The Globe.

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

VOL. XXIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1869. NO. 45.

Professional & Business Cards.

[For the Globe.]

DOCTOR BLANCHARD, OR THE BACHELOR'S LOVE.

BY TRAVE.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—*Shakspeare.*

The thermometer is nine degrees below zero and yet it is falling. 'Tis very cold! How it snows! How it blows! Ugh, the chills run over me. Thank God I have this comfortable shelter—wonder if the poor are all enjoying comfort, or if there is any mortal obliged to endure this weather shelterless, without the comfort of a cheerful grate? Ah, the fire is pleasant, I will change my coat for my wrapper; my boots for my slippers, and take ease in my old arm chair. Thus, solliloquized Dr. Blanchard, after he had arrived safely home from Colton five miles distant, where he had been called professionally.

After seating himself in the old arm chair, which was one of olden style and occupied a place in the homestead since the days of his great grand father—consequently it was considered a relic of more than ordinary value, he examined the package of mail he had received on his way home. Letter after letter was opened. One inquired about this disease and another that. Some wished one prescription, some another, and a few advocated the true principle of honesty by enclosing amount due.

"What can this be?" he loudly remarked, picking up at the same time a paper. "Literary Cassaon," "that's something new," he said, for that was the heading. "I am glad to have something of this kind to read such blustery evenings." Column after column was perused until suddenly his eyes fell on an article entitled, "Woe to the Bachelor," by C****. Now the Doctor was one of that peculiar title and of course was interested. It was a very imprudent article, thought he. Why are we called monstrous? Why vagabonds, inhuman, forlorn, &c? I term it indecent—the essence of pertinence and I will retaliate. "Where is my pen and pencil?" he muttered as he arose from the chair. Soon they were at hand and the old chair again occupied. A few moments reflection and the Doctor proceeded thus:

BACHELOR.

He is called, old bachelor,
Monstrosity of life,
Vagabond, forlorn, inhuman,
Because he chooseth not a wife.

Yes, he is called old bachelor, old vagabond, forlorn specimen of humanity, &c. All because he prefers happiness to that of sorrow; peace to that of rebellion and prosperity to that of adversity. Old bachelor! simply because he prefers single blessedness to that of double thunder. Was not every man born free and equal and of the same inalienable rights? Has he not the privilege; the pleasure—yea, the power of doing as he pleases? Cannot man enwrap himself in the blessedness of single statedness without every body pointing their fingers at him and endeavoring to stamp the blush of shame where all is right, bright and a happy future? Is he an old forlorn specimen of humanity, simply because he prefers quietness to an infant bedlam? Is he an old cold hearted wretch because he would ten thousand times rather live in a hut, or dilapidated hovel by himself, than in a large mansion or beautiful palace with a woman who is continually scolding, eternally brawling and everlastingly yammering? Is he an old vagabond—monstrosity of social life, because he prefers the company of his favorite dog, or affectionate cat to that of Miss Wonder, Miss Thunder or old Mrs. Pollywant? As one in the name of all that is true, harmless and good ask, why do people strive to heap on our shoulders that which is unjust, that which would cause angels to frown and devils to blush. Ah, methinks I hear them say, "we know not what we do." My heart is made to throb—yet they say it is flinty; my pulse is made to beat, my eyes sparkle and my whole soul is made to tremble when I gaze around me and view the picture of sorrow, want, grief and despair, arising from the great fear of being an old bachelor. See the great panorama spread out before us. View each picture closely and singly, observe the poverty, wretchedness, disgrace and criminalities. See the unhappy homes, the discontented views and the miserable little ones. How many have originated from the fear of being an old bachelor? Would it not be better for hundreds; yea thousands of men if they were enjoying the solitude of a happy bachelor's life? Would it not have been better if they had done as I have done? Endured the fears and sneers of a portion of inexperienced humanity and allowed themselves to become forlorn? Take all things into consideration and remember that if the old bachelor is a poor forlorn devil, the poor forlorn devil deserves his due.

After finishing the production, then reading it and re-reading it; making an erasure occasionally and punctuating accordingly, he seemingly sat in profound study.

"Step out to tea, Doctor," said a little intruder who had suddenly flung open the door and popped in.

Arousing from his reverie, the Doctor arose and obeyed the summons.

At table he appeared unusually quiet. Hastily partook of a frugal repast then returned to his MS.

"What is the matter with the Doctor this evening?" asked Miss Mary De'Forest, a frequent and distinguished visitor of the family with whom the Doctor had preferred his home.

"Likely he has a difficult patient," suggested Mrs. Climpson, the lady of the house.

