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WELCOME HOME.

Welcome home, ye brave Reserves;
All praise and glory you deserve,
For toil and hardships long endured,
Whilist we in safety were secured.

BIBLE SLAVERY COMPARED WITH SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.

And now, Mr. Editor, a word to rebel sympathizers in the North. You see that we have purposely let you into your own citadel, and gave you all arms you could draw from the bible, in order to show their inefficiency, and still you persist in your defence of slavery.

CONCLUSION.

And now, Mr. Editor, a word to rebel sympathizers in the North. You see that we have purposely let you into your own citadel, and gave you all arms you could draw from the bible, in order to show their inefficiency, and still you persist in your defence of slavery.

BOYHOOD.

Boys, when they are boys, are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics.

A DERN'D OLD SMELL.

The man noticed in the following, must be one of the fellows who was taken in by a "drop game."
A young man from a gasless Territory, who stayed with a relation in the city, and who retired after blowing out the gas, which fortunately had not a full head on, the next morning at breakfast showed asked his cousin if they hadn't lost a cat lately.



WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. -PERSEVERE- TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance.

VOL. XX. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1864. NO. 4.

failure, and we become a disgrace and a by-word,—an object for the finger of scorn.

Slavery, what shall we say of thee! Thou enemy of righteousness and of humanity; thou first born of the first secessionist, who was driven from Heaven for his rebellion—thou hast glutted thy unsatiable maw with the blood of millions of defenceless human victims in all ages. Thou, demon-like, hast followed the lovers of liberty to this western world, and prompted thy votaries to rob our treasury, dismantle our ships of war, seize our fortresses, steal our arms and munitions of war and our mints, destroy our navy yards, drag our standard, the emblem of human liberty, in the dust, and stain their ruthless hands in our brothers' blood; thou hast been prompting them to continue this wicked war for over three years, in which billions of dollars have been spent and hundreds of thousands of patriots have fallen victims upon thy gory altar to save thy hellish appetite for human blood.

II. C. B.

LOVE AND MORAL COURAGE.

"But why don't you like him, Miss Agatha?"
"Oh—because!"
What philosopher ever solved the mystery of this true woman's reason? Because, means ten thousand things that present dimpled lips don't choose to put in shape, it means that they don't know why perfectly well themselves, but won't tell; and not all the coaxing of curiosity can get it out of them.

III. C. B.

like this, where he might know he would meet all his fashionable acquaintances? Upon my word I believe he'll take her to the opera next.

"Not a solitary red cent, I know, for I have inquired. She is in reduced circumstances—that's the term, I believe, but Staunton is very fond of her nevertheless. She has come up from town from the back woods for a few days, and—"

IV. C. B.

Fitz Aubyn curled his lip in contemptuous silence, that was several degrees harder to bear than spoken obliquely, but another young man leaped forward to interpose his word.

"Offer the wine to him yourself, Miss Milne; surely he cannot be so lost to all sense of gallantry as to refuse it from your fair hand."

V. C. B.

Hints to Correspondents.

The following simple rules for the guidance of those who write for the press, if observed would save editors and printers a great deal of trouble. Correspondents should adhere to them:

VI. C. B.

Twombly's Slight Mistake.

Mr. THOMAS TWOMBLY had drunk but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the reasonable hour of 1 A. M., and went soberly to bed.

Mr. Twombly sat on one side of the bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombly thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on coming to bed, he was astonished, and dark as it was in the room, he could not distinguish on what certain Mr. Twombly gazed toward the door to close it, when to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach him from beyond. Twombly raised his right hand—the figure raised his left.

"Who is Andrew Johnson?"
If any one has any doubt on this subject, in view of the responsible position to which Mr. Johnson is evidently destined, he has but to turn to any part of the noble Tennesseean's record since the outbreak of the rebellion. In his famous reply to Senator Lane, of Oregon, in the first debate on the subject, when asked what he would do were he President of the United States, he said:

"The distinguished Senator from Oregon asks me what I would do with the rebels, were I President of the United States? I would have them arrested. I would have them tried, and if found guilty, by the SUPREMACY OF THE LAW, I would have them EXECUTED."

The Cleveland Platform.

The Chicago Tribune thus disposes of the Cleveland platform. "What element of Copperheadism is wanting? Hatred of the Administration? It is here. Sympathy with the Copperheads and rebels; whom, by Congress, the President lawfully and properly sent to Fort Lafayette? It is here. Alleged usurpation of the Presidency? It is here. Attacking the lawful action of the President to (to be mild in arrest, stopping and preventing Copperheads from giving aid and comfort to the rebels by treasonable publications, upon the principle that it is a crime for a public officer forcibly to stop a crime. Here it is under the head of 'violation of the liberty of the press.' And, aim for human nature, it is poor Fremont's style the redelivery to the Spanish Government of the famous Arguelles, who, by participating in the slave trade, has rendered himself an outlaw to the world and an enemy to the race, 'an abandonment of the right of asylum dear to all free nations fleeing from the laws of the civilized world against piracy, in the same category with a Garibaldi, a Mazzini, a Meagher, or a Kosuth; fleeing to our free shores for having been guilty of endeavoring to establish Republican institutions in monarchical countries.'"

A Gloomy Bridal.

Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and bridegroom, and they—the pair waiting to be blessed—bent down their heads like criminals before him. In vain might the eye wander around the room of the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was dreary black—and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark over-shadowing pall of rayless gloom.—Ah, joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering, even at the threshold, which sh'd blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet the same sombre shade, the same hue of gloom, the depth of darkness, was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, swift succeeding of the lily, no fitful changes telling of youthful passion and warm, bright hopes were seen in that bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral possessed the bride, possessed the groom, possessed the minister—in fact they were all possessed.

It is said that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

EXCERPTS.—The Times: