

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, JANUARY 10, 1855.

VOL. 10, NO. 30.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

Published weekly in advance, \$1 50
If not paid in advance, \$2 00
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

Terms of Advertising.			
	1 line	2 lines	3 lines
Six lines or less, 1 week	25	37 1/2	50
1 square, 16 lines, breviter, 1 week	75	1 00	1 25
2 "	1 00	1 50	2 00
3 "	1 50	2 25	3 00
1 square, 3 m. 6 m. 12 m.	\$3 00	\$5 00	\$8 00
2 "	5 00	8 00	12 00
3 "	7 50	10 00	15 00
4 "	9 00	14 00	23 00
5 "	15 00	25 00	38 00
10 "	25 00	40 00	60 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding 6 lines, one year, \$4 00

Agents for the Globe.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive the names of all who may desire to become subscribers to the GLOBE, and to receive advance payments and receipt for the same.

HENRY ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Coffee Run.
JOHN B. GIVEN, Esq., Conestoga.
BENJ. F. PATTON, Esq., Warriorsmark.
JOHN OWENS, Esq., Birmingham.
R. F. HASLETT, Spruce Creek.
H. B. MOTTGER, Water Street.
STAS. A. CRESSWELL, Manor Hill.
DAVID BARRIE, West Barre.
THOS. OSBORN, Ennisville.
GLENN CHAMBERLAIN, East Barre.
DR. M. MILLER, Jackson Tp.
SAMUEL M. VITTY, Shirleyburg.
S. B. FOSTER, Three Springs.
M. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., Huntingdon.
J. R. HUNTER, Petersburgh.
J. S. HUNT, Shade Gap.
D. H. CAMPBELL, Marklesburg.
H. C. VALKEN, Alexandria.
J. E. SHERS, general Agent.

POETRY.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair;
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain-side
Where soft winds wander free."
"O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours
Where every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!"
"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing.
"Where is thy home, thou lovely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
Slow musing on his way
He paused, and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou'rt never seen,
My home is in the skies!"
"O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free,
Its only home in heaven!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Mine were the days for gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery—a robbery it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knocked down with the butt end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered. Fashion, too, capricious in this as in all else, affected some lights of the road above others, and fine ladies interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highwaymen; conspicuous for handsome person and brave conduct, or rather daring villainy. These fair dames also, were much concerned in their heroes' final incarcerations and executions at the fatal tree of Tyburn. But highwaymen had, as everybody knows, been still more popular in the preceding reign, yet ever and anon, as the profession seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, some new candidate was sure to start up and revive the dying embers of the road chivalry. One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described,

as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Richard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain De Montmorency—a patronymic high sounding enough. I do not mean, however to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town. It had melted into riddots, play-houses, fairs, horse-race, and hazard. He had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging had become impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence or pay dividends to his creditors. "What was to be done?" He eluded a jail as long as he could, and one eventful night riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveller well mounted—plethoric—laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances, and to pay his most pressed creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under the shelter of its darkness did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whispered their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad in the newest varieties of the day, and in his double character many a conquest did he make—for he dispersed the ladies of their jewels and purses with so facile a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure, till he drained the Ciceronian cup to its veriest dregs. Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his satiated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffling and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger which distinguished his predatory existence began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician—De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or civil influence which love, pure or earth-strained, offers to his votaries—succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned and unambitious girl—so youthful, that even her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years.—Flavia Harcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had never been to boarding school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet-rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been even to London, for Mr. Harcourt resided at Aveling, a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis: Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who from the hour of her birth, which event terminated her mother's existence, had made her constant playmate and companion.

