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The Globe

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Select Poetry.

HYMN OF TRUST. BY O. W. HOLMES. O Love Divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On Thee we cast each earthborn care, We smile at care while thou art near!

An Interesting Sketch.

LABOR AND CONTENTMENT.

BY JAMES FONDA. "Oh while ye feel 'tis hard to toil And labor all day through, Remember it is harder still To have no work to do."

Labor has been the lot of the human family since the fall of Adam. The decree has gone forth to the four quarters of the globe that man must labor and earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

As the tempest looms and the waves of adversity roll in, the man who has no other resource than his own strength and industry will find himself in a perilous position.

How many we see who, instead of manfully braving the storm of adversity, stop to murmur at their lot, and spend their time in sighing for wealth and bewailing the fate that made one man rich and the other poor.

Riches though regarded as the means of enabling the possessor to live in elegance and luxury and even in voluptuousness, cannot create happiness; the appetite soon becomes satiated, the senses are weakened, disease comes on, and the millionaire, amidst all his wealth, lives only in splendid misery.

Health, power and distinction are not the promoters of happiness. But happiness will be found in the knowledge and obedience to the laws of nature, which create health both physical and spiritual.

Whether a man is a merchant, a mechanic or a farmer, he will find that loss as well as gain, trouble as well as pleasure, will attend his steps—there is trouble for all both rich and poor; it heralds our approach in the world, it meets us at the threshold of life, and dogs us on our journey through, yet it is our duty to fight against it, nor is the effort without its reward.

When the Crucified ascended to his Father, his Disciples stood gazing upward with vacant looks until aroused by angelic voices saying, "ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing afar in the heavens?" or, in other words, why stand ye here idle, go forth to the field and labor. We are all God's stewards, do not stand idly by gazing in the

heavens which will work no miracles and drop no manna. When Elisha had lost the advantage of Elijah's instructions and guidance, he did not sit down despondingly and mournfully enquire where is Elijah my friend, my father, and my guide, but he took the prophet's mantle and smote the waves of Jordan, exclaiming "where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

We are commanded to labor. The Bible says, "He that does not work shall not eat," a commandment which seems to have been held sacred by a tribe of Indians called Glosnashes, who had a great aversion to sloth and idleness. When the tables were spread for their repast, the assembled youth were asked by their masters in what useful task they had employed from the hour of sunrise. One perhaps represented himself as having been an arbitrator, and succeeded by his prudent management in compromising a difference between friends, a second had been paying obedience to a parents' commands, a third had made some discovery by his own application, or learned something by another's instructions; but he who had done nothing to deserve a dinner was turned out doors without one.

The man who sits idly down and says God made nature beautiful, and man cannot improve it, forgets that without man's industry the world would be desolate. About three hundred and fifty years ago this now beautiful continent was a vast wilderness. Christopher Columbus by his perseverance and industry braved the perils of the deep and found a world, then emigrants left the old world and found a home on the Western continent. Bancroft records the fact that the first emigrants to the mother colonies of this continent were all working people, and thus the hamlets soon became villages and towns, and towns cities, and now the western continent stands unrivalled by its older sister—

Thus we owe all our prosperity to the industry of a few humble men. True we often judge of men by their splendor and not by this mode of their actions. When Alexander the Great demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, "By what right he infested the seas?" "By the same right," replied he, "that Alexander enslaves the world; but I am called a robber because I have only one small vessel, and he styled a conqueror because he commands great fleets and armies." Men of weak minds and narrow prejudices, are too much inclined to look to the outward show with more respect than they do to the better qualities of heart and mind.

Nearly a century ago, Mrs. Montague wrote, "I would not every day tell my footman, if I kept one, that the whole fraternity were a pack of scoundrels, that lying and stealing were inseparable qualities from their clothes. I should myself be very happy if they confined themselves to innocent lies, and would only steal candle ends. On the contrary, I would say in their presence that birth and money were accidents of fortune, that no man was to be seriously despised for wanting them, that an honest and faithful servant was a character of more value than an insolent and corrupt lord. That the real distinction between man and man lay in his integrity, which in one shape or another generally met with its reward in this world, and could not fail of giving the highest pleasure by a consciousness of virtue, which every man feels that is so happy as to possess it.

