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Select Poetry.

Here is a fire-side song, which, in sweet and touching beauty, has no superior in the whole range of English literature. Be kind to the loved ones at home. Be kind to thy father; for when thou wert young...

WOMAN.

Woman hath faults and weakness too, But stronger man, oh! blame them not: Believe me, her soul is true and true...

Tales and Sketches.

THE FATAL TRICK.

"Bounds which with one fatal spring the mighty brute, ... Upon one evening, a party of collegians and young bloods of the towns had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the hunters, who assembled twice a week...

means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner and prison house to the college. No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it into execution. The cage with our united efforts, was slid quietly down the wheels—Bruin growling all the time with anger—the hogshead was rolled in and placed upon end in front of the cage, and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had roused the other animals and our ears were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds, that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshead growled, and his voice came like distant thunder, so deadened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incubance to their voices and they howled as clearly as though they had been in their native forests. Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a time, holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed or tho't of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning back, went to sleep again. As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvass for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshead through the yard to the back gate, which we unfastened, and then passing the road, started at a quick rate for our place of destination. Over and over went the hogshead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he received, and we nearly convulsed with laughter at the unaccountableness of the noise he made. At length we reached the back part of the college, when one of our party climbed over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled in our prize to the back door of the laboratory, the place where our professor of chemistry lectures. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door, the hogshead would not enter. Such being the case, we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited perhaps, once a week. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment he would not likely be discovered until some time during the lecture of the Professor, when the noise he would be apt to make attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and, upon our shoulders, up went the hogshead, until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted the window, and slid up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, and lay still with only an occasional growl. We shook it again and he started. There was but one possible mode of progression, which was straight forward—and the brute gave one spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal, crouching in a corner, remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into a corner of the yard, and returning to our rooms, continued our revelry till near daylight. It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterwards a cup of tea, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour for the professor to lecture on chemistry, and I entered the room just as he had commenced to descend upon the subject. The class were all wrapt in attention—for the lecturer was an able man and was treating upon "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles, and a low, startling growl in the next room. The Professor started, and stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other in astonishment. There was a pause of a few seconds duration—and then the professor proceeded. I began to feel alarmed, I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sound of the superiority of Bruin had worked himself into the room separated from us by a thin partition full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many carboys and bottles of acid in that room. Should he overset any of these and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment and do some mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions I saw they entertained the same fears. There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so ludicrous in the growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could hardly refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he preparing for a brilliant experiment, "I will show you a most startling effect." And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrific howl that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill—and through that frail—Father of Truth! we had mistaken drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by

him—horrors!—an untamed royal tiger. No words can describe the consternation of the class. Not one stirred. Petrified by horror—motionless—breathless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we in our intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with the pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and meeting with no obstacle, passed down the stairs into the great hall. There as he leaped and rolled, and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantic with the acid, which was eating his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason in her vacant eyes. From that day forth she was a gibbering, incurable idiot. On passed the tiger—on on!—through the streets, with the populace flying to every side for shelter—passed his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before, and around, rose up the angry cry of men, women and children—"The tiger! the tiger!" At the extremity of the main street, a traveler was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise him, behind and casting his eyes around saw the cause. He spurred his horse who started snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted the man. He only saw the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the hind quarters of the horse, who unmindful of the double burthen, rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it were a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it resulted from despair—he drew his bowie knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed, and he died instantly. But he did not release his hold. Still, with the death grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glistened and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after, cautiously and timidly saw the three stretching together. They watched awhile, and found they did not move. They stole up—lo, the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was the traveler, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

