

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....	\$1 50
Six months.....	75
Three months.....	50
A failure to notify & discontinue at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.	
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.	
1 insertion..... 2 do. 3 do.	
Your lines or less..... \$.25..... \$.50	
One square..... 1 do. 1 50..... 2 00	
Two squares..... 50..... 2 25..... 3 00	
Three squares..... 50..... 2 25..... 3 00	
Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion; 6 months, 12 00 cents;	
Six lines or less..... \$1 50..... \$3 00..... \$5 00	
One square..... 3 00..... 7 00	
Two squares..... 5 00..... 10 00	
Three squares..... 7 00..... 15 00	
Four squares..... 9 00..... 19 00	
Half a column..... 12 00..... 16 00..... 24 00	
One column..... 20 00..... 30 00..... 50 00	
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines one year..... \$2 00	
Advertisers' and Executives' Notes..... \$2 00	
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.	

Political.

The Democratic Party and Slavery Extension:

The oft-repeated charge, that the Democratic party is in favor of the extension of Slavery, forms the whole stock in trade of the abolition crew, from the ismatic Greeley, of the *Tribune*, and the soft-brained rhetorician Simmer, down to the merest toady of an orator who disgraces the cause in which he has enlisted by the unlimited use of vituperation and falsehood. Our presses have, time after time, denied the charge—our orators have, on every occasion, declared that slavery extension is no part of our purpose—our candidate for the Vice Presidency, hailing from the South, the authorized exponent of Democratic principles, identified by association and interest with that section of the Union to which the party is said to pander, and necessarily speaking the sentiments of the Southern Democracy, declares, that, if Kansas, or any other Territory, applies for admission with a free constitution, she is as “welcome to the South as the flowers of May.” Yet, in the face of all this, the Black Republicans unblushingly stick to the falsehood; and from the Lakes to Mason and Dixon’s Line, the charges are rung without intermission or cessation.

Why is this? Is their cause so disreputable that falsehood must be relied on to sustain it? It is not thus the Democratic party fights; it was not in this way the old Whig party presented its claims for support. They would spurn with contempt the base means employed by their opponents, and court defeat in an honorable contest, rather than wish to triumph by the arts of falsehood and deception.

The Democratic party is not, and never was, in favor of the extension of slavery. It was through the influence of Jefferson, the father of the Democratic party, that slavery was forever prohibited in all the North-West Territory, and five large and flourishing free States added to the Union—it was by the act of Democratic Pennsylvania that Slavery was abolished within her limits; and it is but recently that the Democratic State of California was admitted as a free State, without an attempt of the Democratic party to extend slavery to her. If more proof were needed to clear the party of the charge, it will be found in the history of the country, almost uninterruptedly governed by Democratic administrations—in the admission of State after State during these administrations, with not a single word said about the establishment of the institution, and in the platforms of the party from its establishment to the present day.

Believing that the recognition of the sovereign power in the people is a vital principle of Republicanism, on which our whole political fabric rests, the Democratic party would extend that principle wherever the stars and stripes protect a foot of American soil; and whether in State or Territory, in the North or South, she will defend it with all her energy. She believes that when that recognition no longer forms a part of the creed of any party, republicanism will be but a name in America; and so believing, she takes her stand upon it, and will abide the issue, come what may. It is for this we are called slavery extentionists and all the opprobrious epithets of the blackguards called into requisition to heap upon us. But the intelligent public will not be deceived by their falsehoods; they will hurl back the calumny upon its authors; and, by their votes, renew their confidence in the Democratic party—the party of the Constitution and the Union. *Greensburg Democrat.*

SLAVERY AGGRESSION.—The Pittsburgh Morning Post, disposes of this convenient catch-word, briefly and conclusively as follows:

Fools talk about slavery as though it was making constant aggressions. But all sensible men know that precisely the reverse is the case. Seventy years ago, every State in the Union—but one—were slave States. Now sixteen are free States, and but fifteen slave States. In less than five years, seven territories will be admitted as free States; to wit: Minnesota, Nebraska, Washington, Oregon, Utah, New Mexico and Kansas. Then there will be twenty-three free States and fifteen slave States. Then the Senate will stand—from free States 46; from slave States 30. Then the House of Representatives will stand two to one from free States. That is what Abolition sputters call “slavery aggression.” Delaware will soon be a free State, too; and probably Missouri. Does not every one see that the Black Republican stories about slavery aggression are simply lies?

DRAW GENTLY WITH THE EERING.—The man possesses an extremely grottoed mind who rejoices at the downfall of another. A noble heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel one who has errred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and the arms of love, and labor to bring him back to duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth our right hand and sin. Heaven keeps us in the narrow path. But, if we should fall, where would be the end of our course? if in every face we saw a frown, and on every brow we read vengeance, deeper and deeper would we descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different spirit were manifested towards us, we might have staid our career of sin and died an honest and upright man. Draw gently with those who go astray, draw them back by love and persuasion. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chuse to the confines of the grave an erring and unfortunate brother.

