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Select Poetry.

KITTEN PROLOG.

Kitten, kitten, two months old,
Lying there so round and snug,
Curl'd up in the sun,
Of the warm hearth rug.

Select Story.

LILLIA ASHTON.

THE BEAUTIFUL POETESS.
BY FANNIE.
CHAPTER I.
Toward the close of a beautiful afternoon in summer, a young gentleman was slowly riding along through the little village of N.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 10, 1857.

NO. 51.

"How long before I am going to have you for a sister?"
"Never, dear Nell, never. I told your brother so this morning. I can never love him as a wife."

"I shall never forgive you dear Lillia," said Nell, as she left the house, "for you know I always meant you should be my sister."

Long after Nell left, Lillia remained in the same position, apparently in deep thought, until she heard her mother calling her.

With the reader's permission, we will now describe the personal appearance of Charles Clifford, he was tall and well proportioned, a high and intelligent forehead, shaded by dark, glossy hair, black eyes, that seemed to beam with the intelligence of the soul within;

Thus was Lillia Ashton forming the acquaintance of a gentleman who could appreciate a nature so good and pure as was hers.

Young Clifford's visits became more and more frequent, until his "ad cultivation of mind and gentlemanly character won the confidence of Lillia, who in trusting innocence admitted him to intimate friendship in her feelings.

On pleasant afternoon they had taken their accustomed walk in the forest, when Mrs. Ashton saw them arm in arm, walking slowly to the house, in a few moments they entered, Lillia seating herself in the door, while Charles threw himself at the feet of her mother, and declared his love for Lillia.

"Mr. Clifford," said Mrs. Ashton, "do you think you seriously love my daughter?"
"Yes," he answered, "I know I love her true and sincerely, and I know that love is returned, for I had it from Lillia's own lips, and now we only await your sanction, to be the happiest of beings."

"Well," said Mrs. Ashton, while a tear glistened on her cheek, "may the blessings of heaven rest upon you both, my children, and may you always live in the smiles of each other's love."

While her mother was speaking, Lillia had knelt with Charles at her feet, and there received that fond mother's blessing, and the joy that filled their loving hearts, none but the experienced can know.

Thus they lived on, happy in the love they bore for each other, until business of importance called him to the city, which would detain him some weeks.

The time having arrived, Charles bid adieu to the one he loved most on earth, and promised to write her weekly. Thus every week he brought Lillia a kind and affectionate letter from Charles. They were not love-letters, sentimental effusions; but well written and interesting letters, through which a tender and affectionate spirit ran like a silver thread, linking their various themes in consonance together.

In these letters the engagement between them was alluded to as a matter to which their hearts had set the seal.

CHAPTER III.
One beautiful morning while Lillia was busy with her plants, to which she paid great care and attention, Nell Howard came reading the journal of N. in her hand, and exclaimed,

"I have found you out at last."
"Found out what?" asked Lillia.
"Who is the author of all this beautiful poetry, that signs her name Nina?"

A red flush stole over Lillia's fair brow for an instant, but soon gaining her usual composure, she asked Nell who she thought it was.

"Why, I think it is you, dear Lillia."
So Lillia was obliged to own what she thought a secret, at last.

it was Charles Clifford whom Lillia had met there. Now she no longer wondered why she had so much admired the poetry, for every word seemed to breathe of Charles, and his love to her.

CHAPTER IV.
We will now leave them for the space of five years. The old house, the house of Lillia's childhood, has been torn down, and in its place stands a neat little cottage built after the modern style, with smoothed graveled walks and beautiful vine trellised arbors.

By the window sits a lovely female holding in her arms a sweet little rosy-cheeked girl of about one summer, while at the back of her chair stands a beautiful boy of some three years, his hand was on his mother's comb, and we hear him say, "may I, mamma?" but before she had time to answer, the comb was thrown to the other side of the room.

Never forget the holy love
It hath been thine to keep,
Unmindful amid all cares and toils,
The good, the pure, the deep,
The trusting love of early youth,
Still fair in its own changeless truth.

Interesting Miscellany.
To Wives.
The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?"

1. Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the world, a home not for his person only but for his heart.

2. Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree, supported by the wife.

3. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you are a woman of good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality.

4. Cultivate and exhibit with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness, and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face; and impart charms where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner, is chilling and repulsive to his feelings; he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

5. In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinion of others on this subject is of but very little consequence, if he approves.

6. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "certain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a retreat from the vexations of the world, a shelter sacred to peace and affection.

7. Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

8. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female, and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife.

9. Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor—let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or talents. Do you seek for fame at home, let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God.

"John," said a dotting parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"
"I don't know, ma," replied the young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

Bayard Taylor's Opinion of Feminine Virtue in the Frigid Zone.
Bayard Taylor, writing from Jozengri, in the Frigid Zone, on the 6th of January, tells us of a nurse named Fredrica, who attended to his case when suffering the horrors of toothache, and makes some remarks on woman-kind in general, in the paragraph annexed.

This good-hearted girl was a genuine specimen of the Northern Swedish female. Of medium height, plump, but not stout, with a rather slender waist and expansive hips, and a foot which stepped firmly and nimbly at the same time, she was as cheerful a body as one would wish to see. Her hair was of that silky blonde so common in Sweden; her eyes a clear, pale blue, her nose straight and well formed, her cheek of the delicate pink of a wild rose leaf, and her teeth so white, regular and perfect that I am sure she would make her fortune in America.

Always cheerful, kind and active, she had, nevertheless, a hard life of it; she was alike cook, chambermaid and hostler, and had a cross mistress to boot. She made our fires in the morning darkness and brought us our early coffee while we yet lay in our bed, in accordance with the luxurious habits of the Arctic zone. Then, until the last drunken guest was silent, toward midnight, there was no respite from labor. Although suffering from a distressing cough, she had the odd door as well as the in door duties to discharge, and we saw her in a sheepskin jacket, harnessing horses, in a temperature 30° below zero. The reward of such a service was possibly about eight American dollars a year. When, on leaving, I gave her about as much as one of our hotel servants would give for answering a question, the poor girl was overwhelmed with gratitude, and even the stern landlady was so impressed by my generosity that she insisted on lending us a sheepskin for our feet, saying we were "good men."

There is something exceedingly primitive and unsophisticated in the manners of these Northern people—a straightforward honesty, which takes the honesty of others for granted—a latent kindness and good will which may at first be overlooked, because it is not demonstrative, and a total unconsciousness of what is called, in highly cultivated circles, "propriety." The freedom of manners which, in some countries, might denote luxury of morals, is here the evident stamp of their purity.

The thought has often occurred to me, which is the most truly pure and virginal nature, the fastidious American girl, who blushes at the sight of a pair of boots outside a gentleman's bedroom door, and who requires that certain unoffending parts of the body and articles of clothing should be designated by delicately circumlocutory terms, or the simple-minded Swedish woman, who comes into her room with coffee, and makes our fires while we get up and dress, coming and going during all the various stages of the toilet, with the frankest unconsciousness of impropriety? This is modesty in its healthy and natural development, not in those morbid forms which suggest an imagination ever on the alert for prurient images. Nothing has confirmed my impression of the virtue of Northern Sweden more than the fact that I have rarely felt more respect for women or more faith in the inherent purity of her nature.

The Dead.
How seldom do we think of the dead!—Although we sit around the same hearth where they once sat; and read from the same volumes they so loved to peruse, yet we do not think of them. Oh, how the heart throbs with wild and uncontrollable emotion as we stand beside the dying friend we dearly loved! We wildly strive, but all in vain, to prolong the precious life, we follow in the deepest anguish down the dark flowing river; the spirit of the loved one passes onward alone; and we are left to linger on the shores of time. We think, as we behold the inanimate corpse consigned to the cold, damp grave, and hear the damp earth rattle over it, we will never forget the life scenes of the departed—that their memory will always remain fresh in our hearts, and almost wonder that the busy multitude can move so briskly around us. But the sun shines brightly as ever on the new made sared to peace and affection.

