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James A. Brown sells the genuine 'PORTLAND KEROSENE' or COAL OIL clear as water.

COAL OIL LAMPS.

Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, Burners, Shades, &c., sold at the very lowest prices, at the Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, IN THE LONDON, HUNTINGDON, PA.

VALENTINE CROUSE, Proprietor. The citizens of the county, and strangers and travelers generally, will find comfortable accommodations at this house.

CALL AT D. P. GWIN'S if you want GOOD GOODS.

DARK Colored Palm Woods, best quality, only 50 cts. each. FISHER & SON.

THE best Tobacco in town, at D. P. GWIN'S.

A Splendid variety of Carpets, only 25 cts. per yard. FISHER & SON.

CARPET Sacks and Fancy Baskets at D. P. GWIN'S.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 24, 1860.

NO. 18.

Select Poetry.

THE RAIN.

BY MARY MAY.

Tapping, tapping, softly tapping On the window pane, With a soothing, gentle music, Comes the falling rain.

Select Story.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LESSON.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon and take tea with her niece.

"I feel so just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feelings, I hope," said aunt Rachel, the pleasant light which had come into her face beginning gradually to fade away.

"Oh, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me. There are very few days now in which I am not disturbed or made to feel unhappy."

"Why, Bella, this is strange news. Disturbed and made to feel unhappy every day! You pain me by such an acknowledgment. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was the reply; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient and ungovernable, that I'm half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not. From the very beginning, I have made it a rule to repress, so far as lay in my power, everything disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library with a handsome book lying upon the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again."

"And you punished him again?"

"I did, severely."

"Where is he?"

"Shut up in a room by himself."

"Overhead?"

"Yes; that's him pounding on the floor now. Just hear the noise he is making!—And it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him, if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half way up the stairs, called in a sharp, commanding voice—

"You, Edward!"

The hammering ceased in an instant.

"What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"

No answer.

"Edward!" There was no kindness, no softness, no motherly love in the voice that uttered the name. "Do you hear, sir?"

Still no response.

"Why don't you answer me?"

The mother was growing excited.

"Edward, if you don't answer me, I'll punish you severely!"

A sulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you will be sorry for it."

"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here."

"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"

"I will come out!" screamed the child, with a sudden wildness of manner, as if he had grown desperate; and he rattled the lock and kicked passionately against the door.

This was more than the excited mother could endure; and springing up stairs, she unlocked the door and entered the prison room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry looking eye, to the sitting room, "what trouble I have got before me."

Aunt Rachel did not reply.

"I've never seen just such a child," the young mother continued, "and I don't know what is to become of him. He prefers wrong to right always, and recognizes authority only for the sake of disobedience. If, in sending him from the room in consequence of some misdemeanor, I tell him to go up stairs, he will almost surely go down; if I have said go down, he will go up. Always, he is desirous to gain the interdicted object. It is marvellous, this perversion of his mind. You don't know how it distresses me. There, just listen. He is pounding on the floor, as I live! And what is more, he will keep it at it, in spite of threat or punishment. Now what am I to do with such a boy, aunt Rachel? I've tried everything, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Perhaps that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "do you not see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I am not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one that is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow, not in storm and darkness."

Bella sat reflecting for some time. She did not like the idea of yielding to her rebellious child in the smallest degree. Pride and love of rule influenced her as much as a sense of duty, perhaps a little more. In giving up, she felt that she must experience a degree of humiliation.

"Forgive him this time, for my sake," urged aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. He was pounding on the floor when she turned the key and entered.

"She spoke sternly. The little fellow started up, with a look half defiant.

"You are a very naughty boy."

Edward set his lips firmly, and knit his fair young brows.

"How dare you pound on the floor, after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two. There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child. "Couldn't help it! Ain't you afraid to give me such an answer?" and a hand moved, half involuntarily, as if a blow was about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"Oh, is she?" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss, and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a great mind not to let you see her, after all this bad behavior."

The mother could not forgive him. Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face; but he looked neither penitent nor deprecating. She turned from him as if she would leave him still in prison; but there was no sign of weakness—only the disagreeing scowl on his face that made it so painful to look upon.

"Come," the mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with a slow step, and giving his hand in a reluctant manner, as if there was no pleasure for him in the touch, followed half behind her, down into the sitting-room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's aunt. "Now don't put your lips after that fashion!" was added, reprovingly. "Kiss aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her at his heart's content; but the reproof and command sent an evil spirit of resistance into him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said to his mother, who did not see his face, "I don't want to kiss her." But aunt Rachel saw love in his eyes.

"If you can't behave better, go up stairs again."

"Oh, he's behaving nicely," said aunt Rachel, as she drew an arm around the boy; and then she began to talk to him in a way that soon commanded all his attention. But his mother would give him no peace. It was

"Don't ride on your aunt in that way," or—

"Just see there, you rude fellow, your feet are on aunt Rachel's dress; or follow—

"Don't twist your shoulders so!" or—

"You had better go away from aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."

"Not in the least," aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arms about the pleased child—in whose bright face she read a volume of golden promise, if there were only a wise hand to turn the leaves.

