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BY W. LEWIS.

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BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

BY ELIZA COOE.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And raised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.
We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the mill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.
We asked him why he wept, mother,
When'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots;
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."
Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blessed,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

Business the Charm of Life.

No passion is more ruinous than "the haste to be rich." It is condemned alike by revelation, reason and sound practical experience of life. It leads men into unsafe and ruinous speculation; it seduces them from fast anchored property to the mirage that glitters. It allows the hands of industry and employment to stand still on the dial-plate of life, while men grasp at shadows. It is this passion that separates the business past from the business present by so wide a gulf.
The modern merchant, with small capital, and that, perhaps, not his own, with his granite store, his mahogany desk, his country seat, fast horse and rash speculations, scorns the example of his sire, who at his desk of pine and baize, sat each day six mortal hours at his business, doing his own errands, and being his own clerk. With so wide a contrast it is not strange that so many begin business where their sire left off, and leave off where their sire began.
It is employment we all need—employment till life shall end. The ploughboy is happy in his furrow, and the hours pass swifter than the weaver's shuttle, while the matron and maid sing their daily duties. No success and no wealth can make that man happy who has nothing to do. We have seen a boy grow up to the full stature of manhood, take his stand by the side and as one of our richest men; his elegant city residence and suburban abode became the envy of men—his horses and equipage the most perfect in our midst. We have seen him with his fortune made, bid adieu to the toils and vexations of business, take the balance of life to himself, and resolve to be happy at his ease. We have watched him in his elegant retreat, possessed of "more than heart can wish." After a few years we

have sought and found him not, learning with sorrow, that, not able to endure a life of leisure and ease, he had gone uncalled for into the presence of his Maker.

An eminent merchant of Boston, when asked why he did not quit his business, as his fortune was ample, replied, "that his repose would be his death." We know well that the spring of enjoyment would dry up, and soon, with inactivity, life would become a burden. The celebrated commentator, Dr. Macknight completed his work on the epistles when not far from sixty years of age. Nearly thirty years of his life had been occupied with that great labor. His employment had been regular and cheerful, and the purple current of his life had flowed noiselessly and joyously along. He refused to go on with his Gospel as he had earned his respite, he said. His faculties were in their usual vigor. In leaving his regular employment his mind soon lost its tone, and he sunk almost into a "driveling idiocy." Had he continued his employment, a mellow and a green old age would have been his portion, and his sun gone down at last with unclouded splendor. It is employment that has made us what we are. Our sky is inclement, our soil hard and tough; but the sun shines on no land where so many people enjoy so much substantial good. The alchemy of labor can turn our ice into gold and our rocks into bread. Employment given to millions of Europe now indolent and hungry, would quench many a volcano, and put down misrule and insubordination. It was Lord Bacon, I think, who said that "rebellions commenced in the stomach." Let a nation be both destitute and idle, and it would not be strange if they were to become turbulent also. Sodom had three great sins; one of them was "an abundance of idleness." Palestine, in the time of Solomon, contained a nation of men who were daily employed, and a race of woman who could "clothe their household with scarlet," and "consider a field and buy it." These were the days of Israel's prosperity. Gold and silver were abundant; the mountains were terraced up to their summit, and the valleys were hot-beds of vegetation. It is now a land of indolence. The same sky is above the people, they tread the same soil beneath their feet; but all is desolate, because all are indolent. The owl and the comorant sit now in the palaces of David and Solomon. When men were proud to say, "I am a Roman citizen!" Rome was governed by emperors whom she called from the plough. They led her invincible legions to contest. Now indolence broods over the whole land of the Caesars like the miasma over the whole pleasant home of man—desolation and ruin are seen on all sides.

We should be glad to address you on many other topics which will, and must enter into your business prosperity. That courtesy to all, based on principle, that costs so little and yields so large a return; that courage and business faith that will not only make you enterprising and far-seeing but enable you to be singular and odd even, when duty calls or danger is to be avoided; that regard for your word that will command credit; that high moral character which will make your word as good as your bond; that integrity that will induce you to meet with amputation sooner than repudiation; and cause you to select some other road to fortune than that of defrauding your creditors; that principle without which no smartness, no talent will avail; but these and all other things by them suggested, must be left to your own thoughts and your own application, and so also must that certain success that will attend the application to the business of life.

