# The Globe.

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

VOL. XXV. HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1870. NO. 49.



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## Professional & Business Cards.

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. Loden on Hill street. aply,1866

DR. JOHN McCULLOCH, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's Drug Store. Aug. 28, '65.

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 21, 1867.

MORRISON HOUSE, *HUNTINGDON, PENN'A.* JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. April 6, 1870.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, *SURVEYOR & INSURANCE AGENT*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office on Smith street. my12'69

J. A. POLLOCK, *SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Will attend to Surveying in all its branches, and will buy and sell Real Estate in any part of the United states. Send for circular. dec29-tf

T. W. MYTON, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office with J. SWEETZER STEWART, Esq. no10-6m*

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA, Office on Hill street, three doors west of Smith. y6'69

J. MATT. MUSSER. S. R. FLEMING. MUSSER & FLEMING, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Office second floor of Leister's building, on Hill street. Pensions and other claims promptly collected. my20'68

AGGENCY 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. Aug 14, 1868

K. ALLEN LOVELL, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, HUNTINGDON, PA. Special attention given to Collections of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. Jan.1,1868

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, 1865-tf.

P. M. Lytle & Milton S. Lytle, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA., Have formed a partnership under the name and firm of P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, And have removed to the office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of smith. They will attend promptly to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care. ap7-tf.

JOSEPH ABT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN WILLOW AND SLEIGH BASKETS, Of all sizes and descriptions, ALEXANDRIA, HUNTINGDON CO., PA. June 8, 1870-tf

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WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS *A LARGE STOCK* AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF Window Curtain Papers, JUST RECEIVED AT LEWIS' BOOK STORE.


## HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. SCHENCK'S GREAT MEDICINES.—Will people never learn to know that a diseased liver and stomach necessarily disease the entire system? The plainest principles of common sense teach this and yet there are hundreds who ridicule the idea, and continue in the course which almost inevitably brings them prematurely to the grave. Living as the majority of the people do, at complete variance with the laws of nature, it must be apparent to all that, sooner or later, nature will revenge herself. Hence we find that persons who indulge to excess in the use of very rich or indigestible food or intoxicating drinks, invariably pay a heavy penalty in the end. The stomach becomes disordered and refuses to act; the liver fails to perform its functions, dyspepsia and its attendant evils follow, and still the suffering individuals persist in clinging to the thoroughly exploded idea of the past. Dr. SCHENK'S *medicines are recommended to all such. They bring sure* and certain relief wherever they are used as directed, and all that is necessary to establish their reputation with every ailing man or woman in the lands a fair and impartial trial of them. Let those who are skeptical on this point, and who have permitted interested persons to prejudice them against these now celebrated remedies for consumption, discard their prejudices, and be governed by the principles of reason and common sense. If the system is disordered depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten the seat of the disorder will be found in the stomach and liver. To cleanse and invigorate the stomach and to stimulate the liver to healthy action, use

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.—The daily increasing demand for these pills in the best evidence of their value. Thousands upon thousands of boxes are sold daily. Why? Simply because they act promptly and efficiently. Invalids who may not find it convenient to call on Dr. SCHENCK in person are informed that full and complete directions for use accompany each package of the

MANDRAKE PILLS, PULMONIC SYRUP AND SEAWEED TONIC.—These medicines will cure consumption unless the lungs are so far gone that the patient is entirely beyond the reach of medical relief.

It may be asked by those who are not familiar with the virtues of these great remedies, "*How do Dr. Schenck's* medicines effect their wonderful cures of consumption?"

