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BY W. LEWIS.

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THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over dreams:
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed! the departed!
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in saddest call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

"She has Outlived her Usefulness."
Not long since, a good-looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

meadow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen, brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood; of the love and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during those long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grand-mother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grand-mother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but, hark! the bell tolls—on? Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive terms, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that see must be sent; rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one, two, three, four—ah, she is now a second child; now she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody else; that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children. Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," Eighty-nine! there she lies now in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words. "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when grey hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin form before him, he then said reverently, "From a child I have honored the aged; but never till grey hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day; that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that here she has passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home, here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together have shared her love and care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I treat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say, in the presence of your families nor of heaven, "Our mother has outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us." Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that!—No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

"Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother; there are no more sleepless night, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed: Feels as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold."

STICK OF KNOW-NOTHINGISM.—The Louisville Courier, edited by Walter Haldeman, Esq., formerly a Whig, but more recently a Know-Nothing, has repudiated his party.—Hear him.

"The next election will seal the doom OF KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN KENTUCKY. Thousands of Whigs who voted the Know-Nothing ticket last August, are now utterly disgusted with the party, and will work with a will at the next election to secure its defeat. Within the last five months such changes have been going on as to leave not the slightest doubt as to what will be the position of our noble State in the next contest."

There is not a TRUE PATRIOT in the land that "doubts it." Kentucky is just as certain to cast her electoral vote for the nominee of the Democratic National Convention, as that the day of the election will come.

It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel and the other a treasure.

The Garrulous Yankee Widow.
If you have ever met in your traveling, reader, with a garrulous old woman, whose tongue it was wholly impossible to keep from running all the while, you will laugh as we have laughed at the annexed sketch of New-England stage coach company. The extract may seem a little long at first, but never mind that; you will think it too short when you get through with it.

The day was remarkably fine; our road lay through the pleasantest part of the Housatonic—our cattle were sleek and fine looking—the driver was civil and dressed well—while the coach itself was a miracle of comfort. In the midst of this prospective and present enjoyment an elderly lady, with a moistrous band-box, a paper-covered trunk, and a little girl, are stowed away in the coach. And here began the trouble. Before getting in however—"Driver," said the lady, "do you know Deacon Hitchcock?"

"No ma'am," replied the driver, "I've only driven on this road a fortnight."

"I wonder if neither of them gentlemen know him?" she said, putting her head into the coach.

"I don't," said one, whom we will call the wag; "but I know Deacon Hitchcock, if that will answer your purpose."

"Don't either of them other gentlemen know him?"

"Well, then, I don't know whether to go in or not," said the lady; "because I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home. I am from the State of New-Hampshire, and the deacon was a particular friend of my husband—this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years, and I should like to see him m'zingly."

"Does he live about here?" inquired the driver.

"Hold on, driver! hold on!" exclaimed the humorist, "I can't stand this! Stop for mercy's sake, and let me out?"

The driver reined up, and the wag took his valise in his hand and jumped out—the discomfited victim of a garrulous old woman.

CREDULITY; Or, the Dangers of Delusions.
The present age is evidently a progressive one, and that it is so, is, generally speaking, a matter of exultation and congratulation. But there is sometimes false progress as well as real. Fanaticism often takes the place of truth, imposture that of science, and bigotry that of true religion. And hence it is that the isms of the day are so numerous, so varied and so remarkable. There are thousands and tens of thousands of the human family at this moment, who are monomaniacs upon one subject or another, who are converts to false theories, enthusiasts of some delusion, and, in fact, insane upon some absurdity. Ever and anon a specious doctrine is started, and "troops of believers" are found among the weak and the credulous. But a little while has gone by since "the Miller mania," which fixed the expiration of time and the destruction of the world at a certain period, beguiled and deluded a considerable portion of the American people. Many surrendered their property, were deceived by the mercenary and base, and only aroused from the folly and infatuation, when they had reduced themselves to a condition of comparative beggary.

