The Globe.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows old and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure.

But never mind—that is a loss,
Not much to be lamented,
Life rolls on gaily if we will,
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining,
No! no! steady hearts and hopeful minds,
Are life's bright silver linings.

There's ne'er a man who dared to hope,
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those,
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come and rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow.

If thorns arise when roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

WIT AND HUMOR.

LADIES make love nowadays full 'tilt.'

WHAT's the latest and sweetest thing in bonnets? The ladies' faces, to be sure.

SOME say the quickest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow. It's no doubt a delightful species of husbandry.

SOME cynical old bachelor says an oyster don't know much, but it has one advantage over a woman—it knows when to shut its mouth. The brute!

A Morayshire farmer recently sent the following message to the "lady of his love:" "Tell her," he said, "that win she doesna ha'e me, I winna kill mysel, but I'll pine awa!"

A golden rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party, and with young men, as if your female companions were present.

"WILL you not venture upon one of these oranges?" said a lady to Liegh Hunt.

"Excuse me, madam," he replied, "I am afraid I should fall off."

"WHAT time is it, Tom?"

"Just time to pay that little account you owe me."

"O, indeed! Well, I didn't think it was half so late."

A man came home drunk on a cold night and vomited in a basket containing goslings which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which he exclaimed, "My goodness, wife? when did I swallow them things."

ONLY the other day a young lady asked me: "What is your favorite flower?" As she was a fashionable lady, I supposed, of course, she referred to household matters, and innocently answered, "extra family."

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* says the President has an extraordinary faculty of putting saddles upon wrong horses. The Boston *Post* says this will not interfere with the *Bulletin's* back as long as he doesn't saddle jackasses.

SUPERLATIVES are dangerous things. A man once wrote to his wife: "My dearest Maria;" and by return of post he received the cold reply, "Permit me to correct either your grammar or your morality; who are your other dear Maria's?"

"Boy, did you let off that gun?" ejaculated an enraged schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, what do you think I will do to you?"

"Why, let *me* off."

"VEGETABLE pills!" exclaimed an old lady, "dont talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling. For destroying a gnawing of the stomach there's nothing like it."

WHATEVER we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to *bare* arms, and the prettier, the better, and more irresistible. This is a right descended from Mother Eve.

THE presiding mistress at a boarding house "hoped the tea was good."

"Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply; but Jones, between truth and politeness, observed, "that the tea was excellent, but the water was smoky."

AN Irish woman applied to the Portland Relief Committee, when the following colloquy ensued:

"How many children have you?"

"Six."

"How old is your youngest."

"*My youngest is dead and I've had another since.*"

A dabbler in literature, strolling along the river's bank, chance to spy a ragged little urchin fishing and stepping up, thus addressed him:

"Adolescence, art thou endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulph into their denticulate mouths a barbed hook, upon the extremity of which is affixed a dainty allurement?"

"No," said the the boy, "I'm fishin."

"WELL, Tom," said a blacksmith to his apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for a while."

"Thank'ee, sir."

"Well, now, what part of the business do you like the best?"

"Shuttin' up shop, and goin' to dinner, sir."

SELLING A GRINDSTONE.

Among Fred's numerous friends was Judge Newton, who resided in Mahoning county, this State. Fred always made the Judge's home his home when he traveled that part of the country. The Judge was a fine, jovial old fellow, fond of a joke and was always trying to get a joke upon Fred, when he stayed with him.

One day, some time in the year 1839 Fred was passing through, and put up with him over night. In the morning he was determined to drive a trade with him of some kind, offering in his usual way to take anything for payment:

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Judge, laughing, "I've got a first-rate grindstone out in the yard, if you'll take that I'll trade it out." "Very well," said Fred, "I'll take it, it's just as good pay as I want."

They went out to the wagon, and the Judge turned out his grindstone, which Fred loaded in his wagon and started. He had not gone far before he saw a customer and stopped his team.

