

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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Select Poetry.

From the Boston Cultivator. THE TRUTH. You watch your neighbor's actions...

A LEGEND OF THE JUNIATA.

The pale waning moon, from her silver-like throne, Cast her light on a river, so silent and lone...

SELF-CULTURE.

It is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous and honest feeling...

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 26, 1856. VOL. XII. NO. 23.

Miscellaneous.

Profane Swearing—its Prevalence and Enormity.

There have always been certain national delinquencies prevailing to an extent so alarming and involving in guilt as well the intelligent as the rude, that to attempt the task of amendment would appear as hopeless as to turn back from its course the mountains...

Challenge the most inveterate swearer to ascend the grassy eminence and before the bright sun and the glancing river and the golden harvest field, pour out his imprecations in a systematic and studied way...

A Race for Life.

On Monday last, one of the stages which run upon the Yreka road, left the Pitt river station on its way from Yreka to the valley. The coach had no passengers, and was driven by Jared Robbins, familiarly known among the drivers as 'Curly Jerry'...

Man's Duty to Woman.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she who has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism—kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those greedy monsters—money and war...

Anecdote of the Puritan Sunday Laws.

On a cold, rainy Sunday morning in October several years ago, Hon. H. G. Otis found himself traveling through the State of Connecticut. An important case was to be argued by him on the next Monday morning...

A Patent Sermon—Dow Jr., on Negroes.

"I have a fancy that the CREATOR has produced the different families of the human race as they are; breeds and mixtures over the world, being as easily distinguished from pure native stock as are mules from horses and jack-bottoms. Certain portions are made for certain zones, climates, and localities...

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Titles of Firms.

One of the best titles of a mercantile firm we have ever seen, is 'Call and Settle,' which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of our eastern cities. Customers are reminded, every time they pass, of their outstanding accounts...

Don't Speak so Cross.

"Don't speak so cross," said one little boy yesterday in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross, there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or rather exhortation, for it was made in an exhortatory manner...

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A recent traveller in America records the following anecdote: "Jack," said a man, to a lad just entering his teens, "your father's dead." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

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An Amusing Prophecy.

LORENZO DOW AND FRANKLIN PIERCE. During a recent trip to New Hampshire, a grave citizen of that territory relieved the tedium of some twenty miles over the Eastern Railroad by the recital of a prophecy made twenty years ago by Lorenzo Dow, regarding Franklin Pierce, then Representative in Congress. We cannot look to the chronology, but hope for the credit of our friend that Lorenzo Dow didn't die some dozen years before the time on which his story was based. Our friend's twenty-mile story we condense as follows:

When Mr. Pierce was Representative in Congress from New Hampshire he was called upon in Washington by the celebrated long-bearded preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who claimed to powers to prophecy and went about the country, with staff in hand, and grided like John the Baptist. He was a remarkable man anyhow, and won many proselytes by his wonderful and mysterious power. He swayed men, as trees are swayed by the wind, and his out-door sermons brought many a hardened sinner to repentance. Mr. Pierce was in his room at his inn engaged in writing, when the waiter rapped upon the door and informed him that a rough-and-tumble old fellow down stairs wanted to see him.

"Tell him I am engaged," said Mr. Pierce. "I've done so, already, sir," said the man, "but he won't budge. Indeed, he's the queerest old chap I've ever seen, yer honor." "Go down and find out his name, Jim," said Mr. Pierce, "and if the old fellow wants to see me very much, tell him to come again—I'm very busy now."

The man went down, and Mr. Pierce resumed his writing. "Devil a bit he'll go, your honor," said the waiter, again looking in, grinning prodigiously; "he says his name is Dow, and must see you, because he's got a message for you." "Well, Jim," said Mr. Pierce, with the good humor that always characterized him, "show him up."

In a few moments the gaunt and sunburnt "Wandering Jew," as he was called, stood in the chamber, where he was cordially received by its occupant, who invited him to be seated until he should finish his writing. The strange man complied, and when the writing was completed, Mr. Pierce informed him that official duties called him to the Capitol, and invited him to walk thither with him. They left the room together, and when about leaving the house, Mr. Dow remembered that he had left his staff behind, and coolly ordered Mr. Pierce to go back and bring it, which he good-humoredly did, and the two proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue together, attracting much attention by the contrast—the one dressed in the elegance of fashion, the other in a garb not like anything in this world, nor, it is hoped, in that which is to come. Mr. Pierce, with the politeness of the true gentleman, made no sign by which it could be inferred that he felt ashamed of his companion, and walked on with him to the steps of the capitol.

Here the prophet stopped. He had, up to this moment, said nothing of the mission of which he had informed the servant, but now he said: "Friend Franklin, I have something to tell you that affects your coming life. You are now a Representative in Congress. You will be sent back to Congress, but not to this house. After this you will be sent back here again, but not as Congressman, and then you will be sent here no more. But a higher mission awaits you—you will become a minister of the Gospel of Christ!" Saying this, he turned away suddenly, without further word of explanation, and the President-to-be, walked up the steps and entered; on his duties, laughing at the prophecy so strangely made, which he regarded as the mere figment of a diseased brain. The sequel proved two-thirds of the prophecy true, and whether the balance will be verified remains to be seen.

The story was told by one who firmly believed it was true, and we listened with the attention which it deserved, with the reflection that more unlikely things have come to pass.—Boston Gazette.

POWER OF INSTINCT.—The sluggish sea-turtle loves her home. A huge creature of this kind was caught by English sailors near the Island of Ascension, who burnt a name and date into its upper shell. On the way to England it fell sick, and from sheer pity it was thrown overboard in the English Channel. Two years later the same turtle was captured once more, now quite wild, near its old home, Ascension. What strange and inexplicable home-sickness carried the slow, heartless creature 4,000 miles back, through "the ocean, where there is no track and no high-road?"

THE EVIL WEED.—He grows like an evil weed. Well, what of that? Weeds have their place and their use. They grow where flowers won't, and make sunny nooks of a refreshing emerald, that without this addition would be blank and desolate. And so Dick Wildfire, although he may have a good many annoying traits, may yet possess some golden spots in his nature to render him of use to his friends and society. Therefore, don't trample the lad if he is an "evil weed." But too many of these youthful scapegraces have proved in the end the most useful citizens to permit this crushing out process to be carried on without rebuke. Out of the weed we have seen some pretty flowers cultivated. So it may be with Dick, if you show him a chance, and encourage what you find of the good and true in his nature. Society is responsible if many of these weedy characters continue of evil growth, and don't put forth some claims to our respect and esteem.

THE VOICE OF SPLEEN.—A funny correspondent of the Portland Transcript says: "I have recently gin up all idea of women folks, and come back to perlitel life. I am more at hum in this line than in huntin' the fair seeks. Aingills in petients and "kiss-me-quick" is pretty enough to look at, I gin in, but darn 'em, they are slippery as eels, and when you fish for 'em, an' get a bite, you, somehow or other, find yourself at the wrong end of the line—they've coched you! An' 'em, and doggerlines, they'll throw you away as they would a cole tur. Leastwise, that's bin my experience. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the sleepin' beauty, Kleopatry's needle, Pompey's pillow, an' Lot's wife, with a steam engine to help 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

"I don't care much about the bugs," said Mr. Oakes to the head of the general family with which he lodges, "but the fact is, marm, I hain't got the blood to spare; you see that you're sparin'."