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# The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. PERSEVERE. TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance. VOL. XVIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1863. NO. 38.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for the prompt execution of every variety of printing, such as: HAND BILLS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, POSTERS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BALL TICKETS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, AC., AC., AC. WILL AND REVISION SPECIMENS OF WORK, AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

Office of JAY COOKE, SUBSCRIPTION AGENT. At JAY COOKE & Co., Bankers, 114 South Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1862. The undersigned having been appointed SUBSCRIPTION AGENT by the Secretary of the Treasury, is now prepared to furnish, at the following rates, the following Bonds: NEW TWENTY YEAR 6 PER CENT BONDS, of the United States, designated as "Five Twenties," are available at the pleasure of the Government, after the 1st of January, 1863, by Act of Congress, approved February 23, 1862. THE COUPON BONDS are issued in sums of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000. Interest at six per centum per annum will commence from date of purchase and will be paid semi-annually, which is equal to the present premium on gold, to about EIGHTY PER CENT PER ANNUM. Payment by mail will receive prompt attention, and every facility and explanation will be furnished on application at this office. Full particulars of Bonds will be kept on hand for immediate delivery. JAY COOKE, Subscription Agent. Dec. 2, 1862.

**The Globe.** HUNTINGDON, PA. Friday, February 27, 1863. **NOTICE.** We have not the time nor the inclination, to dun personally, a large number of persons who have unsettled accounts upon our books of several years standing. We shall, therefore, from day to day, without respect to persons, place into the hands of a Justice for collection, all accounts of over two years standing. All those who wish to save expense, will do well to give us a call.

**The People and the Army.** The following from the Providence Journal, for its good sense and deserved reproofs, deserves not only to be read, but also to be remembered and acted upon: Journals of a certain class are filled with dolorous accounts of the feelings of the men in the army of the Potomac, and they tell their story with a gusto, as if they rejoiced rather than grieved. Now we are convinced that there is a vast deal of exaggeration on the subject. That some of the officers in that army are not what they should be, are disaffected or lethargic or jealous of their superiors, have not done their duty, have exerted, so far as they could, a bad influence on their soldiers, and ought to be cashiered, we fully believe. That some of the men who received high bounties for enlisting and expected to be kept in garrison duty about Washington are disappointed because they are sent to the front and therefore would gladly quit the service, we think, is true. That the continued want of success, the non-payment of many regiments for months, and the busy dissemination of growing mischievous newspapers throughout the camps, have had an unfavorable effect, must also be conceded. But after all is said, it still remains true that men have never shown any sign of flinching when called on to act. They never fought more bravely than they did before Fredericksburg. Those who had decent officers never moved with more alacrity than they did on their last attempt to cross the Rappahannock. And we risk nothing in predicting that when they are next led into action, if they are led by officers of the right stamp, they will do as gallant service as they have ever done. We know that this is the opinion of the faithful officers among them.

**ADDRESS OF THE Ohio Soldiers of the Western Army to the People of Ohio.** **REBUKE TO NORTHERN TRAITORS.** **Eloquent Appeal to the People.** [We have already published a telegraphic abstract of the "Address of the Ohio Soldiers of the Western Army to the People of Ohio," but it is a production so admirable in tone, so well-timed, so eloquent, just and truthful, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of spreading it in full before our readers. It deserves to be printed in letters of gold and satin, and preserved and honored as a sacred memorial in every household in the State. Let it be remembered that this is the voice of Ohio soldiers in the field, and it should put to the blush all who have sought to breed discontent in their minds, or instill treason into their hearts.—Eds. Cincinnati Gazette.]

