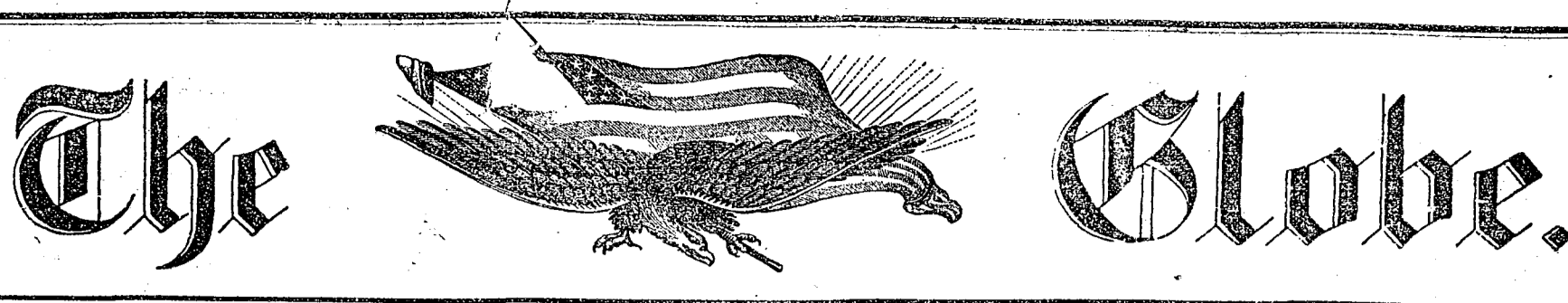


TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1867. VOL. XXII. NO. 40.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as: HAND BILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS, POSTERS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, LABELS, &c., &c.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS.

D.R. R. WIESTLING most respects fully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office at the late Dr. Searns, mch13-17.

D.R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community. Office at the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Ludon on Hill street. ap10,1866

D.R. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 25, 65.

R. ALLISON MILLER, DENTIST, Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House, April 18, 1866.

J. E. GREENE, DENTIST, Office removed to opposite the Franklin House in the old bank building, Hill street, Huntingdon, April 10, 1866.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, THE subscribers having leased this Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. McNulty, are prepared to accommodate strangers, travelers, and citizens in good style. Every effort shall be made to suit the taste of all who stop with us at all seasons. ANLIZ & FEE, may12,1866 Proprietors.

MORRISON HOUSE, Huntingdon, Pa. I HAVE purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Court House, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. The Carriage Porters, Bed and Boarding are all entirely new and first class. I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania. REFER to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House. JOSEPH MORRISON, May 16, 1866-f.

E. W. THOMAS, Teacher of Cornet Bands, HUNTINGDON, PA. Having had considerable experience in teaching music he proposes to give entire satisfaction to Bands or individuals, in town or country, desiring his services. He attends to all kinds of music, or music arranged to please the citizens. mch17-20

K. ALLEN LOVELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Prompt attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government collected without delay. oct17-20

MILTON S. LYTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government collected without delay. oct17-20

R. McMURTRIE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Hill street. Prompt attention given to the preparation of the claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs, against the Government. oct17, 1866-f.

J. W. MATTHEW, WILLIAM A. SIPE, MATTHEW & SIPE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. Licensed CLAIM AGENTS, Office on Hill street. Soldiers Claims against the Government for Back Pay Bounty, Wives and Invalids' Pensions attended to with great care and promptness. may17, 1866-f.

JOHN SCOTT, SAMUEL T. BROWN, JOHN H. BALEY, The name of this firm has been changed from SCOTT & BROWN, to SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, under which name they will hereafter conduct their practice. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. PENSIONS, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government, will be promptly proceeded. May 17, 1866-f.

T. W. DEVEDICE, J. SEWELL STEWART, F. M. LYTLE, The firm of Benedict & Stewart has been changed to BENEDICT STEWART & LYTLE, under which name they will hereafter practice as ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA. They will also give careful attention to the collection of military and other claims against the State or Government. Office formerly occupied by J. Sewell Stewart, adjoining the Court House. oct17, 1866-f.

