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A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
D. P. GWIN'S CHEAP STORE.
D. P. GWIN has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest and most beautiful assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

SPRING SHAWLS, THIBET SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, &c.
Also, Cloths, Cassimere, Cassinets, K. Jean, Cot. Drills, Muslins, Tickings, Nankeen, Table Diapers, &c.

NEW STORE—NEW GOODS!!
FISHER & McMURTRIE having received the Metropolitan, formerly known as "Sixtons," Rice pleasure in announcing to their many friends that they have received a new and well selected stock of GOODS.

FOR EVERYBODY.
TRY THE NEW STORE,
On Hill Street opposite Miles & Dorris' Office.

THE BEST SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
COFFEE, TEA AND CHOCOLATE.
FLOUR, FISH, SALT, AND VINEGAR.

HUNTINGDON HOTEL.
The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old and well established TAYLOR'S STABLE, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Street, in the Borough of Huntingdon.

ATTENTION ALL!
A SPLENDID STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES.
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
FOR BOYS AND CHILDREN.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!
The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. MCGILL, and is in blast, and will have all kinds of castings, such as pipes, valves, flues, chimneys, &c., &c., which will sell at the lowest prices.

COUNTRY DEALERS can buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

LADIES, ATTENTION!!
My assortment of beautiful dress goods is now open, and ready for inspection. Every article of dress you may desire, can be found at my store.

WHEAT!
For sale at D. P. GWIN'S.

The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 6, 1858. NO. 15.

Select Poetry.

BETTER THAN THEM ALL.
A moderate share of wealth, is good
To cheer us on our way,
For it has, oftentimes, the power
To make December, May;

A Resurrection Story.

A RESURRECTION STORY.
Dr. Monkton was a physician, and was so far advanced in fortune and reputation as to be able to retire for four months every year into the country, and leave his practice and his patient to be ready for his return.

self in the little drawing room. Here he endeavored to talk to the lovely shadow more than was the custom of Monkton's guests. It was necessary for him to bear the chief burden of the conversation, for he got few words from her and almost fewer looks; and in order to keep conversation alive, he told anecdotes and described scenes to which she gave a mere passive attention.

He carried her from the room, and would suffer no one to hear the words of reviving consciousness from her lips. But from this moment he could no longer repress the idea that Umbra had been the wife of the man.

When Monkton learned from her own lips the struggle she was enduring, the last hold upon his passion gave way. They broke that hour over their boundaries and spread their wings.

It was about two years after it first became known that this beautiful shadow inhabited his house, that a merchant who had a tolerable intimate acquaintance with Dr. Monkton, returned from abroad, and chanced to be admitted to the presence of its shadowy inmate.

caused the lid of the coffin to be lifted which bore her name. The lid was lifted and the coffin was empty.

Farmer and Gardener.

A View of Farming.

There are two essentials of good farming; give me these, and I ask not the scientific knowledge—I will make farming a paying, profitable business; a good soil and plenty of manure. These are what the common-sense farmer wants, and this is what the scientific farmer says you must have.

Capital is a fine thing in conducting a farm, but it is what but few of our New England farmers possess. That man ought not to be praised for his good farming, who has any means at his command to carry on his farm.

The common-sense idea of farming, should not be passed over in silence by our scientific men; they should give some credit to the fact, that a great proportion of our farmers yet condemn scientific farming, and this, too, not without cause.

It was a winter night of tempest, but there was no fire nor light in Monkton's room. He was not heard to stir from the moment he entered it, and the servant who once or twice knocked timidly, was fain to retire at last, and conceal her fears for her master in her still greater awe for him.

Three ways for obtaining the desired information in regard to practical farming, occur to me at present. 1. By observation; this includes the practice of having our eyes open, and when viewing an improvement on our neighbor's premises, to see if we cannot adopt the same course; thus, one man in a neighborhood builds a cellar under his barn or sheds, for the protection of his manure, and to afford an opportunity to make larger quantities of dressing; another farmer sees the benefits of this, and at once builds sheds for the same.

Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart.

Preserving Grapes.

As we shall soon be in the midst of the season for preserving grapes for winter use, the following method, communicated to the American Agriculturist, by Charles Campbell, of Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y., may be interesting to many of our readers, who have the article in abundance:

"When they are fully ripe, suspend the basket by a strap or cord passed around the neck, thereby giving liberty to both hands for picking; with one hand hold the cluster, and with the other, remove it from the vine; remove from the clusters all unripe and decayed fruit, and deposit them in the basket until it is filled. I use a market basket that will hold about half a bushel.

Grapes packed as above directed, will open at any time during the winter or spring following, as fresh as when packed. The only secret or mystery is, that the moisture which spoils the fruit, when packed in saw-dust and other absorbents, passes off during the ten days that the box remains open, instead of being absorbed, and ultimately moulding and spoiling them.

Corn may be transplanted as successfully as cabbage plants, and it is proposed by some who have tried the experiment, to raise the plants in frames or hot-beds, and set them out as early as the weather will permit.

Beginning a Day afresh.

The theme of our voluntary actions, all that we do from morning to night of every day, is without doubt intrusted to our control. No power, without our consent, can share the monarchy of this realm, or constrain us to lift a hand or speak a word, when Resolution bids us be still and silent.

The hindrance is with yourself alone. The coming hours are open yet, pure and spotless receptacles for whatever you may deposit there; pledged to no security of good; neither mortgaged to greedy passion, nor given to generous toil. There they lie in non-existence still; ready to be organized by a creative spirit of beauty, or made foul with deformity and waste.

The Saint Beggar.

The richest saint must be, and is, an humble beggar at grace's door all his days; and Christ, the Lord of the house and the dispenser of the alms; and as the alms is too good and too great to be quarreled with, and never did a believer get any good by complaining of him.

Let us adopt the love of peace, that Christ may recognize his own, even as we recognize him to be the teacher of peace.

His Oath Explained.
What! a swearer pray? Yes, whether though thou thinkest so or not, each of thy holy oaths is a prayer—an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou dardest so impiously to take into thy lips.

When, therefore, thou callest for damnation dost thou not, in fact, say as follows: "Oh, God! thou hast power to punish me in hell forever, therefore let not one of my sins be forgiven! Let every oath that I have sworn, every lie that I have told, every Sabbath that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word or deed, rise up in judgement against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation! May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness both in this world and that which is to come. Let me never enjoy thy favor and thy friendship, and let me never enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Oh God, let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut me up in hell.—May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in the blackness, and my companions accursed devils! Pour down thy hottest anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; and fierce, thy fiery, thy fearful indignation rest upon me! Be mine eternal enemy and plague; punish and torment me in hell for ever, and ever, and ever!

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh, dreadful imprecation! Oh, horrible! horrible! most horrible! Blaspheming man! dost thou like thy petition? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on, swear hard. The more oaths the more misery, and perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in hell. Art thou shocked at this language? Dost it harrow up thy soul?—Does the very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou blasphemed the God of heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day; nay, how many times in a single hour, hast thou called for damnation?—Art thou not yet in hell? Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, at the good and suffering of that God whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be thankful that God has not answered thy prayer, and that thou art not yet in hell!

Swearing! canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour as this? Does not thy conscience ery—God forbid! Even so, Amen.—British Messenger.

Sixpence a Day.

A London paper furnishes us with the following interesting anecdote, which we wish our young friends would read and think about. What is said about a sixpence spent daily for one thing that is useless or hurtful, (strong drink for example,) may be said of the same sum spent for any other hurtful or pernicious thing, (tobacco for example.)

There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol, who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated.

Judge the old man's surprise when told that had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing three thousand dollars, and fifty acres of land, worth two hundred and fifty dollars an acre, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.