A Christian's Credentials.

What are they? Not the blossoms of a fair profession, but the ripe and mellow fruit of godlike actions. Cornelius' prayers and alms came up as a memorial before God—not his prayers alone, nor his alms alone, but his prayers and his alms. Beautiful conjunction. Piety towards God, and an active charity towards all mankind; the twin personifications of vital, saving piety. Salvation is of grace, not of merit, not of words, less any man should boast. But faith, without works, is dead. It is like an index, without a book; like hands, without a clock; like sails, without a ship, like a tree, without nothing but dry and withered branches.—Professed disciple of Christ, to prove they discipleship genuine, thou must surround thyself with widows, whom thou hast comforted—with orphans, whom thou hast succeeded—with the ignorant, whom thou hast instructed—with the wandering, whom thou hast reclaimed—with the hungry, whom thou hast fed—with the naked, whom thou hast clothed—with the sick, whom thou hast visited. These are thy trophies!

It is a very solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to be," said her niece.

A Few Hints to a Father.

Father, you have a son, a darling son.—He has faculties for good and for evil, and they must act. Each capable of such intense action that both cannot act on a level, one must be, in some measure, subservient.—Your son is now young; he has no habits—no principles—no character. These must be formed, and you have been appointed by Providence to superintend and assist in this formation. This you must do, whether your will or not. The nature of the relation existing between you and your son renders your non-participation in the formation of his character impossible.

Toward what course of life would you direct his innocent footsteps? What would you have him become? A man in form only; independent only of good, with feeble, wavering energy; his self-respect a mere low, disgusting pride? You can easily train him for this, as a thousand have and are being trained, unless his mind is very far above the commonality. Treat him as a machine, impress it upon him that he is a mere tool, and he will soon become such. Make him keenly feel his inferiority, check all his aspirations, and like a sapling bent to the ground, he will soon learn to grow downward. But if you wish him to become a strong-minded, truth-loving, whole-souled man, treat him as a man that is to be—as an equal. Draw out his better nature; strengthen all his aspirations for that which is high and good. Teach him to curb his strong passions, and to attain that self-control which enables man to influence his fellow-man. Let him feel that he has the germ of intellect within him, which needs only a right cultivation to make it serviceable to himself and mankind.

Teach your son at all times to bring his actions and motives to the standard of right, and right only. Be sure that he feels confidence in you as a sympathizing friend in all cases. Never elevate yourself or depress him so that he can only approach you with an effort. He has his world of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which although small to you, are all to him. Encourage him to action; place before him some desirable objects which he may procure by self denial and extra exertion. Man needs something for which to labor; why not he? Let him find by experiment that there is something for him to gain by right, or lose by wrong; and an inducement to virtuous actions will be given him. Teach him to think correctly for himself, judge for himself, while young and under your care, and he will feel his own responsibility, and will not be so easily enticed and deceived when thrown upon his resources. But above all, early teach him to look upon God as his Father, and heaven as his home, and the chief object of his life here to do good. Early teach him by precept and example to love the Lord and keep his commandments, and it shall be well with these and thy house to future generations.

Advice to Consumptives.

In some good advice to consumptives, Dr. Hall says:
"Eat all you can digest, and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure healthful blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night. Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather: let no change, hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather it is more need for your going out, because you eat as much on a rainy day as upon a clear day, and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom or ill feelings is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors, do not muffle your eyes, mouth and nose in furs, veils, woolen comforters, and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator, that is, two lips; shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly a few rods and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible. What are the facts of the case; look at railroad conductors, going out of a hot air into the piercing cold of winter and in again every five or ten minutes, and yet they do not take cold oftener than others; you will scarcely find a consumptive man in a thousand of them. It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of fresh air, the very thing that would cure them, the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it; and yet what infinite pains they take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is cold; when it is known that the colder the air is, the purer it must be; yet if people cannot get to a hot climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves for a whole winter in a warm room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night,

except it was raining or mid-winter, then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. My consumptive friends, you want air; not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnastic cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you.—If you want to get well, go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by newspaper advertisements, and unfindable certifiers."

