

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance \$1 50
Six months 75
Three months 50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less 1 insertion 2 do. 3 do.
One square (12 lines) 50 75 1 00
Two squares 1 00 1 50 2 00
Three squares 1 50 2 25 3 00
Over three weeks and less than three months 25 cents per square for each insertion.

Select Poetry.

UNKIND REFLECTIONS.

Oh! never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh! never let us haste to bid adieu
To the cup of sorrow to a brother.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

Fold his dimpled hands to rest,
Cross them softly on his breast;
O'er his forehead, pure as snow,
Let the golden ringlets flow.

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee—
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again,

A Select Story.

HINKS AND HUBS.

Hubs Gets Married and Goes to Raising Cantelupes for Hinks.

A NEW YORK STORY, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Mr. Hubs was head salesman in the wholesale jobbing store of Hinks and Whipple; he was looked upon as one of the best judges of satinet in Cedar street, as he well might be, for he was a judge of nothing else.

Notwithstanding that Hubs had a faint impression that he was in love, it is by no means certain that he would have married for that reason alone. His employers had made an addition of two hundred dollars per annum to his salary, and he thought that a wife would be very convenient to help him spend it.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 13, 1857.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 47.

break, to look after a delinquent customer.—The terrified client looked as horror-struck at this announcement as he well could, and before he could gather together his astonished senses, stammered out that he could not go.

"I'm engaged to—to—" stammered Hubs. "Engaged to what, sir?" said Mr. Hinks, fiercely; "engaged to what, sir? I had an idea that you were engaged to the firm of Hinks and Whipple, sir. Have we not raised your salary two hundred dollars, Mr. Hubs?"

"Well, Mr. Hubs, since you must go," said his employer, "I will dispatch Mr. Putty, the book-keeper, into New Jersey, and here is a trifle to pay for your wedding suit."

Whereupon he handed Hubs a check for a hundred dollars, and then broke loose into a most unjocular explosion of mirth, in which he was joined by Mr. Whipple and all the junior clerks, who had been watching all the proceedings, and dying for their employer to give them the cue, that they might laugh at poor Hubs, who was so overcome that he was forced to walk off to some dark nook where he could give utterance to a heart full of feelings, which had been gathering like water in a mill-dam after a sudden thaw.

Hubs made his appearance the next morning in Division street in a white satin stock and a Marselles rest; the marriage passed off without an accident, the tour was accomplished, and time's wheels rolled round as smoothly and as swiftly as though nothing remarkable had happened. In the first wild tumult of his feelings, Hubs made a silent vow that his first-born should be called, in honor of his employer, Hinks. But two years had already flown by, and he had not, for a very few reasons, performed his vow.

Hubs occupied a little frame house in the outskirts of the city, with a little dusty garden attached to it, containing a woful looking lilac bush and two very dirty poplars.—He had selected this spot because he was growing dyspeptic, and his physician had recommended a country residence; and had it not been for a tannery and glue factory in his immediate neighborhood, it would have been quite delightful.

Mr. Hinks had a remarkable exercise on his right cheek, generally of an ashy color, but every autumn it assumed a very peculiar yellowish hue. People said that he was marked with a cantelupe. However that may be, it is certain that he was extravagantly fond of that kind of fruit, and while they lasted he hardly ate of anything but muskmelons.

Hubs was well acquainted with his employer's appetite, and he determined to raise some of the finest cantelupes in his little garden, that the world had ever seen, and present them to him. It was a happy thought, and so completely took possession of his brain that he could think of nothing else. Even satinet became a weariness to him. It was before the frost was out of the ground that the idea occurred to him, and he could hardly wait for the sun to soften the soil so that he could begin to plant.

the fruits on street stalls, all attracted his attention, not as things of traffic or of nourishment, but as organized existences obeying the laws of their own being, and showing forth the glory and goodness of their Maker as plainly, and as abundantly as his own species. He wondered at his former darkness, and he began to perceive what an abundance of lovable things there are in the world.

His acquisition of knowledge was very small indeed, and confined entirely to the manufacture of satinet and the culture of cantelupes, and yet such was the liberal effect of science on his mind, that he could have clasped the whole world to his heart if his wife had been out of it. His little insight into the mysteries of vegetable germination had given him a vague feeling of awe for his mother earth, although it was mainly as the great parent of cantelupes that he revered her, and he looked with growing impatience for the time to arrive when he should be permitted to scratch her back with his iron rake, and root up the weeds from her face as a pious child would pull the intrusive hairs from the chin of his grandmother.

