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The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
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Select Poetry.

[From the New York Evening Post.]
NOBODY'S SONG.
[Swift never wrote anything better in verse than the following lines from an unknown correspondent.]

I.
I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a mission for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I came;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody, mine his name.

II.
In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tantamount,
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me my care;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.

III.
I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shot a tear.

IV.
And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping hand,
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I brought Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

V.
Thus I struggle along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife;
So here's to health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now "in town,"
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

Interesting Miscellany.

An Old Man's Thoughts.
To the attentive observer, nature presents sublime subjects for reflection. All laws seem to harmonize—all ends seem to meet in the one word, "Good." God's laws are infinitely good, infinitely perfect, and the transgressor finds them also infinitely just. He who escapes God's wrath, so-called, is he who lives in harmony with God's laws. Let no man think he can crawl behind his own ignorance and shield himself from perfect justice. He may not have heard of gravitation; but the falling rock will smash him. He may not have heard of arsenic, yet if introduced into his system, it will surely kill him. The bite of the snake is as poisonous to the ignorant man as unto the most learned. There is no escaping effects, if we shun not their cause.

Let every man who suffers, examine well his own amount of knowledge, and see if the knowledge of his cause of suffering did exist within him before he suffered. If it did, he is guilty of willfully violating that which is good; if he did it not, let him remember that ignorance is a harder master than wisdom.

The follies of youth are followed, inevitably followed, by the pains of age. Could wisdom ever be gained were this not so? How can man learn save through his own experience? He may be called learned, but wisdom and experience always go hand in hand.

Blessed is the young man who looks at all things as the perfect work of a perfect Hand. Would the young constantly bear in mind that they are doomed to age and death, their whole lives would be more serious, more thoughtful, and truly would they be more hopeful. The expression, doomed, must not be applied in a gloomy sense, for the aged man's joys are more pure and elevated; yes, far more holy than the passing things of youth can ever give.

He has learned, if true unto himself, that the end of all is "Good." He has God, he holds, it was very good." And he looks forward daily to the time when his own earthly end shall be "very good" in the sight of his Maker. Peacefully happy. He has overcome the desires of his animal nature and henceforth there is a spiritual treasure laid up for him, inexhaustible in its measure and ever increasing in purity.

Let no man think that God's laws only punish. They invariably reward. They are just—perfectly just. He who earns, receives his pay; he who does nothing, pays himself, as truly nothing as does the greatest laborer receive the richest reward.

There is no wisdom but in experience; remember that. He who labors not with his body, enjoys his reward—a weak frame, weak digestion, weak blood and weak thoughts; it must be so. He who labors with his body, keeps his mind pure and exercises it well, enjoys his reward—a strong body, free from pain—a strong mind, and a strong power of thinking. This must be so, for effect follows cause inevitably.

Men rush against God's laws with great impunity. They do not voluntarily hold their hands in the fire; yet how often will some—alas too many—hold in their hands a consuming fire which chars the very roots and fibres of their soul! How many crave daily the intoxicating draught, which in effect almost drowns their soul! We are weak, though at times we feel so strong. Our desires are good if rightly governed; and let us not blame our Maker for the good penalty he has placed upon their violation.

It appears from a report in circulation, that it is very unpleasant to be born in a certain house in Chester county. Since the year 1704, there have been five executions for capital offenses in that county. Edward Williams, who was hanged in 1839, and George Pharoah, who was executed in 1851, were both born in a house which stands about a mile from West Chester. Samuel Ingram, formerly of Greensburg, who was recently hung at Rock Island, Illinois, for the murder of his wife, also first saw the light in this unlucky house.

My Cruelty to my Relatives.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness (I acknowledge, with tears in my eyes, that it was such) which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know my Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf; and, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible.

I then went to John Thomas, who loves a joke as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at six P. M., on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad station with a carriage, the next evening, and when I was on my way home I said: "My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Amelia has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf; and, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I'm sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up on the steps was my wife—and at the window was John Thomas, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side of the street started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the hall lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with fever and ague. I looked at the window, John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and cape, and there sat John, with his face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife, like a pistol, and John Thomas rather jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war whoop; and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for streets around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening, my aunt took occasion to say to me—

"How loud your wife speaks! Don't it hurt her?"

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently, my wife said, softly, "Alf, how very loud your aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do.—You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it, hammer and tongs, till every thing on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. "So said she, in an uncharitable hoot—for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?"

"It's an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because,—because,—you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rivalling a railroad whistle, this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and, looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at a right angle to his body, rolling from side to side, with his fists poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound.

