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cording to these terms.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land. Our song is for her glory; Her warrior's wreath is in our hand, Our lips breathe out her story. Her lofty hills and valleys green Are smiling bright before us; And like a rainbow sign is seen. Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips, For those who meet her foemen ; For glory's star knows no eclipse, When smiled upon by women. For those who brave the mighty deep, And scorn the threat of danger, We've smiles to cheer-and tears to weep For every ocean ranger.

ł

clothing ?"

you to sell ?"

kin."

good butter.

"Take what?"

dew it, dew yeou?"

Our hearts are with our native land, Our song is for her freedom, Our prayers are for our gallant band Who strike where honor'll lead them. We love the taintless air we breathe, 'Tis Freedom's endless dower; We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath, Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare, Of Italy's proud daughters, Of Scotland's lasses—England's fair And nymphs of Shannon's waters: We need not all their boasted charms, Though lords around them hover, Our glory lies in Freedom's arms, A freeman for a lover.

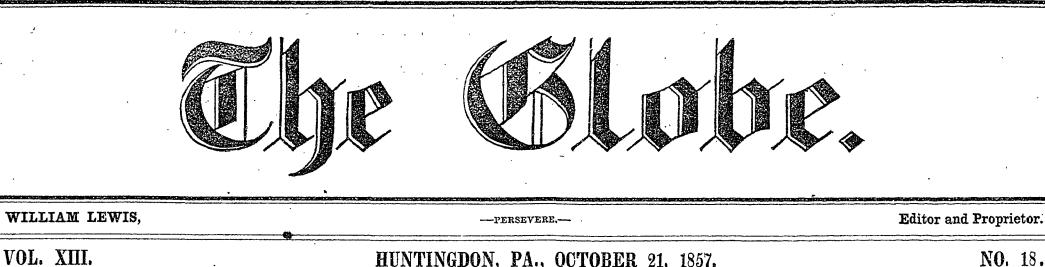
Interesting Miscellany

Getting "Fits" in a Clothing Store.

BY CROSBY C. NOYES.

Lewistown Falls, Maine, is a place, it is! You can't exactly find it on the map, for it has been located and incorporated since Mitchell's latest, but it's there-a manufacturing city, as large as life, with banks, barber shops, newspapers, and all the of the butter a dicker was speedily conusual fixtures and appurtenances of a locomotive go-ahead Yankee settlement.

Just about the newest thing in the new coat, vest, and pantaloons, all of good



HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 21, 1857.

"Yes! but I want it noow-want it rite | ever caged in one shop! Nehemiah was strut off-fact is, Squire, I must hev 'un." a bashful youth, and would have made a "You'd find these cheap at ten dollars." | circumbendibus of a mile, any day, rather "Dun know baout it! Say, v'ye got than mest those girls, even had he been enny of these dewrable doeskin trowsers in full dress; as it was, his mouth was left, at tew dollars; sold them all, tew, ajar at the bare possibility of making his 'spect, haint ye? haint none of them left appearance amongst them in his present nuther, hev' ve?" dishabille. What if there was a hole in

Luckily there were a few left, and Ne- the curtain! What if it should fall! It hemiah was advised to secure a pair at wouldn't bear thinking of, and plunging once. Nehemiah was open for a trade, his foot into the vacant leg, with a sort of but acting up to the instincts of the New- | frantic looseness, he brought on the very begins, it must be a dicker. catastrophe he was so anxious to avoid .-"Dew yeou ever tek projeuce for your The chair collapsed with a sudden "scrunch," pitching Nehemiah head over heels through the curtain, and he made

"Projeuce-garden sass and sich-don't his grand entrance among the stiching divinities, on all fours, like a fettered "Well, occasionally we do, what have rhinoceros.

