

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Table with 2 columns: Term (e.g., Per annum in advance, Six months, Three months) and Price (e.g., \$1.50, \$1.00, \$0.75).

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type (e.g., Four lines or less, One square, Two squares) and Price (e.g., \$25.00, \$75.00, \$100.00).

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE. D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!!

FISHER & McMURRIE have reopened the METROPOLITAN, formerly known as "Saxton's," take pleasure in announcing to their many friends, that they have received a new and well selected stock of GOODS.

WE HAVE A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SUMMER SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, GLOVES, &c.

We have a fine assortment of Summer Shawls, Mantillas, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Antique's, Ribbons, Mitts, Gloves, Gaudettes, Hosiery, Ladies Collars, Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Floss, Sewing Machines, &c.

FOR EVERYBODY.

On Hill Street opposite Miles & Morris' Office. THE BEST SUGAR AND MOLASSES. COFFEE, TEA AND CHOCOLATE. FLOUR, FISH, SALT AND VINEGAR.

HUNTINGDON HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established TAVEN STAN, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Chestnut Streets, and has fitted up the same as a first class hotel.

ATTENTION ALL!

A SPLENDID STOCK OF HATS AND SHOES. FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. MISSES, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McCall, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Moulds, etc.

COUNTRY DEALERS can

buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at wholesale prices. I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

VARNISH! VARNISH!!

ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa.

LADIES, ATTENTION!!

My assortment of the most beautiful dress goods is now open and ready for inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can be found at my store.

HARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at BICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE

Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods.

BICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE is the

place to get the very best of your money, in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c.

CANE FISHING RODS—A Superior

Article—at LOVE & McVITT'S.

DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent

Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURRIE.

BUILDERS

Are requested to call and examine the Hardware, &c., at BICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

GROCERIES.

Of the best, always ready for customers, at J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 8.

Select Poetry.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BY ALBERT LIGHTON.

A white haze glimmered on the hills, The vales were parched and dry, And glancingly the beaming sun Coursed in the summer sky.

The cattle in the distant woods Sought shelter from its beams; Or, motionless and patient stood Knee-deep amid the streams.

The house-dog lay, with panting breath, Close where the elm trees grew; The blue bird and the oriole To shady covert flew.

Day after day the thirsty earth Looked up to heaven for rain; The gardens held their flower cups, The fields their lips of grain.

With doubting hearts, men murmuring said—"Our toils have been in vain; We sowed in Spring, but shall not reap When Autumn comes again."

But while they spoke, within the west, At sunset's glowing dim, God's voice proclaimed, in thunder tones, The coming of the shower!

The deepening shadows slowly crept O'er mountain and o'er plain, Until in cool and copious floods, Came down the blessed rain.

All nature smiled, and when at last The cloudy wings were furled, The evening star shone regally Above a thankful world.

O love of heaven! O love of man! O faith, so calm and true! When shall we own the ways of God, And learn to trust in Him?

JOE CHICKWEED'S COURTSHIP, AND HOW HE WAS CUT OUT.

BY LOUIS K. BURDICK.

"I vow!" said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Malinda Martin, then I'm a cow."

The critter's always acted so pesky skittish there's been no getting around her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes me, but she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd slip me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice, and I hope I am; but she acts sometimes, 'tarnally like a red coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to-night," he added, fitting an immensely high and an immensely wide brimmed hat upon his shining head, "to-night I'll settle the matter—I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Malinda ain't a bad spee, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell if it's come to that?" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room, unnoticed by her son, in time to hear his last sentence—"well, I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' at that 'ere direction."

Joe turned red from his eye-winkers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he couldn't reach, but he said nothing.

"There ain't nothin' to be ashamed on, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady, apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had, "and you spoke gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Malinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, "I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, if I can."

"If what?" asked the old lady. "Well, if everything's favorable." "Don't you fear anything's agin it. You just do your duty, Joe, and Malinda's yourn, remember the farm."

"It is a fine farm no mistake!" said the young man, earnestly. "No better farm of its size in the whole country than the Widder Martin's!" said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone. "No, I think not."

"And then see how it's stocked; two yoke of the best steers in all these parts, besides her two horses, sayin' nothin' of the rest of the critters. And, of course they'll all go with Malinda when the widder's dead, and before, for you will go right onto the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good opening, that's a fact," said Joe; "but I put a higher value on Malinda than all the property."

"And well you should; though the farm and fixin's ain't to be despised." "Oh, I ain't one to despise 'em!" Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way as expeditiously as the gloom of evening would permit, toward the residence of the Widder Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by the widow in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor.

It was already occupied by two persons—Melinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter, a young man who had recently returned to Springville from California, and who was looked upon with special disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady, but not so cordially as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way, that raised his ire invariably. However, the conversation

that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be returning, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Melinda at once asserted that it was very early indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Melinda should be so taken up with the company of the young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country, and what he had done there. "Then you weren't in the diggings?" inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered. "By no means," replied Sparks, loftily—"I left diggins to those that were used to it; I hadn't taste that way."

