BY W. LEWIS

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Globe."

JANUARY 1st. 1855.

Another cycle of time is sped-Another year to the past has fled-And the Carrier comes with his annual strain To greet with his patrons and friends again To gladden your hearts with his simple lav And to wish you a happy New Year's Day. He has served you well, through the year now o'er,

With the latest and best from his weekly

store. The weather's change he must undergo, In its summer heat, and its winter snow; 'Mid the chilling winds of the Autumn drear. Or the budding charms of the opening year-Neath the genial sky of the flowery May, Or the blinding sleet of a winter's day-Has his weekly round to your homes been

And his budget of news at your doors been

eri alaid-each inel a si Sirges on sea eine e And he comes with the hope that a small re-

By your counteous hands is for him prepared. Now the blasts of winter all dark and drear A require sing o'er the buried year : Last night as the storm went howling past, We knew that her life was ebbing fast: As the wind in fitful gusts swept by. It bore to our ears her farewell sigh-As it faded away in a hollow mean. It told that her moments were nigh hand

Then the clock struck twelve, and we heard no more.

Of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Four. She has passed—with her burden of hopes and fears-

She has gone to the grave of former years; And many indeed have the changes been That have taken place on this shifting scene The sunshine of joy and the clouds of woe Alternately pass o'er our way below. The voice of Love, with her wooing breath, Intermingles off with the wail of death.

And the notes of Peace, with their winning โรยพระธุ ยังไม้ มากก็จะ 2550 Have been strangely blended with war's

alarms. The trumpet's blast and the cannon's roar Have shaken old Europe from shore to shore The Russian Bear, from his frozen zone, Has threaten'd the Moslem's tottering throne. The Allied Powers in their strength unite,

To humble the Czar in his haughty pride, They have marshalled their troops by the

And to save their crowns have espoused the

Danube's side. Their flag now waves to the Northern breeze And their navies float o'er his frozen seas. The middle ground 'twixt the Russ and Turk; Has been the scene of some bloody work. There the bleeding ranks of the Cossack reel Neath the Briton's charge and the Frenchman's steel.

There the crimson flood from the fount of life. Has been freely poured on the field of strife. These the life-blood of many a soldier brave. And spingled its hue with the Alma's wave; At the frowning base of Sebastopol.

Whilst the widow's wail and the orphan's cry

Are ascending up to a throne on high. But now to return to our own loved land, The blessings of Heaven, with liberal hand, Have been scattered freely, on every side; And Plenty reigns through her border wide. Whilst the plains of Europe are drenched in blood,

And thousands are rolled in its wasteful

Our Eagle still, from his azure throne, Has beheld the carnage and stood alone; And the Dove of Peace, 'mid these conflicts

Has looked calmly down on our homes and smiled.

Yet even here are the foot-prints seen, Where the Angel of Death in his flight has been,

And the shadow cast by his raven-plume, Has enshrouded a part of our land in gloom. The Pestilence dire, has amongst us walked, And the wasting Plague has at noon-day stalked.

Whilst thousands have sunk to their final sleep

Neath the bring waves of old Ocean deep, For gallant vessels have left our shore, And gone forth on the deep to be seen no

more. Oh, many a noble ship and brave,

Has been swallowed up in the greedy wave; Some have been wrecked on a foreign strand, Some burned in view of the tempting land, And loving hearts, have been left to mourn For those who can ne'er to their arms return. The tears of affection can ne'er be shed O'er the cheerless gloom of their ocean-bed,

Now the sea-bird's wail is their funeral strain, To the patrons of the "Huntingdon | As it blends with the roar of the stormy main. But our story already, has grown too long, And we close for the present our simple song;

We have given our patrons a friendly call-A "happy New Year" we have wished you California (1981) (1985)

For the word we would utter, you know full

The Root of Evil we trust is due To the Printer's Devil as well as you. May the richest of blessing your pathway

Till we come again in our annual round. May they lighten your hearts and your fire-

side cheer, Through the passing scenes of another year. May the tears you shed be the tears of joy,

Is the prayer and wish of THE CARRIER BOY.