Perhaps Collicr himself never exhibited "Oh, most anything; a leetle of everya more striking group of tableaux vivantes thing, from marrowfat peas down to rye than was now displayed. Nehemiah was straw; got some new cider, some high-top a "model," every inch of him, and though sweetings; got some of the all-killin'est | not exactly revolving on a pedestal, he dried punkin yeou ever sot eyes on ; spect, was going through that movement as efneow, yeou'd like some of that dried pun- fectually on his back, kicking, plunging, in short, personifying in thirty seconds

Mark declined negotiating for the "driall the attitudes ever "chiselled !" As ed punkin," but inquired if he had any for the girls they screamed of course, jumped upon chairs and the cutting board, "G-o-o-d butter ! neow, Squire, I spect

threw their hands over their faces, peeped I've got some of the nicest and yallerest through their fingers, screamed again, and yeou ever sot eyes on; got some out here declared they "should die, they knew they now, got some in a shooger box, eout in should !" dad's waggin ; bro't it daown fer Kurnel

"Oh, Lordy!" blubbered the distressed Waldron, but yeou can hev it; I'll bring young 'un, "don't holler so, gals, don't ! strut in here, darn'd ef I daon't !" and I didn't go tew, I swan to man I didn't; with all the impetuosity of youth, Neheit's all owin' to them cussed trowsers, evmiah shot forth to 'dad's waggin,' and ery mite on't. Ask yer boss, he can tell brought in the butter. On the strength you how it 'twas. Oh, Lordy, won't nobody kiver me over with old tracted, by which Nehemiah was to be put clothes or turn the wood box over me?-in immediate and absolute possession of a Oh, Moses in the bulrushes! What'll Nancy say?"

Sweet words! We are taught in our infancy to call them, when we scarcely know their meaning, and as we grow older, we love them more and more. 'Tis our mother, who when we are not able to think and do for ourselves, provides for us, and when we know not what we want, 'tis she who attends to our wants and gives

My Mother.

us nourishment. Who does not love that name? No one unless he be devoid of soul. How beautiful the words sound when they come from the lips of the little rosy-cheeked child! Nothing is more beautiful. Atnightfall, see with what fondness he proceeds to his little chamber, and kneels down by his mother's knee; and with his little hands raised towards heaven, repeats after her his evening prayer; and when he has done; how pleased he seems when she raises him and impresses upon his lips the sweet token of her affection.

It is our mother who first teaches us right from wrong, and by good counsel, endeavors to guide us in the path of happiness. "My MOTHER!" There is music in the words, far more sweet and pleasant to the ear than any other in the vocabulary of our language. When dangers surround us, and troubles perplex, none is more ready to aid us in our trouble than our mother.

The poor sea-tossed mariner as he glides o'er the briny deep, calls to mind the pleasing recollections of his boyhood days, when all around is still and quiet save the shrill whistle of the wild wind as it hurries through the rigging of his gallant bark. He remembers then the happy, happy time, when he sat around the beloved fireside and listened to the kind advice proffered by her-his truest and best friend-and sighs to think the time passed never to return.

How beautiful the poet speaks of a mother's love, in the following lines: "Sweet is the image of the brooding dove! Holy as Heaven a mother's tender love ! The love of many prayers, and many tears, Which changes not with dim, declining years-The only love which on this teeming earth, Asks no return for passions wayward birth,'

me," exclaimed Mrs. Partington as she leaned back in her old arm-chair, and looked abstractedly into the fire, "I've just been reading in the Bugle of Freedom about Mr. Wagglesmeller abspondin with with the Catstail Bank." Here Isaac interrupted her train of thought by enquiring whether "it was anything like the Canal Bank?" "No. no. Isaac, it's worse than that; 'it's one that has a Presentment, and a Board of Distractors, and a Sally Amanda safe, and every one carries the key !" "Well mother, who was Mr. Wagglesmeller," said Isaac looking up, his countenance covered with scars, which he had received from the toe nails of the old cat, while attempting to wash her teeth with the old lady's tooth brush. "Why, my son," said the good old soul, shaking her left foot, which had fallen asleep, "he was the man they called the Crasher; I expose it's because he crashed the Bank; you see, Isaac, sometimes he would get mortally insane and borrow money without letting anybody know he was going to do it, not even the one who lent it. Now you see he got so far out of his head, that he left all the common cents ; he had also his 'promonitary note in the bank, and he took all the good notes and gold and silver and crédit, and then he absponded." "Well, mother, I know how they could catch him," said Isaac. "How," exclaimed the old lady, her eyes wide open in astonishment. "Why, mother, they

might just throw a little salt on his tail; I've seen Bobby Breakwindow catch pigeons that way," and Isaac departed whistling that plaintive melody called "Tother side of Jordan."

The Homestead.

How dear to my heart are the scene of my childhood.

