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BY W. LEWIS.

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From the National Era.

Hope and Despair.

BY MARY FRANCIS TAYLOR.

The two went out for a walk one day,
But they couldn't keep long together;
For despair full soon had commenced her tune
Of grumbling about the weather.
But Hope roamed still over heath and hill,
And low to herself kept humming;
"Tho' the way be drear, I have naught to fear,
There's a better time a-coming."

Despair sat down in a faded gown,
And she looked both lean and lazy;
And 'tis said that they who chance that way,
Declared that she had gone crazy.
But Hope went dressed in her very best,
And her soft sweet voice kept humming;
"Tho' fortune frown, I am not cast down—
There's a better time a-coming."

The sun shone out; but Despair in doubt,
Expected a storm to-morrow;
And so she went in her discontent,
Bowed down in her needless sorrow.
But Hope was gay through the live-long day,
And with merry tones kept humming;
"Tho' the sun may set I will ne'er forget,
There's a better time a-coming."

The storm cloud came, and Despair the same
Was greatly distressed about it;
The sun, she said, had forever fled,
And she could not live without it.
Hope felt the storm, but her heart was warm,
And her voice with the winds kept humming;
"I fear no harm, and no alarm—
There's a better time a-coming."

And so my friend, until life shall end,
What silly Despair seems frightful,
In a light more true, with a higher view,
Will seem unto Hope delightful.
Then let us beware of this same Despair
And listen as Hope keeps humming;
And though ill befell, let us think for all,
"There's a better time a-coming."

DO GOOD TO OTHERS.

"Philip, cousin Philip! don't!"
The speaker was a little girl, scarcely five years old, who was sitting on a stone step of a farm house door, watching very intently the motions of a boy four or five years older than herself. And what was Philip Dale doing? Why, he had found a poor little stray kitten, which had wandered into the courtyard, and boy-like was driving it hither and thither, shouting, throwing sticks and pebbles at it, while the hunted and terrified little creature ran one way and another, mewing piteously, and every sound went to the heart of the compassionate little child who heard it. At last she could endure it no longer; and running to her cousin, with eyes filled with tears, and a voice which trembled from its very earnestness, repeated,
"Don't, Philip, it is God's kitty."

The boy stopped, and looked in her face in amazement; then suddenly seizing the fugitive, which had taken refuge in a tree, he laid it gently in the child's arms, and saying, "there's your kitten, Clara," he turned and left the yard. Little Clara ran back into the house, showed her treasure to aunt and sister Fanny, and asked and obtained permission to keep it. Fanny kindly took upon herself the office of making it clean. She softly washed off the dirt, brushed the fur dry, and brought from the kitchen a saucer of milk to feed it; and in no long time the kit-

ten was lying contentedly in Clara's lap, purring loudly, and quite as happy as the little girl herself.

Nothing was seen of Philip till dinner time, and when he came in he cast a sly glance at Clara's new pet, as if he almost feared it would complain of him. But he was safe from any reproach, save that of his own conscience; for kitty could not tell, Clara would not, and no one else knew anything of the matter. After dinner he tried to make friends with Clara, by offering the kitten some bits of meat, which she took very gladly, and lapped his hand in gratitude, while Clara looked up with a face so bright and smiling, it was plain she had forgotten the affair of the morning. Philip set off for school, and seeing a robin, picked up a stone to throw at it, when a sudden thought checked him, and the stone fell from his hand.

"I suppose Clara would say that is God's robin too," he said half aloud; "and the squirrels and the cows, and every thing else. What a queer little thing she is! won't even kill a fly, because she says she couldn't make it alive if she should."

And he went on pondering the matter.—He was not a cruel boy naturally. He loved his parents and his gentle little cousin dearly; and no one could be kinder to the horse, and the fowls, and his dog Bruno, than was Philip Dale. But he had learned from his companions the wicked habit of tormenting animals, for sport, without giving a thought to the pain he was inflicting; and though his mother's soft "Don't do so, my son," always stopped him for a time, she was not always present when he was indulging himself in such amusement. Not one word said Philip of the subject which had occupied his thoughts all day, until evening, when Fanny had gone to put Clara to bed, and all was quiet. Then he came to his mother, and laying his head in her lap, and looking up into her clear loving eyes, told her of his conduct in the morning, and of Clara's entreaty.—And Mrs. Dale entered with ready sympathy into her boy's thoughts and feelings, conversed with him about the animals, and his duties to them, and so deepened the impression on his mind, that Philip resolved never again to ill-treat any animal; and he kept his resolution, too.

