

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., MAY 5, 1858. VOL. XIII. NO. 46. Editor and Proprietor.

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE. TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN ONE! NINETY THOUSAND COPIES THE FIRST MONTH! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SPLENDID WORKS OF ART.

THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER—AGENTS GETTING RICH!!! The union of Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly has given to the world a circulation second to no other similar publication in the country.

THE LAST SUPPER. In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper" which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the sale of a number of beautiful engravings.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR EMERSON'S MAGAZINE FOR 1858. 1st. Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writers and thinkers.

AGENTS GETTING RICH. The success which our agents are meeting with is almost astonishing. Among the many evidences of this fact, we are permitted to mention the following:

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.—On and after Wednesday, April 7th, the Train carrying the Chesapeake, Potomac and Broad Top Railroad, will leave and arrive as follows:

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—The most valuable MANURE now in the market is MITCHELL'S CROCODILE BRAND Improved Ammoniated Super-Phosphate of Lime.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY! The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by J. C. McGill, and is in blast.

TO MERCHANTS AND FARMERS. GROUND PLASTER can be had at the Huntingdon Flour and Plaster Mills, in any desirable quantities, on and after the 1st day of March, 1858.

HATS AND CAPS.—A fine assortment BENJ. JACOBS store.

Select Poetry.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH!"

Oh God! how beautiful is earth, In sunlight or in shade, Her flowers that gem the glade, Her hillocks, white with fleecy flocks, Her fields with grain that glow, Her sparkling rivers deep and broad, That through the valley flow.

Select Story.

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

It was on a chill, bleak morning in November, that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed, where he had passed the latter part of the night under a pile of sheepskins.

As young Aubrey stood there now, his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with palsy. He mechanically placed his hand in his pocket and took therefrom a sixpence.

"Ab, Charley, Charley!" he murmured to himself, "you have run your race. Where are now the friends who have so long hung about you? One poor sixpence! It will buy me a glass of grog to allay my burning. O, would to God it would buy me one true friend!"

"Charity, good sir," she muttered in a hoarse, trembling voice. Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal, and I will ask God to bless thee."

"By my life, good woman, you are the very one I was wishing for. Here—it is all I have—it is my last sixpence! Take it. I have only wished it would buy me one true friend."

"I need it sir," the old woman said, "but I dare not take it from you, for you would not profit by my friendship."

that I have suffered as deeply as you ever did. I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel and you may yet recover all you have lost."

"No, not at all. There is one loss I can never make up." And as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Go to his store and freely confess to him all your faults," resumed the old woman, without seeming to notice the interruption.

"Charles," he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, "Why have you come here?"

"Mr. Williams," spoke the youth, in a choking voice, "I have come to—tell you that—my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—"

"And now," said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over some, "we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work."

"At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered:

"You can pay me for all this if you choose; so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness—when the lost ones of earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers."

"So it was settled that Charles should go out into the country and remain awhile. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and happy to receive him, and there he soon began to regain his health and spirits.

"There was something in the look and tone of the man, as he spoke those words, that made the youth start. The blood rushed to

his face, and anon he turned pale. "If you would like," the merchant resumed, in the same low, strange tone, "you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that you would entirely reform, I dared not carry you to my house. But I am satisfied now; now, if you please, you may inform Mrs. Swain that you shall board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have spoken with her on the subject."

"Very well," replied the merchant, "this evening, then, go home with me."

"I will go," "Then give me the sixpence."

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Singular Case of Seclusion.

The Wolf Rock Inhabited—A Man Found in a Cave on Buckingham Mountain—A Residence of Forty Years Arrested!—On Friday last, most singular case of discovery occurred, by which it appears that the celebrated and romantic "Wolf Rocks," on Buckingham Mountain, in Bucks county, are inhabited by a hermit who asserts that it has been his residence for more than forty years.

Having screwed up their courage to the sticking point, the two men armed with a crow-bar went back to the part of the rocks from which the strange sound emanated and after making considerable explorations were about to abandon the enterprise when it occurred to them that making a noise might bring the stranger to sight.

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Recreation.

"Man must have bodily work, and intellectual work different from his bread-getting work, or he runs the danger of becoming a contracted pedant with a poor mind and a sickly body. I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter—Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavor, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise.

"Now, what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing, by any means; but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account—These enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure—things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptory and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labor.

"An indirect advantage, but a very considerable one, attendant upon various modes of recreation is, that they provide opportunities of excelling in something to boys and men who are dull in things which form the staple of education. A boy cannot see much difference between the nominative and the genitive cases—a still less an occasion for acrobatics—but he is a good hand at some game or other, and he keeps up his self-respect and the respect of others for him, upon his prowess in that game. He is better and happier on that account. And it is well, too, that the little world around him should know that excellence is not all of one form.

"And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physics, or manufactured goods, but to become men, not narrow pedants, but wide seeing, mind-traveled men."

Advantages of Temperance.

Solomon tells us that the glutton shall come to poverty; warns us to be not among riotous eaters of flesh, and even bids us put a knife to our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy? Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demi-god would dictate to us just how much we ought to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race.

"Jonathon Edwards we see noting in his diary: 'I find that I cannot be convinced, in the time of eating, that to eat more would be to exceed the bounds of temperance, tho' I have had two years' experience of the like, and yet three minutes after I have done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I overeat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced again of excess, and so it is from time to time. I have observed that more really seems to be truth, when it is according to my inclination, than when otherwise.

"Jefferson says that 'no man ever repents eating too little.' Sir Isaac Newton often dined on a penny's worth of bread. Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by 'going into the country, where he could get good milk and eggs, and living upon three ounces of baked custard taken three times a day, with no drink but ginger-water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh and uniformly got better."

"Marion and his men waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no drink but water, and no shelter but the sky. 'Besides brown bread, the Greek boatman subsists almost solely on their native fruits, figs, grapes and raisins. They are most nimble, active, graceful, cheerful, and even the merry people in the world.'"

"Grant Thornburn attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he 'never eats enough,' and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business or the multiplicity of cares, as by the overwork they crowd upon them in digesting surplus and unnecessary food.

Couldn't Make Her Cross.

Dame Grundy was a pattern of good nature—always contented, and consequently happy. "I tell you what it is," said farmer Grundy one day to his neighbor Smith, "I really wish I could hear Mrs. Grundy scold once, the novelty of the thing would be so refreshing."

"I'll tell you," said his sympathizing neighbor, "how to obtain your wish. Go into the woods, get a load of the most crooked sticks you can possibly find, and my word for it, she will be as cross as you desire."

"Farmer Grundy followed his neighbor Smith's advice. Having collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crochety materials that were ever known under the name of fuel, he deposited the same at the door, taking care that his spouse should have access to no other wood. The day passed away, however, and not a word was said; another, and still another, and no complaint. At length the pile disappeared. "Well, wife," said Mr. Grundy, "I am going after more wood. I'll get another load just such as I got last time."

"O, yes, Jacob," said the old lady, "it will be so nice if you will, for such crooked, crochety wood as you brought before does lay around the pot so nicely."

"STORIES FOR CHILDREN.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer states that an old lady in his vicinity has been in the habit for several years of shoeing her chickens, in order to prevent them from scratching, and suggests that a patent right be obtained for the novel invention. An elderly lady in the vicinity of Baltimore, well versed in chickenology, says—'Nonsense! there is no novelty in the thing at all, for chickens have been shooed ever since there was anybody to shoe them—and further—it often happens that they are shooed best when scratching the worst.'—Baltimore Patriot.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "You needn't wonder—they're in a weak place," replied the gentleman.

"Why is the letter S like a sewing machine? Because it makes needles needless."