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BY W. LEWIS.

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THE JUNIATA.

BY MAX. GREENE.

In eastern climes many a stream,
Sparkling in the summer beam,
With arrowy rush, as wildly free,
As freckish, fearless infancy,
As floating, calmly, dreamily,
Speeds to its briny ocean-home,
And mingles with its surging foam.

Broad Nilus, from his mountain-source,
Descending with impetuous force,
Flows onward, with a glad smile,
By pyramid and moulder pile;
And, where the first imperial Rome
Slept, 'neath Italia's cloudless dome,
Gleams, Tiber's yore-emburpled tide,
As in her age of regal pride;
Red flames the Ganges' burnished sea,
The pride of sordid India;
And sacred Jordan moans along
Scared wales that echoed Israel's song;
Cydnus reflects the golden sheen
Glimmering the pendant boughs between,
Tho' vanished Egypt's beauteous queen,
Nor warrior Grecian comes to lave
His fever in the limpid wave;
Cool is the glittering current clear,
Of the unrivaled BENDAMER.

And sweet, embowering roses grow,
Where its silvery waters flow,
Unconscious of the heaps, untold,
Of lucid gems and massy gold,
That gem the embowled, far
Below the pillared CHILMARN;
And 'neath the bleak Peruvian hill,
Murmurs the famed CASTALIAN rill.
Now lone the naid haunted stream,
That wove the poet's gorgeous dream.

But, dearer than those hills of yore,
Sweetly urned in classic lore,
Brighter than each radiant river,
Sparkling in the sunbeams' quiver,
Is my green forest stream to me,
The JUNIATA, clear and free,
As wildly past my boyhood's home,
She dashes in her pride of foam,
Down the mountain's rough facade,
In many a rainbow-bright cascade,
Down from the proud and cloudy height,
Where first her wavelets kissed the light,
And lovely is her tranquil flow,
Through Sabbath-dells that smile below,
Until, a merry, loving bride,
With isle-crowned SUSQUEHANNA wide,
She links her diamond-flashing tide.

Bright river of my young heart's home!
I love thy wood-girt banks to roam,
Through all the long, warm summer-days,
Dreaming of glory's bloomy bays;
And when night's spell like curtains close,
And drap the world in calm repose,
I love on thy moss-brink to lie,
Alone, beneath the starry sky,
For, in the stilly moonlight clear,
Thy rippling, in my spirit's ear,
Is fraught with a thrilling sound,
Like that which stirs the air around
The fabled fount, with whose glad shout
A strange, sweet symphony rings out—
A warbling, softly musical
As that heard in Titania's hall,
On some blithe fairy festival.

Oh! when these brilliant hours sweep by,
And storm-clouds pall my mental sky;
When hope's nepenthe-power is dead,
And chill despair's glooms o'er my heart—
If such black hours of care and blight,
Platonic future veils from sight,
There may I shake my fever-thirst,
Where thy pure tribute-fountains burst,
And bathe in thy fresh-gushing flood,
My throbbing brain and rushing blood;
And, when life's fitful dream is done,
May those who watched my orient sun,
In the fond bower of earliest years,
Bedew my grave with loving tears.

1842.

[From the London Weekly Chronicle.]

JULES GERARD, THE LION KILLER.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JULES GERARD, THE LION KILLER. Comprising his Ten Years Campaigns among the Lions of Northern Africa.

The race of Nimrod is not yet extinct.—The old hereditary instinct of destructiveness has survived the wreck of ages, and is living and miling in modern days. In England its finest development of late has been in the person of Gordon Cumming; in France, the result is Jules Gerard. Gerard is a Frenchman, in his earliest youth he was a fire-eater. A boy at a village feast saw a huge giant, like a ruffian, ill-using a woman, a crowd stood around them, looked on in silence, and no one interfered. The boy stepped between the woman and her tyrant, and said to the latter, "You are a coward, leave this woman in peace, or I shall knock you down on the spot." The man was beaten by the boy.—Jules Gerard of course was the boy.

There were live lions in France—contemptible fellows. Our hero soon extinguished their illipitiant roar, and looked round and sighed for a grander field. Accordingly he

joined the Spahis, and landed at Bone, in Algeria the 19th of June, 1842. Gerard soon wearied of ordinary life. There were lions in Africa—terrible ones to devour as well as roar—very different to the good natured fellows shot by Gordon Cumming. Lions that routed and desolated whole Arab settlements. Gerard resolved to war with them. He was called to this life by the highest motives. It was no sordid love of fame or gain that actuated him. On the contrary, he was but an instrument in the hands of that Providence by whom his life was upheld to deliver the Arabs from their most dreaded foes, and to advance the cause of civilization and humanity. For ten years Gerard pursued this life, bearing innumerable hardships, meeting with innumerable adventures, surrounded by innumerable dangers, yet always victorious, and at length crowned with the laurel wreath of fame.