"Bachelors are frequently quiet.—What solitude they must endure," remarked Mrs. Climpson's mother, with a smile.

Many were the surmises, suggestions and remarks relative to the Doctor, but of course no one was the wiser.

After the Doctor had returned to his room, lit his favorite "havana" and occupied his former position in the old chair, he resumed study of the subject before him in this wise. Who can C**** be? Perhaps 'tis Clare Roulette. If so I would be immediately suspected as the author of this communication, should it appear before the public eye. I will pursue a different course. It 'twas Clare I will know it.

Clare Roulette was a young man of great ability. He was an original genius and a young man whose every act foreshadowed a prosperous future. He was the only son of a wealthy parent, Major John Roulette. The Major was of very humble heritage, his father being a laboring man, and at the breaking out of the war of 1812 he enlisted as a private where he contracted a severe cold which terminated in consumption—finally death. Consequently the Major, four brothers and three sisters with the mother, were left to the guidance and guardianship of Divine Providence.

The Major, or rather John, left the parental roof very soon after the death of his father, he being the eldest of the eight children. It was one of those whole souled, benevolent neighbors that took John—reared him up in the way of wisdom and taught him her paths were the paths of peace.

At the age of eighteen he began an apprenticeship with a shoemaker, that being his favorite trade. Time rolled on. At the business he became an expert. So rapidly did he learn, that on one occasion before he donned "apprentice" for "jour," his boss, he being a dutchman, remarked, "Shon will soon be more as able to instruct as to be instructed."

What a gala day when John was free. Not only with himself, but with the old boss who presented John with a freedom suit worthy the occasion and a purse of fifty dollars. Extending the latter, he said, "Shon I gives you dish. You leaves to-morrow—your fortune you seeks. Always remember your old boss, and Shon, always mind the great principle of honesty ish the goot policy; mind dat Shon and you'll be a rich man."

The morrow at hand, all things in readiness, John Roulette started out on his own responsibility as journeyman shoemaker. Every effort he made proved successful. All work was done on the principle of honesty—he seemed destined to prosper. By strict attention to business on a grand moral principle he soon became proprietor of a large wholesale and retail boot and shoe store. At this business he continued to flourish until one day, as he termed it, "becoming tired of the monotonous handling of leather," he became speculator in land. Even in this, prosperity forsook him not. One successful speculation after another added so immensely to his store of wealth, that to-day he is worth four hundred thousand dollars.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The poor journeyman shoemaker a few years ago is now John Roulette, the wealthy Major.

About the time Major preferred new business he preferred himself a partner by choosing the only daughter of Hon. T. Gale a highly respectable citizen in the same town which he resided.

They had two children. Besides Clare, whom I have already mentioned, there was Olive, frequently called the "idolized," originating from her appearance at home as well as in society. Always pleasant and agreeable. A friend to the poor as well as to the more fortunate. Clare considered her unequaled, excepted by one. She was pretty. A truer heart never beat, a purer soul never lived.

"A soft subduing grace around her breathed."

"Each free and joyous word, that flowed
In music from her tongue,
Like gush of marble fountain, showed
The pure source whence it sprung.
I never saw a cloud come o'er
Her brow of virgin snow,
Except when pity bade her pour,
The tear for others' woe."

It was one of those beautiful May evenings after Clare's correspondence to the "Cassaon" that Dr. Blanchard left H——, after visiting a patient, and while passing through the town a storm overtook him. The clouds grew heavier and darkness enshrouded the earth. One peal of thunder after another rent the very heavens. Amethystine flame after flame froliced in their forked course across the horizon. The Doctor rode on, thinking "it would soon blow over, perhaps pass around." He was mistaken. Scarcely had he left the town until the rain and hail fell thick and heavily. Hastily reining up his steed, alighting at a gate of a very large yard in front of a brick mansion, he hitched his horse, opened the gate and soon took shelter in a grape arbor which afforded little protection from the icy missiles that fell regardless of objects. The rain soon began to find its way through the leafy covering, the Doctor decided to retreat. Imagine his surprise when discovering the horse which he left at the gate had already bade farewell to Doctor, hitching strap and post to lead the advance. He concluded to remain and make the best of it. Down he sat meditating exposure of physicians, wet doctor, horse gone, and worst of all ten miles to walk. When would he get home? How would he get there (?) were questions arising in his mind. Soon the rain abated. The "golden orb" once more sent forth his invigorating rays through the heavy mist which overhung the earth. Nature assumed a different aspect. Sublime were his thoughts as he sat in the arbor viewing the beauty of the enclosure. Flowers were on every side, representing nearly every color in the rainbow, while at the same time, the bow had arched itself across the eastern sky.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER FROM INDIA.

