The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS. HUNTINGDON, FEBRUARY 21, 1855. VOL. 10, NO. 36.

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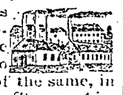

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July 19, '54.—1y.

HUNTINGDON
CARRIAGE AND WAGON

MANUFACTORY.

OWEN BOAT, thankful for past favors, respectfully informs the public in general that he has removed to his new shop on Washington street, on the property lately and for many years occupied by Alex. Carmon, where he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

Carriages, Buggies, Rockaways, Wagons

and in short every kind of vehicle desired.—Rockaways and Buggies of a superior manufacture and finish always on hand and for sale at fair prices.

Repairing of all kinds done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Huntingdon, May 16, 1854.

SOAP AND CANDLE

Manufactory,

Main Street one door west of the "Globe" Office,

HUNTINGDON, PA.

FREDERICK LIST informs the citizens of Huntingdon, and of the county, that he has commenced the manufacture of mould and dip Candles and Rosin Soap, one door west of the "Globe" office, on Main Street, Huntingdon, where he will always be prepared to fill orders at city prices.

TALLOW WANTED, and the highest cash price will be paid.

Huntingdon, Dec. 5, 1854.

THE BORROWED TOOLS.

A SKETCH FOR FARMERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BERDICT.

Samuel Thompson and Nathan Holmes were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their land was situated upon a beautiful ridge, and was strong and productive. In the natural capacity of the soil, there was not a cent's worth of difference in the two farms, but yet they bore a very dissimilar aspect after they had been worked a number of years. Mr. Thompson's buildings looked neat and tidy. His door yard was clean; his windows were whole, his barn was snug and warm, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees carefully dressed and pruned. Now Mr. Holmes had no more family to support than had his neighbor; but yet his house and out-buildings and the rural aspect of his farm were very different. A few rags were to be seen in spots where there should have been panes of glass; various things were kicking about in the yard that should have been in other places; there were large cracks in his barn, through which rain and snow sometimes beat; his apple trees were scabbed with old bark, and the tops were disfigured with scraggy dead limbs. Mr. Holmes worked harder if anything, than did Mr. Thompson; but yet his matters were always at loose ends, and he often wondered how it was that his neighbor pushed things along smoothly, and kept everything in such excellent order.

"Ah, Thompson" said Holmes one day in the spring, as he came up to the door of the former "have you got an inch augur?"

"Certainly," returned Thompson; "I couldn't get along on a farm without one."

"I wish you would lend it to me a little while; I have delayed sowing my grain for two days, because my harrow is broken, and I had no tools with which to mend it."

"I will lend it to you with pleasure," said Thompson. And then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, he added:

"They tell me, Mr. Holmes, that you lost one of your cows yesterday."

"Yes," returned Holmes, with an uneasy look, "one of the best cows I had."

"How did it happen?"

"She broke her leg."

"Broke her leg! How, pray?

"Why you see the floor in my tie-up had got rather worn out and shaky, and the night before last she got one of her legs through it, and snapped the bone off like a pipe-stem, and so I had to kill her."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, these are things we farmers ought to guard against. A very little labor at the proper time would have saved all that."

"I know it," said Holmes, with a downcast look, and I should have fixed the floor long ago if I had had the tools. But its no use in crying now. What's done can't be helped."

That was always a source of great consolation to Mr. Holmes. When a thing was done, he tried to feel satisfied with the reflection that it could not be undone, though he seldom laid up the experience for future use. Mr. Thompson turned towards the shed door, and led the way up into a neat, light chamber, and Holmes followed. Here was a stout bench, all fixed for hand use, and upon it were a full set of plains, saws, gauges, mallets, hammers, etc., while in a small rack against the partition were arranged, and overhead, hung some half dozen different sized augurs. In short there was everything here that a man could possibly use in building and repairing about the house. Mr. Thompson took down an inch augur, and handed it to his neighbor, and as he did so he remarked:

"I haven't seen your son Thomas about for two or three days. Is he sick."

