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Select Poetry.

THE SONG OF LABOR.

Ho! idling drones of this teeming earth,
Make way for the sons of toil,
Who redeem the promise implied by birth,
And live not by theft or spoil;
Faith clings to their manly and honest grasp,
And brightens their eagle-glance,
And lordlings quake, like the trembling asp,
As the sons of toil advance.

Select Story.

HOW WE PELL OUT; OR, THE WAY I LOST MY WIFE.

BY J. S. MYTH, ESQ.

It is useless to tell you that last summer was an excessively hot one; and you can imagine with what joy I hailed the proposition of Charley Bouncer, in the early part of July, when that jolly old sun was spreading himself to make the most uncomfortable, to spend a few weeks in the very quiet and antediluvian village of Red Bank. The temptations of this place were fresh fish, soft shell crabs, fine peaches, and other fruit; but most of all, the light laughing eyes and rich auburn curls of Clara Harrington, with whom we had both fallen desperately in love, during our sojourn there the preceding summer.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, PERSERVERE. Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 18, 1857. NO. 39.

"What is that lump?" said I, pointing to a very suspicious bunch on her fellow's joint. "Oh," replied Joe, "that's nothing; another horse kicked her on to it." "Humph," says I, "let's look a little further."

"Perhaps you would like a tall, showy hoss," said Joe, pointing to a horse that the man might have sworn was fourteen feet high, and not perjure himself much either. But as the animal seemed to be merely in the stocks as it were, all ribs and stays, I thought it would require too much time and capital to finish him, so we pressed on to the next. This was a very nice looking little horse, of a dark bay color, small head, well set on black mane, tail and legs; in fact, just about such a horse as I wanted. He seemed to be all right, except a hollowness over his eyes, a good many grey hairs about his head, and a hard, dry feeling about the muscles, that seemed to indicate he had fully arrived at the years of discretion.

"How old do you call that horse? Joe," said I. "Six, going on seven," replied he, "and a mighty nice hoss he is, too; but I'll let you judge for yourself; you know all about hesses, and there's no use trying to take you in."

"Not very easily," replied I, mightily pleased with Joe's opinion of my ability, and opening the horse's mouth with all the air of a man that seemed to know what he was about. Sure enough, I found his teeth marked seven, as plain as any print in Yonath.

"He looks older," said I, "but his teeth are all right. I'll buy him, Joe, and let's try him." "A way we went. The little horse traveled well, and seemed to have a moderately tender mouth. (I have a horse that pulls your arms off every time you take him.) So, agreeing as to the price, Joe stood another drink, and we returned. Joe offered to give a warrant that the horse was just what he said; but he seemed so honest about it, that I told him it was no matter, and asked him to send him around to the saddler's to get a harness. I now flattered myself that I had bought a horse in Jersey, and had not been cheated. My satisfaction, however, was of short duration.

The saddler put on a very queer look when I came up with my purchase. "Been buying a new hoss?" said he, looking at him all over. "Yes," said I, rather exultingly, "and quite reasonable, too." "Ah," said he, "how old do you call him?" "Seven years," replied I, confidently. "How do you know?" "By his teeth," said I, beginning to get a little riled, for I thought the man took me for a greenhorn.

ed room, various bottles, phials, wine-glasses, tumblers, &c., besides a queer feeling in my upper story, left me the impression that some one had been hurt, or sick. A quiet old lady came forward and told me to lay still and get some sleep, which advice I considered entirely superfluous, as I was too weak to move, and thought I had slept a week already. Presently I heard a voice, and Charley came in on tip-toe, his face beaming with smiles. "Oh, my dear fellow," said he, "I am glad to see you yourself again. You must have had a hard time of it, sir. Crazy, sir, crazy as a bed-bug; would hollow whom, and talked all kinds of nonsense; but you are all right now; you'll soon be around again. And now my boy, I have some news I am going to tell you. Ned, my boy, I have just been married to Clara, and she is waiting outside to see you."

"The deuce you have," said I, "now I don't call that fair. Don't you remember our contract, and here you have been and done it while a body was sick a-bed, and crazy to boot. Now I really do not think it fair." "My dear fellow, how can you talk so; did you not break the contract by trying to run away with her, in the first place, and if you had not fallen out, where should I have been now?"

Clara now opened the door and came in, looking so happy and contented, that I could not find it in my heart to be angry, so, finding that nothing could be made by being sick, with the help of my kind friends, and careful nursing, I got well. I have now a pleasant home with Charley and his wife; we made a very happy trip, and often have a good laugh over our adventures. Clara has promised to let Charley go down with me to Squan for duck-shooting, and if we have any adventures, I'll let you know them. I forgot to say that I have got rid of my young horse. He luckily broke his neck at the time I lost my eye; and it is only after a hearty supper and a bottle of Hoidisick, that I am troubled with any visions of him.