AGENCY, FOR COLLECTING SOLDIERS CLAIMS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY AND PENSIONS. ALL who may have any claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions, can have their claims promptly collected by applying either in person, or by letter to W. H. WOODS, Attorney at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. August 12, 1866.

JOHN BARE, W. H. WOODS, F. M. BARE, W. P. McCALLAN, JOHN BARE & CO., Bankers, Huntingdon, Pa. Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers & others. Interest on Deposits. All kinds of Securities, bought and sold for the usual commission. Special attention given to Government Securities. Collections made on all points. Persons depositing Gold and Silver will receive the current rate with interest. Oct. 17, 1866-f.

ROBLEY & MARSH, MERCHANT TAILORS, Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a partnership in the above business and will continue to keep on hand the best and most fashionable goods in the market, comprising all kinds of Fancy Silk, Mixed Goods & Cassimers. Also, the best quality of BLACK CLOTHS and DOESKINS. Both having had large experience in the business will try to please all. Their rooms are on Smith street, two doors below Main. H. ROBLEY, O. F. MARSH, jals3-m

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH LIKENESS, CALL AT DONNELL & KLINE'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, On Hill Street, two doors west of Lewis' Book Store. CALL AND SEE SPECIMENS. Huntingdon, Oct 4, '66-f.

SOUPI PICKLES ready for the table by the doz., 1/2 doz., or 1/4 doz., for sale at LEWIS & CO'S Family Grocery.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA. (For the Globe) WHY? BY WILDE. Why did I give my heart away? Give it so lightly, give it so gay, On that joyous summer day, Why did he beg me to be his bride, And vow to be ever by my side, While life floated on with its ebb and tide? Why did he bow so smoothly my brow, And look to Heaven and make the vow That I should never be changed as now? And when the day I left the shore, Watching for her that would come no more, Hearing nought but the wild wind's ceaseless roar, Why, then, did a vision come o'er the sea, Of one alone in agony? Alone in hopeless misery? And a fearful storm sweep over the day, And the orient splendor pass away? Why was it but a prelude of the storm, That came to me in my life's bright morn, And left me weeping in the gloom, Why did he leave me to watch for the light That came as a way, crashing bright, And settled down to dark, black night? Why were our loves so strangely crossed? Why by life's waves so pitifully tossed? Why was I born—oh but to be lost? Why was I joyous and wild and wild? Ah, my love was I destiny's child? A destiny wild, fierce and wild.

Why are some hearts, from their natal hour, Cradled by a secret, unseen power? With a soulful life as their own? Ah! why? Ask the spirits who vigils keep Of the long, last dreamless sleep Of hopes, buried in Fate's dark deep.

Who can know the mystery Of the heart's unwritten history? Or a life that's steeped in misery?

The Poor Musician and his Mate. One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some young and some old, and many strangers too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before. Be that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were organ grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg; therefore on this particular festival day he took his violin and played under the old tree in the park. He had a good faithful dog along with him which lay at his feet, and held an old hat in his mouth so that passers by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off his left leg. The last money he had, had been spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had learned so often when a boy with his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength and beauty; but when he saw the poor old man with a dagger to his soul, for he knew that if they evening he would go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon, his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy crowd saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that he no longer gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician, "My good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"Oh!" replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I can't hold the bow; besides I have had no dinner, and have little prospect of supper."

The kind gentleman with whom he talked resolved to aid him as best he could. He then gave him a piece of gold and said, "I'll pay you if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"Oh," said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than a dozen fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well, you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands and then said to the old man, "Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play. I am sure people will give us something."

Now, was not that a singular musical association? They had just be-

What Buttons Have Done.

