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LIST OF GRAND JURORS for a

- Richard Ashman, farmer, Dublin.
John C. Ashman, farmer, Dublin.

THIRTEEN JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

- Thomas Ashton, farmer, Springfield.
William Bice, carpenter, Franklin.
Henry Boyer, farmer, Hopewell.
Alexander C. Blair, farmer, Telt.

THIRTEEN JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

- Jacob Anspach, farmer, Jackson.
William Cunningham J. P., Clay.
John Clabough, farmer, Walker.

THIRTEEN JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

- Dr. Peter Schoenberger.
John Savago.
Thomas Clark's heirs.

TRIAL LIST FOR JANUARY TERM, 1859.

- Dr. Peter Schoenberger vs. A. P. Wilson.
John Savago vs. Smith & Davis.
Thomas Clark's heirs vs. Bryson Clark.

MEN'S Under-Shirts and Drawers, Linen

Shirts, Fronts, Ready Made Shirts, White & Fancy, Collars, etc., very cheap at B. P. GWINN'S.

BOOTS & SHOES.—Old and young

can be fitted at BENJ. JACOBS' store in Market Square, Huntington, Pa. (oct28.)

BUTCHER-KNIVES and Carvers, in

great variety, for sale at the Hardware Store of JAMES A. BROWN.

GROCERIES, &c., &c.—Call at the

cheapest store. All kinds of choice produce taken in exchange at the highest market price. (oct28.)

SUGAR, from 9 to 15 cents, at

S. S. SMITH'S GROCERY.

SHOT, Lead, Caps, Powder and Game

Bags, for sale at the Hardware Store of JAMES A. BROWN.

BLASTING POWDER and SAFETY

FUSES, for sale at the Hardware Store of JAS. A. BROWN.

THE MAMMOTH STORE

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

VARNISH! VARNISH!

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

GLASS Preserving Jars, different sizes,

for sale cheap, by FISHER & MUMFURTRE.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Keep yourself warm. Call at M. GUTMAN & CO'S Cheap Clothing Store, in a good new building, Market Square, Huntington, Pa. A long stock always on hand. (oct28.)

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., DECEMBER 29, 1858.

Editor and Proprietor. NO. 27.

VALUABLE HOTEL PROPERTY

AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned, desirous of removing to the West, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, On Thursday, 23d day of December, next, the property known as the "MOUNT UNION HOTEL," together with all the buildings and ground, thereunto belonging.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

If you wish to secure a copy of that elegant engraving, "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," and the AET JOURNAL, with the other premiums, be sure and subscribe \$3, before the 1st of January, 1859.

HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE—HAIR

DRYER WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE! This is the Original and Best in the World! All others are mere imitations, and should be avoided, if you wish to escape ridicule.

FRESH GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONARIES, &c., JUST RECEIVED.

Persons wishing any article in the Grocery way should call and examine our assortment. Huntington, October 8, 1858.

\$10,000 REWARD!

Moses Strouss. Will visit the above sum that he can sell Goods, to everybody, at prices to suit the times. His stock has been renewed for FALL AND WINTER, and he invites all to call and examine for themselves.

NEW GOODS,

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.

AT BEN JACOBS' CHEAP CORNER,

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between Stewart & William C. Foster, was dissolved on the 2nd day of October, 1858, by mutual consent.

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between Stewart & William C. Foster, was dissolved on the 2nd day of October, 1858, by mutual consent.

DISOLUTION OF PARTNER.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between Stewart & William C. Foster, was dissolved on the 2nd day of October, 1858, by mutual consent.

SILK BONNETS, latest styles, in great

variety, and very cheap, at the mammoth store, in Market Square, D. P. GWINN.

CLOAKS, TALMAS, RIGOLETTES,

Victorians and Head Dresses are sold at prices, which defy competition, by FISHER & MUMFURTRE.

IF YOU WANT TO BE CLOTHED,

Call at the store of BENJ. JACOBS.

RENEWING HIS STOCK.

Call at S. S. SMITH'S GROCERY for everything fresh and good.

CANDLES! CANDLES!

Retailers will be supplied with an excellent quality of MOULD CANDLES, upon application at the Huntington, Pa. Branch of the firm of FISHER & MUMFURTRE, one door east of G. KRIGER & Co.'s Hardware Store. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. W. F. SHAW.

DRY GOODS!—A fine assortment on

hand for the accommodation of customers, at BENJ. JACOBS' Cheap Corner, Market Square. (oct28.)

