The Globe.

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

VOL. XXIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1867. NO. 9.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$2 00
Six months.....1 00
Three months.....50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
One square, (10 lines, or less $ 75	$1 25	$1 50
Two squares,	1 50	2 00	3 00
Three squares,	2 25	3 00	4 50

	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
One square, or less	$4 00	$6 00	$10 00
Two squares,	6 00	9 00	15 00
Three squares,	8 00	12 00	20 00
Four squares,	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half a column,	15 00	20 00	30 00
One column,	20 00	35 00	60 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines, On year.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$2 50
Auditors' Notices.....2 00
Estray, or other short Notices.....1 50

☞Ten lines of nonpareil make a square. About eight words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are reasonably low.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

DR. R. R. WIESTLING most respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity.
Office that of the late Dr. Snare. mch13-1y*

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, Having permanently located at Huntingdon, offers his professional services to the community.
Office, the same as that lately occupied by Dr. Luden on Hill street. sp10,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Heel's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '66.

R. ALLISON MILLER,
DENTIST,
Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House. April 13, 1859.

E. J. GREENE, DENTIST.
Office removed to Leister's New Building, Hill street, Huntingdon. July 31, 1867.

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 on our part to make all who stop with us feel at home. AULTZ & FEE,
may2,1866 Proprietors.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon county and the traveling public generally that he has leased the Washington House on the corner of Hill and Charles street, in the borough of Huntingdon, and he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with a call. Will be pleased to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
AUGUSTUS LETTERMAN.
July 31, '67.-tf.

MORRISON HOUSE,
Huntingdon, Pa.
I HAVE purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.
☞I 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-tf.

A. C. CLARKE, AGENT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of
SEGARS & TOBACCO,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
Next door to the Franklin House, in the Diamond. *Country trade supplied.* ap17'67

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
AARON STEWARD, WATCHMAKER, Successor to Geo. W. Swartz, has opened at his old stand on Hill street, opposite Brown's hardware store, a stock of all kinds of goods belonging to the trade.
Watch and Clock Repairing promptly attended to by practical workmen.
Huntingdon, April 10-6m

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. ap12'66

K. ALLEN LOVELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
Prompt attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to his care. Military and other claims of soldiers and their heirs against the State or Government collected without delay.
OFFICE—In the Brick Row, opposite the Court House jan.1,1867

R. McMURTRIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Hill street. HUNTINGDON, PA.
Prompt attention will be given to the prosecution of the claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs, against the Government. aug22,1866

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

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. M'LAUGHLIN
JOHN BARE, & CO., Bankers,
Huntingdon, Pa.
Solicit accounts from Banks, Bankers & others. Interest allowed 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 same in return with interest.
Oct. 17, 1866-tf.

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.*]

DR. WM. BREWSTER, Huntingdon. [Cures by Electropathy.]

M. GREENE, Dealer in Music, musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Huntingdon.

DONNELL & KLINE, PHOTOGRAPHERS, Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. LEWIS, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. GREENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Huntingdon, Pa.

M'CAHAN & SON, proprietors of Juniata Steam Pearl Mill, Huntingdon.

J. M. GREENE & F. O. BEAVER, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturers.

WM. WILLIAMS, Plain and Ornamental Marble Manufacturer.

JAMES HIGGENS, Manufacturer of Furniture and Cabinet Ware, Huntingdon, Pa.

J. M. WISE, Manufacturer of Furniture, &c., Huntingdon. Undertaking attended to

WHARTON & MAGUIRE, Wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic Hardware, Cutlery, &c., Railroad street, Huntingdon.

JAMES A. BROWN, Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, &c., Huntingdon, Pa.

WM. AFRICA, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, in the Diamond, Huntingdon, Pa.

JOHN H. WESTBROOK, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Confectionery, Huntingdon.

GEO. SHAEFFER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., Huntingdon.

A. L. LEWIS, Wholesale and retail Merchant, Leister's New Building, Huntingdon.

JOHNSTON & WATTSON, Merchants, Main st., east of Washington Hotel, Huntingdon

GLAZIER & BRO., Retail Merchants, Washington st., near the Jail, Huntingdon.

Z. YENTER, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon, Pa.

ROHM & MILLER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Huntingdon.

WM. MARCH & BRO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Queensware, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, &c.

