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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

PERSERVERE.

TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance.

VOL. XX.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1864.

NO. 1.

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

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

They Tell Me I'll Forget.

They tell me I'll forget thee when Mid other scenes I stray, That thoughts of thee will vanish as The dew at break of day. But ah! I do not heed their words— I know it cannot be, That one enamoured within this heart Can be forgot by me.

Notes of a Visit to the Army of the Potomac.

(From the Harrisburg Telegraph.)

In company with several of the delegates of the Christian Commission, I left Harrisburg on the morning of May 14th, to spend a few weeks in ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded of our army.

Battle of the Wilderness.

To this point, a small landing on the Potomac, the boats were taken to Frederickburg, to be shipped thence to Washington. Here we tarried for a couple of days and assisted in supplying the wounded men, after a painful journey over the rough roads of Virginia in ambulances and army wagons, with milk punch, coffee, lemonade, bread, crackers, oranges and such other delicacies as would attract and nourish convalescing men.

Fredericksburg.

We reached this city of wounded and dying men, after a wearisome day's ride through a country tainted with death. The city has been too often described to need any new description. Its grass grown streets, its deserted homes, its ruined buildings whose burnt walls bear witness to numerous conflagrations, its temples of worship and public buildings perforated by shot and shell, the absence of water and of paving stones in the streets, and the presence everywhere of wounded men, sitting on the door steps and curb stones, limping on crutches or leaning on the shoulder of a stronger, the hurrying here and there of the messengers of mercy with their burden of stimulants, bandages, &c., the slow moving death wagon bearing brave men to their last sleep, the heavy laden atmosphere tainted with death, all reminded us how we were surrounded by a vast hospital.

The Christian and Sanitary Commissions.

The value of these two great benevolent agencies was here most abundantly illustrated. At the headquarters of the Christian Commission, (which were in the large mansion of a Doctor Hart, now said to be on the staff of Gen R E Lee, of the rebel army,) two hundred men were congregated, most of them ministers of the Gospel, men of learning and of ability, who here in deeds of mercy bore witness to the patriotic words they had often spoken in their pulpits at home. Here cheerfully accepting the roughest fare, they gave themselves to weeks of toil. Each morning, having divided the entire city into districts among them, they went forth, their haversacks filled with stimulants, soft crackers, lemons, oranges, bandages, writing materials, reading matter; bearing buckets of coffee, punch, lemonade; carrying bundles of clothing, crutches, bandages, &c., and spent the day among the wounded men, dressing their wounds, attending to their wants, writing letters for them to their friends, cheering them by kind Christian words, praying, and pointing them to the Saviour of men, whispering in the ears of the dying words of hope and forgiveness, and burying the dead with the blessed rites of Christian burial. Such in briefest words is the work of the Christian Commission in such a place as Frederickburg.

Details of the labors of these two hundred will be carried and reported to thousands of homes. They performed the lowliest services, washing the wounds, the feet, the bodies of the poor sufferers, putting on their clean clothing, lifting and carrying them tenderly from place to place, illustrating with a noble humility the name they bore—the Christian Commission. The time and labor of these delegates are given freely, and cost the commission only their board and transportation from and to their homes, and in many cases not even this. I met noble men of the Sanitary Commission, busy in the same labors, but with the general work of the commission I am less familiar.

The value of the two commissions in such a field as that of Frederickburg cannot be estimated. Great suffering is alleviated and prevented and numerous lives are saved through their instrumentality.

The March of the Grand Army.