FLOUR!

For sale at D. P. GWINN'S.

COAL BUCKETS and Shovels,

for sale by JAMES A. BROWN.

WHEAT!

For sale at D. P. GWINN'S.

COME ONE—COME ALL,

To the Cheap Store of M. STROUSS and examine his New Goods and Prices. (March 31, 1858.)

Original Poetry.

ODE TO THE DYING YEAR.

Daughters of music lift your voices high! Sing mountain pines wave your evergreen boughs! Sing aloud with high shrill notes, ye rushing streams.

THE ROBBER'S ROOST.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I crossed the Mississippi river, and negligently traveled on my way toward Greenfield.

A Select Story.

THE ROBBER'S ROOST.

HANS' LAST VICTIM.

BY JOHN KENNEDY.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I crossed the Mississippi river, and negligently traveled on my way toward Greenfield.

of corn bread and bacon, and for this meagre fare, abundant apologies were offered.

After listening a short time to their disgusting conversation, I informed my host I would like to retire.

"Will you leave your saddle bags?" said he, with a bland smile, as he extended his monstrous hand to take them.

"No sir," I replied, while a heavy frown gathered on my brow.

"I have a very safe place to keep them," he rejoined, while his blood-shot eyes stabbed me to the heart.

"No doubt," said I, with a meaning nod, "but I would prefer taking them with me."

"This conclusion was received rather coolly, and as I prepared to leave the room, one of the men espied the handle of my revolver protruding from beneath my coat.

"Hello, stranger!" he exclaimed in a quick tone, "let's see that 'ere pistol, will you?"

"So sudden had been the demand, and in such seeming innocent curiosity, that I put my hand to give it to him. But a second thought decided me, and I replied, "that it was no great curiosity, and I would show it to him in the morning."

By this time, the men had gathered around me, and seeing things looked rather peculiar, I backed myself through the door, followed by the host. When the door was closed, I could hear loud murmuring, and an oath or two uttered in vehement tones.

The landlord hurried me up a feeble pair of stairs, and a few yards from the landing pushed open a door and bade me enter.

I glanced around the apartment, and showed by my action, that I was dissatisfied with its appearance.

"It is the best I can do for you, stranger," said he, "and you needn't be afraid of them fellows down stairs, they won't hurt anybody."

"I shall not be alarmed," I replied, as he closed the door and descended the steps. I was somewhat annoyed at the appearance of things, and determined to place myself in the best possible position of defense.

I examined the walls, and apprehending no treachery from them, I secured the window, and then turned my attention to the floor. Beneath the bed I discovered a trap-door, and its discovery made my hair stand on end. I found it opened downward, and the possibility of securing it strongly seemed hopeless.

Once I thought of removing the bed, and then watching, as a trapper does a hole in the ice for game. But that would not do, for should I successfully remove the bed, I should have no longer a doubt of being in a robber's roost—it would leave a hole open which would expose me to their fire.

At length a plan came to my relief. I moved the bed from over the door, and taking the clothes off, I threw the chaff bed upon the floor, and directly over the suspected trap. But, oh, horror! what a discovery I made. The bed was saturated with blood, and in many places, hard from the gore which had dried in it.

Having thus fortified myself, I took a seat on the edge of the bed, with my saddle-bags close by me, my knife in one hand, and my revolver in the other, and my ammunition convenient, in case I should need it. I blew out my light, and in darkness awaited the denouement of the plot. How long I had waited, I could not tell, but in spite of my perilous situation, my eyes grew heavy, and I was almost overcome with sleep.

But an easy moving of the bed aroused all my perceptive faculties, and in an instant I was wide awake. It moved several times, quite slowly, and then all became quiet. I listened a few moments, but could hear nothing. Presently, there came a faint whisper from an adjoining room; my eyes followed the direction, and I saw a small stream of light pouring through an opening in the partition. I stole softly to the spot, and listened a moment. I then put my eye to the opening, and had a fair view of the operations inside.

So horrible was the sight I then beheld, that its recollection will never be erased from my memory. Hanging from the bed, and with his head nearly severed from his body, was an old gray-headed man, while the purple current of life was steadily streaming from the gash. I reeled a moment with dizziness, and was about to withdraw from the scene, when the door opened softly, and a person entered. I looked again, and three of the men I had seen in the bar-room were standing near the dead man.

"Why, Hans?" said one, "I thought you had fled from this time."

