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A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May belie the golden ore. Of the deepest thoughts and feelings— Satin vests could do no more.

ANNIE ELTON. A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR.

Cold and dreary winter had gone and given place to balmy Spring; the hills and valleys were again clothed in green; but with the return of Spring came the sad tidings of war. The surrender of Fort Sumpter caused many patriotic sons of the north to leave their homes and hasten to their country's rescue. Miss Annie Elton, the heroine of our story, at the beginning of the present rebellion was living with an Uncle in the State of Virginia; she was of northern birth, and had always lived in the north, until some five years previous to the war.

and on the morrow, Captain Warren, with his men, left for the seat of war. Long and cheering were the many letters which Annie received from her gallant husband; he passed through many battles unhurt. Oh with what breathless suspense did Annie glance over the list of killed and wounded to see if the name of Captain Warren was among the unfortunate. Although he was not struck by the leaden missile, disease fastened upon his frame. He for weeks lay too ill to notice any thing around him; the little thread of life seemed ready to snap asunder, but in time he began to grow better; and at length was able to go to his New England home, there to be cared for by his gentle blue eyed wife. Her cheek had grown pale by watching, for she was devotedly attached to her husband; being an orphan and alone she clung with strong affection to her partner.

An Enoch Arden of the Day. An Iowa paper has the following story; which recalls the incidents of Tennyson's poem: Thirty months ago, a German, living on White street, in Dubuque, Iowa, volunteered with the 21st Iowa Infantry, and went to the war. We shall call him Schmidt for short. He left a wife who was rather good-looking, quite industrious, very frugal, and childless. Time rolled on, and Schmidt, says the Dubuque Times, went with his regiment to Vicksburg. There he was shot one day, and was left for dead on the field. The sad intelligence was sent to his wife by his captain, and she immediately obtained the assistance of a lawyer, and secured his back pay and a widow's pension. She drew the latter regularly, and with what she earned, managed to live comfortably. In a few months she attracted the attention of one Schones, a miller by occupation. He wooed and won, and for him she gave up the pension. They were married last summer. The course of true love ran smooth with them until last Saturday morning, when just after they had finished breakfast, Mr. Schmidt, the first husband, opened the door and walked in.

A Prisoners Experience. We have been permitted to publish the following from David Colstock, who has been confined a prisoner for nine months in the pens of the South: FORT FOSTER, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, May 2d, 1865. DEAR FATHER: I seat myself once more to write to you, to tell you that I am still alive and exchanged. I reached our lines on the morning of the 29th of April, and was glad to get sight of the old stars and stripes once more. I was captured on the 22d day of July, and have been almost starved to death ever since. I will tell you what we drew for rations: one half pint of beans, and a quarter of a pound of beef, for a days rations, and no salt to salt that with; and no shelter to sleep under. After I was first captured they took me to camp Sumpter, Andersonville, Georgia, and there staid until the latter part of August, and then we went to Macon, Georgia, and staid there till in September; then they took us to Savannah, Georgia, and kept us there one month; then took us to camp Millen, Georgia, and there staid two weeks; then they took us to Blackstone; from there to Thomasville, and from there we marched to Camp Sumpter again and staid until April; they heard the yankees were after us and they run us to Macon; they heard that our troops were making a raid down through there, and the old captain in command of us, got orders to take us back to Thomasville. We went to Albany, then to Thomasville again, and from there to—City, from there to Balden, and then they marched us through to Jacksonville, 20 miles, where they let us go, and told us to go through. I almost cried when I heard the fire and drum, and seen the old stars and stripes once more. We will go up the river to Hilton Head in a few days. We will draw clothing here, and we will get plenty to eat. I would like to write more, but I will not have time, for I have got charge of twenty-five men, and have to serve out rations to them three times a day, and it takes all the time I have got. I think that we will get a furlough as soon as we get recruited up a little; we are so poor that we can't get a round. I have not been sick, but I am weak and poor. I will not weigh over 110 pounds; when I was captured I weighed 176 and have been reduced the difference in nine months. Your long lost son, DAVID COLSTOCK.

