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The Globe

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The Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES. Look in tonight's issue that fragrant fire, There sits the mother, there the aged sire— Or there the wife with widow's weeds and wail, Teaching a patriot prayer unto her child— A prayer for him who puts his all at stake— His all, (save honor) for his country's sake. There sits the mother with her infant light, Watching her warrior-son in the fight, Whom she has with a swelling heart of pride, With shrouds along the valley side. Or with his cap and banner seen him sweep Through Georgia fields with Sherman's eagle troop; Or when his lot on the ocean cast, Where foreign standards studiate his mast; Or when he, "Home," saved the laden shore, Where noble "Home" saved the desperate hour; Or when he glows "the clouds of heaven," And bears the stars—his flag on high, Back to the native region in the sky? Behold our General, on the rocky height, A statue stands in a dome of light, With all the red army past to rest, Our fighting Hooker faces a long look-out! While through his arms, shoulders and chest, he surveys, Taking this true communion of peace. Our Soldiers' Families' names are rolled in glory, The mourner's sobs pervade the solemn hour; There, though the tears in sorrowing eyes may start, There is no murmur in a patriot's heart— Though not the lot the recompense is plain— They hear the falling of the banner's chain, And hear the song of Freedom from the South, While shouts of "Glory" pass from mouth to mouth, To glory's cause the warrior died content, With human liberty for his monument!

The Sanctity of the Sabbath.

Quite an animated discussion took place recently, in the Senate of this State upon the subject of the Sanctity of the Sabbath. There being a certain resolution under consideration, Mr. Clymer, of Berks county, moved an amendment to it, the substance of which was, that Passenger Railway Companies in the City of Philadelphia shall be compelled to run their cars, "upon the first day of the week, usually called Sunday, between the hours of 6 A. M., and 8 P. M." The noble stand taken by Senator Hall from this District against this measure, or amendment, is greatly to his credit. After the mover had supported his amendment in a speech of some length, Mr. Hall replied as follows: **MR. HALL.** I am surprised at the remarks of my friend, the Senator from Berks. If his idea is to catch a popular vote at the expense of religion and the sacred character of that holy day called Sunday, the Senator is entitled to all he may gain by it. I am opposed to everything of the kind—nay, further, I would vote for a bill to prevent any railroad company from running their cars on Sunday unless necessary to carry the mails. Let me remind the Senator that it would not be profitable even in a pecuniary point of view. The whole history of the past shows that the railroad companies make no money by such a course. It is, moreover, clear violation of the plain statute, and which has been in force as far back as seventy years. It is contrary to the better principle of men as that principle has existed in all time gone by. It is contrary to law and to right. It may be that rich people ride in carriages and violate the Sabbath day; but because such is the fact, we would not be justified in permitting or compelling these companies to run their cars on Sunday. I can never vote for a proposition of that kind, and if every man in the Senate would rise here to-day and call upon me to vote, as a philanthropist, I would say, no, sir; all questions of this kind must give way before the greater questions of my duty to observe the holy Sabbath day. **MR. SPEAKER.** I would just say here in regard to the propositions of my very worthy friend, the Senator from Erie, (Mr. Lowry), that whilst I agree with him to a certain extent, I will not vote for the proposition he has submitted; because I believe that under the law of the land as it now exists, colored people cannot be expelled from the railroad cars. I do not agree to put statute upon statute and lay upon law for the purpose of ruling and declaring merely the same thing. I will not vote against his proposition, because that vote might be misrepresented. On the main question, therefore, I shall not vote at all. I have taken occasion to say thus much in order that I may not be considered as on the "dodging list" for I never dodge any question. On the proposition submitted by the Senator from Berks, (Mr. Clymer), I shall vote "no," because I believe it to be an attempt to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath day. To these remarks Messrs. Clymer, Donovan and others replied in favor of the amendment. Mr. Hall then spoke against it in the following spirit-manner. **MR. HALL.** I feel deeply interested in this subject, because I regard it as one of the greatest importance to the Christian world, and of more importance, in

the judgment of the people of Pennsylvania, than any subject that has or will be brought before the Senate. The Senator appeals to me, a weak, mortal man, a man who knows that his short comings are great, a man that does not do his whole duty toward God and man—the Senator appeals to me, and asks me whether I have never violated the holy Christian Sabbath. I answer him yes. Is he stainless in this respect? But, sir, because I have and because he has, is that a reason why this deliberate body is to place on its journals, so far as we can make it, a law that compels others to do wrong? I cannot so agree, sir. More than seventy years ago the Legislature of Pennsylvania unanimously passed a law, which has remained upon our statute book from that day to this, and which is in direct conflict with the principles asserted by the Senator from Berks to be proper. "If any person shall do or perform any worldly employment or business whatsoever on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday, works of necessity and charity only excepted, shall use or practice any unlawful game, hunting, shooting, sport or diversion whatsoever on the same day, and be convicted thereof, every such person so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay four dollars to be levied by distress, or in case he or she shall refuse or neglect to pay the said sum, or goods and chattels cannot be found, whereof to levy the same by distress, he or she shall suffer six days of imprisonment in the house of correction of the proper county."