"Well not exactly sick, but he's got a very bad foot. He has stept on it. He trod on an old rusty nail in the barn floor, and it went into his foot some way."

"Whew; that's bad," uttered Thompson with a sympathetic shudder. "I never allow my boys to be around much barefooted. I have found that the pricks and bruises generally cost more than shoe leather, aside from the comfort and looks."

"O, Thomas wasn't barefooted, but you see there was a hole in the bottom of his shoe. I meant to have carried it down to the village and had it mended, but I forgot it."

"Ah, friend Holmes, I save all such difficulties as that. I always keep a little leather by me, and then when there is a little tapping or patching to be done, I can fix it up in a few minutes. All these things can be done during rainy days, when I might otherwise be lying idle."

"Well, returned Holmes, "I suppose I could cobble a shoe well enough if I only had the tools; but it takes quite a collection of implements to fill up a cobbler's bench. However what's done can't be helped. I guess Thomas will be out in a day or two. But I must hurry off now, and fix my harrow."

It took Mr. Holmes nearly all day to fix his harrow, so that he had to postpone the harrowing of his land till the next morning, and when he at length got his grain into the ground, he was just five days behind his neighbor Thompson. His son was confined to the house over a week, and during that time he had to hire an extra hand, which cost him about four dollars, besides the doctor's bill he had to pay.

When it came haying time, he had to buy new rakes, because the old ones had gone to rack and ruin. Perhaps they started with the loss of a few teeth, or the breaking of a bow, or perhaps the head might have got broken, and thus instead of saving a good handle, &c., and making the proper tools, he was obliged to buy new rakes entire. So in all the departments of his business, he was constantly meeting with obstacles that retarded his progres, all for the want of a few simple tools.

One rainy day in the fall, after the harvesting was completed, Mr. Thompson was in his tool chamber making some apple boxes, when his neighbor Holmes entered.

"Mr. Thompson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's fore-plane a few moments, "how much did that sled of yours cost? I have one this winter."

"Oh that cost me nothing. I made it myself during some of those rainy days that we had just before harvesting. I got the timber out when I hauled my wood last winter; so the job came easy."

"Well neighbor Thompson," said Holmes, after some little time spent in hard study, "I don't see how it is that you get along so.—Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I'm sure you don't work so hard as I do. Your wife don't make any better butter or cheese than mine does; your sheep don't bear better wool; your bees don't make better honey. You raise more fruit than I do to be sure."

"But I have no more trees," said Thompson.

"No; but then your fruit was of a better quality and finds a more ready market."

"Certainly, because I have grafted in the best species. My trees were the same as yours twelve years ago, and with regard to other matters, I think if you will look about the two places, you will find that in many respects mine is the most productive. My cows give more milk than yours do through the winter, because they have better shed room and a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens and pig houses are tight and comfortable; and then I am inclined to think my bees make more honey than yours do, for my hives are in better order. I may not raise more corn than you do, but I guess the rats and squirrels don't have such easy entrance to my grain chambers as they do to yours."

"Perhaps you are right," muttered Holmes, with a crestfallen look; "and I suppose you are laying by money."

"Certainly I am—one or two hundred dollars every year."

"Why, so much as that!" uttered Holmes, with a look of surprise. "Why I can't lay up a cent."

"Let me give you a piece of secret," said Thompson, in a kind, neighborly tone as he laid his plane upon the bench.

'Last summer you bought four new rakes and a pitchfork. Now, how much did they cost you?'

'Let's see; the rakes came to twenty-five cents apiece, and the forks come to a dollar.'

'Well, now my fork handle got broke accidentally last winter, and so did some of the rakes; but I immediately took such parts as were good and brought them up here, and then at my first leisure opportunity, fixed them up. There were two dollars saved.—Now you have nothing to do to day.'

'No, it rains too hard.'

