The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $2,00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1867. NO. 7.

Gratuitous Advertisements.

[The following Cards are published gratuitously. Merchants and business men generally who advertise liberally in the columns of THE GLOBE for six months or longer, will have their Cards inserted here during the continuance of their advertisement. Otherwise, special Business Cards inserted at the usual rates.]

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

ASK ME NOT TO DRINK.

Fair lady, ask me not to drink
A toast to thee to-night;
For broken vows and blasted hopes
Expose the demon's blight.
Put back the wine—I dare not taste—
Put back the sparkling bowl;
For who hath quaffed a draught so deep,
And reached a blissful goal?

Oh! ask me not, there lies within
A poison deep and dire!
And every drop but serves the more
To fan the latent fire.
Each draught will quench my sense of guilt,
And blast youth's building hope;
Each drop will sink me deeper still,
In moral night to grope.

Oh! press me not to touch the cup,
Within are glaring eyes,
And starving widows, hungry babes,
And freezing orphans' cries;
Whom the gods destroy they first make drunk,
Then ask me not to drink;
Oh, tempt me not, but spare my soul
From death's eternal brink.

I have three sisters, mildly fair,
Like angels round my way;
Whose love is like the stars that shine
With undiminished ray;
Shall they be doomed to see me fall
A prey to maddening drink,
And sundered be the love that binds
Or snapt the golden link?

Another sleeps where sadly wave
The willows in the vale;
And midnight whispers from the sky,
Come on the sighing gale;
She passed away as summer's breath,
In life's incipient bloom;
Then tempt me not; I would not mar
Her slumbers in the tomb.

A WOMAN IN WHITE.

Notice to Passengers on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad.

We copy the following article from the *Railroader*, published in Cincinnati. The train referred to is the Fast Line, and the location of the scene is somewhere between Huntingdon and McVeytown. Should there be a desire, hereafter, to travel east on this train, we shall know the reason why:

"The information we are now about to impart will be received with pleasure by all the passengers on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad who leave Pittsburg on the 10.30 P. M. train for the East.

Now we don't pretend to say that there is not more than ONE "woman in white;" in fact, we think there is a large number of them it they could only be seen. Just THERE is the rub. However, they can be seen now and then. When we do see them, we ought to perpetuate their memory in poetry and prose. We propose to do the latter.

It is well known that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad crosses the "blue Juniata" river; that in crossing, the train moves very slowly; that upon the Eastern bank of the river there stands a house; that said house stands somewhat lower than the bed of the railroad track; that the car windows and the window in the second story of the said house are about on a level. If the above facts are not known to the majority of Eastern travelers, we now give it out so they may no longer remain ignorant of some very important truths, points upon which hang our story.

If it is not known, we will now state that the 10.30 P. M., train out of Pittsburg, crosses the Juniata river at about 5 A. M. the next morning, and in the month of May or June it is a lovely hour. The cool breezes from the valley are fresh and invigorating, and the traveler, after being shut up in a close car over night, is refreshed by poking his head out of his window in quest of air and sights. And now we come to the gist of what we have long tried to say, that if the traveler on the road and train referred to, will keep his eyes open at the point indicated, he will see in the aforesaid second story window a real "WOMAN IN WHITE," lovelier by far than Wilkie Collins. Her couch is directly against the window and as the train moves slowly, yet a thousand times too fast, a vision of perfect loveliness opens up to the enraptured gaze. The mind wanders off into fairy lands and is only brought to its sense by the engineer whistling to the brakeman to let go his brakes.

We advise all old men and boys not to look too long else they might lose their sight. We warn married men not suddenly to become enraptured with the scenery along the Pennsylvania Central and go this route and none other, though it is out of their way.

If, on the first of the year, Mr. Gwinner has found that his travel has increased one hundred per cent., we now speak for the credit, because the cause for such an increase could be traceable but to one thing; anxiety to see a "WOMAN IN WHITE."

EDITORS IN FRANCE.—We have some idea of emigrating to the French Capital. A late correspondent from that sensible city says that an editor has a fine time of it there. He is furnished a carriage to ride in, and, in "addition, but little work is expected of him, for he passes the greater part of his time in smoking cigars and in talking, and if he writes an article or two a week, he thinks himself wonderfully industrious." Only think, brother editors, of those fragrant Havanas and delightful French conversations, the man of the tripod lolling, meanwhile, on silk and damask! But then we have our compensations. If we can not afford to indulge in the "best Havana" and the chaise, we are not afraid to lash political scoundrels in high places, lest we should be "warned" once, twice, three times and sent off to jail, and fined to a ruinous extent by a censor of the press.

Oriental Apothegms.

As by repeated efforts a stone is mounted upon the summit of a hill and instantly thrown down; so may we ourselves, by our virtues and our vices, be elevated or cast down.

He is a wise man who knoweth that his words should be suited to the worthiness of the object, and his anger, according to his strength.