**THE BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE RIVER, February 1.** To the People of Ohio: The Ohio soldiers of the Western Army, your friends, brothers and sons, address you from this field of renown in urgent entreaty, upon matters of such grave import to them and to the country, as to demand your calm and patient audience. Exiles from home for long weary months, away from the petty strife of local politics, and the influence of selfish demagogues and party leaders, with the pure and devoted to the great cause of defending our Government, which brought us into the field, and has sustained us in perils, hardships, toils and exposures, which have scarcely a parallel in history, we feel none of the acrimonious bitterness that now enters into the ignoble contentions of home politics, and calmly view the condition of the country from that only true stand-point, the soldier's and patriot's devotion to the great Republic—once blessed of all nations.

**Report of a Union Lady, a Refugee from Mobile.** [Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.] ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 8, 1863. From Mrs. Captain — a Union lady, and the wife of a U. S. Navy officer, a native of Mobile, both of whom with their two lovely and educated daughters, were driven from their homes by the "chivalrous" rebels, I learn the following particulars in regard to the prices of the necessities of life in that city. Mrs. Captain — and her three children, one a child of two years and a half, reached this city about the first of January, in search of their husbands and father. She states that when she left the destination of the people was terrible. Soap of poor quality was selling at \$1.75 per pound, or \$7 per bar, matches, fifty in a box, about half of which could be bought, 25c per box. Flour, of poor quality, \$5 per barrel. Tea \$15 per bushel. Butter of the poorest quality, \$1.75 per pound. Black pepper is not to be had at any price. Sugar, brown, 5c per pound. Coffee \$3.50 per pound. Salt 65 cts per pound, or \$80 a sack. Coats' Spool Cotton Thread, \$1.25 per spool. Home-spun Ladies Dress Goods, \$2.50 per yard. Men's boots, \$35 to \$50. Ladies' sleeves, \$35 per pair. No lamp wicking to be had in Mobile, and the poorest kind of tallow candles cost 30 cents apiece. Flannels, poor quality, such as formerly retailed for 60 cents a yard, now sell for \$10. White Domestic, \$1.75 former price 6 and 8 cts. I saw a very common shawl, such as any dry goods storekeeper in Boston would be glad to sell for one dollar and fifty cents, for which the owner paid \$15. Schoolbooks commanded, like everything else, the most exorbitant prices. A second-hand small sized geography sells for \$2.50. Lard is one dollar per pound, and bacon of poor quality, 75 cents. To show how desperate a strait the inhabitants are driven to, it is only necessary to state, that two Quartermasters had, like some of our patriotic, self-denying, and self-sacrificing officers in that department, "made good thing," sent 5,000 pounds of damaged bacon from Fort Morgan and Ft. Gaines, to some soapboilers, to be made into soap. The soapboilers cut off all the fat and sold the tainted meat for 35 cents a pound, and the people were glad to get it at that price. A pair of infant's shoes, \$5. Kerosene oil, poor quality, \$20 per gallon. Even the families who in peace times were considered rich, have been compelled to make their own shoes. I saw several pairs of shoes made by a lady for her own use, out of old beaver and felt hats and old pieces of heavy canvas. Miserable old second-hand straw mattresses, patched with every imaginable color of cloth, and in the most unimaginable form, sold for \$7.50 apiece, by the dozen, for soldiers' use in the hospital. The newspapers were advertising for old envelopes and paper, offering the highest premium for them. There is scarcely any paper in the State of Alabama, and in Mobile nothing is wrapped in paper by the storekeepers, purchasers being compelled to carry baskets and towels to envelope their purchases. The husband of my informant was driven from Mobile for his Union sentiments, and at one time the rebels placed a rope around his neck, and were in the act of hanging him when an officer interposed and prevented them from accomplishing their heinous designs. After Captain — had escaped from Mobile, his family got out of funds, and one of his daughters, a young lady of eighteen years, applied to "The Ladies' Aid Society of Mobile for some sewing. She got two overcoats of homespun cloth, and when returning them the following day, she was insulted in the streets by scoundrel females, who shouted, "there goes the traitor's family, the miserable Yankee Lincolns!" The next night, the body of traitors known by the name of the "Committee of Public Safety," were notified that employment had been furnished a "Yankee" or Union family, and they were called together to take immediate action on the matter. The Committee, in compliance with the wishes of the charitable citizens of Mobile, voted to give no assistance to Union families. General Forney was Provost Marshal, and in command of the rebel forces around Mobile, and loud complaints were made by the "Poor white trash," as they are pleased to call all who earn their bread by the

