

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Table with 2 columns: Term (e.g., Per annum in advance, Six months, Three months) and Price (e.g., \$1.50, \$1.00, \$0.75).

Select Poetry.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

In a little fairy valley,
Where the oak and maple twine,
Where a silver streamlet wanders,
Is this pretty home of mine.

Select Story.

THE MAD ENGINEER.

Night on the Father of Waters! Night with her sable veil lowering over the mourning city of New Orleans!

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

-PERSISTENT-

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 39.

abled to secure it, when my attention was arrested by the earnest intonation of a musical voice of peculiar beauty...

There was an indescribable earnestness in the utterance of the words that thrilled me to the soul. To think that only a thin board partition separated me from the fair pleader...

What a picture was revealed! Seated on a low stool, with her auburn ringlets floating over her shoulders of alabaster whiteness.

"In all the wildness of disheveled charms!" was a gloriously beautiful maiden of seeming not over seventeen summers, and eyes as bright as the jewels of a regal diadem.

One stroke of my knife, and the cords were severed in an instant, and observing the increasing palor of her features, quicker than it takes me to tell it, I had caught her in my arms, and borne her through the entrance...

She soon revived, and to my eager questioning as to the cause of her painful situation, replied, that all her family had fallen victims to the cholera, with the exception of her eldest brother who had recovered from the disease...

A light dawned upon my mind! The angelic was, then, the brother of this angelic picture of loveliness, and he—shuddered as remembered to have noticed the increasing speed of the boat and the heavy roar of the exhausted pipe—was a madman!

Hardly had I reached the stair-case, when my attention was arrested by a wild yell of apparent exultation, which rose high and shrill above all other sounds, chilling in its demonic intonation, and seeming the dread harbinger of coming doom!

"I involuntarily raised my hands to my ears, as did others, to shut out the terrific sound. 'In God's name, what was that?' exclaimed an elderly gentleman by my side, to an officer of the boat, who rushed passed us in the direction of the engine room.

"THE MAD ENGINEER! Our lives are in fearful peril. Follow me if you would know more!"

A moment later and we were at the scene of excitement, and beheld a sight to chill the blood in the stoutest heart. With coat off—eyes flashing menace—revolver in hand, commanding the range of the entrance, and the 'register' showing an amount of steam, far beyond the rated capacity of the boilers—the engineer was seated on the safety valve, to keep it down!

No questions were asked—none were needed—it was evident that the engineer had driven the firemen from their station soon after taking his new position—had transferred several barrels of oil and rosin to the fire under the boilers, and the sharp, shrill roar from the escape pipe, as well as the quivering of the steamer from truck to keelson as she leaped through the water with the impetuosity of a mad racer, told each and all the fearful nature of the peril which was momentarily increasing.

"We shall be blown to eternity! Shoot the wild beast down! Our lives are in the balance!" The words were ominously echoed by the sharp click of a revolver.

"Stay! Hold! On your life fire not!" And the voice rang like a clarion, yet with all the wild music of an æolian harp, as the crowd parted right and left, and the maiden of my story—the sister, magnificent even in her pallid beauty, rushed to the entrance.

"But my commission from Satan!" "Has been fulfilled!" With her eyes calmly reading his, she took his arm and led him quietly away to his state-room.

Captain Reynolds immediately ordered the dampening of the furnace fires, and by thus reducing the steam, we were soon comparatively safe.

I have but little more to add. We reached St. Louis in due time, and without any return of Lieutenant Hilton's malady, and as may be supposed, it needed but little urging for me to accompany them to the house of their uncle—a wealthy and retired merchant of that city—who gave us a princely welcome, worthy of his generous, bachelor heart.

Under the careful treatment of several of the most skillful physicians in the city, the lieutenant was soon entirely recovered.

And I? Need I say that my friendship for the beautiful Virginia had ripened into something warmer? Into love!

The reader will bear in mind that the author is recording a literal fact of actual occurrence.

An English Woman's Opinions of American Ladies.