"*Good morning, Squire—want any thing in my line this morning.*"

"Well I don't know, Fred," replied he in a bantering tone, "got any grindstones?"

"Yes, sir; got a first rate one; just come out and look at it."

Now it happened the man really did not want a grindstone; he was acquainted with Fred and spoke in the manner he did because he had no idea Fred had one.

"I like the looks of that stone," said he, after examining it, "and as I want one very much, and you take anything for payment, I'll give you six cents a pound for it (four cents was the regular price) provided you will take such property as I turn out to you for payment."

"Certainly," said Fred, "I always do."

"Very well. How much does the grindstone weigh?"

"Just forty-eight pounds," said Fred, bnd proceeded to unload it.

"Now come with me, Fred," said the old Squire, grinning, when this was finished, "and get your pay."

Fred followed him to the stable.

"There," said he, pointing to a bull calf, just six weeks old, which was standing in the stable, "there's a first rate calf, worth about three dollars, which I suppose will pay you for the stone."

"Very good, just as good pay as I want," said Fred, as he unfastened his calf and led him to his wagon. "But stop a minute," said he, "I shall be back this way in about three weeks, and if you will keep him till then I will pay you what is right for it."

"Oh, yes, I'll keep him for you," said the Squire, laughing, as Fred drove off, with the idea of having beat him.

He supposed that Fred would never call for the calf, but he did not know his man, and when he called, the Squire had nothing better than to give up his property.

He then traveled, and as it was now near night, Fred concluded to put up with the Judge.

As he alighted at the gate he was met by a hearty shake of the hand, and "how are you, Fred? What did you do with your old grindstone?"

"I sold it a day or two ago, at a good profit, I can tell you; I received six cents a pound for it."

"Ah!" said the Judge, in surprise; "but what have you got under there?" now for the first time noticing the calf.

"O," said Fred, indifferently, "that's a calf I'm taking to Colonel Davis up our way; the Colonel made me promise to fetch him one, and he seems to set great value on him; for my part I consider him nothing but a common calf, not worth more than three dollars.

It might be as well to mention that this was about the time of the great excitement about imported stock, and that Colonel D. of whom Fred spoke, was a man known of Judge Newton to be a heavy importer of foreign stock particularly of the Durham.

Junge Newton had often endeavored to procure some of the stock, but as it was then very scarce and bore a high price, he examined it a little more closely to purchase it.

"It's one of the regular Durhams, sure," said he musing, "and a fine one at that; if you will part with him, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for him."

"Couldn't part with him for no such money. Colonel Davis is to give me seventy-five as soon as I get home."

"Well you wont take him clear home with you, and if you'll let me have him, I'll give you fifty dollars."

"No, can't do it; I've disappointed the Colonel two or three times already and he wouldn't like it at all if I should disappoint him in this way again."

"But, said the Judge, now becoming anxious, "you can tell him you have not been over the mountains."

"I don't know about it, Judge," said Fred, after a pause. "As you say it's some ways home, and will cost something to get him there; and if you will give me seventy-five dollars I don't know but you may take him."

The Judge was delighted with his purchase and paid the money on the spot.

As they were taking the calf to the barn, Fred remarked:

"I say, Judge, I don't see what there is about that calf that makes him worth more money than any other. I believe I can get as many calves as I want for three dollars."

"Perhaps you can," answered the Judge, "in a few years when they become plenty."

In the morning when Fred was starting, he remarked.

"I hope when you have any more grindstones to sell you'll remember me!"

"Thank you, I will," said the Judge not exactly understanding what Fred was driving at.

A few days after Fred was gone, the Squire of whom Fred had bought the calf was passing, when Judge Newton called him to tell him that he had at last succeeded in obtaining some of the famed stock. The Squire expressed a desire to see it, and they proceeded to the barn.

"Is that the one?" said he.

"Yes."

"Who did you get it of?"

"Of Fred Grishgold; I paid him seventy-five dollars for it."