'And yet you see I am at work. Now how are you going to get your apple boxes?'

'Marston is going to make them for me, and I am going to give him a barrel of good apples.'

'There are two dollars more. Now, if you hire a sled made as mine, it will cost you twelve dollars. That will be sixteen dollars that I have laid up while you have been able to do nothing. Now let us see how that sixten dollars will multiply itself, You sold your wool last spring as soon as you had sheared your sheep?'

'Yes—I had to, for I needed the money.'

'How much did you get?'

'Thirty cents a pound.'

'If you had sixteen dollars by you in ready cash, you wouldn't have been obliged to have sold them?'

'No,' returned Holmes, whose eyes were beginning to open, 'I could have squeezed along with that sum.'

'Now,' continued Thompson, 'I sold my wool yesterday, and they sent to my door and took it. I got forty-two cents a pound for it. I had one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and by reckoning it over after I had sold it I found I had made just twenty dollars—that is, I had obtained twelve cents more on the pound than I should if I had been obliged to sell when you did. So you see how these little things multiply themselves.'

'And this all comes of your having tools to work with,' said Holmes, in a subdued tone.

'Mostly,' returned Thompson.

'Well, if I had the tools, I might save a good many small sums in the course of a year; but I never had any money to spare for them. Why the tools you have here and in the house over and above your farming utensils must be worth $50.'

'Just about that sum.'

'Then I fear I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I can never spare such a sum as that.'

'You don't understand the secret, Mr. Holmes. Let me explain. I never should have gone with a fifty dollar bill and bought tools, but I collected them gradually. I have bought every tool on my premises with my grog money.'

'GROG MONEY!' reiterated Holmes, in blank surprise.

'Yes,' returned Thompson, with a slight smile, 'with my grog money. Now I am not going to give you a temperance lecture, for you are as well able to judge for yourself as I am; but I am going to give you a little principle of economy, content and happiness. The first year I was on this farm I used accasionally to take a little spirits, and whenever I would go to the village, which was usually twice a week, I would drink two or three times. I know not that I experienced any bad effects from it but I am confident that it did me no good, and that it was a habit that might grow to a big evil. As near as I could calculate, the spirits I had used cost me on an average twenty five cents a week.

'Yes, every cent of it.'

'Well, I commenced on the first of January to lay up my grog money, and with that disposition came a peculiar desire to commence saving in other ways, and I soon found the means of stopping up many more gaps in my financial affairs. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do some work which I was obliged to pay for, and to this end I commenced buying such tools as I thought would come most handy. At the end of the first year I found myself the owner of thirteen dollars, worth of tools, and it all came from the money I might have drank up. I felt stronger and heartier than I did the year before, and I felt much happier, for I knew that I was laying the foundation of future good.

'Time passed on, and my twenty five cents a week kept coming in. It was now a saw, then a hammer, then another, then a new auger, then a bit stock and bits, until in eleven years, I have not only collected an excellent variety of tools, but I have drawn directly from my grog found nearly a hundred dollars besides; but the value of my tools cannot be estimated in money, as I have already shown you. They are not only a source of great profit, but they are also a source of an incalculable degree of comfort. A small gap in a man's business affairs may seem a trifling thing at first, but it is like a hole in a bank that confines the high waters of a lake. The almost insignificant stream will be sure to grow frightfully larger, and unless soon stopped up the pure waters of the lake will ere long lose themselves in the neighboring streams. I believe, my friend, that in giving up grog, I have not sacrificed one single comfort. Now don't you think that you would feel as well without? Compare the products of your grog money with the products of mine.'

Mr. Holmes made no reply, but poked deep down into the shavings with his fist,—as though he expected to find an idea there.

'Thompson,' he said at length, 'I wish you had explained this to me years ago.'

'I was afraid it might offend you, for to touch upon a man's private affairs is at best a delicate matter.'

'I know it,—but Nathan Holmes is not the man to be offended with his friend for kind admonition and instructions.'