The Round Table tells us what Buttons have done: "We must go back nearly forty years. Then all buttons used by Americans were imported. But a shrewd Yankee lady, the young wife of a man in humble circumstances, was seized with the idea of manufacturing buttons at home by hand. She picked some unpierced buttons in pieces, and was satisfied that with wooden molds she could produce buttons that would find as good a market as the imported ones. Her idea was seconded by her husband, who was a thrifty farmer in a country village in Western Massachusetts. A few buttons were made and were sold. The same hand made more, and these found a ready market. Little by little, month after month, the idea grew until the persistence had more than she could do herself, and laborers were employed to assist in the manufacture. The husband, finding himself outdone, abandoned farming and devoted his energies to the new business. Machinery was devised to accelerate matters. A factory was built. The enterprise grew with amazing proportions. Other factories went up. A village clustered around the button enterprise. Wealth flowed in on the proprietor. Factories were built for making suspenders, for making India rubber webbing, and factories for cotton spinning. With every year the project grew apace until the proprietor could be named among the millionaires.

Out of the proceeds of the button manufacture a seminary was established, which is doubtless at the head of schools for young men in this country. A church was built, and accidentally burned. Another was built, and shared a similar fate. A third was built without delay, each being handsomer than its predecessor. A college was in trouble. The proceeds of buttons came to its relief and placed it upon enduring foundations—a college that has sent its men around the world to do good and help civilize. A young ladies' seminary was the next plan. Again the button purse flew open, and the school that has been a model for at least half a dozen others was firmly founded. And all this time very few outside of these villages knew who was doing it all. In fact, we know of no instance where so much has been done by an individual without its being trumpeted to the world. Nor have we mentioned half of the benefactions which came from the button success. A college in the West was helped to a permanent footing. A ladies' seminary in the West was also kindly remembered. A college in Syria, having the grandest plan at its foundation, was generously aided. And all the time new buildings were being added to the institutions which he had chiefly established, and for which he had supplied the money. During the past season he has completed a great factory at a cost of not far from half a million, and is now erecting a splendid dormitory building in connection with the school which bears his name. This is in part what buttons have done and are doing.

Many persons will like to know the name of the "button prince"—some have already divined it—the name of Samuel Williston, of Eastampton, Massachusetts. In all these years of noble deeds and ever increasing success Mr. Williston has shunned publicity, and we know he will feel no pleasure at seeing his name used in this way. He is now seventy years of age, but still manages all his own affairs, and executes details with wonderful energy.

WHY WOMEN CANNOT ENTER MASONIC LODGES.—When King Solomon was still a young man he had married his seventh wife. She was a beautiful young Ammonitess, with long black hair as the sunset, and eyes as bright as the eagle's. It was believed that she was the favored one among all the sultans of the Great King; for his affections were not divided then as they afterwards became. She knew her power, and used it unsparingly. In addition to her other qualities, she was as inquisitive as ever was a woman on this earth.

One evening King Solomon attended lodge on some grand occasion, and stayed out somewhat late. When he returned home, he found the fair Ammonitess in the dumps, and pouring just as the dear wives of Masons do sometimes now when their lords stay out late at the Lodge. She upbraided him with neglecting her, insinuated that he hadn't been to the Lodge as he pretended, and insisted that in future he should give proof that he went there by having herself initiated, so that she might go there and watch him.

"Daughter of Ammon," replied the King, "thou hast behaved thyself as one of the foolish women, in presuming to question thy lord and master. Thou art not so angry with me as thou pretendest to be; for the true reason of this behaviour is thy insatiable curiosity, in which thou excellest every heart. Know then, that I have ordained that neither thou nor any of thy inquisitive sex after thee, ever enter the portals of a Masonic Lodge; but I shall enjoin the Tyler to pierce through with his drawn sword any woman that shall attempt to enter a lodge; and even thee, Queen of Israel though thou be." And that ordinance of this wisest of monarchs has continued in force until this day.

We hope, now, that we have satisfied the curiosity of our fair readers as fully as did King Solomon that of his Queen.—Norfolk Journal.

