

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance... Six months... Three months... A failure to notify...

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less... One square... Two squares... Three squares... Over three weeks...

Six lines or less... One square... Two squares... Three squares... Four squares... Half a column... One column... Professional and Business Cards...

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, at D. P. GWIN'S.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS... Black and Fancy Silks... Plain and Fancy Dress Gowns... Also, a large lot of Dress Trimmings...

The best assortment of Collars and Under-sleeves in town... Also, a fine assortment of Spring Shawls, Silk and Braze Mantillas...

Also, Molekin, Fur, Wool and Summer Hats of the latest styles... Fish & Salt, and all goods usually kept in a country store...

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices... HUNTINGDON, APRIL 29, 1857.

WAR IN KANSAS! ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY... have the above foundry in full blast, and are now casting...

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE... Letters of Administration have been granted to me of the Estate of ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN...

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED... An intelligent farmer of Cumberland county, N.J., owns up his experience...

CASSELL'S MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY... Rev. A. S. HANK, A. M., Principal, assisted by competent teachers...

RIGHT! Great Bargains to the Trade... The proprietors respectfully solicit their Friends and the Public in general...

ESTATE OF JOHN GEO. MOSSER... All persons interested are hereby notified that Letters Testamentary have been granted...

OLD MOSE AT HOME! If you don't believe it, call at his new store in Market Square...

PREMIUM AWARDED TO H. T. STAINS... of Scottsville, Huntington county, Pa., for the best specimen of marble work...

COME AGAIN... THE LATEST AND BEST! did stock of... ROOTS & SIZES, of the best and latest styles...

EXECUTORS NOTICE... (ESTATE OF JOHN MCALHAN, DECD.) All persons interested are hereby notified...

GRINDSTONES on friction rollers and patent hangings, for sale by JAS. A. BROWN & CO.

DR. SANFORD'S Invigorator or Liver Remedy, can be had at the cheap Drug Store of HENRY McMANIGILL.

FOR SALE... Three Carts and Gears. CHEAP. Apply to FRED. SCHNEIDER, Sr., Huntington township.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 27, 1857.

NO. 49.

Select Poetry.

THE UNBROKEN SLUMBER.

Yes, I shall rest! Some coming day, When blossoms in the wind are dancing...

Oh, sleep!—it matters not—may have The storms and blasts of winter weather...

I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep As ever greeted a child reposing...

Asleep! how deep will be that rest, That when it past the earth's unrest...

Oh, deep repose! Oh, slumber blest! Oh, Night of peace! No storm, no sorrow...

Sleep on, though just above my head, Sleep on and misery's haggard fiend!

Arms above my rest may tramp— 'Twill not disturb one rigid muscle!

And yet, methinks, if steps of those I'd known and loved on earth were round me...

Well, be it so! Since I should yearn, Anxiously with their appearing...

Then mourn not, friends, when you may lay The cloths of earth above my ashes!

Think that with me the strife is o'er, Life's stormy, struggling battle ended!

MY OLD WIFE AND I. BY PUTNAM.

She is sitting close beside me in the old arm-chair, mate to my own...

Sometimes, when the winter-fire burns low, and coals glow blood-red in the brazier...

"We shall go soon, my dear, Jack," says the tranquil voice; and I answer hopefully...

"Life is like the billowy ocean," I say to the mild face and the dim eyes, "covered with countless barks..."

"The pilot will come to us, Jack, ere many moons," says the old wife, cheerfully...

"I thank him, also, deep in my heart of hearts, that he gave me the unappropriated loveliness of Ruth Seymour..."

Now, though ago has sown a silver harvest among the brown girl-locks, and made wrinkles where once smile played-bee-poop...

lived sparingly, that the noble children God gave us, might climb over the rugged heights more easily.

"We shall yet reap bountifully, Jack," said Ruth—and I believed her.

"Mother?"—I always call her "mother," when I speak of her children...

There is Paul, too, the artist and poet—beloved by the noble and great. He came, last summer, with the odor of laurels about him...

For our son in the city, the ever hurrying city of New York, I think Ruth has a warmer place in her heart...

When he comes home to the roof-tree, full of cares and business, talking earnestly with Edward, Sara's husband...

When the woman is injured, or thinks she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex...

The passage unfortunately was long, and the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much that the passengers began to think him deranged...