MISCELLANE CUS.

From the Little Pilgrim HUGH, THE HUNCEBACK.

BY MARY IRVING.

"SHAME! for shame!" "To treat a deformed child so!" "Why can't you look, man, at what you're treading upon ?"

Such were a few of the ejaculations poured out by a group of men, on the outskirts of a crowd assembled to witness a grand exhibition of fireworks, on the eve of the Fourth of July. The first speaker had picked up from the dusty grass a child, who had accidentally been knocked down in the general crowding and jostling, and who now lay ap-

parently senseless in his arms. "Who is it?-what is it?" inquired one

and another. "It's Joe Patterson's little hunchbacked Hugh," answered the man; "and pity 'tis they couldn't have kept him out of this crowd. He has been knocked down and banged about, till I am not sure whether there is any life left in him."

"Bring him here, sir !" exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, whose carriage had been driven just outside of the ring which encircled the crowd.

"Oh, mamma! he is dead! the poor boy!" cried the youngest of her children, with tears in her pitying blue eyes.

"Just as well if he were," said another lady in the carriage. "It is cruel kindness to let such a deformed child live to grow up."

"Hush! sister," returned the first lady, "he is coming to Remember, the child probably has a mother to love him, if he is a hunchback !"

up little Lilla, with a reproachful look in her

half-dried eyes. " You are a strange child. Lilla! Look at the fireworks !"

But the blazing rockets had lost half their attraction for Lilla; and when her mother proposed leaving them for a few minutes, to be fit to go to her, if these naughty feelings take the deformed boy home, as his arm was stay in my heart! I can't help them, either. very painful, she consented gladly.

fully; "you are always picking up some ob- my soul can do something in the world, not get this creature out of my dreams for a try!" month !!!

Lilla glanced at the boy, whose lips and eyelids trembled, though he lay perfectly still on the cushions. Hugh had heard all; but it was nothing new to the deformed child to hear ridicule and scorn heaped upon him .-Yet it wounded him not less deeply, for he had a sensitive spirit, which had grown sore in its harsh contact with a selfish world. In one thing Mrs. Winstan had guessed wrong; he had no mother in this world, but was cared for in some small measure by a boisterous, drinking father, and a rough, but well- a tellow should win the prize ?" meaning sister.

Dorothy, the sister, came out to receive him, soon after the carriage stopped at their dwelling-a tumbling-down block in the dirties street of the suburbs. She lifted him out in her strong, red arms, thanked the lady for her kindness, in a loud, shrill tone, and then stood to watch the horses as they trotted away.

"Oh, Dolly !" moaned the boy, "please carry me up stairs ?"

"Yes, yes, you silly child this is what you get by going to such places! How long, I wonder, before you will learn that you are not like other folks, and can't go amongst

"Not like other folks!" repeated poor litle Hugh, when his sister had tucked him up carefully in his warm attic, and gone down to prepare a wash for his sprained wrist. He) " She would indeed be honored, Sarah, by let your laziness get the better of you. pain which shot through his heart at these careless words. "Not like other folks! no indeed, I am not! But how am I to blame for it? I didn't make myself! Why did God make me so ?"

He raised the blanket from his face, and peered into the darkness with a kind of superstitious fear at the question he had inveluntarily asked, for he had not forgotten what his dead mother had taught him; that God best.

"I don't know what we shall do with Hugh, to keep him out of harm's way," said his father, the next morning. "He has such an intolerable curiosity to see all that is going on in the world, that he'll get his neck broken among these city boys. I'll send him to my sister's cousin in the country, to learn a shoemaker's trade."

"The best trade in the world for such as he," replied Dolly. And so, as soon as the sprained wrist was strong again, little Hugh was packed off to a country cobbler's close leather-perfumed shop.