REVOLUTIONARY MEN AND REMINISCENCES. A correspondent of the Petersburg Express, writing from "near Lettown, Jefferson county, Virginia," sends that paper an interesting letter about Revolutionary men and reminiscences, from which we make the following extract: In the immediate vicinity of the spot from which I address you these lines, are the dilapidated and antique residences of three distinguished Major Generals of the American Revolution. Within a radius of one mile and a half lived, long and weary years, Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, the loser of the battle of Camden; and the Southern campaign; and Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington. In this little village on whose golden forests I am gazing—under the shadows of the great woods here—remote from camps and the flashing world, these three warriors rusted out the remainder of their lives in inglorious repose, the swords in their coats scabbards no more to be drawn. Here, if I mistake not, two of them died, and soon even these lingering memorials of them will crumble and disappear as their figures are fading from the general mind. Lee's house is a hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name, and is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway—low, with a rude porch, depending, as it were, above the rough door, and with a few out-houses. Gates lived somewhat further from the town, in a plain, undecorated building; and Stephen occupied a mansion probably built by the earliest pioneers of the valley, in which everything is small and confined but the fire place. But that is neither small nor confined. It is grand—enormous! Around it how many good companions must have gathered in the olden day, and what sounds of revelry shook the rafters overhead! You may read of Adam Stephen in Sparks' edition of the writings of Washington; and there you will find that among the hardy gentlemen who stood shoulder to shoulder with the young chief at Winchester, when the Indians ravaged the valley a hundred years ago, was Lieutenant Stephen. A large landed proprietor hereabouts, he doubtless resented the trespass of the Indians upon his grounds, stretching toward the foot of the great North Mountain—at least, we know that he did good service. He was afterwards an effective officer in the Revolutionary struggle; but left the army about the period of the battle of Princeton, disgusted at something or other—and so came hither, and lived and died. Of Gates and Lee more is known; the story of the woful quarrel of the latter with Washington at Monmouth, you may read in full in the recently published third volume of Irving's great work. It is probable that history will finally show that Lee was not so much in the wrong as the world supposes. That he made a blunder in ordering his forces to retreat—and that his retreat very nearly ruined all the plans of Washington, and lost us the battle—this is certain. But it was probably an error of the judgment—not a want of courage. In Leutz's great picture, he sits on his horse sullenly before the chief, whose hot anger flames out—all that he did and said afterwards was sullied, unfortunately. High words—indignant correspondence; Washington cold and haughty; Lee raging; then a court-martial—suspension for a year—and Lee, in utter disgust, threw up his commission, and came hither to "hoe tobacco"—that being the best school for a General, he said, with a sneer at Washington. And here in this poor and obscure dwelling, as I have said, rusted out the sharp spirit of Lee, and fell into dust and oblivion. With a few neighbors, no friends; surrounded by hounds and horses, and making the chase his only occupation, nearly; still lived the general and died. One day, long afterwards, says a tradition of the neighborhood, Washington sent his old adversary a note, saying that he would call on a certain morning and see him—that he hoped all past contention and bitterness had been forgotten—he was coming to see him as an old comrade in arms, as a friend. On the day fixed for the visit, Lee sent away all his servants—placed upon the locked front door a paper with "No meat cooked to-day," written thereon—and then followed his servants, leaving Washington to knock in vain. He never returned, and with the passing year the eccentric soldier grew more and more morose and repelling. The ground floor of his house was divided by chalk lines merely, forming thus four compartments. In the first he kept his books—in the second was his bed—his saddles and hunting gear in the third; the fourth was used for a kitchen. He could thus sit in one spot, he said with grim humor, and overlook his entire household. Tired of his dogs and his silent melancholy at last, he commenced his silent "Queries, Political and Military"—an attack on Washington. But the world declined listening to him, and then tired of life, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. His last words were—"Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" and so he ended his career on earth. A word now of the third ray of my triad of warriors. Horatio Gates came to the old house yonder after the battle of Camden. It was the Gates who had taken Burgoyne, and whose popularity at one time overshadowed Washington's. But now, alas! how fallen! The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him; and his laurels were all seared and withered. He had lost the battle of Camden—and had been deposed from the command of the army of the South, to make way for Greene—over his head lowered a heavy cloud of public execration almost; and Congress, it was said, had prepared its thunderbolt to strike him. But the bolt never fell. The sad soldier's sorrow was respected. They left him to die in peace here—enough punishment for the magnificent drama of the Revolution was played out, independent of one who had enacted so splendid a part in the earlier acts. These three old wooden

