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The largest and best selected Stock of Goods ever offered in this community. Includes descriptions of dress goods, hats, and various household items.

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AT BEN JACOBS' CHEAP CORNER. BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and full assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

\$10,000 REWARD!!

WILL risk the above sum that he can sell Goods, to everybody, at prices to suit the times. His stock has been reloaded for FALL and WINTER.

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Hill Street, one door west of Carmon's Store. Has just returned from the City with a splendid assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and PLAIN and FANCY VESTINGS.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

LEVI WESTBROOK. Has just opened his new stock of BOOTS and SHOES for men, women, boys, misses and children. All kinds of styles for Ladies can be found at his store.

H. ROMAN!

H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! H. ROMAN! NEW CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED. NEW CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED.

BELL, GARRETTSON & CO., BANKERS,

HUNTINGDON, PA. A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, &c. constantly for sale.

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LEWIS BOOK STORE. A general article for sale at LEWIS BOOK STORE.

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A good article for sale at LEWIS BOOK STORE. DON'T FAIL to see "SIXTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT" and "BRILLIANT OFFER, in another column."

IT is a fact that Fisher & McMurtrie have the largest and cheapest stock of Goods in town.

The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 7, 1859. VOL. XV. NO. 24.

A Select Story.

OH, SING TO ME. BY FINEY JOHNSON. Oh, sing to me, my own beloved, That sweet and simple strain, That I have treasured in my heart.

Original.

ORATION.

DELIVERED BY S. T. DAVIS, OF COTTAGE, HUNTINGDON COUNTY, PA., AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE LANCASTER COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL, SEPT. 2ND, 1859. Subject—SCIENCE THE HANDMAID OF RELIGION.

Great Philosophers have asserted that science is the handmaid of religion, and they may assert it with confidence, since they have abundant proof to substantiate its correctness.

By careful and unrelenting observation, the Astronomer has been enabled, step by step, to base upon the everlasting foundation of truth, a science; a science which has not only been the means of propagating and enlarging our views of those brilliant gems which bedeck and illumine the vault of heaven.

By tracing out the different branches of science, we find them the results of investigating the numerous displays of divine wisdom, the perfect adaptation and relation which they bear one to another, the complete structure of every plant that grows, and every insect that flies.

The Bible must be interpreted precisely in the same manner as any other production, and requires previous and special preparation. No man can become a skillful physician unless he previously makes himself acquainted with the structure of the human body, the functions of the different organs of the system, and the laws and conditions upon which health depends.

But perhaps facts would more satisfactorily decide the different interpretations of the scriptures than reasoning. The ancients supposed that the heavens were spanned by a solid transparent arch, and that in this arch there were windows or apertures, through which the rain descended, and they resorted

to the bible for the proof of their opinions, pointed out the description of the creation, the formation of the firmament, the division of the waters, and also the account of the deluge, during which the windows of heaven are represented as being opened.

It is hardly necessary to state that meteorology has fully demonstrated that the ancient interpretations of those passages of scripture, are preposterous, and that no such solid arch exists in mid-heaven, but that the earth is surrounded by a transparent atmosphere.

Again, until the science of astronomy began to be developed, no other principle was thought more obvious than that the earth was immovably fixed in the centre of the Universe, and that the heavenly orbs performed their revolutions regularly around it.

God is said to have "established the foundations of the earth so that they could not be removed forever." The inspired Psalmist says: "He sets the moon in heaven thereby the seasons to discern, From him the sun his certain time Of going down doth learn."

But it has been clearly demonstrated by astronomy, that the earth is not a fixed planet, but revolves around the sun, and thus causes the apparent rising and setting of the heavenly bodies. And although the two venerable philosophers, Copernicus and Galileo, were shamefully forced to recant their doctrine on their knees, as being in direct opposition to the sacred scriptures, it is true.

Now, are we to suppose that the sacred writers meant to teach anything that was not strictly true? Certainly not, but they used language which was optically, although not physically correct; and if we but examine the writings of the sacred scriptures, and the sublime figures therein employed, we are almost led to believe that their authors anticipated the aid of science to assist the children of men in interpreting the true meaning and object of divine revelation.

Science has a basis as well as religion, and if they are but united, their foundations will become broader and stronger, and they will rear themselves into one great fabric to the glory of God.

Science in this world, may be compared to the little stream that trickles from the mountain spring—though impeded in its course, it presses boldly on, and increasing in size, it winds its way through the silent forest and over fearful precipices, till it swells into the majestic river, and is borne smoothly along, and at last mingles its placid waters with those of the mighty ocean—the great emporium of waters.

So with science; men in some simple operation of nature, discover a few simple truths; they pursue these onward till they unite in a great principle, and as they follow farther onward, new tributaries of truth come in on either side, and form a principle broader and stronger, and still more comprehensive.

