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WILLIAM LEWIS,

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Select Poetry.

From the Norristown Register.

THE FAITHLESSNESS OF MAN.

BY O. D. MARTIN.

I've wooed and sighed at Beauty's shrine,
And threw my heart away,
And thought the charm I won divine,
And would it for a day,
But like a fall blown rose, it drooped,
And lost its sweet perfume,
Till from its lofty height it stooped,
To wither in its tomb.

Still thoughtless I—It seemed to fade
Ere I had known it well,
And like each beautiful flower made,
It withered and it fell.
This flower had lost its charm to me,
I sought another flower,
I wooed and won it but to see
It wither in its hour.

Is woman fickle? No! 'Tis she
Loves a life long love,
Man never fails to her—'Tis he
Who false and faithless prove.
Then wrong her not but let us strive
To merit her esteem,
And make life happy—be alive
To good—BE WHAT WE SEEM.

Select Story.

THE MANIAC'S CONFESSION.

A few years ago I visited an insane asylum. The woman in charge conducted us through various apartments, giving us all the information in regard to the occupants she was able, and kindly answering all the questions until we came to a room where one of the patients had lately died, and now lay awaiting the disposal of her friends, who had been apprised of her disease. We entered, and gazed reverently upon the face of the life and dead traces of great beauty. What great sorrow had bereft this beautiful creature of her reason? and by what relative, and for what motive, had she been incarcerated in this living tomb? were queries which were in my mind as I gazed upon her lifeless remains.

My eyes involuntarily wandered over the apartment. A little table stood in the corner, beneath the grated window. A Bible lay upon it, and as I took it up, a paper slid from between the leaves and fell at my feet. I raised it. It was a closely written sheet, and a glance convinced me that it was some sort of a revelation which had been written there during the last hours of the life that had fled.

"What is this?" I asked, as I held up the paper.
"Oh, that is probably some of Aggy's scribbling. She used to call for pen and paper, and she would write over several sheets, and then destroy them. That is probably one of them—of no consequence, I presume," said the woman.

I asked if I might retain it.
"Why, yes, if you wish to," she replied.
I hid it away in my bosom, and we soon left the premises.
"What could you possibly want of that crazy woman's scribbling?" my companion asked, as we left the building.
"I fancy there is something here worth preserving," I replied. "Let us examine it."

As we rode homeward, I read it aloud to my friend. It was written in a trembling hand, and read as follows:
"I was the only and idolized daughter of wealthy parents. I possessed a haughty and imperious temper, which was never subdued or restrained. My parents were not religious, and no care was taken to impress upon my mind religious truths. Consequently I grew up unprincipled and extremely passionate. While every pains was taken with my education and accomplishments, my heart was left to run wild, overgrown and choked by the briars and thorns of selfishness and love of tyranny; yet I was passionately attached to my friends, and as long as they did not cross my imperious will, I got on nicely with them."

"Thus I grew to womanhood. Chance threw me into the society of a young lawyer of distinguished abilities. Who had begun what was predicted to be a brilliant career. I soon learned to love him with all the depth of my passionate and impulsive nature; and was wild with joy, when one day he came to me, and in eloquent language told me how long and devotedly he had loved me, and asked me to be his wife.
"We were married. If I occasionally felt a twinge of disgust of my own qualifications for a wife, I soon silenced it with the argument that my love was strong enough to make up for all deficiencies.
"My husband was all that was good, and noble, and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, and kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, 'You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you miserable.'"
"Then when he was gone, I would fly to my chamber, lock the door, and give myself up to an uncontrollable fit of weeping for his shame.
"We had been married about a year—One evening (would to God it could blot from the record of time that fatal night; but it lives like a hissing fiery serpent in my memory, and has doomed me to utter despair in this world, and I fear the next!) my husband did not return at the usual hour. I watched long at my accustomed place, at the parlor window. His slippers and dressing gown were warming by the grate, and everything was in readiness for him; but he did not come. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I began to grow uneasy. All my selfish feelings were roused, and I felt myself sorely grieved. An hour more, yet he came not—I paced up and down the floor in a fit of impatience. A ring at the door, I waited to hear his step upon the stairs; but it was a