Some months after, when Clara had been for some time at her city home, Mr. Dale asked Philip one bright morning if he could go to town for him to do some errands. They lived within two or three miles of the town, and it was by no means a long walk for a healthy, active boy, and Philip joyfully consented to the proposal. He took his basket and went merrily on, whistling the prettiest he knew and speaking with the numerous acquaintance he met, and in good time reached his destination. As he went forward he chanced to spy a boy whom he knew, cruelly beating a dog, which howled with pain as Philip crossed the street.

"What is the matter, Jerry?" he asked, "what has Ponto been doing?"
Jerry glanced round at him; but Philip's pleasant face and kind tone disarmed his anger, and he answered rather sullenly,
"He stole my breakfast, and I'll punish him for it."

And he raised his stick again, but Philip caught his arm.
"I wouldn't beat him, Jerry; he was hungry, poor fellow, and did not know he was getting your breakfast. Here's a nice luncheon mother gave me; take it, Jerry, for I had my breakfast long ago; and don't beat Ponto any more. He is one of God's creatures, you know, and we must not abuse them."

Jerry hesitated, took the offered gift and began to eat; for, as Philip suspected, he was as hungry as the dog; and after a minute he stooped down, and patting the poor creature, shared his meal with him; while his young friend, pleased to see it, ran merrily on to do his errands in town, without giving a thought to the loss of his luncheon. Philip little knew how much good he had done. While he was talking with Jerry, two men passed in different directions, one a ragged looking man, with a face bearing the marks of intemperance; the other, handsomely dressed, with a pleasant, open countenance, and cheerful smile. This was Frank Howard, a thriving young merchant; the other was Joe Dennis, a poor laborer, who made himself still poorer by wasting his earnings in liquor. Howard glanced at the man as he passed with disgust and scorn; and Dennis, on his part, looked at the young merchant with despairing envy.

"I might have been as well off as he, perhaps," was his thought; "his father and mine were schoolmates and playfellows once; but it's no use now."

It was just as they met and passed each other, at the very spot where the boys were talking, that Philip had said the last words to Jerry.

"One of God's creatures," repeated Howard, involuntarily turning to look after the

drunkard. "One of my brethren, then; can I do nothing to save him?" One instant he hesitated, and then slowly followed Dennis.

"One of God's creatures," said poor Joe to himself. "Well, I suppose I'm that, only no one seems to think so; and why should they? I'm worse than that brute, for I take the food from my wife and children." He paused! for he was close by a dram shop, where he had too often stopped.

"No I won't," he said energetically, "I'll try once more to leave off. One of God's creatures! If he takes care of the dumb beast, why shouldn't he of us? I don't know who else will."

Joe marched on with a firmer step, for his resolve to do right had given him courage, and soon reached his wretched home. Mrs. Dennis looked up hastily, one or two children glanced timidly at their father.

"I haven't taken a drop to-day, Martha," said he, "and by God's help, I won't again. Here, Josey, take this fource and get a loaf of bread. Mrs. Dennis, too happy to speak, could only throw her arms around her husband's neck and cry. "Don't Martha, don't," said the poor man. "You've nothing to be so glad about; for that's the last cent I've got in the world, and I don't know where the next will come from. Ah, yes!" answering her broken words, "it's easy for you to say, 'Trust in the Lord,' for you're a good woman, but it isn't so easy for me."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Frank Howard walked in. "Does not Joseph Dennis live here?" he asked. "Are you at liberty to-day, Mr. Dennis, and could you do some jobs at my store? The man I have heretofore employed has left town, and I must get some one to supply his place.—Will you come to-day and try? Perhaps we may make some agreement."