Madame Bodichon, who has recently published a tract on "Women and Work," expresses her opinion that the life of most women is a practical denial of their duties to God.

"There is," she says, "in America, a large class of ladies who do absolutely nothing. In every large town in the United States there are large hotels or boarding houses, containing several hundred inhabitants each.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing upon the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last, he moved, threw back the hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group.

She also notices the fact that there is in this country as strong a public opinion against women working for a livelihood as in England. We never hear of a father in independent circumstances giving his daughter a professional education.

General Coffee's battery and thousands of musket balls played upon our ranks; we cared not for them—there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries, a hundred times more destructive, without quailing; but to know that every time the rifle was leveled towards us, and the bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must surely fall!

Waltzing.

The following dagueerotype, which we find in an Exchange, is executed in true colors:—"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady-voices, one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room.

"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady-voices, one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room. We did look—alas! for our modesty ought not to have done so. "If my children were among them, I'd whip them for it! Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the hickory!"

Bob, where is the State of Matrimony? "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out late o' nights.

Incident at the Battle of New Orleans.

A British officer who was at the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling interest and strangeness and very descriptive of the Western hunter, many of whom marched to the defence of New Orleans, as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson.

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales—a new material for breastworks—with a crowd of human beings behind, their heads only visible above the line of defence. We could distinctly see their long rifles lying over the bales, and the battery of General Coffee, directly in front with its great mouth gaping towards us, and the position of General Jackson, with his staff around him.

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I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming, through the smoke, the supernatural appearance of a great spirit. Again he re-loaded and discharged his rifle with unflinching aim; and it was with undescendible pleasure that I beheld as I neared the American lines, the sulphurous smoke gathered around us, and shut the spectral hunter from my gaze.

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Soon after, Mr. Edward was seen walking leisurely on the common, with a lady, he having hold of one end of a light pole, measuring six feet in length, while his lady had hold of the other end!

ONLY AX'D FOR INFORMATION.—As Deacon A—, an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor D—, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, and the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica, this blue-nosed cold morning?"

BAD LAW, BAD MORALS, AND BAD LOGIC.—Some of our cotemporaries are advancing the theory that a man, in certain cases, has a moral right to be his own avenger. This is all wrong. No human being has any "right" conferred by any law, human, or divine. It is justifiable to take life only to preserve life; in other words, to kill the assassin who seeks to kill you. But this self defence. It is not revenge. "Thou shalt not kill," remember,—is equally binding with "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Hence the folly, the wickedness, and bad logic of violating the Sixth Commandment, simply in order to repair or "revenge" a breach of the Seventh.

A Good Joke.

A correspondent of the Lambvertville (N. J.) Beacon says, a short time since, while staying at the borough of E—, he overheard the following, which he thinks too good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under Government, were seated on a tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named John D—, a person who is very loquacious, when cornered, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that if the company had no objections, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain King—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that, one day the King took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted on a jackass. He advised them; 'for,' said he, 'it certainly will rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace the King reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not." "The King then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'Tell me,' said the King, 'how you knew it would rain.'" "I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me." "And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the King." "By pricking up his ears, your Majesty," returned the rustic.

Not many years ago, a young man at a seminary in one of the New England States, was found guilty of disobeying the rules of the school, as he had actually walked with a young lady, contrary to orders previously given, and perfectly well understood.

Mr. Edward (as we will call him) was accordingly called upon to make acknowledgements before the school, or be expelled.—Whereupon, the said Mr. Edward arose, and said:—"I prefer by all means making an acknowledgment, to being expelled from school; and I acknowledge that I walked with the lady mentioned, and with my umbrella protected her from the storm. I also acknowledge that I had not done so, she might have taken cold, and a serious illness, or perhaps a consumption, might have been the result, in which case I should have blamed myself, and my teachers knowing the circumstances, might also have blamed me."

