

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance \$2.00
Six months 1.00
Three months .50
Single copy 10 cents

The Globe.

WM. LEWIS, HUGH LINDSAY, Publishers.
HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1868.
VOL. XXIII. NO. 28.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those subscribing for three, six or twelve months with the understanding that the paper be discontinued unless subscription is renewed, receiving a paper marked with a T before the name will understand that the time for which they subscribed is up.

Huntingdon Business Directory.

- Dr. Wm. Brewster, McConeils-on. (Cases by Elliptic.)
Dr. Wm. Greene, Dealer in Musical Instruments.
Wm. Lewis, Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instruments.
Wm. Ziegler, Dealer in Ladies and Children's Furnishing Goods.

Professional & Business Cards.

- Dr. R. H. Wiestling, most respectable family doctor.
Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh, Having permanently located at Huntingdon.
Dr. John McCulloch, Dealer in Musical Instruments.
R. Allison Miller, Dentist.
E. J. Greene, Dentist.
J. A. Pollock, Surveyor & Real Estate Agent.

The Latest Wonder.

A Steam Man—An Extraordinary Invention.
Mr. Zaddock Duddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a new man; one that, moved by steam, will perform any of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction and at almost any rate of speed.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Congress and the Supreme Court.
The extremists are reckless, if not desperate. For two months past they have been engaged in a struggle with the hands of the President, and stripping him of authority conferred by the Constitution; and now they are about to attempt the same operation upon the Supreme Court, with the view of preventing an adverse decision upon the Reconstruction acts.

THE SUPREME COURT BILL.

A Radical Protest Against It.
Among the few Radical journals that oppose the late act and evident intentions of the Radicals in Congress is the N. Y. Evening Post, edited by the venerable Wm. Cullen Bryant. In that paper of Thursday last we find a leading editorial which inveighs eloquently against the policy of Congress, and especially against the bill to subvert the Supreme Court. It says:
Nothing is more sacred in popular estimation than the character of the Supreme Court.

Letter from Secretary Stanton to Andrew Johnson.

The following copy of a letter, alluded to by Senator Ligon in his speech in the executive session, was written by Secretary Stanton to President Johnson, when the latter resigned his position as Military Governor of Tennessee:
War Department, Washington, March 2, 1865.—Sir:—This department has accepted your resignation as Brigadier-General and Military Governor of Tennessee. Permit me on this occasion to render to you the thanks of the department for your patriotic and able services during the eventful period through which you have exercised the high trusts committed to your charge.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, District Attorney of Huntingdon County, Huntingdon, Pa.
OFFICE—in the Brick Row, opposite the Court House.

THE GLOBE JOB OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and has the most complete assortment of printing materials in the State.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DEATHS CAUSED BY STARVATION.

A letter from Paris, dated January 5, says: "The poorer classes are now undergoing tremendous sufferings, not only in France, but in Algeria. In that colony, according to the Archbishop of Algiers, the Arab population are dragging out an existence of misery—feeding, like animals, on the foliage of trees, wandering about in the open air, and during almost naked (writes Moneigneur, along the roads, awaiting, in the neighborhood of cities and villages, for the emptying of household refuse, to quarrel over the filthy remains. To these starving, nay, dying tribes, nothing can be done but to give them food. So desperate is their condition (I translate the Archbishop's words) that they actually dig up the carcasses of animals that have died of disease. A heap of ten and twelve bodies of dead Arabs lying by the roadside is no uncommon spectacle." When these poor folk see the approach of death—the slow and horrible death of famine—they do not complain; they stretch themselves near some roadside, cover themselves as well as they can with the wretched rags they may possess, and covering their faces, await the last hour, murmuring the name of 'Allah!'

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

CHEAP GROCERY STORE.

Z. YENTNER, HILL ST., HUNTINGDON, PA.
I have undersigned offers for the inspection and purchase of end-crocks large and small, made in the most superior manner, and they can be accompanied with anything in his line, and prices are low, and his stock is large. He keeps the best of SUGAR, COFFEE, TEAS, SPICES, SALT, TOBACCO & SEGARS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS & CAPS, &c.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE GLOBE JOB OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and has the most complete assortment of printing materials in the State.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noble gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloons, furnished with every comfort and elegance—not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery—not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more in the gloom of adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contention, and in the deep gloom of unshowered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unprospered, unloved, and unloved, until they have at last unlearned of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual leprosy.