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Select Poetry.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

There is snow on the hillside,
And a glittering chain
Of frost lengthen'd over
The trees down the lane;

Select Story.

THE HEAVY CROSS.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hullins had lived next door to one another for more than twelve years, and it is probable that they would have continued to live in harmony, if Samuel, who had served under Admiral Nelson, had not gained at Trafalgar a small pension, which he paid for by the loss of one of his legs.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 51.

"Such as this," said Mr. Taylor, taking a bit of chalk and tracing a white cross on Robert's coat; "as long as you wear this I will not ask you for your rent."

Hope thought at first that his landlord was joking; but on being assured that he was speaking seriously—

"By St. George!" cried he, "you may be sure that you have seen the last of my money, for I will carry such a cross all my life!"

Robert soon left, congratulating himself on his good luck, and all along the road he laughed at the folly of Mr. Taylor in giving up his rent so easily.

"Ah! good heavens, Robert, where have you been? You have a cross a foot long on your back. You must have come from the tavern, and I suppose some drunken friend has played you this trick to make you look like a booby—as if you needed a mark for that! Get up, and keep quiet till I brush off that cross!"

"Get off!" cried Hope, turning away quickly, "my clothes have no need of you; go and knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That I will not!" said Mistress Hope in still sharper tones. "I do not wish my husband to become the laughing stock of the village, and if I tear your coat in pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross!"

So saying the whole household endeavored to brush Robert's shoulder; and he, knowing that resistance was useless, fled, swearing and shutting the door violently.

"What a fury!" murmured he; "if she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good luck; but she is not worthy of knowing it."

"O, Robert!" cried the old man Fox, the moment Hope turned the corner of his house; "what is that white cross you carry on your back?"

"Mind your own business," replied Hope insolently.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the daughter of the grocer, "stop a moment if you please, till I rub off the cross some one has made on your shoulder."

"Go and sell your herrings, idle girl," replied Robert, "and don't trouble yourself about the passers-by."

The little girl, confused, hastened into her mother's shop. Just then Hope reached the house of the butcher, who was chatting with his neighbor, the blacksmith.

"You are just the man we want," said they stopping Robert, and immediately began to talk of business; but hardly had they begun, when an old woman, Peggy Turton, came up, dressed in her plaid and blue apron.

"Heavens—Mr. Hope!" cried she, gathering up her apron with her hands, "what a horrible thing on your back!"

Robert turned around to tell her to let it alone; but the blacksmith perceived the mark.

"By heavens, look!" said he, laughing, "he can serve as the sign for the inn of the White Cross."

"I suppose," added the butcher, "that his wife put this sign on his shoulder for fear of losing him."

Hope felt there was but one way to escape their jokes, so he hastily left the place, but not without calling them foolish idlers.

The cross began to weigh on his shoulders more than he had at first supposed possible.

The unhappy Robert seemed destined this day to unpleasant meetings, for scarcely had he taken a few steps when he found himself in the midst of the school children.

The school was over, and the scholars burst into the road, disposed to make the most of any occasion for frolic which might present itself.

Hope was seized with a terrible restlessness; he seemed already to hear the hue and cry after him. Before long his fears were realized; when a loud cry was heard, and at last fifty scholars began to run after him, and throwing their bonnets and caps in the air.

"Look, look!" said one, "he looks like a sheep marked for the butcher!"

And the shouts of laughter began again, louder than ever. Hope now became pale with anger; he turned round like a surly house dog worried by children, and perhaps would have taken cruel revenge on his persecutors, if Mr. Johnson, the school-master, had not just then shown himself at the door of his house.

Robert went towards him and began to complain that his school was composed of vagabonds and insolent children.

Mr. Johnson replied gently, that he would not for all the world encourage impertinence in his scholars, but that the white cross which he had on his back would make people wiser than children laugh.

"What business is that to you?" replied Robert, haughtily, "is not my back my own property?"

man Fox, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the scholars, that he decided to return home, thinking that after all he should be more quiet there. So he started for home.

