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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

WELCOME HOME.
O, the men who fought and bled,
O, the glad and gallant tread,
And the bright skies overhead,
Welcome home!
O, the brave returning boys,
O, the overflowing joys,
And the guns and drums and noise,
Welcome home!
Let the deep voiced cannon roar,
Open every gate and door,
Four out, happy people, pour—
Welcome home!
Bloom, O banners, over all,
Over every roof and wall,
Float and flow; and rise and fall,
Welcome home!
Splendid column moving down,
From veterans, soiled and brown,
Grim heads, fit to wear a crown,
Welcome home!
Grim heads, which a wall have been,
Keeping sacred things within,
Keeping out the hosts of sin,
Welcome home!
There the women stand for hours,
With their white hands full of flowers,
Raising down the perfumed showers,
On the dear men marching home!
Do you see him in the line?
Something makes him look divine,
And a glory makes him shine,
Coming home.
Look out where the flag unfurls,
Look out through your tears and curls,
Give them welcome, happy girls!
Welcome home!
Welcome home from war's alarms,
Welcome to a thousand charms,
Waiting lips and loving arms,
Welcome home!
Strong man, with the serious face,
For you saw him in his place,
Marching swift to your embrace,
Coming home.
You would weep with glad surprise
At the dear dead boy that lies
Underneath the Southern skies,
Far from home.
Women, with the tender eye,
Weeping while the boys go by,
Well we know what makes you cry,
Weary home!
God be with you in your pain,
You will look and look in vain,
He will never come again
To his home!
So amid our joy we weep
For the noble dead, who sleep
In the vale and on the steep,
Far from home—
For the chief who fought so well,
For the Christ-like man who fell,
By the chosen son of Hell,
And went home!

The Monument Testimonial.

EDITORS GLOBE.—I have seen with the liveliest satisfaction that the project of erecting a suitable monument to our fallen soldiers, to which I had the honor of first calling the attention of the public, through your columns, has seemed to meet so favorable a response from the people of Huntingdon County.
The gentlemen who have taken the matter in hand are so well and favorably known throughout the county as to afford every assurance of success to the enterprise, if their efforts are properly seconded by those interested in the matter. And when we say those interested we mean to include every man and woman in the whole community. Almost every family circle has been broken by "this cruel war." In almost every household there is some cherished name that should be written as deeply on the sculptured marble as it is engraven on the hearts of the bereaved. And in the whole county there are none but who have a country, saved by the self-sacrificing devotion of these men and their living comrades.
When we look at the proud position now occupied as a people among the nations of the earth, and hear the confessions of respect and admiration extorted from most reluctant lips, by foreign nations; and witness the feeling of confidence and security every where manifested at home, and contrast the present with the past four years; we must I think feel that the highest honors we show their memories must fall far short of the measure of their deservings. When memory carries us back over the trying scenes of this memorable struggle, and we look down into that frightful abyss of ruin into which treason sought to plunge the nation, and remember that to rescue us from this deplorable fate these martyr-heroes have endured, cold and nakedness, privation and suffering, starvation and imprisonment, wounds and death, in every manner that baffled and stonish malignity could inflict, when we remember these things and other things of which this is but a faint picture we must feel with an unutterable and overwhelming sense of gratitude to God and to these men who have wrought for us such a mighty deliverance. To these heroes whose "words have won the battle of the free" let us give our heartiest thanks.
No man worthy of the name of American will refuse to aid in so worthy an undertaking.
"Live there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."
If there is in Huntingdon county such a creature—of humanity such a most miserable abortion, his epitaph is already written; of him the poet has truly said:
"Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."
We hope the men who have begun the good work will at their next meeting succeed in organizing a Soldiers' Monument Association for Huntingdon County, and appoint energetic and reliable agents in every township, to solicit donations or subscriptions, and if this is done the work of providing funds can be successfully accomplished by the October election. J. Lewistown, June 9, 1865.

The Unreturning Brave.

