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Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warriors' wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.

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 usual fixtures and appurtenances of a locomotive go-ahead Yankee settlement.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 21, 1857. NO. 18.

"Yes! but I want it now—want it rite strut off—fact is, Squire, I must hev 'un."
"You'd find these cheap at ten dollars."
"Dun know baout it! Say, v'ye got enny of these dewrable doeskin trowsers left, at tew dollars; sold them all, tew, 'spect, haint ye? haint none of them left nuther, hev' ye?"

ever caged in one shop! Nehemiah was a bashful youth, and would have made a circumbendibus of a mile, any day, rather than meet those girls, even had he been in full dress; as it was, his mouth was ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance amongst them in his present dishabille.
Perhaps Collier himself never exhibited a more striking group of tableaux vivantes than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model," every inch of him, and though not exactly revolving on a pedestal, he was going through that movement as effectually on his back, kicking, plunging, in short, personifying in thirty seconds all the attitudes ever "chiselled!"

My Mother.
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 us nourishment.

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."

The Homestead.
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.
How sacred the recollections that cluster around the spot where we were born—the spot where first we learned to look upon the beauties of nature—the green sward—the waving corn—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.