The Globe.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

SUNRISE.

The skylark meets the distant blue,
That stoops to clasp a waking world,
While flowers fling up their crowns of dew,
And hues of heaven are here unfurled.
Pure as the dew dissolved in air,
Like incense rising from the sod,
Shall be our morning praise and prayer,
While faith shall wing our words to God.

He rolls the sun to its decline,
And bowls it on the realms afar,
To let the modest glow-worm shine,
And man behold the evening star.
With wings of flame he sweeps away
The stars above so thickly spread,
To light the ant with golden ray,
And show man where to find his bread.

Like silver rain the light will fall
From rosy morning's torch of flame,
Where mailed beetle rolls his ball,
And the wise beaver builds his dam.
The sun looked from the sky and smiled,
And earth awoke with song of bliss,
As wakes the sweet and smiling child,
Waked by a mother's morning kiss.

For the Globe.

An Appeal.

MR. EDITOR:—Past history furnishes ample evidence of the danger of a union of the civil and ecclesiastical departments of human government; but many of the benefits and blessings of life are the results of their harmonious working together. The line of separation between the province of benevolence and that of civil legislation oscillates with the advancement or retrogression of society; thus, we must have civil laws by which Crœsus may enforce or collect his claims against Lazarus, and we must not have civil authority to compel a citizen to take up, and dress the wounds of the traveler who has fallen among thieves: but the principle of benevolence with powerful sanctions forbids Crœsus committing Lazarus to the "tender mercy" of dogs, and sweetly constrains the neighbor to take tender care of the stranger who has fallen amongst theives.

One of the greatest lights of the present age, both in theological and philosophical lore, was so deeply impressed with the danger of the civil encroaching upon the benevolent department, that he advocated the doctrine that the poor rates and levies in Scotland should be expunged from the civil statute book, and emanate freely from the province of benevolence.

Now, we can conceive of such a state of society as would justify the doctrine of the immortal Chalmers, but it is not our high privilege to enjoy it: on the contrary, we need the harmonious inter-action of both these departments.

Our country has indeed fallen amid thieves, robbers and perjured villains, but it faltered not nor quailed with ten thousand daggers pointed at its heart. Our struggle has been a protracted and fearful one against the combined powers of earth and hell; and we may truly say with the ancient prophet, that had not God been upon our side we would have fallen under the powers of darkness. Never since the history of ancient Israel, has the hand of God been so visible as it has been in our present struggle for national existence. At first our Executive had but to stamp upon the ground and the lovers of human liberty flocked to his standard by hundreds of thousands.—This cruel war has continued over three years, the power of rebellion is still decreasing, the rebels begin to feel they are in the throes of death, that they have lost their power, and that their long cherished institution, for the perpetuation of which they have deluged our land with blood, is falling to pieces by their own folly; and that slavery shall soon be written with things that are past. But in anticipation of final triumph, have we done, and are we doing, all that we should do, to mitigate the suffering of those who have so valiantly stood between our peaceful homes, and ruthless rebels who have been struggling for three long years to break down our model government, desolate our land and roll us back into the dark ages of anarchy and ruin.

No civil government has done so much for the benefit of their armies as ours has done; but it is obvious that it is not possible for our civil authority to reach all the claims which our sick, wounded and dying soldiers have upon us, and therefore our Sanitary and Christian Commissions have risen out of the province of benevolence, in order to alleviate those sufferings amongst our soldiers, which could be reached in no other way You search history in vain for such a pouring out of wealth for benevolent purposes.—Witness the millions of money expended, the benignant and unpaid labors of agents, and listen to the testimony of the sufferers, and you must conclude that our Christian Commission has the seal of one of the strongest evidences of the living power of Christianity.—We again ask the question, Have we done all that we should do for the benefit of our suffering soldiers? We have no sympathy for that coercive agrarianism of radical politicians, which would break down all incentives to virtuous industry; but we have strong faith in that benevolence which labors to equalize the comforts of our race, beginning at home, and first amongst those who have been our benefactors, where beneevolence is only the hand-maid of Justice. And where can we look for such objects of our kind regards if not amongst the thousands of our sick, wounded and dying soldiers, and those who are in cruel captivity.

