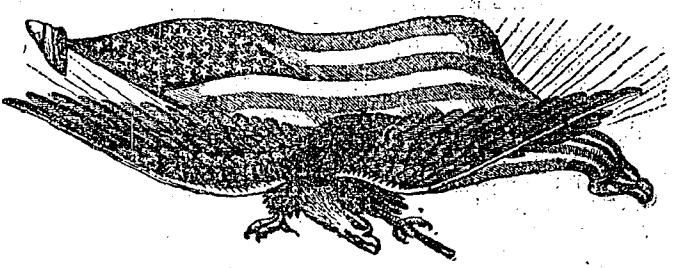


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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. -PERSEVERE- TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.
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POP.

And there they sat, a popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as fat as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.
And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs the higher.
Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper,
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucupans made of copper.
And then they shelled and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a popper.
While he haw-haw'd at her remarks,
And she laugh'd at his joking.
And still they popped and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.
The clock struck eleven, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping—
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping!
And John he ate, and Sue she thought,
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's a fire!
Why Susan, what's the matter?"
Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A Voice from India.

We have received from Rev. John D. Brown, now a Missionary in India, a copy of the *Oudh Gazette*, dated May 13th, published at Lucknow, India, with the request that we would publish in the *Globe*, the following article from its columns. Though it may seem late for the publication of an article of this character we insert it as it shows the estimate placed upon our great contest and our leaders by those who live on the other side of the world, removed from all suspicion of partisan prejudices.
Assassination of Lincoln and Seward.
Foiled in the field, crushed in the citadel, and swept from the sea, the Confederates of America have consummated their career, of atrocities, by an act of assassination, which will brand their cause, with infamy, to the most remote time. In history, we do not read of a single act, which in any way, approaches the cowardly crime, which was announced, to India, on the 3rd instant. Holofemes was beheaded; but he had coveted the esquet of a virgin's chastity. Cesar was assassinated; but he had betrayed the republic, and had been crowned in the capital. Wallenstein was murdered; but he had betrayed his friends, and was, it was believed, unfaithful to his master. Buckingham fell, by the hands of Felton; but his iniquities had shocked the land, and his intrigues had involved the country in war. Murray, the Regent, of Scotland, was shot in the broad blaze of day; but his myrmidons had driven the wife of his murderer, nearly naked, into the woods, to seek shelter and safety. Murat died by the dagger of D'Armanes Corday; but the conspirators, at Calvados had been doomed to die. Percival fell by the bullet of Belling him; but his fate was the result of a mistake, which the assassin acknowledged, when he expiated his crime, on the scaffold. All the atrocities however, of either ancient or modern times, are completely eclipsed by the dark crime, which has just been announced, and which will excite a thrill, of horror, throughout the civilized world. Traitors to the republic, and false to every principle of duty, which links subjects to governments, the Confederates have committed an act, which will bear on its brow, the curse through time. This act, alone, demonstrates, to the world, the character of the dominion which would have been established, had the Confederate cause succeeded. Overcome on the ocean, and beaten on the battlefield, they have sunk to the level of assassins,—slain one man, and it is feared, mortally, wounded another—as the latest advices state that Seward and Seward were, it appears shot; and we are sure that the act will excite but one feeling throughout the globe—abhorrence!—Lincoln and Seward were the pillars of the Republic and their only fault—if it can be considered a fault—was that they were only too merciful, and too forbearing. But the ways of Providence are wondrous; and, we dare say, this iniquitous proceeding, was necessary to shock at their sources, all those streams of maudlin sympathy, for unworthy objects in which the British nation is only too prone to indulge, when a series of misfortunes has overtaken a people. The Emperor Louis Napoleon will, we fancy, be for the future, less ardent in his sympathies, with respect to the slaveowners of the South. The assassins

Four Idle Daughters.

Yes, every one of them, idle, slothful, and consequently, sensual and unrefined. Dress in exquisite taste, do they? No doubt, and show white fingers as they crocheted or played the piano. And what if they do shine in the opera box, or the concert room and theatre, as the pretty B's—everybody who knows them at all, knows them as four idle daughters. The gentleman who, captives of a passive fancy, call upon them at times, know that from morning till night they pass in active, silly lives; that their mother lives in the kitchen till her face is careworn, and her feet ready to drop with fatigue. Oh! it must be a bad thing to have four idle daughters, not one of whom is willing to lessen the burden or expense by even a trivial employment; not one of whom is willing to wash a muslin or prepare a meal—Useless cumberers of the ground are they, and nobody would miss them were they foolish, unreasonable lives to be cut off to-morrow. They pretend to be educated, can tell probably that London is the metropolis of England, and France is a sunny clime; but the best of all education, good, practical, common sense, genuine self-respect, that should make them blush for their ignoble dependence, these four idle daughters lack. It is not genteel to wash for themselves—it is not lady like to sweep a room, except for those coarse, commonplace persons who have been brought up to work—And what, pray, are they? The children of commonplace people who labored as God meant every son and daughter of Adam should labor, or pay the penalty of idleness. Now they are four great animals, feeding, lounging and sleeping. They will never be either respected or beloved by anybody whose love or respect is worth a farthing. As long as their foolish mother lives she will slave for them, humor them, and please herself with the imaginary belief that they are ladies; for "they never did a stitch of work." When she dies, how maliciously the lookers on will say: "Now these four girls will have to work; I'm glad of it." They will never find half the sympathy or respect they might have looked for, if they possessed common sense enough to employ themselves. Idleness is the nurse of sin, and it is not possible for men or women to be pure and virtuous, if they lead lives of laziness and inactivity—These four idle daughters are, consequently, to be looked upon with some suspicion. It is a hard saying, but the truth, that strict purity is incompatible with laziness. Many a fair-browed girl, with sparkling eyes and engaging smile, is sadly wanting in mental innocence. Watch the deportment of the daughters you know. If at home they are ministering angels, lightening the cares of the over taxed mothers, not ashamed to be seen with uprolled sleeves and soiled fingers; if they are always busy at some sweet, agreeable task, even in what they deem their idleness, the outward beauty of the shadow of the soul, pure, quiet, gentle, womanly. Marry one of them.

SOMETHING FOR GIRLS.—Men who are worth having want women for wives.

A bundle of gowags, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine sauce—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are good in their places; and so are ribbons, fill tinsel, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make it a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bodstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may coy him or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worthy of catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or managing brothers to help you find a market.
No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with bugles.
"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years courtship.
Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.
A smatterer in everything is generally good for nothing.
Learn to be prompt and punctual.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The work of laying the Atlantic cable was to commence on the 10th instant, Monday last. The Great Eastern's weight, with the cable on board, is 21,000 tons; her measurement tonnage being 24,000. She will not approach the Irish coast nearer than twenty-five miles, and her stay at Valentia will be only long enough to make a splice with the shore line, which is laid twenty-five miles from the shore. The shore line is the most massive ever constructed. Its weight per mile being a little more than half the weight of ordinary railway metal. The shore end at Newfoundland will require only three miles of babb, which the Great Eastern will carry with her. The splicing of the cable will take about five hours, when the work of playing out will immediately begin, the ship going at the rate of six miles an hour. Signals will be sent to the shore at stated periods to announce the latitude and longitude of the ship. It is expected that the connection will be made on this side by the 20th or 21st instant.
The cable is the best ever constructed. The tests are so delicate that a minute flaw in one of the four coatings of gutta percha was detected and defined almost to a yard or so, and the length in which it occurred was cut out. The cable once laid in deep sea, never gives any more trouble, unless from volcanic disturbance, but those laid in shallow water are continually getting out of repair, but are easily put in order again. The point of danger apprehended is about a hundred miles from the coast of Ireland, where the water suddenly deepens from 300 fathoms to nearly 2,000. This is not from a submarine cliff, as first supposed, but is a slope of sixty miles, or about 145 feet to the mile, an incline about three times that of an ordinary railroad.

THE STATES OF THE UNION.