Interesting Miscellany.

Colonel Butler and the Inebriate.

THE BATTLE OF WYOMING.

Who is there that has read Campbell's beautiful poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," and not risen from its perusal with feelings of the most bitter, a hatred the most intense, toward the band of white and red savages who laid waste and depopulated that beautiful valley. Yet it is more than probable that, could the facts be divested of those distorted positions and extravagant coloring which the excited fancies of the fugitives gave them, we should find much that has rendered the story one of the most thrilling on record, to stir up the blood and awaken the liveliest emotions of anguish, in perusing the history of the valley, as written by an unbiased and careful pen. Replete with incident, it has furnished the pencil of the artist with innumerable objects, full of action and held relief; and among many others of thrilling interest the little circumstances represented in the engraving, will serve to convey an idea of the peculiar position of some of the actors in that memorable fight and rout. When the enemy consisting of eleven hundred Tories and Indians, under the command of Col. John Butler, arrived in the vicinity of the valley, they found it undefended by any force which could be considered respectable, and, feeling secure of their prey, they made their headquarters at a fortified house called Wintermoot's fort, sent out scouts and foraging parties, and gave themselves up to riot and debauchery. The inhabitants, finding themselves deserted by Congress, and thrown upon their own exertions to defend their homes from the torch, and themselves, their wives and children, from the tomahawks of the savages, resolved as the only hope of success, to march out and attack the foe while lulled in fanciful security. Their whole force, consisting of about three hundred old men and boys, divided into six companies, and under command of Col. Zebulon Butler, who happened to be in the valley at the time, marched out of Forty Fort. The women, children, and a few old men, were left in the fort to await with feelings of the most intense anxiety, the issue of a battle on which depended their lives. The little force was joined by the justices of the courts, and every male inhabitant capable of bearing arms, and marched forward to the contest, strong in determination, if not in numbers. The object was to surprise the enemy in his camp, and gain by stratagem what they lacked in strength. Col. John Butler was not to be caught napping, however, and although encamped in a very irregular manner, and exposed to sudden surprise, yet his scouts had informed him of the march of the little army, and when they arrived in the vicinity of Wintermoot's, they found his line drawn up prepared to receive them. There was no alternative but to fight, and the little force was wheeled into line and harangued by their brave commander. "Men," said he, "yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight not only for liberty, but for life itself, and what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration and our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock, and the Indians will give away. Every man to his duty!"

It was about four o'clock of a hot, sultry afternoon, when the battle commenced by an attack on the enemy's left wing. The contest was short, sharp and bloody. For half an hour it was kept up with the utmost spirit and determination, and promised success to the Americans, but an unfortunate mistake of an order threw the victory into the hands of the enemy. Colonel Dennison, who commanded the American left, finding the Indians who opposed were outflanking him and getting into his rear, gave the order to "fall back," in order to change his position. This was understood as an order to retreat, and was repeated with increasing emphasis along the line. Fatal error! A few moments more

and the enemy's left, which was composed of Tories, would have given way, and the Indians would have retreated also. The damage was irretrievably done, however, and no exhortations or commands, could rally the broken division. The Indians sprang from their coverts in a cloud and fell upon the retreating Americans, cutting them down by scores; and now commenced that fearful massacre which makes the blood run chilled through the veins as we read. Desperation lent wings to the flying fugitives, while "fury raged and shuddering pity quit the sanguine field." Finding his efforts to rally the retreating Americans unavailing, and hoping to be able to collect a sufficient number to defend the fort until assistance could arrive, Col. Zebulon Butler who had exposed himself to the fiercest of the battle without regard to his personal safety, turned his horse's head in that direction, and hastened forward to the garrison. As he was speeding along the road toward the fort, he overtook an Indian warrior in pursuit of one of his men, who, almost exhausted, would in a few moments have yielded, from utter exhaustion, his scalp to the knife of his pursuer. Having lost his sword, or there being no time to use it, Butler was compelled to pass the Indian without attacking him. The danger was too imminent to allow him to stop for the man, and was obliged to pass him also. Despair gave momentary strength and renewed activity, however, to the latter, and springing forward he seized the long tail of the Colonel's horse with the grip of a vice, and held on with the tenacity of death. The Indian still continued to pursue, hoping, probably, that something would "turn up" to his advantage. Some thing did turn up, but not as he anticipated.

It happened in the morning, when the little force of defenders marched out to the contest, one of the number having, in his endeavor to raise his latent courage, indulged too freely in his libations, had laid down by the side of a fallen tree and fell asleep while his comrades marched forward and left him. While his friends were selling their lives in defence of their homes, their wives and children, their all—he was snugly sleeping by the side of the road, a mile from the scene of strife. The stupor had worn off, however, and as Butler came up, he was rubbing his eyes to endeavor to clear up the mist which enshrouded his faculties. Perceiving at a glance the state of the case, Col. Butler, as he passed the spot, leaned forward and shouted to the man to kill the Indian. With a coolness which would have won him laurels in the battle, the inebriate, resting his elbow on the trunk of a fallen tree, took deliberate aim at the breast of the pursuer, and a moment after he rolled in the dust, dead. Then as if he had just discovered the relative position of affairs, he took to his heels and pushed onward at his utmost speed after the Colonel.