The Christian Commission has been doing benevolent work on a larger scale than any voluntary institution of the kind to be found upon the pages of history; but we think its means might be greatly enlarged, and its field of usefulness extended. Up to the present time its funds have been in a great measure supplied by the rich whose profusion has ministered to its benevolent labors. All that is now wanted to make the institution the admiration of the world is, to form such organizations as will appeal to every benevolent heart, collect the widows' mites, and the childrens' pennies, and give all an easy opportunity of contributing to the comfort of those who have contributed so freely to secure our peaceful firesides at such fearful expense to themselves. And here, without dictation, it is respectfully suggested, that if each county in the State and in every other State, would get up a proper organization, and conduct it with spirit, the aggregate of such collections would be immense.—Now, suppose good old Huntingdon county would set the example, and try the experiment. Few towns of the same size contain as many professional men who make an open profession of Christianity as Huntingdon. Then let there be a county convention called, let there be a large central committee appointed, whose duty it might be to manage the affairs of the association, let there be a sub-committee appointed for each township and borough, let them call meetings or see to it that every family be visited, and requested to contribute something for the soldiers' comfort. If such action should be taken in every county, and each association become auxiliary to the Christian Commission, the sacrifice made by each individual would be small, and the comfort communicated would transcend all calculation. Will not some individuals have sufficient courage to call such a meeting, and try the experiment? Every benevolent gift tends to expand the human heart, and renders subsequent acts of kindness more pleasant, and every mite given might cool a burning fever, or wipe away a widow's tear.

WHAT THE SUN DOES.—Leaving out of account the eruption of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His heat keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and the storms which agitate both, are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses heat and light which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is in application or misapplication of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And remember this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animals; the lillies of the field are his workmanship, the vendure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the deer's foot; he springs in the panther; he soars in the eagle; he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the trees and wields the axe being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from the mines; he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates; he boils the water; he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spires the fiber and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, a shuttle thrown, that is not raised and thrown by the sun. His energy is poured forth into space, but our world is a halting place where his energy is conditioned.—*Professor Tyndel.*

Don't Give it Up.

"I can't do it, father. Indeed I can't.

"Never say can't, my son. It isn't a good word."

"But I can't father. And if I can't I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right

"Suppose you try again, Edward," said Mr. Williams, the father of the discouraged boy.

"There's no use in it," replied the lad.

"What if you go to school to-morrow, without the correct answer to the sum?"

"I'll be put down in my class," returned Edward.

Mr. Williams shook his head, and his countenance assumed a grave aspect. There was a silence of a few moments, and the father said:

"Let me relate to you a true story, my son. Thirty years ago, two lads about your age were school companions. Both got on well for a time; but as their studies grew difficult, both suffered discouragement, and each said often to his father, as you said to me, 'I can't.' One of these boys whose name is Charles, had a brighter mind than the other, and could get through his task easier; but his father was very indulgent to him, and, when he complained that his lessons were too hard, and said, 'I can't do this,' and, 'I can't do that,' he requested the teacher not to be so hard with him.

"But it was different with the father of the other boy, named Henry. To every complaint he answered, 'don't give it up, my boy! Try again. You can do it—I know you can.'

"Thus encouraged, this lad persevered, and in every case, overcame the difficulties in his way. Soon, although his mind was not so active as his companions, he was in advance of him.—When they left the school, which was about the same time, he was far the best scholar. Why was this? He did not give up because his task was hard; for he had learned this important lesson—that we can do almost anything if we try.

"Well, these two boys grew up towards manhood, and it became necessary for them to enter upon some business. Charles was placed by his father in the office of a physician; but he did not stay there long. He found it difficult in the beginning, to remember the names and uses of the various organs of the body, and soon became so much discouraged, that his father thought it best to alter his intention regarding him and put him into a merchant's room, instead of continuing him as a student of medicine. Here Charles remained until he became of age. Some years afterwards he went into business for himself, and got on pretty well for a time; but every young man who enters the world dependent upon his own efforts, meets with difficulties that only courage, confidence and perseverance can overcome. He must never think of giving up. Unfortunately for Charles, these virtues did not make a part of his character. When troubles and difficulties came, he sunk under a feeling of discouragement and he 'gave up' at a time when all that was needed for final success was a spirit of indomitable perseverance, that removes all obstacles. He sunk to rise no more.—In giving up the struggle, he let go his hope in the future—and ere he had reached the prime of life, he found himself shattered in fortune, and without the energy of character necessary to repair it.

"In the same office where Charles was placed, Henry was entered as a student of medicine. At first when he looked into the books of anatomy, and read the names of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, &c., it seemed to him that he could never learn these names, much less their various uses in the human body. For a time he gave way to the feeling of discouragement, but then he thought of the many hard tasks he had learned by application, came over his mind, and with the words 'don't give up,' on his tongue, he would apply with renewed efforts. Little by little he acquired the knowledge he was seeking. Daily he learned something, and it was not long before he could look back and mark the steps of his progress. This encouraged him greatly. Soon new and greater difficulties presented themselves; but encouraged by past triumphs, he encountered them in a confident spirit, and came off conqueror.