I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that, from the relative position of our boots and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent to, in his endeavor to repress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who, by this time, comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got, I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been, if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, sometimes between a groan and a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

Less Known Reasons for Well Known Truths.

The longer the beam of a plow, the less power is required to draw the plow; because the beam is a lever, through which the power is exerted, and, by extending the beam the long arm of the lever is lengthened, and the leverage is thereby increased. The same is true of many other implements and tools—such as spades, pitchforks, wheelbarrows, planes, screw-drivers, augers, gimlets, &c.

The greater the diameter of the wheels of a carriage, the less power it requires to overcome the inequalities of a road; both because the leverage is increased by lengthening the spokes or radii of the wheels, which are the long arms of the levers, whereby the power is exerted, and because the steepness or abruptness of the obstructions presented to the wheels is lessened by the greater circumference of the wheels. But there is a near limit to the size of the wheels, beyond which no advantage is gained by increasing. For when the axes of the wheels become higher than the point of draught on the animal, a portion of the power exerted merely adds to the weight, or pressure, of the carriage upon the ground; and the portion thus lost increases with the increased height of the axle above the horizontal line of draught. Besides, the increasing weight of enlarged wheels soon more than counteracts the advantages gained by increasing their diameter.

More carriages meet than overtake a pedestrian, on a road; simply because the length of the road offering the opportunity to meet, is the sum of the distance passed over by the opposite travellers, while the length of road offering the opportunity to overtake, is only the difference of the distance passed over by the pedestrian and the drivers. The chances in the one case are reckoned by the sum, and in the other case by the difference of the speed of the walker and the rider.

The breezes in the groves, on a still day, are explained by the trunks, branches, and leaves of the trees offering the obstruction of their opposing surface to whatever motion the air may have, thereby simply causing a greater velocity through the spaces between them.

Winds produce cold in several ways. The act of blowing implies the descent upon, and motion over the earth, of colder air, to occupy the room of that which it displaces. It also increases the evaporation of moisture from the earth, and thus conveys away considerable heat. This increased evaporation, and the mixture of warm and cold air, usually produce a condensation of vapors in the atmosphere; hence the formation of clouds, and the consequent detention of the heat brought by the rays of the sun. And whenever air in motion is colder than the earth, or any bodies with which it comes in contact, a portion of their heat is imparted to the air.

"All signs of rain fall in a dry time," "wet begets more wet." There is real philosophy in these proverbs. In a dry time, comparatively little evaporation can take place from the parched earth, and the atmosphere becomes but slowly charged with moisture—the source of rain. In a wet time evaporation goes on rapidly from the saturated earth, and soon overcharges the atmosphere with moisture.

The cold moderates immediately preceding a fall of snow; because the vapor in the atmosphere, in the act of congealing into snow, parts with many degrees of heat, which were before latent, and which are at once imparted to the surrounding atmosphere.

The same is true in respect to the condensation of vapor in a rain; but the amount of latent heat thereby made sensible is much less than in the act of freezing, and it is generally compensated by the loss of heat in the evaporation taken place from the earth after the rain falls. During the fall both of rain and snow, the atmosphere usually becomes gradually colder because the source of heat derived from the sunshine is, for the time, cut off, and therefore does not supply the loss by evaporation and radiation from the earth. Rain and snow are also usually accompanied by wind, a consumer of heat.

It is less tiresome to walk than to stand still a given length of time; for in walking, each set of muscles is resting half of the time, but when standing still, the muscles are continually exerted. The exertions of the muscles in the effort of walking is not twice as great as in standing still; hence, the former is not equal to the double continuation of the latter.

A considerable quantity of food, taken at one time, into the stomach, is more readily digested than a very small quantity; because, in the former case, the food coming into contact with the entire inner surface of the stomach, excites the action of the organ, and occasions the secretion of gastric fluid ordinarily sufficient for digesting; out in the latter case there is not enough food in the stomach to excite its action. This accounts for the fact often affording a matter of surprise, that persons are frequently made very ill by taking into the stomach a very small quantity of food, when it is remarked that the same persons have frequently taken much larger quantities of the same kinds of food with impunity.

The fur or hair of an animal effectually protects it from cold, not so much by covering the body and shutting in the heat, as by preventing the circulation of air around it, so that the heat cannot be rapidly conveyed away. And the arrangement of hairs perpendicularly, or nearly so, on the surface of the body, by the law of reflection, permits the radiation of but very little heat from the body.

The human system, in its vital or muscular power, is very analogous to an electric machine. Dampness dispels the force of both, apparently in the same way. Hence the debilitating effect of hot weather, caused principally by excessive perspiration. The quantity of perspiration can be greatly lessened by refraining from unnecessary drinking. Any one can soon school himself to the requirement of several times less of liquid than he is usually accustomed to drink, by taking only a small quantity at once, and repeating it only as often as thirst is felt.—The Pen and the Lever.

