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Select Poetry.

I AM NOT HAPPY.

You think I have a happy heart
Because a smile I wear,
But none can tell the bitter grief
That's daily gnawing there.
O! once I had a happy home,
And friends and parents dear;
But now they all are passed away,
And left me wandering here.
But yet I would not wish them back,
In this long course of life;
But still I would live on the earth,
And rise to meet them there.
I, too, like them, am passing on,
Death soon will seal my fate;
Nor do I care how soon he comes,
Nor mourn he stays so late.
Nor do I heed, though frowning wealth
May scorn my form to see,
Where they are soon I hope to rise,
Where I am they must be.
But I will strive my talents here
To improve as God has given,
That I may rise last above,
To share the joys of Heaven.

THE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

My hope was all in thee,
My own, my angel boy,
I deemed not, that sickness,
Would thy fair form destroy.
Soon paleness ery thy brow
On the sweet lips the glow
Lay withered, pale, and dead.
Oppressed with woes untold,
To see these fading there,
My heart grew chill and cold,
It yielded to despair.
And thou art gone, my child,
Thee art no more below,
There o'er I thought so mild
Are closed on all below.
Thou wast the only one
Left to my care and love,
And now even that art gone—
Thy spirit dwells above.

J. M. D.

The Historian.

HISTORICAL EXTRACTS.

DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR.

The morning of the Ides of March, the day on which the conspiracy was to be executed, arrived, and there was yet no suspicion. The conspirators had already been together at the house of one of the pretors. Cassius was to present his son that morning to the people, with the ceremony usual in assuming the habit of manhood; and he was upon this account, to be attended by his friends into the place of assembly. He was afterwards, together with Brutus in their capacity of magistrate, employed as usual, in giving judgment on the causes that were brought before them. As they sat in the praetor's chair, they received intimation that Caesar, having been disposed over night, was not to be abroad; and that he had commissioned Antony, in his name, to adjourn the senate to another day. Upon this report, they suspected a discovery; and while they were deliberating what should be done, Popillius Laenas, a senator whom they had not entrusted with their design, whispered them as he passed, "I pray that God may prosper what you have in view. Above all things dispatch." Their suspicions of a discovery being thus still further confirmed, the intention soon after appeared to be public. An acquaintance, told Cassa, "You have concealed this business from me, but Brutus told me of it." They were struck with surprise; but Brutus presently recollecting that he had mentioned to this person, no more than Casca's intention of standing for needle, and that the words which he spoke probably referred only to that business; they accordingly determined to wait the issue of these alarms.

In the meantime Caesar, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the senate in his litter. Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret to impart. He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained till Caesar's return. Others, probably, had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Caesar had a billet to this effect, given to him as he passed in the streets; he was entreated by the person who gave it instantly to read it, and he endeavored to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications; and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Caesar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcius, in the same moments, being in great agitation, exposed himself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she despatched without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirit at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the senate with this account. He was much affected, but kept his place. Popillius Laenas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Caesar, as he lighted from his carriage. This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that he would be better to die by their own hands than to fall in the hands of their enemy. But they saw of a sudden the countenance of Laenas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Caesar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cesar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Num-

bers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretense of business, had taken Antony at the side of the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who, with others of the conspirators, met Caesar in the portico, presented him a petition in favor of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Caesar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe, as if to impress the entreaty. *Nay*, said Caesar, *this is violence.* While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike. Cimber aimed the first blow. Caesar started from his place, in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Casca with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown and fell without any further struggle. It was observed, in the superstition of the times, that in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the greatest abilities to subdue his fellow-citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honor to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell in the height of his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation; a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear in trifling with the feelings of a free people, and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by insuring it.

When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out, that there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them, and was proceeding to state the motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the senate in the train of Caesar, hisitors, and Sextus, the youngest of his sons, with some other friends, remained upon deck, sufficiently humbled by the preceding strokes of fortune, (defeat at Pharsalia,) anxious for the future, and trembling under the expectations of a scene which was acting before them. Soon after the large had left the ship, Pompey looking behind him, observed among the Egyptian soldiers a person whose countenance he recollects, and said to him—"Surely, fellow soldier, you and I have served somewhere together." While he turned to speak these words, Achillas beckoned to the other soldiers, who, understanding to put the Roman general to death, struck him with their swords. Pompey was so much prepared for this event, that he perceived the whole of his situation at once, and sunk without making any struggle, or uttering one word. This was done in the presence of the king of Egypt and of his army, who were ranged on a kind of amphitheatre, formed by the shore. The vessel in which the unhappy Cornelia, with her family, was left, and the little squadron which attended it, as if they had received a signal to depart, cut their cables and fled.

Thus died Pompey, who, for about thirty years, enjoyed the reputation of the first captain of the age. The title of great, originally no more than a casual expression of regard from Sylla, continued, in the manner of the Romans, to give him as a mark of esteem, and a name of distinction. He attained to more consideration, and enjoyed it longer than any Roman citizen; and was supplanted at last, because for many years of his life, he thought himself too high to be rivalled, and too secure to be shaken in his place. His last defeat, and the total ruin which ensued upon it, was the consequence of an unwise confidence, which left him altogether unprepared for the first untoward event. The impression of his character, even after that event, was still so strong in the minds of his enemies, that Caesar overlooked all the other remains of the vanquished party to pursue their leader.