The Squire burst out into a loud laugh.

"Why Judge," said he as soon as he could speak, "I sold him that calf a short time ago for a grindstone!

The Judge was perfectly astonished. He thought of it a moment and then said:

"Yes—I sold him that grindstone.—He has beat me at my own game! He told me that calf was not worth more than three dollars! Don't say anything about this, and you may have the calf and welcome."

The Judge went back to the house muttering 'B-E-A-T?"

Fred often called there after this, but Judge Newton never reverted to the subject, neither did he ever wish to dispose of any more grindstones.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Proclamation of Governor Curtin.

Twenty-ninth Day of November Appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving.

In the Name and by the Authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

ANDREW G. CURTIN,

GOVERNOR OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It hath been the good and worthy custom of the Commonwealth to set apart, annually, a day for the special acknowledgement of the goodness of the Almighty, and for expressing, by the whole people, at one time and with a common voice, the thanks and praise which throughout the year are springing from the hearts of men; therefore,

I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do, by this my proclamation, recommend that the good people of the Commonwealth observe Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and do then assemble in their respective churches and places of worship, and make their humble thank offering to Almighty God for all His blessings during the past year.

For the abundant gathered fruits of the earth.

For the thus far continued activity of industry;

For the general preservation of health;

And especially for that, in His divine mercy, He hath stayed the threatened pestilence.

And, moreover, that they do beseech Him to continue unto us all His blessings, and to confirm the hearts of the people of these United States, that by the lawful force of their will, deeds of good justice, wisdom, and mercy may be done.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty six, and of the Commonwealth the ninety-first.

By the Governor:—

ELI SLIFER,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Born in the Woods.

A Sad Story.—The Pittsburg *Republic* says: A young girl, residing in Allegheny City, respectably connected, but in indigent circumstances—one of the toiling million—about a year ago became acquainted with an *attache* of one of our railroad companies. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and the usual result followed where confiding innocence becomes entangled in the meshes of designing villainy. The poor girl fell a victim to the arts of the seducer. Last week she realized the painful fact that she was soon to become a mother. The remorse of many months cumulated in a desperate resolve. She determined to leave her home, and intent on self-destruction, we judge, wandered to the hills in the neighborhood of Wood's Run:

"To hide her shame from every eye
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—to die."

One day, the latter part of last week she was discovered in a secluded spot, on one of the hills near the locality named, suffering all the pains of childbirth. Providence, it would seem must have directed the steps of three humane ladies to the spot where the suffering girl lay; they found her in the condition we have stated. With a womanly sympathy they ministered to her wants by such means as were at their command. The situation of the unfortunate one forbade her removal, and there under the shadow of the great oaks, she gave birth to a female child. As soon as it was possible she was removed, under the direction of these ladies, to a neighboring house. It is doubtful if she survives the exposure to which she was subjected, but the little waif thrown so inauspiciously on the broad ocean of humanity seems to have a stout hold on life, and to all appearances will survive.

This is a "strange story," but we have it as we give it, from the highest authority. We trust justice may yet overtake the author of the poor mother's misfortunes, and if she recovers, we know that efforts will be made to mete out to him his just deserts.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[Under this head we give opinions of leading journals, that our readers may see more than one side of a question.]

[From the New York Times.]

The Democratic Party and the Elections.

We trust the Democratic party is satisfied with the success of its "little game" in the late elections. If it is, everybody else can well afford to be content. The extreme radicals, as usual, owe their power to the selfish and unscrupulous partizanship of the Democrats; and the Union men can console themselves for whatever good results they have failed to secure, by the fact that the ascendancy of the Democratic party has at all events been averted. It was that ascendancy which the Democrats sought, and which the people feared more than anything else. The Democratic leaders in all the States, and most notably in Pennsylvania and New York—made the restoration of their party to power the main aim of all their efforts.