CUNNINGHAM & CARMON, Merchants, Huntingdon, Pa.

H. ROMAN, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps,

D. P. GWIN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c. Huntingdon

S. E. HENRY & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, and Provisions of all kinds, Huntingdon.

ENVELOPES—By the box, pack, or less quantity, for sale at *LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.*

☞For neat JOB PRINTING, call at the "GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE," at Huntingdon, Pa

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
WM. AFRICA
Informs the public that he has just opened at his old stand in the Diamond, Huntingdon,
A Fine Assortment of all kinds of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
All of which he will sell at fair prices. *Quick sales and small profits.* Call and examine my stock.
Manufacturing and Repairing done to order as usual.
Huntingdon, May 1, 1867.

GEO. SHAEFFER
Has just returned from the east with a
SPLENDID STOCK
OF
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &C.,
Which he offers to the inspection of his customers and the public generally. He will sell his stock at the most
REASONABLE PRICES,
and those who purchase once will surely call again.
BOOTS & SHOES MADE TO ORDER,
and REPAIRING done in the neatest and most expeditious manner.
Call upon Mr. Schaeffer at his shop on Hill street, a few doors west of the Diamond. my2

LUMBER SOLD ON COMMISSION.
S. E. HENRY & CO.,
Are receiving all kinds of LUMBER, comprising all the different grades of
BOARDS,
FRAME STUFF,
JOISTS AND LAP SHINGLES,
PLASTERING LATH,
PLANK,
WORKED FLOORING,
WEATHER BOARDING,
FENCING,
RAILING, &c., &c., &c.
Which will be sold at prices at the mill, with freight loaded. no7

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, '65-tf.

MONEY!
ECONOMY IS MONEY SAVED!
The subscriber is permanently located in Huntingdon, and is prepared to purchase, or repair in the best style, and expeditiously, broken
UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.
All articles intrusted to him will be returned to the residence of the owner as soon as repaired. Umbrellas and parasols for repair can be left at his residence on St. Clair street near Benedict's.
may2,1866tf WM. PENTIMAN.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.—A good assortment of miscellaneous and School Books—Foolscap, Letter, Commercial and Note Paper—Plain and Fancy Envelopes—Red, Blue and Black Inks—Blank Books of numerous sizes—Pens, Pencils, Pocket and Desk Inkstands, and every other article usually found in a Book and Stationery Store, can be had at fair prices at
LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

HAMS. HAMS.
Plain and canvas sugar cured Hams—the best in market—whole or sliced, for sale at
Lewis' Family Grocery.

COFFEES, SUGARS AND TEAS.
ALL THE CHOICE KINDS FOR SALE
At Lewis' Family Grocery.

SOAPS AND CANDLES.
Washing and Toilet Soaps—the best kinds—for sale at
LEWIS & CO'S FAMILY GROCERY.

EVERY FAMILY
Will find at Lewis' Family Grocery, every article usually kept in first class Grocery stores. Call for what you want.

MOLASSES AND SYRUPS!
Lovering's Best and other syrups, New Orleans, Porto Rico and Sugar House Molasses, for sale at Lewis Family Grocery.

BUSINESS MEN, TAKE NOTICE!
If you want your card neatly printed on envelopes, call at
LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

CASSIMERES.—A choice lot of black and fancy Cassimeres at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

ALL KINDS OF TOBACCO wholesale and retail, at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

CHEESE. CHEESE.
The best always for sale at
LEWIS' FAMILY GROCERY.

ALL KINDS OF CRACKERS constantly on hand at
CUNNINGHAM & CARMON'S.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the "Westminster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters winding in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the hills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the stream sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His wintry log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crow—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some relying warbler blew
His allon horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung,

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foretelling, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plentious year.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn
To warn the reaper of the rosy last;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin skeinsby night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous mein
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir,
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her in sable-plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that draw
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her hand was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud;
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Women as Peace-Makers.