Sometimes he would walk quickly, so as not to be overtaken; then he would take a step a minute, in order not to pass some one he would see in advance; sometimes in the road, sometimes in the fields, he would glide behind bushes and jump over walls, and fly from the sight of men with as much care as a robber who had stolen a chicken from a farmyard—all this time the white cross was insupportably heavy. At last he reached home, and hoping now to find a little quiet. But as soon as his wife saw him she cried out:

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went out? Already five or six of our neighbors have asked me if you had not lost your senses. Quick now, let me pass my apron over that cross."

So saying, Mistress Hope tried to get hold of her husband's arm; but he rudely pushed her back. Mistress Hope, who was not overburdened with patience, replied with a blow, and the result was a regular fight between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

It is not necessary to say that everybody decided against Robert, who at first braved the general disapprobation, and even found consolation in his fury; but the more impetuously a fire burns, the sooner it consumes that which nourishes it; even as passionate men soon exhaust their energy by the violence of their feelings. Robert on becoming calmer had not the courage to continue this painful contest; he felt that there was no hope of quiet for him, either out of doors or in his own house, as long as he wore that cross on his coat, and he decided to efface it that evening himself, of his own accord.

The following Monday he went at an early hour to the house of his landlord with the rent for the week in his hand.

"Ah, ah, Robert!" said Mr. Taylor, as soon as he saw him, "I thought you would repent of your bargain before long. This is a good lesson for envious and impatient characters, who are constantly complaining of God and life. Call to mind all that has happened, Mr. Hope, and remember that He who has created us, proportioned the burden to the back of each one of us. Do not complain of being less happy than others, for you do not know what your neighbor suffers. All crosses are heavy; that which makes them light is patience, courage and faith."

General Jackson's Noble Wife.

Many of our public men have been blessed with wives and mothers who were the ornaments of their sex, and by their quiet and ennobling influence contributed largely to the subsequent greatness of their children and husbands.

Mr. Parton tells the following story of Gen. Jackson's wife.

When Gen. Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1823, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife.

On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it and his eyes fell on an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him." Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she thought she saw mischief in his eyes.

The General went out, after a few moments, when she took up the paper, and understood everything. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse and cried out—

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live. Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone!" he replied; "how came you to know what I am going for?"

She answered, "I saw it all in my paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of doing this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her, "I say let go my horse; I'll have his heart's blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven.

At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties, and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-veiled hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price for you in all times and places.

Hold on to your character, for it is and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to swear, lie, speak harsh or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Robert had left his own house, intending to go and look after some work which had been offered him in a neighboring village, but his temper had been so ruffled by the old

A Young Man's Character.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his own character. A watchful regard of his character in early youth will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life.

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastening, and elevating.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature, and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the independence of baser passions, and to the affection that power of adhesion to whatever is pure, and good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impressions by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities of exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men, are so many and great that it really is worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an angelic life.

The promises of God are in inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effect of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches forth to the things that remain for us, to the true dignity of his nature, can find scope for his intellect, and all-inspiring themes for his heart.

Yankee Courage.

More than half a century since, a New England farmer boy entered Harvard College as a student. The class to which he belonged were assembled in the room of one of their number for one of the convivial meetings which were common in those days.

A man dressed in a teamster's frock drove a load of the produce of his farm to Cambridge. After transacting his business, he entered the College yard and inquired of a lad he met there for J—T—.

The little-shouldered fellow, thinking to mortify the young man, took him to his room occupied by the class, and opening the door, said—

"T—, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

T—, without exhibiting the slightest mortification, sprang to the door, and welcomed his father very affectionately; then turning to his class-mates, said—

"Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce my father to you, he is a poor and hard-working man, but as honest and worthy a man as lives."

Pride and aristocracy were abashed, and all the nobler feelings of our nature aroused in the young man. They came forward, shook hands with the old man, invited him to enter their room and take a glass of wine with them, which was the compliment usually offered to visitors at that time.

He of whom this anecdote is related, after filling an honorable office in the Courts of Essex County for many years, has ceased to act his part among us; but the memory of his virtues will be cherished by all who had the happiness of knowing him; and it is to be hoped that his example may strengthen many to be true to their highest and best impulses.

INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.—Much has been said of infanticide in China, but it appears to be exaggerated. Children are generally worth something; parents might sell them, or, at any rate, could take them to the foundling hospital, of which there is generally one in every city; but during the famine alluded to, there were doubtless many mothers who were unable to supply the natural nourishment to their offspring, and the infants died, or perhaps were put an end to. It struck me at the time that many infants must be destroyed, and I went to the small tower, not far from Shanghai, into which bodies of children are cast.

The tower covers the well, and stands about twenty feet high; at the upper part are two small arched windows, through which the children are thrown. On climbing up to look down through the windows, I was horrified to find, that not only was the well full, but the tower piled to the top with bodies.

The keen frosty weather prevented putrefaction giving earlier notice of the dead pile there accumulated. The infants were wrapped in mats or old clothes; but there was nothing to lead to the belief that they were thrown there alive, or that they had been killed; and without better evidence than exists, the Chinese at Shanghai should have the benefit of the doubt, and we may believe that most of children died a natural death, and were deposited in this recognized receptacle for their bodies, to save the expenses of the regular burial.

At the foot of the tower remains of small fires were visible, showing that offerings had been made to "Joss" through the most glaring of cheats, paper syces. The strongest evidence against the tower is its proximity to a Buddhist nunnery; these are often most disreputable places. There was one at Fochow, in which the nuns behaved so grossly that they were put to death, and the funds of the nunnery were confiscated to the Government.

—Twelve Years in China.

The soul of liberty is the love of law, says the German philosopher Klopstock.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife? "My dear I love thee still."

One-line news items are scarce.

Miscellaneous News.

Counterfeit Coins.

The whole country is flooded with counterfeits of gold and silver coin, and, unless something is done to arrest the growing evil, the rogues will soon have it all their own way.

Formerly, a pair of scales and a bottle of nitric acid were all that was necessary to enable any receiver of money to detect the bogus coin while an expert would separate the genuine from the counterfeit by the very touch and ring of the piece. Science and skill have changed all that; and now the experts are themselves at fault, while the common people are altogether at the mercy of the manufacturers of bogus coin.

Up to a recent period, the most dangerous fraud in circulation was made from a genuine die, fitted to strike quarter-eagles, which was stolen from the mint at New Orleans. It bore the date of 1854, if we remember rightly; and the pieces were made of composition metal, handsomely plated, and coined in this stolen die.

That was followed by the practice of splitting the gold dollar, taking out about sixty cents of its value, and soldering the shell together again. Then came the sawing into the edge of a piece, generally a half or quarter eagle, cutting two-thirds of the way through, and afterwards filling up the coin, remilling and gilding the edge.

The latest and most skillful of these frauds is perpetrated, as far as detected, chiefly with the eagle. The piece is split into three parts, or at least the two outside shells containing the impression are separated from the centre. The latter is forfeited to the operator, and its place supplied by a fitting of platinum to which the outside are fastened, the edges being remilled and handsomely plated.

This is so well done, that very few experts, outside of the two accomplished restors of coin employed at the office of the Assistant Treasurer, can detect the cheat. The ten-dollar piece under this management loses about \$5.50 of its gold, and remains equally good for circulation. The fact that this is done at all, and the operation continued, is proof that it is carried on upon a large scale for the exquisitely fine machinery, and the skill and science necessary to success, could not be profitably employed except in the conduct of an extensive business.

The pieces are full weight, and except through the wonderful instinct of here and there a rare expert, they cannot be detected, as they answer all tests that do not involve the breaking or cutting of the coin. There must be, at this moment, a large number of them on deposit in our banks, and in almost every full bag of coin one or more of these, or other similar frauds, may be discovered, while the number of bad pieces offered at the Sub-Treasury has sometimes amounted to fifty or sixty dollars in a single package of five thousand.

