

TERMS OF THE GLOBE. Per annum in advance \$1.50. Per month .15. Three months .45. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as: HAND BILLS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, POSTERS, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, BALL TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.

The Eye Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA. MY BROTHER. O, my brother, can it be That thou hast fallen from the spirit land and art no more, And left me wretched and alone!

On the Death of Mrs. Martha Tussey. That fatal fall that struck the blow, Which in an instant laid her low, And robbed her of her precious life— The guardian angel, mother, wife, We do not mourn as others do;

A Horrible Incident. The people of Parker's Gap, says the Chattanooga Gazette were much alarmed on the 13th, by the rumor that there was a human being in an old saltpetre cave near the Gap, supposed to be the same cave recently visited by Col. Bingham, while on picket.

Calamities Have Their Seasons. It is said that "misfortunes never come singly," and it is a fact worth observation that we seldom hear of a calamity that is not speedily followed by another of a similar character.

The Pennsylvania Reserves. Their Reception at Harrisburg. Pennsylvania Honors Her Braves. Grand Civic and Military Demonstration.—The suspension of all Business.—Spontaneous Ovation.—Men, Women and Children join in the acclaim.—Speeches of Gov. Curtin, &c.

The Crowds on the Side-Walks. Market street, from the river bank to the depot, on both sides, was one dense mass of men, women and children. We never before witnessed so large a gathering of our people.

The Disembarkation of the Reserves. As soon as the train stopped, the troops began with great order to disembark. But there was no time offered for the display of military discipline, and the men were at once conveyed to the Soldiers' Retreat, where a substantial collation awaited them.

The Collection at the Soldiers' Retreat. The collection at the Soldiers' Retreat was gotten up with great liberality and the men enjoyed themselves with the hot coffee, ham and soft bread provided for the occasion.

Moving of the Column. At 11 o'clock, the signal given from Capitol Hill announced the moving of the column, and as the procession passed over the route a salute of one hundred guns was fired by a detail from the New York battery.

Having a Time.—The Reserves. generous and spontaneous from the hearts of the masses. ORDER OF THE PROCESSION. CHIEF MARSHAL, WM. H. KEPNER.

on this very spot, upon the day of your arrival. But you are so prompt to surprise your friends as you cheerily, and you took us unawares. You faintly outflanked us. We therefore fell back in good order, of course, upon the reserve of our fellow citizens, who have cheerfully volunteered to entertain you at their private residences on Wednesday next, at two o'clock p.m.

The Governor's Address of Welcome. At the address of Mayor Rounroff, Governor CURTIN appeared on the steps of the Capitol, and then ensued a scene of enthusiasm scarcely equalled in the history of the State.

A DAY'S MARCH. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

Addresses of the Reception. Mayor Rounroff Addressed the Reserves as follows: Hail brave soldiers of Pennsylvania! I greet you with a hearty welcome, and I extend to you the warmest of our Pennsylvania welcomes.

Col. McCandless, of the 2d Reserves, then addressed the corps. He was proud to call the men comrades. He had been with them in many of their fights, and now when welcomed home by their friends, after having passed through the fight, and done our duty, it is gratifying to us to be welcomed.

Col. McCandless, of the 2d Reserves, then addressed the corps. He was proud to call the men comrades. He had been with them in many of their fights, and now when welcomed home by their friends, after having passed through the fight, and done our duty, it is gratifying to us to be welcomed.

The Governor's Address of Welcome. At the address of Mayor Rounroff, Governor CURTIN appeared on the steps of the Capitol, and then ensued a scene of enthusiasm scarcely equalled in the history of the State.

A DAY'S MARCH. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

Addresses of the Reception. Mayor Rounroff Addressed the Reserves as follows: Hail brave soldiers of Pennsylvania! I greet you with a hearty welcome, and I extend to you the warmest of our Pennsylvania welcomes.

Col. McCandless, of the 2d Reserves, then addressed the corps. He was proud to call the men comrades. He had been with them in many of their fights, and now when welcomed home by their friends, after having passed through the fight, and done our duty, it is gratifying to us to be welcomed.

