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Select Poetry.

WHAT MAKES WOMEN?

Not costly dress, nor queenly air;
Not jeweled head, complexion fair;
Not graceful form, nor lofty tread;
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid hair;
Not pearls, nor sparkling eyes;
Nor voice that nightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as cygnet's;
Not gaudy gams, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart;
Nor yet the blandishments of art—
Not one, nor all of these combined,
Can make one woman true refined.

Interesting Miscellany.

FORTUNE TELLING.

From the Penny Magazine.
THE HUMAN heart is ever striving to read upon the dim and spectral future, the leadings of the footsteps of life. Is it not so? In your secret and searching communings with self, did not feeling vision startle the inquiry—Why is it that, in every conflict of life, thought sends its peering eye to look beyond the earnest present, yearning to bring back to the aching heart its hopeful imaginings? Your daily hopes and fears, your air-built castles, your love of fame, and your love of self, now buried in the mysteries of time, are all the overflowings of the heart, in those yearnings to realize its hereafter—the frotings of the immortal to eternalize its mortal presence, and to break away from its earthy prison, that it may revel amid the boundless freedom of the measureless future. It is the longing after immortality that makes the soul "shrink back upon herself, and startle at destruction."

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 28, 1857. NO. 19.

oyed perch, and I would not dishearten by a word of doubt, nor would I urge to a more eager strife by words of cheer or promise, one whose brow is severely bent to win success. Your future shall be told at its proper time. Courtesy bids you to stand aside until your readers have been served.

gain. Should life be spared to old age, your withered and gripping fingers will tighten into your palm, as the chills of death steal over you. But this is respectable, you think. I am now rich and daily add to my store. True you have gold; and I am ashamed to say, that that gives you position. The world worships your god. It despises you. What suffering child of want blesses you for a deed of charity? I tell you the drunkard's doom, the murderer's gibbet blights with no surer curse the distant future, than a life like yours. You may imagine that the passion is pleasure, in the passing Now. Death will tear you away. You never cared for anything but self and gold on earth, and the gold only because it gratified self. You did not learn to love the good and beautiful, the lovely and the loving. In the dread hereafter your cold and callous heart will be consumed with its maddening desire to fasten upon the shadows of the past,—but gold and its glitter, self and its sins cure instead of comfort.

and lead the way," shall make heaven's high arches ring with the pean of redeeming love. Then too we are responsible for the influence our scholars exert over the minds of the future generation. If we inculcate right views of the object of life and impress upon the minds of our pupils, the duties they owe to themselves, their fellow men and their Creator, we are not only acting as benefactors to our own generation, but are smoothing the path of life for generations yet unborn. O, could we draw aside the curtain which shuts out the future from our view we could see enough to urge us on to still greater exertion. And although we can never expect to have our names recorded on the pages of history, or our deeds of chivalry sung in sweet measures upon the poetic lyre, yet we may engrave our actions, upon the tablets of many a heart.

taken up with the thumb and fingers; that is about a teaspoonful; then add as much sweet milk as will make it up into adherent dough of which take up a double handful, laying it over on one hand, and thus carry it to the pan or skillet for baking; turn it in with one pat of the hand, and so on, until the vessel is full, and with a good heat, let it remain until the crust is a yellowish brown. Put it on the table piping hot; press it open; lay in a large lump of goss butter, just made (if you can get such a thing), and it is ready for demotion.

Well, here comes one, a boy! no, nor yet a man. Tell me your name—the name is everything; and without that I shall tell no fortunes. Young America! What a quiet, complacent leer—how jauntily he wears his hat. He now knows more than I do, (so he thinks), but he does not know what I can tell him. Twelve years old—a standing collar, painfully shining hat, a beautiful little stick, with an ivory leg and foot for its head—a sgar in his mouth; and listen, he swears like a man, calls his mother "old woman," and his father "gov'ner." Poor thing, 't has got no moustache yet. It needs no silver to cross my palm to remove the dust of the Present from the mirror of your future. Yes, I see the path you have taken, and I see where it ends. Even now you are the "fast man," and are thinking of a fast horse; if you were free from the leading strings of the old woman, what a glorious "bust" you would have. You do imbible a little now. I can see that. Rum makes a track upon the sands of time like nothing else. You drink but little. I know that. It will increase in quantity as years bring out the beard upon your face.—Oh, you only drink wine, you say. No matter. It will come to that burning fire-water, whiskey, before long. At first the club, the oyster and game suppers, and night only will see when and where you are overtaken. The drunk of darkness leaves its mark in the morning sunlight, and the broad day will blush to see such a nice young man, so bloated, so stupid, so shameless, so near disgrace, so near crime. That is the terminus of the road you have taken. The wayside marks everywhere warn and threaten. Stop! before premature old age, if not pinching want, run their ploughshare over your face. A mother's tear, a father's commands, have lost their power, you will not stop! Go on, if you dare. Death will wear his red light across your track to tell you of the danger. You will not heed the signal. Too late! there, there you go! Time has no record of your being, only that you lived and died—your sad example and frightful end—"the man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