The counterfeit and fraudulent silver coins are also increasing. The greasy lead or soft composition quarter-dollars any one may detect; and a portion of the bad half-dollars are of the same stamp. But more recently a composition-piece has been uttered, which rings well, does not feel smooth to the touch, and can only be detected by careful testing. Its exact ingredients are unknown, but the weight is evidently made up by a per centage of platinum. The increased abundance of the last named metal has added very much to the facility with which these operations are conducted.

Formerly, if a piece offered as gold was of full weight, with no increase of size, the fair inference was that it must be genuine.—Platina first came into use about the middle of the last century, being found in considerable quantities in South America, and since it has also been discovered in Russia and other parts of the world. In color it nearly resembles zinc, but it is heavier than gold, its specific gravity being 21.5 while gold is only 19.3.

To facilitate the understanding of this subject, we may remark that in addition to these two metals, the others usually employed in these coinage operations are—mercury which weighs 13.5, lead 11.3, silver 10.5, copper 9, and zinc about 7; that is, the bulk of the metal displaces that number of times of its own weight of water. It is easy to see that as platina is worth less than gold, while its specific gravity is greater, it is certain to be employed in all successful frauds, where the weight is essential. In counterfeitings of silver, it is sometimes added in small quantities to give both weight and consistency.

Since these new frauds are so difficult of detection when once the coin is in circulation, it follows that the only successful method of dealing with these manufacturers is to discover the establishment whence they are first issued, and to take possession of the implements employed in their production. This is all the easier from the necessities of the case, as such elaborate work cannot be done in a corner. To make it worth while for experienced detectives to move in the matter, they must have a greater stimulus to exertion than the mere hope of becoming public benefactors. Formerly the several district attorneys at the principal commercial centres were authorized to offer rewards for the detection of counterfeiters, but the practice has fallen into disuse.

It is the work of weeks to follow the most skillful utterers of bogus coin back to the establishment where the artist has his home, as not infrequently the coins pass through several hands before they make their first public appearance, and the secret of the workshop is carefully guarded. Make it an object however, and the detective will do it, and the reward should be sufficient to keep a number of these shadows always on the lookout. Within a few days the banks have become a little startled by finding a sprinkling of these pieces inside their vaults, and public attention is likely to be aroused to a serious effort to abate the nuisance. We cannot doubt the hearty co-operation of the Government in a matter of such importance.

AN EXTENSIVE FRENCH.—The mere cost of land on which British railways are constructed, has averaged \$43,000 per mile, at much the average cost of making a railway in the United States.

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BREAK-DOWN OF A REPUBLICAN RATIFICATION MEETING.—An "Abe Lincoln" meeting was arranged for the evening of the 22d, at Lucas Market, St. Louis, and some of the people met, and contrary to the usual style of announcing such meetings, viz: that the "enthusiasm was indescribable"—we are bound to state that it could be easily described. The expected crowd was tardy; and it was 9 o'clock before a chairman was obtained. No other officer was appointed. During the delay in organizing some fun was in progress. "Time" was frequently called by the men of muscle, and the following calls filled the air: "Start your canal boat"—"Drive on your cart"—"Cut loose your flat boat"—"Hurrah for Bates"—"Three cheers for the Irrepressible Conflict"—"If you can't get up a free soil meeting, let's organize some other sort"—"Hurrah for Abraham and the Israelites"—"Pitch on your fence rails." At length, about 9 o'clock, Wm. C. Jones called the meeting to order, and Francis H. Manter was announced as Chairman. He was not assisted by the usual array of Secretaries and Vice Presidents. The only speaker was Francis P. Blair, Jr. He was frequently interrupted by cheers for Chase, Bates, Father Abraham, and even for Blair himself. The name of Douglas was frequently called. Mr. Blair managed to say a few words about the bearing of the slaveholders of his own State, but got no further, and upon the conclusion of his remarks the platform broke down, and the oratory, but not the fun, came to an end.