He had exhausted his almanacs, but his thirst for knowledge had increased in proportion to his acquisitions, as a miser grows covetous as he grows rich, and he now supplied himself with a paper of seeds and Briggman's darling little Gardener's Assistant at the same time, and took them home with the feelings of an aphelosopher. His wife scolded him smartly for his extravagance, but he bore all her womanly reproaches with the equanimity of a Socrates, and only replied to her long lecture, "wait and see."

"Goodness me! What is that, a book? A nasty book! Well, now we shall starve!—Mother always said so. I never knew a man worth anything who was always lazying away his time over books. Well, I see what my fate will be. I shall have to go home to my mother's. I won't work to support a loafer, nor I."

Mr. Hubs' two years of matrimonial trials had given him somewhat of an insight into the peculiarities of the female character, and he well knew the consequences of attempting to convince his wife that she had taken hold of the wrong question; so he merely answered, "wait and see," and resolved to profit by her caution, and keep his precious little treasure under lock and key.

His grounds only measured twenty-five feet by forty, and as one portion of them was used as a grass plat for bleaching clothes, and a large slice was taken up by a gravel walk, it will readily be perceived that his garden could not be very extensive. But it was large enough for his desires, and he looked upon his little enclosure with the feelings of a landholder. It is doubtful whether the rich Mr. Wadsworth, who owns half the Genesee flats, ever felt as grand as Mr. Hubs did when he first struck his shovel into the ground to commence the cultivation of cantelupes.

Ambition always will overleap its mark.—Hubs planted his cantelupe seed at least a fortnight too soon, and they all rotted in the ground. After waiting an unreasonable time to see the young vines show their little heads above ground he was obliged to rake open the hills and plant afresh. Every morning he got up with the sun, and sometimes before, to watch his seeds, and see if any had burst from their dark hiding places; and as the dew was copious and the sun warm, he soon had the delight of seeing their delicate leaves, like outspread hands, throw aside the earthy particles which covered them, and salute the upspringing sun with grateful smile like a new-born infant gazing into the face of its parent.

He could not help running back to the bedside of his sleeping wife to beg that she would come down and look at his cantelupes. But his "last best gift" did not relish his intrusion at such an unreasonable hour, and she turned upon him with a flow of expressions that our respect for the sex will not permit us to repeat. He left her to sleep on, and when he took his seat in the omnibus to go to his daily occupation of selling satinet, he felt like a new man. He tried to appear as humble as he could, but he experienced an uncomfortable feeling of superiority in spite of himself, which he had never felt before. All day his thoughts were wandering away to his cantelupes. He was impatient to get back to them. A long-winded customer from Vermont detained him forever, as it appeared to him, just as he was about to leave the store, and it was almost dark when he reached home. Before he would sit down to his supper, he rushed out to look at his young troop of vegetable earlings. But, alas! for human anticipations! The cantelupes had disappeared; vanished from mortal sight as though they had never been. They had been cruelly, barbarously cut off in the morning of their existence.—He could have wept over their loss, but tears

would avail him nothing. Their fate was shrouded in deep mystery. Nobody knew how it was done. Mrs. Hubs was profoundly ignorant of the matter, and Bridget was willing to take her Bible oath that she knew no more about the "young millions" than the child unborn. Mr. Hubs, of course, could not compel people to confess what they did not know, and he went to his bed in a state of miserable ignorance about the premature disappearance of his darling vegetables.—But he had a horrible suspicion, which kept him awake half the night, that he was the victim of a wicked conspiracy between the wife of his bosom and her servant maid.