The great error of the time is a belief in spiritualism, and its kindred delusions. The extent to which this prevails is incredible to those who do not pay any attention to the subject. The most preposterous doctrines are sometimes disseminated, while at seasons madness rules the hour, and notions of a truly revolting character are promulgated. It is not our purpose to enter into an analytical examination of any of the isms or delusions that have exercised so much influence upon the human mind, but merely to admonish the susceptible, the excitable, and the credulous. There are in every community individuals who are constantly seeking out some novelty. They fancy that they were born to make discoveries, to suggest and accomplish reforms. Nevertheless, too many of them lack all the essentials, are excitable, eager and impulsive, rather than calm, thoughtful and practical, and thus they may be found either advocating or participating in every delusion of the hour. The human mind, moreover, may readily lose its balance, and when once disordered through fanaticism, credulity, or imposture, the effects are sad indeed. The dangers of delusion are many and imminent. The victims may be counted by thousands. There is scarcely any individual in the community who cannot point out some sad case. In a business and social point of view, the error is one of a serious character. The merchant or the mechanic who neglects his regular avocation, trifles with his friends and his credit for the purpose of mingling with every excitement that occurs, will very soon be looked upon with suspicion and distrust, and then treated with caution and coldness. Nothing, indeed, should be regarded as more important than common sense views, regular habits, calm opinions and deliberate purposes. The excitable and credulous are rarely reliable. They may be deceived and led away at any moment. Every new ism may captivate, occupy their time and attention, disturb the even tenor of their way, and induce them to neglect some positive duty. Look, for example, at the itinerant adventures of the day, who, possessed of fancy and talent, wander through the country, and advocate, first one reform and then another. At the beginning they mean well, and are really benevolent, but as they go on, step by step, they become inflated with vanity, or maddened by notoriety, until at last they are willing to mingle in any cause, provided it shall serve to make them conspicuous. They are themselves deluded, and they endeavor to delude others. In many cases, too, they adopt eccentricities of manner and of dress, and often of morals.

In other words, they wander from the regular paths of life, and the ordinary usages of society, and in the end, fancy that peculiarities are indications of genius or philosophy, whereas they only betoken a tottering condition of intellect. The aspiring, the ambitious and the weak, who endeavor to grasp subjects beyond their reach, or to penetrate mysteries that are wisely veiled by the Creator from mortal ken, too often become either infidels or monomaniacs, and instead of being guides and lights to mankind, they should serve as beacons to admonish and to warn. Many of the new doctrines of the day are not only immoral, but they are irreverent, mocking and blasphemous. They are, moreover, calculated to do infinitely more harm than good, and therefore they should be distrusted and discontinued by all who wish well to the human family.

Dickens's Picture of Woman.
The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well fitting gowns, and who eschews rads and raveled edges, slipshod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.

If six drachms make a penny-weight, how many will make a creditor wait? Answer expected next moon.

The Retreat from Long Island.
The second volume of Irving's Life of George Washington has just appeared. Although largely occupied by military affairs, the volume contains many fine sketches of private character, and life-like pictures of American society as it was in the time of the Revolution. The narrative of the unfortunate battle of Long Island and of the subsequent retreat may be selected as a specimen of the graphic style in which Mr. Irving describes military operations. We extract a few paragraphs:

Never did retreat require greater secrecy and circumspection. Nine thousand men, with all the munitions of war, were to be withdrawn from before a victorious army, encamped so near that every stroke of spade and pick-axe from their trenches could be heard. The retreating troops, moreover, were to be embarked and conveyed across a strait three-quarters of a mile wide, swept by rapid tides. The least alarm of their movement would bring the enemy upon them, and produce a terrible scene of confusion and carnage at the place of embarkation.

Washington made the preparatory arrangements with great alertness, yet profound secrecy. Verbal orders were sent to Colonel Hughes, who acted as quartermaster-general, to impress all water-craft, large and small, from Spytuden Duivel, on the Hudson, round to Hell-Gate, on the Sound, and have them on the east side of the city by evening. The order was issued at noon, and so promptly executed that, although some of the vessels had to be brought a distance of 15 miles, they were all at Brooklyn at 8 o'clock in the evening, and put under the management of Colonel Glover's amphibious Marblehead regiment.

