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Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

Select Poetry.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE SOUL.

A lighthouse stood upon a sandy shore,
Where tempests howl, and seas their fury pour;
A white its lantern with revolving light
Directed true the sailor's wandering sight;

A Few Short Years--And Then.

A few short years--and then
The dream of life will be
Like shadows of a morning cloud,
In its reality!

A Few Short Years--And Then.

A few short years--and then
Our young hearts may be left
Of empty hope, and find no gleam
Of childhood's sunshine left!

A Few Short Years--And Then.

A few short years--and then
Impatient of its bliss;
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

A Select Story.

How An Advertisement Got a Wife.

"Tobacco is the tomb of love," writes a modern novelist of high standing; but, with every respect for his authority, I beg to say it was quite the contrary in my case.

Twenty-two years ago I was sitting by my fire-side, totting up innumerable pages of my bachelor's housekeeping-book, taking exercise in arithmetic on long columns of "petty cash"--comprising items for carrots and Butcher's, metal tacks and mutton chops--until tired, and wearied, I arrived at the sum total, and jotted the book on the mantel-piece.

Nearly at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing-gown, drew out a leather case, and lit a pipe. Well, having lit the pipe, I placed my feet on the fender and sighed, exhausted by my long job of domestic accounts. I was then in business--"twas a small wholesale business then, 'tis a large one now--yet one morning's totting of carrots and Butcher's, bricks, of metal tacks and mutton chops, would tire me a thousand times more than twenty-four hours of honest ledger-work. I sighed, not from love, but from labor, for, to tell you the truth, I had never been in love. Is this to go on forever? thought I, as I took my third whiff, and looked dreamily through the thin smoke as it ascended between me and a large print of the capture of Gibraltar which hung over the chimney-piece.

Am I to spend my prime in totting up parsnips, and computing carrots, and computing washing-bills? I sighed again, and in the act, off flew the button of my neck-band, as though some superior power had sensibly sent the accident to remind me of my helplessness.

The button settled the business; though as it slipped down inside my shirt, and passed with its mother-of-pearl coldness over my heart, it for a moment threatened to chill my matrimonial resolution. I pitied my own lonely state, and pity, we know, is akin to love. But how was the matter to be accomplished? Most men of my age would already have adjusted their inclination to some object; so that having made up their mind and counted the cost, little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day and lay hold upon the license. This however, was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle, or too indolent to devote time or make the effort to "form an attachment." It was through no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased; for had any young lady of moderately agreeable powers taken the trouble, she might have married me long ere then. I should even have been grateful for her taking the trouble off my hands, but I was too bashful to adopt the initiative.

I was a bashful man. This weakness came from the same cause as my Uncle Toby's, namely a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause in my case, namely, too close an application to business.

Accordingly I thought of an advertisement; yet with no practical design of doing business, but, as I pondered myself, for a joke. So I scratched with a pencil on the back of a letter the following:

WANTED, A WIFE.--None but the principles need apply. The advertiser does not require cash, but only a companion. He is six-and-twenty, and tired of single life. As men go, believes he to have a moderate share of temper, and want of time is his only reason for having recourse to himself and second party, and is willing to treat at once. He is quite aware that a great many attempts to convert his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns all rash intruders. If he finds a man hardy enough to make sport of his affections, he will thrash him--if a woman, he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impertinent. In either case, all applications will be promptly attended to, if addressed to P. P., to the office of this paper.

I felt proud of my composition, and puffed away at my pipe with a vague gleam and anticipation of something coming out of it--had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; and I certainly had not the

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Dog and His Master.

A farmer of Cheshire once had a dog, remarkable for courage, intelligence, and other good qualities; but there was one fault about him which was inexcusable--he was deficient in probity. Certain sheep would disappear from time to time in a mysterious manner from the farmer's fold. The wolves could not be accused of the theft, for there are no wolves in England, we all know. The honest countryman had his suspicions, and it was not long before the true offender was discovered and punished according to his deserts. But the dog did not reform, and his next offence subjected him to a far severer chastisement. He was whipped within an inch of his life, and left for dead on the same spot where he had committed his depredations. He was so far alive, however, as to be able to limp towards some neighboring underwood, where, thanks to the strength of his constitution, the energy of his character, and, perhaps, the absence of all medical interference, in a short time nothing remained of his wounds save the scars.