Poor Joe Dennis! he almost worshipped Howard as an angel from heaven. He looked one way and another, and finally burst into tears.

"I'll come, Mr. Howard, I'll come; it's very good of you, for there isn't many who would employ a drunkard like me; but I mean to be sober in future." I was just telling Martha that I could get no work, and we'd got to starve, may be; and she, good soul, said the Lord would provide. I believe, Mr. Howard, God sent you to us just now."

"I have no doubt he did," answered Howard gravely, who, having followed Dennis, had heard and seen all that had passed before he entered. "Mr. Dennis, if you will go to my store, and say to my clerk, Mr. Reid, that I sent you, he will employ you; and I will be there directly, myself. And as soon as Dennis had left the house, the young merchant turned to the happy, weeping wife, and putting five dollars into her hand, bade her to regard it as a gift from heaven; and provide what she most needed, adding with a smile, "Your husband will return hungry, no doubt; I should advise you to have a good dinner ready."

We need hardly say that this advice was followed; and that Dennis found a smoking dinner on the table when he returned at noon. But it may be necessary to add that their new friend kept Joe in his employ, and aided his effort at amendment, until, in a few years, the neat, nice dwelling, and comfortable, happy looking family which Dennis eagerly sought after his day's labors, bore but slight resemblance to a cheerless hovel, and pale, starving faces he had left. Nor was this all. Frank Howard having once tasted the pleasures of benevolence, could not resign the luxury of being the dispenser of bounty to others. And many were the hearts cheered, many the homes preserved, many the characters saved from ruin, by his kindly and unsought assistance. He sought no public notice of his good deeds; he was pleased to labor in secret. But Philip Dale often wondered why Mr. Howard always spoke so kindly to him, and invited him so frequently to his pleasant home. Philip never suspected that his kind care for a suffering animal had been the means of saving many human beings from worse suffering; and just as little did Clara think, when she played with her kitten Friskie, now grown quite a cat, that her compassionate pleading for her was the first link in a long chain of benevolent actions. Only believe that no good word or deed is ever lost; and, in his own good time, God will make it bring forth rich fruit.—*Boston Ploughman.*

Good Advice.—The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker says:—The best cure for hard times is economy. A shilling's worth of white beans will do as much feeding as fifty cents worth of potatoes; while six cents worth of Indian meal will make as much bread as fourteen cents worth of flour. Besides, this is twice as wholesome. Almost every family in town could cut down their expenses one-half, if they only chose to do so.

The young lady who was buried in grief, is now alive and doing well.

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

A PRETTY STORY.

"You were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the little village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself master of a sum in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up she seemed somewhat reassured by the kind glance that met her, and answered, "No ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl, who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know that she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then paused and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow, "but" she continued after a moment of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns, I'm going to school one day and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to day, and to-morrow night, she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear my dress," that Miss M— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a nine-penny print of a deep hue, but it was neatly made and never yet had been washed.—And while looking at it she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight that Mary Gray had attended school regularly; she had never seen her wear but that one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble—I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend schools by turns, that Miss M— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with lustrous eyes and chestnut curls, the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wreath of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried within during play time so did Nelly, and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M— to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once it was the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly, and was too long for her, too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of the village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother; and though sorely shortened herself of a narrow purse; that same night, having found at the only store, in the place, a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday-morning as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M— and whispered in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential. "After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books eve-

ry day. Then she continued, a little good natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips. "But how can your mother spare you conveniently?"

"O, yes ma'am, yes ma'am she can now. Something happened she didn't expect, and she is glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story:

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, and told them that if she could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which had usually repaid them. They had a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and oh, Miss M—, we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am was the emphatic answer. And when on the following Monday, little Nelly in the new pink dress, entered the schoolroom, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!" Miss M— felt as she never felt before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher, who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that poor little girl a calico dress.

What our Young Gentlemen are made for.

This is a very easy matter to find out, for upon three minute's acquaintance with any of them you may discover their mental and bodily composition, notwithstanding the emphatic line of the poet Campbell.