WHAT KIND OF A SHIP HAS TWO MASTS AND NO CAPTAIN? A courtship. Reading matter on every page.

The Last Man in a Barber Shop.

We have seen many illustrations of misery, many that move the hardest heart to pity; nothing can be more touching to an observer, nothing better defines misery, than a man in a barber shop, with a dozen or so ahead of him, waiting to be shaved. It is impossible for any one who has never experienced it, to know how much misery is required to pass successfully through this ordeal. Different natures, of course, experience different degrees of misery as they wait. "The poor but virtuous young man, struggling with a moustache," (the fading hue of which has brought him again to the tonorial artist,) having an engagement with "Susan"—who has told him, "anything but a feller as isn't on time"—can probably be put down as the subject of most abject wretchedness and despair, as he enters and looks around upon "les miserables" who are ahead of him, the last of whom mingles with his misery a grim satisfaction that some one comes after him.

The young man would rather dye at once than be subjected to the suspense he must endure. Talk of ambition; of fame, as she beckons from afar to the midnight porer over volumes filled with learning and wisdom, or to the warrior as he cuts his way with his sword and wades through seas of blood to her shining goal! The scholar's ambition fades to insignificance, and the soldier's dream of glory vanishes before the mighty yearnings of the last man in the barber shop, waiting for his turn. No goal but the cushioned chair does he see, "so near and yet so far."

There is music to him in the barber's low "next," as it lessens the distance between him and his ambition; and when it finally appeals to him, he experiences a joy that the bonied words of flattery fail to bring to him who has found fame. Before the Maine law, prohibit tilting hoops, make dry street crossings, &c., &c., and we will submit, but "deliver us, good Lord" from being the last man in a barber shop.

Would Have His Way. I send you another example of the misguided love of parents, and I think such cases could be multiplied. Some years ago, I was dining with a gentleman and lady, whose only child, a boy some four years old, was seated at the table with us; he became clamorous, and must be waited on first. A tenderly inquired, "What will you take, dear? Shall I give you some custard?" The child pouted, "No, I want some of that" pointing to another dish. Ma said, "Oh, dearling, that is not good for you." The little darling cried loudly, and persisted in having that or nothing. So the lady gave her child that which she knew was bad for him, remarking to me, in an apologetic tone, "he is so positive we always let him have all he wants, for the sake of peace." I ventured to remark, "I hope the peace thus obtained will be permanent; sometimes children who are suffered to have all they think they want, become selfish and ungovernable." The parents thought their child was not in any danger, for as he grew older pride would come to his aid, and he would act differently.

Time rolled on; I watched the result, marked the growth of those seeds of mischief. They have blossomed, and are bearing fruit. That child, not yet grown to manhood, is now for taking the second or third time, in prison for taking that which belonged to another. He wanted it, and would have it. "Poor child" does he not claim our pity?

A great wonder is the "Walled Lake," in Wright county, Iowa. It is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface around it, and enclosed by a wall ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom, and at the top five, made of stones weighing from three tons to one hundred pounds each. There is an abundance of stones in Wright county; out surrounding the lake, to the extent of five or ten miles, there are none. No one knows how or by whom the wall was built. Around the lake is a belt of oak woodland, half a mile in width. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees, therefore, must have been placed there at the time of building the wall. In the spring of 1846 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damages to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2800 acres, depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold; soft sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from, and where it goes, yet it always remains clear and fresh.

Took THE HINT.—A little girl of three years, who had disobeyed her parents, was ordered to go and sit on the cellar stairs, for punishment. The little thing obeyed, and after she had been seated there for some time, her father opened the door and asked her if she was not ashamed. The little girl, with tears in her eyes and finger in her month, replied: "Yes."

"What are you ashamed of?" asked her father.

"I am ashamed of my pa," she replied. The kind hearted father appreciated the answer, and released her from imprisonment.