No one is, by nature noble, respected of any one, nor a wretch. His own actions conduct him either to wretchedness, or to the reverse.

The non-commencement of anything from the fear of offense, is the mark of a weak man. Who, brother, leaveth off eating entirely, from the dread of indigestion.

In misfortune, in error, and when the time appointed for certain affairs is about to elapse, a servant, who has his master's welfare at heart, ought to speak unasked.

The qualification by which a man earneth his bread, and for which he is celebrated in the world, should be nourished and improved.

The man whose heart is tainted with fear, although profuse of speech, in the presence of the king, amongst learned men, or in the company of women well inclined for a husband, is a coward.

Sovereigns have occasion even for straws and things to rub the teeth, or pick the ear; but how much more for an able speaker, and a dextrous obviator of difficulties.

Although a gem may tumble at the feet, and a piece of glass be worn upon the head, yet, at the season of buying and selling, glass is glass, and gems are gems.

It should not be suspected of a man whose life hath been spent in noble deeds, that his reason is lost when he is only involved in trouble. A fire may be overturned, but its flame will never descend.

Servants and houses should be suited to the situation. A gem should not be placed at the feet. The same is to be understood of an able man.

What wise men have declared proper, may be received even from a child. When the fun is invincible, how useless is the appearance of a lamp?

By the touchstone of misfortune, a man discoverth the quality of wife, relations, and servants; and of his own strength and judgment.

The tempest never rooteth up the grass, which is feeble, humble, and shooteth not up on high, but exerteth its power even to distress the lofty trees; for the great use not their might, but upon the great.

Skilful men make falsehood look like truth; and those acquainted with the painter's art make an even surface appear uneven.

In gratifying the wishes of men of vicious principles, when shall we find improvement, happiness and purity? If the tree be poisonous, the fruit is unwholesome, although sprinkled with the water of immortality.

He who doth not wish another's ruin, should, even unasked, speak to him for his good. This is a supreme duty, and the contrary is the opinion of bad men!

He is kind who guardeth another from misfortune; that is an action which is free from impurity; she is a woman who can command herself; he is a worthy person who is much respected by good men; he is a minister who doth not behave with insolence and pride; he is happy who is forsaken by his passions; that is friendship which is not feigned; he is a man who doth not suffer his members and faculties to give him uneasiness.

He who hath riches hath friends, he who hath riches hath relations; he who hath riches is a man of consequence in the world; he who hath riches is esteemed a learned man.

The house of the childish is empty; and so is the heart of him who hath no wife. The mind of the fool is empty; and every thing is empty where there is poverty.

The fate of a man of feeling is, like that of a tuft of flowers, two-fold; he may either mount upon the head of all, or go to decay in the wilderness.

A PITHY SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.—You are architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, Self Reliance, Honesty, and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverance, and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm, and steer your own ship. Think well of yourselves. Strike out. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Do not practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill; put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, Invincible Determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Study hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-man, as well as God. Love your country, and obey the laws. Love truth. Love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God.
—*H. G. Eastman.*

☞A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to inclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:—"Sir, I do not enclose my *carte*, for though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

Mournful Close of the Career of Four World-Heroes.

It is a remarkable fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some mournful and violent death.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake, fled from his country, being cursed by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal, died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all whom the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile.

A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard of a young lady say to an individual: "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry and cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have will escape their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is no religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it and passes quietly by the place where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—Dr. Deney.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent child? Can any other music so echo in the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond all other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sport, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, constantly gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is—no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.

☞*A story is told of a young wife,* who is unfortunate enough to have a husband that frequently comes home rather the worse for liquor. Wishing for a sewing machine, and being quite certain that he would not buy one for her, she resorted to strategy. When he came home intoxicated, she abstracted money from his pockets, after he had gone to bed, and finally got together enough to purchase the coveted machine. The husband was somewhat curious to learn where she obtained it, and greatly surprised when she produced a memorandum book, showing the dates when the money was abstracted and the amounts taken. Perhaps other ladies who read this may profit by the example.

OVERWORK AND UNDERWORK.—"While overwork," says a medical writer, "is a great evil from which one class of society suffers, another class suffers still more from underwork or idleness. Better wear out than rust out, if it is done in a good cause, for then some good will be accomplished, and humanity will be better for it. But the true course is to avoid both extremities and pursue the evil tenor of a happy medium. By so doing, a far greater amount of labor can be accomplished, at less expense of health, strength and vitality."