The most interesting and useful memoirs with which we are furnished by the pen of biography are not always those of the most distinguished public characters. Every star in the heavens, though in appearance quite small, is as the sun in size and in glory, no less spacious, no less luminous than the radiant source of day. The greatest of Roman satirists has said that "Virtue is the only and true nobility." The world is disposed to echo and applaud the sentiment, but yet to act as though birth and fortune were better and more estimable attractions of true nobility.—This is no reason, however, why the humble should bury their talents—

If we are raised above the brute creation, if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind we must be made for a different purpose.—We cannot have the faculties with which they are not furnished, but in order to lead a life different from them, and when our life is not such, when it is but a round of eating, drinking and sleeping as theirs, when by our idleness we are almost on a level with them, both as to all sense of duty and all knowledge that we possess, our time must have been grievously misemployed. There is no surer token of its having been so than that we have done little to advance ourselves above the herd, when the Creator has endowed us with a capacity so far superior—

"It is the object of the most That, living parcel of the common mass, And destitute of means to raise themselves, They sink and settle lower than they need. They know not what it is to feel within A comprehensive faculty, that grasps Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields Almost without an effort plans to vast For their conception, which they cannot move.

"We all complain," says the philosopher Seneca, "of the shortness of time and yet have much more than we know what to do. Most of our life is spent either in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there could be no

end to them." Every one should endeavor to make himself as useful as possible, though you may be humble, fear not, for a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked, for the arms of the wicked shall be broken, but the Lord upholdeth the righteous. He that made the sun above us, also made the grass on which we walk, and He who watches the sparrows fall, will watch over His people—the humblest need not repine:

Through waves, and clouds, and storms He gently clears the way, Wait there his time, so shall the night Soon end in joyous day.

Be contented with what you have—a useful life is before you, "fight a good fight, finish your course, keep the faith." Then complain no longer of your hardships and trial, but labor with your might that you may garner your harvest for the year of Jubilee.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.

It is strange what wonders may be accomplished, by industry and perseverance, in a few short years. A few years ago Tomkins was at home with "the old man," agriculturally engaged in the Spring, Summer and Fall, and walking a mile to school in the Winter. At that time he wore thick cowhide boots, his hair was long, ragged and yellow, and his clothes were vulgar homespun. He had heard of the city, and now and then had a golden dream about it, but had never visited it, and had never seen any of its luxuries and refinements, save on one Sunday, when a party of high-toned young drunks from the town raced past his father's door.

Having frequently read that the city "gets all its smart men from the country," Tomkins obtained the old man's consent to go thither. He went, and during the first year of his residence in town he pursued various avocations of menial character. But he kept steadily onward, and at length received a third-rate clerkship in a retail store.

An agreeable change now took place in Tomkins' personal appearance. He wore checkered pantaloons, and there was something almost supernaturally elegant about his necktie. By herculean efforts and considerable oil he made his hair "roll under" behind and "frizzle up" before. Standing before the glass, he would wonder if the old man and the neighbors would know him now. He made new acquaintances fast. He forgot his old friends, Bill Jones, the Hobbs boys, the Browns, and the other boys of the neighborhood. He forgot all the sweet things he had said and all the promises he had made to Sarah Jane, out there in the Peasey woods, which joined the old man's farm. But which was ever so much better, he got acquainted with the gay and brilliant blades who were identified, as he was, with the retail trade. He also got acquainted with the Miss Baskinses, the Miss Phipkinses, the Miss Murkinnes, &c.

He was gay, was Tomkins. He mastered billiards, he drove livery horses at a furious rate in the suburbs, and he got genteelly drunk every Saturday night. He knew the names of all the fancy drinks, of all the swift horses and the swifter women; and he chuckled to think how very much more he knew than those low fellows out there in the old man's neighborhood.

He read the titles of many books, but never looked beyond them. These titles he would gaze at very profoundly in Old Baskins' parlor, while waiting for the young ladies, who were going out with him, to dress. But to his credit be it said—he read the Eastern "literary" papers, and much good they must have done him.

He was subjected to a great trial one day last summer. A solitary horseman stopped in front of Biggs, Jiggs & Co.'s, and wanted to know "if his jeans worked there?"

That solitary horseman was old Tomkins. The person he inquired for was the gay and dashing young fellow we have been writing about. Now, Old Tomkins was quite a man at home. The neighbors, in fact, rather looked up to old Tomkins. But the idea of his presuming to come up to the city on that infernal old mare, in that everlasting old swallow-tailed coat, and that old hat, and above all those scandalous home-made pantaloons, was actually frightful. So James thought, but he had to grin and bear it; had to take the old fellow home to his boarding-house, where he made such awkward mistakes that Alfred Jenkins and Miss Larkins came very near choking themselves laughing at him. James was right glad when the "old cuss" went home.