"No, at her father's house," "My dear fellow—I—I—yes—no—yes, I will have it. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at 11 o'clock?"

his day-book and ledger, I doubt not, with the unuttered wish that he might step across that narrow sea as easily as he can cross the busy streets.

Ruth and I have a whole troop of lovely and much loved grand children, who she persists in spoiling, and whom I persist in bringing up as they should be brought up.

But children are children, and I have two great a memory not to know that plums and candies are so sweet to small lips.

Who, then, like Ruth and I, can feed small lips and dandle baby limbs? Who, though her hands have grown unsteady and weak, can fold the tiny form in a drowsy robe like my dear old wife?

It is singular what shifts love will make to accomplish its objects. Both gates and bars are of little avail against Cupid's pick-lock...

When the woman is injured, or thinks she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex "to bite off her own nose," as the saying is, to inflame pain, and be revenged on the offending object.

The passage unfortunately was long, and the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much that the passengers began to think him deranged or else a fugitive escaping from justice.

"My dear fellow, you are in time to see the wedding. Miss—, your old sweetheart, is to be married this morning at eleven o'clock. To tell you the truth, I don't believe there is much love about it, and the girl really thinks more of one hair of your head than the fortunate bridegroom's whole body.

"God Heaven! Where is she to be married—in church?" "No, at her father's house."

"My dear fellow—I—I—yes—no—yes, I will have it. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at 11 o'clock?"

"Fill up a subpoena with the bridegroom's name. Don't stop to ask any questions. It matters not whether he knows anything about the parties in the suit. By Heaven's! Julia shall be mine!"

His friend saw the object at once, and promised to carry on the matter. The subpoena was made out and placed in the hands of a clerk to serve on the unsuspecting bridegroom...

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom. The guests were staring at each other—the priest began to grow impatient—and the bride that was to be, looked pale and agitated, when a carriage drove up and the bell rung. "There he is! There he is!" murmured many voices.

A gentleman did enter, whose appearance created almost as much astonishment as that of Edgar Ravenswood, in the Hall of Ashton

Castle, at the marriage of Lucy Ashton, in Scott's "Brige of Lammermoor." The lady fainted; playful explanations ensued between the parents and the lover, and the result was that, in ten minutes after, the two real lovers were joined in the sacred bond of matrimony, much to the satisfaction of all.

The bridegroom that was-to-have-been, afterwards made his appearance puffing and blowing. What he said and what he did, on beholding his rival, and being made acquainted with the condition of affairs, was really tragic-comical.

The story of the subpoena shortly afterwards leaked out, and has created so much amusement, that the poor fellow declares he will sue the lawyer for ten thousand dollars damages in subpoenaing him as a witness in a case of which he knew nothing, and by which he lost a wife. It will be a novel suit indeed, if he should do so.—New York Paper.

It is a miserable thing to be rich! We aver it not from experience, but from observation. "Solomon Southwick, the veteran Rhode Island editor, once published a poem, entitled the "Pleasures of Poverty," and, although nobody read more than the first page, it was the best thing that Solomon—and he really was a man of genius—ever did.

We pity a rich man—and why? Because he is like the unlucky fellow who used to adorn the first page of all old-fashioned Almanacs. Aries, the ram is eternally jumping over his head, ready to butt out his brains for the sake of getting at his purse.—Taurus, the bull, is poring him with horns, to make him bleed freely.—Gemini, the twins, generally fall to the lot of the poor man, so we will pass over them.

Leo is fastened on his breast in the shape of needy relations. Leo is couchant before him watching the opportunity to prey upon his possessions. Virgo is laying snares for his heart. Libra is weighing his losses. Sagittarius transfixes him with the arrows of envy. Capricornus is bearding him with the spirit of rivalry. Aquarius (changing the sex) is keeping him in a whirlpool of routs, parties and balls, to please a dashing wife and money-wasting daughters. And to sum up his miseries the slippery fishes render his footing unstable, and his standing uncertain—for they are neither more nor less than the changes and chances of life. Who so hard-hearted as not to pity the rich man?

Who is dogged in the streets, and knocked down at midnight? Whose house is broken into by robbers? The rich man's. Who has his pocket cut out, and his coat spoiled in a crowd? The rich man. Who is in doubt whether the people are not laughing at him in their sleeves, when they are eating his dinner? The rich man. Who adds to his trouble by every stone he adds to his house? The rich man—for the higher he ascends, the colder is the atmosphere. A bank breaks, and who suffers? The rich stockholder and depositor. War blows his horn, who trembles? Death approaches, and who fears to look him in the face? Why, the rich man, and yet, all the world envies the rich. Depend upon it, the length of your face will always be proportioned to the length of your purse.

