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Select Poetry.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful! Scatter the germs of the beautiful! By the way-side let them fall, That the rose may spring up by the cottage gate, And the vine on the garden wall; Cover the rough and the rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers, And mark with the opening bud and cup, The march of summer hours.

had always in his charges of such cases declared against the enormity of offenders who substituted spurious currency for good. I therefore concluded that the word "boodle," and the suspicious "boot stuffing," must relate to some other kind of offense, with which he was connected.

attendance went after and returned with the stranger. He entered easily and unabashed, saying, as he took a chair, "I am told you desire me to be a witness?" "Perhaps culprit!" I exclaimed in a passion, entirely losing my control. And then not heeding the hand of the foreman on my shoulder in restraint, I said to the constable who lingered by the door, "Take off his boots!"

heard a dreadful groan and a simultaneous pistol report. It was succeeded by an instant of the most terrible silence, and then the crowd burst into the room. Judge C— lay upon the floor, with his blood and brains shockingly scattered about the little chamber. When I returned, I found that he had drawn his pistol, and to his other crimes had added that of self-murder. He was a ghastly sight to see, nor shall I ever forget the memories of that dreadful day, when I was compelled to behold the living agony and dying woes of a culprit Judge, in sight of that bench and bar, whereat he had so often presided in convicting and sentencing villains less guilty than he had been all the while.

A Select Story.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

In one of the Western States I was once prosecuting attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairies away from the woodland had not heard the scream of the steam whistle. All the branches of society, of trade, of business, and professions, were in a transition state. Of course the Judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and lest I appear vain, I may add that the lawyers were by no means, Chief Justice Taney!

A Select Story.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

We continued chatting until the bell rung for supper, but not a tone or an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meals. The whiskered stranger sat opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other, as if they had never met. One or two civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied by a freezing politeness, somewhat unusual in our western way of life. All this satisfied me that there was something out of the way, and I resolved while at the table to furnish myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went up stairs to the Judge's room, and groping to the chimney in the dark, felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of paper, took one or two pieces, and replaced the balance very hastily and left the room.

A Select Story.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

Nothing more occurred that night worth narrating, but the next day in Court, I found on the calendar the case of a man who had been indicted some months before for counterfeiting, and had been out on bail. "What does this mean?" I asked of the clerk, "I did not authorize the trial, nor am I prepared with witnesses."

A Select Story.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A TALE OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

"I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent deference of manner, there was in his composition an under strata of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. When I was chosen people's solicitor, he sought my confidence, but I repelled it, and except in Court, we were little together. Many a time on the civil side he has given a charge on facts, or acquiesced in my law, when I felt that I was wrong, nor could I fathom why he thus sought the winning side of me.

Gamblers, Brokers, and Murderers.

Willis, the New York gambler, charged with murder, has published a card in the Herald, in which, after complaining of unfair treatment by the press, he says: "I am told that the great reason (?) why some people give for believing this absurd charge against me to be well founded, is that I am a gambler. It seems that even in this advanced age there are still a few persons whose capacity and taste incline them rather to listen to bugaboo stories than to investigate the truth and then think for themselves. Why, Mr. Editor, if you reflect but for a minute, you will see that a gambler is about the last man in the world to kill a man for money, or for any other reason. Gamblers, like stock brokers and Wall-street speculators generally, whose pursuits are identical in principle, from the very nature of those pursuits, hold their passions and temper in greater check than any other class of men. They are quiet, and habitually put up with more insults than any other men, not because they have less pluck, but because they see no use in having a row, and they know excitement from any cause invariably gives their opponent an advantage over them in play. To show temper at the loss of money would make a gambler's friends lose confidence in him, and be less willing to "stake" him when "broke." I simply wish to show that gamblers are necessarily the coolest men in the community. There are men here in New York whose wives cannot tell by their husband's appearance, conversation, or temper at the breakfast table, whether they won or lost \$20,000 the night before, and it is the aim of every sporting man to attain that mastery over himself. Yes, indeed, gamblers are the least likely men in the world even to lose their temper about money, much less commit a murder for it. Every man of the world knows that there is no difficulty in getting every cent of money a gambler has in the world if you can only win it of him. But there's the rub. Cards are very uncertain things. I will not attempt in this connection to defend gambling, but I will hazard the assertion that outside of his profession, a more honest and honorable set of men cannot be found than gamblers. Nor do I refer solely to their transactions with each other, but with landlords, tailors, shoe-makers, hotel-keepers—in short, with all classes of the community with whom they have pecuniary transactions. Professionally, they manage of course, like other business men, to have a slight advantage over outsiders, but while, when dealing with brokers, speculators, politicians, and all classes of traders, you never know how much you are cheated, the gambler allows every man to see and reckon for himself the precise percentage against him in a game of chance. In games of skill, the only advantage which a gambler has over an occasional player is that arising from a superior knowledge of the game. "No man of the world would ever think a gambler more likely to commit such a crime as that with which I am charged, than any other man. Like lawyers and doctors, gamblers are necessary evils—quite as necessary but not quite as evil. Like nine-tenths of the tradesmen, rich idlers and non-producers, we are, certainly, in a philosophical point of view, drones upon society. I have not a doubt that the services of nineteen-twentieths of the lawyers, gamblers, merchants, and shopkeepers, of the world, could be profitably dispensed with in their present capacities, and that they would advance the interests of humanity much more by tilling the soil. To conclude: this serious charge against me has neither occasion nor circumstance to justify and sustain it. It is based solely on the word of a servant whom I charged with and caused to be arrested for larceny, and who, therefore, not only had cause and motive for malice towards me, but who had, in the presence of Judge Welsh, threatened me with vengeance for having her arrested. Not a thing or a circumstance has been discovered to corroborate her statement. ROBERT L. WILLIS.

The Vinegar Plant.

It is claimed by many that this curious production belongs to the vegetable kingdom. Whether this is true or not, we hardly know where to place it. Like the mushroom, it belongs to the lowest order of organization, and may, we think, be regarded as a kind of fungus. It possesses the power of reproduction to a limited extent, governed in some degree by the temperature, but always requiring a degree of heat above 65. The vinegar plant is somewhat soft and flexible, with a firm springy consistence resembling the substance known to accumulate in a vessel containing good vinegar, as "mother," but of a more compact and regularly defined formation. When separated from its parent, this plant is about six inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. This is usually placed in an open earthen jar of two or three gallons' capacity, with about a gallon and a half of water sweetened with about one pint of pure molasses. It is imported that the molasses be good and unchanged by age. After standing four or five weeks in warm weather this liquid will become vinegar of an excellent quality—not only possessing all the body, but all the acid pungency belonging to the best quality of cider vinegar. The plant, in this position, gradually expands horizontally to the full dimensions of the jar which contains it, while it increases in thickness by a succession of layers of similar dimensions. These layers are about half an inch in thickness, and are united to the parent plant by tender filaments, which admit of easy separation, by simply passing the hand between them. To what extent this plant would expand if placed in a larger vessel, we have never seen determined; but by a multiplication of the plants placed in more capacious vessels, vinegar of the best quality can, no doubt, be made in large quantities. The old plants, after being used a few months, should be thrown out, and new ones substituted. We are now daily partaking of vinegar made as above described, and we have never tasted better. To suit some tastes, it requires to be weakened by adding water when used, and it is, no doubt, more healthy than when used in full strength.—Valley Farmer.