Col. McCandless, of the 2d Reserves, then addressed the corps. He was proud to call the men comrades. He had been with them in many of their fights, and now when welcomed home by their friends, after having passed through the fight, and done our duty, it is gratifying to us to be welcomed.

The Governor's Address of Welcome. At the address of Mayor Rounroff, Governor CURTIN appeared on the steps of the Capitol, and then ensued a scene of enthusiasm scarcely equalled in the history of the State.

A DAY'S MARCH. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR. Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up pitiously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf, and cast a generous shadow over our panting columns.

Addresses of the Reception. Mayor Rounroff Addressed the Reserves as follows: Hail brave soldiers of Pennsylvania! I greet you with a hearty welcome, and I extend to you the warmest of our Pennsylvania welcomes.

Col. McCandless, of the 2d Reserves, then addressed the corps. He was proud to call the men comrades. He had been with them in many of their fights, and now when welcomed home by their friends, after having passed through the fight, and done our duty, it is gratifying to us to be welcomed.

wild steps, reeling like a drunken man. "I can carry it, Tom," he answered, looking up gratefully. I saw it was useless to ask him, as the brave little fellow would never have relinquished it; and it was evident that both he and the musket must soon fall unless he was relieved. Therefore, I unslung my knapsack, and leaving it in my tracks, took the piece from his shoulder. We had hardly gained another mile before my head began to whirl, and the glittering bayonets ahead seemed a flickering sheet of flame. I felt myself staggering.

"Here, Tom, I have some water, drink!" "Water! I must be delirious, or am you mocking me? No, Joe, never does that. But he did not drink—then he cannot have it. Joe, Joe, where is the water?" "Here, Tom, in my canteen!" "Then for God's sake drink yourself for I won't," I answered; determined he should not sacrifice the last drop of life at the altar of friendship. I dropped both muskets, in hope they would relieve me; it was in vain, for, after a few random strides, I became insensible.

I was awakened by a grateful drop of water trickling down my throat. "More!" I gasped, as I opened my eyes, and distinguished the form of a man kneeling beside me. The canteen was placed to my lips, and as I drained it to the last drop, I recognized my good Samaritan in the form of "gentle Joe." I felt somewhat revived, and regained my feet.

But he made no attempt to move, sitting motionless, embracing his knees, and watching me intently. "Are you going, Tom?" he said, vacantly. "Of course, we will both die, if we stay here. Come on!" "Good bye, Tom," he said; while an almost anguished expression of love lit up his face. I stood confounded; was he crazy? Then, for the first time, the truth flashed upon my bewildered senses. I had taken his last drop of water, and he was famishing. I turned to him in an agony of remorse. He was lying upon his back, with his eyes closed. I knelt beside him, and placed my hand on his temple; he slowly opened his great brown eyes. "Joe, friend, how do you feel?" He answered faintly: "Kiss me, Tom!" "Poor boy, his mind wanders, tho' it I."

"Come, now, let me carry you," I said; but he made no signs of consent. I seized his hand, but it was cramped and stiff. I laid my hand on his temple, but it throbbled no more. I raised the clonched hand to my lips and kissed it, for he was dead. I took a small gold chain from his neck, as a memento, and taking off my blouse, covered the face of "gentle Joe," and reeled onward.

In my convalescence I bethought me of the chain. Taking it from my pocket, I examined it as well as my teeth would let me. Attached to the chain was a small locket, enclosing an ambrotype of a girl—Joe's sweetheart, perhaps, poor girl! or more likely his sister, as she greatly resembles him. I took the picture from the locket, in hopes of finding the name, nor was I mistaken, for upon the back was pasted a piece of paper, upon which was written: "Any one, who finds this after I am killed will please send it to my mother Mrs. —, living at —."

mament; but what are they but men of deep and stirring thought? This indispensable element of the mind may be so trained as to become an instrument of overwhelming power. The setting in motion of the wheels of thought is the secret of greatness. To do this properly—like the construction of an ingenious piece of mechanism—we must take heed of two things; viz: the matter that we use, and the manner in which we use it. Now, the skillful machinist selects the best material and puts it together in the most scientific manner; and if the more making of an engine is worthy of this attention, does not thought which shapes the mind deserve as much?