The English translator is of an enthusiastic disposition. He has had an interview with the Lion-killer, it seems to me hardly possible, writes the editor, who modestly writes his name under the obscure initials, "T. W. M." "that those delicate and slender hands, which he crossed before him after the manner of the Arabs, had really given the death-blow to so many of the hitherto invincible monarchs of the Atlas, and it was not until I had examined, as closely as courtesy permitted me to do, his long and sinewy arms, erect port, clear and expressive eye, and a certain mixture of modesty and self-confidence, that I was able to recognize in him the greatest of all hunters since the days of Nimrod, and the man who has confronted, with calm and reflecting courage, during a long series of years, more appalling dangers than perhaps have ever been encountered by any other being, warrior or sportsman, living or dead." The only comment on this would be a favorite exclamation of one of the heroes in the "Vicar of Wakefield." But Jules Gerard shall speak for himself. We extract his first:

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

They had scarcely gone ten paces, when a most formidable roar resounded in the ravine at our very feet. This roar filled my heart with so much joy, that, forgetting the unfortunate state of my gun, and without caring whether I was followed or not, I dashed through the wood in search of the lion.

When I ceased to hear him, I stopped to listen. Bon-aziz and Bon-oumbark were upon my heels, pale as ghosts, not daring to speak, but gesticulating at a great rate, to make me comprehend that I was sacrificing my life. A few minutes after the lion roared again, at about a hundred paces from us; and at the very first growl I dashed forward, rushing through the wood with the impetuosity of a wild animal.

When the lion ceased to roar, I halted again in a small glade, where my two companions joined me. My dog, who until then had kept behind me, without seeming to comprehend, began to sniff the wind; then he entered the wood cautiously, with his hair bristling and his tail low, a minute after he came galloping back much frightened, and crouched down between my legs.

Soon after I heard loud and heavy steps on the leaves which covered the ground, and the rustling of a huge body though the trees bordering the glade. It was the lion himself leaving his lair, and ascending toward us, with out suspecting our presence.—Bon-aziz and the spahi were already shouldering their guns.

I then pointed out to them with my foot a gentle slope behind me, telling them not to stir from that spot until the end of the drama, a command which they did not fail to obey. Indeed I must give these worthy fellows much credit for persisting in staying by me, notwithstanding their extreme terror; for judge if as you please, I, for my part, think it no mean courage, when you have your doubts about the success of an adventure, to accept the passive part of spectator, and to remain unmoved on the scene of action.

The lion was still ascending; I could now measure the distance which separated me from him and could distinguish the regular, rumbling sound of his heavy breathing. I then advanced a few paces nearer to the edge of the glade where I expected him to appear, in order to have a chance of shooting him closer. I could already hear him advancing at thirty paces, then at twenty, then at fifteen, still I felt no fear. All I thought was, suppose he were to turn back! I suppose he does not come into the glade! And at each sound which showed him nearer to me, my heart beat louder, in a complete rapture of joy and hope. One anxious thought only crossed my mind. "What if my gun were to miss fire?" said I, glancing down upon it. But confidence again prevailed, and my only anxiety was for the long-wished for appearance of my foe.

The lion after a short pause, which seemed to me an age, began to come forward again; and presently I could see before me, by the star-light, at but a few paces off, the top of a small tree, which I could almost touch, actually shaken by the contact of the lion. This was his last pause. There was now between us two but the thickness of that single tree, covered with branches from the foot upwards.

I was standing with my face to the wood, and with my gun pointed, so as to be ready to fire the moment the animal should enter the glade; and having still an interval of about a second, I took advantage of it to make sure that I could properly regulate the aim of my barrel. Thanks to a glimmer of light which came from the west, to the clearness of the sky filled with shining stars, and to the whiteness of the glade, which was conspicuous against the dark green of the forest, I could just see the end of my barrels, that was all, but it sufficed for so close an aim.—It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not waste much time in this investigation.