It was a new thing to him to be imprisoned from morning until night, waxing ends, whittling pegs, or driving them into the tough soles of shoes, new or old. Not a kind word ever fell on the poor boy's ear. If he did his work faithfully, he received no word or look of encouragement. If he fell to musing, as he sometimes did, he was roughly aroused by a shake, and a growl to the effect that he "didn't earn the salt to his victuals; should like to know what he expected to do in the

One Saturday, Hugh had the unusual privilege of half holliday. With the village boys he could not go to play, for they had once driven him from their green with shouts of scornful laughter. So he turned down a shaded lane, that led to a dark pine wood .-Through the heart of this wood stole a still stream of cool water. Upon a mossy knoll, on its bank, Hugh threw himself down to cherish sad thoughts.

"To be a shoemaker all my days, and stay in a stived-up shop!" thought he; "I can't tear it! But what else can I do? Who cares for me? Who is there that does not laugh at me? I wish I was dead-so I do." He laid his pale cheek on the soft moss, and watered it with bitters tears. As he raised his eyes at length, they lighted on a clear blossom of the fringed gentian. As he took the flower in his hand, it seemed to him as though its fringed blue eye looked lovingly into his, saying, "God made me!"

"God made you-yes; made you sweet and beautiful, but how did he make me?" reasoned the bewildered boy, whose rebellious feelings had by no means left him .-Still he looked fixedly into the flower.

"I don't laugh at your hunched shoulders, Hugh," it seemed to him again to be saving

softly.
"No-you don't; and if there was one liv-"And he has a loul, too, Aunty," spoke ing blue eye that looked as kind as yours"he stopped, and thought for a moment of little Lilla and her mother. But that was only pily; even kind people can never love me. wonder if the angels in Heaven will love me? My mother will, I know"-and his lies trembled. "But I am afraid I never chall It must be God made me for something, as "I declare, I never will ride with you will as this dear little flower! Yes, he gave again, sister Wington," said the sunt, disdain- me a soul-the little girl said that! Perhaps ver honor, as the majority of ye doz."

ject of distress to shock my nerves. I shall though my body is poor and crooked. Pll

And with these little magic words, Hugh sprang up from his knoll; buttoned the flower in his vest, and made his way homeward to his work.

Five years have flown. In the hall of a village academy, a knot of school girls are discussing a weighty matter. The young men of the academy have been delivering orations of their own composition, for a have known the application of more than one prize; and the result has astonished every young man, made with great display of penone.

"Why, has he not as good a right as any of them ?" asked a blue-eyed girl of fourteen at her side.

think such a deformed piece of humanity would be very forward to push himself before other people!"

God has given him? It is unjust Sarah!-He won the prize fairly, and spoke nobly! that they never venture to send a letter until you ought not to be so unkind!"

"I suppose you think no prize too great for him," responded Sarah, with a malicious little laugh. "Perhaps he will offer his services in escorting you to the pic-nic next Monday, in return for your eloquent defence of his rights. The Lily of Lisbon Academy,' as Professor R. called her, would be nonored by such company."

forgot for a moment his bodily pain, in the any mark of esteem from one whose opinion is worth something !" replied the blue-eyed girl, proudly arching her graceful neck .-"Did you never learn those lines of Watts-

I would be measured by my soul; The mind's the stature of the man?'"

"You are a most unaccountable girl, Lilla Winstan! But, good evening!-I must not stand fooling any longer." And away went Sarah, followed by most of her mates, while Lilla returned to the school-room, to search that he determined to find them out. On one

for a missing book. "Thank you, Miss Winstan!" These words, spoken almost in her ear, as she was bending over her desk, caused her to lift her zing at her with those mournful, deep, black around and finding the coast all clear, he con-

eyes, which had often won her sympathy. they have done more for me than a hundred ing up to what he supposed to be a stump, prizes could! I have learned that there is at he raised up the melon and left it fall with least one in the world who will judge me by smashing force on the buld pate of its righttruth-not by sight !"

his natural defects; for who can think of ter-melon. He rushed out then to pursue the these, when once carried away by the tide of thief, but the bird had flown.