But half an hour did not pass before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent in disgrace from the room.

"Now, what am I to do, aunt Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice. "You see what a self-willed, disobedient, reckless boy he is. How he resists me in everything! What am I to do?"

"Learn the first lesson in governing others," replied aunt Rachel, with considerable gravity of manner.

"What is that?" asked her niece.

"To govern yourself!"

"Aunt Rachel!"

"I mean just what I say; and until you learn to do this, you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness naturally produces antagonism; oft-repeated punishments and for trivial offenses, are the parents of rebellion; but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with motherly love, than in her most imperative command or sternest interdiction. Her mission is to lead, not drive, her children in the right way."

Aunt Rachel paused to note the effects of her plainly-spoken admonition. Her niece had a startled look, but she made no reply.

"I have not heard you speak a kind, approving word to that boy since I have been here," resumed aunt Rachel.

"How can I speak approvingly when he does wrong? How can I encourage him to disobedience by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently in part. You follow him too closely, and scold him too much for things that are of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from anything that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and all ways harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly that I must point it out. You have forgotten the pithy adage about honey catching more flies than vinegar. Try the honey, my dear,—try the honey. I am sadly afraid that you are shadowing the life of that child—shutting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth to-day; yet down among the rankly-springing weeds, trying to struggle up into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, search for these as for precious treasures; water them with the dew of love, and let the heart's warm sunshine go down into the earth around them."

Don't think so much of the repression and extermination of evil, as about the growth and development of good. But, first of all, put your house in order. Regulate your own heart. Repress anger, pride, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in your heart, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on—

"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel the love in your voice and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you; or, if you think of it, speak of it, be as though you were blind him to the law of obedience, when fear of punishment would only impel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but made no response. Tears were in her eyes as she left the apartment.—

Going up stairs into the room in which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around from his work of marking with a pencil on the white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment, or an angry lecture. So he put on a look of defiance. But his mother instead of blazing out upon him, as was her wont, sat down in a strange, quiet way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently that he could only stand and look at her in surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out towards him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother.—

She still held out her hands.

"Come dear." He was by her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, he put his arms around her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart!

"I love Eddy," the little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went down nestling upon her bosom.

"Oh, I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will Eddy be good for mother?"

"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can't help it," he added a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy—can help it if he will," said his mother, smiling encouragement into his face. Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance.

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

"Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke:

"I'll forget, sometimes, I'm almost sure I will, but—"

He paused with the sentences unfinished.

"But what, dear?"

"I don't scold me, then, mamma. Kiss me and I will be sorry."

He caught his breath with a sob, and his mother drew his head against her bosom and laid her tearful face down among his golden curls.

When they entered the sitting-room, aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory, had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, soon meddled with forbidden things, made unseemly noises, or conducted himself in a way that tried, severely, his mother's patience. But she compelled herself, and it required no light effort to use honey instead of vinegar—to speak in affectionate remonstrance, instead of angry threats—and instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, and commanding utterance in which she so long indulged, and the quiet loving words now spoken in under tones.—

Will then opposed itself to will—but now love yielded to love. The boy once so rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child so impossible before, became a thing of easy achievement.

"Don't forget it, dear," said aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting at the close of her visit.

"Never," was the earnest reply. "You have removed scales from my eyes, and selfishness, self-will and passion shall never blind me again. I will try to govern myself always, before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than give up all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which, I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my dear child, that is the true way," replied aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-forces of his young spirit to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air spreading out their branches and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth, leaving the evil plants to droop and wither for lack of nourishment."

PROVERBS WORTH PRESERVING.—Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding-hot.

Death's the only master who takes his servants without a character.

A sour-faced wife fills the tavern.

Content's the mother of good digestion.

When Pride and Poverty marry together, their children are Want and Crime.

Where hard work kills ten, idleness kills a hundred men.

Folly and pride walk side by side.

He that borrows, binds himself with a neighbor's rope.

He that's too good for good advice, is too good for his neighbor's company.

Friends and photographs never flatter.

Wisdom's always at home to those who call.

The firmest friends ask the fewest favors.

Miscellaneous.

A Toast Well Buttered.

A few weeks since, at Blissfield, Michigan, an old lady, one of the mothers in Democratic Israel, whose father was a soldier in the Revolution, presented to the Democratic club of the village a Douglas banner wrought with her own hands, accompanied by the following toast:

OUR NATION!—Bogotten amid the storms of the sixteenth century, its infantile movements were dim and indistinctly seen on board the Mayflower, on the rocks of Plymouth, at Jamestown, on the plains of Monongahela, and on the heights of Abraham.