honest sweat of their brow, against the manner in which their relatives were treated. They were refused permission to visit the forts where their husbands, lovers, sons and brothers were on duty. This Brig. General Forney promised Mrs. Captain — that he would give her and her family a pass from Mobile beyond the lines of Alabama. She accordingly took all her household goods, and at the promised hour called for the pass, when this impudent fellow refused to give her any pass, or to give her any satisfaction for his sudden denial. Mrs. — then asked him why he promised her, and now that she had sold all her furniture, refused to furnish her with the pass. His gentlemanly and chivalric reply was "Or, durn it, put that woman out, I want to hear nothing from her, or have anything to do with such people." That night a guard was placed over her house to prevent any one from leaving. Finally, after securing letters of recommendation from one or two of her friends, and by representing that she was on the brink of starvation, and had money deposited in New Orleans, which she wished to secure, and after that she would return to Mobile, she was permitted with her family to leave; but when the scoundrel learned they were going, they began to threaten and denounce them in every sort of manner, and told them they hoped to be able some day to see their father hung. Their departure was telegraphed to all the stations on the railroad, with a long and minute description of the family, and upon their arrival they were treated with the greatest disrespect—were refused admittance to the hotels, and in the cars were subjected to the grossest insults from male and female. Finally, however, they succeeded in reaching our lines in safety.

**READING RAIL ROAD.** WINTER ARRANGEMENT. GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, and New England, via Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pottsville. TRAINS LEAVE HUNTINGDON FOR PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND NEW ENGLAND, VIA HARRISBURG, ALTOONA, AND POTTSVILLE, AS FOLLOWS: For Philadelphia, via Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pottsville, leave Huntingdon at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M. For New York, via Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pottsville, leave Huntingdon at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M. For New England, via Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pottsville, leave Huntingdon at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M.

**VIEW OF THE PULPIT ROCKS IN WINTER.** BY MARY HANKIN. As the king of the day descended his throne, Ere the lingering shaft from his quiver had flown, Where saters her granite in pulpit had wrought, Their drapery and cushions from the treasury of snow, Now sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight's last glow: With festoons and tassels more brilliant and fair Than the hues which the iris or peris ever bear. The chimneys of the steeple-bells grow suddenly still, And a feeling of awe my spirit stills. An I throned in silence to the choicest strain Which nature sends forth from that rocky domain. A low, murmuring breeze, like an anvil's roar, From the midst of the pulpit, now seemed to rejoice In him who bath said, "Ye winds ever blow, A mystery to man, who thy pathway would know." The trees of the wood then caught the glad strain, And joined a full chorus, which swept o'er the plain, Which echoed like a dream, as we turned to depart, The wailing chords of an enchanted treat.

But we believe that we here at home have much to be learning what the condition of our armies shall be than we generally think. We have a great responsibility in the matter. It depends very largely upon us whether the soldiers shall be dependent, sullen and inefficient, or cheerful, hopeful and successful. The enthusiasm and zeal of the armies have thus far generally been as strong as those of their friends at home. The connection between our people and our army is so close that it could not be otherwise. The patriotic glow which is felt in Rhode Island is shared by her sons on the Rappahannock and in the Neuse and in distant South Carolina. Every pulsation of the heart of this State felt in the far-off camps. By newspapers, by the letters of friends and wives and parents, and children loved ones, and visits of our citizens to the army, by a thousand ways the soldiers are kept within the influence of home.