The following is the copy of a private letter from Rev. J. D. Brown, who for eight years past has been stationed as a missionary in India:

In Camp at Golagokam Nath,
Oudh, India, March 8, 1869.

Another day's active duties are over, and I have time to write you at least another page. Suppose I give you a resume of to-day's work. This will give you a pretty fair specimen of missionary work of several kinds. I was about at daylight and my native cook had me a cup of tea ready by the time I had dressed. This "chote hazari" (little breakfast) is the universal custom in India, and in a country which gives a home to so many stomach and liver diseases, a cup of tea and a toast before going out in the morning are real preventatives from disease, at least to a great extent, and I am not sure but that the same custom would prove beneficial in America, especially in the regions in which fever and ague frequently prevail.

This over, I sallied forth with one of my native preachers by name Abdul Ali. We met a few persons and scattered some Gospel seed, much of which doubtless fell by the wayside. At about 8 o'clock, we returned to my tent and I devoted an hour in the not by any means light duty devolving upon me as a member of the Conference Publishing Committee, viz: reviewing or rather examining a manuscript on Theology in the Urdu language. There are three members of the committee, and all MSS. in Urdu and Hindi, designed for publication at our mission press, have to pass through our hands and undergo inspection and criticism. If a MSS. is accepted by the committee, it is forwarded to the manager of the press for publication, but if rejected it goes back to the author.

Next came breakfast, which consisted of boiled rice and "chichki," an Indian dish consisting of green peas, cabbage, potatoes, "ghi," (clarified butter,) and a number of Indian spices. You would probably have condemned the whole affair, but to an "old Indian" like me, it is no mean dish. With this I had a cup of good coffee. While at breakfast the village postman handed me a letter from my wife, a copy of the *Globe* of January 13th and the *Christian Advocate* of January 14th.—These papers had been read and sent to my camp by my wife. A few minutes had of course to be devoted to these highly prized weekly visitors from home, after which my native preachers came in to prayers.

At about noon I went out to visit a Government Anglo-vernacular school, near at hand. Spent over an hour in examining the boys in the various languages taught, i. e., English, Urdu, Hindi and Persian. I concluded with an address in which I did not forget to introduce religion, wrote my opinion of the school in the "Visitor's Book," and returned to my tent. Spent another hour on the Urdu manuscript and wrote a letter to my wife. In the meantime my cook was preparing my dinner, which consisted of grilled chicken, boiled potatoes and very good cold slaugh, or rather hot slaugh, which by the way I had taught my cook how to make.

Dinner was over at 5 o'clock, and taking one of my native preachers I started for the Bazaar, for our regular evening preaching. I had no trouble in collecting a good sized crowd on the street, to which I tried to explain the folly of idolatry, and the way of salvation through Christ. When I had spoken about half an hour I introduced my native preacher and sat just behind him, while he followed up my sermon with a solemn warning concerning the awful end to which they were fast hastening. While he was speaking, an impudent Brahmin came into the crowd and tried hard to get the people to go away and leave that "babbler," who as he said, was only talking nonsense; but two or three persons turned on him with unusual independence, (for the people generally are afraid of the Brahmins,) and told him that if he did not wish to hear he could go about his business and not trouble them. By the time my native preacher had finished his address it was getting dark. So we turned our faces toward our tents, which we reached just as dark had settled down over the grove. A cup of tea was relished after the hard work of out-door preaching, which by the way is much more tiresome than preaching in a church. The *Globe* claimed a little more attention; opening it I found and read through carefully Governor Geary's Annual Message, which I consider a very able State paper. May old Pennsylvania always have as clear-headed a man as General Geary at the helm of State. I was also much gratified to learn from another column that the caucus of Republican Senators and Representatives had honored themselves by unanimously nominating our friend Hon. John Scott for a seat in the United States Senate. I have no doubt he was duly elected, and will prove to be one of the most reliable men in that august body. After finishing the perusal of the *Globe* my native preachers and Bible colporteurs came in to prayers; and I wish you could have heard and understood the earnest and highly appropriate prayer offered up by one who four years ago was a Mohammedan manlu, or preacher. I am sure it would have done you good. After pleading earnestly for a blessing on the poor, deluded thousands gathering here, in the vain hope that they can wash away their sins in a pool of filty water near at hand, he continued his prayer (in Hindostan of course) about thus:—"Now, Lord, why not save these thousands, yea, all of the people at this Mela by means of us thy servants; not that we may get honor thereby, but that thy name may be glorified. There is nothing too hard for thee, O, Lord! Come then, we entreat thee, and save save all these people, &c., &c." After prayers my dear native brethren went to their little tent alongside of mine, not forgetting to utter tenderly the genuine oriental salutation "Salaam," which means, as you know, "peace." May God bless these dear servants of Christ! One of them has nearly preached his lungs away. I doubt if he will live another year. Just now one of them called out to the chowkidars mentioned in the former part of this letter, "Chowkidar, khabardar rahe," i. e., "Watchman, be vigilant." The watchman who was half asleep, simply gave a grunt and repeated the name of his god "Ram-ram." But heavy eyes warn me that it is time to conclude the recreations as well as labors of the day, so with a prayer for you and yours, as well as my own dear ones, I say good night.