I was beginning to find that the animal was rather slow in his motions, and to fear that, instead of advancing unsuspiciously, he had become aware of my presence, and was about to spring over the lentise which separated us. As it is to justify this fear, the lion

gave two or three deep growls, and then began to roar furiously.

Oh! my fellow-disciples of Saint Hubert! you, who can feel and understand, fancy yourselves at night in the open forest, leaning against a small tree, out of which rises a volley of roars enough to drown the noise of thunder itself. Imagine yourselves with only one single shot to fire on this formidable animal, who only falls by the merest chance under a single ball, and who kills his opponent without mercy, if he is not killed himself.

You can doubtless understand that, had I trusted to my strength alone, my heart would have failed me; in spite of my efforts, my eyes would have become dim, and my hand unsteady. Yes; I will confess frankly and without shame, that terrible roar made me feel that man was small indeed in the presence of the lion; and without a firm will and that absolute confidence which I derived from the inexhaustible Source of all power, I believe I should have failed in that awful moment. But this strength enabled me to listen to the tremendous voice of my enemy without trembling, or even emotion; and to the end I retained a perfect mastery over the pulsations of my heart and a full control over my nerves.

When I heard the lion make a last step, I moved a little aside; and no sooner did his enormous head rise out of the wood, at two or three yards distance from me, and he stopped to stare at me with a look of wonder, that I aimed between the eye and ear, and slowly pressed the trigger. From the instant I touched this, until I heard the report of the gun, my heart ceased to beat.

After the shot I could see nothing; but through the smoke which enveloped the lion I heard the most tremendous, agonizing, and fearfully protracted roar. My two men meantime had jumped up, but without making a step forward, and unable to see anything, stood with their guns shouldered, ready to fire. For myself, I waited dagger in hand, and one knee on the ground, until the smoke should disperse, and I could see how matters stood. As soon as all was clear I beheld—first one paw—and heavens, what a paw!—then one leg, then a shoulder, then a head—and, at last, the whole body of my enemy. He lay on his side, and gave not the smallest sign of life!

"Take care, do not approach him yet," cried Bon-aziz, throwing a large stone, which bounded from the lion's corpse!

He was dead!

That day was the eighth of July, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

Independently of the story of his encounter with lions, Jules Gerard gives the reader some interesting reading relating to the Arab tribes, and the mode in which the French civilize their Algerian dependencies. Religious—deeply religious—our hero is, it never occurs to him that there is anything wrong in the French possession, or right in the native rebellions. He considers the mountain warfare great honor to the French troops, and rapturously tells us, it is a grand and imposing spectacle to see one of our columns driving away a herd of forty thousand head of every species of cattle, the fortune of a whole tribe with the tents, baggage and furniture. Whilst Lion-hunting, as well as romantic adventures met with, Jules Gerard heard some romantic tales—one relates to.

SEGHIR AND HIS BRIDE.

About thirty years ago, a young man, named Seghir, belonging to the tribe of the Amamers, established in the Aures mountains fell in love with a young girl who had been refused to him by the father on account of his poverty. The young people, however, were much attached to each other, and one fine evening the young girl ran away with her lover.

The distance being considerable between the two douars, and the road extremely perilous, Seghir had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous parts of the road had been passed, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when all at once a lion, who till that moment had lain concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them.

The young girl shrieked so fearfully that she was heard by the people in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were directed by the screams of the young maiden, they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Seghir with his eyes steadily fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest.

The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or to induce him to let go his hold of herself, but in vain: he kept dragging her on in spite of all her efforts, saying:

"Come, my beloved, come, our master will have it so, we must go!"

"But our weapons," she cried, "what are they good for, if not to save me?"

"Weapons!—I have none," answered the fascinated wretch. "Great Lord, believe her not; she lies; I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will!"

At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon draw them into the forest, fired every one of them upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Seghir, and with one bound crushed him to the earth, smashing his head at a bite; after which he lay down by the side of the young girl, placing his huge paws upon her knees.

The Arabs, now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having reloaded their guns, prepared again to fire; but being afraid of killing the girl; they told her to try and get a little away from the lion, which he allowed her to do, without, however, losing sight of her.

The next moment the guns of the Arabs were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the midst of them, seized one of them with his teeth and two others with his claws, dragging them thus together so as to make, as it were, one bundle; then placing under him

that mass of palpitating flesh, he instantly smashed the three heads, as he had done that of Seghir. Those who had escaped ran off to the douar, and related what they had witnessed, but no one was bold enough to return for another attack. The lion then seized the woman and carried her off into the forest.

