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Select Poetry.

I would not die in spring-time,
When all is bright around,
And fair young flowers are peeping
From out the snow-crown'd ground.

Select Story.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.
"Will you promise me, St. James?"
This is a most strange and unaccountable demand, Lilly. Is it possible that you can so doubt me? Lilly put her snow white hand, sparkling with rings, with half playful vexed motion in his.

WILLIAM LEWIS,
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PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

Dame Gossip in the refreshment saloons was busy about their affairs.

"Where are that devoted couple, Effingham and Miss Brooke?" inquired Bell Stanley, a dashing young coquette, who, rumor whispered, had been intensely disappointed at losing the brilliant Effingham for herself.
"O, talking sentiment somewhere," replied Mr. Altamont, who was helping her to Charlotte de Russe. "By the way, I must tell you something glorious about St. James. Would you believe that his inamorata has exacted the solemn promise from him, never again to touch wine?"

Mode of Taking the Census.

The following account of the method adopted in taking the census of the United States, we copy from an address made by Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census, before the American Geographical and Statistical Society in New York, on the 1st inst., which, at the present time, will be read with interest.
The General Government has in each State and Territory one or more judicial districts, with each of which is connected a Marshal, who acts as the high sheriff in the District Court of the United States.

Curtain Lecture.

Been out all night again. I'd like to know where you keep yourself till this time in the morning; it is not ten minutes since I heard the clock strike four. You didn't hear it?—No, of course you didn't. You wouldn't hear the last trump—the noise would have to travel through an acre or two of German beer before it would get to your hearing. Had to go among your German friends? Had to go? I'd like to know how you had to go. Some folks are dreadful willing to "had" to go.—Yes, I know it's coming on election times; that's a good excuse to get away from your family and home. I wish there was no election in the whole country—it would be much better off if we hadn't it. What did you do all night long? Who did you elect?—Who did you see? Theatre and dance. Now turn over here. Oh, Lord! am I in a hop-yard of a distillery, or where am I? What have you got outside of you? Didn't drink much. You must have got into a bear barrel then, for it's coming out all over you, and how it smells!

A Light Heart.

There is much truth in the remark that the philosophy of many men originates in their lives. Those dark views of human nature and human life which ordinarily pass for exalted wisdom, proceed from a diseased body or diseased mind. The man who retires from society and professes to have found all its pleasure, vanity, and vexation of spirit, would speak more truthfully if he confessed that, from some derangement of his organism he had lost his capacity for enjoyment. The lights of the ball-room are just as brilliant, the dresses as splendid, the confectionery as sweet, the music as delicious as when each of these contributed to his delight. He has changed, and he hence concludes that they are hollow and joyless as they appear to him. He cannot bring himself to believe that they ever did afford him sincere enjoyment. Looking back over his past life, his mind fancy tingles all with its own sombre hue. He repines at his existence, and quotes very gloomily:
"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free,
And know whatever thou hast been,
That something better not to be."
There is no wisdom in all this. True wisdom does not look upon this world as either a paradise or a purgatory. Its maxim is to enjoy the present, if it be bright, to endure it if it be gloomy. So far from attempting to show its superiority by finding ground for complaining, that it never complains. When misfortune comes it never succumbs at the first approach and sinks into hopeless despondency; but with a light, elastic buoyancy, it makes an unyielding resistance, and breaks all the force of the attack.
Ah! a fine thing in this world of trial and sorrow, is a light hopeful heart. It alone possesses the stoutness which will carry one through difficulties, afflictions and persecutions; it can climb mountains, penetrate deserts, and brave the storm-tossed ocean; it can endure all the hardships of the camp, and march unflinchingly with the forlorn hope to the cannon's mouth. When the proud man is humbled, and the strong man has failed, he of light heart will remain, unfeared and unharmed, triumphant over every obstacle, superior to every difficulty.

Home and Wife.

Happy is the man who has a little home, and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains.

Why was Adam's wife called Eve?

Because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

THE CHAMPION SWIMMER.

A Sandwich Island boy recently deserted the whale-ship Franklin when twenty miles at sea, jumping overboard about eight o'clock at night, and swimming all night for the land. By daylight he was within half a mile of shore, but there encountered a strong opposing current, and after floating the waves in a vain effort to reach the beach, he saw a sail several miles to the leeward, changed his course for the vessel, striking out to sea again, and was on her deck by nine o'clock Friday morning, nothing harmed by his fourteen hours' swim.

A very clever conundrum was that which took a prize in Philadelphia some years since.

In what manner did Capt. May cheat the Mexicans? He charged them with a troop of horses which they never got.