

# The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

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## THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

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## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

BY RICHARD COB.

"Little by little," a child did say,  
As it passed its time in quiet play;  
And straightway in my mind was wrought  
The germ of many a simple thought.  
Little by little the grass doth grow,  
Covering all the earth below;  
Little by little the root we see  
Climbing up to the full-grown tree;  
Little by little the clouds doth form  
The thunder-cloud of the mighty storm;  
Little by little the feathers snow  
Pileth up mountain-heights below;  
Little by little the drops of rain  
Fall on mountain, vale and plain,  
Till the madd'ning torrents onward rush  
Like a strong war-horse with pictorial flush.  
Little by little the patient ant  
Layeth up food for her future want;  
Little by little the busy bee  
Sippeth up sweets from tree to tree,  
Till the tables of the rich man groan  
With the luscious fruit of the honey-comb.  
Little by little in God's great plan  
"The child is father of the man";  
Little by little the darkness lies  
From the curtains folds of the Eastern skies,  
At the slow approach of the burning sun;  
Little by little freedom's won,  
And the night of error giveth way  
To the full glad light of the perfect day;  
Little by little the heart is warmed;  
Little by little friendship's formed;  
Little by little the seeds of grace  
Grow in the human heart apace,  
Till the angels sing with joy above  
"O'er a soul made free by redeeming love";  
"Little by little" is my theme;  
Little by little ends the dream  
Which arose in my mind on a summer's day  
From the careless words of a child at play.

## THE HAUNTED HEARTHSTONE.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses."

"Do I believe in haunted houses?" said the aged woman, speaking rather to herself than to the fair sweet grand-child, who nestled at her feet and looked up so earnestly into the wrinkled face. "Yes, indeed I do.—There's not a house in this whole village, nor for miles around, but that to me is haunted,—none, though, so much as this." "Haunted," continued she speaking so slowly that a solemn emphasis seemed to rest on each letter, yes, yes, there are such things as haunted spots. And then she dropped her knitting, took off her glasses, wiped her eyes, and leaning back in her arm chair, seemed lost in a sad yet holy communion with the earlier passage of life.

It was a dark, stormy, winter's night. The wind howled fiercely around the old farm house, drifting the snow high on the window sills, fastening it to the rough panels of the doors, sifting it through the crevices of the mossy roof, and heaping it up like giants' graves all along the pathway throughout the garden. But in-doors all was bright, and of a summer warmth. The huge back-log had been dragged in ere twilight, and was now slowly dropping into coals; while the flames from the lighter wood, which every few minutes was cast on with so free a hand, blazed high and ruddy, and cast a genial light and glare in the darkest corner, and scintillated

on the time darkened ceiling like polar flashes on the midnight sky.

It was one of those bitter nights that make the hearth-stone the bonniest spot on all the earth,—a night when the sheltered lift up their hearts in thanksgiving, when the homeless bow in supplication; a night when the children kneel before the fire and read bright prophecies in the living coals; when the aged draw their chairs yet nearer to the blaze and warm their shivering memories; a night when all turn their backs to the darkness, their faces to the light.

It was a night to make ghost stories relish well—do grandmother tell one?  
The head of the young girl rested on the knees of the old lady, and, as the latter lost the thread of her dream and looked down, she could see an enthusiastic eagerness pictured in the bright blue eyes, a longing for some tale of romance, that dropping into her heart, should vivify its dormant passions.—She hesitated a few moments, and then tenderly caressing the one lone pet of her bosom, she said: "I will tell you a story about a haunted hearth-stone; and Lizzie, it will be no tale of fiction. The plot is drawn from the living memories; the scene is laid—here, here." But her tremulous voice now quivered with added notes, and after a moment's stern, but useless effort at self-control, it burst into sobs so loud and wild that they rivalled the cries of the winter wind.

The young girl seemed not much frightened, and spake no soothing words, but only clasped the hand she had taken as she asked the story, with a tighter grasp. The paroxysm did not continue long; but as it passed away, she rose, and turning her trembling steps toward the dark, cold bedroom, and going in, closed the door, and was absent a long while. The tears streamed down Lizzie's cheeks when left alone, and it was evident that the aged relative had some secret sorrow, over which she mourned intensely. When she returned and again seated herself in her usual chair, only drawing it a little closer to the fire, there was such a calm, beautiful, spiritual look, expressed upon her countenance that you could not but fancy she had conversed with angels. Without any allusion to the past, without any preface she began, after a silence of perhaps half an hour, the promissory story. Handed down to me, it reads like this:—