He was not to be daunted, however, for he had been educated in a school which knows no such word as despair. By dawn the next morning he was planting fresh seeds, having put them to soak in warm lye over night.—But Hubs was doomed once more to disappointment; he had been seated five minutes in the omnibus when a scoundrel cock, belonging to a sporting neighbor, walked deliberately into the hall door, which had been left open by Bridget, and strutted pompously into the garden, where, without the slightest hesitation, he scratched up every individual seed, and when he had scooped them away in his remorseless maw, gave three loud exclaiming "cock-a-doodle-doo," and flew over the fence into his master's premises. It was the coolest performance that was ever seen, and the unhappy clerk was told of it, his wrath was too big for words. He doubled his fists, stamped his feet and looked about him for some object upon which to wreak his vengeance; but there was nothing appropriate at hand, so after a moment's reflection he put more seeds in to soak, and when he had eaten his supper retired to bed, that he might rise with the dawn.

In due time, and it was a very short time too, for the sun was unseasonably hot, he had the happiness to see the little leaves once more popping up bright and joyous from the earth. He had watched them and watered them an entire week, sprinkling snuff upon them to kill the bugs, and nipping off the first indications of a runner bud, to strengthen the vines and give richness to the fruit, when his wife's brother returned from a long voyage to the Pacific. He was one of the best natured and most restless creatures in the world; like the sea, he would not be quiet a moment, and after he had kissed his sister and joked her about her husband, he rolled out into the garden, and, to make himself useful, took up Hubs' box and began, to use his own phrase, "to work a traverse among the weeds."

"Godness me!" exclaimed his sister, "what have you done! You have vent and hood up all of Mr. Hubs' cantelupes. My, what will he say when he comes home!"

When Hubs did come home he was soon informed of the full extent of his misfortune, but he could not open his mouth. It was his wife's brother who had done the deed, and wives' brothers are always privileged characters. He knew, moreover, that there was no malice in the act. He had the stomach to do anything that was monstrous, if it would bring back his vines, but as no desperate deed could restore them he had the prudence to eat his supper in a quiet manner, although his mind was in a most unquiet state. The young sailor expressed a word of regret for the mischief he had done, and to console his brother-in-law, told him that he had got some first-rate melon seeds in the till of his chest, which he had brought from round Cape Horn; and the next morning, bright and early, he brought them up to Hubs, who was greatly astonished at the sight of them. They were as big as a nut, and those that he planted before. The young sailor took a fresh quid of tobacco, and told him that he would be more astonished at the fruit. Then they both went to work and made fresh hills, and Hubs felt once more happy at the prospect of being able to present his employer with some of his favorite fruit. In a week the new seeds showed themselves. Never before were such promising vines seen. They were so stout, and they grew so rapidly, that Hubs was in a continual ecstasy of wonder; but when he looked out of his chamber window one morning and saw a large yellow blossom on one of the vines, his admiration was boundless. He ran down to examine it.

"You are a fine fellow," said Hubs, speaking to the vine, as though it had been furnished with a pair of ears like his own; "You are a fine fellow, eye you are, and I will demolish that rascal of a caterpillar that is eating one of your big leaves. The villain!"

The rains fell, the sun shone bright and warm upon it; the gentle summer winds rustled among its great yellow blossoms and fan-like leaves, and the bees pealed it in the morning and the bees hovered about it all the day long, and still the vine grew, trailing its long rope-like body all over the garden, to the infinite wonder of all who looked upon it. At last a little knob of pale green showed itself in the extreme end of the vine, and gave promise of fruit. It was hailed with rapture by Mr. Hubs, and even his wife condescended to cast a favorable eye upon it, out of regard to her brother, as she said, but in reality because she was fond of melons herself, and because she had secretly resolved to invite all Division street to partake of it as soon as it should be ripe.

Hubs was constantly in a higher fever through fear that somebody would tread upon the vine, and he cautioned Bridget, on pain of instant dismissal, to be cautious how she planted her big feet near it. The young melon promised to be a mother; it grew in the space of three days to the size of an apple dumpling, and Hubs put some dry leaves under it to keep it from decaying; although a slate would have been better, as he might have found out by reading Bosc. Every precaution was taken to keep out hogs and boys and every kind of vermin.—The melon was watched over with a degree of solicitude passing belief, and it grew to a size far surpassing any melon that had been seen or read of. By the end of September, it had increased to such a size that Hubs could hardly lift it off the ground. It had begun to assume a

rich buff color, nearly as bright as a rich Havana orange, but it did not emit that rich, delightful fragrance that ripe cantelupes usually do. But Hubs was fearful that some accident might befall it if it were kept longer, and he determined to invite his employer to partake of it while he was sure of it.