"Thus Henry went on, while Charles gave up quickly. In the end, the former graduated with honor and then entered upon the practice of the profession he had chosen. There was not much to encourage him at first. People do not readily put confidence in a young physician; he had to wait three years before he received enough to support himself, even with the closest economy. During this long period, in which the motto "don't give up" sustained him, he got in debt for articles necessary for health and comfort about three hundred dollars. This troubled, but did not dishearten him. "I can and will succeed," he often said to himself. 'Others have met and overcome greater difficulties than mine; why then should I give up?

"A little while he persevered, and had the pleasure to find himself free from debt. From that time a prosperous way was before him; though he had often to fall back on the motto "don't give up." Many years have passed, and Henry is now Professor of Anatomy in D—— University."

"Why father! that is you! exclaimed the listening boy, the interest on his face brightening into pleasure.

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Williams; "I have been giving you my own history."

"But what became of Charles?" inquired Edward.

"Do you know the Janitor in our College!" said Mr. Williams.

"Yes, sir."

"He it is, who, when a boy, was my schoolmate. But he gave up at every difficulty. See where he is now. He had a good mind, but lacked industry, perseverance, and a will to succeed.—You can do almost anything, my boy, if you try in good earnest. But, if you give up when things are a little hard, you must never expect to rise in the world—to be useful according to your ability, either for yourself or mankind.

Now try the hard problem again; I am sure you will get the right answer."

"I will try," said Edward confidently, "and I am sure it will come out right next time."

And so it did. One more earnest trial, and the work was done. Far happier was he, after this successful effort, than he could have been, if, yielding to a feeling of discouragement he had left the task unaccomplished. And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercise. It must feel and brave, like the oak, the rushing storm, as well as bask, amid gentle breezes, in the warm sunshine.

I REMEMBER once when I was a young man living up in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fort-night's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told, unlawyer-like—a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without notes or notice any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience commenced: "Fellow citizens—Five and-forty years ago, this bridge built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused again. [Cries of "good;" "go on,"] Here was the rub. "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow citizens, five and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness, and I conclude by saying that I wish that it was part and parcel of it now."

USELESS YOUNG LADIES.—A cotemporary thus seriously speaks of that very large class of useless young ladies who glory in being above useful employment:

"The number of idle, useless girls in all our large cities, seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings, parade the streets during the afternoon, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and the other sex to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilites shall be thoughtlessly assumed. They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, they despise them; they have no habit of industry nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas for the husbands and children, alas for themselves! Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin follows?"

SHERMAN.

The Beginning of his Movement—What he did Before he Started—His Probable Course—The Points open to his Blows—The Character of the Country—His Force and that Opposed to Him—Chances in Favor of Success.

Since the rebel papers have seen fit to announce to their readers that their War Department had received "startling news" from Sherman, and at the same time have shown no desire to publish it, and since, according to a dispatch in our telegraphic columns, the rebels have refused of late to exchange papers, public curiosity has a right to be highly aroused, and to wonder where Sherman is, and what he is doing. There are two theories relative to this mysterious and bold advance. First, that he is marching towards the Atlantic coast with hostile intentions on the rebel prison pens and on the cities of Savannah and Charleston; and the other is that he is advancing on Mobile. The first is the general Northern theory, because Sherman hinted it darkly in a letter to a Western Sanitary Commission agent; because our suffering prisoners are all in that direction; because it would cut the Confederacy in two, and girdle all that part in which the rebellion throbs with the intensest life—North Carolina and Virginia—and because his officers and men believe he is going there. The rebels seem to lean to the latter theory, because the last dates they had from him came from Selma, Alabama, and because a great fleet of Union transports and war-vessels have been concentrating in the harbor of Mobile. Our readers can judge for themselves from this brief statement of the reasons and facts that support the two theories which is the most likely—which, if carried out, would be the most advantageous to the Union cause. Mobile is 270, Charleston 230, and Savannah 210 miles from Atlanta in a direct line.—To the east of Macon and one hundred and seventy miles southeast of Atlanta lies Andersonville, and short distances to the northwest and southeast lie other pens in which our soldiers are murdered by slow tortures. There are no topographical difficulties between Atlanta and Mobile, but the country is not half so well adapted for the supply of an advancing army of invaders. There are no topographical difficulties between Atlanta and Charleston and Savannah, but the country is fruitful, and an army can live.