And it was to this simple wild flower, that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh! stranger still, to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Harcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childlikeness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Harcourt at a country hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fete, in honor of little Flavia's natal day. A day, he was wont to observe to him, remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune and his intensest happiness; and then, and there the highwayman vowed, to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Harcourt was not altogether best pleased at his dear Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted even when he gave her to a husband that her love, and dotting affection would still be his own. Besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion of it would be hers. He was received into modish circles, into which the good magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what with high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Harcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the profligate, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court to Aveling, that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir after nightfall without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

"Cndge! me, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Harcourt. "I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off. Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in a cart, with a parson and a nosegay—eh my little girl!"
"Oh no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a daring wicked man, whose name makes me shrink with fear whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntary though it may be, lurk within us; yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate; or rather that of its frail of perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia, unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom as irretrievably as though you had been some stern Sybil, delivering inscrutable, unquestioned oracles, not a fair child in your girlish frock and sash, your brown hair curling down your straight glossy shoulders, your soft eyes shining through your blushes.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.
"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young, sinless head on her guilty lover's breast—"I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thine."
"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening?—at sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits.—Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so. I could not live and know you were false."

"Sweetest and best! my purest love, could any win me from you! Were it a queen think it not. I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far from here.—He is poor, ill, and—I—I—"
"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more do I love you every day. How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah, how differently beat those two human hearts—one pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.
They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred.—Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the beau garçons of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the beau sexe. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person, and on recovering his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfil his vow.

The wedding was to take place at an old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house, and on lagging wings, that day, at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised, oaths muttered, and a rush followed towards the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it said Mr. Harcourt?"
The door was broken open for answer.—The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding-day, but duty, my noble captain—duty must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered, and the

bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard, what is this?"
"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Harcourt, "release my son."
The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia. It contained a diamond in the centre worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.
Her friends answered, for the terror stricken girl was inarticulate: "Mr. Mowbray's wedding gift."
"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible.—She found speech—"Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.
"Whom? Why the renowned Captain Montmorency."
A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present. Insensibility was followed, Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber, was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim.—For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event, which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable grey hairs whiter with sorrow, Mr. Harcourt complied. She heard the record in silence. Presently, clasping her father's hand—"Dear parent," she said, "when—when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary. He comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.
"Father, I must be there."
"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"
"Father, I must be there! Do you remember your first? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there."
Nor would she be pacified, she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her way. "It would," he said, "be less dangerous than denial."

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows and balconies were let out on hire.—One of these last, the most private, was secured, and on the fatal morning, Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and an aged cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange, immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, and rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glance of the criminal. Yes, there he was; dressed gaily, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast, dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days, by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense, or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy; and it was a blessing when the enchain'd spirit was released from its frail habitation, when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Harcourt sank shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

Light Suppers.

One of the great secrets of health is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing. Let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it the next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary eatables, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm, that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

Humbbuggery in Teaching.

I cannot claim to have experience in this art, yet I claim to have some knowledge of the business, from what I have heard those say who pretended to have experience.

But it is an established fact, although this is called a "fast age," and one of great improvement, there is still room for much more progress. And, in our opinion, there is a great deal of it superficial in many of our Schools and seminaries, and we have sufficient evidence to prove our assertion. Teachers, like all other classes in this free country, are politicians—and how ignorant they may be on other points, they generally understand how to suit public taste, and the more deficient they are in qualifications to train the young mind—the greater proficiencies they soon become in this branch of their business. And just here let me say, that the world goes very much by pretension, and if a man will only set himself forward as some great one, he will generally find fools enough in any community ready to fall in with his pretensions, and keep him going for a time. And, as for training the mind, that forms no part of their plans, and we can find men engaged in this business—and even ladies too, I am sorry to say—who appear to know nothing about the mind. They go upon the supposition that the child is like the man, and they attempt to pour in a promiscuous and indiscriminate mass of matters and things which have no adaption to the young and feeble intellect.

The child is never taught to think to connect ideas and to understand the meaning of terms. Its memory is burdened with a catalogue of difficult names and unintelligible terms—which escape in less time than was consumed in committing them, leaving their minds as blank as they were at first. Now it requires only a little of that commodity called "common sense" to know the young mind cannot grasp all the Natural Sciences at once, and at the same time carry on the study of the ancient and modern language.

I have sometimes been astonished that parents are so easily gulled; but so it is. The mass appear to think, that if a great many books are used, with high-sounding titles, &c. the teacher must be a very learned man, and their children must be making very rapid progress in knowledge.

But such Teachers tell us that "it will not do to fall back upon the old plan, of requiring pupils to make thorough work as they go, and if you do, you will certainly fall behind the age. Bear in mind that every thing must go by steam, and the higher the pressure the better. In some cases you must apply the electric fluid and set the child at once on the hill of science, or leave your profession."

Now this is their opinion about teaching. And if we talk about making thorough scholars, they tell us that was the business of our great grandfathers, it is ours to take them through books, and if we cannot take up the pages as they come, we must take two or three at once; and if we can only get a boy far enough to see through, we drop it and take another. If we can only get a boy to say he has been through arithmetic, that is sufficient; no one will ask him what arithmetic is. And they say it is not worth while to rack the young brain with the meaning of such big words as Philosophy and Mathematics. To expect a child to know what is meant by the terms "attraction," "divisibility," and "inertia," is perfectly preposterous. They only teach them to pronounce these words—without knowing what is meant by them—in the hearing of the fond father or delighted mother, and their point is gained. Their reputation is established beyond all contradiction, and no one will hazard his judgement by doubting their qualifications. Now what can this be called but Humbbuggery in teaching?

"Let Me Sleep."

"Let me sleep," said my companion half-pettishly turning from my couch. "Let me sleep," the words haunted me for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world—"Oh, let me sleep."

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evils committed and unrepented of aries, "Let me sleep. With sleep comes oblivion." The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his embrace, like a summer flower, nipped by a too early frost, bows his head above the pallid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul—"Let me sleep! sleep with the loved one whose smile shall never welcome my foot-steps more."
"Let me sleep," says the traveler, who, foot sore and weary has toiled long in the world, and seen hopes perish unfulfilled; joys withered ere they are tasted, friendship which he thought enduring, changing hue like chameleons; and rainbow promises, fading and melting into colorless air—"Oh, let me sleep for I am weary."

The rosy-cheeked child, the bright-eyed maiden, the thoughtful matron, those for whom life puts on its finest aspect, its most endearing smiles, all have periods, in which they long for sleep, for the oblivion of care; hours in which the waters of Lethe may flow darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep unto all—a sleep deep, hushed, and breathless. The roar of cannon, the deep-toned thunderbolt, the shock of an earthquake, the rush of ten thousand armies cannot break up the still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another, the ephemera of earth sinks down into darkness and nothingness. No intruding footsteps shall jar upon their rest, no disturbing touch shall wring from them the exclamation, "Let me sleep."

Bathing in Cold Water.

But if parents will use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them, have mercy on their helpless children. Do not try their cries and entreaties to warm it just a little! Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous than to bathe children in cold or nearly cold water: I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold winter water.—Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

The suffering of children while being washed, is but small, compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head and lungs; especially the latter.—True, cold water so applied will make precocious children; and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The fact is, the brain requires and receives more blood than other organs of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is so uncommon a thing, that children, especially "smart ones," die as above stated, with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb among our mothers, at least, "that such children are too smart too live," and it is so.

By such treatment the brain becomes too active, and large for the body, and like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot finish my remarks, without entreating mothers in the name of humanity, not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has solaced herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse rough towels, or horse brushes. No error in the water-treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough, is injurious.

But few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy skin to a healthy body.—My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up: I improve of gentle rubbing of the skin with soft cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the report of patients who have taken treatment at our Water Cure Establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good.—Water Cure Journal.

EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the

more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to be the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to report the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—Life of Simeon, by Carus.

AN EXEMPLARY JUDGE.—The most extraordinary instance of patience on record in modern times is that of an Illinois judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of worthy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking—

"Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

Close mouth shows a wise head.