Leaving Frederickburg, in company with a few delegates of the Christian Commission, and running the gauntlet of guerrillas, after a hard day's walk, I reached Spotsylvania court house, only to find that our connection with Washington by way of Fredericksburg was severed, the grand army was in motion southward, and we must, willing or no, accompany it. A night of broken sleep upon the boxes and bales of our supply wagon was followed by an early order to pack up. There is something in the movement of a great army that partakes of the sublime, especially under circumstances like those under which the army of Gen Grant and Meade has moved, a mighty and wily foe close in front and watching every movement. No more hazardous movements have ever been attempted in warfare than those by which day after day the vast army of the Potomac has been slowly advanced as an army in the very face of its enemy. Silently, to corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, to hospitals and supply trains came the orders for a movement—no one knew whither. With a sublime, unquestioning faith, the tents were quietly struck, ambulances filled with remaining sick and wounded, knapsacks buckled on and muskets shouldered, horses mounted, and soon cavalry, infantry, artillery, hospitals and supply trains and rear guard would all be on their way to some unknown point. Accompanying the 5th corps, commanded by Major General Warren, my observations during the subsequent ten days were limited almost wholly to this campaign.

The Battle of the North Anna.

On Monday evening about 5 o'clock the 1st division of the 5th corps, with which a friend and myself had been marching from early dawn, reached the banks of the North Anna. The 2d and 3d divisions came up, and while the 2d divisions were being led the divisions of Griffin and Crawford, the Pa. Reserves, forded the stream. The North Anna is a muddy river, from two to four feet in depth and about one hundred yards in width at Jericho Mills, the place where the 5th corps crossed. The banks of the stream rise some 50 or 100 feet to high rolling ground, skirted by woods. In consequence of the three days' rapid marching, our troops gained the ground, forded the river and took position on the south bank without any resistance by the enemy at this point. They soon, however, found a foe in front. Standing near the General's headquarters on the north bank, my companion and myself watched our troops as they crossed, fled up the hills and formed in line of battle in some open fields on south bank. A single battery was taken across the river, while the remaining ones were posted on the crown of the hills along the north bank on either side of headquarters. Off to our right as we lay in the clover beneath the shade of an oak, and nearly a mile away, sat a rebel horseman as immovable as a statue, watching our operations, and ready at the slightest warning to fly across the river and join his friends. When the skirmishing opened the 3d division of the north bank on either side of headquarters. Off to our right as we lay in the clover beneath the shade of an oak, and nearly a mile away, sat a rebel horseman as immovable as a statue, watching our operations, and ready at the slightest warning to fly across the river and join his friends. When the skirmishing opened the 3d division of the north bank on either side of headquarters.

Another Grand Flank Movement.

As we were awaiting anxiously the expected battle between the North and South Anna, and just at dusk, one evening, came the quiet order: "The rebels are moving immediately. The hospital train will fall into the rear of the 3d division." In a half hour we were ready; had moved out to the road, and halted to let the army pass—rather the 5th corps of it. From 8 o'clock p. m., till 3 a. m., we waited by the road-side, while the steady tramp of men, cheerful, joking and gleefully wading in shoulder or face, with shattered hand or broken thigh, lay in the tent or were carried to the

amputating table, with never a murmur of complaint or dissatisfaction breaking from their lips. I felt lost in speechless admiration, and almost questioned whether they had not become insensible to pain, they were so cheerful and so uncomplaining. I have seen them walk coolly up to the amputating table where they were to lose a right arm, or carried there to lose a foot or a limb, without a moan. I have heard them sing, "Rally round the flag, boys," when suffering deep pain or lay with beaded sweat glistening on their brows, and with fists and teeth clenched as they suppressed every groan. On the floor of the town hall of Fredericksburg lay a young soldier from Brooklyn, N. Y., by the name of Morris. His face was as gentle as a girl's. He had just been brought in from the battle-field, over a rough road of fifteen or twenty miles, but not a murmur escaped his lips. He had fallen on the field pierced at nearly the same instant in three places. The right arm was torn entirely off near the shoulder by a shot; the left hand was terribly shattered, and a ball had passed through the body, piercing the lungs; his wounds had been dressed for nearly two days; his calm face wore an aspect of pain, but not a murmur escaped his lips. It seems to me I shall never cease from my vision the things I have seen; the ghastly man that asked a cup of water; the wounded man staggering to seek a bite to eat; the exhausted men, who, amid all the din and noise, were sleeping soundly as a tired infant on a mother's knee—the great men, whose thanks made me ashamed of myself. Men at home may walk our streets sauntering along at their ease, pass their criticisms on the conduct of the war, wonder why the army does not move more rapidly—may charge regiments, brigades, divisions and corps with cowardice, but for myself, my recollection of what I have seen shall silence my tongue; if it ever begins to utter a reproach against the men who, in my place and for me, have gone to meet the terrible onset of a war that has no parallel in history.