The answer is a simple one. They begin their work of restoration by bringing the stomach, liver and bowels into an healthy condition. It is food that cures this formidable disease. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS act on the liver and stomach, promoting healthy secretion, and removing the bile and slime which have resulted from the inactive or torpid condition of those organs, and of the system generally. This sluggish state of the body, and the consequent accumulation of the unhealthy substances named prevent the proper digestion of food, and as a natural consequence creates disease, which results in prostration and finally in death.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP and SEAWEED TONIC, when taken regularly, mingle with the food, and the digestive organs, make good and rich blood, and as a natural consequence, give flesh and strength to the patient. Let the faculty say what it may, this is the only true cure for consumption. Experience has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and thousands are to-day alive and well who a few years since were regarded as hopeless cases, but who were induced to try Dr. SCHENCK'S remedies, and were restored to permanent health by their use.

One of the first steps the physician should take with a consumptive patient is to invigorate the system. Now how is this to be done? Certainly not by giving medicines that exhaust and enervate—medicines that impair instead of improve the functions of the digestive organs. Doctor SCHENCK'S medicines cleanse the stomach and bowels of all substances which are calculated to irritate or weaken them. They create an appetite—promote healthful digestion—make good blood, and, as a consequence, they invigorate and strengthen the entire system and more especially those parts which are diseased. If this cannot be done, then the case must be regarded as a hopeless one.

If the physician finds it impossible to make a patient feel hungry, if the deceased person cannot partake of good nourishing food and properly digest it, it is impossible that he can gain in flesh and strength; and it is equally *impossible to bring a patient to this condition so long as* the liver is inactive with diseased bile, and the stomach laden with unhealthy slime.

Almost the first request made to the physician by a consumptive patient is that he will prescribe medicines that will allay the cough, night sweats and chills, which are the sure attendants on consumption. But this should not be done, as the cough is only an effort of nature to relieve itself, and the night sweats and chills are caused by the diseased lungs. The remedies ordinarily prescribed do more harm than good. They impair the functions of the stomach, impede healthy digestion, and aggravate rather than cure the disease.

There is, after all, nothing like facts which to substantiate a position, and it is upon facts that Dr. Schenck's relies. Nearly all who have taken his medicines in accordance with his directions have not only been cured of *consumption, but from the fact that these medicines act* with wonderful power upon the digestive organs, patients thus cured speedily gain flesh. Cleansing the system of all impurities, they lay the foundation for a solid, substantial structure. Restoring these organs to health, they create an appetite. The food is properly assimilated, the quantity of blood is not only increased, but is made rich and strong and in the face of such a condition of the system all disease must be banished.

Full directions accompany each of the medicines, so that it is not absolutely necessary that patients should see Dr. SCHENCK personally, unless they desire to have their lungs examined. For this purpose he is at his office, No. 15 North Sixth St., corner of Commerce, Phila., every Saturday, from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M.

Advice is given without charge, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is $5.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic each, $1 50 per bottle, or $7 50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. *Not sold by all druggists.* Ap.12,1y.

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COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the city as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia. H. ROMAN.

[For the Globe.]

## Our Duty and Destiny as a Nation.

BY H. C. B.

### SECOND PAPER.

INTEMPERANCE.

Then there is intemperance, an evil of such magnitude as to threaten the very existence of our civil institutions, and if something can not be done to arrest its progress, our progress as a nation must and will be arrested. Now the question is frequently asked, how shall we avert the pending danger with which our loved institutions are threatened by such gigantic evils? If the majority of our people were all prompted by the pure spirit of the Gospel, not only the great evils we have enumerated, but all others, would melt away under its genial light and heat. But such is not the fact; nor does history leave a record of any nation of whom it might be said the majority were good, and though we hope to be, we can not yet claim for a majority that disinterested goodness which would secure a faultless administration of our civil institutions. But fallen and depraved though we are, there is no ground for despair, when we see that the God of Providence has, in all ages, governed the human family outside his church by principles of our nature, such as self-love, self-esteem, ambition, avarice, cowardice, &c.; and it often happens that a corrupt individual is not as bad a citizen when governed by two bad principles in antagonism as when moved by one of them. Thus the God of Providence as well as of grace always acts upon man agreeably to the laws of mind, by the presentation of motives adapted to the end in view; and were it not so, the human family, in their unrestrained madness and folly, would rush into universal destruction, and leave our planet to revolve in space a depopulated desert. But when the avaricious man counts the costs of criminal courts, prisons and penitentiaries, which results from a strong drink, he may from motives of self interest join in the suppression of the traffic. When the coward looks upon intemperance as an enemy to his peace, and in view of his own weakness, may join in removing the insidious temptation out of his way. The ambitious man will join hands with that respectable part of the community who are earnestly laboring for the suppression of drunkenness in the land. But the christian is bound from motives of a higher order to labor earnestly for not only the suppression of drunkenness but for that of all crime, and thus from divers motives men may be brought to harmonious action.