They are rightly termed, writes a lady, "the gentler sex." Their sensibilities are quicker and deeper than those of men; they know better how to sympathise in the joys and sorrows of others; they live on the sweet and hallowed reciprocities of affection; and all their influence comes not from terror and violence, or even authority, but from goodness, from kind offices, from the resistless power of love. Theirs is the empire of the heart. They wield no sword; they threaten no violence; they claim little authority; they seldom insist even on their acknowledged rights; and yet they exert their full share of influence in every department of society, and silently move unseen the hands that sway the world. They rule by obedience; they conquer by retreat; they triumph by submission; they carry nearly all their points by insisting strenuously on none. Such a temper is the spirit of peace; such a character an embodiment of principles; and the result is a decisive illustration of their power. Women, if not disposed, are compelled to adopt the policy of peace; and their general success proves the superiority of moral over physical power, the efficacy of returning good for evil, and giving the other cheek to the smiter. Their nature, their training, their condition, and relations in life, all conspire to render them peace-makers, and peculiarly fit them for co-operation in this cause. Women may, if they will, perform for this cause, services which no others can. They are the mothers of men, and leave on their children an indelible impress of themselves. The hand which rocks the cradle will be found, in the end, to rule the world; the voice which whispers in the infant and youthful ear lessons of truth or error, of goodness or guilt, will yet give tone to morals, law to society, and character to the whole human race. We must win the young to peace, and their character is necessarily moulded almost entirely by female hands. As mothers and teachers, they are the chief educators of mankind.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—In a cave in the Virtud, in the Southern part of the department of Choluteca, Honduras, there is a natural curiosity, called the "Fountain of Blood." This fountain consists of a stream of fluid resembling blood, which drops steadily from the roof of the cave upon the floor beneath. It forms pools of congulated matter upon the floor, and imparts its color to a small brook which flows from the cave. The liquid has not only the color, but the taste and smell of blood, and when exposed to the air for a short time emits a very offensive odor. No satisfactory analysis has been made of it, and various theories have been advanced concerning it.

DEAD BROKE.

BY THE "PAT CONTRIBUTOR."

We found a man seated on a curbstone, near the post office, last night, muttering to himself apparently, as there was no one to mutter to. We felt constrained to ask him what he was doing there.

'Raisin' doin' nothin',' was the reply.

'Where do you belong?'

'Don't b'long nowhere, and nowhere don't b'long to me.'

'Who are you?'

'I'm Broke.'

'Well, suppose you are broke, you've got a name, haven't you? What is it?'

'I tell ye I'm Broke—Dead Broke—that's my name, and that's my natur. My father was Broke before me. If he hadn't been I wouldn't be Broke now—at least not so bad. My mother was a Peaseley, but she wanted a husband and she got Broke—that's my dad—and Broke got me. I've been Broke ever since.'

For a few moments the unhappy D. Broke buried his face in his hands, and seemed lost in the most doleful reflections. Then, raising his head, he exclaimed bitterly:

'I wish I had been born a colt!'

'Why do you wish you had been born a colt?'

'Because a colt aint broke until he is two or three years old. I was Broke the moment I saw the light, and I never got over it. It is bad to be broke so young.'

'How did your parents come to call you Dead Broke?'

'Well, ye see, as soon as I was born something seemed to tell me that I had got to be Broke all my life, unless I could get my name changed by act of Legislature, and that, you know, would be an impossibility.'

'How an impossibility.'

'Are you such a blockhead as to suppose that a man can get anything through the Legislature when he is broke?'

'You are right. Go on.'

'When the conviction forced itself upon my infant brain, confused as it was by recent experiences, that I must be Broke all my life, I lost all consciousness at once. (I have found only part of it since.)'

'He is dead!' cried my mother, wringing her hands.

'Yes,' groaned my father, he is dead Broke!'

'I revived, alas! but Dead Broke became my name, and I have been dead broke ever since.'

'My name has been fatal to me all through life. The smallest boy in school always broke me in playing marbles. I broke more windows than any other boy in base ball. I always broke down at recitations, and had my head broke every day by the schoolmaster. When I left school I went to clerk it for a broker. One day there was a heavy deficit in the accounts.—I was afraid he might think that I had something to do with it, so I—I broke. They caught me, though, and put me in jail, but I broke out.'

'Out of jail?'

'No, d—n it, broke out with the small pox!'

'What did you do next?'

'After the court had disposed of my case, I was allowed to go into the brokerage business again.'

'How was that?'

'I broke stone in the penitentiary, dog on it! After I got out, I broke everything. I broke my promise, broke the Sabbath, and broke the pledge.'

'Were you ever married?'