lighter step than his, accompanied by the rustling of silk. Nellie B—, an intimate friend, bounded in. She was dressed for the opera. She said their carriage waited at the door for myself and Ernest. I told her Ernest had not yet returned from his office, and I could not go. She looked disappointed. A sudden thought seized me. Would it not be capital revenge for his neglect of me to find the parlor deserted when he came? I went to the opera. We were scarcely seated in our box when a party entered a box opposite. The blood rushed back to my heart, and my pulse stood still as I recognized Ernest, my husband, and leaning upon his arm one of the most beautiful young creatures my eyes ever beheld. This was my first impression, for she quickly followed so closely and jealously as made her look positively ugly. I quickly drew down my veil that my husband might not discover me and from my concealment, I watched them with glaring eyes. I heard nothing, saw nothing else; and once when rallied by my companions, I replied that I was not well, and begged to be left by myself.
"Then with the fierceness of a tiger fearful of losing his prey, I turned my eyes towards my husband, and his guilty 'paramour.' She seemed to be enjoying the performance intensely, but he seemed to see nothing but her. His head was bowed towards her, and she would occasionally lift her eyes to his face. Then I saw him smile (just as he had smiled upon me a thousand times,) while he bent still lower over her with renewed devotion.

Each movement was like a red hot dagger piercing my heart. I knew not what demon possessed me; I think I must have been mad when I vowed a terrible revenge. "Twere better, I reasoned, that he should die while yet there existed in his heart a spark of love for me, than to see him little by little drawn away by the siren till perhaps I should be utterly deserted, and left with all my blind love eating away my heart strings like a consuming fire.
"At my request we left the opera at an early hour, and with a terrible purpose I entered my home. But what was the home now to me? The love that had brightened it was no longer mine. Some demon furnished me with resolution to execute my desperate purpose.
"It had been our custom sometimes to drink a glass of sweet wine of an evening when we were alone. I drew the table to the fire, placed the decanter and glasses. Then with trembling hands I brought a deadly opiate, the nature of which I well knew. The first effect it produced, was a deep sleep, which in a few hours, terminated in the still sleep of death. I filled the glasses, and into one I dropped the drug. All was done with rapidity, lest my resolution should fail me.
"When all was ready, I paced up and down the room, nursing the fire which raged within my bosom, by recounting to myself the wrong I had suffered. I pictured to myself my idolized husband lying still and cold before me, and I fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Then I drew another picture. I saw him drawn from me, giving his love to another. I thought of all the agony I had suffered that night, and imagined how much deeper would be my wrong, if I spared him. At that moment I heard his night key in the latch, and he soon entered the room. I stood in the recess of the window, where he did not at once observe me. The wine first attracted his attention, the fatal glass. I saw him lift it to his lips, drain its contents, and I fell fainting to the floor.
"I knew no more for several hours. When I rallied, I was lying upon the sofa: the lamp was burning dimly—an easy chair was wheeled to my side, and in it I saw the form of my husband. I sprang quickly up. The drug was doing its work. He was in a heavy slumber, and already his breath came thicker and shorter, and his pulse beat but faintly.
"My anger had passed away, and all the wild worshipping love which I had cherished towards my husband, came rushing back upon my heart. I chafed his hands, I kissed his lips, I strove to rouse him, but all in vain. Again I paced up and down the floor, but oh! what different emotions possessed me now.
"A little folded paper, which I had not before noticed, and lying upon the table, caught my eye. Scarcely knowing or caring what I did, I took it up and opened it. I saw it was in the hand-writing of my husband, and I eagerly read its contents. Great God of Heaven! What had I done? It was a note that Ernest had sent me, and which did not arrive till after I had gone out. It ran as follows:
"Excuse me, Aggy dear, from coming home to tea. My sister, of whom I spoke to you this morning, has come home, and has sent for me to come to her. If she is not too weary, I will take you both to the opera this evening, and will call for you at eight o'clock.
"Your loving
"HUSBAND."
"Now, for the first time, I remembered that he had told me in the morning, that an only sister of his, who had been absent several years, was expected home that day—His parents resided in another part of the city. 'He would call for me at eight.' I had gone out earlier, and probably by some carelessness of the carrier, the note had not arrived before the time. I afterwards learned that he did call for me, and being told that I had gone to the opera with some friends, and probably had not received his note, he proceeded to that place with his sister, hoping to find me there.
"A wild hope that he might be yet roused, seized me, and I sprang to his side. But alas! too late! He had ceased to breathe.
"Oh! heaven of heavens! what evil had my blind, passionate temper wrought me and mine. Again I became insensible, tear-stained faces bent over me. Loving hands were gently stroking my temples, and I gazed into the face of that gentle sister, whom I had never seen save upon that fatal night. She kissed me and whispered,
"Dear Aggy, you are the greatest sufferer of us all."

