

# The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

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## THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

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### A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
And a seat by the farmer's wood fire side,  
Where the fire burns bright,  
On a frosty night,  
Where the jest and the song, and laugh are free,  
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me!

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
When the earth comes out as a blushing bride,  
With her buds and flowers,  
In the bright spring hours,  
Her bridal song ringing from fresh-leaved trees,  
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze!

In summer, a seat in the shady nook,  
And close by the side of a cooling brook,  
Where the violet grows,  
Or the pale swamp rose,  
Fainting and sick, beneath the sun's scorching  
beam,  
Dips her petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,  
In the golden days of the farmer's pride,  
When the barns are filled  
From the fields he's tilled,  
And he feels that his yearly task is done,  
Smiling at winter, he beckons him on!

### LONG CHERISHED REVENGE.

A tale of the Old World and the New.  
The history of jurisprudence embodies among its dusty archives many a tale of love, of sorrow, of blighted affection, of bitter remorseless persecution, and of long-cherished vengeance, which needs not the pen of a Warren or of a Dickens, to invest them with every attribute of startling interest which can mark the narrative of fiction.

In the year 1835, there came into the country of Lapeer, Michigan, a German from the Province of Wurtemberg, by the name of Ulrich; bringing with him a young and attractive wife, to whom he had been some years married. This lady, when a girl, had been a belle in her little neighborhood in Wurtemberg, and had been sought in marriage by more than one anxious suitor, and among them was one Daum, by whom she was courted, and to whom she had given such encouragement as to lead him to place his affections upon her with all the ardor of a German heart. Daum was a man of unusual strength of mind, of stern and impassive demeanor, of great depth of feeling, but, as the sequel will show, of most implacable disposition when his animosities had been aroused. He loved the girl with that intensity natural to men so constituted, and having few or no affinities with others, owing to his morose disposition, he commenced by leavishing his hours of leisure and the earnings of his industry upon her alone. Unlike her lover in all respects, the girl was active, fond of company, and unstable in her affections; and when the wedding day came, to which Daum had long and impatiently looked forward, as the consummation of his bliss, after the wedding guests had assembled, she told him she loved him not, and could never be his. Daum sold out his possessions and removed at once from a scene of discomfiture to a distant province.

Time passed on, the lady was again wooed and won by a light-hearted and comely youth, her former suitor, a superior in person, all appearance, but his inferior in wealth and intellect. His courtship was followed by marriage, the news of which reaching the self-banished Daum, roused every latent feel-

ing of rage and jealousy of which his strong heart was capable, and he returned to the scene of his former happiness, instigated by the sole desire—for revenge. He skulked about the neighborhood, lying hid during the day time for the most part, but watching every opportunity to way-lay and destroy his rival.

At length they met in a wild, narrow mountain pass, a deadly and fierce struggle ensued, at the termination of which Ulrich was left upon the ground slain, as his assassin supposed. Daum fled, and Ulrich recovered and returned to his wife, pale, bleeding, and faint. The officers sought for Daum in vain; he had fled to England, where he spent the next six years of his life. The circumstance had passed away from the public mind, and the parties most interested had ceased to think of them or to feel any apprehension of Daum's return. Five years passed on, and the married couple, with their children, joined a party who were emigrating to America, and came and settled down in the county of Lapeer. There they resided in quiet, comfort, and happiness for three years. The wild farm had begun to assume the appearance of cultivation—the log house to be circled with creepers and flowery shrubs, the white-headed children playing around the door, the old German hound lay watchfully at the gate, and the truant sweetheart, now a comely matron, sang at the wheel, the sweet songs of her Faderland. All was peace in this sequestered home, when at the close of a bright dry day in August, 1838, a knock was heard at the door, which was answered by the woman, who, upon opening it, met the face of her old suitor.

The recognition was instant and mutual.—Not a word passed between them; but while the heart of one of them sank within her from very fear, that of the other was roused to a phrenzy, which made itself manifest in a wild gleam of long pent-up vengeance.