They held everything everywhere subordinate to this one object. They supported President Johnson, partly perhaps because they agreed with him, but mainly to control the patronage and the power of his command for the attainment at this one end. They endorsed the Philadelphia Convention—partly because its positions and principles defied their assaults—but mainly because they hoped to make it the stepping stone to party control in State and national affairs. They used both the President and the Convention, remorselessly and recklessly, for their own advantage, and they have been utterly and thoroughly overwhelmed with defeat.

The reason of this result is palpable. The people distrust the patriotism and loyalty of the Democratic party, and will not trust the restoration of the Union and the reformation of our civil and political institutions to its hands. They see now more clearly than they could see before the war, that the inherent spirit and temper of that party were always at war with the best interests of the nation. The party, as such, always allied itself with the worst elements and most perilous influences of the national life. It was the *ally of slavery—not simply tolerant of* its existence, but the active defender of its worst enormities and the open advocate of its ambition. Out of its devotion to slavery and its craving for the power which slavery carried with it, it led the South into the Rebellion, and lacked nothing but the courage to follow it thither. Throughout the war, its sympathies, as a party, were with the Rebellion.

It rejoiced in its success—it magnified its merits and power, it mourned its defeats, it predicted its triumph—it crippled and hampered the Government it its struggle against it, it threw out of the party as false and treacherous those men who sought to give vigor and success to the nation's arms, and it evinced in every way and by every means which can indicate the *spirit and purpose of party action*, the most determined and ingrained sympathy with the Rebel movement. Such action in such a crisis makes an abiding impression on the public mind. Neither in the case of individuals nor of a party is it soon forgotten. The people long for peace, for the restoration of the Union, for the resumption of national prosperity and power; but they want all this on the basis of the Union principles vindicated and established by the war.

Whatever differences of opinion have existed in the Union party should have been settled within that party and by its members. President Johnson always declared that he so intended; that he sought only to save the party which carried the country through the war from falling into the hands of extreme men; and that he had no thought or purpose of throwing the power of the Government into the hands of the party which had opposed the war, and which was now ready to sacrifice its results to securing its own ascendancy. If the President had adhered to this purpose he could very easily have secured the result at which he aimed. But he allowed the Democrats to overrule or overbear him. Instead of aiding and strengthening the national sentiment in the Union ranks, and thus checking and thwarting the Disunion element which sought to control it, he invoked the Democratic party to the rescue. He recognized the nominations of that party everywhere as those for which he sought support—as those which represented his policy and his Administration—as those whose success was demanded by the principles he deemed essential to the public good.

And even after the Philadelphia Convention had laid down a platform thoroughly national in its principles, and upon the which the Union could be restored in strict harmony with the results of the war and the principles on which the war has been carried to its triumphant close, he still permitted the Democratic party to seize upon it for its own advantage—to climb into power by its aid, to use it for the promotion of its own ends, and the re-establishment in the national councils of its own supremacy. The Democrats in the Albany Convention cared nothing for the Philadelphia Convention—nothing for President Johnson, nothing for the restoration of the Union—nothing for the patriotic men who were struggling for it, except as it could use them all to bring the old Democratic party, as it had been organized and controlled for the past five years, again into power. That was the object and aim of all their efforts. Everything else was of not the slightest consequence except as it could be made to aid in its attainment. Their action was friendly and vigorously partisan throughout. They held their party organization, laid down their party platform, put a party ticket in the field, and aimed openly and avowedly at a party victory. And they made the President believe that the success of his principles *depended on giving them a party* triumph and the offices in his gift as essential thereto.

The result is now visible, and is precisely what calm and dispassionate observers know it would be. The direct effect of this policy was to unite the Union party—to consolidate all its strength against the Democratic party, whose success was to be the death-knell of its influence on national affairs. No man outside the ranks of the Democratic organization had the slightest interest, personal or political, in its success. Indeed everything which Union men had deemed essential to the public good was directly threatened with utter overthrow by the renewed ascendancy of the Democratic party. The people would not tolerate such a result. They would not entrust the restoration of the Union to the party which had sympathized with those who sought its overthrow. Whatever their faults, those who had saved it were the most to be trusted in its redemption. And so they have continued the control of the nation's affairs in the hands of the Union Party. How that control is to be exercised—whether under the guidance of calm and patriotic counsels, or by *passion, and the ambition of reckless* and unscrupulous men, it is for the future to reveal.

