native of Pawtucket, R. I., where some of his relatives still reside.

HISTORY OF A KNIFE.—The editor of a Massachusetts paper was recently shown a knife, of which he tells an interesting history. Gilbert D. Streeter, of Shelburne Falls, who belonged to *Company E,* 27th Massachusetts Regiment, was taken prisoner at Bermuda Hundreds. On his way from Drury's Bluff to Richmond he traded, Yankee fashion, a good knife then in his possession for this knife and a plug of tobacco. The tobacco was soon disposed of, but the knife he kept with him, by skillful management. He was in Libby Prison five days. From there he was taken to Andersonville, where he remained three and a half months. He used the knife for digging a well, as a crow-bar, for cutting wood, and picking hard-tack. Without that knife he thinks he should have surely died. *From Andersonville* he went to Charleston; thence to Florence, S. C., where he used the knife to cut through ice and for digging a hole two and a half feet deep in the mud and long enough to lie in, in one end of which he had a little fire when he could dig enough roots out of the mud to build one. For weeks he stayed there without hat, shirt, boots, vest or pantaloons. The rebel surgeon would occasionally examine him and say that he had considerable muscle left, and so keep him to waste away and die. When captured he weighed 180 pounds; when released he weighed only 90 pounds. The knife is nearly worn out and worthless, except to the owner, who regards it as a faithful companion and a true Union knife.

A century ago seven vessels loaded with bullion coming from America foundered in a small harbor on the frontier of Spain. Fabulous tales have been told of the value of their cargos, but as yet no attempt has been made to recover them, owing to the great expense and consequent risk of failure. An expedition has, however, been organized in Paris and fitted out with electric apparatus, diving bells, and *every known contrivance for recovering* sunken treasure. Half of the treasure if recovered goes to the Spanish government.

☞ To prevent a cow from kicking while milking, a correspondent of the "Rural American" says, "Take a linen cloth, wet in the cold water, and just before you commence milking, lay it over her loins wet. Those who have tried it, say that a cow will not kick so long as the cold, wet cloth remains on her back."