On Monday morning I sent a boy to the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters. I expected he might be followed by some curious and inquisitive persons; so I told him on his way back to call at a bachelor neighbor's of mine for a book. The trick told. The lad was followed by some persons who never lost sight of him until they ran him to my friend's and then they went back and announced that he was the advertiser. I thus discharged in full one or two practical jokes which my neighbor had played upon me. The answers were of the usual character--several seeking to elicit my name, and still more suggesting places of meeting, where I was to exhibit myself with a flower in my button-hole and a white handkerchief in my hand. One only looked like business. It was from a lady, who proposed an interview in a neighboring city, about forty miles north. She said there was something so frank and straightforward in my advertisement that she was convinced in my advertisement that she was convinced it was real, and she could rely upon my keeping her name secret, if, after we met, nothing came of the meeting. She would, therefore, see me at the _____, at _____, on a certain day, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why there was no harm done.

Most people would have put this down as a trap to give me a journey for nothing. I did not. A presentiment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement. This was in the old coaching days, when a man had time to make an acquaintance in forty miles, not as now, when you are at your journey's end before you have looked round your company in a railway carriage. There were but two inside--myself and a pleasant, talkative, honest-faced, elderly gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed, animated and agreeable enough amongst my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making ourselves agreeable to one another, so much so, that as the coach, approached G_____, and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stop there that night, he asked me to waive ceremony and have a cup of tea with him after I had dined at the hotel. My "fair engagement" was not till next day, and as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my hair and went in search of my coach companion and my promised cup of tea. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was a man of substance and some importance in the place. I was shown into the drawing-room. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and five daughters. "All spinsters, sir," said he, "young ladies whom an indiscriminating world seems disposed to leave upon my hands."

"If we don't sell, papa," said the eldest, who, with her sisters seemed to reflect her father's fun, "it is not for want of puffing, for all your introductions are advertisements."

At the mention of this last word I felt a little discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night, perhaps, my providential opportunity had arrived.

I need not trouble my readers with all our sayings and doings during tea; suffice it to say that I found them a very pleasant, friendly family, and was surprised to find I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their good tempered ease and conversation. They did not inquire whether I was married or single, for where there are five young unmarried daughters the question might seem invidious. I, however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood; I thought I had no sooner communicated the fact than the girls passed round a glance of arch intelligence from one to the other. I cannot tell you how odd I felt at the moment. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion crossed my mind, and helped, I felt, to color my cheek. Presently, however, the eldest, with an assumed indifference which cost her an effort, asked me where I was staying.

"At the _____ hotel," I answered with some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh, they bit their lips, and I had no longer a suspicion--I was certain. So after having some music, when I rose to depart, I mustered courage as I bid them good-by, to say to the eldest--

"Shall P. P. consider this the interview?" A blush of conscious guilt, I should rather say innocence, told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I pressed the matter no further at that moment, but I did her hand.

I remained at my hotel next day until an hour after the appointed time, but no one made their appearance. "Then," thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting my cravat, "since the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain," so I walked across to my old friends. The young ladies were all in. The eldest was engaged with some embroidery at the window. I had, therefore, an opportunity, as I leaned over the frame, to whisper--

"S. S. is not punctual."

The crimson in her face and neck was now so deep, that a skeptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more--that evening in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sisters had conspired to bring me up to G_____, on a fool's errand, never meaning, of course, to keep the engagement.

"Then," said I, "since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy."

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must--" "Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, look over my book of Thanks." "What's that," said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud! March 7. Ben lent me his new hat. Here again: Jan 4. When I lost my shilling Ben made it up kindly. "Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy after all!"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "All the kindnesses that are ever shown me, you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do, if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful, and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Cecilia. Let me glance over a page. "Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy, indeed."

"Mr. Phillips gave me five shillings." "Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put father and mother at the top of the page?" asked Cecilia. "O, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I must write their names to remind myself of the great debt of love. I know that I can never repay it. And see what I have put at the beginning of my book: 'Every good gift is from above;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time, would find it a capital plan to keep a Book of Thanks and may such as cannot write them down yet, keep a Book of Remembrance of past kindnesses in their hearts.

The Apple Tree Borer--A Remedy.