Next day they came to carry away the bodies of the four men; as to the young girl nothing was found but her hair, her feet, and her clothes.

Is it then really true that the lion has the power of fascinating the weak organization of certain men to the extent of obliging them to follow him! All I can say is, that every Arab I have interrogated on the subject has answered me in the affirmative, and quoted a number of examples in support of his assertion.

As for myself, I can only say that whenever I have had the honor to find myself in the presence of this great monarch, I never felt the least inclination to follow his royal steps, though I can quite understand how his threatening aspect, his kingly majesty, and the piercing fixedness of his fiery look, should paralyze the heart and brain of those who meet him unexpectedly.

Another is

THE MARRIAGE OF SMAIL.

Among the Arabs, where a 'high tent' man marries, he invites a number of people, who go and fetch the bride at her parent's house to her new dwelling, a ceremony which is performed in a palanquin, numberless huts being at the same time fired on the road.

Every marriage, however, is not alike. If some are accompanied by a numerous retinue; if, sometimes, the happy couple number amongst their guests many a rich and handsome horseman, at other times, as with us, more than one bridegroom has not even enough to pay the fidlers who escort him.—Such being the case with Smail, who had paid down the day before his very last shilling for his bride's marriage portion, he assembled only his nearest relatives, and proceeded with them on foot to the abode of his future father-in-law.

Having regaled themselves plentifully with mutton and couscous, and the marriage being concluded, they fired off a few cartridges by way of salute, taking care to keep a few for the journey back. There was no signing of the marriage contract, for the very simple reason that none of the assistants knew how to write; and in the evening they all parted, wishing each other good fortune and happiness.

The bridegroom's douar was but a league distant; the moon shone beautifully bright; the bride's escort numbered nine guns; what was to be feared on the way? But it is not unfrequently at the very moment one expects him the least that an intruder will present himself.

Smail was walking in front, beside his bride, to whom he was speaking, in a soft, low voice, about the happiness which awaited them under his tent. The friends of the husband were following discreetly some paces behind, firing at times a shot in the air; and the young wife seemed quite gratified with this little offering of powder burnt in her honor.

But all of a sudden, a jealous individual—the devil—who had not been invited, and who delights in mischief, presents himself under the shape of an enormous lion, stretched across the very path these happy young folks were pursuing.

They were about half way between the two douars, and it was fully as dangerous to go forward as to draw back. What was to be done?

The opportunity presented to the bridegroom of winning forever his wife's affections by a noble act of devotedness, was too good to be lost. Balls were accordingly rammed down the barrel of every gun, the bride was placed in the centre of a sort of square formed by the assistants, and the escort marched bravely forward, headed by Smail. Already they had advanced to within thirty yards from the lion, who never moved.

Smail now ordered his friends to stop, and saying to his young wife, "See now, if you have married a man," he walked straight up to the lion, and commanded him to clear the way.

At twenty paces the lion, until then crouching and motionless, raised his monstrous head, and was evidently preparing for a spring. Smail, regardless of his wife's screams, and the entreaties of his relatives, who called to him to retreat, put one knee to the ground, levelled the barrel of his gun towards the animal, took a steady aim and fired. In an instant the wounded and furious animal bounded forward on the unfortunate Smail, knocked him to the ground, and tore him to shreds in the twinkling of an eye, then rushed madly towards the square, in the centre of which stood the wretched bride.

"Let no one fire," cried Smail's father, "until he touches the barrels of our guns."

But, added the narrator of this episode, where is the man sufficiently self-possessed, to await without flinching that hurricane called a lion, as he rushes on towards his prey with immense bounds, with mane floating in the wind, with expanded jaws, and inflamed with fury?

The whole party now fired at once, without heeding in what direction their balls went, and the lion dashed on the square, which he quickly overthrew, smashing the bones and tearing the flesh of all he found before him. Some of the men had managed to escape, dragging after them with much difficulty the poor bride, almost dead by this time with fright, but they were quickly followed by their insatiable enemy, and torn to pieces; one only, more fortunate than the rest, having contrived to reach the foot of a steep rock, upon which, thanks to his efforts, the women also found a refuge.

He had already climbed the rock some little way, when the lion again advanced, if possible, still more furious, and at one spring caught the right leg of the man, and dragged him down with him to the ground; while the unhappy bride, crawling with hands and feet to the summit of the rock, was doomed to witness from her inaccessible retreat the

woful and hideous spectacle of the death-agony of the last of her defenders.

After two or three useless attempts