The movements of Sherman, however, point out with sufficient clearness what his objects may be. After a few strategic moves, by which he drew Hood out of Georgia, and planted him on the shores of the Tennessee, at Florence, Alabama, he suddenly makes a dart at right angles to his former course, and returns to Atlanta, arriving there November 7th—Hood having then, and probably having now, four weak corps, under Lee, Chatham and Taylor, amounting in all to about 25,000 men, five thousand cavalry, and about 70 pieces of artillery. He left the army of the Cumberland, 35,000 strong, under Thomas, to entertain this rebel company, while he hied him away South, to carry out other plans, every day leaving the army that would have impeded his march miles on miles in his rear. On November 9th Sherman had 47,000 men, 10,000 of whom were cavalry.—These he divided into two columns, the first of which he marched along the railroad to Macon. On November 12th, the second column moved toward Augusta, where it is believed the programme was to unite for further operations. On the 10th the army in camp and the army on the march stretched along the Macon railroad as far down as the Chattahoochie river, which river is crossed by the railroad eight miles north of Atlanta. To the rear-guards were assigned the task of burning everything combustible in the whole country from Atlanta to Dalton. This work, we believe, has been thoroughly done. Every town and hamlet has been destroyed; Atlanta is a heap of ashes, and the inhabitants have all been sent to Nashville. They were mostly women and children, the men having gone South, either voluntarily or compulsorily. On the night of the 12th the last torch had been applied, and Sherman's axiom was again verified—not a resting place for an enemy was left in his rear. The last train of cars left Atlanta on the morning of the 12th; the railroad was destroyed to Dalton; all communication with Sherman ceased, and his subsequent movements have been involved in utter mystery. Cast loose from all base lines, afloat in the very midst of rebellion, but with a steady, fearless and skilful pilot to guide, our army is even now at its work of crushing treason, and building up a restored Union out of the ruins of a divided and devastated Confederacy.

But to return to speculation. The movement seems hazardous, but from Sherman's record, and the fact that opposition to his march can only be made by militia and such reinforcements as Lee may dare to send from Richmond, we naturally conclude that where so much is risked there must be something great, something important to be gained. Mobile, in this view, cannot be the place. Its value Farragut long ago destroyed. The capture of Charleston or Savannah will divide the Confederacy, open two of its ports to us, and enable us to carry on the war with a line of communications stretching, not over the land, constantly open to attack, and at all times hard to maintain, but over the sea, where we fear no enemy, where we are supreme. Savannah is the nearest point, and in its fall is naturally included that of Charleston. Like most of the other cities of the South, it is not capable of much defence against an attack by land. The country stretches out behind it level and flat, with just enough wood to insure moderate cover to an enemy. Its defences are very imperfect, and engineering skill can scarcely improve them. Even if they were of the highest style of art, there are no men to defend them, except they be drawn from Richmond, to its great detriment. But suppose it could be rapidly reinforced, a long seige would be the result, and supplies of sufficient amount cannot be centred in the city; or if they are, the problem is the same as that offered at Atlanta, and a blow to the single railroad would marvelously diminish the supply of hard tack and bacon. This city lies 18 miles from Fort Pulaski, which is in our hands. The river has been thoroughly obstructed above the fort and below the city; but in case of a siege, Sherman, who has started with thirty days' rations on the hoof, could be supplied by stores landed from our fleet, between the fort and the obstructions.

Labor no Barrier to Knowledge.

"It is difficult," says Bancroft, "for pride to put its ear to the ground, and listen to the teachings of a lowly humanity." The opulent and the educated have but little idea of the great mental achievements of the children of toil, and the labor of those who had to rely upon their exertions and diligence for all that they have done. Genius is universal, and there are no barriers fencing in one section of humanity from perceptions and intellectual enjoyments peculiar to another section. There are so many instances of genius in humble life recorded upon the historic page, that the lowly laborer may read, and thereby be incited to emulate the examples of those who, from humble beginnings and obscure origin, rose to distinction and eminence. Many of the finest ancient poets were from the ranks of labor and the poor; and some, not merely from the ranks of servitude, but of slavery, thus precluding the idea of divorcing Literature from Labor. Efforts have been made to divorce them, by endeavoring to render labor disreputable.—The farmer's boy sighs for the time when he may leave the plow, and the mechanic's son the drudgery of his father's workshop, and betake himself to the employments which by reason of a false and senseless pride they esteem more respectable.