One result has been put beyond further controversy by these elections—the Democratic party will not be speedily restored to power in national affairs. It will not be allowed to control the destiny or to shape the policy of the country. The more it strives to seize the reins of authority, the more profound will be the popular distrust of its temper, and the more vigorously will its efforts be resisted.

[From the New York Herald.]

The Late Elections--The President, Congress, and the Political Parties of the Day.

The emphasis with which the powerful people of the mighty North have endorsed the Constitutional amendment now before the States, will be understood by a glance at the Republican majorities, in round numbers, rolled up in the late September, October, and November elections, viz:—

Massachusetts	52,000	Illinois	15,000
Ohio	42,000	Michigan	30,000
Vermont	22,000	Maine	27,000
Missouri	25,000	Pennsylvania	17,000
Iowa	25,000	Wisconsin	15,000
Kansas	15,000	Indiana	14,000
New York	12,000	Minnesota	10,000
West Virginia	8,000	New Jersey	2,000
Nevada	1,000		
Grand aggregate majority			362,000

There is something positively amazing in these unparalleled and unbroken majorities, and in this grand aggregate of three hundred and sixty-two thousand. We dare say, considering the ravages of the war in the South, that this aggregate Northern majority exceeds the whole popular vote which could now be cast, under their existing election laws, by the whole ten Southern States excluded from Congress. Here, too, we have the evidence, conclusive and overwhelming, to the effect that this Constitutional amendment to those ten States is the ultimatim of the North, and that to the end of President Johnson's term of office there is no prospect of anything more favorable from Congress.—The issue has been fairly tried between the President and Congress, and the verdict settled to the 4th of March, 1869.

The President, therefore, can do nothing and has nothing to hope for in continuing to advocate his restoration policy against the plan of Congress.—As a patriotic man and as a statesman of experience and sagacity, we expect him to yield the road to the amendment and to let it take its course.—The recommendation to Congress of a bill or resolution binding the two houses to the admission of each of the excluded States on its ratification of the amendment, would probably not be amiss, although we regard the precedent of Tennessee as substantially meeting this proposition. In any event, it now remains for the excluded States, each for itself, to determine either for the amendment and a restoration to Congress and our national elections, or against the amendment, with the exclusion from the next Presidency and from Congress for an indefinite time to come. This is the simple alternative now before the South.

Next, in this table of Republican majorities, we have the final demolition of the Northern rump of the old exploded National Democratic party. This party, but for its recent alliance with the Administration, and but for the moral and material aid given it by the Administration, would have been too weak to have made a struggle in those late elections. In getting under the wing of President Johnson it was warmed, yea, galvanized, into a show of vigorous vitality; but with his failure to keep it on its legs, it must go into dissolution. Stimulated and rallied for the moment by his powerful tonics and restoratives to a wonderful degree, the inevitable reaction will be speedy and fatal. The rump of the old Democratic party, in fact, has gone the way of the old Whig party and the old Federal party, and its remains must be turned over to some new party organization—not upon the dead issues of the past, but upon the living issues of this new epoch in our political history.

In the present or in the next Congress the controversy between the Republican conservatives and the extreme radical faction must come to a settlement. From all the lights and indications before us, this settlement will be the casting out of the radical fanatics and the consolidation of the great party of the future in the union of all the sound conservative materials of the country, North and South, Republican and Democratic, leaving the sectional ultras, North and South, outside the poor. Thus Wade Hampton and Parson Brownlow, Henry A. Wise and Jack Hamilton, Ben. Butler and Fernando Wood, "Old Thad Stevens" and James Brooks, will be free, if they choose, to form a joint stock combination with the woman's rights and spiritual circles, and all the other schools of demagogues, reformers and fanatics. We put Mr. Brooks (who has had better *luck than "little Jack Rogers"*) in this category, because of his services to Stevens at the last session of Congress, and because we suppose he will follow the same tactics hereafter.