The following is a list of the States constituting the Union, with the dates of their admission. Colorado and Nebraska had authority, but refused to form State Constitutions. The thirty-six stars in our national flag are, therefore, designated as under:
Delaware, December 7, 1787
Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787
New Jersey, December 18, 1787
Georgia, January 2, 1788
Connecticut, January 9, 1788
Massachusetts, February 6, 1788
Maryland, April 28, 1788
South Carolina, May 23, 1788
New Hampshire, June 21, 1788
Virginia, June 26, 1788
New York, July 26, 1788
North Carolina, November 21, 1789
Rhode Island, May 29, 1790
Vermont, March 4, 1791
Kentucky, June 1, 1792
Tennessee, June 1, 1796
Ohio, November 29, 1802
Louisiana, April 8, 1812
Indiana, December 11, 1816
Illinois, December 10, 1817
Alabama, December 3, 1819
Maine, December 14, 1819
March 15, 1820
Missouri, August 10, 1821
Arkansas, June 15, 1836
Michigan, January 26, 1837
Florida, March 3, 1845
Texas, December 29, 1845
Iowa, December 28, 1846
Wisconsin, May 29, 1848
California, September 9, 1850
Minnesota, December, 1857
Oregon, December, 1858
Kansas, March, 1862
West Virginia, February or Mar., 1863
Nevada, October, 1864

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.—Prof. Whitney's party of geological explorers in California have made wonderful discoveries the past season—mountains fifteen thousand feet high—higher than Mount Blanc, and the highest in the United States—perpendicular walls of rock seven thousand feet, and a grove of big trees, larger than those of California or Yosemite, into whose hollow trunks three horsemen rode abreast, and whose stumps Californians hold mass meetings.

BONES AND WHEAT.—According to Sir Robert Kane, the distinguished chemist, one pound of bones contains the phosphoric acid of 28 pounds of wheat. A crop of wheat of 40 bushels per acre, and 60 pounds per bushel, weighs 2400 pounds, and thus requires about 86 pounds of bones to supply it with that essential material. The usual supply of bone dust (3 to 4 cwt. per acre) supplies each of the crops for four years with a sufficiency of phosphoric acid, which is given out as the bones decompose.

WHY ARE CLOUDS LIKE COACHMEN?—Because they hold the reins.

Weeds in Gardens.

Nothing reduces the current expenses of a family for the outlay more than a well-managed kitchen garden; but the general complaint with many is the labor of keeping it clean—the constant fight with weeds. Some are of opinion that a garden of a quarter of an acre in extent will grow more weeds than ten acres of farm land, and there is good ground for the belief according to the way some are managed. A few weeds, allowed to ripen their seeds, will produce an abundant crop next year; and thus, year after year, the earth becomes filled with them till the soil of a garden consists of three main ingredients—namely, a soil naturally, a large amount of manure, artificially, and an immense supply of foul weeds spontaneously.
The question naturally arises, is it not practicable to clear out entirely and totally the last of the three? Are weeds a necessity? If a garden contains a hundred thousand of them, and ninety-nine thousand are killed by the hoe, why not the remaining thousand? It nine hundred and ninety of this thousand, why not the remaining ten? The soil of a garden may be completely purified of weeds and their seeds, greatly reducing the labor of keeping it in order, and largely contributing to a fine growth of the crops. It is much easier to keep a garden perfectly clean than to be engaged in a constant warfare with the weeds. The labor is far less. The reason that it is not done is the want of care and attention. Nearly all are satisfied if a garden is nearly clean. This is the origin of all the trouble—namely, leaving a few weeds to seed the whole ground. The remedy is, begin now, eradicate everything that may have shown its head, and so continue the examination every week. One morning every week should be set apart for this special purpose. Unless something of this kind is adopted, the thing will certainly be neglected. And after they are out continue the process to keep them out. It is easier to spend half an hour in a morning once a week in this way, and have good crops than to spend three days in each week fighting the intruders, and, as a consequence, getting bad crops.—*Scottish Farmer.*

The Home of Andrew Johnson.