It was a night much like this; forty or more winters have passed since its winds blew and its snow drifted, since its cold palsied and its darkness frightened. Beside the same hearth stone,—the same only that it was not worn so smooth, for the house then had tested but thirty instead of as now seventy and odd winters,—an aged man and his wife sat before the blazing fire striving to while away the long evening hours. There was not then, as now, daily mails coming into our little village, freighted with news in every shape. The press did not teem, as now, with magazines and books; it was rare to see a newspaper in this old kitchen, and rarer any volume save THE ONE. The old man had studied that some time, and carefully replaced it,—the Bible did not then as now, grow dusty while other books were thumbed to pieces. He had eaten his apples, drunk his cider, and cracked some walnuts for his wife, whose teeth were sounder than his own; and now sat close as he could draw himself to the flames without scorching his homespun garments, nodding good-bye to the sky-bound sparks. The old lady had rolled up her knitting, and, with her broken fork,—in those days they had not heard of hat-picks,—with her two lined fork which had lost one of its members, sat digging out, with a patience worthy of the gold miners of these times, the rich sweet kernels.

Suddenly she dropped both fork and nut, and in another instant started to her feet, her cap falling from her lap and threatening many a grease spot on the well scoured floor. Hastening to her husband, she shook his shoulders, saying, "Wake up quick, and listen." Half-frightened, he jumped, and came near setting his stockings feet upon living coals; but his watchful wife, drawing him off the hearth, whispered, a little wildly, "Listen, now! don't you hear it?" "Hear what?" said he, still half asleep. Why, the sound like a child crying. There, there, now it goes again. Do go to the door? The old man, now fully roused, stood with his hand to his ear, the right one,—the left had been deaf for many a year. It's the wind, wife, don't you know it? It's a fashion it has when it is cold.

"It wasn't the wind," said she, solemnly, with a little nervous agitation yet visible in her face. "I know the cry of the wind; it never makes a sound like that. There, and she clung to him, quivering like a dead leaf, "don't you hear it?" He certainly did hear something that sounded like the cry of a child; and now it did not die away, as it had when his wife had noticed it, with a single sob, but lengthened into screams. But how

it could sound so near, or whence come, was a mystery; for the house stood then far away from any other house; it was a child's cry, that was certain.

"I'll go and see," said he, summoning courage to his somewhat faint heart, and he turned to the door. His wife followed close and fast on his steps. As he withdrew the little slip of wood that fastened the latch—there wasn't then a bolt or lock in the town,—and opened the door, a bundle so it seemed though of what it was hard to guess, fell into the room with a heavy, lifeless sound. The wind blew a white sheet over it ere they could again fasten the latch. Half horror, half wonderstruck, they dragged the coarse blanket to the hearth, and unrolling it, discovered a woman and child; the latter struggling to free itself from its many wrappers, and screaming with all its might; the former motionless as a corpse with lips as ashy and cheeks as sunken. A half hour's charity to the babe, who seemed to have seen at twelve months, completely revived it; and it lay on its pillow with its little white feet stretched to the fire, as happy as love could have made it, cooing as sweetly as though nestling on a mother's warm bosom. But it took longer to bring back a pulse to its pale protector; and many times did the good Samaritans turn from her, leaving the sheet drawn over her as we cover a corpse. But a sigh, so faint that it seemed a dying breath, at length encouraged them, and they applied restoratives until satisfied she would yet live.

But it was many a weary day ere she could leave her bed; when at last she stole from it, and sat up in the old lady's rocker, and lulled her baby with old songs, she seemed to her watchers more like a spirit than a sick, sad stranger. But gradually, through their tender nursing, she recovered strength and not only tended her child, but assisted the old lady in many of her domestic duties. But she said very little—less than they could have wished; for in their hearts they longed to know her story. They knew she was a sinner,—knew it by the meek penitent way in which she hung her head when they read the Bible, at morn and night; knew it by the stained face she raised to them after each prayer. But they loved her all the more, or rather were all the kinder to her. And, though she revived memories that it was agony to bear, they folded her to their affections as they would their own lost lamb, had she not gone ere they could reach her. The winter passed, and still the stranger lingered, filling with her little one a small place in the house but a large one in each aged heart.—One bright golden spring morn, after assisting in the morning as had become her habit, she went into the bedroom with her babe, and soon reappeared wrapped in the same coarse garments they had worn on that frosty night of their arrival.

"Give her one kiss, grandma, and you, grandpa," said she, holding the child first to one, and then to the other's wrinkled faces; "and now, father, mother,—do let me call you so this once! give the unwedded mother one, and we will go, and wherever I go, will pray for you, and she shall be taught to;" and she rushed wildly to the door.—They stopped her, caught her child, and pleaded with her to stay. "Be to us still what you have been so long, our daughter, and do not take from us our darling baby; we should die without her."