Well, said the teacher, "walking a distance of six feet from a lady would not be considered an infringement of our regulations. Soon after, Mr. Edward was seen walking leisurely on the common, with a lady, he having hold of one end of a light pole, measuring six feet in length, while his lady had hold of the other end!"

TIME'S GRATITUDE AND REVENGE.—Time is a good and faithful friend, but a most revengeful and remorseless enemy. Like a deep-feeling and love-desiring human heart, it treasures up a grateful memory of kindness and good service; and is sure, sooner or later to make payment with the addition of compound interest. But for every instance of neglect or abuse, it takes certain and terrible vengeance; and none who incur its anger can escape its punishment; for, like death, time is inexorable.

THE man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions. No wonder we are all more or less pleased with mediocrity, since it leaves us at rest, and gives the same comfortable feeling as when one associates with his equals. Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves. Most men employ the first part of their life to make the other miserable.

False Conclusions.

Nothing is sooner arrived at—nothing takes so long to disabuse the mind of—nothing is so common as a false conclusion; and having once made it, how tenacious we are of its safe keeping, and how offended we are if any bold people, glorying in their strong-mindedness, dare to hint that what we esteem to be truth is nothing but a flame! What prejudice was ever nursed by the philosophers with half the fondness they exhibited for the false conclusion that the world was a flat plane instead of a sphere? We laugh at these errors now, and esteem ourselves wise in our superior knowledge, and freedom of childish notions—and yet we every day, every one of us, give ourselves up, unhesitatingly, to a belief in any species of falsehood that assumes the garb of truth; and this not because we are deficient in discernment or good sense, but because there is in all of us a natural love of the mysterious and romantic. The prevalence of false conclusions is to be attributed to nothing but idleness and love of mental ease, and we accept a dogma without examination, just as a near-sighted traveller might an umbrella at an inn; never discovering its poverty and "looped and windowed wretchedness," till we come to bring it into use. Half the misunderstandings that have arisen in families—half the popular errors we are prone to cherish, and the weaknesses that we nurse like school girls do their dolls, have arisen, in the first place, probably, from some in authority, who should have known better, and were likely enough, paid for knowing better arriving at false conclusions. Much mischief has arisen and constantly arises, from the indulgence of that species of mental idleness, which is content to take all it hears for granted, without inquiring into its truth or falsehood; it will be well for him who would possess a mind of his own—not a dictatorial, positive, disagreeable, contradictory sort of way, but a firm and independent manliness—to study well before he gives credence to any fact; and, at the same time, never to take that for falsehood which may by possibility be sterling truth.

The Pin and the Needle.

A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You're a poor, crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your eye out if you insult me again," said the pin. "While they you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the needle. "And you are so pertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well; here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."—Madison Record.

SUT LOVINGOOD AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The first locomotive Sut ever saw, was standing with steam up, and nearly ready to go, making no noise save a suppressed humming from the safety valve. Sut had, in his secrecy, cautious way, clammered to the top of the tender to find out "what sort o'v beast" it was, when the engineer slyly gave the whistle lever a long pull—shay-y-y! Sut lit twenty feet distant on a pile of cordwood, and after running until he got straightened up, he turned round all eyes, and said:—"What in the deuce did you do to it, mister?"

Just at this moment a negro came trudging a trunk, with a cooking stove, a joint of pipe on the fire hole, and pins and pans hanging all round. Sut took a look first at the stove and then at the locomotive; a light broke out over his perplexity, and he shouted to the engineer:—"Oh, yes, I understand it all now; the darned old brute wass just a 'mickrin' for her colt."

'Twas twilight. The sun had sunk beneath the western hill, and the bright rays which streaked the eastern horizon had disappeared. A lovely female, who had been but one short week a bride, had been led to the nuptial altar with lively anticipations of future felicity, sat in a secluded apartment with her husband. She slowly moved her nymph-like form towards the partner of her bosom, raised her delicate hand—and—stayed him in his face with the dish cloth! The remainder of this interesting story will appear in the Thunder and Lightning Gazette, which is written by all the brilliant writers in the world—and the county adjacent.