Tomkins grows more and more elegant every day. The neighbors certainly would not know him now. His appearance is perfectly splendid.

Only think of it! Let the poor and uncounted young men in the country especially think of it! When James Tomkins first came to the city he was awkward and penniless. Now look at him! Gaze on the illustrious young man. He dresses beautifully, can bow charmingly, can talk exquisitely for hours about nothing, and owes about every tailor, shoemaker, billiard-marker, and livery stable-keeper in town!

It can thus be seen what a poor young man from the country can do in the city if he chooses, and how many of them do it! But the Romance of a Poor Young Man does not always end here. We wish it did. A crash—a pillaged money-drawer—flight of Tomkins—his capture by the police—trial—conviction—penitentiary—broken-hearted old father and mother—and the chorus of "I told you so," by the neighbors.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can it be said with truth that we are children of forefathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?

Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

"Sonny dear, you have a very dirty face." "Can't help it mam, dad's a black Republican."

Great Men Always Know Each Other.

When Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of bargain, intrigue, and corruption, he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H., then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side, presenting him to his numerous friends as they came forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittsur enter the door of the saloon. Instantly, he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. Clay, and then whispered to him:

"That tall man at the door is Governor Pittsur, of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you must be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels."

Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, whilst the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying as he came— "Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me and I shall know him, for great men always know each other on sight."

The Governor, looking everywhere, but in the right place, asked, as he passed on: "Where is the god-like man?" and saying, "I shall know him on sight, for great men like us never fail to know each other. I beg of you, gentlemen, not to introduce us, we shall know each other. You say he is in this room; good—I shall find him!"

And away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood.

"How are you, Governor Pittsur, of Pond River? I am rejoiced to see you."

"Dear that!" said the Governor; "didn't I tell you he would know me? Yes, yes, gentlemen he is the greatest man that lives!"

After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said: "My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of the squirrels."

"Bless me!" said the Governor, "did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows everything! Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world; didn't I, boys?"

And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.—Harper's Magazine.

SOME CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG.—Ever since the days of Solomon, those who are incapable of governing children, by reason of example and good teaching, have quoted with admiration the remark of that sage, to "spare the rod spoils the child." Parents who cannot properly govern themselves find this a convenient pretext, when angered, for using the only force which they possess, in the absence of intellectual and moral power. Teachers, too, have found it less taxing to their brain to stimulate the mental faculties with a rod than to rouse the dormant nature of the child by proper appeals to its ambition. Even courts of law, following precedent rather than common sense, have, universally, almost, upheld the practice of corporeal punishment, forgetting that the best way to preserve self-respect, the foundation of all character, is not to outrage it by degrading punishment. Solomon's precept has always been a favorite maxim with the bench, and it has decided that teachers are in the position of parents, and have a right to punish a pupil corporeally. As long established as this principle has been, there are many who dispute its justice and its propriety, and at last we have a Judge in New Orleans who openly and totally oppugns it. In a suit brought against a teacher for damages for inflicting corporeal punishment on a child, the Judge held that the teacher is not in the position of a parent in respect to a pupil, and cannot inflict corporeal punishment without rendering himself liable. He has his remedy, if a pupil is disobedient and cannot be brought to submission by other means, and may expel him from the school. Even the parent himself is restricted in the power to be exercised over a child, and cannot cruelly use it. The jury took the Judge's dictum as good law, and gave a verdict of damages, though it was proven that the punishment was not excessive in its character. If this comes to be law, teachers and parents will have to learn first how to control their tempers, and, therefore, be better able to exercise proper control over those whose moral and intellectual government is under their charge.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

OLD SAYS NEW SET.—"A burden which one chooses is not felt." We once chose a burdensome hat which in spite of our volition, was "felt."

"A weak watch invites a vigilant foe."—Yes—and the "foe" in question is the watch-repairer, who is always on the look-out for weak watches.

"A fox is the tailor's friend and his own foe." Not always. Sometimes he is his own friend and the tailor's foe.

"A penny saved is twice earned." Then it isn't worth saving.

"Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy." We asked ours, the other day, what we should buy. But Echo, most perversely, didn't answer "buy."

"Custom invariably lessens admiration."—Not invariably. Ask the shop-keepers.

"Business is the salt of life." Very likely. But who wants salt for a perpetual diet?

"Better be alone than in bad company."—True, but, unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

"Debt is the worst kind of poverty." Not exactly. There are people so poor that they can't get into debt. Debt to them would be property instead of poverty.

Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was lost on earth went to the moon, observed that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.

Political, &c.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Letter of Acceptance of Hon. John Bell.

WASHINGTON HUNT TO JOHN BELL.

BAITMORE, May 11, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—It has become my agreeable duty, as the presiding officer of the National Union Convention, which terminated its session in this city last evening, to inform you that you have received the nomination of that body as its candidate for the office of President of the United States. After a frank interchange of sentiment, in which the merits of all the distinguished candidates presented for our consideration were canvassed in the most friendly spirit, the Convention resolved with entire unanimity and great enthusiasm to place your name before the American people as the chosen representative of its principles of constitutional liberty and union.

With a just appreciation of your moderation and justice, your uniform support of wise and beneficent measures of legislation, your firmness, and heroic resistance of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and all kindred measures calculated to engender sectional discord, and your life-long devotion to the union, harmony and prosperity of these States, it was declared with one accord, that you are the man for the crisis; and that, with your honored name inscribed on our banner, an earnest appeal shall be made to the people to rally for the preservation of our national institutions.

We feel, one and all, that your election to the Presidency would ensure the integrity of our government, restore the peace of the Union, and afford an unflinching guarantee for the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON HUNT.

To the Hon. JOHN BELL.

JOHN BELL TO WASHINGTON HUNT.

NASHVILLE, May 21, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Official information of my nomination to the Presidency by the National Union Convention, of which you were the presiding officer, was communicated to me by your letter of the 11th instant, at Philadelphia, on the eve of my departure with my family for my place of residence in Tennessee, and, diffident as I was of my worthiness, I did not hesitate to signify my intention to accept the position assigned to me by that distinguished and patriotic body. But for convenience, and under a sense of the propriety of acting in so grave a matter with greater deliberation, I concluded, as I informed you at the time, by a private note, to defer a formal acceptance until after my arrival at home.

Now that I have had all the leisure that I could desire for reflection upon the circumstances which the nomination was made, the purity of the motives and the lofty spirit of patriotism by which the Convention was animated, as evinced in all its proceedings, I can appreciate more justly the honor done me by the nomination; and, though it might have been more fortunate for the country had it fallen upon some one of the many distinguished statesmen whose names were brought to the notice of the Convention, rather than myself, I accept it, with all its possible responsibilities. Whatever may be the issue of the ensuing canvass, as for myself, I shall ever regard it as a proud distinction—one worth a life-long effort to attain—to be pronounced worthy to receive the highest office in the Government at such a time as is the present, and by such a Convention as that which recently met in Baltimore—a Convention far less imposing by the number of its members, large as it was, than by their high character. In it were men venerable alike for their age and their public services, who could not have been called from their voluntary retirement from public life but by the strongest sense of patriotic duty; others, though still in the prime of life, ranking with the first men of the country by honors and distinctions already acquired in high official positions, both State and national; many of them statesmen worthy to fill the highest office in the Government; a still greater number occupying the highest rank in their respective professional pursuits; others distinguished by their intelligence and well-earned influence in various walks of private life, and all animated and united by one spirit and one purpose—the result of a strong conviction that our political system, under the operation of a complication of disorders, is rapidly approaching a crisis when a speedy change must take place, indicating, as in diseases of the physical body, recovery or death.

The Convention, in discarding the use of platforms, exacts no pledges from those whom they deem worthy of the highest trusts under the Government; wisely considering that the surest guarantee of a man's future usefulness and fidelity to the great interests of the country in any official station to which he may be chosen, is to be found in his past history connected with the public service. The pledge implied in my acceptance of the nomination of the National Union Convention is, that should I be elected I will not depart from the spirit and tenor of my past course, and the obligation to keep this pledge derives a double force from the consideration that none is required from him.

You, sir, in your letter containing the official announcement of my nomination, have been pleased to ascribe to me the merit of and justice in my past public career. You have likewise given me credit for a uniform support of all wise and beneficent measures of legislation, for a firm resistance to all measures calculated to engender sectional discord, and for a life-long devotion to the union, harmony and prosperity of these States. Whether your personal partiality has led you to overstate my merits as a public man or not in your enumeration of them, you have presented a summary—a basis of all sound American statesmanship. It may be objected that nothing is said in this summary, in express terms, of the obligations imposed by the Constitution, but the duty to respect and observe them is clearly implied, for without

due observance in the conduct of the Government, of the Constitution, its restrictions and requirements, fairly interpreted in accordance with its spirit and objects, there can be no end to sectional discord—no security for the harmony of the Union.