That act was passed on the 22d of April, 1794; and in accordance with the principle there announced, on the 11th of April, 1845, the Legislature unanimously passed another law, which reads as follows: "No part of an act of Assembly heretofore passed, shall be construed to require any canal or railroad company to attend their works on the Sabbath day, for the purpose of expediting or aiding the passage of any boat, craft or vehicle along the same; any clause or clauses in their respective charters imposing a penalty for not aiding boats, crafts or vehicles to pass within a certain time, to the contrary notwithstanding." Seventy years ago it was thought best to protect the sanctity of the Sabbath, by throwing around it the shield of State law, which, if it did not compel its observance, at least prevented its open desecration by people seeking to accumulate gain. Notwithstanding these Laws, the Senator from Berks comes here and proposes to repeal them and compel passenger railway corporations to run their cars on the Sabbath—for what? Why, sir, that the larger beer halls and places of public amusement in the outskirts of our large cities may be benefited and money put into the pockets of the proprietors of those places of resort. Startling proposition in the year 1865! The Senator says that people in cities use private carriages on Sunday for the purpose of attending church. I grant that it is so in city and country both, but they do not do it to make money. They do not either ride or walk to enrich them, selves and pursue their worldly employment. But it is not necessary for these people who wish to enjoy "sunshine" that the cars should run. Sir, the proposition is monstrous, the very double distilled quintessence of infidelity. And if the Democratic party desire to array themselves against Christianity, as lately they arrayed themselves against freedom, let them do it, and the people of the world will be called on to judge of their acts. This has nothing to do with the main proposition of the Senator from Erie. I do not intend to vote for that, for the reason I have already given, that I think it is the law now. But whether passenger railway companies have or not the right to exclude colored people from their cars, when you come to tell me that they shall carry people of any color on the first day of the week, I tell you, sir, and I tell the Senator from Berks, never by my vote. If the Senator can gain any honors or notoriety by this wholesale attempt to overturn the Sabbath day, let him wear the one or enjoy the other. I point him to the statute of 1794, to the series of statutes from that day to this; and I tell him, sir, that the judgment of the very people for whom he appeals as wanting the "sunshine"—that their judgment, when they come to reflect that there is a God, and that that God has declared that one day of the week belongs to him, and that that day shall not be violated—I say to the Senator from Berks, that even these unthinking people will agree that he is wrong. This is not the way to encourage the diffusion of happiness or

to get the blessings of "pure air and sunshine." This is darkness, gloom, impenetrable gloom—a gloom that will settle forever and ever on any one who undertakes to violate holy time. I trust, sir, the proposition will be withdrawn. Remember we live in the nineteenth century. The Senator from Berks says that he has great a desire to see this day observed properly as any one in the Senate. I trust so, sir. Let him now show it. Sinful creature as I am, I never can agree to make it the law of the land in Pennsylvania, that the Sabbath day shall be obliterated, and that men shall receive a premium for violating it. A decent regard alone for the opinions of others should prevent this. Society and the ordinary ties of social intercourse among rational people forbid it. The law of men is set against it, and the law of God commands you to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." The amendment was lost by the following significant vote: On the amendment of Mr. Clymer, The yeas and nays were required by Mr. Lowry and Mr. Clymer, and were as follows, viz: YEAS—Messrs. Clymer, Donovan, James, Latta, McSherry, Randall and Stark—7. NAYS—Messrs. Bigham, Bucher, Champey, Dunlap, Fleming, Graham, Haines, Hall, Hoge, Hopkins, Householder, Lowry, McCandless, Nichols, Ridgway, Royer, St. Clair, Wallace, Walls, Wilson, Worthington and Turroll, Speaker—22. So the amendment was not agreed to.

American Affairs in Ireland.