'Well,' said Thompson with a look of extreme gratification, 'it is not too late now to commence, and if ever you have an opportunity to take advantage of the market, and if fifty dollars will be of any use to you, I will lend it to you with pleasure.'

Mr. Holmes thanked his friend with moistened eyes, and shortly afterwards he went to his home. The next day he went to the village, but instead of bringing home his little brown jug, he brought home an augur, and he felt really proud when he found himself at work with one of his own tools.

The winter passed away, and when spring came Holmes found himself the owner of six dollars, worth of tools, all from money that would have been worse than wasted had he not bought them. But this thing operated in many wayes for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a degree of pride in them he had never felt before.—He built racks and stands for his farming utensils, reset his window, fixed up his bee-hives and roofed them over, tightened his barn, and during the rainy days, he found himself with plenty to do. His children never wear worthless shoes now, nor do his cows break through the barn floor but he is a happy, thriving, contended farmer. His cows give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his tress yield as many and as good apples, his chambers hold as much grain, and he gets as much money for his wool as does his neighbor Thompson, and all this because he stopped his grog and bought his own tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors for what he ought to do for himself.

A Home.

If we were to tell a number of our friends that they don't know what a "home" is, they would grow somewhat indignant—perhaps use hard words. And yet it may be remarked that the number of persons who know what a genuine home is, by experience, is surprising few. One man in good circumstances will tell us that he has a fine house of his own, in which every comfort and convenience is provided. He has his wife and children there also, and they give life to the place. Very true. But does he prefer that home, thus furnished and thus enlivened, to any other place in the world? Does he sigh when the hour for leaving comes and smile when he is permitted to return? Does he love to sit by the cheerful fire and fondle the children entering into all their little disputes with a curious interest? Does he take particular note of the bird in the cage, and the cat near the fire? If not, he has no home, in the dearest of that dearest of words. If his mind is altogether absorbed in the dusty ways of business—if he hurries from the house in the morning, and is loth to return at night—if while he is at home, he continues to think of the journal and ledger, and, repulsed the advances of the prattling children, he has no home; he only has a place where he lodges and takes his meals.

Ah, happy is he who knows and appreciates the full bliss of home; whose heart is warmed and humanized by his cheerful influences, and who feels how superior in purity of pleasure, are all its enjoyments to the turmoil delights of outdoor life. Thrice happy is such a man. He has discovered the only Paradise this world can now afford. It is only such a man who can have a deep and sincere piety for the unfortunate creatures who are homeless. He regards them as being cut off from the best influence of the earth, and exposed to the action of all the darker ways of life He feels keenly for him who has no fireside—no dear ones, to welcome him with smiles, and prattle over the history of the day—no tongue to sooth when heavy cares have troubled the mind and rendered the heart sore; and the sympathy of such a man is not slow to overflow in acts of benevolence. A good home is the source of the fountain of charity in the heart.

Our advice to those who have no homes such as we have described above, is, to get them as soon as possible. They can never be contented and substantial citizens, nor thoroughly happy men, until they follow this counsel. Get homes! Fill them with the objects of love and endearment, and seek for them pure delights, which the world beside cannot afford.

Advice for Young Men.

It is impossible for us to say what occupation would be most lucratrve to a young man particularly as we know nothing of his talents or acquirements. We would, however, say, as a general rule to all, "do not make haste to be rich." Adopt some safe and regular business, in which you may realize a comfortable living, and be content. If a person is prudent and economical, there is generally no danger but he will succeed. The idea of "getting rich" is a vain and foolish one, and men generally spend half their lives in finding out that to accomplish this object is a useless undertaking. There are thousands of persons at the present time suffering from the pangs of poverty, who, if they had been content with a sufficiency, would, now have been comfortable and happy. The education that we get in the world is more dearly bought than our youthful instruction, and it would be well if young men would more generally profit by the example which every day life affords them.

The Hungarian Gipsies.

