

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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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. 23, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

Table listing train schedules for Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad.

ON SHOPS' RUN BRANCH, a passenger car will connect with morning train from Huntingdon for Culmston, Crawford, Burnett and Blair's Station, connecting at the latter place with the Hunt. & B. Top City, where first-class hotel accommodations will be found.

DON'T FORGET, THE NEW STORE.

WALLACE & CLEMENT, Have just received another stock of new goods, such as DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c., in the store room at the south-east corner of the Diamond in the borough of Huntingdon, lately occupied as a Jewelry Store.

JAS. A. BROWN, DEALER IN HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, Huntingdon, PENN. Advertisement with illustrations of tools and hardware.

SELLING OFF FOR CASH!! BARGAINS IN HARDWARE. As "the humble penny is better than the slow sixpence," and small profits in cash, are better than seeing eyesore...

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, comprising a very extensive assortment.

PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, C. SIMPSON, OFFICE: HILL STREET, HUNTINGDON, PA. Advertisement with a diagram of a surveying instrument.

HAINES BROS.' OVERSTRUNG GRAND ACTION PIANO FORTES. Celebrated for superior quality of tone and elegance and beauty of finish. These Pianos have always taken the PRIZES EXHIBED when placed in competition with other makers.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XVI. HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 28, 1860. NO. 23.

Select Poetry.

WHAT IS LIFE. BY W. H. DAVIS. O, what's life? 'tis one beset With many days of doubt and fear, Of which we all our share shall get, As rolls around each passing year.

An Interesting Sketch.

MY PENNY DIP. What was it? A tallow candle, to be sure. The gas wouldn't burn, the kerosene strangled me with its noxious odor, the fluid spluttered, burned blue, and went out. I am afraid of the dark; that ghostly blackness which makes one's eyes ache with its want of light; that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a roomful of palpitations of the heart around you, above you, about you, everywhere; that visible nothing, which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits you are familiar with, yet hides them in its black veil from your view; that empty fullness through which you thrust out your groping arms, then shrink back, oppressed with a presence you can neither hear, see, nor feel.

warm woolen stockings, and saw that his comfortable little trousers came well over the instep of his little calf-skin shoes. "The next speaker was a dream-faced little girl, who trembled as she rose and said:—"I am an opium-eater. My death-warrant was written on the label of the first bottle of Godfrey's Cordial brought into my mother's house. A few drops at first sufficed to hush my feeble cries. Then Godfrey's Cordial would not do. A few drops of pure laudanum was administered. Soon I could not go to sleep without it. Then my nurse would give me a small opium pill in my parada. Of course I was but little trouble. I was a deep sleeper, but my digestion became impaired; too much sleep weakened me, and I knew no natural slumber. My eyes became like those of a sleep-walker, full of dreams when wide awake. I lost my appetite; my head grew full of pain; my baby-heart was always aching. I closed my eyes one day forever on the home where I felt I could be little loved, when my low wails were never permitted to appeal to those around me, but were hushed at once; where my blue eyes were scarcely ever permitted to look around in the world in which they had been opened and where, instead of proper care and food and exercise, the baleful pill and enervating sleep were all that was offered me.

Miscellaneous. EXPUNGING THE BIBLE. A learned pedagogue at Nantucket used every morning to read passages in the Bible, and expound the same as he proceeded in order that by asking questions as to how much they remembered of his comments, he might ascertain who were the bright boys of the school. On one occasion he read from the book of Job thus:—"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God and eschewed evil. Eschewed evil, that is, he eschewed evil as I do tobacco, he would have nothing to do with it."

SLANDER. Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe; it stamps with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller can't avoid; it is the heart searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder; murder is its employment; innocence is its envy, jealousy, and disappointed ambition. Its heralds are found in all sects, in every community. The slanderer is vindictive, malicious, a cowardly insinuating demon—worse than a murderer.

THE FORCE OF HABIT. The force of habit is perceived and acknowledged by every person of discernment. It is allowed to have a more steady control over our actions than any other principle or propensity whatever. Such being its influence, too much pains cannot be taken to contract habits that have a useful tendency. Our happiness and usefulness depend on making no material mistakes in this respect. Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strange, or too strong can be asserted of it.—The story of the miser, who, from long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his board, is not impossible or improbable. The principal part of the task in educating youth, consists in preventing the growth of bad habits. It is more difficult to guard the mind against error, than to create a desire to gain knowledge; and if wrong principles and actions are carefully suppressed, learning and virtue will grow up and flourish almost of their own accord. Keep out evil and good must prevail, for the mind cannot be inactive.

OLD AGE. It is pleasant to look upon those whom Old Age has furrowed with many years. They tell us of lives well spent, when in addition to years the ruddiness of health still lingers, loth to depart, upon the shrunken cheeks. Old age is the Alpine height of life, from which the soul looks down through the long vista of the past upon deeds that have added to the happiness of the race. The good man who has seen the sun rise and set upon his generations, and who is ready with patriarch hand to bless the world, and smiling, bid it good night forever, is a noble monument to look at. Rarely do men of turbulent souls live to that period when they can say we have embraced Old Age; and are thence prepared to go willingly to the silent chambers of the dead, there to prepare themselves for that journey into the unknown regions of eternity which all must take. Only the good grow old. It is only they who, loving truth—who, having rested confidently upon lofty assurances and holy purposes, gradually pass from stage to stage in Life's great journey—enjoy what may be truly called a "sweet old age"—an age that is full of honor and glory. We all involuntarily respect the aged. No one, however uncouth his nature, but feels in the presence of the snow-crowned patriarch as if there were something of Heaven near unto him. Such a one knows that one life at least has been well spent—that a soldier, full of honor, has retired from the battle of the world, and is now calmly awaiting the hour when he shall be summoned to his reward; and that when he does depart, there are those who will not soon forget his place even in the narrow circle in which for the last time he saw the sun, so typical of his career, go down forever. Remark upon sweet old age, a writer has well said, "God sometimes gives to man guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes child-like, not childish—and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that fought-for land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, and apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with little pleasures."

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD. We subjoin some information relative to the chief cities of the world, commencing with the numbers of their inhabitants: London, 3,470,000; Paris, 2,000,000; New York, 960,000; Philadelphia, 600,000; Constantinople, 840,000; St. Petersburg, 600,000; Vienna, 500,000; Berlin, 480,000; Rome, 198,000; Dublin, 308,000; Mexico, 218,000; Palermo, 193,000; Cincinnati, 158,000; Leeds, 158,000; Hamburg, 150,000; Turin, 160,000; Genoa, 125,000; Frankfurt, 163,000; Naples, 510,000; Liverpool, 400,000; Glasgow, 380,000; Boston, 178,000; Moscow, 370,000; Manchester, 304,000; Madrid, 286,000; Lyons, 300,000; Lisbon, 254,000; Amsterdam, 225,000; Havana, 240,000; Marseilles, 206,000; Milan, 153,000; Brussels, 132,000; Copenhagen, 136,000; Bristol, 120,000; Florence, 107,000. Second Class American Cities. St. Louis, 161,000; Milwaukee, 46,000; Detroit, 47,000; Cleveland, 43,550; Zanesville, 9,212; Columbus, 18,628; Dayton, 40,000; Washington, 61,400; Providence, 49,000; Rochester, 48,000. There are 57 cities in the world which contain from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants, 23 from 200,000 to 500,000, and 12 which contain above 500,000.

FARMERS' CLOTHES. There is a gradual change going on in society now-a-days, so that it is not fashionable to dress conveniently. The "dress" or swallow-tail coat is perhaps the most inconvenient and unsuitable article of dress to be worn out of doors that can be, and yet how many men go to church in this ball costume, and think they are well dressed. Our attention is called to this garment at this time by seeing from our office window a charcoal dealer, standing in the rain, dressed in black pantaloons and a dress coat. A red shirt and overalls would be appropriate, and with a blue frock he would look like a man of sense. Clothing should always be appropriate and convenient. In farm labors the body has to undergo as many peculiar bendings and take as many attitudes as in the sailor's, but not as constantly. We go aloft in the barn, we climb fences, spring upon horseback, dig in narrow ditches, and go through all sorts of movements in using the axe and flail, the hoe and pick, the scythe and shovel; and our clothing, like the sailor's, should be loose and easy, warm, not in the way, and many-pocketed. A Dutchman's frock is a good dress to go to market in; and, depend upon it, a farmer in a frock will be better attended to in market, whether he is purchaser or seller, than if he comes in an old-fashioned rusty broadcloth suit, like a poor gentleman, or decayed professional man. By his very dress he shows that he is not above his business, and buys and sells as a farmer. A sailor's dress is after all not exactly the best dress for a farmer. The farmer should wear boots—thick, water-proof boots for much of his work. The sailor wears shoes. The pantaloons of the farmer should tuck into his boots, hence, as little cloth as possible should be in the legs. For our own part we like the style worn by the old countrymen, whose breeches button moderately tight about the ankle and half way up the calf. Like the sailor's, the farmer's pantaloons should be supported by the waist-band and not by suspenders, unless indeed the man be grown corpulent, and like a barrel his waist is the thickest part of him,—and should be loose and fall about the hips. It is most important that persons who are liable to profuse perspiration—and all men who labor arduously—should wear woolen garments next the skin. Red flannel shirts are to be recommended for both summer and winter. They are cool in summer and warm in winter, absorb the perspiration, and permit its evaporation without chilling the wearer. The color is bright and agreeable, and it prevents a soiled appearance before the shirt is really dirty. A knit shirt, particularly for winter wear as an outer garment while at work, tucked inside the waistband, is exceedingly comfortable; and when the regular sailor's pea-jacket, made of good stout pilot cloth, just long enough to cover the hips, with liberal side-pockets, double-breasted, and with a good collar to turn up to keep snow out of the neck, is worn outside, a man needs no better clothing for ordinary cold weather. There are no coat-tails or skirts in the way, no difficulty about getting one's hands into his pockets, nothing superfluous and everything convenient; loose enough for every action, and close enough for warmth. The throat ought never to be protected, (except when affected by a cold or cough, then keep it thoroughly warm), except in cases of extreme exposure, like driving in a storm or great cold. Nothing makes the person more susceptible to lung and throat complaints than this bundling up with furs, or tippets, or comforters—good in their time, but greatly abused by our people by being used at all times. Finally—hats. A farmer is not exposed to falling ropes, or spars, or tackle—hence, does not need a stiff tarpaulin, like a sailor or a fireman. His hat should be cool and airy in the summer, and should give shade to his head and face. A light straw, palm-leaf, or chip hat, with a moderately broad brim and low crown, is the thing for the hot season. For the winter we need something which is warmer, which will not blow off easily, which will shade the eyes from the great glare of the sun on the snow, which will in a measure protect us from the rain, and which will not be in the way nor become easily injured. A cloth cap with good liberal front-piece, or a medium or low-crowned soft felt hat, answers these requirements perfectly. As to color of garments—the farmer should avoid black, unless he is in the habit of making and attending fashionable parties, and then he must, of course, conform to the mode. All the greys, pepper-and-salts, and a great variety of browns commend themselves. Blue we avoid, because it is a color that has been adopted by the military, and has a sort of "U. S. A." or "U. S. M." look. Poor stock is often made up into black goods than into cloth of other colors—an additional reason why it is not profitable. It shows every speck of dirt, and when threadbare looks poverty-stricken enough. As to texture. Other things being equal, those goods which either possess a full nap or felty surface besides the thread, and thus are, though loosely woven, quite thick, and enclose considerable air, are warm in proportion to the quantity of air, enclosed in their structure. A sluggy cloth, if not made of too coarse wool, though coarsely woven and loose in texture, will be found warmer than an equally heavy cloth which is woven compactly, and which has been sheared, carded and tangled till on every part the close short nap is laid in an even silky surface. Our clothes keep us warm not by keeping the air off, that is, from contact with the skin, but by surrounding us with a mass of air which is warm and by its adhesion to the fabrics with which we are clothed is not readily displaced, at least not before it imparts a portion of its warmth to the air which displaces it, and so prevents our feeling the chill. Outer garments with a long nap shed rain also much more readily than those with a fine-finished surface. The long and short of this matter is that we should have a regular working dress, which should be made with a view to convenience and decency only, and for other times clothing that can be worn and worn out without its appearing ridiculous. We are said to be the worst-dressed class of the population, and distinguished from others by being inappropriately and inconveniently dressed, and it is because we cannot say "I do not," that we have written the above. Let us make a change.—Condensed from The Homestead.

The Vermont Legislature has passed a law against prize fighting—principals, ten years imprisonment or \$5000 fine; aids, seconds or surgeons, five years imprisonment or \$1000 fine; and citizens of the State who attend a prize fight in either capacity, out of the State, to receive the same punishment. Envy is like a sore eye—offended by whatever is bright. The gay world, so called, is generally the least happy. Hearts may agree, though heads may differ.