The grand difficulty is to concentrate action prompted by such countless motives and bring them to bear against the united foe of danger from any quarter. We deem this difficult though it may appear quite possible. When any evil rises to great magnitude and threatens the self-interest of all, all, or a majority, aided by motives of benevolence, may so far unite as to crush out that particular evil. Thus slavery was planted upon our southern coast by foreign enemies to humanity and to our peace, and not until the evil had grown to alarming magnitude and had become so insatiable and exorbitant in its demands as to rouse our nation from its lethargy, and prompted from divers motives, with a united power seldom equaled, the cruel institution was crushed out forever, and our national disgrace was washed away by the blood of hundreds of thousands of the truest patriots that ever faced death for the extension of human liberty. But our success would have been impossible had not old party lines been merged in that powerful current of patriotism which seldom fails to conquer false antagonism.

And now, if we would save our beloved country from disgrace and ruin, we must again lay aside those old party names, too often employed to deceive the unwary, select the most dangerous evil, present all lawful motives to the diversified faculties and principles of human nature, concentrate all our powers in untiring efforts, and that evil must, under the smiles of Providence, fall before such irresistible power, and every other moral evil must grow weaker before such a healthy influence; and each of our great national enemies shall be rooted out one after another, and our inestimable rights and privileges shall be secured, and handed down, pure and uncorrupted, to the latest generation, a beacon light to benighted nations, regardless of the dying groans of tyrants.

Whilst it is our duty to declare ceaseless war against all insidious and open enemies of our race and our country, the question may be asked:—Against which of them shall we concentrate our united force, in order to crush it out forever, and remove it out of our way, in order that we strike down other evils in succession, and free our land, the last hope of the world, from the cruel bondage with which it is threatened? Now, was it our province to answer this momentous question, we would direct all your forces against Intemperance, because it is at open war upon us; it is already permeating society in all its ramifications with its *insidious poison; it is even* now carrying thousands annually down to untimely graves, and demands the immediate attention of patriots, philanthropists and christians. Your correspondent has been in this battle-field for over half a century; for many years after he had declared open war against this monster of iniquity he was left to battle alone for the principle of entire abstinence. Subsequently, associated with a few choice spirits, he has fought for the suppression of drunkenness till his weapons of warfare are all either broken or nearly worn out, and he must soon leave the field and the good cause in stronger hands, under the direction of a wise and benevolent Providence. And on leaving the field, he would not weary you with the appalling statistics which truth would justify. You know from high official authority that in a single year [1868] more money was spent in the United States for strong drink than would pay half of our National debt. You know that in but a few past years more human life was destroyed by strong drink than by the late cruel war. You know that more widows and orphans have been made such by intemperance than by war, famine and pestilence altogether. And you all know who have attended to the records of criminal courts, prisons and penitentiaries; that millions of your hard-earned money have been spent in defense of the peace of society against the appalling effects of drunkenness; and doubtless many of you have trembled in the hearing of the threats and profane imprecations of the poor maniacs, made such by strong drink, as well as that corrupt self-interest by which a few are prompted to poison the morals of our community for sake of gain. We must present such a united front as will secure success, or all is forever lost, and we are doomed to listen to the death-knell of our loved institutions, and weep over the last hope of poor, trodden down humanity.