I have not the vanity to assume that in my past connection with the public service I have exemplified the course of a sound American statesman; but if I have deserved the favorable view taken of it in your letter, I may hope, by a faithful adherence to the maxims by which I have heretofore been guided, and not altogether to disappoint the confidence and expectations of those who have placed me in my present relation to the public; and if, under Providence, I should be called to preside over the affairs of this great country as the executive chief of the Government, the only further pledge I feel called upon to make is, that to the utmost of my ability, and with whatever strength of will I can command, all the powers and influence belonging to my official station shall be employed and directed for the promotion of all the great objects for which the Government was instituted, but more especially for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union against all opposing influence and tendencies.

I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my high gratification at the nomination to the second office under the Government of that eminently gifted and distinguished statesman of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, a gentleman held by general consent to be altogether worthy of the first. Tending my grateful acknowledgments for the kind and complimentary remarks with which you were pleased to accompany the communication of my nomination, I am, dear sir, with the highest respect, your obedient servant, JOHN BELL.

To the Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT.

Letters of Acceptance of Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin.

The following is the correspondence between the officers of the Republican National Convention and the candidates thereof for President and Vice-President:—

CHICAGO, May 18, 1860.

To the Hon. Abram Lincoln of Illinois.

SIR:—The representatives of the Republican party of the United States, assembled in convention at Chicago, have, this day, by an unanimous vote, selected you as the Republican candidate for the office of President of the United States, to be supported at the next election, and the undersigned were appointed a committee of the convention to apprise you of this nomination, and respectfully to request that you will accept it. A declaration of the principles and sentiments adopted by the convention accompanies this communication. In the performance of this agreeable duty we take leave to add our confident assurances that the nomination of the Chicago convention will be ratified by the suffrages of the people.

We have the honor to be, with great respect and regard, your friends and fellow-citizens,

GEO. ASHmun, of Massachusetts.

President of the Convention,

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 23, 1860.

Hon. Geo. Ashmun, President of the Republican National Convention.

SIR:—I accept the nomination tendered me by the convention over which you preside, and of which I am formally apprised in the letter of yourself and others, acting as a committee of the convention, for that purpose. The declaration of principles and sentiments, which accompanies your letter, meets my approval; and it shall be my care not to violate, or disregard it, in any part.

Implored the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the convention, to the rights of all the States and territories, and people of the nation, and the inviolability of the constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony and prosperity of all, I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the convention.

Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A similar letter was sent to the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, to which the following is the reply:—

WASHINGTON, May 30.

GENTLEMEN:—Your official communication of the 18th inst., informing me that the representatives of the Republican party of the United States, assembled at Chicago, on that day, had, by a unanimous vote, selected me as their candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States, has been received, together with the resolutions adopted by the convention as its declaration of principles.

These resolutions enunciate clearly and forcibly the principles which unite us, and the objects proposed to be accomplished.—They address themselves to all, and there is neither necessity nor propriety in my entering upon a discussion of any of them. They have the approval of my judgment, and in any action of mine will be faithfully and cordially sustained.

I am profoundly grateful to those with whom it is my pride and pleasure politically to co-operate, for the nomination so unexpectedly conferred; and I desire to tender through you, to the members of this convention, my sincere thanks for the confidence thus reposed in me. Should the nomination, which I now accept, be ratified by the people, and the duties devolve upon me of presiding over the Senate of the United States, it will be my earnest endeavor faithfully to discharge them with a just regard for the rights of all.

It is to be observed, in connection with the doings of the Republican Convention, that a paramount object with us is to preserve the normal condition of our territorial domain as homes for free men. The able advocate and defender of Republican principles, whom you have nominated for the highest place that can gratify the ambition of man, comes from a State which has been made what it is by special action in that respect of the wise and good men who founded our institutions. The rights of free labor have there been vindicated and maintained. The thrift and enterprise which so distinguish Illinois, one of the most flourishing States of the glorious West, we would see secured to all the territories of the Union, and restore peace and harmony to the whole country, by bringing back the Government to what it was under the wise and patriotic men who created it. If the Republicans shall succeed in that object, as they hope to, they will be held in grateful remembrance by the busy and teeming millions of future ages. I am, very truly yours,

H. HAMLIN.

Hon. GEORGE ASHmun, President of the Convention, and others of the committee.

The "Minute Men of '56," an organization of rather an extensive character, met in Philadelphia, last week, and resolved unanimously to support Messrs. Bell and Everett for President and Vice President. The organization is pledged to the support of the Union and the Constitution.