And when the Christian Philosopher shall resume the study of science in a future world, he will be able to trace onward the ramifications of truth, till they unite into higher and higher principles, and become one in that centre of centres—the Divine Mind—the ocean from which all truths originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns.

Miscellaneous News.

Startling Facts!

The following startling developments made by Dr. Hiram Cox, Inspector of Liquors in Ohio, in a letter to James Black, Esq., of Lancaster, will show the extent to which the adulterating and drugging of liquors is practised, and the devastating which these poisoned beverages is making among all classes of drinkers.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 3, 1859. Another evidence that the exposures which I have been making have had a salutary moral effect, is that there has not been one-fourth as much liquor sold yearly since as there was previously; and another is, that a number of large liquor establishments have closed, their proprietors ruining many of their fellow-citizens who had become their sureties.

After they drank, I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had but 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 40 per cent. to be proof, and the difference in per centage made up by Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Pelitory, Caustic Potassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nuxia Vomica, commonly called New Vomica.

It is understood that the physicians of Judge Douglas unite in urging him to proceed to the coast of Florida, with a view to the restoration of his health, and also that Mrs. Douglas accompany him for a similar purpose, as soon as their strength will enable them to travel.

a tumbler containing, perhaps, half a gill, and waited on it 15 minutes—at the expiration of which, the liquor was black as ink.—The spatula corroded, and when dried had a thick coating of rust, which, when wiped off, left a copper coat almost as thick as if it had been plated. I charged him on the spot, under penalty of the law, not to sell a drop of it; took samples of it to my office, and the following is the result of the analysis: 1st sample, (dark,) 55 per cent. alcoholic spirits, by volume, and 41 per cent. by weight; specific gravity 0.945.

2d sample, (pale,) 54 per cent. alcoholic spirits by volume, 40 per cent. by weight; specific gravity 0.955. This article has the same adulterations as the first, but in greater abundance, with the addition of Catchue.—Remark—Most villainous concoctions.

As a matter of course, these articles of liquor could not be sold without a violation of the liquor law, consequently I condemned them. They were purchased on four months' time. The purchaser immediately notified the New York merchant of the character and quality of the goods, and directed him to send for them; but, instead of sending for them, he waited until the notes became due, and brought suit in our Court of Common Pleas. I analyzed the liquors in the presence of court and jury, showed them satisfactorily that they were the pernicious, poisonous and villainous liquors, which I had represented them to be, and the defendant gained his case triumphantly; and Mr. New York merchant vanished before I could get a State warrant, or he would now be learning an honest mode of making a living at one of our State institutions in Columbus.

It is the fashion now to call him a crazy fanatic. But history will do the head of John Brown the same ample justice that even his enemies give to his heart. It is no impossible feat to plant a permanent armed insurrection in Virginia. Within a few days march of Harper's Ferry, lies the great Dismal Swamp, whose interior depths are forever untroubled save by the feet of fugitive slaves.

It is a great mistake to term this act the beginning of bloodshed and civil war. Never could there be a greater error. We have had bloodshed and civil war for the last ten years. The campaign began on the 7th of March, 1850. The dissolution of the Union dates from that day, and we have had no constitution since. On that day Daniel Webster was put to death; ah, and such a death!—And from that time to this there has not been a month that has not seen the soil of freedom invaded and attacked, our citizens kidnapped, imprisoned, or shot, or driven by thousands into Canada.

No, it is not true that the conflict at Harper's Ferry is the beginning of a civil war. That would be like saying that the capture of Yorktown was the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle. The meaning of that new sign is this: Freedom, for ten years weakly standing on the defensive, and for ten years defeated, has now become the assailant, and has now gained the victory. The Bunker Hill of our second revolution has been fought, and the second Warren has paid the glorious forfeit of his life.

One such man makes total depravity impossible, and proves that American greatness died not with Washington. The gallows from which he ascends into heaven will be in our politics what the cross is in our religion—the sign and symbol of supreme self-devotedness, and from his sacrificial blood the temporal salvation of four millions of our people shall yet spring. On the second day of December he is to be strangled in a Southern prison for obeying the sermon on the Mount. But to be hanged in Virginia is like being crucified in Jerusalem—it is the last tribute which sin pays to virtue.

It is not treason, in the full sense of the word, to say nothing of the rank blasphemous remarks contain, we are at loss to know what is.

Rum is Not a Gift of God. From the hands of the benevolent Being who sitteth upon the "circle of the universe," directing the destiny of the human family, we receive naught to injure or molest us—all his dispensations are for our good, and that only—and all his gifts are for our happiness while upon the earth.—Those mighty engines of human destruction, which damn our earth and obscure heaven, are of human origin and human invention. Rum, the great sinner of them all, for nowhere in creation can it be found among the gifts of our Heavenly Father. We affirm that in all the world—nay in all the universe of God, there is not a lake, a river, a streamlet, or a fountain of intoxicating drinks. There is no such a thing in nature. Water, God has everywhere given, spread it all over the world, sent it down from the clouds, sent it bubbling up from the earth, made it journey in ceaseless activity in rills and great rivers towards the ocean. He has, wherever men can live, given it to him at his very door, but intoxicating drinks he has provided nowhere on the face of the whole earth. That "gift," whether good or evil, is not the gift of God, but the invention of man—an invention that has destroyed more lives, desolated more homes, occasioned more sorrow and anguish, than war, pestilence and famine combined. It may, by many, be thought a questionable policy to deprive men of the use of it by legitimate enactment, but to call intoxicating drinks the "Good gift of God," is an abuse of terms, and a burning reproach upon the benevolence and holy attributes of the Deity.