There stands, unmolested, distilleries by perjury and fraud cheating our government annually out of hundreds of thousands of dollars, darkening the very heavens with their smoke, spreading over the land thick clouds of moral darkness, daring the thunders of Divine justice to shiver to *fragments* our glorious institutions, and roll us back into anarchy, with all its horrors.—They are still sending forth ten thousand streams of liquid death, poisoning the heart's blood of the nation, and spreading over the land a moral virus, which threatens the very bases of our free institutions. Shall we fold our arms in apathetic sluggishness in presence of such portentous danger, now threatening our children and our grand-children?

Yonder you see our gin palaces and dens of moral putrescence, scattered thickly over town and country, in the enjoyment of undisturbed legal rights to kill and destroy an indefinite number of their fellow-citizens annually, if, like young Spartan thieves, they can do it without detection. You may *have seen those sinks of iniquity* disgorging themselves of their motley contents, in order that they may have a free fight upon our streets, where more like dogs than rational beings, you may see them parting, one with a broken arm, another with an eye gouged out, another with his nose bitten off, most of them maimed and bleeding, and yonder a poor, old man staggering home, his tongue vibrating only because it was accustomed to vibrate in idiotic accents; and there goes another, flying in all the horrors of mania potu, screaming and flying as he believes from serpents, hobgoblins and *demons*, to drive a trembling wife and children from their humble dwelling place to take refuge for the night under the broad canopy of heaven.

"'Tis here they learn
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and ruine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes off encumbered lap and casts them out."

But if you desire a condensed view of the baleful results of our cruel license system, follow that poor, deluded *criminal into court*, hear the witness and his final sentence, and ask yourselves if you are innocent of one of the cruelest murders upon criminal record.

The court is called, the prisoner is brought and the in, a jury is called, trial commenced. The prisoner, a tall, fine looking man, except those mingled feelings of guilt and despair betrayed by his countenance.

First witness, Mr. A——, the land lord, (an appropriate title,)—a large, portly and pompous man, with heavy gold chain and a number of large rings of the same metal upon his fingers—sworn and examined. How long have you known the prisoner at the bar?

About fifteen years. He was when I first knew him a very sober and respectable man; he owned a good farm; the farm is now mine. The prisoner is very poor and a confirmed drunkard. For several years he was seldom at my house; his visits became more frequent, and lately he would lie out whole nights. I sold liquor to him as long as he had money; it is not six months since he drank the last of his farm; he still came frequently and would got drunk somebow with his former companions. The last time he was there his wife came for him and entreated him to go home; she said their children were crying for something to eat and there was not a bite of anything for them; he cursed her and her "brats;" she wept bitterly and cried for God to have mercy upon them. He staggered to the stove, seized the poker, struck her upon the head, broke her skull, and she fell dead upon the floor. Two of those jurors and two of those witnesses signed my certificate for tavern license; I sell liquor by law, as authorized by your honors.

Second witness, the landlord's son, *examined. I am eighteen years old;* I attend bar for my father; I never sell liquor to drunkards after their money is spent, nor after they are dead drunk; no, I never sell liquor to minors who have no means to pay for it; I never sell on Sunday to any persons who would expose us; I was never so ungallant as to refuse liquor to females who could pay for it. O yes, I sold more liquor to the prisoner than to any other person because he had money plenty. Well, the way he got money was this; to make it convenient, my father would lend him a hundred dollars at a time and take his note from time to time, and in this way we got his farm. I saw the prisoner strike his wife with the poker, I saw her fall dead upon the floor. They had six children; they are all now in the poor-house.