The husband was absent, having gone on a distant hunting excursion in pursuit of deer; and all that night, with doors and windows barred, a sleepless, tearful, trembling watcher waited his return. He came not, his step never again crossed that threshold. Precisely one year to a day from the time of the occurrence just narrated, Mr. Thorn, an old resident of Lapeer county, while walking one balmy Sunday morning upon the borders of one of those beautiful little lakes which lie embosomed in the flowery openings of that country, found upon the beach, just within the water's edge, a human skull. At a loss to account for its appearance there, he followed up the steep, bold bank which overhangs the lake, and upon its verge found the body to which the skull had belonged. A jury was at once summoned to the spot, and the remains were, at once identified by the half-frantic widow, whose wounds were opened afresh by the discovery which shut out forever the last ray of hope which had lingered in her breast for a long, sad year.—The cause and manner of the death of the murdered man were obvious by an examination of the skeleton—a rifle ball piercing through the vertebral column from behind, had passed out through the bone. The murdered man had never known who or what took his life. He lay, as he fell, upon his face, with his undischarged yager rifle by his side, and upon his bleaching skeleton was the hunting pouch brought with him from his old country home. Autumn had deepened into winter—winter had brightened into spring, and spring had blossomed into summer—yet there he lay within three miles of his home, unnoticed and undiscovered.

Upon the discovery of the body, Daum was arrested; and his trial, which was very long and arduous, in consequence of the necessity of taking all the testimony through interpreters, was before Hon. Charles W. Whipple, at the Circuit Court for the county of Lapeer, in March, 1840. The principal counsel engaged in the case were Hon. Peter Moray, then Attorney General, Hon. H. A. Haiscom, Hon. T. J. Drake, Hon. E. H. Thompson, and G. W. Wisner.

During the twelve days occupied by the trial, the prisoner, Daum, remained impassive and unmoved throughout, except when, upon permission being granted by the Court, the bones of the murdered man, which had been wired together, and placed under a covered table, were suddenly drawn out at the very feet of the prisoner—when a deathly paleness overspread his face, and a strong and involuntary shudder passed through his frame.

The evidence, as may be gathered from the foregoing sketch, was entirely circumstantial, there being no direct testimony whereby to connect the prisoner with the death of Ulrich, and the jury found themselves unwilling to convict; and giving the unhappy prisoner the benefit of the slight doubt by which the occurrence was surrounded, brought in, after lengthy consultation, a verdict of—not guilty! The prisoner left the court house amid a deep and thrilling silence, and was never more seen in Lapeer county.

### Purity.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," says the adage—meaning, if it means anything, that while purity is refining and elevating, grossness is contaminating and degrading—both make their mark upon the man. If you go among dirt and dust you will soil your person; if you go among immorality, you will corrupt your soul—and the more refined and susceptible you are in body and soul, the more will you suffer—as the brightest surface is dimmed by a breath, and the finest polish is marred by the slightest touch.

Now, let us reflect a moment on the amount of grossness with which we are constantly surrounded. Look at the thousands born and brought up in filth and ignorance, and consider what a vast influence they must have over everything and everybody. Are we not contaminated by their presence, despite all our efforts in our little narrow self-circle?—Where did you get those slang phrases you so frequently indulge in, and in which you are imitated by your children? Where did your little boy learn to swear and fight?—Did you teach it to him? Ah! he learned his naughty tricks and vile language in the streets! Well, he is not the only respectable boy who has imitated the ugly, blustering, and fighting urchins, who were born in slum, dark cellars or dingy garrets, where swathed in rags, and nourished with filthy rottenness, they have grown up unchecked, amidst ignorance and gross beastliness.—Their parents were the victims of want, crime and shame, and you cannot expect the children under such circumstances, to be any better than they are—to be otherwise than gross in every sense. They have their influence ever over you—you cannot go among them without acquiring some of their base ideas—without your soul's taking in some of their grossness and how much more is this the case with your children? And these gross creatures have a voice in making the laws of the land, and a portion of their grossness is necessarily infused into the laws which you and your children must obey. The gross politician bids for the votes of the gross, is elected, and proves true to his constituents. They infuse their grossness into all the social institutions, as well as into the political ones, and into the individual. The intellect of the community is darkened, its purity is tarnished, its morals are corrupted, its strength is taken away, its harmony is disturbed, its happiness is diminished by the grossness of these poor- abject creatures. Physical and moral pestilences reign in the midst of the community; cheating and lying, and stealing, and murder, are every day occurrences. Disease and crime are as familiar as night—and will be, so long as this grossness is allowed to remain.