March 10.—The people are gathering by thousands, singing the praises of their heathen idols or rather deities, as they come. One or two in a crowd will sing almost through a verse, the last word of which is "mahadeo," but just as he reaches that word all the crowd, men, women and children, join in, at the top of their voices, and make the plains ring again with "mahadeo" (the great god.) Sitting in my tent I can see the crowd passing, like a straggling army, toward the sacred pool. Here are men with children on their shoulders; there a woman with a four year old boy naked, with the exception of a few charms, principally consisting of shells, tied around his neck. The boy sits astraddle of her shoulders; balanced on her head is a mud vessel, a kind of large jar; before her walks a diminutive donkey, with a baby in one side of the pannier, and some vegetables, etc., in the other.—Here comes a fakir finely dressed, i. e., his hair, which reaches almost to his heels, is stiff with a rather odorous ointment, which is simply *cow dung*; over his entire body is smeared a thick coat of ashes. This is the amount of his toilet, always excepting a string of sacred wooden beads, which he carries in his hand, and turning one after another over his fingers, mutters "Ram-ram." By him walks a Mohammedan fakir, more decently dressed. He wears no turban, and his long robe is dyed a dull orange color. This son of the false prophet heartily despises his Hindoo brother—calls him a "kafir", a dog, &c., but you observe he too has a string of beads, which he counts as he goes, repeating as each bead drops from his fingers "Alab, Alah" (God, God,) or "Subhan Ala, Subhan Ala," (Praise God, praise God!)

Here comes a big fat Rajah riding on an elephant. Before him rides a man on horse-back, with an old fashioned bee-hive shaped drum hanging on either side of his horses, shoulders, like a cavalryman's holsters. These drums he beats vigorously, but fails to make as good music as you and I used to bring out of mother's old brass kettle. Beggar boys by the dozen run beside and behind the elephant, and perform gymnastic feats which far out-do anything old Huntingdon hopefuls dare venture. See yon wiry little fellow has made a wheel of himself, and throwing himself sidewise goes over and over faster than the elephant can walk. At each turn he shouts "moharaj" (great Rajah) "Abad raken" (may you live for ever.) Servants dressed in all styles precede and follow "his majesty," some on camels, some on horses, others on mules, asses and bullocks, and many on foot. Next follows a long line of pilgrims, each carrying a basket filled with diminutive bottles of Ganges water on each end of a bamboo, thrown across the shoulder. But enter the Bazaar.—What a sight! Here are men from Cabul and Cashmere with dried fruits of various kinds, a step farther brings us to the shop of an enterprising Mohammedan. Here you can buy almost anything from a row of pins to a Yankee clock. The shopman recognizes the "Padu sohib" (me) and asks me to grant him prosperity for the day by buying something. Now we meet some boys who attend the English schools in various parts of the district. Not wishing to lose so fair an opportunity for displaying their English, they step forward and say (just remember it is 4 o'clock, P. M.) "Good morning, isir," (they cannot say "sir" without putting an i before it,) "are your honor well?" Remembering distinctly our own blunders when we began to talk Hindostan, we smile as easily as possible, and answer in a language they understand much better than they ever will English. But preaching hour has come. See yonder crowd listening to my native preachers expounding the word of life. I must go and take my turn, for the crowd will not disperse until after dark.

J. D. BROWN.

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 † before the name will understand that the time for which they subscribed is up. If they wish the paper continued they will renew their subscription through the mail or otherwise. tf.

A Sitka correspondent thus describes Alaska scenery: Take one big mountain—covered with trees from the base nearly to the summit, with an undergrowth of brush, briars, and moss almost impassable—multiply the one by ten thousand, and you have Alaska. There is a terrible sameness. One singular feature of this mass of forest is the absence of birds. I have seen but one robin in Sitka.