How sacred the recollections that cluster around the spot where we were bornthe spot where first we learned to look upon the beauties of nature-the green sward-the waving cern-the stately tree -and the little, clear, bubbling spring at its root, from which, during the long, long days of summer school, we slaked our thirst, or sought a short relief from the tiresome, straight-backed school house bench; the rippling brook, with its grassy bank, and speckled trout, and little falls that turned the tiny wheel.

The place where we first chased the gay butterfly and timid "chipmunc"; where first we tangled the grass of the mower by searching for the delicious strawberry, and where first we plucked the bright tempting cherry, the lucious peach, the dainty pear, and the always enduring and ever grateful apple.

Where, with brothers and sisters and ittle visiting friends, we had our playhouses—our ovens of sand—our acorn cups and saucers, and plates of broken china, and made the miniature stately calls and formal tea-parties; and with what stately stride we imitated the walk of our elders in doing it; where we played 'keep school' and 'preach,' and anon with hard-back blossoms or cockerel's feathers in our caps, we strutted forth, the embryo defenders of our country's rights, the gallant volunteers. The place where first we learned to listen to the rapturous notes of the free happy, orchard melodists-the robin and her associates to the chattering swallow, and the plaintive whippoor-will.

The place where first we learned to lisp the names of father and mother; and to utter the first pure sentiments of fraternal love for brother, and for "sister dear."

But above all, and more than all, the spot where first the holy love of mother taught our infant thoughts to revere, and our infant lips to pray, "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

How intimately and indissolubly connected with, how wholly enshrined upon, the spot where we were born-the old homestead—are all the recollections of the pure gushing joys of early years! And who, in after life, can see a stranger lord of that manor, without a pang of sorrow? Who would not then feel that such possession is sacriligious?

"Give, Oh, give me back my home, My own dear NATIVE h

city, is a new, cheap clothing store that "riz up," or "rained down," lately, on the Jonah's gourd or Alladdin's palace a coat will you have ?" principle, and which by the same mysterious dispensation became endowed with a couple of the cutest Yankce salesmen that the Diego State ever turned out. T'other day an up river young 'un who is about to forsake father and mother, and cleave unwedding suit, and was of course "jest nat- faney." erally bound" to find his way into the new clothing store. Not that he saunterbred searcher after cheap clothing, for the vernal tint was tolerable fresh on him yet, and he stopped to give a modest rap at the door. He had effected an entrance at the grist mill and at the Journal office,

same unobtrusive manner, and the boys all agreed that Mr. Nehemiah Newbegin his virgin visit to "Pekin."

Nehemiah was let in "imeejitly," and he met with.

The proprietors were ready to "forward his suit" at once, if he "saw fit" or they would "take measures" and "furnish him to order." Nehemiah drew a handbill from the top of his hat, and spread it upon his knee for easy reference. It was headed in fat gothic letters :---

"Winter Clothing at Cost !" And set forth that in consequence of the mildness of the season, over five hundred thousand dollars worth of ready made clothing was to be closed up and sold out at

an "Enormous Sacrifice!!!" A list of prices followed, and Nehemiah running his stumpy fingers down the column, lit with emphasis on a particular item.

"Say!-v'ye got enny of these blew cotes left at five dollars 'nd five a'af an' six dollars-got enny on 'em left ?"

"Smith, are there any of those cheap coats left?" enquired the "perlite" Mark of his partner, "we sold the last this morning, did we not?'

Smith understands the cheap clothing business, and answered promptly. "All gone sir!"

"Jest s'I expected," murmured the disappointed candidate, "darnation seize 't all, I told dad they'd be all gone !"

"We have a very superior article at ten dollars-" "Scarcely, Squire, scarcely?---ten dol-

lars is an all fired price for a cote !" "We can make you one to order." material and fit. "Now then," said Mark, "what kind of

"I reckon I'll hev a blew 'un, Squire.' "Yes, but what kind, a dress coat?" "Certaingly, Squire, certaingly; jest what I want a cote fer, tew dress in." "Ah, exactly; well just look at those plates," pointing to the fashion plates in to his Nancy Ann, came down to get his the window, "and see what style you

"Oh, darn veour plates, daon't want no crockery; spect Nance has got the alled in with the easy swagger of the town killenist lot of arthen ware yaou ever sot eves on !"