Now, then, it is a vital and religious duty which you owe, not only to the gross, to your children and to the community; but to yourself, as you ever hope to enjoy yourself here or hereafter, to do all in your power to purify everything and everybody around you, that you may yourself be pure: Self-love should impel you to do your share to cleanse every filthy, disease-engendering spot, to provide clean and well-ventilated apartments for the poor, to reform the dissolute, to awaken the ambition of the bowed and heart-broken, to arouse the pride and energy of the indolent, to heal the sick, to educate and enlighten the ignorant, and to remove the grossness and darkness everywhere. Not a stone should be left unturned—not a spot should be left unpurified, not a want should be left unsupplied, not a disease should be left uncurd, not a heart should be unconsoled, not a tear should be left undried, not a mind should be left unenlightened. All this should be done out of sheer self-love, if from no more generous feeling. The really good man—the pure man—delights in doing these same things because of the happiness he confers upon others, feeling truly that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving.

A great and good man, once speaking of politeness, said: "I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners; they may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite; polished or rustic; I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affection. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is only founded in reason and good sense, and not upon the artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile upon his face, the same congeering of his body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand.—Give me the (it may be, rough) grip of the hand; and the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires the homely salutation, 'How are you, my old friend?'"

Speech of Mr. Zachariah Spicer on the question, "Which enjoys the greatest of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man.—And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me comfort him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the Bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, helpless insignificant creature!—No more to be compared with his after-self, than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet, "confusion was monarch of all I survey."

Here lay a pair of old pants, there a pair of boots, there a play-bill, and here a pile of old clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my unwashed clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

"I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough."

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it. I haven't got the pewter I wish for your sake I had."

"There," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take 'up with the offer'."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more we haven't repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time and as uncomfortable, generally, as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, [overpowering applause] and may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded gained him five sons-in-law.

### Barnum on Advertising.

He says—"Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise freely and efficiently. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are. Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay perhaps—it is half a potion of physic making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally; and the cure will be sure and permanent. Some say 'they cannot afford to advertise.' They mistake—they cannot afford not to advertise. In this country where everybody reads the newspapers, the man must have a thick set who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping, his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising.—While you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, and never would had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspaper."

### A Dropped Letter.

The following letter, written by a Know-Nothing member of the Massachusetts Legislature, we clip from the Boston Post

Boston, Jan. 16, 1855

SON JOHN:—I have too much legislative work to come home on Saturday nights as I said I would—so you must mind the farm; I have managed to get on a good many committees so as to be come popular by having my name printed often in the papers and I manage to say something occasionally and I have seen my name 3 times printed in the daily bee. American principles is looking up some here in Boston and we are going to discard all foreign elements in our government (by the way have the barn door painted over with some other color besides Spanish brown. I don't like anything Spanish). The governor has made a lick at the foreign malitia and disbanded all the companies. (don't use any more British oil for your deafness for I have thrown away that box of Russia salve your mother put in my trunk to rub my rheumatic leg with use American phisic it is the best.) We are going to have the latin lingo taken of the state coat of arms and put plain yankee english in its place. We are going a head I tell you, and make a clean sweep of every thing of foreign extraction I have visited no place of amusement excepting the live buffalo which is a regular native he looks very much like a hairy cow. Speaking of cows reminds me of our Durham bull you may sell him to Wade the butcher he is of foreign extraction. A friend asked me to go to the Atheneum and see the library an pictures but I was told nearly all the pictures are painted by the old masters as they are called—and these I am told are, with out exception all foreigners beside many of the books are in foreign languages so it is contrary to the spirit of principles to visit such a place. I was going to see Banvard's great painting of the Holy land which is making some stir but a native artist told me it was painted with Venetian red Dutch pink and Naples yellow while all the skies were Prussian blue too much of the foreign element to be interesting to me. By the way speaking of paint have the front blinds which I had painted with French green last fall painted some other color other than I mentioned above. Stop he Zions Herald and take the Yankee privateer in its place. Give my Marcellis vest to dick the plowman and tell him to stone Jip the scotch terrier off the farm and to kill that Maltese cat.

from your affectionate father,

Influence of Women.

Senator Houston was once asked, at a large party given by Mr. Speaker Winthrop, why he did not attend the usual places of public amusement as he had been accustomed to do. His reply was this—let it be read and remembered by the mothers and daughters of America:—

"I make it a point," said the honorable Senator, "never to visit a place where my lady, if she were with me, would be unwilling to go. I know it would give her pain, as a christian, to attend such places, and I will not go myself where I could not take my wife."

A member of Congress present alluded to his own wife, and added that there was mutual understanding between him and her, that they should each follow the bent of their own inclination in such matters.

"That may do for you," responded Mr. Houston, "but with me it is different from what it is with many men. My wife has been the making of me. She took me when I was a victim to slavish appetites; she has redeemed and regenerated me, and I will not do that in her absence which I know would give her pain if she were present."

