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# The Globe.

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**LET THAT BANNER WAVE.**  
Oh, let that stately banner wave  
To glad the patriot's eye,  
And fall in these degenerate days  
Of brighter days gone by—  
Of days when "neath it in the light  
The honored warrior stood,  
And here its folds in glory's light  
Or crimsoned folds of blood.

**THE DOG AND THE ASSASSIN.**  
BY MRS. C. A. SOULE.  
While traveling in 1857, through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed, about a half a league from the gate of the town, a few rods from the highway, a wheel and the bones of a chained corpse exposed to the gaze of every passer-by.

native village, and interred it in the adjoining cemetery. The faithful dog followed the body, but by degrees he became attached to his new master. Every effort was made by the most diligent search, and the offer of immense rewards to secure the assassin. But in vain—the horrible tragedy remained an enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all hopes of solving the mystery had vanished, when Mr. Meyers received a letter, urging him to repair to Leipzig without delay to close the eyes of his maternal uncle, who desired to see him before he died. He immediately hastened thither, accompanied by his brother's dog, who was his constant companion. He arrived too late. His relative had deceased the previous evening, bequeathing to him a large fortune. He found the city crowded, it being the season of the great fair held regularly there twice a year.

While walking one morning on the public square, attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal leap forward like a flash. He dashed upon the crowd, and leaped furiously upon an elegantly dressed man, who was seated in the centre of the square, on an elevated platform erected for the spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the show.

He held them by the throat with so firm a grasp that he would have strangled him had not assistance been rendered. They immediately chained the dog, and thinking of course he must be mad, strove to kill him. Mr. Meyers, who was standing near by, arrived in time to save his faithful friend, calling eagerly in the meantime upon the bystanders to arrest the man for he believed the dog recognized in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man profiting by the tumult, escaped. For some moments they thought Meyers himself mad, and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly for them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He spoke in so convincing a manner, that his hearers finally persuaded of the truth of his assertions, and restored the dog to his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaping upon him a few times and hastened away.

He divided the crowd, and was soon seen to ascend the stairs of a building, upon which the assassin was very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this singular and very extraordinary event, and a number were soon in pursuit. The dog became, in a few minutes, the object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to give him room. Business was suspended and crowds collected in groups, conversing of nothing but the dog and the man who had been committed two years before.

After an hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself on the ground, in the heavy folds of a double tent, and believed himself hidden. But, in spite of his fancied security, his avenger tracked him, and leaping upon him, he tore his garments, and would have killed him on the spot, had not assistance rushed to the rescue.

## DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

FROM ARBON'S "ITALY."  
Octavius, now undisputed master of the world, was dreaming of the splendid triumph which awaited him in Rome; and the presence of Cleopatra, the renowned queen of Egypt, to lead in the train of the captives, would be one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the triumph. Conscious of the degradation which awaited her, she watched for an opportunity to commit suicide. Octavius, with almost equal interest, guarded her captive, that she might not thus escape him. Her fetters were truly those of silk and gold, for she was treated with the most profound deference, surrounded with all her accustomed luxuries, and all her wants were abundantly supplied.

Octavius indulged himself with a triumphal entrance into Alexandria, endeavoring by humanity and condescension to secure the favor of the people. Yet cruelly, it would seem, he caused the eldest son of Antony, and also Cleopatra's son by Julius Caesar, to be put to death. Fearing nothing from any of the other children of Cleopatra, he treated them all as princes, provided them with teachers, that they might receive an education suitable to their rank.

At length Octavius visited Cleopatra in person. She received him artistically languishing upon a couch, draped in gauze like robes which scarcely concealed her voluptuous beauty; but though the freshness of youth had departed, she was still a woman of rare loveliness. No one knew better than Cleopatra how to magnify her charms, by tones of softness, and that artlessness of manner which is the highest achievement of art. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears, her cheek flushed with emotion, and rising from her couch she fell, half fainting, prostrate at the feet of Octavius. The young conqueror lifted the exquisitely moulded, drooping form and placed her on the couch by his side, supporting her against his own bosom.

A queen whose renown filled the world, beautiful, graceful, pitiful, had thrown herself into his arms. How could he treat her cruelly. Had Cleopatra been nineteen instead of thirty-nine, the decision might have been different, and, by facile divorce, the way might have been made easy for Cleopatra to share the throne of Universal empire.

Cleopatra exhausted all her magazines of art—tears, smiles, reproaches, blandishments, flattery, supplications to win Octavius, but in vain. He treated her with politeness, but his heart remained obdurate. The queen took from her bosom some letters full of tenderness, from Julius Caesar, and with a trembling voice and falling tears read them to Octavius.