How indecorous, offensive, and sinful it is for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say, "I will not have it so. It shall be as I like?" But I trust the number of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

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AN EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.—One of our brother editors has been traveling some, and relates how the barber made a dead head of him:
"While on board a steamer the fuzz grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber shop to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first rate style, and we pulled out a dime and proffered it to him, as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity.
'I understand,' said he, 'dat you is an editor?'"

"Well, what of it?" said we.
"Ye never charge editors nuffin!"
"Bat, my weelly friend," we continued, "there are a good many editors traveling now-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh! I never mind," remarked the barber, "we make it up off do gentlemen!"

There is something like enchantment in the very sound of the word youth, and the calmest heart, at every season of life, beats in double time to it.—Lauder.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

Scandal Mongers.
In every community there is a certain class of people whose only object in life seems to be, to defame and injure those around them. Generally persons of small mind and low origin, they seek to drag others down, because their own merits will not suffice to give them a creditable position in society. It has been our lot to meet with several of this class and we have made their frailty a study; but we confess no philosophy will account for all their caprices. One person, for instance, goes back into the past and resurrects all the old stories of family short-comings, dissensions, of "what was once said," and a sad array is thrown into the teeth of some excellent man or woman, as old sins, which they are expected to bear. In consequence, the whole neighborhood is busy with these old, and most usually false tales of scandal and gossip, and the tale-bearer has the satisfaction of seeing really worthy people in much trouble and pain from the unexpected imputations made against them. But here is the mystery; that very tale-bearer has a past of the most unenviable repute—her family were of the most "scaly" kind of people, and lived such a life as does not look well in print; and why a person of such descent should indirectly excite attention to her own affairs and her not forgotten past, by her revival of ancient scandal, it strikes us, puzzling to tell. It has served to quicken our suspicions, that all scandal mongers have a family scotch-pan not particularly pure; and we have come to the conclusion that he or she whose tongue is busy with repetitions and family happiness, is just the person whose past ought to be shrouded in darkness. If a decent respect for the feelings of the living and the dead will not prevent the exhumation of that which time has buried and grown over with flowers, let the busy body think she is greatly loved in the estimation of worthy people, and thus be silent from fear.

The Love of Smut.
The love of smut seems to be among the primal instincts of the human heart. It takes a good deal of the refinements of cultivation to eradicate the original proclivity for filth which belongs to the animal basis of man. What a philanthropist calls "passions," are intuitively prone to obscene indulgence; and there is a universal fondness for dirty stories, salacious tales and filthy reports of crime and indecencies, which is ever a fortune to cater for. The most sternly virtuous will devour "on the sly," the most disgusting details of a Kallolch trial that ever disgraced the dirtiest sheet of humanity. The thought has often occurred to me, which is the most truly pure and virginal nature, the fastidious American girl, who blushes at the sight of a pair of boots outside a gentleman's bedroom door, and who requires that certain unoffending parts of the body and articles of clothing should be designated by delicately circumlocutory terms, or the simple-minded Swedish woman, who comes into her room with coffee, and makes our fires while we get up and dress, coming and going during all the various stages of the toilet, with the frankest unconsciousness of impropriety? This is modesty in its healthy and natural development, not in those morbid forms which suggest an imagination ever on the alert for prurient images. Nothing has confirmed my impression of the virtue of Northern Sweden more than the fact that I have rarely felt more respect for women or more faith in the inherent purity of her nature.

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Home Opera.

Since the night, when Ike went to the opera, he has been (as Mrs. Pomeroy says) as crazy as a bed-bug; and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become non-pompus mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operatics. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike renched over his cup, and, in a soft tone, he sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P,
Help me to a cup of tea?
The old lady looked at him with surprise; his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued, in a more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating;
I am anxious to be drinking,
So, pour out, as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstracted, took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last, he sang again:

"What do you mean, my poor boy?" said Mrs. Partridge, tenderly.

All right, steady—never clearer,
I never loved a breakfast dinner,
I'm not bound by witch or wizard,
So do not fret your precious gizzard."