"Oh, then you have stopped in town?" "Certainly." "Business, I s'pose, first-rate there." "Yes. A young man of talent will very soon engage himself in profitable employment."

"Then I s'pect you must have done extraordinary well?" said Joe, in a tone he intended should be sarcastic. "Oh!" replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking with one eye at the young lady, who appeared to "take" and enjoy it accordingly—"as for that matter I can't complain. I think I improved my chances—I rather think I did. No, I don't complain, by no means."

"Then why didn't you stay longer? You weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and made yourself independent." "Perhaps I am independent already; I say perhaps. Of course can't tell you the exact amount I made—that, I think, is quite unnecessary."

"Oh quite." "And perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world as alluring as gold." He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred and didn't at all fancy the course affairs seemed to be setting. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage, if he remained much longer, and so he hinted that it was about time for him to be going—and what served to enrage him more than aught else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind; for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself, as he walked on 'trot' the dark; "she's altogether too tender with that cheap to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there's a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought money enough from California to buy a rope to hang him. He's after the widow's farm, now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Melinda, and I've been a fool enough to wait till this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet!" he added, after a few moments reflection; "maybe she'll consent to have me yet, if I lose no time in asking her, I'll try it, I vow I will. I'll go over again to-morrow, and have the thing settled."

And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Melinda Martin, the widow, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparks' who were all endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beat his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eye, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and with a look of determination stamped upon his features, he once more set out to visit the fickle Melinda.

He found her at home and alone. "Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed off the usual compliments, and seated himself near the young lady. "Oh, yes, I did, I assure you, was the reply. "Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very entertaining young man."

Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary. "He is, indeed," responded Melinda. Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in silent silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke: "I came here last evening," he said, "with the intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—"

"Here you are," said Melinda, smiling at his embarrassment. "Yes, here I am. And, now that I am here, I'll tell you what I have come for.—You know I love you. I've told you as much more'n once, and I've flattered myself that I weren't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?" Joe, having arrived at this important question, looked tenderly and appealingly into her face, and breathlessly awaited her reply. She colored slightly, and bent her eyes to the ground.

"And why can't you? I'd like to know what's to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me."

"There is one reason in particular." "What is it?" "I'm engaged to another!" Joe turned pale. "Sparks!" he cried—"tell me, is it Sparks?" "Well! and if it is?" "I know it! Blast him, I knew what he was after!"

"I don't know that Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not!" remarked the young lady, warmly. "He's a cheating villain!" replied Joe, indignantly. "You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind!"

"If it's you that don't know him; but you will before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so!" continued he, snatching up his hat; "it's the money he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as lika as not you want to lose it."

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return. For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little, but he thought much. One morning he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at this sudden change in her son's manner.

"Why, what on airth's the matter now, Joe?" said she; "hope you ain't goin' to go crazy." "Not by a long shot," replied Joe; "I ain't quite so big a fool as that." "Then what ails you?" "Oh, I've got it all arranged at last—I've got 'em now."

"Who? What?" "Why, Melinda and that vagabond Reub Sparks—ha! ha!—I'll surprise 'em." "Well, how are you going to do it?" "Oh, it's all right!" said Joe, laughing slyly—"I'll do it, darned if I don't. I'll fix the sneaking critter!"

"But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got into the boy?" cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what was his plan. "Well, now, I'll tell you all about it," began Joe, assuming a very sober tone. "Well, I just wish you would."

"You know the widder has always favored my keepin' company with Melinda." "Well?" "And I do believe she is despr'ate down on that feller, Sparks, coming into her family."

"Yes?" "In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands." "But 'cording to the will of old Mr. Martin, the property ain't to go out of her hands till she's dead."

"Just so—but Sparks would have all the benefit. And now I'm coming to the point—his just there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks!" "Well do let me hear?" "The widder Martin herself, ain't a bad looking woman!" Joe remarked, in a sort of a mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly in his mother's face.

"No—but what's that got to do with the matter?" replied the old lady, very impatiently. "She ain't very old, neither," continued he, with the same air. "Why, she can't be more'n forty." "So I should think; and she has a good chance of living forty more."