"But of what avail to me now?" "Is all this kindness? Why did I not die with him? And yet in Octavius I see another Julius. You are his perfect image. He seems to have returned from the spirit land in you."

All was in vain. After a long interview Octavius left, and Cleopatra reflected in despair that for the first time her charms had failed her. She had surrendered herself to Octavius and he had coldly laid her aside. What more could she do? Nothing. There now remained for her but to die, or to be carried to Rome to greet the triumph of her conqueror. There was a young Roman in the camp by the name of Dolabella. He was much affected by the queen's grief, and she with woman's tact had thrown him all the meshes of her wiles. Dolabella knew and informed her of all that was transpiring. One day he brought to her couch the tidings, that in three days she and her children were to be sent to Rome.

## FACTS ABOUT THE BODY.

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthly materials, the former predominating in youth, the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-four small bones called vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported. The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than five hundred. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to their elastic fibre bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just within the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is open or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood as it returns to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from seventy to eighty beats in a minute, a hoghead of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fevers, the pulsations are accelerated, and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juices, and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed, of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes which are sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, the outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes purified; then passes into the heart, being mixed with the chyle, and is forced through the body as life giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off the impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges. The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

## A LIFE SKETCH.

My husband is a very strange man! to think he could have grown so provoked about such a little thing as that scarf. Well, there is no use in trying to deceive him, I've settled that in my mind. But he can be coaxed—can't he though; and from this time shall I know how to manage him! Still, there is no denying, Mr. Adams is a strange man.

You see this morning at breakfast, I said to him; "Henry, I must have one of those ten dollar scarfs at Buckley & Byrne's. They are perfectly charming, and will correspond so nicely with my maroon velvet coat. I want to go this morning, and get it before they are all gone."

"Ten dollars don't grow on every bush, Adaline, and just now times are bad, you know," he answered, in a dry careless kind of tone which irritated me greatly. Besides that, he could afford to get me the scarf as well as not, only my manner of requesting it did not suit his lordship.

"Gentlemen who can afford to buy satin vests at ten dollars apiece, can have no motive but vanity in objecting to give their wives as much for a scarf." I retorted, glancing at the money which a moment before I had laid by my plate, requesting to procure one for him. He always trusts me in these matters. I spoke angrily, and should have been sorry for it the next moment, if he had not answered: "You will charge it then to my penuriousness, I suppose, when I tell you that you cannot have another ten dollars."

Well, then, I will take this and get a scarf. You can do without the bill and left the room, for he did not answer me.

"I need it, and I must have it," was my mental observation, and I washed my tear swollen eyes, and adjusted my hair for a walk; but all the while there was a whispering at my heart; "Do not buy it. Go buy a vest for your husband." And at last that inner voice triumphed. I went down to the tailor's bought the vest, and brought it home with me.

"Here it is, Henry; I selected the color I thought would suit you best. Isn't it rich?" I said, as I unfolded the vest after dinner, for somehow my pride was all gone. I felt so much happier since the scarf had been given up.

## CODFISH ARISTOCRACY.

A writer in one of the New York Sunday papers thus discourses on the species denominated codfish aristocracy: "Laugh as we may and must at the pretensions of those who sail under the flag of codfish aristocracy, they are, nevertheless, greatly to be pitied. Their immense exertions to attain the enviable position of the drones of society, and their still more violent efforts to retain their foothold when they have once climbed the ladder, fully entitle them to be considered working members of the community; and the many fights and mortifications they must endure, deserve our deepest sympathy. How dreadful it must be never to dare to deviate from one regular pattern of dress, movement or speech, lest people should think they were not used to society! How terribly the absent-minded remarks of some forgetful person must sound to the juvenile ears! What horror must assail them when some plebeian relative, too rich to cut, appears unexpectedly at a reception, and remarks across the room in a stentorian voice: 'I say, Jenkins, time is almost since you and me made candles in the little shop next door to the rag and bottle depot, ain't they?' Or when some old-time neighbor nods a friendly recognition across fine rows of fashionable individuals at the theatre, and inquires, in ignorance of altered fortune and position: 'How d'ye do? How's the business? Much doing in candles, now-a-days?'"

"In my opinion, no torture could be worse than the struggle to keep up a false position; in vain pretence to aristocratic birth or hereditary fortune—the false shame which seeks to cover the humble ladder which it was not ashamed to climb. Whenever I see one of those recently-elevated dames (women are by far the worse,) who seeks to show her dignity by humming ludicrous airs, and attempting to lead every whim of fashion—who treats her servants with insolence, her tradesmen with rudeness, her mental and moral superiors with insult—I feel naturally some anger and contempt, but much more pity; pity for the mind which renders the mortal despicable and ridiculous in the eyes of all others—for the mind utterly wasted in endeavors to be what nature and Providence never intended man for."