To prepare the army for a general movement without betraying the object, orders were issued for the troops to hold themselves in readiness for a night attack upon the enemy. The orders caused surprise, for the poor fellows were unused to the rain; all, however, prepared to obey, but several made uncalculative wills, as is customary among soldiers on the eve of sudden and deadly peril. According to Washington's plan of retreat, to keep the enemy from discovering the withdrawal of the Americans until their main body should have embarked in the boats and pushed off from the shore, Gen. Mifflin was to remain at the lines with the Pennsylvania troops, and the gallant remains of Huetel, Smallwood and Hand's regiments, with guards posted and sentinels alert, as if nothing extraordinary was taking place; when the main embarkation was effected, they were themselves to move off quietly, march briskly to the ferry, and embark. In case of any alarm that might disconcert the arrangements, Brooklyn Church was to be the rallying place, whither all should repair, so as unitedly to resist any attack.

It was late in the evening when the troops began to retire from the breastworks. As one regiment quietly withdrew from their station on guard, the troops on the right and left moved up and filled the vacancy. There was a stifled murmur in the camp, unavoidable in a movement of the kind; but it gradually died away in the direction of the river, as the main body moved on in silence and order. The youthful Hamilton, whose military merits had won the favor of General Greene, and who had lost his baggage and a field-piece in the battle, brought up the rear of the retreating party. In the dead of the night, and in the midst of this hushed and anxious movement, a cannon went off with a tremendous roar. "The effect," says an American who was present, "was at once alarming and sublime. The explosion was within our lines, the gun was probably discharged in the act of spiking it, and could have been no less a matter of speculation to the enemy than to ourselves."

"What with the greatness of the stake, the darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the design, and the extreme hazard of the issue," adds the same writer, "it would be difficult to conceive a more deeply solemn and interesting scene."

The meaning of this midnight gun was never ascertained; fortunately, though it startled the Americans, it failed to rouse the British camp.

In the meantime the embarkation went on with all possible dispatch, under the vigilant eye of Washington, who stationed himself at the ferry, superintending every movement. In his anxiety for dispatch, he sent back Col. Scammell, one of his aids-de-camp, to hasten forward all the troops that were on the march. Scammell blundered in executing his errand, and gave the order to Mifflin like a mad general, instead of calling in his pickets and sentinels, and set off for the ferry.

By this time the tide had turned; there was a strong wind from the north-east; the boats with oars were insufficient to convey the troops; those with sails could not make headway against wind and tide. There was some confusion at the ferry, and in the midst of it, Gen. Mifflin came down with the whole covering party, adding to the embarrassment and uproar.

"Good God!" Gen. Mifflin cried Washington, "I am afraid that you have ruined us by so unseasonably withdrawing the troops from the lines."

"I did so by your order," replied Mifflin, with some warmth. "It cannot be!" exclaimed Washington. "By G—, I did!" was the blunt rejoinder. "Did Scammell act as aid-de-camp for the day, or did he not?" "He did," "Then," said Mifflin, "I had orders through him." "It is a dreadful mistake," rejoined Washington; "and, unless the troops can regain the lines before their absence is discovered by the enemy, the most disastrous consequences are to be apprehended."

Mifflin led back his men to the lines, which had been completely deserted for three quarters of an hour. Fortunately, the dense fog had prevented the enemy from discovering their former posts, and remained at them until called to cross the ferry. "Whoever has seen troops in a similar situation," writes Gen. Heath, "or duly contemplates the human heart in such trials, will know how to appreciate the conduct of these brave men on the occasion."