Henry Dull, of Pennsylvania, gives the following account of his method of preventing the ravages of the borer, which is both economical and easily tried, anywhere and on any farm:

I planted an apple orchard eighteen years ago, and the trees thrived very well for five or six years, when they began to droop and look sickly. Upon examining them I found the borer in great numbers, having done considerable damage, and some of them appeared to be past recovery. I went to work and took them out. After removing them I was about to apply coal tar; but I was told that it would be a worse enemy than the borer. I thought awhile, and decided to apply urine from the cow stable, having tanks and appliances to secure all this valuable liquid manure, as every farmer should have. I applied this copiously around the bottom of the trees, and washed the trunks thoroughly. The result is that I have not a borer in my orchard, and the trees have completely recovered and give me abundant crops.

I have been using this remedy for three years, and it has well repaid me for the labor required; and I think I can commend it confidently to my brother farmers, who will first carefully remove the borer, and properly apply it, say twice a year afterwards.

It will be seven years this Spring since I planted five apple trees. Three of the five were attacked by the borer, killing one, and the other two looked very sickly. I removed the worms, and upon the remaining four used the urine freely; they recovered and bore this season very fine fruit.

Three years ago the coming Spring, I planted thirty-six apple trees, and at once applied the urine copiously, and there is not, to my knowledge, a single borer in the whole of them; besides they have grown and looked remarkably well. Some of my neighbors who planted trees at the same time, obtained at the same nursery, complain of the depredations of the borer.

A Good Anecdote.

Old Parson B_____, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of M_____, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

when the sleeping attitude is completed these folded leaves embrace in their upper surfaces, the rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair, but one, at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer stalks than the others, so they can close upon the terminating pair and protect the end of the shoot." So all plants have their fiftful naps, and may be said to sleep, although governed by modifications of the same law. The daisy opens with the sun; the dandelion opens at half-past five, and closes at nine; and the scarlet pimpernel waits until noon-day, and dislikes the rain so keenly, that it closes its leaves on the approach of a shower, opening them as it passes by; and the white lotus opens when the sun rises, and closes when it sets.

Trees also have a natural period of growth, and then an appointed time of sleep and rest, from which they will not be awakened. With the fall of the leaves in autumn sleep commences, and although the Indian summer time may intervene ere the closing of the year, and weeks of mild weather come on in January, yet they are undisturbed. Experiments have been made by careful nursery-men with lilacs, spiræas and other plants quite easily excited, and it has been found that if they are taken up in the fall, and placed in a warm green-house, constantly exposed to heat, light and moisture, they will not start for at least a month. Hot-house grapes require a sleep of from two to three months; and a heat of 40 degrees which is required to start them before they have "gone to sleep," must be 20 degrees higher to perform the same results during their time of rest.

The winter rest or "sleep" of insects, is a subject full of interest to every lover of nature. In some animals life seems extinct; and often when cutting into a hollow or decayed log in the winter time, the writer has come across the home of the ants, each inhabitant of which seemed as lifeless and unfeeling as the wood itself. Here arises questions of great attractiveness, in regard to their sleep of winter. Naturalists have proved to us that ants do not hibernate, but for winter use, as has been supposed; for when the temperature is below freezing point they cluster together in a state of torpidity; and when above this point, they pursue their usual avocations. Their food at such periods, is found in the saccharine juice which exudes from the bodies of the plant-lice, or aphides, of which ants are very fond. "In fact," says Kirby, "the aphides are to them their liquid homes."

In the fall, many insects seek refuge beneath the bark of trees, retiring into crevices, or hore deep into the ground. The bat, the snake, the lizard, the frog, the snail, all fall into a deep sleep during our cold season, and although they require no food, yet life is not extinct, and the temperature of the body is the same as that of the surrounding atmosphere; and this sleep, or as naturalists call it hibernation, is the means of life to a large list of animals. Smellie, in his "Philosophy of Natural History," says: "It is not improbable that this winter lethargy acts in some measure like sleep, in refreshing and invigorating the system, and may be necessary to the constitution of some animals." Snakes have frequently been placed in an ice house in their torpid state, and after remaining there a period of three years and a half, have readily recovered at the end of that time.