[A friend sends us the following from a late number of the Hamilton (Tribune) Advertiser.] **MR. BAXTER, M.P. AT BLAIRGO-WRIE.** THE AMERICAN WAR. Mr. Baxter, M.P. for the Montrose burghs, has been addressing the good folks of Blairgowrie in the same hall in which Earl Russell's famous "Rest-and-be-thankful" speech was delivered last year. Mr. Baxter's theme was the American War, and his treatment of it deserves attention, both on account of the ability of the speaker, and the personal experience he has acquired of American affairs during his recent visits paid to the transatlantic republic. Mr. Baxter endorses the opinion uttered by Earl Russell in the same hall, that the majority of the people in this country are in favor of the North, but admits that the landed aristocracy and the grandees of commerce are on the side of the South. The latter fact he attributes to a feeling of jealousy entertained by them toward the United States, and a wish to see their former arrogance punished and their pride lowered. It is commonly asserted that any of the States of the Federal Union had a right to secede, if it thought proper. Mr. Baxter says that they who use this argument could never have read the historical documents, and the constitution, one of whose sections, as amended in 1789, is as follows:—"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, grant letters of marque or reprisal, coin money, emit bills of credit," &c.; and he quotes the opinion of Mansfield on this clause, who says, in his Political Manual—"It divested the separate States of national sovereignty." This being the case, the alternative is a dire one, but better a sharp decisive end to the contest than the continuation of a social fabric that would be broken, and brutal, and drive to atheism generations yet unborn. The success of the Southern revolt would be a blow to free constitutional government; for our own liberties rest on the fact that the minority must submit to the majority, and every attempt to bring about a revolution where there are no wrongs, and where freedom of action prevails, is an attack on law and order all over the world. When the slaveholders predominated in Congress the Republicans of the North submitted; but when the latter obtained a majority the former rebelled. The Federal Government did not go to war to emancipate the states, and it is questionable if any nation should go to war to put down an injustice; but if a people may not go to war to prevent their own dismemberment—if a political minority may at any time revolt, how can the machine of government be got to work. That is a problem now being solved on American soil, and doubtless the people and statesmen of the North will bring it to a satisfactory solution. The success of the South "implies the indefinite extension of slavery, the re-opening of the African slave trade, and the substitution of disorder and anarchy for free constitutional government on the continent of North America." The success of the North may involve the subjugation and re-settlement of the Southern States; but it will secure "the destruction of the plantation system, the substitution of free labor for slavery, and the entire remodeling of the whole social condition of the South." This is a very condensed summary of the opinions of Mr. Baxter on the American war, and with many of them we cordially agree. We have often wished that, as he expresses it, "a sharp decisive end" might be put to the contest; but the possibility of such a consummation is still doubtful. In a country of such extent, decisive battles can scarcely be fought. Thomas may defeat Hood, but he cannot pursue him far without increasing the length of his line of communications,

and running the risk of having his supplies cut off. Sherman may capture such towns as Savannah, but the garrisoning of such places will weaken the victor's army in the field; and if such forces as Hardie's fifteen thousand are allowed to escape, the active strength of the enemy will be greatly augmented. Unless the Southern armies in the field are destroyed, we see no prospect of a sharp and decisive end being put to the contest. Whatever may be the issue of the war slavery is doomed. The persevering efforts of the North are compelling the Southern leaders to think of arming the slaves, and it is said that Lee is preparing 50,000 of them for active service. Let such numbers of slaves be once trained to arms, and the freedom they are offered as the reward of service in the field be once enjoyed by them, and the hated institution will not long survive. Looking to the origin of the war, and the principles involved in it, the reasoning of Mr. Baxter is good, but it is possible that events that are occurring in the course of the contest may cause an entirely different set of consequences to flow from it from what might have been expected. All, however, must wish with Mr. Baxter that the contest may be sharply and decisively settled in favour of the North, rather than that the social condition of the South should be perpetuated.

Products of a Small Garden.