A "PINCHIN" TIME GETTING INTO A SNOW.—One of the Wisconsin lobby at the Chicago Convention, anxious to see the show from the gallery of the Wigwam, tried to pass the doorkeeper, when he was told that no gentleman could enter unless accompanied by a lady. Not to be bluffed, he waited the entrance of an apple woman and undertook to pass himself in under her protection. The doorkeeper told him that dodge had been "played out" at an early stage of the game. Back went our persevering friend and waited until the impracticable doorkeeper had had time to forget him, and then, closely following a remarkably well dressed female, he tightly grasped her shawl, and for the third time presented himself for admission.—"Hold on, sir! you can't go in," said the doorkeeper. "Well, then, let my wife come out; I am not going to trust her in there among all those ruffians!" indignantly exclaimed our friend. "Is that your will?" asked the guardian of the Wigwam. "Well it is," said the "gentleman from Wisconsin." The doorkeeper turned the well-dressed female around, and exhibited to the horrified gaze of our friend the repulsive lineaments of a greasy nigger wench. "Suthin' dropped," and when our friend revived he took the first train for Madison.—Madison Argus and Democrat.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN.—A correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy gives the particulars of a fatal accident which occurred on Saturday afternoon, the 26th of May, at the satinet factory of F. M. Bardwell & Co., in South Belchertown:—

"Henrietta Fuller, a young woman employed as a weaver in the factory, aged about eighteen years, went to a water cask to obtain some water for washing. The cask was very near an upright shaft and coupling box, which was revolving at the rate of over one hundred revolutions per minute, and with which the dress of the unfortunate girl became entangled. With every revolution her head struck upon the strong iron frame-work which supported the regulator, crushing her forehead, and forcing her eyes from their sockets, while her body and limbs were shockingly mangled and broken. The cask and the ceiling were covered with marks of the catastrophe, and the body was so firmly bound to the shaft that her steel skirts were cut with chisels before she could be liberated."

A SOUTHERN VOICE.—The North Carolina Standard, the central organ of the Democracy of that State, says: "For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that we will not go with South Carolina and William L. Yancey and his followers in their attempt to dissolve the Union. The star-spangled banner is not yet odious in our sight, nor do we by any means despair of the republic. We still have confidence in the National Democratic party. We look to Baltimore for confirmation of that confidence, and for a ticket which will triumph in November next. Meanwhile we are for the Constitution and the Union, and against all who would trample on the one or dissolve the other. As for Mr. Yancey, we leave him to the tender mercies of the Alabama Democracy. They will dispose of him."

A fearful outrage was committed at St. Athanasus, near St. John's, Canada, sometime towards the end of the last month, which was not, however, discovered till about ten days after, when it caused the wildest excitement among the population of the district.—

Adelaide Bizaillon, with her daughter Marie, aged 13 years, living at a place called Le Soixante, went to St. Athanasus, a distance of seven miles, to make some purchases, and, failing to return, a search was instituted for them. After a lapse of ten days their bodies were discovered in a field by some laborers. The heads of both were horribly mangled, the skulls being broken in. The instruments used for this purpose were sticks and a fence picket. Further examination showed that the girl had been violated. Three men, of very bad character, are in custody on suspicion of having committed the crime.

SENATOR SEWARD CLOSES HIS PUBLIC CAREER JULY 4, 1861.—The Auburn Advertiser says a committee of leading citizens of that place called on Mr. Seward on Saturday morning last, and requested him to consent to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July.—Mr. Seward received the request very kindly, but said that he must decline the invitation for the present year. He added, however, that if living on the Fourth of July, 1861, he would then cheerfully consent to deliver an address to his fellow-townsmen, as forty years previous to that date he had commenced his public life, and that occasion would be its conclusion.

The manufacture of lager beer in St. Louis the present year will reach 123,400 barrels; of common beer 85,500 barrels; of ale 4,400 barrels. The value of the manufactured articles was \$1,523,400. Estimating the working capital of each brewery at an average of \$15,000, we get the further sum of \$600,000 invested in beer, making a total of \$2,123,400.

BRIGHTON YOUNG.—It is said that this Mormon leader is in Philadelphia, and staying at the house of a friend. He purposes remaining there for several weeks.

The first new white wheat—from Georgia—was sold in New York on Monday at \$1.75 a bushel.