"Yes, I see; well, step this way then, and I think I can accommodate you." Nchemiah speedily selected a nice blue coat, and a vest of green, but he was more where he had been doing business, in the fastidious in his choice of pants, those crowning glories of his new suit. He seemed to indulge in a weakness for was from "the Gulley," and was paying long pantaloons, and complained that his last pair had troubled him-exceedingly, or

as he expressed it "blamedly," by hitchhe was delighted by the cordial reception ing up over his boots, and wrinkling about the knees. Nchemiah delved away impet-

uously amidst a stack of two or three hundred pairs, and finally his eyes rested upon a pair of lengthy ones, real blazers, with wide yellow stripes running each the news; for behold, it is his duty at the way. Nehemiah snaked them out in a appointed time to give it unto thee withtwinkling. He liked them-they were out asking.

long and yellow-they were just the thing, and he proceeded to try them at once.---The new clothing store has a nook curtained off for this purpose, and Nehemiah

was speedily closeted therein. The pants had straps on, and the straps

them was a mystery, and like Sir Patrick's unto himself." dilemma, "required a mighty dale of nice conception." On deliberation he decided ingly drew on his Bulchers, mounted a mayest cause the printer much trouble. chair, elevated the pants to a proper angle,

and endeavored to coax his legs into them. He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest, and his pants though long,

were none of the widest; the chair, too, was rickety, and bothered him; but bending his energies to the task, he succeeded in inducting one leg into the "pesked

things." He was straddled like the Colof raising the other foot, when a whisper-

ing and giggling, in his immediate vicinity, made him alive to the appalling fact

He managed to raise himself on his feet

and made a bole splurge towards the door, but his "entangling alliances" tripped him up again, and he fell "kerslap" upon the hot goose of the pressman! This was the unkindest cut of all. The goose had been heated expressly for thick cloth seams, and the way it sizzled in the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer .--Nehemiah riz up in an instant, and seizing the source of all his troubles by the

slack, he tore himself free from all save the straps and some pantalet-like fraginjunction. ments that hung about his ankles, he dashed through the door of the emporium, at a 2.50 pace. Nehemiah seemed to yearn, with the poet, "for a lodge in some our good teachings we are indebted to her. vast wilderness," and betrayed a settled purpose to "flee from the busy haunts of men," for the last seen of him he was capering up the railroad, cutting like a scar-

ed rabbit, the rays of the declining sun flickering and dancing upon a broad expanse of shirt-tail that fluttered gaily in the breeze, as he headed for the nearest provide for ourselves she watched o'er us woods.

Printer's Proverbs.

1. Never inquire thou of the editor for

2. When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him, "What thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth would offend thee.

3. It is not fit that thou should'st ask of him who is the author of an article were buttoned; now Nehemiah had seen upon subjects of public concernment, for bread-but our mother never will forsake straps before, but the art of managing duty requires him to keep such things

4. When thou dost enter into the printing-office have a care unto thyself that that his boots must go on first; he accord- thou dost not touch the type, for thou us; and though she may have but one 5. Look thou not at copy which is in the most. GOD BLESS OUR MOTHER !--the hands of the compositors, for that is for when we could not pray for ourselves not meet in the sight of the printer, and she prayed for us. he might knock thee down.

> 6. Never examine the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eve, that thou mayest understand it.

7. Prefer the HUNTINGDON GLOBE to all other papers; subscribe immediately lossus of Rhodes, and was just in the act for it, pay in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thy little ones.

When our desires are fulfilled to spark of love in your soul, the thought of that nothing but a thin curtain of chintz the very letter, we always find some mis- your mother will fan it to a flame, and it separated him from twenty or thirty of take which renders them anything but will burn with more brilliancy every day the prettiest and wickedest girls that were what we expected.

There is none in all the world more ready and willing to sacrifice their happiness for us, that we may prosper than our mother. None more fervently prays to Heaven to bless us and guide us in the path of virtue, truth and love. The Sacred volume tells us that we shall "Honor our father and our mother," and whose soul is so void of love as to do otherwise? It is a command from high Heaven, and we should beware how we break the holy

We should love our mother, above all others, save our Father in Heaven; for it is to her we owe our being; and for all When time shall have cast his frosty hand o'er her brow, and old age creeps slowly on-when her hoary head shall be laid on

the pillow of sickness, and she is worn down by the troubles of this life-it is our imperative duty to take care and provide for her; for when we were unable to ministering to our wants. She was never weary in doing for us; for when we lay on the couch of sickness none watched more diligently, and with her soft hand would brush from our forehead the stray hairs, and impress upon yur lips the sweet token of her dear love.