The fog which prevailed all this time seemed almost providential. While it hung over Long Island, and concealed the movement of the Americans, the atmosphere was clear on the New-York side of the river. The adverse wind, too, died away; the river became so smooth that the row-boats could be laden almost to the gunwale, and a favoring breeze sprang up for the sail-boats. The whole embarkation of troops, artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses and carts was happily effected; and, by daybreak, the greater part had safely reached the city—thanks to the aid of Glover's Marblehead men. "Scarce anything was abandoned to the enemy, excepting a few heavy pieces of artillery. At a proper time Mifflin, with his covering party, left the lines, and effected a silent retreat to the ferry. Washington, though repeatedly entreated, refused to enter a boat until all the troops were embarked, and crossed the river with the last."

"Slavery Extensionists."
The Cincinnati Enquirer, remarking upon some of the cant phrases so common with the Black Republican organs and speakers in referring to the Democracy, says with truth and force that the question of difference between the two organizations is simply this: whether the subject of slavery extension shall be determined by the residents of new Territorial communities, or by non-residents living in other States. The Democracy maintain the first proposition—the Black-Republicans the second. According to Black Republican logic, every person who is in favor of allowing the people of Kansas or Nebraska to make their own laws and institutions is a slavery extensionist. By the same authority he is opposed to "freedom" who does not advocate the right and duty of non-residents to model the institutions of the Territories alluded to without reference to the wishes of those inhabiting them. The Enquirer adds:

The Democracy insist that, while the North may entertain such abstract views as it chooses adverse to slavery extension, and the South in its favor, the matter, after all, is to be determined by the pioneers who remove to the Territory which is the field of dispute. Neither the North nor the South should impose their peculiar views upon the former. The distinction between allowing the people of the Territories to decide the slavery question themselves—as they do all other matters of legislation affecting their interests—and advocating directly its extension into new territory, is so broad and marked that the man who does not perceive and recognize it, must be either grossly ignorant or very dishonest. Into one or the other of these categories should be placed all those partisans who are eternally harping about the Democracy being in favor of the extension of slavery.

The falsehood, however, has done about all the mischief it is capable of performing. It is becoming exploded. The discussions of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in Congress and in the journals of the day are opening the eyes of the people to the fraud that has been perpetrated upon their credulity. The true issue will soon be generally and clearly comprehended, and upon it the Democracy are destined to win glorious and lasting victories. The common sense and patriotism of the country will pronounce in favor of reposing political power in the hands of residents of new States and Territories rather than non-residents, who have not that deep interest in their welfare and prosperity. The opponents of Territorial sovereignty seem to be actuated by the old Federal idea that the people are not capable of self-government, and will not exercise its functions aright if intrusted with it. The Democracy have no such fears—no such apprehensions. The experience of seventy years has convinced them that there is intelligence sufficient in the popular masses to maintain free institutions, and they can see no necessity in keeping the Territories under the tutelar guardianship and protection of those who do not live in them, and, of course, do not understand all their local wants and necessities.

Teaching and Training.
Many teachers fail to accomplish what they wish, because they do not understand the difference between teaching and training. To teach is to communicate instruction, to impart information; to train is to "exercise, to discipline, to teach and to form by practice," says Webster. With those who are already educated, measurably, mere teaching or precept may suffice; but for young persons, those who are to be educated, training, practice, must be superadded, or much of our labor will be lost.

GOOD NATURE redeems many faults.—More than beauty, wealth, power, genius, it causes men and women to be loved. If there are no shining qualities whatever in the character, even should there be considerable intellectual deficiency, yet if a good temper beams brightly on the countenance, we ask for nothing more. We pause not; we do not question nor hesitate, but surrender at once to the fascination of the good and honest soul, that has set upon his face the seal of this admirable quality. [Newark Advocate.]

Whatever children hear read, or spoken of in terms of approbation, will give a strong bias to their minds. Hence the necessity of guarding conversation in families as well as excluding books and companions that have a tendency to vitiate the heart.

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.

An advertisement for a "saddle-horse for a lady of 950 pounds" is going the rounds. Who is the giantess.

Humble—the husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him so much honor.