A single thought. We see in the winter sleep of such animals as are not able to endure the cold of the season, nor to procure a sufficient supply of food, and yet unable to migrate to warmer latitudes, a wise and wonderful provision of nature in giving them this sleep, as the great resource for their preservation.

A Beautiful Extract.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But a dark night was abroad upon the earth. A mortal darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was known, his relations unto Heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mould hovered about the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one of majestic stature and well formed limb, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upwards where light appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on the left reclined her delicate companion; in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent, but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles; that the blind saw, the dumb spake, the dead reaped, the ocean moderated its chafing tide; and the very thunder articulated, he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him to death. Slowly, and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

By the removal of prized and cherished earthly props and refuges, God unfolded more of his own tender--

The Contented Farmer.

Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the way side, cheerily singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?" "No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king. "I am not so rich as that, I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king farther. "Eight groschen," (about twenty cents) said the farmer. "That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?" "Get along and have something left."

"How is that?" The farmer smiled and said--"Well if I must tell you, two groschen for myself and wife; and with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king. "Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt, towards which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may learn something good and receive a Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep--this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer, said--"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?" "Never," said the farmer. "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses." "This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer. "Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty bran new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming-- "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."--German Reformed Messenger.

Farmers and Their Wives.

Said a young person to a lady who sat holding her child, "Now what good will all your education do you? You have spent so much time in study, graduated with high honors, learned music and painting, and now only married a farmer. Why do you not teach a school or do something to benefit others with your talents, or if you choose to marry, why not take a teacher, a clergyman, or some professional man? But as it is, you did not need so much learning for a rural life."

The lady replied, "You do not look very far into the future. Do you see this boy on my lap? I need all the study, all the discipline, both of mind and body, that I could get in order that I might train him aright. You see I have the first impressions to make on the fair blank of his pure heart, and unless my mind was first cultivated, my own heart first purified, how could I well perform the task now placed before me? And besides, do you not suppose that farmers have hearts like other men, tastes just as pure, because they guide the plow and till the soil for their support? Do you not suppose their minds are just as capable of cultivation and expansion as other men? Have they no love of the beautiful in nature, or art? Cannot good paintings be just as much admired on their walls as others, or does the evening hour never pass pleasantly with them when they gather around the piano after a day's labor is finished? Ah, my young friend, you have made a sad mistake in your reckoning."

Of all the occupations give me that of a farmer. It is the most beautiful; his life is free from care, his sleep sweeter, his treasures safer. A farmer need not be a slave to any, for he has none to please but himself. Not so with almost any tradesman, mechanic or professional man. They have more to do with the world at large, and have all manner of persons to deal with, so they have need of the patience of Job to live. They are well aware that they must not freely speak their minds at all times; that if they do they will lose their custom; for they depend upon the people for a living, therefore, they are the servants of all. Then what can be desired more--what is more peaceful, prosperous, honest, healthful, than a farmer's life.

Parental Sympathy.

Parents express too little sympathy for their children; the effect of this is lamentable. "How your children love you! I would give the world to have my children so devoted to me!" said a mother to one who did not regard the time given to her children as so much capital wasted. Parents err fatally when they grudge the time necessary for their children's amusement and instruction; for no investment brings so sure and so rich returns. The child's love is holy; and if the parent does not fix that love himself, he deserves to lose it, and in after-life to bewail his poverty of heart.

The child's heart is full of love, and it must gush out toward somebody or something. If the parent is worthy of it, and possesses it, he is blest; and the child is safe. When the child loves worthy persons, and receives their sympathy, he is less liable to be influenced by the undesirable; for in his soul are models of excellence, with which he compares others.

Any parent can descend from his chilling dignity, and freely answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him; and when the little one wishes help, the parent should come out of his abstractions and cheerfully help him. Then his mind will return to his speculations elastic, and it will act with force. All parents can find a few minutes occasionally, during the day, to read little stories to the children, and to illustrate the respective tendencies of good and bad feelings. They can talk to them about flowers, birds, trees, about angels, and about God.

They can show interest in their sports, determining the character of them. What is a surer way than this binding the child to the parent? When you have made a friend of a child you may congratulate yourself you have a friend for life.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my son, what possesses you to ask such a question." "Because, I saw in the family Bible where you married Anna Dornay, 1838, and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

Never say "I can't," truth and act honestly.