Jim Wolfe and the Tom Cats.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This Jim Wolfe I was talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller he was, and the most forgivin' and unselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I seen him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss bills on his back and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, not'th-standing his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank, and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave me the candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out onto the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rairin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First, they'd stand off, and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and bush up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yallar cat's ham, and spin him around, like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row and 'lowed he'd climb out there, and skake 'em off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it likely, but we everlastingly dogged him and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he histed the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. You ought to a seen him! You ought to seen him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe nails and his finger nails in for to keep him from slippin'; and, 'bove all, you ought to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves—the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of dead Wasn'ton Bower vines—all sett'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim, he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' up, unbeknowns to them tom cats—they was a swishin' their tails and yow-yowin', and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was 'in a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped his holt, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back and shot off'n that roof like a dart!—went a smashin' and crashin down thro' them old rusty vines, and landed right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people—sot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb. Them girls—well, they left, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war whoop, and a whisk! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere!

"Jim, he was in sight. He was gormed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin', and every jump he'd give he'd shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy!

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

☞We publish the following for the benefit of those wishing to embrace the facilities herewith offered them of making themselves "miserable:"

A Fort Valley, Ga., paper says: "Young people desiring to run away and marry, will find this place to afford all the facilities necessary for a speedy union. Our depot agent is an ordained minister; our hotel keeper prepares a wedding feast three times a day, and half a dozen trains leave at different intervals for different destinations."

ONE good recipe for a man to preserve his hair is to remain a bachelor.

In Search of a Retail Store.

A green-appearing genius, on his first visit to Boston, observed a sign over a store thus: "Wholsale and Retail Store." He worked his way through the crowd of ladies until he faced one of the clerks who was exhibiting some article to a young lady, when he broke out:

"Say Mister, who's boss here?"

"The proprietor has just stepped out, sir."

"Well, is this a retailing store?"

"Yes, sir, a wholesale and retail store."

"Guess you understand your trade?"

"Oh yes," replied the clerk, wrapping up a bundle for his lady customer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, as the cold weather is coming on, I thought I mought as well come and give you a job."

"I don't understand you sir," replied the clerk, who began to think the fellow had got into the wrong box.

"Zactly so; well I'll tell you."

"Explain what you mean, my friend," said the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle from under his coat.

"Well, as I said before, the cold weather's coming on, and I thought I might as well be fixin' for it. Come mighty near freezin' tother winter, tell you I did; but ——"

"I hope you will tell what you want, so I may serve you."

"Certainly, Squire, certainly; I always do business in a hurry; and just as quick as the old master will let you I want you to retail these old shirts—let 'em come down about to the knees, kase I don't wear drawers."

The effect can be imagined, but, as the novelists say, can't be described.

The loud burst of laughter which followed served to convince the poor fellow that he had committed himself, and his long legs were soon put in motion for the door.

BASE BALL.—Base ball clubs are all the rage now-a-days. Our friend "Jeemes" thought of attaching himself to the Quaker City Club, and would doubtless have sent in his name had it not been for the fact that his friend John has now an eye draped in mourning, caused by catching the ball on his peeper instead of in his hands, and hearing the following colloquy between an enthusiastic admirer and player of the game of base ball and a gent whose regard for his personal comfort led him to eschew such unruly sports, as he termed them:

"What is the matter with your finger?"

"Struck with a ball and drove up, but it is a noble game," was the reply.

"Precisely—and your thumb is useless, is it not?"

"Yes, struck with a ball and broken."

"That finger joint?"

"A ball struck it. No better game to improve a man's physical condition—strengthens one's sinews."

"You walk lame; that foot, isn't it?"

"No. It's the—the—the—well, a bat flew out of a player's hand and hit my knee-pan. He had the innings."

"One of your front teeth is gone."

"Knocked out by a ball—an accident."

"Your right hand and your nose have been peeled—how's that?"

"Slipped down at second base—only a mere scratch."

"And you like this kind of fun?"

"Glory in it, sir. It is the healthiest game in the world, sir."

TEACHING DRAWING.—Mr. W. is one of our most popular artists and teachers of drawing. The other morning, while busily at work, he was interrupted by a rough looking customer.

"Be you Mr. W., the painter?"

"I am sir."

"You teach creeters, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," replied the artist, who fancied his visitor some wealthy old farmer; "do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?"

"No sir, not my darter."

"Your son, perhaps?"

"No, not my son, neither?"

"Who, then, not yourself I hope?"

"No, not myself, but somebody a very durned sight more diffient. A four year old heifer mule I bought t'other day. Learn him to draw, and durn me if I don't out with the pewter and give you the biggest hundred dollars you ever seed."

The countryman went down stairs with a hop, skip and jump, closely followed by an old pair of boots, meerschaum pipe and sundry other moveables.

BAD COMPANY.—Lawyers, although generally pretty cute, are no match for the ladies. Dimity takes as naturally to wit as a lawyer does to his client's pocket book. A lawyer, driving through the town of Worcester, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep on straight for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready she would show him the way. "Well," said he," bad company is better than none; make haste." After jogging on for five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "Oh, yes!" said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

☞Says Fanny Fern: "I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I was just made." So do a great many of our ladies, and they keep the millinery shops going too. It's all right, bless the dear creatures!

AN exchange says a countryman giving his evidence in Court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir," he replied, "I was born in Schenectady."