

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Table with columns for subscription terms (Per annum, Six months, Three months) and advertising rates (Four lines or less, One square, Two squares, etc.).

TRIAL LIST, APRIL TERM, 1858.

Table listing names of individuals for trial, such as Nicholas Shaver, John Fleming, Thomas Clark's heirs, etc.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS FOR A

Table listing names of grand jurors for the county of Huntington, including John Anderson, Lewis Burgess, John Black, etc.

TRAVELERS JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Table listing names of travel jurors for the first week, including John Applegate, Edward Berge, William Buckley, etc.

TRAVELERS JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Table listing names of travel jurors for the second week, including John B. Briggs, John Burleigh, Richard Colegate, etc.

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, by a

Proclamation text regarding the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Huntington, detailing the trial of various cases.

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Sherriff's Office, Huntington, March 17, 1857.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 31, 1858.

NO. 41.

Interesting Miscellany.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS.

The following article from the Prairie Farmer, is so full of truth, that, notwithstanding its length, we give it in full:

Few things are so precarious as commercial credit. Men who have borne up under repeated losses of thousands of dollars, have, in the end, gone down before so formidable a thing as a doubt.

There is a sad look of manly honor and integrity among commercial men. They set up for themselves a strange standard of morality—a combination of punctuality—which must pay a debt the very hour in which it becomes due, and a license which sanctions any business that brings gain, whether by flattering the vanity of women, or by rousing the appetites of men, or by rousing gold from the dry bones of poverty.

We never believed that there was, necessarily, more hazard in the mercantile or the banking business than in farming. Farmers rarely become bankrupt, simply because they keep their expenditures below their incomes, and do not try suddenly to get rich by borrowing money and engaging in hazardous speculations.

A young man just liberated from the apprenticeship of a common clerk conceives the idea of becoming immensely rich in a few years, and resolves to open a wholesale store, or perhaps a large banking house.

The shivering beggar who steals a web of flannel is promptly arrested and punished. No sympathizing crowd follows him to the

grim entrance of the solitary and dreaded abode of counterfeiters, thieves and assassins. No sorrowful paragraph reluctantly tells how, in an evil hour, he committed the unfortunate deed.

The merchant is constantly exposed to loss by uncurrent bank notes; so is the farmer. He may be ruined by the reduction in the price of produce; so may the farmer. He may be hard pressed by his creditors; so may the farmer.

Choice of a Business. Labor is the lot of man in this world. It may be toil of the body, or toil of the mind, or a combination of both; but in one form or another, man must live by exertion and industry.

Another point we present for their consideration of parents previous to the choice being made. What is the object chiefly in view? If it were merely how to get a livelihood, the question would be much simplified.

Prudence.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and exclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside his ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar.

One branch of manual industry, or one line of intellectual labor, may be subject to competition so excessive, that it would be unwise to enter upon the struggle except with qualifications certain to command success, however much the inclination might be biased in that direction.

The choice should not be made too early. Both in town and country the hard requirements of poverty compel many youths of tender years to begin betimes to earn their daily bread. We have nothing to say where the necessity for this exists, and a body of right feeling will gladly submit to toil, or give up prospects that he might have after better schooling, if, by his early exertion, he can make the burden lighter for his parents, and bring his share to the family resources.

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Friends at a pinch.—A pair of tight boots.

A Pelasant Lesson.

One evening as a poor man and his wife with five or six children were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of the children said; "O, father, how poor we are! I do wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure. I guess I would not sit all day idle any more, and have so little to eat."

No sooner said than done—a beautiful woman, with radiant countenance, stood before them, who said, "Little boy, I heard you wish, and if you will obey my directions, you may find a great treasure."

The children clasped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly credit their ears that they had really heard such a thing for they were poor indeed.

They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands.

"That's a capital idea" said the father, (Good-man); "I'll get some corn, and plant there to-morrow."

So he did, and as they dug for the treasure it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprung up, and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the cornstalks made nice food for the cow, too.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull up some old tree stumps and stones, etc., round a large cherry tree behind the house, and they were very tired.

When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it sat looking in wonder and joy. They never had seen so much in all their lives before; they were so pleased, they had quite forgotten the treasure they had dug so hard and long for, till the fairy put her head in at the door.

dig for it? This heap of money is the last part of the treasure you have found by digging.

Look how healthy you have become!—How industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you are! Look at your farm now; where there was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug is now a garden and fields!

The widow riled. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire, and burst out with—

"If you can't understand me you're a heartless brute, so you are."

"Look here marm, my name isn't Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet, I'd have you to know. And I won't get married to nobody but one, and you are not the she."

"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver. "Woman overboard!" cried a passing sailor.

"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—Herald—publish," shrieked the widdler in tone of mortal agony, while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.

"More steam driver, for mercy's sake!" I yelled. "We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour."

"I say, Mr. Editor, do you take Philadelphia money?" "No." "What's the reason—ain't it good?" "Yes. Why don't you take it, then?" "Can't get it."

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