We have some frailty, we are all unwise, and the grace which redeems us, comes from the skies.

Beware of the gossiping minx.

In a few moments Mr. Boyd finished up his tea and toast, and went to the parlor.

“Well, gentlemen, what do you wish?”

“Pay for them cocks.”

“Those Shanghai cocks we brought this morning.”

“And who told you to bring me any Shanghai cocks?”

“Your advertisement in the *Knickerbocker*.”

“No such thing. I have not had an ad-

vertisement in the *Knickerbocker* for two years.”

“That be blowed. You don’t think you can pull us with such gammon.”

“Do you know to whom you are addressing such language?”

“Of course we do—to a man who wants to swindle folks out of their chickens. You are a numbug, you are.”

“Leave the house, sir.”

“I’ll not leave till I have my chickens or your money.”

“As for money, I owe you none. Your chickens you will find in the street—saving those that were killed in the cellar.”

“And do you suppose that we are going to be swindled out of our property in this manner?”

“I’ve told you twice already that I want no more conversation with you. Leave the house or I will serve you as I did the Shanghai.”

“And how’s that?”

“Pitch you into the street!”

“That’s just our play. Undertake to pitch us into the street, and we’ll charge nothing for the chickens.”

Mr. Boyd accepted the challenge, but lost it. He got so awfully pummeled by the young man who formerly tended store for Clark, that his head looked like a harvest moon—very much swelled, and slightly tinged with vermillion. This was on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning, Mr. Boyd arrived at the Police Office, and swore out a warrant against half the chicken-growers in the city.

Mr. Boyd is exasperated, and allows that if there is any justice in this State, the young man who formerly tended for Clark shall have his share of it.—[Albany Police Gazette.]

“What chickens?”

“Those he advertised for this morning.—A pair of full-blood Shanghaiis. Read that.”

Here the Bowery operator drew out the *Knickerbocker*, and requested the housemaid to run her eye over “that advertisement.”

“And Mr. Boyd is not in?”

“No, he’s not; and if he was, what business is it to you?”

“I’ve brought them chickens.”

“Those he advertised for this morning.—A pair of full-blood Shanghaiis. Read that.”

Here the Bowery operator drew out the *Knickerbocker*, and requested the housemaid to run her eye over “that advertisement.”

“But I can leave the chickens, I suppose, provided I don’t ask for the money till he returns?”

“Of course, place them in the cellar.”

The Bowery dealer did as requested, and left the house, promising to call about tea-time. He had hardly got around the corner, before a young man who formerly tended shop for Joe Clark, made his appearance with the killingest pair of chickens ever seen in Amerika!

“Is Mr. Boyd in?”

“No, he’s not.”

“Well, here’s them chickens he advertised for. Where shall I put them till he comes back?”

“Throw them into the cellar, bad luck to them.”

Mr. Clark’s “young man” obeyed orders, and then followed the Bowery boy around the corner. Mr. Clark’s young man was followed by nineteen other dealers, each with a pair of Shanghai roosters in his hand. They were all placed in the cellar. Mr. Boyd arrived home about five o’clock, P. M. He went up stairs, pulled off his coat, and then repaired to the front basement.

“What’s all that row, Margery?”

“The black cock has kilt the yaller one, and is now crowing over it.”

“Crowing over it, what do you mean?”

“Why, that we’ve had the deuce’s own time since you’ve been gone.”

“With what?”

“With them Shanghaiis.”

“What Shanghaiis?”

“Them you put up in the *Knickerbocker*.”

“In the *Knickerbocker*? What are you talking about?”

“The Shanghaiis, sir. Nineteen pair, and some of ‘em big enough to trot a coach.”

“And who brought nineteen pair of Shanghaiis here?”

“The men who owned them.”

“And for what purpose?”

“Because you put them in the *Knickerbocker*.”

“Nonsense!—I’ve no Shanghaiis in the *Knickerbocker*, and want none—throw them into the street.”

“Not I. By my troth, I’d as soon take a grip of a kitchen donkey.”

Here the twenty-seven full-blooded roosters started a crow that might have been heard as far as Troy and back again.

“Will you throw those chickens into the street?”

“Never!—I’d sooner lose my place and both hands.”

“Well, then, I’ll do it myself.”

Here Mr. Boyd seized an axe, halve and went in. In about fifteen minutes, eight Shanghaiis were placed *hors d’combat*, while the other nineteen on the opposite side walk were fighting for the pre-emption right of a piece of doughnut. Mr. Boyd, having cleared the house, returned to the supper room for the purpose of making tea. He had just faced his first “clip” and piece of toast, done “on the first side,” when rap was heard at the front door.

“See who that is, Margery.”

Margery obeyed orders, and in a moment returned.

“Five gentlemen who wish to see Mr. Boyd.”

“Take them in the front parlor and say to them that I’ll be up in a moment.”

“Yes, sir.”

Margery carried out the order according to instructions.

In a few moments Mr. Boyd finished up his tea and toast, and went to the parlor.

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