Rev. Randall Ross, chaplain of the 15th Ohio regiment, writes an interesting letter to the *United Presbyterian*, descriptive of the "village of Greenville, East Tennessee, the home of President Johnson. The place contains only about one thousand inhabitants, and consists of four squares, with streets running through at right angles. The writer mentions the principal buildings—churches, taverns, "the old mill," &c., and also notes the spot in the garden of Mrs. Williams, where the notorious John Morgan was shot and mortally wounded by a Union soldier. He was shot while crouching under a grapevine, and the vine has since been cut away by soldiers who have taken the "cuttings" to plant. Mr. Ross then continues:

But Greenville is especially noted and honored as being the home of Andrew Johnson, present President of the United States. This renders this village interesting to all, and every thing connected with Andrew Johnson's residence in it is of the deepest interest to the American people. Many years ago, on a certain evening, a rude, black-headed, black-eyed, good-looking boy, said my informant, drove into town with a poor old horse in a little one-horse vehicle, in which he had his mother and a few house-hold things. They succeeded in securing a humble habitation by rent. This secured, the next object was to secure labor by which to live. He began to inquire for tailoring to do. His youthful appearance made it seem to be somewhat of a risk to put cloth in his hands. His honest appearance, and together with his anxiety to obtain work, however, induced an influential citizen to give him a coat to make for himself, with the advice to do his best on it, and if he made a good job of it he then would have no difficulty in getting work. He did his best, he succeeded with the job, and he began immediately to gain the confidence of the public and to get plenty to do. This was the first appearance of Andrew Johnson in Greenville, Tennessee, and this was the first job of work he did on his own responsibility. The first house he lived in, I was told, is not now standing. He was industrious and attentive to business, and he succeeded well. In process of time he was married. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mordecai Lincoln, Esq., said to be a distant relation of the late President Lincoln. The house in which he was married has been re-

How Deacon Smith Courted the Widow.

The Deacon's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country sign that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow as lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow white cap. "Good morning," was said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.
"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothing, anyway, do you?"
"Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."
So they adjourned to the meadow. Deacon Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—then at the widow again—and so thro' the whole forty.
The same call was made every day for a week, but the Deacon could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much to do in the house," as all farmer's wives and widows have on Saturday—she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irascible as ever.
"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creature," said he, "but"—he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow—but the cow.
"The Downing cow I know before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones; she sighed and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.
"Old Roan is a faithful old milch cow and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded his speech—the pause was getting awkward—and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—
"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, de say so!"
The intentions of the Deacon and the widow were published the next day.

River Life in Siam.

M. Monhot, a French naturalist, has lately returned to Paris from a visit to Siam. A portion of his experience is thus described:
"The journey by land was less interesting and beautiful than the voyage on the great gulf, one inhabited by eagles, the other the dwelling place of the iguana, and rustling with the strange sounds made by these creatures as they trailed their leafy limbs over the dead leaves and fallen branches. Towards evening the boat would be suffered to ground upon the mud, whence arose a strong sulphuric odor, as though a submarine volcano slept its threatening sleep beneath. One day the odor was explained, and M. Monhot's supposition realized, for, as they floated slowly upon the broad water, under the burning sun, the waves suddenly arose, and tossed and boiled around that has been done or uttered shall be traced to its proper motive. This great doctrine cannot fail to be strengthening to the soul. Suppose we were placed in some mysterious spot, where every thought should be telegraphed upon a column in the court house—how careful should we be to think true, and strong, and pure! Suppose we stood before a mirror which reflected all our actions to the eyes of the community—how careful should we be to do that which is "holy, just, and good!" Suppose we spoke in some whispering gallery, which repeated our words in every ear in the nation—how careful should we be to utter the words of truth, and sobriety only! Under such a process, if the mind could bear it, would it not be girded up to its highest energies! Now, there is such a telegraph, docketing our words on the column of the court of the universe; there is such a mirror, reflecting our acts to the eyes of God; there is a gallery, which repeats our words in his ear; and every time the Christian meditates upon it his mind is nerve and impelled heavenward.—*Thompson.*

An Irishman was once brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives.

"So, Tom, that old law, Dick Fibbins, is dead." "Yes, his yards are wound up; he'll lie no more—the old rascal." "Indeed, it's my opinion, Tom, that he'll lie still."

"Setting a man's trap," is the title given to the picture of a pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

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