"I was told that I was found in the morning, by the servant, lying upon the floor, insensible, and my husband reclining in his chair, dead!
"It seemed that suspicion had not rested upon myself. The coroner was called, and his verdict, 'Died by the visitation of God.' 'Heaven only knows how I loathed and hated myself. I longed to confess the truth, but for the sake of others, forebore to reveal what would have brought upon the family deep disgrace and additional grief. A long illness followed, and my reason reeled. I was carried back to my parents. I could not remain in the house which had been the scene of my sin and punishment.
"Years passed; I grew no better, but was still trembling upon the verge of insanity, yet retaining sufficient reason to distinctly remember my sorrow, and to understand what was passing around me. What was perhaps strange, I was conscious of my mental condition.
"Years passed, and my parents both died. I was placed in the care of an uncle, who was my only natural guardian. From him I had inherited the selfish passion, which had been my ruin.
"For a time, I lived in his house, but he found me too great a trouble, and under pressure of solicitude for my recovery, he placed me in the insane asylum. I knew that it was only to get me out of his way, that he might have no hindrance in possessing himself of my large fortune. But I did not object. I felt I deserved it all.
"Twelve years have I spent in this retreat. Every one has been extremely kind to me.—During that time I have never seen my uncle. It is almost over. I feel that I shall soon follow to that dark bourne where in my folly, I sent my noble husband nearly twenty years ago. I have read the Bible—I have tried to pray."
"A few months since, I visited— Cemetery. I found their graves. A costly monument marks the spot. The uncle is living in possession of his niece's wealth, and is seemingly prosperous. I have never made known to any one the existence of the paper in my possession. I have learned that the family of Ernest are all dead.
"The dear friend who shared with me the knowledge of Aggy's confession also lies 'beneath the sod of the valley.'
"Hoping that it may serve as a warning to some who may read it, I give this history to the world.

Into the Sunshine.

Some parents are troubled by a gloomy household. They indulge in frequent fretting and moroseness, are impatient at trifling vexations, and censure the faults and errors of their children with sternness instead of love. They know little of calm and sunshine, and home has few charms either for themselves or their little ones. Love and gentleness, combined with firmness have a wonderful power over the most thoughtless and wayward little ones, and parents who know how to unite these in due proportions, have perpetual sunshine in their dwellings, and loving and obedient children. There is a true philosophy in the following domestic scene, taken from *Steps toward Heaven*.
"I wish father would come home."
The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.
"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been laying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,
"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."
For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half-curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.
"That's father now!" He started up after the lapse of nearly ten minutes as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air,
"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"
"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.
"I believe aunt Phoebe, that you would like to see me whipped," said the boy a little warmly.
"But you won't,"
"I must confess," replied aunt Phoebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am sure you would not escape."
"I am not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good and loves me."
"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."
"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.
"Phoebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now for the first time. In an undertone she added; "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."
Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa and went to the sitting-room door.
"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.
"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy—"But what's the matter, my son? you don't look happy."
"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.
"You seem in trouble, my son. What has happened?"
The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he

looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statue, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.
"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.
"I did it."
"How?"
"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."
The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.
A little while, Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully,
"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."
"O, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. You are so kind—so good!"
Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting room with his father. Aunt Phoebe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.
"That was very unfortunate," she said a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."
Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arm closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.
"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phoebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."
Phoebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather to hard for a boy's patience to endure.
Into the sunshine as quickly as possible!—O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and rebels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow more vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