There is a false necessity with which we continually surround ourselves—a restraint of conventional forms. Under this influence, men and women check their best impulses, and suppress their highest thoughts. Each longs for a free communication with other souls, but dares not give utterance to his yearnings. What hindlers? The fear of what Mrs. Somebody will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anatomy of some eye; or the fashion clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond, and walk onward unshackled.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We wish to enjoy ourselves and take away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to ride or walk, he dares not, lest it should seem impolite to the guests. So they remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser wisdom.

If a visitor arrives, they say, I am very busy to-day; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the field; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to read to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here, do as you please.

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are encountered in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms, in mirthful or serious conversation. No man is required to speak to his host, either on entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there, on the side tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so great a part of American entertainment, is a light and almost unnoticed incident at these festivals of intellect and taste.—Mrs. Child.

Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia, is now engaged in writing a memoir of the late Dr. Elisha Kent Kane.

Object and Effects of Irrigation. The purpose of irrigation is not only moistening, as many farmers may think, but chiefly manuring by means of irrigation; dam up a little stream, and make a small ditch along the higher part of a piece of land, so as to cause the water to overflow; in the immediate vicinity of the ditch the grass will grow a great deal longer and faster than at some distance from the ditch, where the moistening part had been executed to the same degree as above, showing that the water had left its manure at the first contact with the surface of the ground. In laying out the ditches for irrigation, make many ditches, instead of a single one. There is no loss even by the greatest number of ditches, provided they are put in the right place. The distribution of water, and the different modes of arranging the land for irrigation and drainage, depend on the shape of the surface of the ground, &c., and require a very firm judgment and at least some knowledge of leveling and surveying.—The rain water has no manuring effect on the soil; but its great efficacy is its dissolving quality, by which it makes the manure fit for feeding the vegetables. The water of running streams, led on the land for irrigation, fulfills two important conditions, namely, that of yielding manure, and that of dissolving the manure, and is therefore superior to rain water for irrigation. Some have contended that rain water contains a little ammonia, and that it therefore possesses fertilising properties; but the most refined analysis has failed to prove this.

Good Manners. Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth was never gentle and kind, but always harsh, morose and forbidding. Surely good manners and a good conscience are no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innocence, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are indeed some times found together in the same person, but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill manners to be a guarantee of probity of character; or suspects a stranger to be a rascal, because he has the manners of a gentleman. Some persons object to politeness, that its language is unmeaning and false. But this is easily answered. A lie is not looked up in a phrase, but must exist, if at all in the mind of the speaker. In the ordinary compliments of civilized life, there is no intention to deceive, and consequently no falsehood. Polite language is pleasant to the ear, and something to the heart, while rough words are just the reverse; and if not the product of ill-temper are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, that can be conveyed in civil speech while the most malignant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish market.

A Great Gift. Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his finger on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God; he bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; draws the curtain of darkness, he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow, and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; but still you see, and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain.—Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physician on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And who has a mercy it is that it belongs to all.—God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

Love to Christ. Not only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light—the heart of man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illumine it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; it is included in the daily question—How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must conclude, since he, in truth, requires of us an affection for his own person such as no one else ever claimed. O, thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how couldst thou the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love? Since I have believed in the word, all my desire has been to love thee. I will not cease to love thee, until thou art dearer to me than father, mother and brother! If they deny thee, if they revile thee; what is so dreadful as to see one's father and mother reviled at our side! but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall thy reproaches, thy wrongs go to my heart.—Tholuck.

A SENSIBLE FATHER.—The Sunday Atlas says a gentleman of great wealth in New York, but who has never cared to mingle much in fashionable society, recently settled \$15,000 a year on a daughter who had married to his satisfaction. In speaking on the subject to a friend the other day, he was willing to do the same by his other daughters; on one condition—that they married respectable, upright and industrious young men.—He did not care how poor they were if they were only of this description, and their character would bear investigation.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason, or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force a man into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—John Wesley.

There are about 3,000 newspapers in the United States which circulate annually about 500,000,000 copies. Between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars are expended in their publication; and if the whole issue for one year be estimated, it would cover a surface of 100 square miles, or form a belt 30 feet wide around the earth.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge from the beauty of their covering.