Of the two, the matter is more important than the manner; but both are indispensable to the well-balanced mind. First of all, the workman must see that the timber is good which he is to use in building; so we must see that all our thoughts are upon proper subjects. Everything that does not deserve the attention of the good, should be banished from our minds, for they, like the body, need to be fed with the most nutritious food in order to stimulate a vigorous and healthy growth. Subjects of thought should be chosen, which have a tendency to draw out the reasoning powers,—subjects which will lead the mind to grasp at something that is deeper and more definite, broader and more enlarged, better and more to be desired. Let the habit be acquired of making everything that presents itself to the mind a subject of careful speculation and thought. Nature and art exhaust resources of thought as inexhaustible as space, as deep as time and as enduring as eternity. Little things may be the subjects of profitable meditations as well as great ones. It is not always the greatest causes that produce the greatest effects, or the most exalted subjects that result in the most profitable reflections. It was by the falling of an apple that Newton discovered the laws of gravity. Franklin, by taking the spark on so common a thing as lightning, discovered the power of electricity.

Steam was found out to be a motive power by noticing its effects upon the lid of a boiling kettle, and making it the subject of vigorous thought. These are all simple things in themselves, yet how mighty the effects! And there are, to-day, as simple subjects which some thinking mind shall investigate, and from which he will bring out results for which the world will bless him, long after his ashes repose in the grave. But above all, we should keep the mind busy upon something, even if it result in unprofitable thought.—The habit of having no particular subject upon the mind for reflection and study, is very injurious. Thought unsupplied with material upon which to act, soon becomes deficient by inactivity.

But we must not forget the manner of thought. It is highly important that there be a regular system of thinking. Thoughts upon however good a subject, if they are not well put together, are as incomplete as if the carpenter should throw in a heap of sills, and plates, and rafters, and beams of a building, and say—"there is a house." All the parts may be there, but there is still something to be done, before it is complete. Many persons have naturally strong reasoning powers, but they fail to call them into use; they have addicted themselves to the habit of thoughtlessness, until they have become unable to think deeply upon any subject. Thoughts should not be confused and mixed, but distinct and clear. The two processes, compared, are like the muddy stagnant pool and the clear transparent waters of the running brook.

Again, the powers of thought should always be exercised on the side of right and justice; and we should strive not to hide anything from the conscience of the better judgment, that cannot be weighed in the scales of justice and humanity. By cultivating the habit of correct, as well as deep, and continued thought, the mind will be developed; and just as sure as the well cultivated field will bring forth a good crop, its effect will be felt by the world. Bradford Argus. C. K. GARFIELD. GENEEROUS.—A Paris letter states that a poor little milliner found an English nobleman's pocket book with fifty thousand francs in it. She restored it intact, and he rewarded her by promising to speak well of her shop. A London paper gives the following as the prayer taught to children of the Scarborough workmen in old times—"God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning. Amen!" WARM.—The weather.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

S. B. CHANEY, Editor. To whom all communications on the subject of Education should be addressed.

Thought a Means of Developing the Mind. There is connected with man something more than mere corporeal existence, and the exercise of these functions is not all that he has to do in life. Supplied with all the wants of the body, he is still incompetent to fulfill the destiny of an intellectual being in the meanest calling. There is, within, a source of action, a main spring of power, which is the mind; armed with this weapon, well burnished and keen, man goes forth into the battle field of life, a fit being to perform the duties of a high calling. The mind is a gem which when cultivated is like the sparkling diamond that combines the qualities of beauty and value.

The polishing of this gem, the cultivation of the mind, is a thing of no mean consideration. That the mind can be developed is beyond the possibility of a denial; but it is to be developed only by the exercise of its own thinking powers. Place before the mind's eye scenes the most interesting and instructive, and unless the powers of thought are exercised, the mind is the essence of all the love of the past and strive to feed it with the richest of mental attainments, yet if mighty thought do not welcome these into the store house of the mind, your labor will have been in vain. What are our greatest men but those who carry into effect the workings of a vigorous and well trained thought? The truthful pages of history reveal to us glowing intellects who have come out in splendor, like the glittering stars of the firmament.

"Let me take your musket, Joe," I said, fearing he would sink down. He shook his head and staggered on. "Will you give me that gun?" I resumed, after he had taken a few more