But enough. My dear readers, you all see how I search in the present to find the tracings to the future. God's Holy Word tells the fortunes of us all. "He that sows of the wind shall reap of the whirlwind!" The Young Americas, Sykeses, Dodgers and Gripes are no imaginary characters. Our land is full of them; and their past and present awakens the vision of future. HUNTINGDON, (Pa.) July 1857.

Yes, when these voices can no longer warm from the deceptive allurements of depraved nature, and encourage in the pursuit of science, virtue and truth; these hands no longer point out the path that leads to honor and happiness below, and bliss supreme above, still shall our memory be cherished, and our spirits be rewarded in the full fruition of Heaven. SERUCE CREEK, Oct. 20th.

taken up with the thumb and fingers; that is about a teaspoonful; then add as much sweet milk as will make it up into adherent dough of which take up a double handful, laying it over on one hand, and thus carry it to the pan or skillet for baking; turn it in with one pat of the hand, and so on, until the vessel is full, and with a good heat, let it remain until the crust is a yellowish brown. Put it on the table piping hot; press it open; lay in a large lump of goss butter, just made (if you can get such a thing), and it is ready for demotion.

Another! You want to know what I can say for you. Well, well, I see enough—have seen enough, to remove every doubt as to your future, Sykesy—the name is significant. Your surly brow—bold, insolent look—rough, rude, devil-may-care-side-at-time walk, tell me to what school you have been. I know you. I saw you last evening on the corner of the street, the loudest spoken among a dozen rowdies. I heard your obscene, insulting remark as those ladies passed. I saw you trip that poor old man, and laugh as his tottering limbs stumbled over the unseen obstruction. I saw you rob that young tree of its fruit, then wantonly break the tree. I saw you remove the signal lantern from a passing train, then sneak away to an "eating house." Eating house, indeed! licensed under the seal of justice to rob you of what little moral sense you have left—commissioned to eat out with corroding canker the heart's best affections—love of God, of country, of kindred, of self. Yes, I saw it all. Shall I tell you of your future. I see it clearly. Up come the trouping shadows; and drunkenness, riot, burglary, arson, robbery, murder, prison and the gallows, are reaching their giant fingers to clutch you. Unless you change, and that speedily, one, if not all, will be in at your death.

That the soul is immortal none of us dare deny. While the sceptic with impious hand inscribes upon the tombstone, "Death is an eternal sleep," the disembodied spirit of his ruined friend whispers in his ear, "Devils tell me 'tis false."

THE RESULT IN OHIO.—Whatever may be the final result in this State, whether Chase is successful by a few hundred, or whether he is defeated, it will be a substantial Democratic triumph. The proud majority of over sixteen thousand, which the Black Republicans had for Fremont, has melted away and will never be heard of again. The Legislature is certainly Democratic, and the indications are unmistakable that the tendency of things is to put Ohio in the Democratic line. Democrats have every reason to be satisfied with the result. The Black Republicans are in their dying agonies in Ohio. The strong tide of popular feeling is surging heavily against them. Chase himself may possibly go into the gubernatorial chair, but he is shorn of all prestige, and the small majority is really equivalent to defeat. It is well known he ran for Governor in order that it might improve his Presidential prospects by a display of strength in Ohio. A wretched display he has made.—He is fifteen or sixteen thousand behind Fremont, and has destroyed their legislative ascendancy in the State.—Cin. Enquirer.

TO MAKE SANDWICHES.—Rub one tablespoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread; from a boiled ham, cut very thin slices, and place a slice of ham between two slices of bread prepared as above; cut the sandwiches in a convenient form and serve. Some chop the trimmings of the boiled ham very fine, and lay them between the slices of prepared bread. This is a good dish for lunch, or evening entertainments.

