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Select Poetry.
MOURN NOT FOR THE DEAD.
Weep not for the dead, the hallowed dead,
Who have early passed away...

Select Story.
EAGLE EYE.
A TALE OF THE FOREST.

CHAPTER I.
Yet linger in our lonely valleys
The pathless woods, and dingle narrow,

The most picturesque period in the history of every country is said to be that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon and contrasted by the illuminations of learning and the instructions of religion.

From this interesting period in the history of our own country, my little story bears date. To those who would recall from a narrative where incidents of Indian life are mingled, because of the cruelties practised by these children of nature upon their enemies, I would say, such stains of character are not peculiar to any tribe or nation of men.

In one of the western counties of the Keystone State, in sight of the canal that now drags its weary length along her fertile lands, there stands, or stood, some years ago, a tall cylindrical rock, that seemed to pierce the sky in its solitary loftiness.

As he essayed to speak a shrill scream from his squaw suspended his voice; the whole council seized their arms, strung their bows and arranged themselves for battle.

He stood before the Chief covered with blood and wounds, but fierce and undaunted. When they interrogated him concerning the lost child, he remained scornfully silent; when they threatened him the stake he struck his smiting words and bade them defiance.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 6, 1856. VOL. XII. NO. 7. Editor and Proprietor.

As the spark of hope lit for a moment in the Chief's bosom by the appearance of the wounded boy died out, despair seemed to wring his brave heart; and turning fiercely upon his squaw he flourished the unerring tomahawk above her head.

CHAPTER II.
So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Scoured lightly on the bridle path's hide,

When the tide of European emigration after many discouraging ebbs, began in full force to flood the wide shores of America; wave after wave encroached upon the rights of the red man; step after step he conceded to his pale brother; until it became evident they were a legionary race—that, ultimately, would usurp their boundless forests and exterminate them.

Among the many in Europe, now looking to America as a place of refuge from oppression and religious persecution, stood Robin McLeon. He determined to quit the bonny locks and heath-clad hills of Scotland, and set up his altar in the gloom of an unknown land, that he might worship his creator according to the dictates of his conscience.

Patrick Mulvan, an astute sprig of shaloh, their assistant man of all work, was not long in discovering the way matters stood. Par had an eye for the beautiful, and secret worshipped at this beautiful, and secret.

just over the borders of their clearing, slept a small picturesque lake, overshadowed by tall pines that locked their dark branches into a verdant sacreen, and garded it from the too intense heat of the sun—as the canorous winds swept apart their glossy crests, gleams of golden sunlight kissed the clear waters and started their "breeze-riden ripples."

CHAPTER III.
'Tis vain to struggle with our destiny,
Resistance but more firmly links the chain
Which binds us to our doom.

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CHAPTER IV.
Lay her in the earth;
And from her fair and unspiced flesh,
May violets spring.—Hamlet.

Patrick Mulvan was now fully domesticated in their home. His love for the beautiful Irene, formed an indissoluble tie between him and her uncle. Mrs. McLeon, whose wound from the scalping-knife had never cicatrised, bore patiently her affliction, and by a subdued gentleness of manner and a watchful attention to the comforts of others, sought to atone for her share in their past

caught his quick ear—he glided, with the noiseless ease of a serpent, beneath the arch of alders and ferns, that hid the mouth of the little stream, and stood knee deep in water, watching with breathless ecstasy the unsuspecting girl. Thence forward he grew listless and moody, always hunting alone and seldom bringing in any game, but never failing to gain some point near the lake, where unobserved he might gaze on the "Light of Dawn," (the name he gave her,) whom he loved with all the fervor of his wild, impetuous nature.

When the first burst of anguish was over Mr. McLeon poured forth his heart in prayer that in death she had not been made to feel the bitterness of protracted agonies, and that he should now be permitted to give her the last sacred rites of christian burial.

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sorrows, and to soothe the twinges of remorse in her own bosom. At the decline of a day in the dreamy season of the Indian summer, the little family was grouped before their humble dwelling, gazing on the rich and varied beauty of the forest's dying hues, bathed in the mellow light of closing day, and talking of the sad events that had clouded their brief sojourn in this land of beauty; when an old woman, with gray, disheveled hair and tattered garments, approached. Mr. McLeon recognized in the emaciated, travel-worn being the old Keoba, who had been the precursor of evil to him, and involuntarily shrank from her.

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clergyman, but instead of living on his friends, he supported himself by teaching; and having been, at last, appointed to a rectorship, he gave up the brilliant society of London, and buried himself in an obscure Yorkshire village. As he did this, from a sense of duty, so he did manfully all other duties, never seeking the excuse that they were too petty, too laborious, or too far beneath his genius.

Useful Receipts.
FRIED BEEF STEAK.—Season your steak with salt and pepper, and fry them in hot lard. When done, dish them, add a little flour to the fat they were fried in, pour in a little water, and season with pepper and salt to the taste; give the gravy one boil and pour it over.

SMOTHERED STEAK.—Take one dozen large onions, boil them in very little water until they are tender. Pound and mash a beef steak, season it with pepper and salt, put it in a pan with some hot beef dripping, and fry it till it is done. Take it out, put it on a dish, where it will keep hot. Then, when the onions are soft, drain and mash them in the pan with the steak-gravy, and add pepper and salt to the taste. Put it on the fire, and as soon as it is hot pour it over the steak and serve it.

PLAIN GINGER-BREAD.—Three pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, half a pound of butter, molasses sufficient to moisten the flour.—Cut up the butter in the flour, add to it the sugar and ginger, and stir in molasses barely enough to moisten the flour, as it will become softer by kneading. Knead the dough well, roll it out in sheet, cut it in cakes, place them on tins, wash them over with molasses and water, and bake in a cool oven.

BAKED BEEF AND YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Rub salt on a piece of beef, put it on bars, which should fit your dripping pan, set it in the oven, with a gill of water in the pan, and when it is half done, make the pudding in the following manner.—Beat four eggs very light; the yolks in a pan, the whites in a broad dish. When the yolks are thick stir in a pint of milk, and as much flour as will make a batter, but not a thick one. Then stir in the whites which must be whisked very dry; do not beat the batter after the white is in; lastly stir in a teaspoonful of dissolved carbonate of ammonia. Take out the meat, skim all the fat off the gravy, pour in the batter and replace the meat; put all into the oven again, and cook it till the pudding is done. You should make batter enough to cover your dripping pan about half an inch deep. When the meat is dished, cut the pudding in squares, and place it round the dish, the brown side up.

GRUEL PIE.—Wash and clean your giblets, put them in a stew-pan, season with pepper, salt, and a little butter rolled in flour; cover them with water, stew them till they are very tender. Line the sides of your pie dish with paste, put in the giblets, and if the gravy is not quite thick enough add a little more butter rolled in flour. Let it boil once, pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the centre of it in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven, and when the crust is done take it out.

DUTCH CAKE.—Two and a half pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, a little yeast cinamon, nutmegs, two glasses of rose water, some currant or raising,