The Man who Fired the First Shot.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, N. H., about fifty years ago. He resided in Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired upon the few "rebels" upon the green in front of the meeting house, killing some, and wounding others, it was the signal for war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions, over the fields, through the woods—each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn slung to his side, and his pockets provided with bullets. Among the number was Ebenezer Lock. The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an old cellar, at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve were standing on the bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing upon them, though there was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the rebels. The British greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random firing of an unseen enemy were not long in delivering a volley of bullets which lodged in the wall opposite. Mr. Lock within—unhurt—continued to load and fire with the precision of a finished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left that he was at last compelled to retreat. He had just one bullet left, and there was but one way left to escape, and that was through an orchard in the rear. The soldiers were all around him, one of them had even gained the orchard. Not a moment was to be lost—he levelled his gun at the man near by, fired, dropped his gun, and the man was shot through the heart. The bullets whistled about him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself upon the ground, tumbled downwards rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war, he removed to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, some twenty years after.

Social Kindness.

How sweet is social affection. When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods about the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world with all its animosities, whilst blest with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has a heart that vibrates in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of men gather about him in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom which words are not adequate to express.—He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

Fashion.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.
She pinches our feet with tight shoes—or chokes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes our breath out of our bodies by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.
She makes people visit when they would rather be at home; eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.
She invades our pleasures, and interrupts our business.
She compels the people to dress gayly—whether upon their property or that of others, whether agreeably to the word of God or the dictates of pride.
She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of us all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, and enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning—and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her servants; and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

How to Raise and Feed Fowls

We find in the *New York Tribune*, the following communication from Mr. H. S. BALLOU, of Blackstone, Mass., who has had much experience in raising and feeding fowls. Numerous individual applications have induced him to make his system known in this public way. He says:

In the first place, I would recommend to all who intend breeding fowls, whether for pleasure, convenience or profit, to procure some pure breed, of whatever variety they fancy, and then breed them pure, and improve upon them, year after year, by selecting their finest, best modeled pullets for breeding purposes, and by changing the cock yearly, so as to avoid breeding "in and in." By pursuing this course, fowls may be increased in size and beauty to an extent perfectly astonishing. By the opposite course, the largest varieties may be reduced to the size of the smallest bantam. Follow the same rule in breeding to the feathers. Take a pair of black bantams, with only one white feather, and select from their offspring for breeding purposes, those which have the most white feathers, and the stock will, in a few years, be changed from black to white.

In order to breed fowls successfully, it is of the first importance that they have a suitable building, for so long as the old plan of keeping them in damp under-ground hovels, or in close, unventilated buildings, with perhaps one whole side of glass, by which means they are heated as hot as an oven through the day, just so long shall we hear of their having all manner of distempers, and that breeding poultry is unprofitable.

I here give you a plan of a building sufficiently large to accommodate from 75 to 100 fowls, which building may be varied according to circumstances. It should in all cases be entirely above ground, facing the south, if convenient, leaving an aperture, through which the fowls may pass in and out at their pleasure. Insert no more glass than is necessary for the admission of light. Dimensions as follows, viz: 15 feet long, 10 feet wide; ports in front 10 feet, in back side 7 feet long; roof perfectly tight, floor also tight and smooth. The sides should be of common straight edged boards, battened over the cracks, if necessary. Roost poles of 3 by 4 joist, running the whole length of the back side of the building, with a poop in the centre of each.

For convenience in cleaning the building, I would recommend that the poles be placed on a level, three feet from the floor, and eighteen inches apart, with an inclined plane in the centre for the fowls to walk to the poles upon. Saturate the poles occasionally with whale oil, and whitewash the whole interior at least twice a year; keep the floor covered with wood or coal ashes, and when the building is cleaned, (which should be often,) sprinkle a little air slacked lime over the floor, by which means vermin of every kind will usually be kept out. Ventilate well, as fowls need pure air as well as man.