houses are the visible remains of three vigorous lives—in them to the musing eye, the spirits of Gates, and Lee, and Stephen hover around there still, speaking in every whisper of the pine trees and the oaks—those ancient oaks of the noble English looking "chase" which murmur yonder through the window—through whose lengthened vista appears the lone mansion of General Adam Stephen. Here, within a gun shot almost of each other, these men of history reposed—though not happily, we must conclude—after all their struggles. The current of the Opequon, resonant in old days with savage shouts and dyed with blood, murmured by them, and perhaps spoke to their minds of other days—typifying human things which ever bud and flow, and change like the skies of autumn yonder—the gorgeous leaves, whose colors vary with each day. Woman and Marriage. I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen a young and beautiful woman, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved in to costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them; as the young are sometimes carried away by similar feelings. I love to get, unobserved, into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes meeting me in their pride of life, weave a dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa, as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowded and the empty mirth of the gay to each others quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now in his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshaded beauty. I go forward years, and see her luxuriant hair part soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned to dignity, and loveliness chastened with the gentleness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and their fair children are grown about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled days, and are remembered when they die.—Washington Irving. PRINTERS AND PARADOXES.—A printer, says Olive, is the most curious being living. He may have a bank and coins, and not worth a cent; have small caps, and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swiftly by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence; may use the lie, without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and be both at the same time; have to use furniture and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away pi, and never see a pie, much less eat it during his whole life; may press a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a shooting iron, and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog under a molehill; spreads sheets without being a housewife; he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the dagger without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle stars; he may be of a rolling disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a luxury's foot, and not be deformed; may never without a case, and know nothing of law or physics; be always correcting his errors, and be growing worse every day; have embraces, without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his form locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch house, or any other confinement; his office may have a hell in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the devil, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business. A VISIONARY CHARACTER.—I once knew a person, (but he died young,) who seemed to me literally inspired. He looked upon the grand and beautiful forms of inanimate nature as if they were endowed with a living spirit. When the trees waved the boughs in the air, he believed that they were talking in whispers to him; and he saw forms in the clouds that bowed their heads, and lifted their hands, and spread their wings, oracularly to him. He spoke little, but commonly appeared in a delirium or dream, and was very fretful and angry when he was interrupted. He wrote fragments of what he saw and heard, but he had not yet arrived at a full command of language. He drew the outlines of a sort of visionary epic, mainly composed of spirits. His imagination was much stronger than his reason, but yet he had a subtle and powerful intellect. He contracted an attachment to a beautiful girl, whose form was almost as lovely as he thought it, but whose mind was unworthy of him; and I suspect that he died of this attachment, for it touched his sanity. Indeed, independent of this passion, common observers deemed him not sane; but if his inspirations were not reason they were something nobler than reason. He was a magnificent creature—scarcely a being of this earth—and I have never ceased to lament his loss with a mysterious and indescribable regret.—Sir Edgerton Brydges, Autobiography.

