

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance \$1.50
Six months 1.00
Three months .50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less, 1 insertion, 2 do. 3 do.
One square, (12 lines), 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.
Two squares, 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.
Three squares, 1 do. 2 do. 3 do.
Over three weeks less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and train times.

HUNTINGDON & BROAD TOP RAILROAD—CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Wednesday, Sep. 30, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:
UP TRAINS.
Leave Huntingdon at 7.40 A. M. & 4.00 P. M.

DON'T FORGET, THE NEW STORE.

WALLACE & CLEMENT,
Have just received another stock of new goods, such as DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWAIR, &c.

JAS. BROWN HARDWARE AND CUTLERY advertisement with illustrations of tools and a circular logo.

SELLING OFF FOR CASH!!

BARGAINS IN HARDWARE.
As "the nimble penny is better than the slow sixpence," and small profits in cash, are better than varying profits on book accounts.

2,000 CUSTOMERS WANTED!

NEW GOODS FOR FALL AND WINTER.
BENJ. JACOBS has received a fine assortment of DRY GOODS for the Spring and Summer season.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Peter Carey, late of the County of Allegheny, dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted will make payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement.

THE SHIRLEYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY will re-open on Thursday, November 1st, 1860.

The public generally are requested to call and examine my goods—and his prices.
As I am determined to sell my Goods, all who call may expect bargains.

ATTENTION!

HEAD QUARTERS, Nov. 9th, 1860.
The Brigade Inspector and Field Officers of the 4th Brigade, 14th Division of E. U. V. are hereby requested to meet in full uniform, at 1 o'clock, on Thursday the 22d inst.

PAPER! PAPER!!

Note, Post, Commercial, Footstep and Flatcap—a good assortment for sale by the ream, half ream, quire or sheet, at the lowest prices.

The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, PERSERVER, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XVI. HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 21, 1860. NO. 22.

Select Poetry.

THE TIME TO DIE.
BY J. H. E.—R.
It seemeth hard to die at morn,
When love and joys are young,
And scarce we've listened to the tale
The siren hope hath sung.

An Interesting Sketch.

MY PECK OF DIRT.
"What a fellow you are, Routout, can't you let us enjoy our breakfast in peace?"
god-humoredly remarked handsome Fred, as he balanced on his fork the bright purple end of a polony at a bachelor's breakfast party.

turb your equanimity, but it is a noted fact that the strong coffees used by the itinerant coffee stand keepers get their flavor from the knuckers' yard. There are manufactories over in the borough, where they dry and pulverize horses' blood for the sake of adulterating cheap coffees; and the cream, how do you think they could give you such lucious cream in your coffee at a penny a cup?

"Oh, D. P. D. is short for dust of pepper dust—the sweepings of the mills. The manufacturers supply it to the grocers in barrels, so that they can falsify at pleasure."
"Minute chips of charred lead!"
"Come," I interposed, "after all the disagreeables, allow me to recommend you one of these sweetmeats. What will you have?—a mutton chop, a rasher of bacon, or an oyster—or here's a cock o'leek to life."

articles analyzed, they must go the wall, as of old. We want a little touch of French despotism in these matters. Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the 'iron-tailed cow' has been guilty of diluting it—if so the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter—the Paris milk is very pure in consequence. If a tradesman adulterates any article of food offered for sale, he is first fined, and then made publicly to confess his fault, by means of a placard placed in his window, setting forth the exact nature of the trick he has played upon his customers. Imagine some of our leading tradesmen obliged to sit in sack-cloth and ashes, and suffer his moral pillory! One or two rogues thus exposed would have a marvelous effect in keeping the sand out of the sugar, and the burnt beans out of the coffee, &c., &c.

"PEACEABLE SECESSION."

On this point Daniel Webster spoke in his last great speech in the Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850. Hear him:
Mr. President—I should much prefer to have heard, from every member on this floor, declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "Secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the Great Deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off, without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the Universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I say as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, that that disruption itself must produce. I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, in its two-fold character. Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on the one side and on the other! Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn?—What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the Republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower?—Or is he to cover, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers, and our grandfathers, those of them that are still living among us, with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grand-children would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude.

DEATH'S YOUNGER BROTHER.

Some one has fancifully named sleep that state of unconsciousness nearest allied to the dreamless rest of the grave. And yet, how different! It is but the body that slumbers—the mind is ever active, and never quite loses its hold upon those physical organs through which it communicates with the outer world. All the bodily functions that sustain life go on with unimpairing regularity, while, with relaxed muscles, and in prostrate position, the frame finds repose from all other activities. Wondrously like death is the quiet repose of the infant, or of him whose mind is at peace with all men. But a touch, a sound, awakens to intense life. But not like death is the sleep of him who lies down accompanied by a perturbed conscience. With starts, and cries, and fearful contortions, he marks the unceasing activity of the mind within that not even sleep can hush to quietude, and peace. In dreams he hurls back to days of innocence, but a touch awakens him to the deep consciousness of guilt that, even in his dreams, dogs him like an avenger, robbing him of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and causing him to rise unrefreshed, and still more unhappy. Only a mind at rest, and a peaceful conscience, can indeed make sleep quiet—so quiet and serene, as truly to deserve the name of "Death's Younger Brother."

A MEAN VICE.

Lying is one of the meanest of vices. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth; and Plutarch calls lying the vice of a slave. Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind of the speaker, when one thing is declared and another meant, and words are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is in a habit of repenting his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition. Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society. Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and dissolves the cement of society. Like gunpowder, it is all noise and smoke; it darkens the air, disturbs the sight; and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar; it is danger in the correspondence; and more than that, we naturally hate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destroy the credit of books and records, make the past ages insignificant, and almost confound our knowledge to our five senses.

Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Because he was the first in the human race.

Reading serves for delight, for ornament, and for capacity; it improves nature, and is perfected by experience.

It is better that a man's own works, than that another man's words should praise him.

Both the Graces and the Furies are represented by the poets under the figure of woman.

If you would talk much, you should particularly endeavor to talk well; he always speaks too much who speaks ill.

The Arabians say—"it is not good to jest with God, Death or the Devil."

All nature is busy, and an idler, therefore, a monster in creation.

A true spirit of religion enlivens as well as composes the soul.

Ambition never looks behind it—a fatal error in many cases.