"We'll have trouble with that customer," replied Hans, shaking his head, "he is up to something, he put his bed over the trap."

"The devil!" they both exclaimed, and looked at each other in surprise.

"We must manage him somehow," said Hans, "for he has money, I am certain of that."

"Hadsn't we better attend to that 'ere gal, first?" suggested one.

"Yes, the old man is fixed, now for the gal," and picking up the light, they left the room.

What girl? thought I. Is it possible some person as unfortunate as myself has been compelled to stop here.

I listened eagerly, and presently a crash came, followed by a shrill scream. I sprang toward my door, but recollected, that I had well secured. I hesitated a moment, when another scream more terrific than the first, followed by the sharp report of a pistol. It was but the work of a moment to unfasten the door and dash out. As I sprang into the passage, I met two men, who fired simultaneously, but without effect. I leveled my revolver and sent the contents of one barrel

through the head of one, who tumbled heavily down stairs, dragging his companion with him.

I rushed into the room, and found the girl sheltered behind a bed, keeping Hans at bay with a revolver. As I entered, Hans sprang at me with a fiendish expression, and in spite of my efforts, seized me in his herculean clutches. My pistol now was of no use, so hurling it from me, I drew my knife, and soon put an end to the struggle.

I galloped up my pistol, and hurried the girl into my own room, and soon had the door securely barricaded. I then explained to her our situation, and how I came to discover she was to be a victim. But when I told her of the old man, she faintly gasped "it is my father," and the next moment lay senseless on the floor. I now was in a trying position.

I expected every moment the attack of the robbers would be renewed, and in all probability they would overpower us, and then our dooms would be sealed. I involuntarily cast my eyes toward the window, as if it would afford some point of escape.

But then the robbers would have a fair chance, could surround us, and murder us without a show of defence. I had all this time counted upon my fair companion as an assistant not reflecting that she was a woman, and I had assayed to protect her. When this thought crossed my mind, all my combative powers were aroused, and I felt strong and competent to contend with a host.

I heard whispering, and footsteps gently stealing up the stairs. A dim light shone beneath the door, and revealed several large holes and cracks. I kept my eyes intently fixed in the direction, while my heart palpitated so loud, that its vibrations could be distinctly heard.

A slight shuffling of the feet; and crash, crash went several reports, while bullets whizzed sharply about my head. The girl gave a shrill scream, I groaned and crept close to the door, which was riddled with bullets, and through the holes I could plainly discern their motions.

I still had five shots in my revolver, and determined to use them to the best advantage.

"He's done for now," said one, as he stood eyeing the door.

"But the gal," replied a little short, thick man, "she fights like thunder."

"Ha! you coward, who would fear a woman," returned the first speaker with a sneer.

"Jim Bates, I'll make you smell powder for this 'ere mornin'," said the little man savagely.

"We must have this 'ere door open," and suiting the action to the words an assault was made upon it.

I leveled my pistol and fired, when with an oath, the man fell back upon the floor.

I gave them two more shots, when they retreated precipitately down stairs. I reloaded my pistol and returned to my companion, who was trying to staunch the blood which was flowing from a wound in her neck.

"I fear, sir, my life is short; and I sincerely thank you for your kind protection," she feebly murmured, and sank exhausted upon the bed.

I was about to offer some assistance, when I again heard steps on the stairs, and earnest talking as of persons remonstrating.

Thinking the attack at the door would be renewed, I drew the bedstead against it, and threw the light bedding over the head-board, and thus formed a kind of breast-work.

"Say, Mister, don't shoot, I want to speak a few words with you," said a voice at the head of the stairs.

"I'll shoot the first man who comes near that door," I replied savagely.

"Oh! no, don't, I'm your friend," he replied in a tone which carried treachery with it, "come to the door, will you?"

"Yes, but don't you come."

"I want, are you there?"

"Yes."

"Close."

"Yes."

I felt a slight moving of the bed over the trap, during which time the man outside kept up an incessant jabber.

One end of the bed was raised softly, and taking hold of it with my left hand, I gently eased it up, until I could discover a head above the opening.

"Are you at the door?"

"Yes," and simultaneously with my answer went a leaden messenger through the head of the door, and Hans came a bullet through the door.

The sound of a heavy fall announced that my shot had taken effect.

I searched for the revolver the girl had used, and fortunately found it, and was happy to discover that but one load had been shot out of it, which I replaced, and being thus reinforced I felt more confident of victory.