Perseverance Under Difficulties.

How frequently do we find, in reviewing the past, that what we once regarded as great afflictions were really great blessings! Mercy is often disguised in the forms of temptation, trial, danger, and disaster. Difficulties which beset our pathway of life are essential to develop our powers. Obstacles that seem insurmountable call out the latent energies of the mind, and losses and misfortunes are often the only means which can teach us the great truths, a knowledge of which is indispensable to our full maturity and highest usefulness.

The child who travels up to manhood on an even road, who has always sailed on smooth waters, and who never has been taught to buffet the waves of outrageous fortune, is within himself passive and powerless. He has no resources when the tempests of life come upon him; he has no courage nor self-sustaining energy to resist the winds of adversity. Like a vine which has grown up in a dark place, secluded alike from sunshine and storm, he may be fair and comely, but he is frail and useless.

Some years since, as we were looking around for a porter to take a basket of fruit—a bushel of blackberries—from the market to our "old folks at home," a tall, awkward, green looking Yankee boy, of sixteen or eighteen summers, solicited the job. We objected to employing him, and assigned two reasons; the burden was too great for him to carry by hand, and we could not afford to pay him the value of such services. The cartman would take it along for a shilling.

It would not be put off so. He would carry it for a shilling, and be very thankful for the privilege! This brought matters to an explanation. He had just come to town. The sharper had outwitted him, and he had lost all his money. But instead of bellowing about it like a great calf, or blubbering like a greater booby, or begging around like a John Chinaman, he went to work like a man. He did not hanker about wages but took what was offered. He shouldered our basket, drugged a full mile through the hot sun and dusty streets, sweating enough to cure an ordinary rheumatism, received his pay, expressed his gratitude, as he had agreed to do, and returned to his post.

It is needless to write that boy's history any farther. He has "come to something," or will. All the help he requires is "letting alone severely."

Another case worth recording occurred a few days since.

A young Kentuckian, who had started from St. Louis for this city, not long since, was robbed at Buffalo of all his money and his baggage check; he started then to walk the balance of his journey, but his shoes gave out, and he took his chance to work his way on a freight train of the Erie Road. Here his hat blew off and was lost, and at Horsholmsville his coat was stolen. When last seen he was tending hitherward, on foot, nearly naked, but very determined.

Our Yankee friend had found his equal.—Kentucky is bound to make his mark in due time. Meanwhile we commend these examples to all young men as illustrations of the maxim, that perseverance under difficulties is the way to make difficulties subservient to our best good hereafter.—[Life Illustrated.]

Speak Kindly to your Mother.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, tenderly to her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she pursued you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eyes lighted up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps to improvement; nor ever forsakes you forgets. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

Ideas of Luck.

We notice in many of our exchanges the curious application of the word "luck" and "lucky" which to the thinker must at once afford, by such ridiculous application, food for merriment. Examples of the following kind have recently drawn our attention to this subject:

In New Orleans a man fell from the mast of a vessel into the river, was drowned, and carried home when his widow exclaimed: "Oh, wasn't he lucky in not breaking his neck, and making an ugly corpse of himself!"

We see in another paper that a Mr. White, living in Venice, Pa., was recently murdered in his own bed by some who wished to get his money. The editor adds, that "luckily, Mr. White deposited his money in the bank the day before," so Mr. White was lucky in losing nothing but his life.

In Ohio a horse was not long ago set fire to, and a Mrs. Roberts consumed among the ruins while asleep. Mr. Roberts was away from home that night, and the reporter says very naively, "lucky for Mr. R. he did not sleep at home that night, for then he might have further cause of sorrow by sharing the fate of his poor lady."

We find another instance of a negro while taking home his fashionable mistress' new bonnet, gets run over and killed. The bonnet is un injured, and the lady exclaims, "well, it is lucky he saved my new bonnet." The bonnet was worth about \$20, and the negro who was killed was worth perhaps \$800.

Setting Timothy Fields.

The following sensible and practical directions for setting timothy fields we find in the *American Farmer*; and as the information is just now seasonable, we transfer it to our columns with our full endorsement:

If you design setting a timothy meadow we wish to assure you of this truth:—it is a waste of time, labor and money; to attempt to grow it on any but a fertile soil; without heavy manuring. This your own good sense will tell you is the only rational view of the subject. A meadow set in timothy is destined to remain in that grass for, say, five years at least. It is said to be a seven years grass, but as meadows are treated in our country they never last that long. If, however, they were, every second year, top-dressed and harrowed, they would not only last during the longest period named, but continue to afford profitable crops of grass.—But, if unaided by such biennial treatment, as all its annual products are carried off, and each abstracts from the earth large portions of its organic and inorganic constituents, the soil becomes deteriorated, unable to sustain a heavy growth of vegetation, and, as a consequence, the great body of the plants, for want of food, die out.