What can we do?

I answer this practical question by saying, life can be saved by us. A computation has been made that of all who die by war only one-fifth (1-5) die on the field, the other four-fifths (4-5) die after the battle—from neglected wounds, from exhaustion, from thirst and hunger, from the unrelenting flow of blood, from the lack of stimulants, from unrelieved anguish and pain. Here lies the sphere of Christian charity—to save these four-fifths, to secure for them immediate attention, skillful help and full supplies. In the Crimean war the proportion of deaths to the thousand rose from 100 to 913! The proportion of deaths in our American army is 53 to 1,000, a grand triumph for the Republic and a grand triumph for the Christian religion. Yet thousands of lives still are lost that might be saved. Suffering, too, can be greatly diminished. The two hundred delegates of the Christian Commission at Fredericksburg were well nigh appalled by the magnitude of the work. The stores almost failed. Calls came for articles that could not be had. Men died daily because what was needed was not at hand. Painful sufferings were witnessed that could not be relieved, because the supply of necessities was so scant to meet the wants of ten thousand men.

Profanity and Wickedness in the Army.

It has frequently been said that the great peril of the country will be from the army returns home and scatters its wickedness, profanity and recklessness through society. The country will suffer an hundred fold more by the men who stay at home to support drinking and gambling saloons, all the streets of our cities, than if ever will from the rough and sun-burnt men of the army. There is profanity here, on every corner of our streets, more of it, and less excusable, than in the army. Here it breaks over all restraints of society and decency. In the army you will find thousands of the serious men, of noble and gentlemanly bearing, among whom one may move from day to day without beholding an act or hearing a word that need cause a blush on the cheek of virtue. There is no necessary and mean spirit. The army is lifted up to a grand, American patriotic feeling, which does not characterize all who stay at home. I am happy to be able to speak from my own observation of these citizen soldiers. I have seen them in camp, on the march, on the brink of battle, "storming the imminent breach," borne wounded from the field, lingering in the hospital, and gasping in death, that I can say that I believe a nobler band never went forth to war, a band inspired by a higher impulse than the "Army of the Union." There may be still faint-hearted men at home, or worse than faint-hearted men, who are repeating, in this fourth year of the conflict, the question, "Is this war right or wrong?" The army entertains no doubt on that matter. The arm of the soldier pauses not to strike at any man who would trample under foot the banner of the country. He loves his Government and is willing to die for it. It is no spirit of adventure, nor love of blood, that has sustained these men in the fearful conflicts of the wilderness and led them up into the very face of death. The spirit that animates the ranks animates the leaders. Like Wadsworth, many of them have left fortune, family, high social position, chances of distinction in civil life, and gone out to the privations of the camp and the perils of the field, moved by one great absorbing love of country.

The Soldier in the Hospital.

Now here has the endurance of our brave men been more severely tested, and more successfully proved than in the hospital. With wonder and simple amazement I have looked upon the courage of these men, who, with bullet holes through leg or arm, with gasping in death in shoulder or face, with shattered hand or broken thigh, lay in the tent or were carried to the

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are hard lessons on every page of the book that God's mighty hand has opened for us to read. But they who trust in Him and in the age of peace and righteousness which He has promised, need not complain of present loss or pain. Before the joys of peace must come the pains of purgatory; "first pure, then peaceable." Our righteous cause cannot suffer harm, since He has taken its part. Behind the dark clouds of to day He will surely show us the calm sky of to-morrow, and after the storms have passed away, will lay anew, with a wiser hand than man's the corner stones of Liberty.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.