The capricious squalls of its infancy were heard in the tea party in Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on the plains of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill. In his boyhood he ran bareheaded and barefooted over the plains of Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown, whipped his mother and turned her out of doors. In his youth he strode over the prairies of the boundless West and called them all his own; paid tribute to the despots of Barbary in powder and balls; spit in his father's face from behind the cotton bales at New Orleans; whipped the mistress of the ocean; revelled in the halls of Montezumas; straddled the Rocky Mountains, and, with one foot upon the golden sand and the other upon codfish and lumber, defied the world. In manhood, clothed in purple and fine linen, he rides over the ocean in palace steamers; sends his thoughts on rings of lightning to the world around; thunders at the door of the Celestial Empire and at the portals of distant Japan; slaps his poor old decrepit father in the face and tells him to be careful how he peeks into any of his pickarons, and threatens to make a sheep pasture of all the land that joins him. What he'll do in his old age God only knows. May he live ten thousand years, and his shadow never be less.

A NEW STEAM PLOW.—At the St. Louis Agricultural Fair a steam plow was on exhibition. The Democrat of the 28th ult., says of it:

This steam plow was made at Hannibal, Mo., and has been brought thence to our great fair. It was built last spring, by Messrs. Stearn & Roberts, upon which is claimed as a new principle, that of applying the locomotive power near the periphery of the wheels. Mr. Robert L. Stearn, the first above named, is the inventor, and has filed an application for a patent in the case. The machine weighs seven tons, and is twenty feet long by ten wide, while the forward wheels are twenty inches in width. It is guaranteed to plow thirty acres of land in a day—and the sanguine managers believe it capable of plowing forty. The plow left Hannibal at 11 o'clock, a. m. Monday last, on a barge, rigged with paddles, which the steam wagon was made to move! This is a curious combination, in which a barge carries a wagon, and the wagon propels the barge. The old hermaphrodite excited much suspicion among the boatmen on the river, despite which it arrived July 5 o'clock, Monday evening. The wagon being eliminated from the barge, first "astonished the natives" on Carr street, yesterday morning.—It then took up its march for the fair grounds, passing down Broadway and out Wash street, and causing much more astonishment than the Prince of Wales himself. Being a wagon of twenty horse power, it, of course, found no difficulty in getting along.

FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.—The Dunn County (Wisconsin) Lumberman of a late date, says that a few days since, about noon, the family of Mr. Stephen Grover, living six miles east of Pepin, were startled by the unusual squealing of a pig. Suspecting the cause, Mr. G. directed his sons, several of whom—men grown—were in the house, to load their guns and prepare to shoot the bear. But Mr. Hans Lunn, a Norwegian carpenter, and Mr. Woodbury Grover, too impatient to wait for the guns, rushed out towards the spot where the noise originated, and before they were aware of their danger, Lunn, who was in advance, was in the jaws of the bear.—Having no weapon of any description, not even a club, he defended himself the best he could with his hands and feet, and called lustily for help. Once during the struggle, he states, he got Bruin by the lower jaw and ear, and held him for nearly a minute, but losing his hold the bear seized him by the thigh and bit out a large piece of the flesh, and otherwise bit and mangled both legs before he could be driven off. Owing to the swampy nature of the ground, where the affair happened, the bear was suffered to escape. Mr. Lunn is said to be badly wounded, and by the time he recovers will be likely to discover that it is no boy's play to cope, single-handed, with a black bear.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW MOTOR.—A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes from Nashua, N. H., as follows: "I now barely announce the fact, and will give you the particulars at another time, that a motive power has been discovered and satisfactorily tested, which, it is estimated, will not only be more effective than steam as a motive power, but which will be eighty per cent. cheaper!—Think not that I am romancing for I speak by the card' upon the best authority. The new motor of which I speak will be found to be not only more powerful than steam, but will be worked with entire safety. It can also be used for every variety of mechanical purpose—for turning the tiny lathe of the goldsmith, operating the printer's press, driving through the deeps marine vessels, and even can the ladies use it to whirl the wheel of the sewing-machines. It can also be transferred to the kitchen, and there be made to propel the washing-machine, the churn, and even to rock the cradle! I think I hear you and your readers say, 'I don't believe it.' Wait and see if I have exaggerated, and you'll not have to wait long. I repeat, this motor, now distinctly announced, has been thoroughly tested, and will be ready in a few days for practical use."

Stupidities.

Hall's Journal of Health enumerates the following. The list is capable of being indefinitely extended. Indeed, if one should specify all the silly and ridiculous habits and practices by which the majority of reasoning mortals are injuring themselves, he would make a chapter as long as the Atlantic cable.

Walking along the streets with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm, or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping in a church aisle, after dismissal, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the same pew to pass out and before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a greater boorishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pocket. Not long since, a clerk in New York fell, and the long cedar pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing-out qualities.

To sit down to a table and force yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite but a positive aversion of food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or sanga-ree, or mint drops on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water.

To economise time, by robbing yourself of necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually lost, and a half-dozen hours actually spoiled.

To persuade yourself that you are destroying one unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one, that is, attempting to sweeten your own unwashed garments and person by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de Cologne, or rose water; the best perfume being clean skin and well-washed clothing.

The Number Three.

When the world was created we find there was land, water and sky; sun, moon and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb; Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into the den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshch and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity—these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his strength. The sacred Roman motto was composed of three words, In hoc signo. There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven and hell.—

There is also a Holy Trinity. In mythology, three Graeces; Cerereus, with three heads; Neptune holding his three toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature, we have morning