DEATH OF CASSIUS.

Cassius after the rout of his division, with a few who had adhered to him, had haled on an eminence, and sent Titinius to the right, with orders to learn the particulars of the day on that side. This officer, while yet in sight, was met by a party of horsemen emerging from the clouds of dust on the plain. This party had been sent by Brutus to learn the situation of his friends on the left: but Cassius supposing them to be enemies, and believing that Titinius, whom he saw surrounded by them, was taken, he instantly, with the precipitant despair, which, on other occasions, had proved so fatal to the cause of the republic, presented his breast to a slave to whom he had allotted, in case of any urgent extremity, the office of putting an end to his life. Titinius, upon his return, imputing this fatal calamity to his own neglect in not trying sooner to undeceive his general by proper signals, killed himself, and fell upon the body of his friend. Brutus soon after arrived at the same place, and seeing the body of Cassius, shed tears of vexation and sorrow over the effects of an action so rash and precipitate, and which deprived the republic and himself, in this extremity, of so able and so necessary a support. This, he said, is the last of the romance.

DEATH OF BRUTUS.

As, from the signal now made, it appeared to his frantic imagination some degree of revenge; but the fear of being discovered before he could execute his purpose, the prospect of the tortures and indignities he was likely to suffer, deterred him from the design; and being unable to take any resolution whatever, he committed himself to his attendants, who doubted whether the lines could be defended until they could reach them, or even if they should be maintained so long, whether they could furnish any safe retreat. While they reasoned in this manner, one of their number who went to the brook, returned with the alarm that the enemy were upon the opposite bank; and saying, with some agitation, "We must fly," "Yes," replied Brutus, "but with our hands, not with our feet." He was then said to have repeated, from some poet, a tragic exclamation in the character of Hercules: "O Virtue! I thought thee a substance, but find thee no more than an empty name, or the slave of Fortune." The vulgar in their traditions, willingly lend their own thoughts to eminent men in distress; those of Brutus are expressed in his letter to Atticus: "I have done my part, and wait for the issue, in which death or freedom is to follow." If he had ever thought that a mere honorable

intention, was to insure him success, it is not surprising he was not sooner undeceived. Being now to end his life, and taking his leave of the company then present, one by one, he said aloud, "That he was happy in never having been betrayed by any one he had trusted as a friend." Some of them, to whom he afterwards whispered apart were observed to burst into tears; and it appeared that he requested their assistance in killing himself; for he soon after executed this purpose, in company with one Strato and some others, whom he had taken aside.

when it served to ingratiate them with those in power.

This officer, with his party, finding the gates of the court and the passages of the villa shut, burst them open; but missing the person they sought for, and suspecting he must have taken his flight again to the sea, they pursued through an avenue that led to the shore, and came in sight of Cicero's litter, before he had left the walks of his own garden.

On the appearance of a military party, Achillas, with a few of his attendants, came on board with a small boat, delivered a message from Ptolemy, inviting Pompey to land. In the meantime, some Egyptian galley, with an intention to secure him, drew near to his ship; and the whole army with the King at their head, were drawn out on the shore to receive him. The size of the boat, and the appearance of the equipage which came on this errand, seemed disproportioned to the rank of Pompey; and Achillas made an apology, alleging that deeper vessels could not go near enough to land him on that shallow part of the coast. Pompey's friends endeavored to dissuade him from accepting of an invitation so improperly delivered; but he answered by quoting two lines from Sophocles, which implies, that whoever visits a king, though he arrive a free man, must become his slave. Two of his servants went before him into the boat to receive their master; and with this attendance he put off from the ship.

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To feel that when the green grass shall wave over our lowly bed, and the white marble gleam coldly above to mark the spot, fond hearts will grow cold, and the once loving friends pass by, pausing not to drop a tear, or breathe one sigh of regret for the departed. 'Tis a solemn thought, and one that calls up the recollections of by-gone days.—But 'tis better far to close the weary eyes, and repose the aching bane in death, and lie down beneath the pure snow or fragrant flowers, bedewed even for a season with tears of sorrow, than to know that while we live our image is effaced from the memory of those who came to assist in his murder. They hurried away, while the assassin performed his office and severed the head from his body. Thus perished Marcus Tullius Cicero, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

These touching words appeal to every heart, and find a corresponding echo in every soul. To be loved, to be remembered by those we hold dear is sweet. O, the sad reflection that with the departing years our memory will fade from the hearts we had hoped to cherish forever.

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Fond memory often brings the hours, when life was radiant with youth's flowers.

Remember me! Yes, tho' our paths in life may be widely separated, and sorrows may fall heavily on my defenceless head, making still fainter the weary heart, and blighting the budding flowers of hope, then when surrounded by home and friends, with no clouds obscuring the bright heavens and beautiful sunshine from life's journey, sometimes remember me.