It is very clear then that if we are sitting quietly here, enjoying all the comforts of life, suffer ourselves to become gloomy and desponding, to growl incessantly about everything that is done or that is not done, if we fill our letters and our papers and our speeches with declarations that everything is going to ruin, that it is of no use to fight any more, that the President and his Cabinet and Congress are traitors and ought to be driven from their places at the point of the bayonet, and that they care only for "niggers," and not at all for white men, that the North is to blame for the rebellion and that it is clearly foreordained that the South must succeed in resisting our arms, that to prosecute the war is only to squander treasure and blood, that every soldier who now falls, falls a useless victim to the folly and iniquity of the rulers,—if we pursue this course, it is plain that the soldiers must be more or less depressed, or else they are less influenced than other men.—It is to their infinite credit that they have stood up so courageously and so firmly, notwithstanding all the vile stuff that has been sent out to them for the very purpose of discouraging them.

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**CAN A CARPET BAG EAT?—It was but a day or two ago, while traveling upon the cars between this city and Columbus, that a train stopped at a small village not a hundred miles off, the conductor crying out: "Fifteen minutes for dinner!" The passengers, of whom there happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining apartment, and took the seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpet-bag in the chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord passed around to make his collection, calling upon the address'd passenger for his part of dinner. "How much?" said the passenger. "Eighty cents," replied the landlord. "Eighty cents for dinner! why that is extortionate." "No, sir; it is not extortionate.—Aint that your carpet-bag?" "Yes, sir; that is my carpet-bag." "Well, that carpet-bag occupies a seat, and of course I must charge for it." "Oh! is that the case? Well, here is your eighty cents." Turning to the carpet-bag the passenger remarked: "Well, Mr. Carpet Bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose we take something, at the same time opening its mouth, and turning therein half a ham, a roast chicken, a plate of crackers, and sundry other articles, amid the roars of laughter and the other passengers." The prevailing opinion among the passengers was that the carpet-bag was—Cincinnati Enquirer.**

**PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.** TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS.

WESTWARD.	EASTWARD.
PHILADELPHIA	PHILADELPHIA
ALTOONA	ALTOONA
HUNTINGDON	HUNTINGDON
POTTSVILLE	POTTSVILLE
HARRISBURG	HARRISBURG
NEW YORK	NEW YORK

**APOSTROPHE TO POVERTY.** BY J. S. G. O Poverty! I speak the truth, I never slander'd thee! O do not put thy hands of wealth In vengeance upon me! I never said that thou art fat, Of Daniel Lambert's weight,—So blabbed with good things to eat, You could not pass a gate! I never said, like Dives you live, With least of kitchen skill, And rude, the sinner to arrive, In carriage, down to hell! I not e'en hinted, from your door You drove the Lazarus elf, That dogs might lick his every sore, You would not hurt yourself? I never said, on bags of cash You slept each gloomy night, And dream'd of midnight pistol's flash, And robbers in affright! I never could connect, I'm sure, A lie so "rich" as that,—Of one who could not e'en afford To keep a mangy cat! I never said you held up gold, The gospel preacher on; Your whole estate, when truth is told, Is naught but skin and bone! And more than that—why should you pay For clerical control? I hear the folks, in scoffing way, Declare you have no soul! I never said you courted sly, A lawless sparkling eye; I'd take you for a fool, to seek What gold can only buy! I never said you got in debt To keep to struggle out; You cannot mend the sea as yet; You know what you're about! I never said you strutted proud, To "swell" or make a "blow" 'T; We never saw in Fashion's crowd Or street, a naked beau! I never said you danced at ball, Quot mellow with rich wine; You seem much apt to dance from jail To get a "drop of wine" ' I O Poverty! once more I say, I speak the truth of thee! Why haunt my steps both night and day? Why tear the clothes from me? I sometimes think, with fell design You'd steal my flesh and bone; Or, that I am a child of thine, And you'll seek your own! Then try my strength, and I'll try thine! I'll fly thy every grip! I'll in some bank or silver mine Give all your wiles the slip! I'll conquer thee with Fortune's aid, With armor, now and then,— And clothes you tore, as flag display'd, Shall be the victor's sign! Confront me, February 1, 1863.