"Can hearts be read? Alas we answer No!"

Well, if we cannot read hearts we can read heads without being a practical phrenologist.

In every sized community, we may find a vast variety of young men with very curious peculiarities, to wit:

Anybody may know the "sap headed" young gent. He looks as if his brains were marbles and continually chasing each other through the cavities of his cranium. This young man is never burthened with an original idea, and ever sides with everybody else's opinion—pass him around!

The "religious minded" young men may be easily known—physiognomy rather elongated—closely shaved face, shirt collar and neck-kerchief neat—hair tranquil—never laughs—smiles now and then—takes down all the text of a Sunday, and knows nothing about the merits of the sermon—language rather effeminate, and steps aside to avoid a worm—deal amiably with him.

Here comes the "funny minded" young man. A rollicking, boisterous dancing, whistling, fat faced fellow. Ever itching, for fun, to stamp on the cat's tail, bruise old people's corns, and make horrible faces at the baby!—At a party he's licking the girls, or else showing how to swallow the poker.—He knows a verse of every comic song, and is great on good feeding. His laugh is the loudest and morriest, and there's no end to his mischief. Let him have his fling.

Nobody can mistake the "literary minded" young gentleman. He has always a book somewhere about him, and a periodical in his hat. On his tables are papers and pamphlets strewn around. He feeds on literature. He

is not a general talker, but if he can get a friend in company to themselves, then he warms up the merits of his favorite authors. He's no hand at making an extempore speech; and his writing does not flow with original ease, from the fact of his anxiety to imitate the style of the classic writers. Bury him in a library.

The "blowing" young gentleman is heard from in every assembly. Everything he has a hand in is the best of its kind. He's acquainted with the "biggest bugs" and intimate with the most beautiful ladies. Every thing pertaining to him and his, is of a superlative nature. He tells how he walked the farthest, danced the longest, rode the fastest, kissed the greatest number of ladies, and was the best shot. His tailor is the best and his bootmaker cannot be equalled. For the sake of being superlative in all things he'll admit he is the greatest ass! Let his ears grow!

You are surely acquainted with the "bashful" young gentleman, rather tall and delicate looking, has a timid voice, and startles if he hears himself speak above a whisper.—He is always ready to blush and afraid to be seen near a woman! He sits quietly in some corner and never has confidence in himself to broach a topic. In a quadrille party, he is in awful tripitation for fear of doing something wrong, and is terrified at the careless antics of funny young gentlemen. Perhaps after wondering for a long spell of silence to know what to say to his partner, he may ask her if she's "fond of swimming?" and on getting a blunt negative, holds his tongue forever after! Have mercy on him!

The 'about town' young gentleman is seldom seen in ladies society. He is somewhat hairy about the face, dresses in alarming patterns, big buttoned coats and fancy colored vests. He's great at whistling and at toddies, while his cigar is ever in his mouth. A jolly loud oath adds emphasis to his language, and slang expressions are his great delights. He designates a woman as a "petticoat," and a man as "shanks." His watch is a "turnip" his hat a "tile" and his boots are "kickers." He knows all the fast horses, fast saloons, theatrical and fighting men and women, and introduces himself as "one of 'em." Give him rope enough!

The poetical young gentleman is a favorite with candy eating school girls. His hair is long, sometimes parted in the middle, his collar a la Byron, and his hands generally very neat; with remainder of dress rather careless. Everything suggests a poetical idea to him, and in impulsive moments, his fingers rush o'er his poetic brow to his locks. He can compose sonnets to a lady's lost toenail, or lines on the death of a frozen frog; while in an ode to the moon, he is all ecstacy. He has always a piece of his own to read or repeat for you, and perhaps, if he noticed you yawn and yawn, would compose a stanza on the loss of breath. His favorite ladies are called by him the "souls of poetry," and anything harsh or out of tune shocks his nerves. Let him win the lays!

Let us might be considered a tedious young gentleman, we shall continue the catalogue on some other day.

A Home Item.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend the following 'hints' as worthy of consideration:—

"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has forever been ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgement could not defer them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon their mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature."

Charity is the perfection of nature.