A writer has truly said:—"Mind indeed rules all; the hand could not do without the mind, but neither could the mind without the hand; mind gives the conception and the plan, but the hand gives to the mind execution and durability; in fact, in our true sense, men could be neither Literary nor Labor, without both of these in combination. How is it that in the course of these latter ages these two have diminished their respect for each other? The head has said to the hand, 'I have no need of thee,' and the hand has said to the head, 'I have no need of thee.' How is it that these two, who ought to be indisoluble friends, have been thus disunited? It is too true that the world has an idea in its crochety head that work is disgraceful; that spades, plows and hammers are dishonorable things; that it is inelegant to plead guilty to the crime of soiled hands; but man in order to be a true man, must be cured of this insanity, and be convinced that it is more dishonorable to skulk through the world without working, relying upon his wits, which latter often fail one in the hour and at the time when most needed. Mental labor may combine nobly with manual labor, and in illustration of this, it is noticeable that there have been many men confined to the loom, to the flail, the hammer, and the shoemaker's bench, whose intellectual attainments have amazed the world, and who, from the various departments they have so worthily filled, have added to the stores and treasures of their country's genius and intellectual worth.

How Courage is Imparted.

A bold, hopeful man inspires courage in many weaker minds, for there is something in the human soul that responds to the call of a noble example. Mr. Wasson says, in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

A little girl sleeping by her mother's side awoke in a severe thunder storm, and, nestling in terror near to the mother, and shrinking into the smallest possible space, said, trembling,

"Mother, are you afraid?"

"No, my dear," answered the lady, calmly.

"O, well," said the child, assuming her full proportions, and disposing herself for sleep, "if you're not afraid, I'm not afraid," and was soon slumbering quietly.

What volumes of gravest human history in that little incident! So infinitely easy are daring and magnanimity, so easy is transcendent height of thought and will when exalted spiritually, when imperial valor and purpose breathe and blow upon our souls from the lips of a living fellow! Not, it may be, that anything new is said. That is not required. What another now thrills, inspires, transfigures us by saying, we probably knew before, only dared not let ourselves think that we knew it. The universe, perhaps, had not a nook so hidden that therein we could have been solitary enough to whispor that divine suggestion to our own hearts. But now some childlike man stands up and speakes it to the common air, in serenest unconciousness of doing anything singular. He has said it—and lo, he lives! By the help of God then, we, too, by word and deed, will utter our souls.

MANI-A-POTU.—There never was a time when *Mani-a-potu* was so prevalent among drinkers as now. Whether this is owing to the quality of the liquor, or the quantities in which it is consumed, is not stated, but certain it is that more cases of this terrible malady have been developed within the last three months than during the previous year. The greatly increased price of liquors, under the new Internal Revenue law, forbids the idea that there is more of it drank than before, so that it can only be through the adulteration of the liquors now in use that this increased tendency to *mani-a-potu* on the part of intemperate men can be accounted for. The commonest kind of whisky brings more per gallon by the barrel now, than the purest old rye sold before the war, and as ten cents per drink is the ruling price at most of our bars, there must be adulteration to afford dealers in the article anything like the large profits which they are reported to make. This admitted, and the increase of *mani-a-potu* is easily accounted for. A strong, healthy man might go on for a long time drinking pure liquor, and yet retain his reason, but let him try it with the villainous compounds now sold under the name of liquor, and he will soon find the "man with the poker" after him hard and fast. Those, then, who have been in the habit of indulging too freely, had better pause in their career ere it is too late. Adulterated liquor, such as is now dealt out in most of our bars, is but little better than poison, and the man is wisest who shuns its use altogether.

THE Irish shopkeeper, who was lately cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whisky, and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said, he had reason to complain of the jar gon.

When Judge Hale, who had been a fierce swash-buckler in his youth, sat in judgment upon one of his former boon companions, he took advantage of the retirement of the jury to ask the culprit in the dock sundry questions touching their old associates. 'They are all hanged, my lord,' answered the knave, "except you and me."

'Mother, where's Bill?' 'My son, do not let me hear you say *Bill* again; you should say William.' 'Well, mother, where's William?' 'In the yard feeding the ducks.' 'Oh, yes, I see him now; but, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad Williams?' 'Go to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears.'

'Madame,' said a gentleman to his wife, 'let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things.' 'Dear me, you don't say so,' quoth the lady, 'What a fact you must be!'

'JOHN,' said a stingy old hunk to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, 'do you know how many pancakes you've eaten?' 'No.' 'Well, you've eaten fourteen.' 'Well,' said John, 'you just count and I'll eat.'