And another would see beyond the Present. You have a genteel look. Smooth hair and smooth tongue. Mr. Dodger is your name—a lineal descendant of the world-renowned Artful Dodger. Look up, I must see your eyes. Can't you look a man in the face? That is a bad sign. You are not bashful.—I have seen you before. Do you remember your lewd wink to your companions, while engaged in your daily vocation, selling dry goods to the ladies? I saw it—and I saw you on Broad street last Sabbath, driving an old Tiger and a lady by your side. No, you know it was no lady. That cost you twenty dollars. Cost you, ah! no, it cost your employer that. You got the money for that piece of silk that you put up the "spout" of your Jewish relative. Your "uncle's" know it was not yours, and so do I. Your future alone will tell you what it cost you. This is not all I know. There is a gambling hell, at the corner of — street, up that dark pair of stairs. Your knock readily admits you. You are received like one of the familiars. I did not go in. I never do. It is not necessary. I know what is done there without going in to see. You did not go there alone. You took your new clerk—the one from the country; and you and the older thieves robbed him. You a merchant's clerk by day, and a stool pigeon at night. Your future is already told. Thousands like you, have hid underneath that smooth face and tongue for years, their crimes. They thought they were safe. So do you. But tardy justice sent her detectives, and the pawn-broker's tickets, and your "uncle's" shivers appeared as swift witnesses, and the felon's cell claimed its treasure. So it will if you do not stop. Stop now, while you can. A mother's prayer sometimes comes home to your heart, and starts a tear. More and more feeble becomes the memory. It will soon be all gone. Ah, then, remorse and despair will drag you from the past and buffet you onward into the boundless ocean of the hereafter.

Would we be successful in our noble mission we must not labor for pecuniary advantages alone. We must be actuated by nobler principles, cheered by hopes of a higher reward, or our work will be in vain. We have entered the arena in an auspicious moment. Our predecessors have wounded the horned Dilemma Ignorance, and frightened the hydra headed monster Superstition; and if we rush on them fighting manfully, cheered and encouraged by our directors and patrons, we shall cause them to spread their stygian wings and bear away the last remains of delusion and error, and no longer becloud the brightening of old Huntingdon County.

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR IN PHILADELPHIA.—In the city of Philadelphia the official vote is as follows:—Packer 27,749 Hazelhurst 14,355 Wilmot 10,001. Packer over Wilmot 17,748. Packer over Hazelhurst 13,349. Packer over Wilmot and Hazelhurst united, 3,393.

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With whom shall I begin? Who would first know their dark or shining destiny?—Your fears tell that you have some misgivings as to my powers. Fear not, I shall tell only truth; and if you fear that, ask for no revelations from me.

Fellow teachers—I admit it, I admit it, I tremble when I think of the responsibility of our occupation. We are making impressions lasting as eternity.

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How to MAKE TEA PROPERLY.—The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised twelve months is this: The tea pot is at once filled up with boiling water, then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used: the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the leaves are not scalded as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.—Bachanye.

CIDER WINE AND CHAMPAGNE.—An excellent article may be made by adding three pounds of sugar to each gallon of clarified cider, letting it stand three months to ferment. By bottling the above, and adding to each a small lump of sugar, a new fermentation will be excited. Wire down the corks and you will soon have fit for use, poor sparkling cider champagne.

PEAR MARMALADE.—A very excellent marmalade may be made with pears, to use in making tartlets. Boil six good sized pears to a pulp, weigh them, take half their weight of sugar, put it into a saucepan with a very little water, boil it, and skim it while boiling; when boiled to a crack add the pulp of the pears, give it a boil, and add about four drops of essence of cloves; when it is cold, it is ready for use.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two eggs, two small tumbler of molasses, a pint bowl of water, a lump of saleratus of the size of a small buttered, dissolved in water, half a tencup of butter; stir in the least flour that will enable it to bake well; one teaspoonful of cloves add ginger if preferred. Bake in pans.

WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants well washed, one and a quarter ounce of mace, one ounce of nutmeg, one and a quarter pounds of citron, half a pound of brandy, a few cloves. Bake in large loaves three hours.

CRAM FRITTERS.—Beat six eggs until quite light, then stir in one pint of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, half a grated nutmeg, and sifted flour enough to make a thin batter; stir it until it becomes smooth, then drop it by spoonfuls into hot lard, and fry, and serve.

MOLASSES PIE.—Take nine tablespoonfuls of molasses, six tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, a small piece of butter, a few slices of lemon or grated lemon peel; cover with a rich paste. This is decidedly the best substitute for apple pie.

SNOW BALL PUDDING.—Pare and core large mallow apples, and enclose them separately in a cloth spread with boiled rice; boil them one hour; dip them in cold water before turning out. Serve them with cream sauce.

CRACKER PIE.—Two soda crackers soaked in one cup of warm water, one small teaspoonful of tartaric acid, or lemon juice, one cup of sugar. Season and bake as an apple pie.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One coffee cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of soda, one and a half of cream of tartar, flour enough to roll out.

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