The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS. HUNTINGDON, FEBRUARY 28, 1855. VOL. 10, NO. 37.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE,

Per annum, in advance, $1 50
" " if not paid in advance, 2 00

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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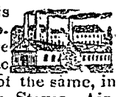

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July 19, '54.—1y.

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 RESCUED CRIMINAL.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B ——, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:—

"One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting-room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bedroom.

During the evening Dr. B——wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once, a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause ot the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder; and on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor appeared rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner.

Poor Dr. B——, at this unexpected apparition became transfixed with terror which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes or the corpse fixed upon him; which ever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the night seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment,, and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him; and seized hold of his feet with both hands. As this climax of terror the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you are, leave me!" At this the spectre let go his hold, and moaned feebly these words: "Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!—The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained by little and little his composure. He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity save me from death.

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime brought him to the scaffold.

He was a deserter.

The good doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his *protege*, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him with many blessings and prayers for happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence Dr. B—— had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he was not doctor B——, of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house: which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant aparment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner the merchant having taken him into his counting-house seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him,—

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember *you* well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence and zeal of my employer and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; bnt without you, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself as wholly yours."

The kind docter was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family who came to join them.

Petrified Human Bodies---A Veritable Wonder.

Mr. George Lane, who has charge of the "Woodland Cemetery," near this city, was called upon, the other day, by Mr. G. P. Loy who resides about three miles southeast of Germantown, in this county, to move the remains of his first wife, a grand child, and and other bodies, from a family burying ground upon his farm, and inter them in his lot in the "Germantown Cemetery." The burying ground was made many years ago, upon the site of a little hill, in a field some distance from the residence of Mr. L., in accordance with the custom in the Miami Valley in that day, when almost every property-holder had a burying ground upon his farm.

The first grave openned was that of Mr. Loy's first wife who was interred about twenty-four years ago. On reaching the coffin, it was found to be perfect—at least to appearance—and the men proceeded to unearth it, and raise it to the mouth of the grave.—This they soon ascertained to be a difficult task, and the small force engaged at it was compelled to procure assistance. The earth at this time was completely taken from around the coffin, and removed from under the coffin, as far as it could be reached, but still it was found difficult to even move it.

The assistance of six men was at length obtained, and it required all the strength they were in possession of to raise the coffin from its bed, and place it upon the ground by the side of the grave! It was supposed, by those engaged in the disinterment, that the coffin was filled with water, on account of its extreme heaviness, but after it was taken from the grave, it was measurably dry, and no signs of water could be discovered. The lid was then, with difficulty removed, when it was ascertained that the body was in an excellent state of preservation. Upon a close examination it was found that the remains would not give way under the pressure of a piece of board which one of the gentlemen placed upon the corpse; and this strange circumstance led to still further investigation. The shroud, and indeed, all the covering which was upon the body at the time of interment, twenty-four years ago, had disappeared—not a vestige of them remained.—The body was perfect, except the right leg, from the knee to the ankle joint, where the flesh seemed to have wasted away, and lay at the bottom of the coffin in a substance resembling sand. With this exception of decay, the body and limbs exhibited the same perfectness of exterior they did when life and animation were in the body.

The body, indeed, had been petrified! It was by some strange quality of the earth and other causes of which we can form no conjecture, turned into stone of a drab, or more properly speaking, flesh color; and the chisel of the artist might imitate, but could not make so close a resemblance of the "human form divine." The smile which lighted np her countenance at the moment when death gently untied the cord which bound the soul to clay, still *seemed* to linger upon the face of stone! The light of the eye was gone, and they were sunken—but from the sightless orbs, the soul seemed to look out upon those who were viewing with astonishment that human form of stone.

The grave of the grandchild of Mr. Loy was next entered, and the coffin exhumed.—It was also found to be heavy, and when opened, the corps presented much the same appearance as that of Mrs. Loy. It was not as perfect, however, although petrified. The body and limbs had about the same appearance they had in life, but the exterior had lost its life like color. The most remarkable thing connected with the remains of the child was, that the hair upon the petrified skull was to all appearance the same as life. Mr. Lane clipped a small ringlet from the crown and tied it into a knot. The other bodies which were exhumed—one or two in number—were only partly petrified, and were mostly decayed.—*Dayton Empire.*

If I Had Wealth!

It is a frequent feeling, if not utterance, "Oh if I had wealth, how much pleasure it would afford me to contribute largely to all benevolent and religious objects!" To one thus expressing himself, an aged Christian replied: I am not quite so sure of that, and that for several reasons:

First, You do not seem to realize that God demands a charity commensurate with what we have, and not with that which we have not; and hence, if we do not come up to this real standard, it is not probable that we would to an imaginary one.