'Yes (sighing deeply.) Matrimony broke me up worse than anything else. My wife was a regular ripper. She broke up my furniture and the dishes, nearly broke my back with a flat-iron, and finally broke my heart.'

'By running away?'

'No, indeed, by sticking to me.'

'You have had a hard time of it.'

'All owing to my name. But bad as I dislike it, it's mine; I came by it honestly. You wouldn't think anybody else would want to be in my place, would ye? but there are thousands of impostors all over the country, trying to pass themselves off for me.'

'In what way?'

'When they tell their creditors that they are 'Dead Broke.'

There was another pause, during which the unhappy possessor of an unfortunate name could be heard to sob. At length he broke out—

'It will be a simple and fitting inscription for my tombstone, though."

'What?'

'DEAD BROKE.'

RIGHT KIND OF PREACHING.—Dr. Gilly related the following anecdote, which was told by a well known Irish character, Thaddeus Connolly, who used to spend most of his time visiting the poorer classes in Ireland, and instructing them in their native language: "I went," said he, "one Sunday into a church to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed my wonder that he should preach so well to such a small number of people. 'Were there but one,' said the preacher, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.' The following year Connolly went into the same church; the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold; the third year the church was full.

☞An author has easy times in the world; whenever he gets out of money all he has to do is write for more.

☞"Necessity is the mother of invention," but it has never been accurately ascertained who is the father.

An Expensive Dinner.

Some years ago, when the "Hen Fever" was raging all over the country, a gentleman residing in the suburbs of Philadelphia, came to the city one morning to attend a "Hen Fair," where he purchased a very large and beautiful pair of Shanghai fowls to breed from; and, as he was to remain in town until evening, he sent the birds by a boy, with a note to a friend of his, living in Arch street, requesting that he would take charge of the chickens until the afternoon, as he had some matters of business that would detain him; he also told the boy to say that he would dine with him at four o'clock.

The boy delivered the fowls, but forgot the note, and simply remarked: "Here's a pair of rousing big chickens Mr. M. has sent you, and says he will dine with you at four o'clock."

The gentleman supposing his friend (who by the way, knows a hawk from a handsaw, and a canvass-back from a broiled owl) had sent him something extra, ordered them to be given to the cook, with directions that they be killed and dressed at once, as he had a friend to dine with him at four that P. M.

The order was accordingly obeyed, and at the appointed time the dinner was served.

After imbibing sundry wine-bitters as a sharpener to their appetites, they sat down, and the Shanghai owner was requested to carve; and as he proceeded to dissect these enormous cute members of the Hen Convention, he remarked to his friend:—"You have an extraordinary fine pair of chickens here?"

"Yes," answered the other, "they ARE an indifferently good sized pair of birds; they were sent to me by a mutual friend of ours."

"Indeed, were they? A devilish clever fellow he must be, Jim; a very pretty present this, and I declare they are the most delicious flavor I ever tasted, and as juicy, too, as a canvass back."

And so he continued praising the chickens until after they had taken care of a couple of bottles of Schreider; and while chattering over their bottle of sherry, and enjoying their regalias, the owner of the Shanghais said:—"By-the-by, Jim what did you think of my hen-purchase this morning?"

"Why, Bill, I think they were the most delicious birds ever served, and I wish you would dine with me every day in the week, if you will send me such chickens."

"Such chickens!" screeched Bill, as the thought flashed across his mind that he might possibly have been eating his own Shanghais. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Mean," replied Jim; "why, I mean to say that you have dined off those chickens you sent me this morning!"

Bill instantly jumped up from the table, and rammed his hands up to his elbows in his breeches pocket, and after striding across the room some half-dozen times, without uttering a word, but his eyes all the while in "fine frenzy rolling," stopped short, and turning to his friend, he exclaimed, with terrific gesticulation: "My God! Jim, I PAID THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS FOR THAT PAIR OF FOWLS this morning! Didn't that cussed boy give you a note this morning, when he left the chickens?"

"No," said Jim, "he gave me no note; he simply handed me the Shanghais, and said you would dine with me at four. Therefore I had them ROASTED."

Bill instantly rushed for his horse and wagon, and was not seen in the city but once for a year afterwards, and then he was closely muffled up, and both ears stopped up with cotton, for fear he should hear some one cry out—SHANGHAI.