A good opportunity having soon occurred, he asked Mr. Hinks to do him the favor to go home with him and partake of a remarkably fine cantelupe, which he had raised in his own garden. The mark on Mr. Hinks' cheek turned yellow, as Hubs spoke.

"By all means," replied Mr. Hinks, "but it is really a fine one, though, Hubs?" "Very," replied Hubs, who did not care to let out the whole truth, for he wished to enjoy his employer's surprise.

"Then I will go to-night," said Mr. Hinks. "But have you got no more than one, Hubs? you know that I am a coon at cantelupes."

"I know it, sir," replied Hubs, "but it is a caution. Big enough to feed the corporation."

"First rate, I dare say," said Mr. Hinks, and he winked his right eye knowingly, and smacked his lips, and the mark on his cheek glowed with a bright yellowish tinge.

"There it is, sir," exclaimed Hubs, pointing to the monster, "isn't it a whaler?" "Where? where?" said Mr. Hinks, gazing about.

"Here, sir, here," replied Hubs, as he patted the huge vegetable. "That!" ejaculated Mr. Hinks, with a very red face.

"Just try and lift it, sir," said Hubs, exultingly. "Hubs," said Mr. Hinks, seriously, while the mark on his face changed from a yellowish hue to an ashy paleness, "you impertinent rascal, are you making sport of me?"

Hubs was paralyzed at the manner of his employer, and could not speak a word. "I'll have satisfaction for this, sir," said Mr. Hinks, growing more and more indignant.

"You invite me to your house to eat a Valparaiso pumpkin, do you, sir?" "A Valparaiso pumpkin, sir?" gasped the terrified Hubs, and the truth at once flashed upon his mind. "It was all owing to my wife's brother. O, dear! and I shall have no cantelupe after all!"

Interesting Miscellany.

Women as Domestic.

No doubt a woman's best and happiest sphere is in her own family and home. In discharging the duties of daughter, sister, wife, mother, she is in her most congenial element. Presiding in the domestic circle, she is seen to the most advantage. To discharge well her household duties—to sustain well the tender relations we have named, is her brightest crown. It is her pleasure, too; for her physical and mental structure peculiarly fit her for this mode of life, and consequently her instincts strongly impel her in the same direction. It may well be doubted whether women ever find true happiness and contentment in any other sphere; or whether engagement in business, or studies, or public admiration and applause, are any substitute or compensation for it. Such has been the candid confession of some of the most brilliant and cultivated of the sex who have been known in the world of literature; and in other cases, where it has not been openly avowed, it is unconsciously acknowledged in the unmistakable murmurs of a disappointed heart.

It is all important in discussing the employments of woman, that her true relation to the other sex and to the family should be borne in mind. It is evidently an ordinance of nature that men should provide for the wants of the family by their labor; to the woman belongs the regulation of the house, the training of children in their tender years, and those thousand offices of sympathy and love which woman's nature prompts and teaches her to render, and which her hand only can pay. Woman's best employment, then, is at home; it should first be sought for there; and other occupations are to be looked for only in those cases where women find themselves without family ties that call for their time and attention, or are obliged by circumstances to earn a subsistence for themselves. Unfortunately, this latter class is quite large, and we have already frequently expressed the opinion that it is an oppressive and unduly limited in the number and nature of its occupations, and insufficiently remunerated for its labor.

Time was when the proudest lady was not above a practical knowledge of household duties, and the art of pickling, preserving, baking and brewing, was an universal accomplishment. A different mode of training females is now in vogue, and the old custom exists no longer. A very superficial knowledge of many things has displaced the lore of the housekeeper. Young ladies are educated mainly for display, and to excite the admiration. Shall we say that husband-catchers are one of the principal objects had in view by the parents? It would seem so in but too many cases, and the knowledge of music, drawing, and French, and so on, that is acquired at school, is to answer a temporary purpose, and to be forever dropped after the wedding day. The dropping of these accomplishments is not always to be complained of, for it is sometimes a merciful dispensation to the eyes and ears of all concerned; but it is a subject of condemnation that a woman's education should be conducted as if her life ended where a fashionable novel does, with matrimony. This might be excusable in the girl herself. She might even go as far as the lady who, when told that the acids she employed to whiten her teeth, would destroy them, replied, "they would last until she was married; after that she did not want teeth." But it is unpardonable in parents and teach-

ers, who ought to know better, and who ought to acquaint the girls committed to them with household affairs, and fit them for the discharge of the practical, though homely, duties of their condition and lot.