Yes; Hugh has gained his end. He is "measured by his soul" in the sight of all that, among other symptoms of high nervous who know him. He has striven nobly, by excitement, he had been painfully harrassed the help of his Maker, to fit that soul for for the want of sleep. To such a degree had companionship with the spotless apostles and this proceeded, that if, in the course of the angels, and a ray of their own pure light day, any occasion led him to his bed-chamseems to have fallen upon it.

church services are over, a young, proud, ed upon it. In this case it was recommenthe deformed preacher's arm, to walk down something, at the same time vast and simple the richly-carneted aisle, they have but to look into Lilla's face for the solution of the the cloudless vault of Heaven-that the litmystery. Lilla not only loves the crippled the hurried and disturbing images that flitted form at her side, better than the most match- before his mind might be charmed away, or less ones of earth; but she is proud of her hushed to rest by the calming influences of noble husband!

diana on the ground that her husband's feet were so cold that it distressed her. - Boston

ance too !-N. O. Pic.

This reminds us of the complaint of a in her husband in refusing to warm her feet time for retiring, that he might fall asleep, of a cold night against his legs: "Yes, that's as he termed it, in God. What began as a iust the way with you men," sobbed the des- mere physical operation, grew, by imperceppairing lady, "when we were first married tible degrees, into a gracious influence. The you used to say "put your little footsy tooties up to mine and keep 'em warmy parmy," in all his thoughts by day. now its nothing but "take away them cussed cold hoofs of your'n."

An Irishman about to enter the army was asked by one of the recruiting officers; "Well, sir; when you get into battle, will you fight or run ?"

"By my faith," replied Pat, with a comic

GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS. LEARNING TO SPELL .- Bad spelling is discreditable. Every young man should be a master of his native tongue. He that will of masculine fools. not learn to spell the language that is on his tongue and before his eyes every hour, shows no great aptitude for the duties of an intelligent observing man. Bad spelling is therefore a discreditable indication. It indicates a blundering man-a man that cannot see with his eyes open. Accordingly we manship and parade of references, rejected "Is it not too bad," says Sarah, "that such for his bad spelling. Bad spelling is a very bad indication. He who runs may read it. A bright school-boy, utterly incapable of appreciating your stories of science, art and literature, can see your blunders. You will "Oh, right, to be sure! but I shouldn't find it hard to inspire that boy with any great respect for your attainments. Bad spelling is therefore a mortifying and inconvenient defect. We have known men "Should he not make the most of the gifts | thrown into very prominent positions so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect it has been revised by a friend. This was, to say the least of it, sufficiently inconvenient. We say again, learn to spell. Keep your eyes open when you read, and if any word is spelt differently from your mode, ascertain which is right. Keep your dictionary before you; and in writing, whenever you have the least misgiving about the spelling of a word, look at it at once, and remember it. Do not

> A very reliable correspondent of the Spirit of the Age vouches for the truthfulness of the following laughable incident which occured in his neighborhood recently;

A gentleman whom we will call Mr. P. esiding in one of the eastern counties of North Corolins, had raised a patch of watermelons, but was so much annoyed by the marauding visits of persons to him unknown, night he armed himself with his trusty fire lock, and took his seat among the vines in the paich to await the approach of the thief; but he unconsciously fell asleep, and while head with a start and a blush of surprise, - enjoying a comfortable snooze, "all seated The deformed Hugh, now a young man of on the ground," a darkey entered and filled some seventeen years, stood by her chair, ga- a large bag with choice melons. Looking cluded to sample the fruit. So he gathered "Bless you for your words of kindness! up one of the largest he could find, and walkful owner !- thus uncerimoniously awaking In the pulpit of one of the principal him and frightening him almost to death .churches of D_, rises Sabbath by Sabbath, Forgetting all about the thief, he ran to the a pale-faced, high-browed man, whose defor- house in the most dreadful agony, hallocing, mity is the first feature to catch the eye of a las he burst open the door-"old woman! old stranger. It is not until you hear him speak | woman ! I'm ruined ! I'm dead ! my head is -until you eatch the fire from his eye, and broken open and my brains running out!!!" the enthusiasm from his lips, that you forget | and to convince his trembling and agonito pity the speaker. You do not wonder | zed spouse, he began to gather from his hairthen that he is willing to come before the less head what he supposed to be brains; public eye weekly, even with the weight of when le! he found it only the pulp of a wa-