Third witness, B——, with his arm in a sling, examined. O yes, I know the prisoner well enough; I guess you would know him too, if he had broken your arm. Yes, I seen him kill his wife, that I did, and he struck her mighty hard. O yes, he and me often drunk together till it was late; he was a right jolly fellow when he got under way. Yes, I did sign Mr. A's certificate for tavern license and I would do so again; two of them jurors did so too; you know all who sign such papers are recognized by this court as respectable citizens. Yes, Mr. A. give us not only one drink for signing, but as much as we could hold till midnight, and I never had a finer jollification in all my life. Yes, I guess them two jurors were there as full of fun as any of us, and one of them judges, too, as jolly a fellow as ever you saw. No, we did not get so very drunk, but we felt good.

Fourth witness, with but one eye, and one ear, limping upon one leg, clothed in rags, under an old slouched hat, examined. Yes, I saw the prisoner kill his wife; I told him to knock her down, for she had no business to come blurting after him into a decent bar-room to spoil all our fun and telling him his children were starving.—You have no business to ask how I lost my eye and my ear; they were my own property and I had a right to do what I pleased with them. I am not bound to tell you what became of my fine property; if I chose to spend it in a short and merry life what is that to you. You have no business to ask how many drinks I took to day; I will drink just as much as I please, and I never will, like temperance fools, sign away my right to drink when I please. Yes, I did sign Mr. A's certificate for license and I will do it again; he is a real clever fellow, and he gave us an fine a jollification for doing so as ever you saw. No, Bill did not knock me down, but I knocked C. under the table, where he lay snoring like a hog till morning.

*Fifth witness came staggering into* court, slip shod, clothed in the habiliments of wretchedness, smeared with blood, and holding by a post, he said: I guess I come from Mr. A's tavern this morning. I guess I took a little of the o-be joyful just to cl-clear my i-deas so as I m-might tell you in good lan-language, how as the pris-prisoner killed his foo-foot of a wi-wife.

The Court—Sheriff take that witness to jail.

Witness—The de-devil you will.

The testimony closed. The Court charged the jury against the pri-oner. The jury after retiring a short time brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

The prisoner was commanded to stand up and give reasons, if he had any, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

He rose. The fountain of tears was dried up, his breast heaved as if too contracted for the swelling of a breaking heart, and said, he had no reasons to give, for though convicted by the testimony of witnesses of the most impure lips, I am guilty of the cruel murder of one of the most lovely wives. I drew her out of an affectionate mother's bosom, and from under the protection of an indulgent father. She was fairer and more lovely in fact than Venus in fable. I vowed in the presence of God at the hymenial altar, that I would cherish and protect her in sickness and in health till separated by death. Ours was a sweet home, rendered still more sweet and joyful by those dear pledges of conjugal affection, with which our board was surrounded, who cheered us with music more sweet than that of all the birds of the forest. Thus our nights and days were spent for years in lovely accord, until, whilst going right on my way, I was lured into that den of demons incarnate, by that cruel monster, the landlord, (perverted epithet,) who has born testimony against me. His insidious snare was so artfully laid and his machinery so seductive that I fell step by step, and at every step losing part of my power of resistance, till all was gone, and until he had by fraud and falsehood filched from me the last dollar, beggared my family, maddened my brain, and prepared me for the consummation of crime—the murder of poor Sarah. Her head an overflowing fountain of tears, her tender hand upon my shoulder, and the last prayer to God for her cruel husband upon her lips, when, alas, prompted by surrounding demons, I struck the fatal blow. And now, O wretched man that I am, would to God I had died for thee, O dearest of women, and for those dear children orphanized, and brought to poverty and disgrace by my cruelty!

Alas, where am I? I see the red-hot thunderbolt of insulted Justice ready to be hurled upon me. I see the flashing frowns of an avenging God! "O that the mountains and the rocks would fall on me and hide me from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

If you employ all the rhetoric of the school, with all their eastern imagery in description of hell, it would fall far short of the internal flames now burning out my very heart. Alas that I had ever been born, for I am forever undone. I can give no reasons why the death sentence should not be pronounced against me; but I can give good reasons why I should not be suspended alone between heaven and earth, as if a miscreant unworthy of either.