Hire a Clerk. A tall, rough-shod ship-visaged, good natured looking individual arrived in our city about a week ago, fresh from the mountains, and put up at what might be called one of our third rate houses. The rules were like those at most other establishments of the kind, boarders being taken by the day, week or month. Jim Polter (we take the name from the register,) had gone in by the week, with the understanding with the landlord that he was to be credited for what he called "lost time," at the usual rate. There was nothing very unusual in this arrangement, though it did not turn out altogether to the landlord's satisfaction. At the end of the second day, it occurred to Jim that he had not seen Sacramento for upwards of a year, and as a thought with him was almost a deed, he without saying a word to the landlord, disappeared. He spent the remainder of the week at Sacramento, and reaching his boarding house here just in time to find the proprietor calculating that Mr. Jim Polter was indebted for one week's board. It didn't take Jim long to prove that he had been out of town four days and the bill against him was cut down accordingly. "See you, old fellow," broke out Jim, as the bill was being altered, of its all one to you, I'll take a squint at them ar' books. "There's your account, sir," said the landlord, pretending not to notice Jim's last remark. Two day's board, 2 62 Jim took the bill, and eyeing the puzzled landlord as though he suspected some 'shomnigan,' he broke out— "I want to see them 'ur books!" The landlord told him he was permitted to examine his books. Jim was satisfied now that all was not exactly right, and resolved to see the end of it. "Give me pen, ink and paper," said he.— "I want to show you how to keep books." He took the pen, and after having added up various small sums, made out and handed to the amazed landlord the following account: Jim Polter to Landlord—Detter two days board 2 62 Landlord to Jim Polter—Detter 4 days lost time \$5 25 "Thar she is! said Jim, as he passed the slip of paper across the counter. "Cordin' to your way of keepin' books a feller ain't 'lowed nothin' fer lost time." The landlord said nothing but gazed with astonishment. "You see," continued Jim, anxious to establish the correctness of his bill, "I took board by the week, you know." "Y-e-s," muttered the half choaked landlord. "And the bargain was that you was to credit me for lost time at the usual rate, you know?" "Yes." "Well, I boarded with you two days, you know?" "Yes." "I didn't board with you four days, you see?" "Yes." "And you owe me for that." The landlord took a long breath, brushed the perspiration from his face, and casting his eyes vacantly about the ceiling, slowly ejaculated: "Oh y-e-s." "Now I ain't going to be hard on you, said Jim; you feed very well—and as I am gain' up country to-morrow, we'll spent that little balance for champagne to night. But I'll tell you one thing, landlord," he added after a pause, "you would make money if you would hire a clerk!" We are inclined to think it would have taken a number of clerks to make Jim believe that the landlord did not owe him for four days board.—Marysville (Col.) Herald. Good.—An anecdote is related by Mr. Hale of New Hampshire, to this effect: A couple came to him one night, and wanted him to join them in wedlock. He consented to perform the ceremony, and said to the man: "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" "Certainly," he replied. "Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?" "Yes, I do." "Then you are man and wife. That's all." Both looked with great astonishment, and the lady asked: "Is that all?" "Yes that's all." "Well," she remarked, "taint such a mighty affair after all!" A Witty Druggist, on one cold night last winter was woken up by a terrible rapping at his door. Going down he found a poor fellow who wanted a dose of salts. The shop was entered, to dose prepared, and a half dime put in the drawer. "How much did you take in the operation?" asked his wife as he got into bed. "Four cents," was the reply. "A shame it is," returned the irritated dame, for a man to disturb your rest just for a dose of salts. "Recollect, my love," said the druggist, "that one dose of salts will disturb the man's rest more than it has mine, and reflect that these little inconveniences always work well in time." A DISCRIMINATING MONKEY.—A Dutchman had made a handsome fortune in Philadelphia by selling milk. He started for Holland, his home, with two bags of gold pieces. When on shipboard, he counted one bag of hestreaure. A mischievous monkey chanced to watch his operations. As soon as the counted bag had been replaced and tied up, Jack seized it and soon found his way to the mast-head. He opened the bag, and eyeing the brilliant gold, proceeded to drop one piece on the deck, and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he had finished, the Dutchman threw up his arms, exclaiming: "Pe Jinkoes, he must be the dyvel, for vat come from de vater he does gibe to de water, and vat comes from de milk he does gibe to me." AN INFIDEL REVUELED.—An Infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of 'Sunday corn,' which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds, "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre; so that I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work; however the priests of the bible may say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story." To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies: "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the 'Bible' half as much as he has the works of his opponents, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not at any square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October."