### Laziness is a great Evil.

This truth is clearly evidenced by the conduct of too many of our species. Idleness is bad enough of itself in all conscience, but when men are not satisfied with idling away their own times, and are found annoying their friends and acquaintances by frequent and lengthy visits to their places of business, it is intolerable. Young men you are just starting out on the theatre of life, do not let it be said of you as it has been truly said of others, "He has no energy." If you are out of employment, seek for it again; and if you do not succeed, still keep trying, and our words for it you will not fail to prosper. At any rate, do not weary the patience of your friends by sitting about their counting houses and shops, yawning and wishing for that which is impossible. Depend upon it, a life of industry is the most cheerful situation in which you can be placed.

Whether skill of the broom in the female hand is to her credit, depends somewhat upon whether it is used upon the floor or the head. The faithless will please experiment and satisfy themselves.

### Useful Hints for Children.

A frosty air does children good, if properly protected by clothing, and they are able to jump about and keep their blood in circulation. Care should be taken that they should be so dressed as to secure the chest and bowels from cold. Flannel is the most important article in the dress, both of the old and young. The celebrated John Hunter said: "if you wish your children to be healthy, give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

A modern medical writer has a word for parents who expose their children's limbs to the cold. We commend the advice to all who indulge in this practice: "I cannot pass without a word to the barbarous regimen which custom and the ignorant conviction of many parents have prescribed for infants and young children. I allude to the practice of half-dressing children, which is adopted in almost all weathers, sometimes with a view to show off—sometimes, as is said, to invigorate and harden the child. The continued impression of cold thus allowed to be made upon the arms, shoulders, legs, and often bodies of young children, must result, unless the power of the system be very great, in gradually establishing a congestive circulation, that will favor the development of tubercles in the lungs, or mesenteric glands, or dropsy of the brain, chronic diarrhoea, bronchitis, catarrh, and so on, to say nothing of the multitudes of the little sufferers cut off by croup, and other acute inflammations. Parents should know, and not forget, that children have less power of generating heat than adults; and that, consequently, in cool or cold weather, their bodies and limbs should receive as careful envelopment and protection as those of grown persons liable to the same degree of exposure; for a more careful the selfish attention of the latter to their own comfort and health will hardly admit of."

### The World to Come.

The following are the meditations of the celebrated John Foster on the death of his wife. They will seem to many as a transcript of their own thoughts under similar bereavements.

Can it be—how is it—what is it—that we are now not inhabitants of the same world—that each has to think of the other as in a perfectly different economy of existence?—Whither is she gone—in what manner does she consciously realize to herself the astonishing change—how does she look at herself as no longer inhabiting a mortal tabernacle—in what manner does she recollect her state as only a few weeks since—in what manner does she think and feel, and act, and communicate with other spiritual beings, what manner of vision has she of God and the Saviour of the world—how does she review and estimate the course of discipline through which she had been prepared for the happy state where she finds herself—in what manner does she look back on death, which she has so recently passed, through—and does she plainly understand the nature of a phenomenon so awfully mysterious to the view of mortals? How does she remember and feel respecting us, respecting me? Is she associated with the spirits of her departed son and our two children who died in infancy? Does she indulge with delight a confident anticipation that we shall, after a while, be added to her society? If she should think of it as (respect to some of us many years, possibly before such an event, does that appear a long time in prospect, or has she begun to account of duration according to the great laws of eternity? Earnest imaginings and questions like, these arise without end and still there is no answer, no revelation. The mind comes again and again up close to the thick black veil; but there is no perforation, no glimpse? She that loved me, and I trust loves me still, will not cannot answer me. I can only imagine her to say, "Come and see, serve out God so that you shall come and share, at no distant time."

### Spunky Feminine.

In Allentown on Friday night, an interesting little affair came off. A woman who had long suspected her husband of making a practice of spending his hard earnings in one of the numerous "gambling dens" with which that town is cursed—where professional gamblers practically and hourly reduce the business of life to chance, made up her mind to "keep an eye" on his movements.—At about 9 o'clock she entered the "den" and found her "liege lord" sitting at a table "enchering" to his heart's content. She ordered him to accompany her home, which he very reluctantly prepared to do. The keeper of the "hole" interfered, when the woman threatened to go for an officer. The keeper of the den, finding he had "caught a tartar," beat a retreat; and the women left the field in triumph, bearing her captive husband with her.

Honey-moon bliss sometimes turns out to be mere moonshine.