THE WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention, let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned, let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society à wellspring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is a mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has aspring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating, and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over it. It is airy, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprise for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

☞Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence; without which beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

☞Farmers, read the fourth page.

Thoughts for the Young.

It is a common custom with editors of papers—secular as well as religious ones—to give advice to the rising generation; for in this particular, the press claims to be an instructer not less than the pulpit And as we, too, have youthful readers, perhaps they will give attention to the following thoughts of an old friend of theirs, whose reflections and experience seem in his estimation to enable him to impart good advice, and who also sincerely wishes that their lives may be useful, prosperous, and happy.

How vastly important are the moments of youth! because they constitute the best, if not the only, time for the acquirement of everything that can elevate, adorn and ennoble the human character. Yes, this is the fit period of your existence, not only for attaining valuable knowledge and securing to yourselves virtue, wisdom, and lasting felicity; but now, also, is the season in which you must be wary and ever upon your guard lest you acquire and become fixed in the foolish habits and vicious customs of the society which surrounded you. For, whether you know it or not, it is a sad truth, that for *one* wise and virtuous individual that is to be found in the current pursuits of life, you will meet with, at least, *seven* who are either foolish or vicious. Therefore, avoid as far as possible all intimacy and conversation with such individuals, that thereby you may remain secure from the contamination of their follies and vices; for let it be remembered, that you *were* born free from vice, and can be trained to virtue. Hence, it should be your assiduous duty to avoid the former and acquire the latter.

Then in order to escape the evil and attain the good, strive to gain the taste and preserve a zest for thought and reflection while youth, health, vigor, and vivacity flow through your frames; for when youth is past, the animal spirits begin to droop. Fail not, then, to appreciate your *present*, which, if once lost, becomes irrecoverable. Then deceive not yourselves, but remember that if you defer the acquisition of valuable knowledge, wise and virtuous habits, until mature age, you will labor under the double disadvantage of learning slowly and forgetting nearly as fast as you learn. Remember that early habits of industry and reflection, united with honesty, truthfulness, temperance, kindness, justice, and all the other useful, practical, human virtues which benefit ourselves and our fellow men, will enable you to be and to feel much more independent, exalted, and happy, than can the mere possession of wealth and the ability of moving in the giddy circles of pomp and fashion.

Beyond the necessaries of life, it is not important that the pecuniary means of the habitually industrious, reflective, and wise, should be large. Money, however, when honestly earned, is a good thing, because it can be made useful to ourselves and to others; to ourselves, when we are past our labor; and to others, when it enables us to lend a helping hand to the poor and unfortunate. Be active, then, in your business, and when you have acquired a competence, be prudent in the saving and judicious in the disbursement of it. Do not be anxious at any time on the score of instruction or the right kind of teaching, for you will always have a full and perfect library around you which comprises the most valuable of all books—we mean the great volume of Nature. Never doubt the truth of this statement, nor lose sight of its great and paramount importance, but ever be assured that the pure study of Nature, of all other studies, is the most important, for it will never inspire you with fanaticism and an evil spirit, nor will it ever mislead you; but on the contrary, the contemplation of Nature must always tend to humanize, refine, and exalt your character.

If you enjoy good health, and possess an ordinary share of intellectual capability, and beginning in early life to be studious, thoughtful, and reflective, by thirty years of age each of you may become like a host in valuable knowledge, mental power, and moral influence; and consequently, will establish yourselves in principles that have the immutable rock of truth for their basis.

It is all important, you see, that you *begin right*, for human life is a succession of parts:—infancy, youth, manhood, maturity, decline, old age, and death. What a man becomes, depends on education and other circumstances that surround him; as his infancy is, so will be his youth; as his youth is, so will be his manhood; as his manhood is, so will be his maturity; as maturity is, so will be decline; as decline is, so will be old age. Then if youth be passed in idleness, ignorance, folly, and crime, how can one hold his way in the world, side by side with the intelligent, the worthy, and the virtuous? If manhood has been passed in low pursuits, in establishing in the heart evil propensities, in wasting natural vigor, what awaits one in old age but poverty, pity and contempt? But if youth be devoted to the reasonable expansion of the physical and intellectual powers; if knowledge of human duty be acquired and rightly used, manhood will be worthy, maturity respectable, decline honored, and old age venerable.—*Boston Investigator.*

☞A young Preacher, who had just started on his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the Deluge, and after describing the manner in which Noah built the Ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed in a solemn tone, thus:—"You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a *pair of Whales into the Ark!*"

THE GLOBE
JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" 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,
CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
BLANKS,
LABELS, &C., &C., &C
CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK,
LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

Shugar in Their'n.