And what shall I say to the dense and motley crowd with which this court-room is filled to witness my deep degradation? The majority of you have by your votes elected as guardians of the peace and safety of the community a set of men who have not yet learned the first lessons of moral duty. Some of you who have lent your aid in dragging me down from the dignity of manhood to the lowest step of human degradation and sorrow, can coldly raise your impudent and brazen faces, the index of obdurate hearts, to witness my fall. Remember, you are hurrying down the steep declivity over which you precipitated my fall, and that my fate will soon be yours if you continue in your present course. But I see others who loved me whilst I sustained the dignity of manhood, who earnestly entreated me to turn from my folly, and wept over my obdurate madness, and have hearts yet to weep over my final fall. You are the salt of the earth for which our institutions are yet preserved.

There is your jury, some of whom prayed your honors to grant you bloated landlord license to kill by his hellish profession his fellow mortals with impunity; others of them came out of last night's debauch to convict me, and should I go to hell alone?—There are your associate judges, one of whom disgraced our legislative hall by his speech and by his vote against the passage of a law to set bounds to the liquor seller's right of human destruction; and the other did by his example precipitate my rapid fall—and should I go to hell alone? There is your Prothonotary, whose glowing face is an index of the burning flame within, a fit subject for spontaneous combustion, now snoring away the fumes of last night's debauch; he too facilitated my fall, and should I go to hell alone? There is your Sheriff into whose hands you are about to commit me, and will soon be ordered to launch me into an awful eternity; he has purchased more votes with whiskey than any man in the county. He can drink deeper in the cup of dissipation, sit later, and sing more vulgar, bacchanalian songs than any of his boon companions. He too almost forced me down the rugged declivity, and ought I to go to hell alone?

Your honor once moved high in intellectual circles, but never manifested a single aspiration for morality. You have catered to the lowest of the fallen of our race, for whose approbation you refused to inquire after the character of the twelve citizens who prayed your honors to grant a license to that bloated and sordid landlord to kill me and others; nay, more, you know that the majority of those who signed his certificate, were not only not good and respectable citizens, but the very scum of society; that they had fallen below the level of humanity, and that in solitude you would neither have trusted your horse nor your head in their hand. You are fast sinking to their level in crime; the ermine which you have long disgraced will soon fall from your shoulder, you will soon stand for trial before that upper court, too pure to be corrupted and too wise to be deceived, of whom it cannot be said, as might be said of you, and was said to a judge not more corrupt than you, "If it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed (or caused to be shed) in one great reservoir, your honor could swim in it." But remember if you respect not, you will be irrevocably doomed to witness the work of your own hands, where the waves of *dark damnation over rolls.* Now, pronounce that sentence, for I see I must go to hell alone.

Sentence of death was then pronounced. Exhausted nature could endure no more; the prisoner sank to the floor and was carried for the last time to jail, thence soon to be taken to the scaffold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Wrong Man Poulticed.

The following story, which we do not remember to have seen in print, may be old, but it is received as true:

At a famous and *fashionable* watering-place, a gentleman one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which neither brandy, No. 6, nor any other *remedy* could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bedside for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light which she saw shining in a chamber, and which she supposed was the one just left, she softly entered, and was not a little surprised to find her patient apparently in a deep slumber. However, thinking he might still be suffering, she laid the scalding poultice upon a stomach—but not the stomach of her husband which no sooner touched the *body of the person*, than he, greatly alarmed, and writhing under the torture of the burning application, shouted: "Hallo! hallo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about there?" then, with one spring from his bed, he made for the door, and, rushing down stairs, declared, in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm, gave a frantic scream, which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and also so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains; but early next morning he, his wife and trunks left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentleman still retains the handkerchief—a beautiful linen fabric, with the lady's name on it, which he considers of rare value.


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[For the Globe.]