The very same evil that has affected the better classes of society has reached all others, and young girls who look forward to earning their own bread, have the greatest reluctance to engage as domestics, though very often their condition would be greatly improved by it. They will perform any amount of drudgery with the needle, sacrifice health and life in this unhealthy toil, rather than engage in wholesale housework. We have no doubt that domestics in well-regulated families are better paid, live better, and are more comfortable and happy than a large number of work-women otherwise occupied. And women who have been domestics, and are subsequently married, (young women always look forward to being married, as is right), make far better wives than those who have followed handicraft or trade for a subsistence. They introduce into the house of the husband something of the cleanliness, neatness and taste which existed in the houses of their employers, and thus contribute much to refine and elevate him. We are satisfied that few things tend more to improve the humbler class than the women of it engaging in their earlier years as domestics in the houses of the comparatively wealthy. The two classes are thus brought closely together, and the example of the one is made to bear potently on the other. The day that working-women are not taught to cook, bake, sweep, wash and iron; but are trained just as male apprentices are; will be a most unfortunate one for the world, and will introduce much wretchedness into the poor man's home. Indeed, it will be in the greatest degree demoralizing; for it is in the peace and comfort of home; that one of the strongest securities of social order, and of individual prosperity, and even of moral purity, lies.

And what is the objection to this mode of employment? None, that we know of, save a senseless pride. An opinion seems to have got abroad that there is something debasing in the service we speak of. The appellation of servant is intolerable; in New England the more polite term of "help" is pretty generally substituted for it. But this feeling is absurd. Every man who works for another is to some extent in his service. It is so with the lawyer who takes charge of a case; with a preacher, who engages to perform certain duties; with a clerk, who is regularly employed and paid, and with a mechanic, who has work furnished him.—There is nothing degrading in the relation for the favor is mutual, and the employer is often as much benefited as the employee. If the demand for labor is greater than the supply, the employer is actually under obligation to the person who works for him. Nor is there anything in the duties usually performed about a house, that a woman need consider humiliating. They might be humiliating to a man fitted for a different task; but they are humiliating to him only because he is out of his sphere. For a woman to perform them well is an honor. A woman in service ought in all cases to consider herself as performing duties not beneath the mistress of the house, if that mistress had the health and time and inclination to do them. There is nothing degrading in preparing food for the table, in taking care of children, in watching a sick bed, in making tidy an apartment. And as for the great drawback, which servants so much complain of, a cross mistress, in a great number of cases it is purely imaginary. Some mistresses are bad ones, no doubt. Yet the great majority of people are undoubtedly disposed to treat their servants well, and make them comfortable. If there are inseparable annoyances arising from the situation, why, this is partaken of in common with all other employments.

We are persuaded that very many young girls could not do better than to qualify themselves, by pains and attention, to perform all manner of housework with a ready hand; and if they really come to have taste and skill, and are industrious and obliging, they need never want comfortable homes and kind employers.—The North American.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

The regret men have for the time they have ill-spent, does not always induce them to spend what remains better.

CHILDHOOD'S TEARS.—There is sometimes a moral necessity for the correction of children, notwithstanding the pain which a profusion of their tears will often give us. The great rule is, never to correct in anger, but the firmness which is founded on the deliberation of reason. The sorrows of children, however, are exceedingly transient, and have often been made the subject of poetical remark, but in no instance with more beauty than the following simile by Sir W. Scott:

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows, Is like the dew-drop on the rose; When next the summer breeze comes by, And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

ERASONS.—The little that I have seen of the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take a history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represented to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy the fervent inquiries of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of remorse; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world; that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voice within; health gone; I would fain have the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—Longfellow.

THE DEAD CHILD.—Few things appear so beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amid the cold terrors of death. Fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow. There is death in its sublimity and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow, ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearning of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the mother and smile—all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence; for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of an all-wise Father; and of such we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.

Time is the most precious and yet the most brittle jewel we have. It is what every man bids largely for, when he wants it, but squanders it away when he gets it.