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WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 25.

The Globe. HUNTINGDON, PA.

[From the Lady's Friend.]
SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY HANCOCK SWAYNE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love,
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright wing'd butterflies,
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her,
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled words,
Answering another's tender words,
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar burns,
Forever joined two hearts and hands,
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beautiful boy,
Forever hers till death shall part,
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees,
So rich is autumn's store.

Anged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands,
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass grow flow'ry red
On earth's kind sheltering breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain,
So sweet eternal rest.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him, and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand, "can I not teach you other manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet. Get up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was pointing sadly. "Did you hear what I said, get up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke. Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the overexcited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed sinking down upon a chair. "It is fine upon line and precept upon precept; but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unquietly, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back Sir!" she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse!"

Master Harry withdrew, pointing out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper!"

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat which former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table, quietly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his morose spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into the saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you? Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any intention on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat,

"Next time, see that you are more careful. I will give you a severe reprimand if you do not take care to manage your tea properly. You never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness. A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more headless. Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough.

That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to scold him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton was silent. He wanted to say a word about the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way, which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good," Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that would lead to a quarrel, she contented herself with a look of scorn and indignation, and she dropped a few words into his hand. Alas! in these days boy would sooner steal their parents' whole stocks, than add to them a single sheaf.

"It was my brother's?"—While passing along rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a curb stone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we perceived in his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and, putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another," and we dropped a few pieces into his hand. "That will buy one, will it not?" "Oh!" replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief; "but that was little brother Tommy's, and he is dead."

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead!

"What do you want, my son," she said in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eyes brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"You want anything else?" she asked.

"No mamma," he replied cheerfully, "I can dress myself."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruit, and the gathering, even so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the least in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly, and with almost always been the case, with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became ever-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken, was all powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, command yourself, and speak gently.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother's brother is unable to bear the heat and burden of the day. I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge.

The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motive, said within himself:

"My elder brother has a family, I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when, on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such an association as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so anxious and significant, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days boy would sooner steal their parents' whole stocks, than add to them a single sheaf.

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[For the Globe.]
Slander.

Of all the strange things on earth, one of the strangest and most pitiable is slander. It has always been a mystery to me how beings, endowed with mind, intellect, and all the grand faculties which God has given them, can deliberately dissect the errors, weaknesses and foibles of their fellow-beings; and especially has it been a wonder to me how woman, who is presumed to possess delicacy, refinement, gentleness, and all the purer attributes which Heaven assigns her, can take delight in willfully vituperating, censuring and slandering their own companions. Who can estimate the evil done by these slanderers? I have known young men with buoyant hopes, hazy aspirations, and noble genius, whose increasing efforts had fair to be crowned with success, when the Sorocro-broth of the vile and envious slanderer crushed every hope, every joy in life. I have known gentle maidens whose hearts were joyous, whose clear sparkling eye mirrored a soul free from guile, whose step was light and to whom life seemed a beautiful dream—when lo! the hard, cruel coils of the Gorgon slanderer, quietly crept around her, and the gentle girl slowly sank, hugging the wounded heart, the blighted hopes, the agony of a crushed spirit to her, till the grave proved the kindest friend and embraced the dear victim. I think as did the philosopher "that in the clear-sighted wisdom of God, there are many inmates of the State prison less morally guilty than the slanderer."

The species of slanderers are so various they can be classified. The first we will call Backbiters; a mean, despicable crew. You meet them unsuspectingly as friends; they greet you with a Judas kiss; with false radiance and smiles they fondle, flatter, cringe and caress. You don't know you are taking a serpent to you, whose venomous sting is the herald of the darkest hour of your life. You are no sooner out of their sight than meaning glances are given, base insinuations made, and "did you hear so and so?" and then they fabricate wicked, base tales and accusations, which have no foundation but their own wicked designs; and all this about the being who when present they would fawn upon with whitened palmers, with the black hearts! Slander will have its day, but Right will triumph.

Another class we will call Exaggerators. It may be born of envy, hatred, or Satan knows best what, but their delight in multiplying small errors, till they become unpardonable crimes, till they are another incomprehensible fact to me that some people cannot see another rise, excel, or acknowledge another's superiority in any thing without feeling that they are too good for him. Oh! ye whitened palmers, with the black hearts! Slander will have its day, but Right will triumph.

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around shows there, and then you can take yuro gal, and she'll like you for it. I was sure there and for fear the star fellers wud git after me agen I hastened to find the perspective influence of female society. I thought I wud be galled and take a girl to the Bel Rinkers theater. I knowed many of the guide girls and I soon stood tromblin on the door step of one of the best. I pounded the door and it soon opened.

"Sarer Jane," sez I, "Sarer Jane, will you go to the Bel Rinker theatre?"

Sarer looked skeered, her broth came quick and short, her hands trembled and became cold, the blood departed from her cheek, and she sunk softly down on a sofa; then I was skeered.

"Sarer Jane," sez I, "Sarer Jane, did I hurt you?"

"Mister Kruger, I'm not hurt, but I was so taken by surprise. You know, Mister Kruger, this town ain't like other places; why, here the young men never take the young females any place, and they allers have to take themselves.—The young men allers all won thare ain't nothin gon on, except wen the girls make cakes and taffy. And wen you axst me to go with you to the concert I wasn't used to it, and any other female in this town would have fallen the same way; but, Mister Kruger, sez she, Mister Kruger, I'm glad in my soul that a new life is braking on our benighted town, (I wondered if she ment the star lite I hed seen the other nite), and, sez she, I'll go with you.

Just then Sarer's brother came in and sed the Bel Rinkers theatre wudn't let '