Second, It is the willing heart which is most commendable in the sight of God; and if the heart refuses when our means are small, it is vain to excuse our delinquency by a promise of generosity in circumstances which may never occur.

Third, You forget that, by God's blessing the mite of the poor may go much farther than the affluent gifts of the rich.

Fourth, If the love of Christ does not impel us to show our attachment to Him under one arrangement of circumstances, what warrant have we to believe that it will become influential in a different position?

And, Fifth, Charity is like a plant, which must be cultivated before it will grow. If we do not then begin early to give it our attention, it will die out. To postpone giving until we can give largely is equivalent to an indefinite postponement. The lust of accumulation is most unfriendly to the growth of charity; if our charity be reluctant when we are poor, it will not likely be very prompt when we grow rich.

(From the Boston Times.)

"My Name's Haynes."

Everybody remembers the story told of a Virginian who was riding through the Old Dominion during the election canvas of 1894, when party spiris was running so high.—Jefferson was the democratic candidate for President, and the way he was handled by the federalists was a spectacle for everybody who has dabbled in the muddy pool of politics:

Our Virginian was ranked among the most virulent of Jefferson's opponents, although hailing from the same state. As he rode along, he fell in with a common looking individual, also on horseback, and after the usual salutations the conversation naturally turned upon the topics of the period—politics. The Virginian was particularly denunciatory of Jefferson. "Why said he, "just think of a man like Tom Jefferson running for President. He's an old fool, besides being an infidel, and a Bible burner. The country is sure to go to ruin if such an infernal old scoundrel is elected President.

The companion of our candid friend nodded acquiescence in all he was listening to. Finally, the denouncer of Jefferson observed, as they reached a part of the road where they were to seperate—"Now stranger, I've given you my opinion of the old cuss. and I'm glad you agree with me. May I be so bold as to ask your name?"

"My name? Oh that's of no account. But if it will afford you any gratification, I will tell you. It is *Thomas Jefferson.!*"

"What, Tom Jefferson, the democratic candidate for President?" shrieked the other.

"The same unfortunate individual."

"Then *my name's Hayne.*" and plunging spurs into his steed he shot off like a streak of lightning among the Blue Mountains, and has not been heard of from that day to this.

CURE FOR BURNS.—The *American Agriculturalist* says, "of all applications for a burn, we believe there are none equal to a simple covering of common *wheat flour.*—This is always at hand, and while it requires no skill in using, it produces the most astonishing effects. The moisture produced upon the surface of a slight or deep burn, is at once absorbed by the flour, and forms a paste which shuts out the air. As long as the fluid matters continue flowing, they are absorbed and thus presented from irritation, as they would do if kept from passing off by oily or resinous application, while the greater the amount of these absorbed by the flour the thicker the protecting covering. Another advantage of the flour covering is that next to the surface it is moist and flexible. It can also be readily washed off, without further irritation in moving. It may be occasionally washed off very carefully when it has become matted and dry, and a new covering be sprinkled on.

The Farmer's Home.

What signify all the improvements in agricultural processes, which are constantly urged upon the acceptance of farmers, if the farmer's *Home* is not what it ought to be?

Deep cultivation, draining, drawing, ditching, mulching, composting, &c., are all important, as a means; but the proper end to be accomplished is not the multiplication of dollars and cents—not the laying up in store of "much goods;" but the most desirable of all earthly ultimates, a pleasant, attractive, happy *Home.*

The farmer's Home should not be so much his castle, as his sanctuary. Over its threshhold, disorders and discontents should never be allowed to step. Harmony, order, love and peace, as well as plenty, should reign within the farmer's abode, making it a paradise, as little marred by gross and corrupting desires as may be; where the intellect, the taste, and the affections may seek and find their appropriate and full gratification.—What desolation, nay, what wants abound within those walls, where merely animal desires are cloyed with material profusion, to the exclusion of that higher food of the spiritual nature, which is, in fact, the "bread of life!" There, the physical man may grow and fatten, and rejoice in its ease, and its indolence, with a sort of porcine satisfaction; while the inner life, the manhood, the God-spark, faints, famishes, and dies.

The fields are the places where the head, aided by the strong arm, should triumph in material achievements. In the true Home, the heart, aided by the head, should emulate the industry of the bee, in storing its treasures, and like the treasury of the bee, those of the human Home should be of honeyed sweetness.

Wealth may build palaces to shelter gilded misery. Poverty, by making a true home in an unpretending cottage, hallows itself, and shames the power of gold.

It is astonishing with what facility the cultivated spirit changes even material objects into high spiritual individualities. A tree, a shrub, a flower, nay, a stone, may have its history—a history, the recital of which shall palpitate the listener's heart with joy, or [illegible] with tears of sadness. Inanimate objects, (only so, perhaps, to our thinking,) may speak a language, which the heart shall hear, and feel, and answer. Around the true home, sacred as were held the household duties of olden times, cluster these objects of man's æsthetic nature. They make him better, happier and wiser; opening up to him, even here, a manifold life and enable him to read sermons in stones, and to behold good in everything.

Verily, we are sorry to say it, but so it is, verily, the farmer's *Home* needs improvement more than his plow-shares, his thresher, or his reapers. It needs more than improvement; it demands a new creation, fashioned on a plan of such beauty and harmony, that it may be a temple worthy to be tenanted by beings who have spirits as well as bodies.—Then, what follows in the way of even unlimited improvement in modes of material production, will be of the utmost importance, for the farmer's *Home* will be what it *ought* to be.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A Certain Cure for Scrofula.

Nicholas Longworth the famous millionaire and wine-grower of Cincinnati, publishes the following cure for scrofula:

Put two ounces of acquifortis on a plate on which you have copper cents. Let it remain from 18 to 24 hours. Then add 4 ounces of clear, strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large mouthed bottle, and keep it corked. Begin by putting four drops in a teaspoonful of rain water, and apply it to the sore. Make the application three times a day, with a soft hair pencil or made of soft rags. If *very painful*, put more water. As the sore heals apply it weaker.

I request editors in all parts of the Union, and abroad, to copy this, and to republish it quarter yearly; it may save many lives.

N LONGWORTH.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1854.

P. S.—Captain Harkness, of our city, the first person cured by this remedy, applied it without water, and he informed me that he thought it would burn his leg off; but the next day it was cured. This was a small sore, and had been attended to for months by one of the best physicians, without any benefit.

☞ If you have great talents, industry will improve them: if moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials attended with success that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

Novel Law Suit.

A somewhat romantic suit at law has just been terminated in Franklin county. It seem that one John Lescher became pierced with the arrow of cupid, and, wishing to heal the wound by lawful wedlock, he made proposals to the object of his affections, which, it seems, she received favorably; but the father, Mr. Jacob Wyant, being a prudent man, of much foresight, required the said John Lescher to enter into bonds of five hundred dollars, conditioned that the said John Lescher should live with his wife and treat her as a kind and affectionate husband should do; but the parties, after living together some months, separated, and this suit was brought to recover the amount of the bond. The case was first tried at the last April term of the Franklin Court, when Judge Kimmel decided the bond to be invalid. The case wae carried to the Supreme Court, and it was decided that the bond "was good and valid, and in accordance with the law." The case, therefore, came up again in the Franklin county courts, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of $979 76. The result of this suit may give a valuable suggestion to anxious fathers whose daughters are sought as partners at the alter, and an imitation of Mr. Wyant's forethought would show a prudent concern for their daughter's welfare.—*Carlisle (Pa.) Democrat.*

Gone Right over It.

I have a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes also faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted both hands, and stood in a tragic attitude, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle and exclaimed: "There!—you are going right over it! You have *gone right over it!*" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to a jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said, "[illegible] what?" 'The fourth commandment,' was the quick reply—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It was hard starting those wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.—*Norwich Ex.*

Growing Fish.

The Cleveland (O.) *City Fact* says that one of the most pleasing things exhibited at their late County Fair, was a lot of brook trout artificially bred by Drs. Garlic and Ackley, whose labors in this line, we have heretofore noticed. They showed several broods of fish in different stages of growth, and have demonstrated that it is just as easy to grow fish as fowls, or any other description of food.—We hope all agricultural societies will take a hint from this, and offer premiums for such a show of fish as will best illustrate the fact to farmers that they can grow the cheapest food ever produced for man upon their farms whereever they have natural water, or can make artificial ponds. Let us have the premiums "for the best show of fish artificially produced upon any farm." It is a matter of very serious consideration, when fresh fish sells here at the same price per pound of beef, pork and mutton.

DANGERS OF A HIGH PILLOW—It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and phisiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body be more wholesome.—Most, consulting their own ease on this point argue in favor of that which they prerer.—Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body: therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, to avoid danger.—*Lond. Med. Jour.*

Sentimental Pity.

Not all that is called Benevolence deserves the name. To *pity* the poor is one thing, to *relieve* the poor is much more difficult. It is easy to say, be ye fed, be ye warmed, but what doth it profit, if we give them not those things that are needful? Kind feelings are only praiseworthy when they lead to kind actions. If strong impressions of human misery lead to the relief of it, they are faithful monitors to virtue, and cannot be too sedulously cultivated, but if they do not stimulate to action, they serve no other end than to display a kind of effeminate softness, utterly valuless to the world. I much admire the pity of the Samaritan. It was not expended in kind words, or looks, but in generous and effective deeds.