A correspondent in a late number of the Country Gentleman, who dates at California, Penna., December 1864, makes the following statement as to the product of his garden last season. By it all will see how much can be raised on a small plot of ground. The size of the lot, being a square of 150 feet, buildings included, which I have divided into 8 lots or beds, by walks of 2 feet in width. Bed No. 1, I planted in cabbage. No. 2 to squashes and tomatoes. No. 3 to apple seedlings and watermelons, this lot being also in dwarf pears and grapevines. No. 4, planted in apple seedlings and grape cuttings. No. 5, to sweet corn cobs—No. 6, potatoes, peas and onions. No. 7, parsnips, beets, onion and strawberries. No. 8 grass lots I have bordered with currants, gooseberries, peach in bud, quince seedling, peas, beans, raspberries, &c. Now for the proceeds, viz: Squash \$9, tomatoes \$6, cabbage \$12, 827 00 Gooseberries \$3, currants \$3, cucumbers \$6, 19 00 Strawberries \$3, raspberries \$12, 15 00 cabbages \$8, 8 00 Watermelons \$2, parsnips \$2, 4 00 beets \$1, 1 00 Radishes \$2, beans \$1 50, potatoes \$2, 5 50 Sweet corn \$1 50, cherries \$3, turnips \$4, 8 50 600 1 year grape stocks \$60, apple seedlings \$30, 90 00 500 peach in bud \$25, hay \$1, 26 00 Total, \$191 50 On the same lot, and outside along the edge of the pavement, I have planted 19 plum, 18 peach, 11 cherry, 6 quince, 5 apple, 8 pears, 25 grapevines, 8 lilac bushes, 3 snowballs, 1 snowdrop 4 evergreens, 13 varieties of roses, 1 sweet briar, beside a variety of flowering plants, such as fall roses, dahlias, floral king, chrysanthemums, lilies, tulips, pinks, verbenas, &c. This, no, is merely an experiment of what can be done on a small piece of land, being satisfied that at least one third more can be raised on the same ground if properly arranged as to what you plant and manner of planting. How very strange it is, I have cultivated a kitchen garden all my life, (and now sixty years of age), and the thought has never struck me until lately—How can a lot of ground be made to produce so that every foot will tell to the best advantage?

Highjinks on Skates. Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers, I had read of glorious skating fun—Central Park skating, Schuylkill and Schuylkill Park—Diamond ditto—grand fun—men on skates, boys on skates; splendid sylphides in scant skirts, steel shod, and skirling away over the ice—the Thunder! the very reading gave me the ice fever, and in the delirium consequent upon the sudden attack, I resolved upon taking an ice cruise myself. Why not? What was to hinder? I had never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true. But then I'd been on the water, and under the water all my life—and on ice, too, some. Hadn't I sailed, and sailed, and chased white bears, for weeks together, on ice? Women could skate, so the papers said, and so did everybody else, when I inquired of 'em. I could skate!—What was the reason I couldn't? The only thing that I'd ever seen a woman do that I couldn't was to hook her own dress aft, and carrying six feet in breadth of crinoline, sail through a twenty inch doorway. Yes, sir, I could skate; and I was bound on an ice cruise. There was nothing to prevent the expedition from being fitted out at once. I was lounging about the navy yard, detached from everything, all acquaintance included, waiting orders. Disgusted with bar rooms, detesting theatres, what was I to do for amusement? Why, skating, of course! Ah, yes, the very thing. Why hadn't I thought of that before? I'd have a cruise directly, or sooner if possible. No, I must have the tools first, and started up town to find 'em. I brought up in front of a big window on the starboard side of Chesnut street, going towards Schuylkill, where they had more different rigs of sliding machines than you can see national flags in Gibraltar. Knowing about as much of the qualifications, of the different patterns as a cow does of chronometer time, I went inside, and asked for a pair of skates. "What kind do you prefer, sir?" "I have no preference. Give me the best article you've got." "Yes, sir," and the clerk passed for inspection a pair of brass clad, steel clippers, with more giggles and running riggings to 'em than there is to a French sloop of war. "These are the best, are they?" "Yes, sir, decidedly! Just get on to them, sir, and you will go anywhere and everywhere, like patent lightning. If you don't find it so, bring 'em back, sir, and I'll return your money." "What's the price?" "Fourteen dollars! Very cheap!" "Didn't believe that, of course; but I've invested the amount, and made sail for Fairmount." Found superb skating. Everybody said so, only those that called it elegant! splendid! magnificent! There was a regiment of men, a battalion of dimity, and a whole brigade of small craft, on skates, skivoring, scooting, and cutting all sorts of fancies on the ice; everybody laughing, chattering, and whopping, skylarking and scattering in all directions; and I didn't wonder newspapers, and everybody else called skating glorious fun. "Have yer skates strapped, sir?" said an itinerant boot black, about the height of a walking stick. "Do you understand it, Bub?" "O, yes, sir; I strap all the ladies' skates for them." "Ah, ha! do, eh? Must have a jolly time of it! Would like the berth myself. There you are. Go ahead, boy, and I sat down on the blackie's box, about a couple of fathoms out on the ice. Whiz! like a rocket, went by a great strapping long-legged chap, with a cigar flying jib boom, and swinging his arms like a frigate's headyards in a hurricane, with the braces all adrift. "O, ho! so they can smoke on skates, eh? boy?" "Lord, yes, sir. Everybody smokes on the ice." "Exactly." So I fired up on a Princeton, and shipped it for the cruise. Urchin announced skates all stauted, and took a fifty cent fractional. "Hooray, boy! here's another fifty." Just allow me to sit on your box a few minutes till I get the run of the navigation." So I sat, there studying ice navigation by dead reckoning, till directly a little petticoat craft, in yellow spencers, skirts to her knees, red belt, Russian cap, and arms akimbo, swooped down, and checked up right in front of me. There she hung for a minute, quivering like, and balancing, just like a fish hawk does over her prey, and all the time eyeing me with a jolly twinkle in her dancing black eyes. "A challenge for a race, sir. Catch me if you can!"