The late Democratic party is effectually used up, and its elements must be recast in a new form and with a new name; for the prestige of the old name has been changed by its war record into public contempt. The Republican party, and the opposition party of the coming Presidential contest, remain still to be organized.—President Johnson, wisely co-operating with the conservative Republicans of Congress, in this view of the situation, may still wield a controling influence in establishing the succeeding party.

Ireland and the Fenians.

While, in this country a large number of persons are talking about the emancipation of Ireland, forming societies in furtherance of the object, and paying weekly contributions, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum, to promote it, the Irish people, on the other side of the water, appear only desirous of getting away from Ireland. It would seem to indicate either that they do not know much about the proposed Irish Republic or that they have not much faith in it or hope of its success.

The following extract from an Irish paper, presents a view of emigration which, although not new to us, yet far from being favorable to any such change of Government in Ireland as the Fenian leaders assure their trustful followers of:

The wholesale desertion of Ireland by its people is saddening to any Irishman who takes a thought of an ancient land and of a race, who, when St. Patrick brought them christianity over the sea, "looked upon it, and loved it." The shamrock of the Apostle waves above the ruins of the Druid's oak—the faith which it typefies has been kept in unshrinking constancy, through centuries of violence and guile—but the living possessors of that priceless inheritance are leaving their native shores in swarms, to spread or lose that faith, according to the lot of each in foreign lands. The great Irish event which cannot be ignored, is the Irish emigration. However people may differ in their thoughts about it, think of it they must. You cannot pass it over. All Irishmen, worthy of the name, look upon it with great regret—enlightened Englishmen, taking imperial views of the matter, do not like it much. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli, gave it careful prominence in a recent speech of his. He considered it a thing to be deplored, and stopped by legislation in some way, if possible. There are no doubt, some who view this national catastrophe with pleasure—some who would gladly see the Irish small tenant replaced by beasts for the market others by strangers from England or Scotland. But the most narrow minded, and, we hope, the smallest class of them, is composed of persons who rejoice at Irish emigration, as affording the chance of turning Ireland into a Protestant country by putting Protestants into the deserted homes of Catholics, and converting the farm when they cannot convert the man.

This voluntary expatriation may prove that Ireland is badly governed, and that a Republic of the right sort might be an advantage to it, but it also indicates that there is no real expectation of it among the people there.

GEO. F. TRAIN ON WHISKEY.—Geo. F. Train withdraws from the canvass as a candidate for Territorial delegate *in Congress from Nebraska*, for the reasons which are thus set forth:

I am told to-day that money is wanted for carriages to bring up the voters, and to scatter among the beer shops and groggeries. Any spare money I have I prefer to devote to education and Christian charities. Purchasing votes debases franchise and demoralizes the people. I have lectured too often for the Irish Father Mathew societies to go back on them by treating the voters. No wife, no little children shall have reason to complain of a drunken husband or father on election day on my account. Whiskey is the curse of time. It is ruining our young men, and hurrying old men to the grave. Rich and poor, high and low, alike, are being destroyed under its blighting influence. When we have fewer breweries, fewer distilleries, and more schools, the law courts and the jails will be less patronized, and the world the better for it.

IT is related by a gentleman from Fredericksburg that a curious relic of the war was recently picked up on the battle field of Chancellorsville and carried to a junk dealer in that city. The relic consists of a star formed by two musket balls which collided as they were passing through the air with great velocity from opposite directions.—There seems to be no doubt of the star being formed in this way, as the undefaced appearance of the bases of the two bullets clearly indicates that they came together in this way.