WINNING AND KEEPING;
Or, Before and After Marriage.
(From the Pennsylvania Enquirer.)
Some time since read an admirable essay on "THE ART OF WINNING." It described the polish and power of refined manners, the exquisite tact by which certain accomplished women of England and France were characterized, and said that their whole study was to make a favorable impression, as well upon the eyes as the mind, and thus to captivate the heart. The women of this country, generally speaking, less artificial and artificial. They rarely play a studied part. Their conquests are in some sense, involuntary. True, there are exceptions; and in some cases, we are sorry to say, that a cruel system is practised, and merely in the indulgence of vanity and pride. Affections are sported with, and hearts are broken. We can imagine nothing more wicked, reckless and unpardonable. Our purpose, however, at the present time, is not so much to allude to the art of winning a lover or a husband, a betrothed, or a wife, as to urge the policy, the propriety, the duty and the wisdom of keeping up the same system after marriage, that was practised before, and of thus realizing as far as possible, the expectations that were held out, and the promises that were made, if not in words, by acts. We believe that the neglect of this course, is the fruitful source of much of the anxiety, discord and unhappiness that occur in married life. In too many cases, both parties are in fault. For both are careless, negligent and indifferent. The system that won, is not persisted in. It was, in fact, false to some extent, or at least artificial, and adopted for the occasion. We fear that too many inharmonious marriages may be attributed to this cause. The lover and the husband are often found to be very different persons. So also the sweet-heart and wife. One is all courtesy, kindness, attention and affection, and the other all apathy, indifference, and sometimes hostility. The illusion which charmed and deceived, is thus dispelled, and the disappointed turns with bitterness and anguish from a dream that is found to be hollow, empty and unsubstantial. It is not so in all cases, and these exceptions are every way desirable. There should be no contrast in manners, attentions and expressions before and after marriage. The part that was assumed in the first instance, should be acted out to the letters, and the promises that were made, directly or indirectly, should be realized as far as possible. The chief object of the wife should be to render home a haven and a refuge from the anxieties of the outdoor world, and thus the happiest spot on earth. The husband, on the other hand, should endeavor to make himself every way agreeable and acceptable, and to fulfill every obligation that he assumed at the altar. Both should remember that human nature is, in its best and highest condition, erring and fallible, that there is nothing perfect on this side the grave, and that forbearance and consideration are absolutely indispensable in appreciating the conduct of each. And again, neither should be too exacting. The wife should not expect the husband to forego and abandon all his former associations, and to devote every hour of leisure to her particular whims and caprices. The husband, on the other hand, should not forget that the wife is, after all, but a woman, and therefore, liable to the characteristics, foibles

and peculiarities of the sex. Each should strive to please and gratify the other, and yet too much should not be expected on either side. Carelessness of dress, indifference in household duties, and excessive fondness for flirtatious society and fashionable visiting, should be avoided as among the fatal errors, and calculated not only to offend the taste, irritate the disposition, and pain the heart of the husband, but to drive him from home, in the hope of meeting with more agreeable society and associations elsewhere. On the other hand, the young wife especially, should not be expected to abandon the world at once and forever, to shut herself up in her own dwelling, and to avoid all participation in the gaieties and vivacities, which characterize refined and social life. In brief, there must be mutual efforts to please and to gratify, as well as the spirit of mutual forbearance. It is not to be expected that the husband, the nature of whose business is full of care and anxiety, will constantly annoy his better half with dolorous accounts of the struggles and trials of commerce and trade, and yet a sensible woman, who fully appreciates her position, will readily grant enough of the facts, and shape her conduct accordingly. It often happens that a word of encouragement is needed, and that a gentle expression of sympathy is absolutely essential. If, therefore, at such a moment, idle complaints be uttered and imaginary griefs be described, the effect is sure to be pernicious. This policy at once discourages and depresses, and makes home anything but the delightful place of refuge, that a true wife should endeavor to render it. We repeat, the art of winning is comparatively easy; but the tact of retaining and keeping constantly alive the flame of affection and the soul of confidence by which a conquest was at first achieved, is far more difficult. Nevertheless, it is too often the case with husbands and wives, that they imagine all the duties of courtesy, kindness and attention are, if not to cease, to become relaxed, when the matrimonial knot is tied. A terrible mistake, as too many have found to their sorrow. We can conceive of no two beings who are more entitled to emulation and admiration, than the man and wife who, after having lived happily together for twenty years, are still as attentive and devoted to each other as in the days of their betrothal. What to them is the out-door world, with all its chances and changes, its lights and its shadows? They feel that their lives and fortunes are united together, and that each constitutes to the other, a source of exquisite enjoyment, because of the harmony, the kindness, the appreciation, the confidence and the affection that have ever existed between them. Wedded life, under such circumstances, is the highest and holiest of human conditions.

Our Daughters.
The greatest danger to our daughters, in the present time, is the neglect of domestic education. Not only to themselves, but to husbands, families and the community at large, does the evil extend. By far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life, depends upon the domestic culture and habits of the wife and mother. Let our daughters be intellectually educated as possible; let their moral and social nature receive the highest graces of vigor and refinement; but along with these let the domestic virtues find a prominent place.
We cannot say much about our daughters being hearer wives and mothers, but we ought to think much of it and give the thought prominence in all our plans for their education. Good wives they cannot be, at least for men of intelligence, without mental culture; good mothers they certainly cannot be without it; and more than this, they cannot be such wives as men need, unless they are good housekeepers—without a thorough practical training to that end. Our daughters should be practically taught to bake, wash, sweep, cook, set the table, and do every thing appertaining to the order, neatness, economy and happiness of the household. All this they can learn as well as not, and better than not. The knowledge is a burden that they may easily carry.
It need not interfere in the least with their intellectual education, nor with the highest style of refinement. On the contrary, it shall greatly contribute thereto. Only let that time which is worse than wasted in idleness, sauntering, gossip, frivolous reading, and the various modern female dissipations, which kill time and health, be devoted to domestic duties and education, and our daughters would soon be all that the highest interests of our society demand. A benign, elevating influence would go forth through all the families of the land. Health and happiness would sparkle in many a now lustreless eye—the bloom would return to beautify many a faded cheek—and doctors' bills would give place to bills of wholesome fare.

No Time for Swapping.—An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio, in a steamer, with a mare and a two-year-old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing, above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry a "boa line" for the shore, but the mare took a false line for the shore, and the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Lo go of the colt, and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Phree, booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog. "It's mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."—State of Maine.

Whom to Marry.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for one that is distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined by the habits of duty and considerations thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—Everett.

A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopped to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been made.

Advice to Bachelors.—Be sure to annex a woman who will lift you up, instead of pushing you down. In mercantile phrase, get a piece of calico that will wash.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner, when you come to dine with him.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....\$1 00
Six months.....75
Three months.....50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the terms subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 insertion. 2 do. 3 do.
Four lines or less.....\$ 20.....\$ 37.....\$ 50
One square, (12 lines).....\$ 50.....\$ 75.....\$ 1 00
Two squares.....\$ 1 00.....\$ 1 50.....\$ 2 00
Three squares.....\$ 1 50.....\$ 2 25.....\$ 3 00
Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.
3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
Six lines or less.....\$1 50.....\$3 00.....\$5 00
One square.....\$ 3 00.....\$ 6 00.....\$ 10 00
Two squares.....\$ 5 00.....\$ 10 00.....\$ 15 00
Three squares.....\$ 7 00.....\$ 14 00.....\$ 21 00
Four squares.....\$ 9 00.....\$ 18 00.....\$ 27 00
Half a column.....\$12 00.....\$24 00.....\$36 00
One column.....\$20 00.....\$40 00.....\$60 00
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines one year.....\$ 5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....\$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS and all Others, will take Notice!