Little Dinty lifted her left foot a trifle, bent right knee slightly, made a graceful curve, the bottom of her skirt just brushing my nose; and off she went like a flying fish—so ee e e at—sit—swinging from side to side, her tartan skirt swaying hither and thither, like the folds of a spanker brailed in with the ship-head to wind. "So ho! That's a challenge is it? And that's the way to skates? Thunder! I can skate! Anybody can skate!" "But I couldn't, though, whatever anybody else could do. I accepted Dinty's challenge; however, and her practices on ice. So I bounced up from that blanketing-box, lifted her feet, lit her best right knee, and struck my arms akimbo. But I didn't cut a curve. I did the best thing, however; and out a "spread eagle." Porf fool! I'd due southeast and starboard on north-west, till I realized those spread-out pictorial impossibilities on circus bills. I wondered if my boots and skates would ever become shipmates again. "Hullo! mister, you mustn't try to skate all over both sides of this 'spread eagle'!" growled an old commercial looking chap, as he checked up long enough to put in the remonstrance against my ice-monopoly. "I say Mr. Saltwater, couldn't yer lift yourself amidships a bit, so we can sail 'tween yer legs?" piped a young scamp, like leader to a string of twenty juvenile skaters. "Don't try and skate on both feet at once, my dear sir," advised a sensible, Christian looking young man, who came to my assistance, and set me on an even keel once more. "When you lift one foot, sir, you must throw all your vigor and muscle into the other limb. And then, remember to sway your body so that your weight will always be upon that foot which has the ice. 'Tis very easy, sir, just this way!"—and away went my Christian mentor, with a long striding, graceful swing. "O yes—that's very easy. All the vigor in the other limb. Yes—I can do it." So I made a prodigious effort, and did it! I stuck out my leg like a mosquito when he's blood-sucking. Put all my vigor and muscle into right limb, and couldn't get it out again. Went off on one foot, like a shot; crooking right knee a little, twist a minute, just as Little Dinty did. Saw, a crinoline craft crossing my course, under convoy of a big double-banked chap, both starting a streak. Tried to sheer to port, and go clear of 'em. Missed stars, and went about of Crinoline. The toe of my portskate hooked Miss Somebody's skirt, which gave me a broad sheer to starboard, and I rammed big convoy, butting him square on his outwattler, and drove the fire-end of my Princeton slap down his throat. There was an overhanging tangle, and all hands went sprawling on the ice like a net of Ineatga land crabs. "Look here, sir! What do you mean?" yelled big convoy, scrambling to his feet, and maneuvering for a broadside. "Beg pardon, sir. I couldn't help it!" I replied meekly, still sitting on the ice. "Couldn't help it? Why didn't you stop?" "Didn't know how." "O ho! green on skates, eh?" "Yes, green's a cabbage." That modified the big chap, and getting me on my pins again, he volunteered to educate me in checking up. Turn your toes up, and dig the heels of your skates into the ice this way. And he illustrated. "O, yes; I can do that. And I did directly. Off I shot again one leg, steering this time for the shore—I'd skated enough. Half way in, and there slide right down in my course a crowd of forty, or so girls and men, and women, and boys. I tried "down brakes," according to instructions—and broke, too much. Up toes, and digging my heels into the ice, I sagged back like a cork, and doubled amidships, as if I was going to take a seat—and I did! I went down stern foremost, with a whizz, that broke the ice like a pair of winter glasses shivered by a pebble hit through it. I had an idea just then, that such a bump as that would have started the armor on any iron-clad adrift. I sold those infernal skates, just as I sat, for four dollars, under a strong conviction that there's no fun in skating. It's all a humbug. I can't skate—I don't want to.

ALM RIGHT.—A student whose name was Wright was told in the following words by his teacher to make a correction: "Wright, write 'right'." Of course, the boy comprehended. Learn to eschew evil.