The social life of this outlawed race, now numbering about four thousand, bears the impress of great moral depravity. Under a tent or in a narrow hut, containing one single room, a whole family lives, however numerous, without any furniture, even without a bed. In the middle of the room, a fire, their never-failing companion, burns alike in winter and summer, over which hangs the large soup-kettle on two forked sticks. Into it they throw pell-mell all the eatable they procure during the day, consisting of the most curious medley of gipsy dainties—from a rotten egg to a dead cat.

As soon as the boy arrives manhood, he seeks for a companion among the swarthy beauties of his tribe, and after a short courtship makes his proposals to the object of his choice, the consent of parent being not much cared for, by either of the parties. On the wedding day the bridegroom and bride don their best apparel—the former's consisting of a hussar cloak, probably older than himself, of a red or green color, furred and braided, and on which if the owner be wealthy, glitter large size or silver buttons. The bride wears a red petticoat of many folds, and a white skirt with short sleeves, her hair and neck adorned with copper coins. If they are not compelled to go to church, the chief or the oldest father in the band, the bridegroom pledging his faith in the following manner:

"I take thee for my hut companion as long as thou canst carry the *szatyor*"—a sort of basket—that is, to say, till death; for a gypsy women is never without her *szatyor*, in which she collects all the odds and ends she picks up during her rambles. Then comes feasting and dancing, in which each member of the tribe shares. On the third day, the merry making terminates, and the newly-wedded couple build a hut, procure the implements for forging, and commence their domestic life, with all its piquant daily occurrences of begging, pilfering, idling, etc.

A Queer Place to Lay Eggs.

Dr. George A. Perking, when residing at Cape Palmas, West Africa, while sitting in the house one day, had his attention attracted by a singular noise, and upon searching for the cause found a small blue insect of the wasp tribe, engaged in attempting to get a fourpenny nail into the key hole of the door, which he accomplished after a great deal of trouble. Dr. P. had the curiosity to take off the lock to see what disposition he had made of the nail, and found this, with several others, besides bits of wood, &c., covering the body of a gigantic cockroach. The mystery however, was not unravelled till some time afterward, when Dr. P. saw one of these same insects emerge from a coboon formed in the body of a cockroach of the same kind. During his stay in Africa, he had often seen this little blue wasp pursuing one of these cockroaches, (twenty times his own size,) and after a severe struggle, the wasp, always conquering, would put out both eyes of the cockroach. After this the latter would remain in whatever place the wasp chose to leave him, would return after a short absence, and taking the cockroach by the head led him into any secure place he had selected, and there deposited an egg in his abdomen, cover him as before described and leave him. The egg would soon hatch, and the larvæ feed upon his entrails till it arrived at the proper stage to undergo further changes. It then formed for itself a cocoon and remained in it until it became a perfect insect.

Preserving Flour and Meal.

The patented plan of Thomas Pearsall, of Hooper's Valley, N. Y., for preserving flour, meal and grain from heating and souring, by having an open pipe running through the centre of a barrel of flour and meal, or a number of such tubes in bins of grain, we have tested and found to be an excellent invention. A barrel of Indian corn meal put up in May last, with one of his refrigerating tubes, is now as sweet as it was on the day on which it was packed. This improvement must lead to a great saving to our country, as it is calculated that no less than $5.000,000 is lost annually by the souring of flour and the heating of grain in piles, much, if not all of which may be saved by the application of this invention, which is neither complex nor expensive, but simple and cheap. A barrel of corn meal, packed in one of Pearsall's patent tubular barrels, arrived in this city on the 7th of this month from Louisville. It was put up in July, and shipped to New Orleans, was kept several weeks in the hold of a steamboat, and afterwards housed in a warehouse until about the 1st of December, and yet is now perfectly sweet.—*Scientific Am.*

☞ A Celebrated Toper, intending to go to a smash ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friend will not know you."

☞ Contentment and happiness are companions.