SNOOKS says the words "No Cards" are affixed to marriage notices because the parties played all their cards before marriage. This is a new theory, and will be generally accepted.

Temperance Topics.

"I was Drunk." Some few years ago, at the close of a youth's temperance meeting, held on the west side of the city, I went to a group of young ladies and asked them if they would sign the pledge. Some of them consented; but one said, "Oh, no, I am not going to sign away my liberty; I am not going to be unsocial; I intend to enjoy life." We tried to reason with the young lady, but in vain; he said he was not going to sign away his liberty.

We parted; I did not see James at the temperance meeting again. Some short time after, a reverend father, with a request that I would go down to the Tombs to see a boy there. I went down with this friend, and on entering a cell, found a boy—his name was only some sixteen years of age—in deep distress. It was James R., who had told me at the temperance meeting that he would not sign away his liberty, and there he was, found guilty of murder, and condemned to die.

The meeting was indeed a sad one. With bitter tears, he begged me to go to Albany and try to get a pardon. "Oh," says he, "I was drunk. I know nothing more of it. Some companions had been drinking on Saturday evening, and going along one of the streets on the west side of the city, they had insulted a man who was going home with his wife, and on the man remonstrating with them, they set upon him and murdered him. By whose hand the fatal blow was struck, James knew not; he remembered nothing; he was drunk."

He was, however, the only one apprehended. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned. It was in vain, with others, we sought a pardon; an appeal must be made, so many murderers about that time had been committed, and James must die. And thus he would not sign away his liberty, as he called it, by signing the temperance pledge, had his liberty out off three weeks after, and then after his life signed away, for indulging in those drinks we besought him to let alone. Youth's Temperance Banner.

How LIQUORS ARE MADE.—Dr. A. A. Hays, State Assayer of Massachusetts, has been a member of the License Commission at Boston. His testimony is reported in the Boston papers. He explained the method of analyzing liquors in his office. He then stated that a large proportion of the wine sold is not made from the juice of the grape. There are more impure spirits sold now than at any former period within his knowledge. He could easily tell whether wine had been enforced by brandy or not. The liquor generally sold is manufactured. The standard liquor is generally worse than those which can be bought of the more respectable dealers. No liquor of a strictly spirituous kind, exerts a poisonous influence aside from the alcoholic element. This is the case with immature liquors chosen for that purpose. The use of liquor diminishes the vital forces and doubtless tends to the shortening life. The witness was asked if he wished to say anything with reference to the medical testimony given by the petitioners, to which he replied that Dr. Clarke had explained the whole subject physiologically in a beautiful manner. The statement that alcohol produces fat, or a substitute for it, has no sufficient chemical basis. It does not prevent the disintegration of the tissues, but that is not a healthy action. The community would be saved a great amount of misery and crime if alcohol could be banished in all its forms, save enough, in the case of wine, for medical purposes.

A CAUTION TO DRINKING YOUNG MEN.—An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys, perhaps sixty. She, like a great many other people, thought a great deal of her turkeys, consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her was a large West India goods store. The man one day emptied his cask of cherries, intending to replace them with new. This old lady, being economical, thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see if they were in no mischief. She approached the yard, and lo! in one corner lay her turkeys on one large pile, dead. Yes, they were stone dead. What was to be done? Surely the old matron could not lose the fenders. She must pick them, she called her daughter and picked them, intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were the turkeys stalking about the yard, featherless enough, as may be supposed, crying "quit, quit," feeling, no doubt, mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their lives. Poor things! If they had said "quit" they had begun they would not have been in this bad fix. We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking to leave off before they get picked, and to those who do not let every young lady say "quit."

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.—A temperance Band of Hope has just been formed in Buffalo, with nearly 500 members. The children are all engaged in bringing in new recruits. One little girl brought in eleven for the pledge one night; another brought her drunken father four miles to sign; and another brought her mother. One boy brought five; and all are active and earnest in the work. "We hope many other little ones in other places will follow their example."