JONES' FAR-FAMED PATENT NON-EXPLOSIVE KEROSENE OR COAL OIL LAMPS, at the Wholesale and Retail Head-Quarters, 38, South Second Street, Phila.

The only place where exclusive Agencies can be obtained for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. These Lamps give a light equal in intensity of flame, and similar in appearance to Gas, and are claimed to be superior to all other portable lights, now in use. No fear of explosion—No offensive odor—Very easily trimmed—As easily regulated as a Gas Light—Can be adapted to all purposes—And better than all for a poor man—50 per cent cheaper than any other portable light, now in common use.

SOLE AGENTS, ALSO FOR Knapps Patent Oil, Wicks, Shades, and every article in the line. S. E. SOUTHLAND, Agent, No. 35, South Second Street, Phila. September 8, 1858.—2m.

FANCY FURS,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. JOHN FARRER & Co., No. 818, (new No.) MARKET STREET, above Eighth, Philadelphia—Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in FANCY FURS, for Ladies and Children; also, Gen's Furs, Fur Collars, and Gloves. The number of years that we have been engaged in the Fur business, and the general character of our Furs, both for quality and price, is so generally known throughout the Country, that we think it is not necessary for us to say anything more than that we have no open enemies. No fear of explosion—No offensive odor—Very easily trimmed—As easily regulated as a Gas Light—Can be adapted to all purposes—And better than all for a poor man—50 per cent cheaper than any other portable light, now in common use.

September 8, 1858.—2m.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

AT THE MAMMOTH STORE!!

J. BRICKER has returned from the East with a tremendous stock of the most fashionable and stylish in his line. His stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE AND GLASSWARE, CROCKERY AND CHINAWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, AND EVERYTHING to be found in the most extensive stores. His Stock is New and of the Best, and the public are invited to call and examine, free of charge.

FOR EVERYBODY.

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

SUGAR AND MOLASSES, COFFEES, TEA and COGNAC, FLOUR, FISH, SALT and VINEGAR, CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS and TOBACCO, SPICES OF THE BEST AND ALL KINDS, AND every other article usually found in a Grocery Store.

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Putty, Varnishes, Oils and Spits, Turpentine, Fluid, Alcohol, Glass and Putty.

BEST WINE and BRANDY for medicinal purposes. ALL THE BEST MEDICAL PREPARATIONS, and a large number of articles too numerous to mention. The public generally will please call and examine for themselves and learn my prices.

Huntingdon, May 25, 1858.

J. BRICKER'S

IS THE PLACE IS THE PLACE IS THE PLACE

FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c. FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, &c.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

INDUSTRIAL STOVE WORKS, No. 33, North Second Street, opposite Church Street, Philadelphia. The subscribers, respectfully, have the honor to announce to the public generally that they have taken the Store, at No. 33, North Second Street, where they will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

He has fitted up the House, in a style as comfortable as any other, and is prepared to receive a liberal share of public patronage. R. MCGILL, May 12, 1858.—1y.

HUNTINGDON HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has leased that old well established Huntingdon Hotel, known as the Huntingdon House, on the corner of Hill and Charles Streets, in the Borough of Huntingdon. He has fitted up the House, in a style as comfortable as any other, and is prepared to receive a liberal share of public patronage. R. MCGILL, May 12, 1858.—1y.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. MCGILL, and is in blast, and have all kinds of Castings, Stoves, Mails, Pipes, Flues, Boilers, &c., &c., which will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and Old Metal taken in exchange for Castings, at market prices. R. C. MCGILL, April 7, 1858.

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.

Huntingdon, April 11, 1858. H. ROMAN.

VARNISH! VARNISH!

ALL KINDS, warranted good, for sale at BROWN'S Hardware Store, Huntingdon, Pa. April 28, 1858.—1y.

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. P. GWINN.

HARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE MAMMOTH STORE

In the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods.

J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c.

DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISLER & MCMURTRIE.

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