When the fort was invested by the enemy, a few days afterwards, and Butler found it untenable he managed to escape therefrom, and started for the army to bring relief to the garrison.

I Never Gossip.

Oh no, I never gossip! I have enough to take care of my own business without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith. Why there is Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale; it does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but no there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me there would not be much trouble in the world. Oh no, I never gossip. But did you know that Miss Elliot had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't? Well she has; it's a real beauty; I saw it myself—I do say it's shameful for her to be so extravagant; I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well I don't care if he did; why, it's only two months since her father failed, and now, to see her dash out in such style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Stanhope, but I guess she'll find herself mistaken; he's got more sense than to be caught by her if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctor's son; the impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part; I never did like her with her mild soft look, when any one's around; my word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't; then she says she's only seventeen! Goodness knows, she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia, and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so either; but I guess Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her.

Some folks call her handsome. Well I don't. She ain't half as good looking as my daughter Jane. The way she does up her hair in such fly-away curls; and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair straight as my Maria Jane's. Impertinence! if she'd let curling irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's. But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! Well all I can say, is you've got a very peculiar taste. Why she's proud as Lucifer, for she married a whole week and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for any way; and then above all things to get that little girlish looking thing. Why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would make him a better wife than he's got now. Then she's two years older than the minister? I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! if some folks would mind their own business as I do, I'd thank them.—Waverly Magazine.

From the Home Journal. Marriage.

Nature never did betray the soul that loved her; and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost forever—matrimony gives him ballast and a right impulse. War with nature, and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious. Virtuous love, the honest love of a man for a woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart: something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live. And the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path; it makes life for no day dream, no idle hour, no painted shadow, no passing show, but something real earnest, worthy of heart and head. But most of us are cowards, and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at the nursery maids, and becomes a man about town, a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead, it gets a woman fretful, nervous, fanciful, a plague to all around her. He becomes a sceptic in all virtue; a corrupter of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Eron worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart.

He may rush from one folly to another; associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what become of men and women who do not marry: Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to support a wife, and the boys wickedly expend double the amount in low company. Hence it is, all wise men (like Franklin) advocate early marriages; and that all great men, with rare exceptions have been men that married young. Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare market, London, to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey we can't find had any income at all when they got married. What question at any time who Daniel Webster one formed by a new sun of a string? By selling catfish at a shilling a string. Wherever he may be, all unconscious of his high destiny, he feels the divinity that stirs within him, and grasps his book, thirsting for knowledge. His parents, as they answer his endless queries, rejoice at his developing intellect, yet little dream that his will be a great name among men, known wide as the world. Or perchance the hand of poverty, or the cold hand of orphanage, are moulding and training him for the patient effort, that self-reliance and resolute will, that fit him for great achievements.—He must pass through the school that prepares him for his high career. In his youth many a trial and wrong must break him to the hardness of life. In his manhood many hardships must be endured; many obstacles overcome, and rivals outstripped in the race; the voice of envy and detraction despised, and hatred and malice defied. Through such a school and training the President of 1900 will doubtless come, and is now coming. But from what condition in life, from what part of our broad land, no one can predict or know but Providence, who presides over the destinies of all nations.

Is there a Maelstrom?

This question is thus answered by a contemporary:—"Every school boy of the last century has been taught to believe that there is a wonderful vortex on the coast of Norway, with an eddy several miles in diameter, and that ships, and even huge whales, were sometimes dragged within its terrible liquid coils, and forever 'in ocean's awful depths.'" A correspondent of the Scientific American says:—"I have been informed by a European acquaintance that the maelstrom has no existence. A nautical and scientific commission went out and sailed all around and all over where the maelstrom was said to be, but could not find it; the sea was as smooth where the whirlpool ought to be as any other part of the German ocean."

"We presume the above is correct. The latest geographers and gazetteers barely allude to the maelstrom. Colton, in his large atlas, gives the site upon his map, but does not allude to it in his description of Norway." Harper's Gazetteer, in its article on Norway, says that "among the numerous islands on the west coast there are violent and irregular currents, which render the coast navigation dangerous. Among these is the celebrated Maelstrom, or Meskenes-Strom, the danger from which has been greatly exaggerated, since it can, at nearly all times, be passed by boats." The romance of the maelstrom has been pretty effectually destroyed."

Politeness.