A Sketch of His Life and Services.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, Dec. 29, 1808. When he was four years of age he lost his father, who died from the effects of exertions to save a friend from drowning. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city, with whom he served seven years. His mother was unable to afford him any education, and he never attended school a day in his life.

While learning his trade, however, he resolved to make an effort to educate himself. His anxiety to be able to read was particularly excited by an incident which is worthy of mention. A gentleman Raleigh was in the habit of going into the tailor's shop and reading while the apprentice and journeymen were at work. He was an excellent reader, and his favorite book was a volume of speeches, principally of British statesmen. Johnson became interested, and his first ambition was to equal him as a reader, and become familiar with those speeches. He took up the alphabet without an instructor, but by applying to the journeymen with whom he worked he obtained a little assistance.

Having acquired a knowledge of the letters, he applied for the loan of the book which he had so often heard read. The owner made him a present of it, and gave him some instructions on the use of letters in the formation of words. Thus his first exercises in spelling were in that book. By perseverance he soon learned to read, and the hours which he devoted to his education were at night after he was through his daily labor upon the shop board. He now applied himself to books from two to three hours every night, after working from ten to 12 hours at his trade.

Having completed his apprenticeship in the autumn of 1824, he went to Laurens Court House, S. C., where he worked for nearly two years. There he became engaged to be married, but the match was broken off by the violent opposition of the girl's mother and friends, the ground of objection being Mr. Johnson's youth and want of pecuniary means. In May, 1824, he returned to Raleigh, where he commenced journey-work and remained until September. He then set out to seek his fortune in the West, carrying with him his mother, who was dependent on him for support. He stopped at Greenville, Tenn., and commenced work as a journeyman. He remained there about twelve months, married, and soon afterward removed westward; but failing to find a suitable place to settle, he returned to Greenville, and commenced business there.

Up to this time his education was limited to reading, as he had never had an opportunity of learning to cipher or write; but under the instructions of his wife he learned these and other branches. The only time, however, he could devote to them was in the dead of night. The first effort which he ever held was that of afterman of the village, to which he was elected in 1828. He was re-elected to the same position in 1830, and again in 1830. In that year he was chosen mayor, which position he held for 3 years.

In 1835 he was elected to the legislature. In the session of that year he took decided ground against a scheme of internal improvements, which he contended would not only prove a failure but an enormous debt to the State a burdensome debt. The measure was popular, however, and at the next election (1837) he was defeated. He became a candidate again in 1839. By this time many of the evils he had predicted from the internal improvement policy which he had opposed four years previous were fully demonstrated, and he was elected by a large majority.

In 1840 he served as Presidential elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket. He canvassed a large portion of the State, meeting on the stump several of the leading Whig orators. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where, by successive elections, he served until 1853. During this period of service he was conspicuous and active in advocating, respectively, the bill for refunding the fine, in 1846, imposed upon Gen Jackson at New Orleans, the war measures of Mr. Polk's administration, and a homestead bill.

In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, after an exciting canvass, in which he was opposed by Gustavus A. Henry. He was re-elected in 1855, after another active contest, his competitor being Meredith P. Gentry. At the expiration of his second period as Governor, in 1857, he was elected U. S. Senator for a full term, ending March 3, 1859.

Ever since the outbreak of the rebellion, Gov Johnson has been the stern and uncompromising enemy of the slave oligarchy. As Senator of the United States, as a public speaker in

behalf of the Union, and for these many months past as Military Governor of his own State, he has vigilantly and efficiently wrought in our holy cause, and secured his name high among the earnest workers on behalf of the imperilled Republic.

Co. D 6th Cavalry, U. S. A.