Treason in the Pulpit.

We give below, extracts from a Sermon lately preached in Dover, New Hampshire, by the Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock. They will give the people of Pennsylvania to understand the treasonable spirit that exists among the Abolitionists of New England.

From the martyrdom of Brown dates a new era of the anti-slavery cause. To moral agitation will now be added physical—to argument action. The appeals of the North will now be applied to the terrors as well as to the conscience of this great barbarism. Other devoted men will follow in the wake of Brown, avoiding his error, and will carry on to its full results the work he has begun.

Slave propagandism we have had long enough.—We are likely now to have some liberty propagandism. I rejoice to see a man whose banner bears no uncertain sign. The North wants no more cornstalk generals, but a real general, one who is both platform and party in himself. If an honest expression of the North could be taken to-morrow John Brown would be the people's candidate for the next Presidency, and he would receive a million votes. He had a live religion also. He believed that God spoke to him in visions of the night. Yes, incredible as it may seem, this man actually believed in God.

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A Letter From Captain Brown.

The following letter communicated to the Independent, was written by Captain John Brown to Rev. H. L. Vail, of Litchfield, Ct., who was in 1817 an instructor of Mr. Brown. The Italics and small caps follow the original.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 15, 1859. REV. H. L. VAIL—My Dear Steadfast Friend—Your most kind and most welcome letter of the 8th instant, reached me in due time.

I am very grateful for all the good feeling you express, and also for the kind counsels you give, together with your prayers in my behalf. Allow me here to say, that notwithstanding "my soul is amongst lions," still I believe that "God in very deed is with me." You will not, therefore, feel surprised when I tell you that I am "joyful in all my tribulations;" that I do not feel condemned of Him whose judgment is just; nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chain or prospect of the gallows. I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to "suffer affliction with God's people," for preaching righteousness in the great congregation. I trust it will not all be lost. The jailer (in whose charge I am) and his family, and assistants, have all been most kind; and notwithstanding, he was one of the bravest of all who fought me, he is now being abused for his humanity. So far as my observation goes, none but brave men are likely to be humane to a fallen foe. Towards prove their courage by their ferocity. It may be done in that way with but little risk.

I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, clerical men among others. Christ, the great captain of liberty as well as of salvation, and who bore his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand, ("the sword of the Spirit,") and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier, wherever he may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers.

My dear old friend, I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had then led us; and I bless His name that He has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the "brink of Jordan."—See Bunyan's Pilgrim. God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of Him whom I call my Father; and certainly no son ever needed it oftener; and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in making the prosperity and the happiness of others my own; so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity.—I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when "peace on earth and good will to men," shall everywhere prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath."

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends of my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them.

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly fail. I often expressed that belief, and can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not as yet, in the main at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed, as regards myself, in not keeping up to my own plan; but I now rest entirely reconciled to that, even for God's plan was infinitely better no doubt, or I should have kept my own. Had SAMSON kept to his determination of not telling DELILAH wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never been overturned the house. I did not tell DELILAH, but I was not induced to act very contrary to my better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes.

But "God's will not mine be done." I feel a comfortable hope that, like that erring servant of whom I have just been writing, even I may (through infinite mercy in Jesus Christ) yet "die in faith." As to both the time and manner of my death—I have but very little trouble on that score; and am able to be (as you exhort) "of good cheer."

I send through you, my best wishes to Mrs. — and her son George, and to all dear friends. May the God of the poor and oppressed be the God and Savior of you all.—Farewell, till we meet again. Your friend in truth. JOHN BROWN.

A Sister's Love.

There are no purer feelings kindled upon the altar of human affections than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections—so disconnected with selfish sensuality—so feminine in its development—dignified, and yet, withal, so fond and devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortune, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother—yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister? And if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep regard in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In the annals of crime, it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of envy, hatred or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In these regards where the passions are not at all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feelings may be expected than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its out-pourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

WORTHY OF RECORD.—The Harrisburg Patriot and Union says, within the last two years the Pennsylvania railroad company have carried over two millions of passengers upon their road, and in all that number not a single one has been killed in the cars. Accidents, to be sure, have happened, but they were either to persons standing on platforms or attempting to get on or off the cars while in motion. To the one who was seated in the cars not an accident has, in this vast number of persons, resulted in death.