## Should Women Vote?

The majority of the female portion of the inhabitants of these United States do not desire the right of suffrage. Woman is physically incompetent to perform the duties of a voter. If woman were to attempt to perform the duties incumbent upon man it would destroy all that pleasing modesty, delicacy and refinement which in woman is so agreeable to the sight of the sterner sex, and which places her in so great a degree above man in this respect. If we confer upon her the right to cast her vote and thus put her upon a political footing with man *in this one respect*, we must place her upon an equal footing in every other respect. If we give her the right to *vote* she then has the right to *nominate* and if she possesses the right to nominate she can *nominate* any voter for office, and having the privilege of nominating any voter for office, she can nominate a woman for office, and not only for one office, but for any office in the gift of the people, be it for School Director or for President—road supervisor or Governor. If they become voters they would be subject to the conscription draft in times of war.

Just imagine you see the ladies on a march, armed with "Spencers" and knapsacks filled with several days rations, strapped upon their pretty shoulders. Would they not look splendid—*for awhile*, and then where would they get their looking-glasses wherewith to view their pretty faces and arrange their disordered waterfalls. Verily, they would have to use Narcissus' glass. Would not their *Grecian bends look gay upon a retreat?*

No,—woman's peace is at home among her household gods.

Let not our so called spirit of reform deprive us of that most delightful of all our earthly pleasures of sensitive, charming, modest and refined woman. There is a certain roughness of character about man which would gradually and insensibly steal over that of woman in attempt to perform the duties of a man, and which would ill become her. It would destroy all that native modesty which *most* woman possess in such an eminent degree.—God never intended woman to fill the place of man any more than he intended her *to be* a man, else he would have made her a man "tew wuns" and not left man to finish his work.

Woman has her own peculiar sphere in life, and in that she is all powerful and transcendant, but as soon as she leaves that sphere she loses that which makes her appear so beautiful in the eyes of the world—her womanly character.

Why,—woman has enough of life's labors to perform, now, at home, why, then should we load upon her shoulders other and heavier burdens—for with her vote would come labors innumerable. Instead of the right of suffrage being a blessing upon women it would be an absolute curse—instead of being a pleasure—instead of adding one joy to her happiness, it would detract from it—it would be a positive evil. If woman were to take that interest in politics, which she would *had she a vote*, where would she find time to scrub, to wash, to sew, to darn, and to do the 1,000 other little things which only the deft fingers of woman know properly how to do? It might suit a few in the higher classes of society, some of the *Codfish Aristocracy*, in this one respect, but it would not suit the majority of the ladies of our land.

If it would make them happier; if it would add one particle of happiness to their life, if it would ease their life of one of the many little burdens which all of them have to bear, I say, if it would do this, I would say LET THEM VOTE. As I remarked before the great mass of the ladies in our country do not wish to vote.

It is only a few fanatics upon the backneyed subject of woman's rights, who are agitating this question of woman's suffrage in order to give themselves prominence in the news of the day and in the history of the nation, and to make for themselves a reputation, and some of them are gaining a notoriety, but rather an unenviable one I am afraid.

No—the number of strong-minded women *is too large already*, and it would be fearfully increased had the ladies the right of suffrage. "Let us have pence"—upon this subject at least

N. B.—Please consider the subject exhausted. QUIS.

"THAT'S very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh! well, my dear Miss," was the reply, "I will soon make it plural." And the *villain* did.

SCRUBS said to one of his debtors: "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it is not a question of time, it is a question *of money*."

JONES never knew a more vengeful individual than Brown, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said, "I'll have revenge! I'll *give his little boy* a tin trumpet."

THAT chap who was "lonely since his mother died" is all right now, his father having married a widow with fifteen *children*. The old lady and the children manage to make it lively enough for him.

"Sammy run to the store and get some sugar." "Excuse me, ma; I'm somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring a paper of tobacco along."

A dandy inquired at a fruit stand, "Are these apples fit for hogs to eat?" "Try 'em and *see*," said the woman.

How did Adam get out of the garden of Erden? He was *snaked* out.