One of the English idlers was so struck with the politeness and good feeling manifested in St. Paul's writings; that he affirmed that if St. Paul had said that he himself had ever performed a miracle, he would believe it, because he deemed St. Paul too much of a gentleman to tell an untruth. Whatever we may think of this remark, we cannot but be struck with the power which politeness had over the infidel. And this infidel is not an exception, it may be well to show some few of the advantages of being polite.

1. We conform to the Scriptures. If St. Paul taught politeness by his example—so did he in his writings. He tells us, "In honor we must prefer one another." Here is the great secret of politeness, viz: forgetfulness of self. In another place he says, "Be courteous," in other words—be polite.

2. We make friends. Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention, shown in a stage, or in the cars, or at a public table, costs us very little. But what an effect it has upon the persons to whom the attention is shown. The pleased look, the grateful smile, show us we have gained a friend.

3. We increase our usefulness. One reason why ministers and good Christian people have no more influence, is on account of their sour face and forbidding countenance. They look as if they said—Keep away from me. But if they allow the vulgar to approach within reach of their majestic presence, there is a pious manner or way they have, which prevents the hearts of others going out to them, and thus influence over such people is lost.

4. It gives success. Let any man who has goods to sell, or office to attain, be kind and polite, no sham—like that put on by the politicians—and his goods are sold, and his office reached, ten times sooner than the man who looks mad, and cuts you up as he cuts off his callouses and clothes.

Politeness, of all things earthly, costs the least. But its power, it is not saying too much, is tremendous. The polite man, other things being anything like equal, will accomplish good in the world, or the rest of the world without this accomplishment.

A Constant Miracle. The Bible itself, says Prof. Maelagan, is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written, fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverb, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer, in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult—its authors are not found like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

Domestic Receipts.

We extract the following good-looking receipts from various numbers of The Home-Steak: OYSTER SOUP. (fine!)—Take one quart of oysters and separate them from the liquor, wash them thoroughly in a pint of water, strain the liquor; add one pint of milk, some mace, nutmeg, and pepper, with three crackers pounded fine, add one-fourth pound of butter to the liquor, boil all together about five minutes, take it off the fire, when about to serve up the soup, put in the oysters and let all boil one minute. The soup will then be ready for the table; for each quart of oysters, a pint of milk must be added and every other ingredient in proportion to the quantity required. Three pints of oysters are sufficient for eight persons.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Two quarts of oysters, eight soda crackers; butter a deep dish, sprinkle in cracker crumbs, then a layer of oysters; a little salt and pepper; little mace; a quart of butter; wine glass of wine poured over the whole.

CRACKERS FOR THE SICK.—One pound of flour; one egg, not beaten; one tablespoon of yeast; one tablespoon of cream; a little salt; mix all together with milk to a stiff paste, and beat them twenty minutes with a rolling pin, to be rolled in small pieces round, separately, very thin.

CHARLES PUDDING. (fine!)—One cup of sugar; one cup of sweet milk; one egg; one tablespoon of melted butter; half a teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk; teaspoon of cream of tartar sifted through the flour. Eat with wine sauce, and bake in a loaf.

APPLE PUDDING.—The white of two eggs well beaten; add to it, four spoonfuls of sugar, and six apples stewed, and drained until quite dry. These ingredients must be beaten a long time; add also a lemon to it. Then make either a soft or a hard custard, and put at the bottom of the dish, and lay the mixture on the top. Ornament with sugar mites.

APPLE PUDDING, (delicious!)—One pound of apples stewed and strained; one pound of sugar; six eggs; one pint of cream; six ounces of butter; glass of wine, and a little nutmeg. Paste on the bottom of the dish, and bake like a pie.

GATEAU DES POMMES.—Put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in a stew pan, with a pint of water, and when dissolved and ready to candy, take two pounds of apples pared and cored, the peel of a lemon, chopped very fine, and part of the juice. Boil it until quite stiff, and put in a mould; when turned out for use, stick it with blanched almond, and put a rich custard in the dish.

FRUIT MERINGUE.—One quart of milk, three eggs, teaspoon of salt; four tablespoons of yeast; flour to make it stiff enough for a batter; butter the size of an egg. The milk must be blood warm.

COOKIES.—Ten ounces of sugar, one quarter pound of butter, one egg, large teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in two-thirds of a teaspoon of milk. They should be rolled very soft.

Nobody seems to have heard of that chest at Abordene, Miss., who just came home from a year's absence in Nicaragua. On his way up from the landing he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Abordene married? I met Miss A.—" "Why brother, Miss A.— isn't married." "Not married! Nor Miss B.—? nor Miss C.—? nor Miss D.—" "Oh, pshaw! brother," said Miss B. just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

MIND YOUR PRONUNCIATIONS.—"A young gentleman of our acquaintance created quite a sensation a few evenings since while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetic effusion.—"To a beautiful Belle," by pronouncing the latter word in two syllables.