- Capt. Wm. S. Abert
1st Lieut. Albert Coates
1st Sergt. G. W. M. Merryman
Q. M. Sergt. H. Reed McClellan
Com. Sergt. John Marshall
1st Duty do Saml Shipley
2nd do H. P. Fulton
3rd do J. E. Applebaugh
1st Corporal R. Boyd
2nd do "D. Fulton
3rd do A. Shuster
4th do J. H. Geisinger
5th do Geo. Fenz
Bugler J. Sullivan
do L. Cook
Farrier D. Cowhon
Artificer C. W. Leathers.

Privates.

- Alton H. Little J.
Ames A. S. Lucas H.
Applebaugh C. E. Luco W. N.
Bailey D. Maurer D.
Barnard Wm. McCracken J.
Buckert Geo. "McClellan J.
Burdick F. McMillen J.
Bird J. Monday C.
Brown J. Morton D.
Brown G. Morrison G. W.
Blair T. McNair A.
Chapman P. McNeil J.
Clark J. S. Nicholson T.
Cokerly F. F. Oldham D.
Dean J. Pennington J.
Duncan S. Penny W. S.
Dunn J. Petran C.
Falkine J. "Piro Geo.
Fisher D. Propert J. M.
Gaffield W. Purdy S.
Graham T. Risher J. T.
Goulish D. Rothrock A.
Handlon J. Roth J.
Hannah V. Simmer J.
Hakin J. Smith Jas.
Hiland J. Smith Jno.
Homen Wm. Smith T. G.
James D. Walker A.
Jones E. F. Wacker O.
Kearney E. Wadsworth G. H.
Layderbrook A. J. Wiao J. G.
Laughlin E. Wittington W. W.
Lewis L. Wood A. B.
Lindly W. D.

Those having a star affixed to their names, are prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

THE TALE BEARER.—If there is one individual who deserves the honors of contempt and disdain from an honest and civilized community, it is the tale bearer—he or she who battles the words or actions of one, who is made an associate, to another, and make it the subject of a string of idle gossip. A tale bearer is not long in a community before he is known, and when known he has less thought of than formerly; and if he has any good qualities, they are all lost sight of in this one low, vile, despicable habit. We cannot see the propriety in the conduct of the tale bearer. Does he relate the actions of others in order to have the listener repose more confidence in himself or grant more favor? If he does, then he is mistaken for when it is seen that he cannot retain the sayings and doings of others, it is certain that no one will place confidence in him, and the favor he seeks to find is entirely lost. A tale bearing is akin to that of slander. The tale bearer does not only bring a curse upon himself, but he sows discord and dissension in a peaceful society or family. Any one possessed of this habit need only look to the prayers of Solomon and see how his conduct is condemned. "He that goeth about as a tale bearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him that entrencheth with his lips."

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.—If there is a being in the world who needs the serving of private affection and public gratitude, it is the soldier who marches as a private in the ranks of the army, to fight for his country, and offers his blood and life as a sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union and the constitution. And yet, how seldom it is that they are rewarded and reward their services until they die! It is the private who carries on the gun, it is the private who marches on foot, mud, frost and snow, it is the private who erects bridges over swift streams, and rears the lofty fortification, and it is the private who, with the bayonet fixed on the deadly rifle, pits and against the squared columns of the enemy; and yet, how seldom it is that he receives the honors and the rewards of his noble conduct!

HAD HIM TUESDAY.—A wounded Virginian rebel and a wounded Pennsylvanian, occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tussle, as follows: "Say, rebel, where are you from?" "I'm from Virginia, the best State in America." "That's where old Floyd came from, the old thief?" "Who are you from, Yankee?" "I'm from Pennsylvania." "Well you needn't talk about the old thief, Floyd coming from Virginia, as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania.—Don't you wish you hadn't said anything, Yankee?"

At church, some clap their hands so high at prayer time, that they cannot get them open when the contribution box comes round.