"But, Isaac," persisted the dame: Ike struck his left hand upon the table, swung his knife aloft in his right, and looking at a plate upon the table, broke forth:

What form is that to me appearing?
Is it macabre or horring?
Let me dash upon it, quick,
Or again that fish salt kick—
Notes scold, though scarce as eggs—
Charge upon them, Isaac—charge!

The Destiny of Kansas.
After all the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of the Black Republican politicians over the fate of bleeding Kansas, they are now terribly exercised by the fear that it will become a free State. Gen. Pomeroy, a leading Free State man, is now on a visit to Boston, and the Boston Traveller states that he declares the Free State people will be successful, perhaps in the Constitutional Convention, but certainly in the election of a Legislature in the fall. The famous pro-slavery paper, the Squatter Sovereign, has been purchased and will hereafter be conducted by Free State parties, and the pro-slavery party, (according to Gen. Pomeroy), "are quite disposed to compromise with a Constitution saying nothing for or against slavery."

Although the Territory is progressing so peaceably and so rapidly that the shriekers are quite alarmed. They are like the hyriens who live in districts "distressingly healthy." Their last card is to persuade the people of Kansas to stay away from the polls at the Constitutional election, and to leave the whole election in the hands of the pro-slavery men. But it is doubtful whether even this project will succeed. The idea of urging the people of every Northern State of the Union to cast all their ballots with the single purpose of making Kansas a free State, is a neglect of all questions which directly affect them, yet at the same time persuading the people of Kansas, who, above all others, are most deeply interested in this question, not to vote at all upon it, is certainly a very sublime conception, but we doubt whether any considerable body of voters either of the Territory of Kansas, or in any of the Northern States can be duped by it.

The true solution of the whole problem is to be found in the Democratic policy of "Popular Sovereignty," and to this complexion will the whole subject inevitably come at last. The people of Kansas will settle their institutions and local laws by their own votes, and the people of the Northern States will learn to decide their elections with reference to the issues which directly affect their individual welfare, and all the Black Republican humbug about Kansas will speedily be numbered among the follies of the past.—Pennsylvania.

JENNY LIND COMING TO AMERICA.—A correspondent of the Christian Enquirer, writing from Vienna, says:

"While in Dresden we had the delightful pleasure of seeing Jenny Lind often, in her domestic capacity of wife and mother, and it was a great source of satisfaction to me to find her in the most interesting relations of life as happy as it was possible to imagine.—She has a fine boy three and a half years old. He is very intelligent and touching as ever, if anything more so; and I am glad to be able to say that we have at least a chance of hearing her again in the United States, for she will probably settle down in either the United States or England, within six months; and although I think that she would prefer the latter country, I am almost sure that she would, in such case, visit us, as she has a great desire to revisit America, not for the sake of making money, but because she likes the country and the people. Still, if once there, she will sing, 'for she must be singing.'"

THE WOLF AND THE KID.—A very stupid wolf—they are not all so—found a stray kid, "Little friend," said the rapacious animal, "I have met you very seasonably; you shall make me a delightful supper, for I have neither breakfast nor dinner to-day." "If it must be so," said the kid, "grant me at least one small favor. I have heard say that you are a perfect musician; give me, I pray thee, a song before I die." The foolish wolf agreed to the request, but in attempting to sing he began to howl in a most horrid manner, which immediately drew the shepherd with his dogs to the spot, and he was obliged to take flight with all speed. "Very well," said he to himself as he ran away, "this will teach me a good lesson; I see now that I had better confine myself to the trade of a butcher, instead of imitating a musician."

A QUEER DEFINITION.—A genuine joke is seldom out of place; and on the contrary, it is ever welcome, and we flatter ourselves that we have found one worthy of record. We have a dear, good, naturally amiable, who makes us a short visit every few months—and it is long or too short. In business their lawyer gives wrong advice, and charges too much for it; and the printers—bless the craft, come in for a good share of their spleen. This one's editorials are too lively, that one's too dull and prosy; this is perhaps in the wrong place, and there's a word the "devil" has misapprehended. Then the climate is bad—the weather is too hot or too cold and things are wrong generally and out of "gear" particularly. Such persons had better wait for a chance in their mode of existence, when probably the weather will be really warm and dry.—American Citizen.