Amid all the pomp and splendor of military reviews, wheeling squadrons, and clatter of flying artillery, the heart—now that the cruel war is over—turns sadly to those who shall come back to us no more. They sleep in far-off graves—if they have such distinctive marks at all—and if not, their bones bleach on distant battle-fields, in remote wildernesses or oozy swamps, untrodden by human footsteps. The soul sickens in contemplating all the agonies and sorrows and indignities to which they have been subjected since leaving their homes of peaceful quiet. What hot pulses and passionate hearts have been stilled forever since this summer four years ago; what brilliant hopes and anticipations; what glowing dreams of military greatness; what ambitious longings for the strife of battles, are felt no more, forever!
Who is there that cannot recall one handsome youth whose joyous laughter filled some stately home with pleasure? In all the pride and pomp of young manhood, with frank, beautiful eyes, clear complexion, and well rounded form, he appeared the embodiment of health, too full of youth to be food for death. Love and days of dreamy pleasure, seemed the fitting pursuit for such bright, beautiful Adonises. But the distant boom of the cannon of Sumter struck his ear and, throwing aside the college class-books, he rushed proudly away to the battle. Sweet eyed Juliet at the balcony kissed fair hands to Romeo, and from windows embowered in honeysuckle and roses waved white handkerchiefs, lighting him on to glory and to greatness. The perfumes of heliotrope wafted from blossoming gardens in his march recalled the former life of pleasure, perchance, but turned him not aside.
Everything about war at first was a glorious circumstance. The manliness to command men, to feel a bright sword upon his thigh, and the consciousness within of feeling that he dared to draw it in one of the noblest causes that ever excited the enthusiasm of a young hero; the courtly ceremonious of parade and reviews, the glorious roll of drums, and the thrill of brass bugles, and flutter of bright strazy banners presented by fair ones at home as he started for the wars—all this kept him constantly in a state of pleasurable excitement and hope.—What was grander than to win a name, and march at the head perhaps of conquering columns?
What would they say at home to see him coming back, a General perhaps, and the sword that fair Juliet had kissed and decorated with a ribbon from her hair, how gallant to wave it in a flashing salute, bowing from the saddle as he passed her house!
Ah! bright-eyed, eager boy of ardent hopes and noble ambition! Where sleeps the faultless form now that once gladdened a mother's fond eyes, and the touch of whose lingering fingers thrilled supreme ecstasy through waiting Juliet's heart? The returning legions every day marching to expectant towns and welcomed with open arms as they bravely bear their tattered, sacred banners back to those who gave them, miss you; and the eager glances of merry, waiting eyes at home turn tearfully away to the darkened parlor, away from the buzzing street, and the gladsome strains of music.
Oh, the bitterness of such moments to those who wait and weep! or, despairing, sit hopelessly down to deep despondency. If he had but lived to come back with them—even scarred and wounded—if he only had come back!
It is a burden of many a bitterly sorrowful heart just in these days of our triumph, at the close of the war. The return of the armies with peans of rejoicing revives all the memories of the past. The wearisome waiting in muddy camps, the terrible winter nights on picket duty, the sickness at heart, the lingering fevers of camp and hospital, and the pining for the lost comforts of home, where trials that were as life consuming to some as the fierce deadly charge of rushing squadrons, or the flash of trained musketry in the midst of hottest battles.
Pence to the gallant dead! Eternal gratitude to the noble and self-forgetting heroes who sleep in unknown graves, far away from familiar homesteads. A nation of countless united republics shall, in the bright future, openly, do saintly reverence to such costly sacrifices. And the pride of being connected by blood or kindred ties with such nobles will be more than Norman.
Perkins is glad the war is over, but in his notion it must be under.

Bad Boys.

PRECOCIOUS rowdism is caused by striplings being permitted to absent themselves from the parental roof at night. Though our town is not worse off, perhaps, in this particular than most communities, yet there is enough room for improvement among our boys of all conditions. Not an evening passes but they may be seen lounging at street corners, smoking, chewing, and in too many instances blaspheming. The habits incurred at such times are most pernicious; for youth of tender age acquire the vices of those of more advanced years, and they soon become impatient of parental authority, learn to equivocate, drink, visit places which they should be taught to shun, and finally become pests, when they might be the ornaments of society. Parents should vigilantly watch the movements of their children, and see that the company they keep is unexceptionable. If, instead of dissipating the valuable time, while the mind is so capable of receiving lasting impressions, our sons were only to apply themselves to study, how different would be their standing in the social scale forever more?
We never see a crowd of boys at street corners during the evening, that we do not feel the culpability of those to whom Heaven sent them, and how little they realize the awful responsibility resting upon them. If parents will do nothing to check this wide-spread tendency to evil, society owes it to itself to interpose. Thus those who are to succeed us may be made wiser and better, and thus reformation be radically effected.
SOAP SUDS.—A writer in the *German Town Telegraph* says:—The value of this article as a stimulant of vegetable life cannot be too highly appreciated. It contains the element of plants in a state of ready solution, and when applied acts not only with immediate and obvious effects, but with a sustained energy which pertains to few even of the most concentrated manures. When it is not convenient to apply it in irrigation—the most economical method, perhaps, of using it—it should be absorbed by some material which may be used as an ingredient in the compost heap. Dry soil, muck, and other similar articles, should be deposited where the suds from the sink and laundry may find its way to them, and be absorbed, for the benefit of crops. In this way several loads of manure, suitable for the support and sustenance of any crop, may be made at comparatively small expense.—The highly putrescent character of this fermentable liquid qualifies it admirably for irrigation of compost heaps of whatever material composed. Being a potent fertilizer, it must, of necessity, impart additional richness to almost any material to which it may be added.—Try it and mark the results.
A MOTHER.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother that looked on his childhood, and smoothed down his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh, there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcendeth all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor stifled with ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his frame and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtakes him, he will be dear to her by his misfortune; and if disgrace settles upon his name she will love and cherish him, and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him.
The finest idea of a thunder storm extent, was when Wiggins came home tight. Now Wiggins was a teacher, and had drunk too much lemonade—or something. He came home into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said:
"Wife are you hurt?"
"No."
"Girls are you hurt?"
"No."
"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"
A man and his wife in Philadelphia quarreled and fought, one with a poker and the other with a chair. When the daughter, who had gone to the cellar for some article for dinner, returned to the room, both her parents were lying speechless and dying with their skulls fractured.