In order to make them grow rapidly, feed them regularly three times a day when young—never placing before them more than they will eat; change their food often, as whatever they like is good for them—wheat, oats, barley, corn. Indian meal scalded, or cooked and seasoned with a little salt, is good for chickens; also, sour or curdled milk. Raw potatoes and onions chopped fine are almost indispensable. Chandlers' scraps are also good.

To make hens lay in the winter, feed them three times in a day on Indian meal dough, mixed slightly with Cayenne pepper; scraps of meat three times a week; raw onions chopped once a week; the balance of the time give them corn, oats, barley, buckwheat or anything of the kind. Always have oyster shells pounded fine within their reach—also gravel and pure water.

A "MATTER OF FACT" MAN.—When Doctor Bradon was Rector of Eltham, in Kent, (England,) the text he one day took to preach from, was—"Who art thou?" After reading the text, he made (as was his custom,) a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in military dress was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it to be a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the 17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring gentry and clergy."

From the Ohio Farmer.

How to Raise Potatoes without Hoeing.
MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of 25th Nov. you invite farmers to write for their own paper. In compliance with that invitation, I will venture to tell the readers of the *Farmer* how we raise potatoes without hoeing. In the first place, we plough the ground as deep as we conveniently can. Say from ten inches to a foot. We then mark out with a light one-horse plough, two feet ten inches to three feet apart each way, not to exceed three feet at most, making as light a mark as we can. Plant as soon as we can after preparing the ground, before the weeds have time to start, at the rate of from five to ten bushels to the acre, according to the size of seed, large seed requiring more bushels per acre than small ones. We cover about four inches deep, and if the ground is not wet step on each hill, with both feet, to facilitate the sprouting. If the weather is favorable, they will be up in ten days or two weeks. As soon as they make their appearance, we go over them with a hoe, covering them about two inches deep with fresh earth. That covers and keeps back all little weeds and grass, and also, if early, protects them from frost. The potatoes being strong and vigorous, will be up again in a few days leaving the hill free from weeds. We let them get about six or eight inches high, then go lightly each way between them, with a shovel plough and just before the vines begin to fall, we go once more each way with the shovel plough.—This forms the hill just the right size, if planted at the distance above mentioned, and is all that is necessary to do, except it may be for a boy to go through them and pull out the scattering weeds, which will be "few and far between," that may have escaped the plow. If the ground is not very mellow it is well to run the cultivator through them, between the two ploughings. We have raised our potatoes in this way for several years, and have always taken the first premium on them, when we have taken them to our Fairs. In 1852 we took two first premiums on potatoes at our Cuyahoga County Fair, one on the best ten acres, and the other on the best bushel of table potatoes. To succeed in this way it is necessary to watch them closely.—Work the ground as far as possible when it is dry, and do everything just at the right time, for if the weeds once get the advantage, it is "farewell bonions," as the Englishman said, when the weeds got the start of his onion bed.
Yours truly,
Geo. H. LODGE.

A Powerful Machine.

A fire occurred in Lockhaven, on the 6th inst., which destroyed a large building, called the Arcade. The fire engine of the town is thus described in connexion with the conflagration:

The "machine" was brought to the scene of conflagration, and its appearance greeted with loud and repeated cheers by the assembled crowd. It was soon put into service, and from its nozzle a stream of water was projected in a graceful curve the distance of ten feet. The Arcade was entirely consumed; but fortunately, by timely exertions, the engine was filled with water and moved out of reach of danger. We have seen this precious article of borough property similarly exposed before. There is no insurance upon it, and if it should happen to take fire when exposed in this way, it would be a total loss. We respectfully suggest to our borough fathers the propriety of having it safely deposited somewhere in the bottom of the dam.—then in case of fire hereafter, our citizens would not only have the satisfaction of knowing that the "machine" was not in danger from it, but they could direct all their efforts to the saving of other property.

Fresh Air.

Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

HAIL is frozen rain produced by cold currents of air blowing against the small vesicles of water before they assume the heavier properties of rain drops. Snow is produced in lower regions of the air than hail, and is frozen after it leaves the clouds. Lightning is produced by electricity rushing from cloud to cloud. Thunder is the noise occasioned by that discharge.