It is it thought that peace and a voluntary restoration of the Union may be effected by compromise and many a bargain has been tried. Did not the rebels fling back in our faces every professed olive branch before peaceful men became armed soldiers, and the booming of Fort Sumner's cannon, with its terrible alarm, called a nation to arms. And now, insolent and defiant, they laugh to scorn all thoughts of peace on any other terms than recognition of their false nationality. They are stronger now than then. The despots and money-changers of Europe have given them substantial aid to destroy a Republic; they have more powerful armies, able generals and a firmer determination than when the rebellion began. They know their strength and appeal to it—not to the poor demagogues of the North, who are their practical enemies. They condemn and dress, army orders and newspapers. At no time have they ever spoken of Northern friends, except as allies in the war! They deride the foolish appeals of their Northern allies for peace

**THE REBELS EMPLOYING NEGRO SOLDIERS.**—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of South Carolina, entitled "A bill to amend an act entitled an act to organize and supply negro labor for the coast defence, in compliance with regulations of the government of the Confederate States, and to authorize and direct the Governor to proceed to furnish negro labor under said act."

**OHIO'S 100,000 SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD.** citizens at home, potent in either capacity, ask their fathers, brethren and friends, by their firesides and in their peaceful homes, to hear and heed this appeal, and to put an end to covert treason at home, more dangerous now than the presence of the armed hosts of misguided rebels in the field.

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**A Novel Marriage.** A short time ago, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Chaplain of the 4th Regiment N. Y. S. V., under rather novel circumstances, the clergyman and bridegroom being in the city of Washington, and the bride in the village of Fulton, Oswego county, during the ceremony. The bridegroom is a member of the 4th Regiment, and circumstances prevented his being in Fulton to fulfill his engagement with the young lady. By mail, the parties agreed to have the ceremony performed through the medium of the electric telegraph. The day and hour having been arranged, the parties repaired to the telegraph offices at the respective stations, the fair bride accompanied by a female friend as bridesmaid. The gentlemanly operator at Fulton acted as bridesman. The first dispatch over the wire relating to the affair was from Washington, inquiring if the lady was present. An answer in the affirmative was returned, and the ceremony proceeded. Three messages were sent to Fulton and two transmitted to Washington, and the ceremony was completed. The last message from Washington was the declaration of the clergyman pronouncing the parties man and wife.—Oswego Times.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE.** R. A. O. KERR, ALTOONA, PA., AGENT. FOR BLAIR AND HUNTINGDON COUNTIES. THESE MACHINES ARE ADMIRABLELY MADE TO BE USED BY THE PUBLIC, and are superior to any other made in the last eight years. OVER 2,000 MORE of these machines have been sold than any other manufactured, and more medals have been awarded the proprietors by different Fairs and Expositions than to any other. They are now in use in several families in Altoona, and in every one they give entire satisfaction. The Agent refers to the following information as to the superiority of the Machine, to A. W. Benedict, Joseph Watson, E. H. Turner and K. E. Bellinger. The Machines can be seen and examined at the store of the Agent, at Altoona. Price of No. 1 Machine, silver plated, enamel top, new style, \$100. No. 2 Machine, silver plated, enamel top, new style, \$85. No. 3 Machine, silver plated, enamel top, new style, \$75. No. 4 Machine, silver plated, enamel top, new style, \$65. For sale at LEWIS' Book, Stationery and Music Store.

**POCKET SAGAR CASES.**—A fine assortment for sale at Lewis' Book Store.

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**PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.**—now and improved styles—just received and for sale at Lewis' Book Store. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY Lloyd's new Map of the State of Virginia.—Only 25 cents. For sale at W. Lewis' Book Store. An assortment of Card Photographs at Lewis' Book Store. Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale at Lewis' Book Store.