

Table with 2 columns: Term (Per annum in advance, Six months, Three months, etc.) and Price (\$1 50, 75, 50, etc.).

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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!! AT D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE. D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of...

NEW STORE! NEW STORE!! FISHER & McMURTRIE having removed to the Metropolitan, formerly known as 'Saxton's,'...

FOR EVERYBODY. TRY THE NEW STORE, On Hill Street opposite Mills & Dorris' Office.

HUNTINGDON HOTEL. The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established...

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY! The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast...

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities...

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

LADIES' ATTENTION!! My assortment of 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 BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE. Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods. BRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the worth of your money in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c.

DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & McMURTRIE.

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

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 12.

Select Poetry.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, sweet and sunny childhood; With its careless thoughtless air; Like the verdant tangled wildwood, Wants the training hand of care.

Select Story.

SEE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in an easy-chair and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of the perfumed smoke; "no, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world."

structed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction whenever his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no, the little lady was too cute for that.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "by Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied with equal enthusiasm, "she has, indeed, and she danced admirably."

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road instead of going down it, to his place of business.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was entrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated your company. After you left home, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her over-weening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would not be pointed out as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife; that she was duly in-

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane, complacently, "I do not recollect of hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and, indeed, he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma. "Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There—does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See! Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old, yet."

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes, at poor Harry's expense, circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. To blow out at her, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp with her, too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it couldn't be anything else, and to my child; she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her!"

Meanwhile, Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure, the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called Mary to take the baby, and rising exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, and "we will hurry in to dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!"

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who to tell the truth, was a little absent minded) to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of those delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (1) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to drive to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs. Vane. "We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means.—She has been complaining of fatigue, for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of the way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his relaxation betrayed him in a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Souchong upon the longue, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and, save his penitent confession, (made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you: will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech,) there was no allusion to his faults.

Relation of Masters and Apprentices.

We have often thought that if masters properly comprehended the relation they sustain to their apprentices and employees, their pecuniary interest would not only be greatly enhanced, but that a positive good would be rendered to every branch of industry in which they are engaged, as well through a more harmonious concert of action as a superior social elevation given to the worthy class under them.

The first duty of a master should be to present in himself an example for imitation in the elements of industry, morality, system and the other attributes which constitute a superior mechanic or workman. There are many apprentices who have so much of the spirit of self-reliance and genius that this example is not essentially necessary; but if we pursue the reflection, and for the certainty of the rule consider (what no man can fail to observe) the effect the characters of others of a superior rank have upon those immediately connected with them, it will be obvious to all that the masters, in a great measure, impress the inferior with the prominent traits of his character.

Where the character of an apprentice is such as to require a tight rein upon his actions, and the deprivation of privileges, and other suitable punishments, for idleness and misconduct, care should be observed that these curbs and punishments do not descend into such acts of tyranny as will destroy the spirit and ambition of the youth, and render him obstinate, unruly, and beyond all future influences of excellence and good. Besides a thorough instruction in his trade or profession, and a sound and healthy education to otherwise render him fit for his social position in life, it should be the aim of masters to instill into his pupil all the scientific and other knowledge possible, even should such knowledge have no direct bearing upon the business or trade in which he is engaged.

How True! "There is in every human being a craving for home-felt pleasures, a desire for daily communion and interchange of affection with some kindred spirit, who feels more interested in our thoughts and feelings than all the world beside, and for this, the wide, wide Universe offers no substitute;" yet how few are fitted, by education, habits, and principles, to enjoy conjugal happiness!

There is in every human being a craving for home-felt pleasures, a desire for daily communion and interchange of affection with some kindred spirit, who feels more interested in our thoughts and feelings than all the world beside, and for this, the wide, wide Universe offers no substitute; yet how few are fitted, by education, habits, and principles, to enjoy conjugal happiness! and how many do not consider that in choosing a partner for life, rational and durable enjoyment can only be expected, with a person of suitable age, similarity of tastes and abilities; of virtuous principles, and good understanding. They are captivated with a pretty face, agreeable person, and winning manners, or what is equally common in modern days, with the shining qualities of the purse; tender looks, and tales of first love, (which is often only first folly), are exchanged; they fancy they are in love, and rush into matrimony, like the horse into battle, and find out, when it is too late, that the silken bands of wedlock are iron bands, fastened with wires of steel, that gives the sharpest wound! After a short acquaintance, they become weary of each other. The force of beauty and passion is exhausted, and glittering gold appears like miry clay, but a clog to the enjoyments of those who travel on this perilous road to conjugal felicity.

HAPPINESS, TRUE AND FALSE.—True happiness is of a retired nature and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves, and fountains, fields, and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—Addison.

ADDISON has left on record the following important sentence:—"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that very action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving, and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

Beautiful your Home.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can all call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children,—as the scene of life's holiest emotions,—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thoughtful artist practices to animate the scenes and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young Man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? You have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer, by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who, at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps, it is not too much to say, that if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city, might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.—Rev. Dr. Murray.

RETURN SOON.—Wanderer from your childhood's home, almost lost in the meshes of a busy world, do you ever recall the words that fell upon your listening ear as you bade adieu to the loved ones that lingered around at the parting, "return soon!"

Do you feel that the yearning spirit of these syllables is nightly embodied in a prayer for you? And will you return? The boy that issued from the old farm gate a few years ago, untired, full of hope, sanguine for the future, will never return.

That which he has become will go back perhaps for a season. But he carries with him the marks of a contact with "life," in which he either defeats or is defeated. The hopes he entertained then, are either subdued by experiences, or driven away for ever; the reward he sought may have eluded his grasp—the sanguine temperament have grown more calculating.

These changes are perceived by those who welcome him, yet they are regarded as the development of time rather than an alteration of their loved one. Return soon, 'tis whispered into the ear of the lover; as he presses in sadness the lips that utter it. It is the wish predominating in the heart of those who remain, coined into words.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather round him in order to restore him to the path of virtue.—Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him, to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But, when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the path of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed, but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows that there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown to Heaven. They are deep wring in them, and fearful are the consequences.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara "the pride of rivers." The pride certainly has a tremendous fall.