"Well, and what of it?" "Just this," said Joe, leaning over to reach his mother's ear—"I'll marry the widder!" Mrs. Chickweed, expecting, as she was, something startling, wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started upward from her seat, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

Dr. Franklin's Fable. Franklin, the printer, the philosopher, and the statesman, deserves to rank next to Washington as the ablest practical statesman of his generation, and his services to our country, both in the councils at home and in diplomacy abroad, cannot be exaggerated. In the most cultivated circles of England and France, he found no superior in racy wit, or keen penetration, or ready repartee. The following impromptu fable is a specimen of his invariable readiness to defend the honor of his country, when surrounded by those who had little sympathy with its institutions:

Lord Spencer was a great admirer of Dr. Franklin, and never missed sending him a card when he intended a quorum of learned ones at his table. The last time that our philosopher enjoyed the honor, was in 1775, just before he was driven from England by Lord North. The conversation taking a turn on fables, Lord Spencer observed that it had, certainly been a very lucky thing, especially for the young, that this mode of instruction had ever been hit on, as there is something wonderfully calculated to touch a favorite string with them, i. e., novelty and surprise. They would listen, he said, to a fox, when they would not to a father, and they would be more apt to remember anything good told them by an owl or crow, than by an uncle or aunt. "But I am afraid," continued his lordship, "that the age of fables is past. Aesop and Phaedrus among the ancients, and Fontaine and Gay among the moderns, have given us so many fine speeches from the birds and beasts, that I suspect their budgets are pretty nearly exhausted."

The company coincided with his lordship, except Franklin, who was silent. "Well, doctor," said Lord Spencer, "What is your opinion on this subject?" "Why, my Lord," replied Franklin, "I cannot say that I have the honor to think with you in this affair. The birds and beasts have indeed said a great many wise things; but it is likely they will say a great many more yet before they are done. Nature, I am thinking, is not quite so easily exhausted as your lordship seems to imagine."

Lord Spencer, evaded the question, but still with the countenance of pleasure, which characterizes great souls, when they meet superior genius, exclaimed—"Well, doctor, suppose you give us a fable? I know that you are good at an impromptu."

The company all seconded the motion. Franklin thanked them for the compliment, but begged to be excused. They would hear no excuse. They knew, they said, he could do it, and insisted he should gratify them.—Finding all resistance ineffectual, he drew his pencil, and after scribbling a few minutes, reached it to Spencer, saying, "Well, my lord, since you will have it so, here's something fresh from the brain, but I'm afraid you'll not find Aesop in it."

"Read it, doctor read it!" was the cry of the noble lord and his friends. In a mood respectful and pleasant, Franklin thus began—"Once upon a time—hem!—as an eagle, in the full pride of his pinions, soared over a humble farmyard, darting his eyes around in search of a pig, a lamb, or some such pretty tit-bit, what should he behold but a plump young rabbit, as he thought, squatted among the weeds. Down at once upon him he pounced like thunder, and bearing him aloft in his talons, thus chuckled to himself with joy—"Zounds, what a lucky dog I am! such a nice rabbit here, this morning, for my breakfast!"

"His joy was but momentary; for the supposed rabbit happened to be a stout cat, who, springing and raging, instantly stuck his teeth and nails, like any wild cat, snatching the blood and feathers fly at a dreadful rate. "Hold! hold! for mercy's sake, hold!" cried the eagle, his wings shivering in the air with very torment.

"Villain!" retorted the cat, with a tiger-like growl, "dare you talk of mercy after treating me thus, who never injured you?" "O, God bless you, Mr. Cat, is that you?" rejoined the eagle, mighty complainant; "pon honor, I did not intend, sir. I thought it was only a rabbit I had got hold of—and you know we are fond of rabbits. Do you suppose, my dear sir, that if I had but dreamt it was you, I would ever have touched a hair of your head? No, indeed; I am not such a fool as all that comes to. And now, my dear Mr. Cat, come, let's be good friends again, and I'll let you go with all my heart."

"Yes, you'll let me go, scoundrel, will you—here from the clouds—to break every bone in my skin! No, villain, carry me back, and put me down exactly where you found me, or I'll tear the throat out of you in a moment."

"Without a word of reply, the eagle stooped down with great complaisance restored the cat to his simple farm-yard, there to sleep, or hunt his rats and mice at pleasure." A solemn silence ensued. "A length, with a deep prophetic sigh, Lord Spencer thus replied:—"Ah, Dr. Franklin, I see the drift of your fable; and my fears have already made the application. God grant that Britain may not prove the eagle, and America the cat."

The fable paraphrased in the Whig papers of that day, concludes in this way:—"Thus Britain thought in seventy-six, Her talons in a hare to fix; But in the seventy it was found The bird received a dangerous wound, Which, though pretending oft to hide, Still rankles in his royal side."

There are two kinds of girls, one is the kind that appears the best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of the home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home; the other a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her, the other is a sun-beam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education will modify both a little, and unite their character in one.

"Be Just and Fear Not."—This is a motto which our very soul loves. It is a noble, manly, and encouraging motto—adapted to all classes and conditions; to the young, the middle aged, and the hoary-headed. Young men, we would persuade you to adopt it as yours; it will be a source of comfort—a stay and prop to you through all the troubles, turmoils, and anxieties of life. When you are convinced that you have done right—that you have acted justly—you can confidently trust the result to the all-wise Ruler.

WANT OF LOYALTY.—The Hamilton (C. W.) Times complains that the American flag was hoisted in the village of Elmira, on the 4th of July, while on the birthday of Queen Victoria not one British flag was to be seen in the place.