"There is none In all the cold and hollow world, no fount Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within A mother's heart." Our friends may desert us-sisters and brothers may scorn at us, and our father

may turn us out in the world to be dependent upon the cold heart of charity for our us. No; e'en though crime may betray

us, and we may be doomed to linger out our days in a dungeon, a mother's love is ever true. Her constant thoughts are of loaf to her share, her child is welcome to road.

A mother's love is the symbol of the

love of God; for we may at times treat with contempt her good counsel, but she is ever ready to forgive and with extended arms welcome us back to our home to share

her humble meal. What then should be the love of a child! Should we not love her next to our God? We know you will say yes, gentle reader; for if there be one sure."

you live.

Act !	

"Act—act in the living present, Heart within and God o'er head." Inaction is the bane of existence. Verily, that soul is cursed, yea, dead, that slumber and sloth have made captive. It seems as if a resistless spell had bound the race-as if the soul-springs of action were motionless. We refer not to effort put forth to amass wealth and gratify self, but to heart labor-labor for humanity-to make a destiny. Mighty is the work of life-thrillingly earnest the demand for fullest energy.

Let seraph take this work of ours,

'Twould task e'en all his noble powers. Act! not to-morrow, but to-day, "in the living present." Act ! not by a fitful impulse, but with unyielding steadiness, and all the moral energy of the "heart within." Act, Christian! Perdition threatens .---Immanuel's battles are to be fought-his banners to wave on every plain. Act,philanthropist! Great moral evils are fearfully predominant. A tide of burning woes is rushing upon thy fellows. Tears are falling, hearts are breaking, sighs and groans are vibrating through the very heart. Act for innocence-act for the right, till the death-pang takes thy power away; call every nerve to effort against the hosts infernal on earth; "God o'erhead," thou canst not fail.

"Act, ye millions! Wrong is reigning; Earth is groaning 'neath his sway; Fearless meet the hell-born tyrant; Heaven shall laud thy deed for aye."

THE PISTOL.—An Irishman driven to desperation, by the stringency of the money market, and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the

Meeting a traveller he stopped him, with your money or your life !' Seeing that Pat was green, he said : "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you

all my money for that pistol." "Agreed."

Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveller, hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out." "Blizzard away me hearty," said Pat, "divil the dhrop of powther there's in it

Heaven-a land of joy, of light, and love supreme.

BO As this is the age of conventions and fast youths, it is understood that the boys intend to hold a convention to revise the ten commandments, particularly the fifth, which is to be amended thus: "Parents obey your children."

12 Solid sense is ever preferable to wit.

Ker To produce the "locked jaw" in a lady ask her age.

for Should trowsers procured on credit be considered breeches of trust?

BerThe National Library, in Paris, is the argest in the world, and contains 824,000 volumes.

Rep-Among the Mormons, boys of ten and twelve years of age are enrolled in military bands, called the "Hope of Israel."

A wealthy printer has been discovered in India. The British Zoological Society are making preparations to catch him.

The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Res-Ilow is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? It is because they leave out their summer clothing.

15 A school in Cattaraugus county, New York, is composed of twenty-six scholars, all cousins, taught by an aunt to all the chil-

for The Masonic Order of the United States numbers three hundred thousand persons, and includes a large portion of all the distinguished civil, military and professional men.

Rep A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses in the course of a single season about 400 miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.

Dickens, in his last novel, takes the following beautifully poetic way of telling how his hero was moved to tears :- "Little Dorrit's story fell like a stone in the well of his heart, and splashed the water into his eves."

UP TO SNUFF .-- It is estimated that there are 4,000.000 cf female snuff-takers in the United States, using on an average 2 pounds each per annum, or 8,000,000 of pounds, at an expense of 2,000,000 of dollars!

REA Yankee has invented a suspender that contracts on your approach to water, so that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the other side.

Men." My tenants are a world of bother to me," said a testy landlady to her nephew.— "Quite likely; TEN AUNTS might be consider-ed enough to bother any one;" was the reply.

IS Judge Russell, of New York, lately sentenced a man who had been convicted in his Court of knocking down a man and robbing him of five dollars, to the State prison for forty years. This is an example of coverity, if not of justice.