A HAPPY EXPERIMENT. - A friend told me. ber, the sight of his bed made him shudder If any one wonders at seeing, after the lat the idea of the restless hours he had passbeautiful woman, lay her white hand upon ded to him to endeavor to fix his thoughts on -such as the wide expanse of the ocean, or the absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man at the time, this advice sugges-A woman has sued for a divorce in In- led to his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected; no one could serve his purposes so well as that of God .-He resolved to make the trial and think of We have heard of divorces on account of Him. The result exceeded his most sanguine incompatibility of temperature and temper- hopes; in thinking of God he fell asleep,-Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so heait-broken woman, at observing a change much so, that he used to long for the usual same God who was his repose by night, was

To Young Ladies .- If your love dies, make loud lamentation and swear you'll wear moorning all your days. Be melancholy and abstracted; enquire the regulations of convents—whether they are rufficiently secluded and severe for who desires to bug herself from the world. If course vou will make twist of the countenance, "I'll ba afther doin'. This enquiry of the poor devil you wish to summer, which, if melted, would fertilise the catch. Men are frequently trapped in this tender plants they batter down:

same manner. I have known several disconsolate and broken-hearted girls get fine husbands by a judicious play on the sympathies

A young widow's chances are sometimes better than a maid's. The latter is inexperienced, but the former has been through the mill, as the sailors say; she knows every rope and when to pull. Widows should be cautious, however, for men are beginning to fight shy.

When you have got a man to the sticking point, that is when he proposes, don't turn away your head, be affected, refer to papa, or ask for more time-all those tricks are understood now-but if you love him, look him right in the face, give him a kiss, and tell him to order the furniture.

EXPANDING THE CHEST .- Those in wealthy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employment within doors, generally use their lungs very little, breathe but very little into the chest, and thus, independently of position, contract a wretchedly narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their construction, and can be stretched open to double their ordinary size, with perfect impunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent required is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exist, external to the chest, such as lacing, or tying around with stays, or tight dress, or having shoulders lay upon it. On rising in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture; your chest thrown back, and shoulders entirely off the chest; now inhale or suck in all the air you can, so as to fill the chest to the very bottom of it, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as you please. Done in a cool room is much' better, because the air is much denser, and will act more powerfully in expanding the Exercising the chest in this manner, it will enlarge the capacity and size of the

A Whimsical Hen.

Nothing seems so aimless and simple as a hen. She usually goes about in a vague and straggling manner, articulating to herself caconhoneous remarks upon various topics .--The greatest event in a hen's life is a compound, being made up of an egg and a cackle: then only she shows enthusiasm, when she decends from the nest of duty and proclaims her achievement. If you chase her: she runs cackling; if you lit her with stones. she screams through the air cackling all around till the impulse has run out, and then she subsists quickly into a silly, gailding

Now and then an eccentric hen may be

found, stepping quite beyond the limits of hen propriety. One such had persisted in laying her daily egg in the house; she would steal noiselessly in at the open door, walk up stairs and leave a plump egg upon the children's bed. The next day she would honor the sofa. On one accasion she selected my writing table, scratched my papers about and left her card, that I might not blame the children or servants for scratching my manuscripts. Her determination was amusing. One Sabbath morning we drove her out of the second'story window, then again from the front hall. In a few minutes she was heard behind the house, and on looking out of the window, she was just disappearing into the bed-room window from off the ground floor. Word was given, but before any one could reach the place, she had bolted out of the window with victorious cackle, and her white, warm egg lay upon the loninge. I proposed to open the pantry window, set the egg dish within her reach, and let her put them up herself, but those in authority would not permit such a deviation from propriety. Such a breed of hens would never be popular with the boys, it would spoil that glori-

Four Good Habits.

Ward Beecher.

ous sport of hunting hen's nests. - Henry

There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsel, and also by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for management of femporal concerns. These are Punctuality, Accuracy, Steadiness and Dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most builful to our own credit and interest. and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Harsh Words are like hailstones m