Gov. Curtin to the People of Pennsylvania.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURG, June 10, 1865.—To the people of Pennsylvania:—The bloody struggle of four years is ended. The fires of rebellion are quenched. The supremacy of law and right is re-established. The foulest treason recorded in history has been beaten to the earth. Our country is saved.
These blessings we owe—under God—to the unequalled heroism, civic and military, of the people. In the darkest hours, under the heaviest discouragements, falter who would, they never faltered.
They have been inspired with the determination to maintain the Free Government of our Fathers, the continued union of our whole country, and the grand republican principles which it is their pride and duty to defend for the sake, not only of themselves, but of the human race.
I glory in saying that the people of Pennsylvania have been among the foremost in the career of honor. Their hearts have been in the contest; their means and their blood have been poured out like water to maintain it.
The remnants of the heroic bands that left her soil to rescue their country, are now returning, having honorably fulfilled their service. They have left tens of thousands of their brothers on many a bloody field. Their memories will be preserved on our rolls of honor. For their widows and families a grateful country will suitably provide.
Let the survivors who are now returning to us, have such welcome as befits a brave and patriotic people to give to the gallant men who have saved the country and shed new lustre on Pennsylvania.
I recommend that in every part of the State, on the approaching anniversary of Independence, special observances be had of welcome to our returned defenders, and of commemoration of the heroic deeds of themselves and their comrades who have fallen.
ANDREW G. CURTIN,
Governor of Pennsylvania.

Books at Home.

Books are teachers—teachers by their mere presence as they look down upon us from their shelves. They set the beholder thinking. They remind him of the great and the good of all lands and all time, suggesting even more, perhaps, than they really contain of knowledge and of wisdom. A contemporary truly remarks:
One instinctively infers upon entering a house for the first time, that it is the abode of refinement, when he sees around him the classics of our language done up in neat and solid bindings. On the contrary, if there be no books—whatever the taste otherwise displayed, though the mirror be the best French plate glass, the carpets the softest velvet, the tables inlaid with rare woods and stones, and all the appointments in keeping—one can not but conclude, if he himself be cultivated, that there is a lack in this home of the purest taste. We have been favorably impressed, on going into families remote from city advantages, as to their social position, by observing on the tables or shelves a few choice books. The sequel has seldom altered our judgment.
Every house, if possible, should have its library. However humble the dwelling, let there be one room where the books are collected and systematically arranged. The sight of them will constantly instruct. There is teaching for a child in the title of a book. Will he not soon wish to know what the history is about; who are the men; what the things which the cats represent? The first conception he may form of the extent of the race to which he belongs may be derived from the "History of the World" upon the gilt letters of which he has gazed from infancy. As books upon various subjects come daily under his eye, the different departments of knowledge will open to the mind, and the complex and wonderful character of the universe will provoke questionings.
Next to the family altar comes in influence upon the household the family library. It is a strong bond of union to its members. Seated amid the companionship of the pure, the wise, the good of all ages, with philosophy to instruct, religion to sanctify, and wit to enliven, must not the memories and results of such hours be the most useful and pleasing of the whole life?
FEROCITY OF AN ELEPHANT.—The correspondent of a Bombay paper writing from Burdwan, in the northwest province, says: I have just received a sad account of the ravages committed by an elephant at a village called Kotulpore, about twenty miles distant from this station; the animal belongs to the Maharajah, and was taken thither by one of his retainers for a marriage procession. On arrival there, the elephant suddenly became wild, and pulled down a number of huts and trees. The next day it became wilder still, and one of the mahouts in charge of the brute, attempted to chain his legs, was seized by his trunk and trampled under foot. Death of course was instantaneous, but that did not pacify the elephant's rage; it kept the corpse of the man under its feet for two successive days, actually grinding it to dust. That very day it struck down a Brahmin and smashed his head; two other men have been severely injured, and most of the inhabitants of Kotulpore have, it is said, fled from the village for fear of the brute. The Maharajah has ordered half a dozen of his Eurasian servants to go and shoot it.

Our Mistakes about Each Other.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacles of eyes and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books" are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censurers who condemn them. We habitually underestimate or overvalue each other, and in estimating character, the surest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates. It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unimpressive, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose familiarity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning while his tormentors stood panic-struck on the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting-house, may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good-humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine to the public, may carry something, as hard as the nether millstone in the place where his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose misjudgments of their fellow-mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart. If it is only the base who believe all men base, or, in other words, like themselves, saw, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody, for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least, while living. However pure, they cannot escape censure. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.
DON'T COMPLAIN.—Don't complain of your birth; your training; your employment; your hardships; never fancy you could be something, if you had a different lot or sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plans; and knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations and obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances and discouragements are probably God's opportunities, and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines; or any certain proof that they are poisonous. No! a truce to all such impatience. Check that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your own soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do His word, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity; against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is really opposed to your own good; but never consistent with it.
QUIDDITIES.—For the Ladies.—A tea party without scandal is like a knife without a handle. Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds. Features without grace are like a clock without a face. A land without the laws is like a cat without her claws. Life without cheer is certainly very drear. A master without a cane is like a rider without the rein. Marriage without the husband is like a horse without his bridle. A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife. A quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.
UNFORTUNATE COMPANIONS.—A lady entered a dry goods store in a street, and expressed a desire to see some wool delaines. The polite clerk, with elegant address, showed her a variety of pieces of fine texture and choice coloring. After tossing and choosing to her heart's content, she remarked: "The goods are part cotton, sir." "My dear madam," returned the shopman, "these goods are as free from cotton as your breast" (the lady starts)—free from guile," he added.

A SUGGESTION.

A SUGGESTION.—A writer says: The absence, among many men, of the tender benevolence of home, their disregard of their sacred duty as heads of households to shed sunlight upon the hearts of wives and children, to give smiles instead of frowns or glooms, pleasant and loving words instead of cross ones, to learn to talk intelligently and freely with their families when at home and surrounded by them, instead of shutting themselves up in rigid, stupid, stolid, surly silence, is undeniable. It is equally reprehensible and contemptible, whether it springs from laziness, or fear of ridicule, or false pride. That man will exert the widest and best influence on all around him, as a citizen and as a neighbor, and be most respected indoors and out-doors, who is not too lazy, or too cowardly, or too proud to be courteous and agreeable to society and to show himself considerate and tender to his family.
CORRECT SPELLING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and devote himself to their use, every day at the same time that pedantic precision and exactness which show the weakness of an ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

Tobacco and Insanity.

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.—The Paris correspondent of the *London Star*, says: "I mentioned lately the frightful increase of mental alienation and paralysis of the brain in France. It has been proved that this increase of lunacy has kept pace with the augmentation of the revenue from tobacco. From the year 1812 to 1832 that tax produced twenty-eight million, and the lunatic asylums of the country contained eight thousand patients. The tobacco revenue has now reached the sum of one hundred and eighty millions, and there are no less than four thousand paralytic and lunatic patients in the various hospitals devoted to their accommodation. This parallel has been drawn by M. Jolly, and laid before the Academy of Science. The last words of his speech on that occasion are worth recording, in this age of universal smoking, and young boys to whom this pernicious practice has not yet become second nature, would do well to reflect, ere it be too late, on the frightful warning the above statistics contain, as well as on M. Jolly's words. He says: "The immoderate use of tobacco, and more especially of the pipe, produces a weakness in the brain and in the spinal marrow, which causes madness."
Never attempt to stop a woman's tongue; talk is as necessary to female vitality as the air she breathes. To stop it once you will find to be enough

Short and Sweet.

Short and sweet.—This page

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