"Heavenly emanation—bright dream of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing," "Sweet William," "Celestial Eliza."

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless the lady exclaimed: "William, dear William, why are you so sweet? Oh, this joy, the ecstasy of wedded bliss! Best beloved will you ever love me thus?" "By yonder fearful—I say tremendous—orb I swear!" he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

"And as a memento of our wedding day, you will yearly bring me here—will you, you cherished idol?" "Yes, my own dear—my life—my love—will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out."

"Ah! bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital in this, our hour of bliss." How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married folks know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking he felt as if immersed in molasses, and every thing since has looked, fat, and sweet.

**GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.**  
Worthy of all acceptance is the wise maxim, "Greatness may procure a man a tomb, but goodness alone can deserve an epitaph." There are men measured by their goodness or their greatness alone, how many epitaphs written on perishable marble and given on imperishable paper would the world read to-day. A man may be great without being good, and good without the first scintillation of greatness about him; and yet each demands that his epitaph shall blazon to the world what he might have been, not what he was. Let each man write his own epitaph, and what a series of strange and seemingly irreconcilable contradictions would be presented! The good would ask to be great—the great, good! Superficially looked upon these epitaphic publications would be false; but substantially they would be true; and for this all-sufficient reason—no man has lived or can truly live as his soul expresses itself. External gains govern him to his out-doings and incomings. He craves for bread, but is ever receiving a stone, and thus the food he receives nourishes not the aspirations which prompt him to deeds of goodness or greatness when uninfluenced by worldly considerations; and thus were he to write his epitaph, he would speak of himself as he truly is, and not what he seems to be to the world.

For The Globe.  
McCHANISVILLE, Dec. 31, 1860.  
MR. EDITOR.—As my pen has been laying by for some time, and the name of Yrrah almost sunk into oblivion, I shall in a manner lay before your many readers a few pencillings, taken while traveling along the path of life. And perhaps will continue doing so weekly, for a short period of time, as it has been the request of many.

Almost twelve score days and ten have expired since my last correspondence appeared in the excellent columns of your highly conducted paper. MDCCLXIX is trembling upon the brink of time, and will soon be forever gone. Already is his requiem being sung. How soon it passed away!—Do we ever think of the theme it affords for serious reflection and meditation? How true,  
"The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
What e'er we do, where e'er we be,  
We're traveling to the grave."

The close of this year as well as every other brings reminiscences, melancholy reminiscences to the mind.—How many of our friends and associates who commenced the year with as fair prospects of long life as we did are now lying beneath the clouds of the valley, awaiting the coming of Gabriel to bid them come forth? Who of us has not lost a father, mother, sister, brother or some fond relative, or companion? Let us take these interrogations into consideration, and with the new year turn a new leaf and make preparations for death in life.

Last week was a week of general recreation among a great number of our business men, as well as the *littérate* of the township. Some visited the east, some the valley, the coming of Gabriel to bid them come forth? Who of us has not lost a father, mother, sister, brother or some fond relative, or companion? Let us take these interrogations into consideration, and with the new year turn a new leaf and make preparations for death in life.

**NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.**  
"William, dear William," said the wife with a world of affection in her eyes.  
"Speak, heavenly charmer," replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.  
"Dear William!"  
"Adored Eliza!"  
"Sweet flatterer!"  
"Angelic creature!"  
"Dear, dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine Willis says?"  
"I fear, love, of my sex, that you may be fatigued."  
"Fear not, dearest!"  
"Heavenly emanation—bright dream of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing,"  
"Sweet William,"  
"Celestial Eliza!"

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted about fifteen minutes. Almost breathless the lady exclaimed: "William, dear William, why are you so sweet? Oh, this joy, the ecstasy of wedded bliss! Best beloved will you ever love me thus?" "By yonder fearful—I say tremendous—orb I swear!" he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

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Having obtained permission, Mr. Meyers removed the corpse to his

of the leagued of friendship is once broken, the cabinet of secrets is unlocked, and they fly wildly about like unchained birds.

A French paper says that near St. Sever there lives an old soldier with a false leg, false arm, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a nose of silver, covered with substance imitating flesh, and a silver plate replacing part of his skull. He was a soldier under Napoleon, and these are his trophies.

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly tried by their own teachers.

A bad mistake often turns out better than a bad intention.

God often lets us stumble, to put us on our feet against a fall.

When you cannot see both ends, the middle is uncertain.

They who are easily flattered are always easily cheated.

When you cannot see both ends, the middle is uncertain.