Great tears gathered on the still pale brow, while drops rushed down her cheeks, and her lips quivered with a fearful agony. She wrung her hands; she beat her heart, she lashed her limbs—she seemed like one who is half mad.—"Give me the child one moment," she exclaimed, and clasping it wildly to her bosom, she bathed its smiling face, with drops wrung from its keenest woe, she kissed it passionately, and held it out to them. Both stretched their hands, and the little one, with an equal love, gave to the one its right, and to the other its left hand, and upheld between them, cowered and screamed in baby glee.

"She is the child of sin," said the mother, with a solemnity that awed, for a moment, the carol of her baby; "the child of sin, but herself pure and holy as the offspring of a wedded tie. Will you keep her so, if I leave her here? If she goes with me, she will not long be an angel, unless, indeed, God takes her; would he had taken her mother when she was as young! If she stays with you she may ever be one. Will you keep her? and she screamed the words into their ears, as though she would have made their inmost nerves awake.

"We will, we will," said they; "and more; we will keep you, too. Stay with us—stay, you shall be to us a daughter—replace the one we have lost, we will be your parents. It shall be home to us four. I cannot," said she, wildly. "Your daughter was a stainless girl. I am dyed in sin!" and she shook with agony.  
And so did those she spoke to, and tears as

hot as those that had scalded her face, now flooded theirs. A while they wept as though their hearts would break; then gathered calmness, and, while the old lady clasped the two hands of the Magdalen, the old man placed his hand upon her head and spake:

"Our daughter fled from us while in the beauty of her girlhood—fled with a stranger, who wooed her by false words to a fearful sin. The child of our old age, it almost broke our hearts; and we came here, far away from the haunts of early years, to spend the remainder of our days in a struggle to forget. We cannot forget, but we long since forgive; aye, before we heard she was dead. We have learned to be happy, even with the memory of trial ever before us. But we miss the hopes that were born with her, and we would cherish you and your babe as we should her and hers, had she come back ere she repented, as they told us, and died."

The old man's voice was hushed. There was no sound but that of sobs, save when the babe cooed its little love song. A cry of agony burst from the white lips of the stranger, as loosening the hands that held her, she fell at the feet of those who had been so true,—a cry, and then words.

"Father! mother! she did not die,—she lives! I am she—your Lizzie—your lost, found child!"

Let the curtain drop. It is a scene too holy for any but the sight of God and angels.

"Yes," said the old grandmother, "it was their long-lost, and as they thought, dead Lizzie. She herself had forged the story of her death, to secure herself in the sin she had learned to love. And, when, after years of wretchedness and crime, she became herself,—when she felt upon her breast the touch of pure and holy lips—then she became herself again, and felt how much, how deeply she had sinned; and she longed to have her babe nurtured as she had been. It was long ere she could escape from her sinful associates; but she at length succeeded and reached, as I have told you, her father's house. She meant to conceal herself till they were asleep and then leave the babe and go away; for she had no hope they would cherish her again—for, O, she was very vile. But the child was so intense she dare not leave the child, but was forced to keep it to her breast; and worn and wearied with her long and tedious struggle with the drifts, at length became benumbed, and could no longer still the cries of her little one; and thus was brought back to love, to home, to Christ, by the voice of the angel on her heart."

The old lady ceased her story, and there was no word spoken for a long while. Then the young maiden broke it, saying, "And what became of them all."

The two aged parents lived near a score of years, happy in the love of their restored child, and in the caresses and tender care of her little one. They lie buried in the old church yard. The grandchild lived to be a blessing to her mother for five-and-twenty years; then passed away, leaving a little one to make good her place. Motherless ere it had seen the face of her who gave it birth, it was fatherless ere the year was out." Another long pause.

"Yes, it is a haunted hearthstone, this.—Those aged Christians, that beautiful young mother, that noble father—they haunted it; and as did ghosts of olden times, making it a weird spot for the heart, but with such holy memories that the hour spent in communion with them seems like a visit in the better land."

"Hearthstones are ever haunted, but few like this, have angels for their guests."

The anniversary of that bleak winter's night, came round. The fire burned as brightly as before, the room was as warm and rosy; but the young girl knelt now before the fire. There was no lap for her to rest her head upon—the old arm chair was empty. The hearthstone was haunted by another spirit—a spirit that had sinned, suffered, and been forgiven.