In these times of temperance agitation we publish the following short and pertinent sermon:

"There's nine men a standin' at the door, an' they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n."

Sich frends and brethren, was the talk, in a worldly sense, onst common in this our anshient land; but the days is gone by, and the sans run dry, and no man can say to his nabur, hoo art thou, man, and will you take any mor shugar in your caughfey?

But the wurds of our tex has a different and a more pertikler meanin than this. There they stood at the door on a cool winter's mornin, two Baptists, two Methodists, and five Lutharians, and the tother one was a publikin. And they all with one vois said they wouldn't dirty their feet in a dramshop, but if the publikin would go and get the drinks they'd pay for 'em. And they all cried out, and every man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar, for it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweetenin." So the publikin he marched in, and the barkeeper sed, "What want ye?" and he answered and sed, "A drink." "How will ye have it?" "Plane and strate," sez he, "for it aint no use wastin' shugar to circumsalivate akofortis. But there's nine more a standin' at the door, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n."

Friends and brethren, it ain't only likker of spirits that is drunk in this roundabout and underhand way, but it's the likker of all sorts of human wickedness in like manner. There's the likker of malice, that many of them drinks to the dregs, but yare sure to sweetin it with the shugar of self-justification. There's the likker of avariss that sum keeps behind the curtin for constant use, but they always have it well mixed with the sweetenin of prudens and economy. There's the likker of self-love that sum mon drinks, by the gallon, but they always puts in lots of the shugar to take keer of No. 1. And lastly, there's the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens accordin' to circumstances. If he's in the flour line, he'll say the poor'll be better off eatin' corn bread; if he's in the cloth line, why, it's a good thing to learn 'em to make their cloth at home; if he's in the leather line, it'll learn 'em the necessity of takin better keer of shoes.

And there's nine men standin' at the door, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. But friends and brethren, there's a time comin' and a place fixin', where there'll be no "standin' at the door" to call for shugar in their'n. But they'll have to go rite in and take the drink square up to the front; and the barkeeper will be old Satan, and nobody else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in their'n" you'd better believe it, and it'll be shugar of lead, and red hot lead at that, as sure as your name is Conshunce Dodger. And you will be entitled to your rations three times a day, if not more frequenter; and if you don't like it you'll have to lump it, and so may the old Nick close down upon all your silk palavering around the plane old pool of brotherly luv and ginerosity and feller-feeling and fare-play. Amen.

☞Who, having lost a mother by death cannot appreciate the following beautiful sentiment, which we find floating about on the vast sea of newspaperdom:

The Memory of a Mother.—When temptations assail you, and when you are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a dear mother's word of warning will call to mind vows that are rarely broken! Yes, the memory of a mother has saved many a poor wretch from going astray. Tall grass may be grown over the hallowed spot where her earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over them, or the white mantle of winter may cover them from sight; yet her spirit appears when he walks in the night path, and gently, softly, mournfully calls for him when wandering off into the ways of error.

☞Base ball has been carried over to the Sandwich Islands. A game was played some time since between two nines composed of natives, during which some very queer antics were indulged in, so it is said. A player finding it impossible to reach his base, was determined not to be put out, and started up the town at full speed, closely followed by the baseman. The latter, after a short chase, finding himself falling behind, mounted a horse near by, and thus overtook the player. After this little deviation from the rules they returned to the grounds, and the game went on as before.

☞A Bridgeport newsboy was given a ten cent stamp by a gentleman a day or two ago, in consideration of his not swearing for a week, and more promised him at the end of that time if he kept his promise. After receiving the money the boy said: "I understand that I must not swear; but how in h—l are you going to know whether I do or not?"

☞An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaus." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of *beans!*" He had better use the French plural (beaux) hereafter.

MEMORANDUM FOR TEDIOUS BEAUX.—N. P. Willis once said, in private conversation, that a woman would tire of Phœbus Apollo himself if the young man hung about the house all the time. Young men, be careful.