But to overcome this gang seemed almost hopeless, as their numbers might be very large, and I so far from assistance. But might not some providential circumstance transpire to deliver me from the hands of these desperadoes. I was determined to do my best, and leave the result in the hands of Him, who directs the affairs of men.

A noise at the window drew my attention, and I caught the glimpse of a man's head slowly rising above the sill. In a twinkling I saw him, I gave him the contents of one barrel, and he descended much quicker than he came up.

What would be the next feature of the programme I could not imagine, but like a wild beast at bay, I watched every move, and had my ears open to every sound. But I felt that something decisive must be done, for day would soon make its appearance, and they would have the advantage of me.

Again they were ascending the stairs, I now determined to put an end to the contest and if possible overcome them and make them come to terms, or die in the attempt.

I drew the bedstead around so as to protect the girl from their fire, and then stationed myself near the door, but beyond their reach.

Crash went an axe against the door, and the splinters flew in every direction. It was but the work of a moment to break the door in, and when it fell from its fastenings, I saluted forth with a revolver in each hand. One man dropped before me, another reeled and then fled precipitately down stairs. A few shots were returned, one of which took effect in my shoulder, and as I felt the blood trickle down my side, it only increased my desperation. I rushed after them, firing whenever I was sure my shot would be effectual.

When I reached the bar-room I could see but one man, and as he fled through the door I gave him my last shot. He fell, and begged me to spare him, as he was the only remaining one of the party. Thinking he was so crippled that he could not escape, I returned to the house, and taking a light, searched it thoroughly, and could not find another live man about it. I then ascended the stairs, and found the girl had somewhat recovered. We then set about dressing our wounds, and was so absorbed in the matter, that I did not notice a glaring light which was breaking through the door.

"The house is on fire," exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet.

Taking her by the hand, we rushed to the stairway; but it was one continuous sheet of fire. We then returned to the window, and finding the ladder still there by which the man had ascended, I took her in my arms and descended, thus effecting our escape from another imminent danger.

The man had set the house on fire, and either perished in the flames, or dragged himself to some place of concealment.

Finding two horses in a small stable close by, we took possession of them, and returned to a little town near the Mississippi river. The lovely girl and myself who met so strangely, never parted, but remained one and the same until death, nor have we ever forgotten the ROBBER'S ROOST, or HANS' LAST VICTIM.

PAT'S EVASIVE ANSWER.—Patrick O'Neil, before he became joined in the "holy bonds of hemlock" with Bridget, was in the service of Father Connolly. One day the priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and he wished some excuse to get rid of him.

So calling Patrick, he proceeded to give some instructions.

"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I don't wish to see him."

"Yes, yer reverence."

"Make some excuse and send him away."

"What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him I am not at home."

"Would you have me tell a lie, yer reverence?"

"No, Patrick, but get rid of him some way—give him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer is it? I will do it."

"You understand me, Patrick?"

"Av, course, yer reverence."

The matter thus arranged, Father Connolly retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon, the priest came out of his room, and found Patrick in unusually good spirits.

"Well Patrick, did the minister call to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you get rid of him?"

"I did, sir."

"Did he ask if I was in?"

"He did, sir."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, Patrick?"

"Yes, yer reverence."

"What did you say to him?"

"He axed was he in, and I told him was his grandmother a monkey?"

Learn All You Can.

Somebody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by everybody:

"Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, even in a stage-coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before."

Conversation is generally more useful for the purpose of knowledge. It is therefore a mistake, to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits.

"Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stonemason, and worked in a quarry. Scott's well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and but one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good book or instructive talking with the first person you meet."

MIND YOUR STRESS.—Do not "stop" at the bar room. Merry laughter may ring out from it as you pass by, and voices of friends may call you to enter. Within, it may shine brightly with light thrown back from polished mirrors, and gleams from crystal bottles and the voices of mirth and gaiety may be heard there; but "stop" not; there is danger in its brightness. Those glowing bottles contain that which leads to poverty, dishonor and death. The merriest there is the laughter of fools and may end in the horrible laughter of the maniac. "Avoid it, pass by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Do not "stop" at the gambling house.—Those closed shutters conceal treacherous fascinations you may find yourself too weak to resist.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepit state can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father was a monster.

TRULY DESERVING.—The man, says Sir Walter Scott, whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, not for himself, whose high purposes are adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth afford means of accomplishing them. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a spacious road, nor take an evil path to gain a really good purpose.