### An Experiment in Deep Digging.

Last spring we took a corner of an old garden spot, which, though it had always been liberally manured and plowed as well as such a piece of ground could be, and to put it in a condition for fruit trees, we gave a good dressing of manure, and a thorough spading to the full depth of an un worn spade, the longest we could find in the market. In this spading operation, we often came in contact with a subsoil so stiff that it offered a strong resistance to the spade; still the spade was put in at the cost of much physical exertion. The old soil and manure were laid in the bottom of the trench, and the heterogeneous and apparently sterile material on which it had reposed, were placed upon the surface. This new earth, upon much of which the sun had never shone, and the dew had never fertilized, was, in due time, planted with garden vegetables—not, however, in expectation of much crop, for the very

surface gave almost positive assurance that such things would never grow there. They were sown and planted to furnish a motive for a continued tillage through the season, and in addition, the ground was planted out with dwarf Pear trees. The season in our region, as in many other sections of the country was one of distressing drouth—but very little rain from May to October—and, in consequence, the ground on this patch was probably oftener and more thoroughly hoed than it would have been, had the dews and rains fulfilled their labors as usual.

We now speak of the result. Our Pear trees (some twenty) on this patch, not only lived but made a desirable growth; and as for the vegetables—Melons, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, &c., &c., to the end of the catalogue—they gave us a crop superior to any we had raised for years.  
From this operation we infer, in the first place, that deep and thorough tillage, and frequent stirring of the earth, are good preventives of the effect of drouth. The deeper and better pulverized the soil, the greater its power of absorption; consequently whenever there is much moisture in the atmosphere, such lands are certain to attract their full share of it. It is so, also, with the vegetable-nourishing gasses which the air from time to time contains. Such lands also suffer less in rainy seasons from excessive moisture, for the same qualities which enable them to absorb when there is a scarcity, enable them to throw off when there is a superabundance.

In the second place, deep and thorough tillage proves, to us, conclusively that the productive powers of earth are not always as nearly exhausted as many strive to imagine, but that the vile skinning, skimming system—the plowing three, four and five inches deep—is what induces the sterility which so many lament. Any clayey soil—and they are among the best for many purposes—may be made as barren as the desert of Sahara by such a system. Plow shallow and the earth under the furrow will lose the influence of the two essentials of fertility, sunshine and air, and will, of course, become cold, compact, and barren. Roots will avoid such earth; or, if they make an effort to penetrate it, it will be like attempting to extend themselves into a rock to meet the invigorating influence of an iceberg.

In tree-culture—especially in growing fruit trees—even a tolerable degree of success cannot be realized unless shallow stirring of the earth is given up and the earth stirred deep. Trees may, as we have seen, sometimes live in such shallow soils, but they will be stunted, sickly, and produce but ordinary fruit; but it is more often the case they die in the effort to live, and then comes the bitter denunciations on the nurseryman who reared them, the adverse climate, and sometimes the locality, and even the soil which, under favorable culture, would be just the thing for them, is blamed for the lack of those qualities which man in his indolence, or grasping after present gain, has taken from it.—WILLIAM BACON.—Horticulturist.

### The Spirit of Love.

"Charity (or love) never faileth."—1 Cor., xiii. 8.

Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy, in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far more cheering, far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral Garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—[Upham]

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of her son; to yourself, respect; and to all men, charity.

### The Wives Influence.

A woman, in many instances, has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may or she may not conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought to tempt her for a moment to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by woman, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her council, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole mind.—A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed, she, of all human beings, can best minister to its needs.—For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, her patience and fortitude have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

### Black Joke.

The appended negro story, copied from a southern correspondent of the Boston Journal is not bad.

General C—gave his black man Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of Zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Sima and negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvass, and brought to, in front of a sedate looking baboon, and gazing the bibo quadruped closely, soliloquized thus: "Folks—sure's yer born, feet, hands, proper, bad-looking countenance, just like a nigger gettin' old, I reckon." Then, as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with a genuine southern "How dy'e do uncle?" The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially.

Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with interrogations as to his name, age, nativity, and former occupation, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head, or a merry twinkling of the eye, (the ape was probably meditating the best way of tweaking the darkey's nose,) he concluded the ape was bound to keep non-committal, and looking cautiously around, chuckled, "He, he, ye too sharp for dem, old feller.—Keep dark—if ye'd just speak one word of English, white man would have a hoo in yer hand in less than two minutes."

### Prosperity and Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light-some ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye.—Certainly, virtues like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—[Lord Bacon]

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk-and-water creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball-room. Until the young heart of women is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

These two lines looking so solemn, just exactly fill out this column.