As to the Soil.—A moist clay loam is best adapted to the culture of timothy; though it will grow on any fertile loamy soil where there are lime and potash.—On porous, gravelly, or sandy soils, the plant does not thrive well. On a stiff, dry red clay we had had to grow well and produce luxuriant crops, but we took especial pains in manuring and preparing the soil for the reception of the seed, and in top-dressing it afterwards.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—The land intended for a timothy meadow unless it be naturally very fertile, should be generously manured, plowed deep, and thoroughly pulverised by rolling and harrowing, and again rolling.

QUANTITIES OF SEED PER ACRE.—Less than one peck per acre should never be sown; and were we setting a timothy meadow, we should sow 1 1/2 pecks to the acre.

SEEDING.—The seed must be equally distributed by a careful hand, or a machine. We prefer the latter mode. As the seed is sown, harrow them in with a light garden or seed harrow, and then roll.

TIME OF SEEDING.—From 20th of August till the 10th of September.

Agricultural Prizes.

In offering prizes for animals at agricultural meetings, distinction should be made between those smothered in fat, by which the form is totally concealed, and those whose proportions are visible, though well covered with wholesome meat. If farmers are to be benefited by periodical gatherings and exhibitions of stock, attention must be paid to certain rules by which information can be obtained as to the expenses of feeding, when it will be proved that disgusting looking pigs which cannot stand, but require propping up to eat, are not worth their "keep," that is, will not remunerate the agriculturist, who has to live upon his land, and from the produce. Animals are required with the power of producing weight in a short time, on the ordinary food supplied by the farm, and when in fine healthy condition affording a fair return for expense incurred.—*Ohio Farmer*.

The force of these remarks, we presume could be appreciated by the importer of the fine bull that died in the street in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, soon after leaving the boat, having cost the owner \$1800 up to that time. Cause—excessive burden of fat—too much for our hot summer weather.

The girls of the present day.

We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter wordiness—growing up anxious to become more fashionable than good, more anxious to cultivate their heels than their heads, and to encircle their legs with whalebone rather than the brow with wreaths of love, kindness and beauty. As a general thing, those who are handsome think they are lovely. Far from it. When we, years ago, took one to be Mrs. P., girls were girls. It was fun to go a dozen miles afoot with mud knee deep to see them, as you were sure to find the clear girls—nature instead of art. But now it is different. The dentist supplies the teeth, "Uncle Ned" the cotton, some optician the eyes, and a skillful mechanic the legs and arms; an artist furnishes paint, a Yankee the hoops, some "French milliner" gets up artificial maternal founts, and the very devil robs himself to give them a disposition to lie, tattle, gossip, make mischief, and kick up all sorts of boberies among respectable people generally. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher. We love the girls when they act like girls, but this counterfeit article now being palmed off on fashionable society is an intolerable humbug. But the girls now-a-days are neither fit for wives, nor do they know enough for mothers.

Fire Proof Ladies' Dresses.

Within a very short time two young ladies have been burnt to death, owing to their light muslin dresses catching fire from a lucifer match—one in London, the other at Colchester. It ought to be generally known that all ladies' dresses may be made fire-proof at a mere nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. We have seen the very best cambric so prepared held in a pan of a candle, and charred to dust without the least flame; and we have been informed that since Clara Webster, a dancer, was burnt to death, from her clothes catching fire on the stage, the muslin dresses of all the dancers at the best theatres are made fire proof. Our manufacturers should take the hint.—*Medical Times*.

A WARNING.

The Reading *Gazette* says it is now reduced to a certainty that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, and diarrhoea exist in the city, and that, too, to a considerable extent, every physician having more or less on hand. We do not say this for the purpose of creating any alarm among the timid, but we mention the fact so that people may be placed upon their guard. Every man who has the least regard for his own health and the health of his neighbors, should at once see to his premises, and remove any filth that may have accumulated in his yard. Cess-pools and gutters should be lined. Coppers are a good disinfecting agent for privies or gutters, and can be purchased for a mere trifle. Chloride of lime sprinkled in cellars, drains and hydrant gutters, purifies everything foul it comes in contact with. Remember the everlasting truth of the adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Mortgages were at one time a favorite investment, but now there is little or no demand for them. They cannot be disposed of for less than ten per cent. discount—a heavy shave.