And when the heavens smile above me, and roses instead of thorns adorn my pathway, I will look up in thanksgiving and pray to our Father, for the constant friends he has given, and bless Him, that in the darkest hour He has remembered me.

ECONOMY.—Economy is one of three sisters, to whom the other and less reputable two are Avarice and Prodigality. She alone keeps the safe and straight path, while Avarice sneers at her as profuse, and Prodigality scorns her as penurious. To the poor she is indispensable; to those of moderate means she is found the representative of wisdom; and although some moralist has said, that at the heart of the opulent Economy takes the form of a vice, she is perhaps as great a virtue there as she is elsewhere. Her very name signifies the law or rule of a house, and her presence is as much required in the palace as in the cottage. The honest man who lives within his income, and owes no man anything, is your only true king. Economy is an excellent virtue, no doubt; but like all other virtues, it must be applied with prudence, or it will turn into a folly or a vice. In the olden time there were sumptuary laws, which, while they attached a penalty to extravagance, set a fine on the man who let a year pass without asking a friend to dinner.—*Athenaeum.*

Beauty often fades away, but modesty never decays.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 3.

Music.

Thank God for a soul which can drink in its harmonies. The pulse leaps wildly to the stirring numbers, which, like the foot falls of of armed men, awaken the fiery impulses of the slumbering heart. Or its low wail is answered by solos, and the eloquence of its plaintive sadness, with tears.

The bugle and the drumbeat stir the blood like red lightning in the veins. If there is influence which would make the timid heart like iron, and drive it madly to battle, it is that of martial music. Often in childhood have we watched the columns of soldiery, and found a tear upon the cheek at the emotion stirred by the tossing plume, the flaunting banners, and the drumbeat pulsing regularly through the whole mass like one common footfall upon the beaten sword, sending the thoughts surging through the soul. And yet, alas! that music should be made the mighty stimulus which drives host against host in the battle shock.

We once stood by the side of a friend in the great procession which followed one hundred thousand petitioners up to the State Capitol at Albany, demanding the Maine Law.—As the dense mass of people, like a mighty monster moved by one heart, wound through the city and lapped around the very Capitol itself, the emotions swelled to the throat. The music of the bands rose and fell on the wind, and the ground seemed to shake under the tread of the people. "Glory!" ejaculated a friend by the side of us, "I could march to the Mississippi to that music, and back again without eating or sleeping." He was not the only one who was that hour chafing under the wild ecstasy of music.

A few moments since, a shadow—one of those which will drift without warning into every sky—lay gloomy upon our heart. But it vanished as quickly as it came! A friend touches the guitar, and the first waves of a touching melody, filled the world and heart with sunshine. The chafing spirit is soothed and lulled, and the gentleness of childhood steals in where the unworn will was sullenly fretting in the worn frame. The soul rises on the tide of a new emotion like a bird, and the melodies there garnered, gush up and chime out with the airs of the shell. A sunnier sky is now above us.

How much of holy music there is in the chiming of church bells! Tremulous with silence, they rise and fall upon the still Sabbath air, stealing along until, like the faint sounds of a waterfall, they drop down into the heart where it is ever moist with tears.

Napoleon wept as he listened to the chiming of the distant cathedral bells of Burges. There were places in his heart which had not been burned over by the meteor blaze of ambition. The echoes of chimes heard in childhood were stirred by the distant peal, and for the moment, he forgot his dream of glory and gazed tearfully back.—*Cayuga Chie.*

DYING CONFESSIONS.—The Toledo Blade, remarking upon the recent execution of Robert J. Ward, in that city, quotes the remark of Dr. Bond, an eminent physician of Baltimore, who said that fifty years' experience at the bedside of the sick and dying had taught him that the most deceptive moments of a man's whole life are those in which he lingers on the very boundary between life and death; and the words then spoken reflect the prevailing motives of their lives; and moralizing thereon as follows:

"People are very apt to think, when a criminal denies his guilt on the gallows, in view of such awful circumstances, that he must be innocent. But the history of criminal law shows that nothing is more erroneous than such an opinion; and the dying speech of Ward, in contrast with his written confession, goes still further to show how little dependence can be placed on a man whose life is one everlasting duplicity. If Ward told the truth on the scaffold, he lied repeatedly before. If he told the truth in his confession he lied on the scaffold. Whichever dilemma we take, the result will go to show that the view of certain death does not make men honest."

THE PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—St. Louis, (Mo.) has taken the lead in inaugurating the 4th of July movement in behalf of the Mount Vernon purchase. On the coming celebration there, a grand demonstration will be made, in which Senator Douglas, "the little giant," and ex-Senator Hannegan, will occupy prominent positions as orators of the day and the occasion. A similar patriotic and filial demonstration is in preparation at the South Carolina Citadel Academy, under the auspices of the instructors. The young lads there design to enrol themselves as "Knights of the Southern Matron," in the Order of Mount Vernon. Georgia has also taken decisive action in the premises, and the men of Augusta, in obedience to the behests of "accomplished Eve," have laid the free will offering of patriot gratitude on the shrine of Washington.

Mrs. M. Partington says she has noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she invariably had to pay the same money for a half dollar's worth.