Proclamation by the President. Raising of the Blockade along the Whole Atlantic and part of the Gulf coasts.—A few ports on the Texas coast only excepted. Washington, May 22. By the President of the United States. A PROCLAMATION. WHEREAS, By the proclamation of the President of the 11th day of April last, certain ports of the United States therein specified, which had previously been subject to blockade were, for objects of public safety, declared, in conformity with previous special legislation of Congress, to be closed against foreign commerce during the national will to be thereafter expressed and made known by the President; And whereas, Events and circumstances have since occurred, which, in my judgement, render it expedient to remove that restriction, except as to the ports of Galveston, Llanale, Brazos de Santiago, Point Isabel and Brownsville, in the State of Texas; Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, hereby declare that the ports aforesaid, not excepted as above, shall be opened to foreign commerce from and after the first day of July; that commercial intercourse with the said ports may from that time be carried on, subject to the laws of the United States, and in pursuance of such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. If, however, any vessel from a foreign port shall enter any of before named excepted ports in the State of Texas she will continue to be held liable to the penalties prescribed by the act of Congress, approved on the 13th day of July, 1861, and the persons on board of her to such penalties as may be incurred, pursuant to the laws of war for trading or attempting to trade with the enemy. And I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known that the United States of America do henceforth disallow all persons trading, or attempting to trade, in any ports of the United States, in violation of the laws thereof, all pretence of belligerent rights and privileges, and give notice that from the date of this proclamation all such offenders will be held and dealt with as pirates. It is also ordered that "all restrictions upon trade heretofore imposed on the territory of the United States, east of the Mississippi river, save those relating to contraband of war, to the reservation of the rights of the United States, to property purchased in the territory of an enemy, and to twenty-five per cent. upon the purchase of cotton, are removed. All provisions of the internal revenue law will be carried into effect under the proper officers. [L. s.] In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this, the twenty second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth. ANDREW JOHNSON. By order of the President: W. HUNTER, Assistant Secretary of War.

How to Grow Thin. A gentleman named J. W. Towner, of Putnam county, has been writing to the Carmel Free Press how he reduced his weight from 320 pounds to 214 pounds, and is still getting lighter. He says he had seen a statement in the papers that by eating nothing but meat would reduce a person's flesh. At first he thought it a humbug, but then the thought occurred to him that all animals which are nothing but flesh were full of muscle and not of meat, he determined to try it. The result was as stated above. He commenced his diet by rejecting bread, butter, cheese, potatoes, milk, sugar, &c., in fact everything which contains sugar and starch, and eat all kinds of flesh, fish, and fowl that the family made use of; also fruits and vegetables that were without starch. He says his health and strength are very much improved, and that after he had got settled on his diet he has never been hungry as he used to be, with a knowing sensation at the stomach, and his food always relishes. He has been trying this experiment over a year.

CHILDREN. Real, live, plump, jolly, roly polly children are as scarce as sensible grown-up people. Little, thin, narrow-shouldered, angular, pale intellects are common enough. It is your hearty tom-boy that is rarity. What woman was ever less delicate in soul, and pure in heart because she tore her frock, and climbed trees when she was a child? Real, wild, childish romping, with ringing laughter and twinkling eyes, merrily dances and family frolics—that is the stuff out of which wholesome manhood and womanhood are made. Children who are under conviction of sin at five years of age, die with brain disease, or live with hypochondria, and torment the life out of all around them. Sad is the family who has one or more of such. We don't doubt the mother of the Gracchi was a sad romp, and we more than suspect Portia of immense tomboyhood. Such healthy natures could not have developed otherwise. Pity and love little children. Tolerate these pests: Comfort Nellie over her dead bird, and don't call Nellie's "little white kitten" a "cat." It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's favorite snubbed. How would you like to hear your own Frederick Augustus called "a dirty young one"? The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you, do at Falstaff or Lear. They love marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, and mourn into small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny headboard. Is it not human nature in little, and in its way, as deserving of a certain respect? Do not despise your own reflections in a concave mirror, you know. Cherish the children; mend the frocks; don't scold them for broken toys, for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor tangle them in flannels in dog-days, because somebody told you to. Don't drug them; don't "yarb" them; don't stuff them with pastry; don't send them to infant schools at three, or to fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose.