

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less... 1 insertion... 2 do... 3 do...
One square... 50... 1 00... 1 50...
Two squares... 1 00... 1 50... 2 00...
Three squares... 1 50... 2 00... 2 50...
Over three weeks and less than three months, 50 cents per square for each insertion.

LIST OF GRAND JURORS for 1859.

For the County of Huntingdon, commencing on the second Monday, and 10th day of January, A. D. 1859:
William Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
Richard Ashman, merchant, Clay.
John Cobel, farmer, Dublin.
Frederick Crissman, farmer, Franklin.
William Dunn, farmer, Clay.

TRAVELERS JOURNALS—FIRST WEEK.

Thomas Ashton, farmer, Springfield.
William Rice, carpenter, Franklin.
Henry Boyer, farmer, Hopewell.
Alexander Blair, farmer, Bell.
Thomas Bell, carpenter, Barre.
Samuel Bolinger, farmer, Cromwell.

TRAVELERS JOURNALS—SECOND WEEK.

Jacob Anshutz, farmer, Jackson.
William Cunningham, J. P. Clay.
John Clabaugh, farmer, Walker.
Daniel Henson, farmer, Barre.
Thomas Fisher, merchant, Huntingdon.
David Friedman, butcher, Walker.
John Gehrett, farmer, Brady.

TRIAL LIST FOR JANUARY TERM, 1859.

Dr. Peter Schoenberger vs. A. P. Wilson.
John Savage vs. John DeKestresser, et al.
James Clark's heirs vs. Bryson Clark.
Moses Greenland vs. Robert Haro Powell.
Jacob Cresswell vs. H. & B. T. M. R. & C. Co.
Leonard Weaver vs. John Wall.
Clarence heirs vs. Caleb Brown.
James Walls vs. Blair & Robinson.
Glasgow & Bair vs. John Snyder.
Samuel Caldwell's admr. vs. John Shoop.
J. B. Weaver vs. A. P. Wilson, et al.
John W. Price admr. vs. Hugh McNeal.
Peter Ebleir vs. J. T. Shirley & Bro.
James Berrylin vs. James Enteklin.
Janus Perly Indorser vs. Jacob Ockenkirk.
Jacob Russell vs. George W. Speer.
Margaret Hamilton vs. Isaac Williams & Foster.
D. B. Barney vs. Robert Laird.
Jonathan Detweiler vs. Michael Sprankle.
Valentine Crouse vs. D. C. Berkestrick.
Samuel D. Myton's heirs vs. McCoy & Co.
Leong for Ruper vs. James Enteklin.
D. R. Porter vs. Robert Speer's heirs.
Gannett & Cresswell vs. S. & E. Roberts.
Sams vs. H. & B. T. M. R. & C. Co.
David Foster vs. S. S. Wharton.
S. & E. Roberts vs. S. S. Wharton.

MEN'S Under-Shirts and Drawers.

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

BOOTS & SHOES—Old and young.

Can be fitted at BENJ. JACOBS' store in Market Square, Huntingdon, 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 cheap store of BENJ. JACOBS.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices. (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-FUSE, for sale low, 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, Huntingdon, Pa. April 26, 1858—ft.

GLASS Preserving Jars, different sizes, for sale cheap, by FISHER & M'CURRIE.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!! Keep yourself warm. Call at M. GUTMAN & CO'S Cheap Clothing Store, in Long's new building, Market Square, Huntingdon, Pa. A good stock always on hand. (oct28.)

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, HUNTINGDON, PA., JANUARY 5, 1859. VOL. XIV. NO. 28.

NEW CLOTHING!

JUST RECEIVED, JUST RECEIVED, AT GUTMAN & CO'S, AT GUTMAN & CO'S, HUNTINGDON, PA. M. GUTMAN & CO. have just opened a more than usual large stock of Ready-Made Clothing of all kinds, for Fall and Winter.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

If you wish to secure a copy of that elegant engraving, "The Village Blacksmith," and the ART JOURNAL, with the other premiums, to be sent you free of charge, before the 1st of January, 1859. Specimen copies of the above, and full particulars given, by applying to J. J. LAWRENCE, J. J. Lawrence, Secretary, See advertisement elsewhere, headed "New Features," Nov. 9, 1858.

HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE!

W. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE! ALL OTHERS are mere imitations, and should be avoided, if you wish to escape ridicule. FIFTEEN MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS have been awarded to Wm. A. Batchelor since 1830, and over 80,000 applications have been made to the Hair of his patrons of his Famous Dye.

FRESH GROCERIES,

CONFECTIONARIES, &c., JUST RECEIVED, BY LONG & MILLER. Persons wishing any article in the Grocery way should call and examine for themselves. Huntingdon, October 6, 1858.

\$10,000 REWARD!

MOSES STROUS, Will risk the above sum that he can sell Goods, to every body, 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. His stock consists of every variety of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, SUCH AS OVERCOATS, FROCK COATS, Dress Coats, Jackets, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, of all sizes, for old and young.

NEW GOODS,

AT BEN JACOBS' AT BEN JACOBS' CHEAP CORNER, CHEAP CORNER, BENJ. JACOBS has now upon his shelves a large and full assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, comprising a very extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c., &c.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between Stewart & William G. Foster, & dissolved on the 2nd day of October, 1858, by mutual consent. All debts due said firm, are to be received by John B. Frazier; and all demands on said firm, to be presented to him for payment.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNER.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership existing between the firm of G. KRUEGER & Co., miners and dealers in Broad Top Coal, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of October, 1858. The business will hereafter be continued by W. J. Ammerman & D. F. SHAW.

SILK BONNETS, latest styles, in great variety, and very cheap, at the mammoth store of D. P. GWINN.

CLOAKS, TALMAS, RIGOLETTES, Victrolines and Head Dresses are sold at prices, which defy competition, by FISHER & M'CURRIE.

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 Huntingdon Bottling Establishment, Allegheny street, one door east of the Jackson House. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Huntingdon, Oct. 6, '58—Sm. 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.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE.

JANUARY 1, 1859. Awake! arise, from slumbering beds, And wash your faces, comb your heads, Draw on your boots, jump in your pants, And rub, with all the blandishments, That talismans tend, into the street Prepared to get your New Year's treat.

Fair maiden—throw your night-cap high, And open up your pretty eye, And twist your hair in many a curl, And all your silken tresses unfurl: Put on your cheek a ruddy glow With drippings from the virgin snow; Throw on the robes which silkworms wove And merchants brought from spicy grove; Attired thus in goodly boots, Come in the street and list to me.

No organ, with a crank, have I, Nor monkey with a playful eye, Nor tambourine with tinkling bell, With which to please your fancy well. A simple poet sings his lay, And scatters verses by the way. He prompts your gentle heart to treat And makes you shake your tiny feet. Dear calico—with beauty crowned, How I would like to move around And pour sweet ditties in your ear, Until your eyes would showers leak, And pour in torrents down your cheek, Enough to turn a saw-mill wheel Or make a puddle for an eel.

But maiden, with the ruby lip, Whose nectar, I would love to sip, And see myself in your blue eye, The brightest star in beauty's sky, I must not waste my precious time, By hanging round this erinoline.

Now, Sney, "don't you cry for me," For I must sing my New Year's glee; Don't burst your waistband with your grief, For I can furnish no relief; Dry up your tears, compose your heart, For down the street, I now must start: So woman with the waly eye, I'll bid you now a short good bye.

I see great throngs of people here, Delighted with the new-born year, The happy swain, with kid-gloved hand, Supported by his light rattle, As toasting to his Sarah Jane, And bowing like a weather-vane, As Sarah casts a winning glance, Or turns her azure eye askance.

Oh, Johnny—hold your beating heart— She wants to smelt your vital part, And make a whiskered, mighty man, Obeys the beckon of her hand, Your eagle eyes, keep opened wide, As you are walking by her side, Or your soft heart will stick like wax, To that huge pile of moving sacks.

The shifting scene presents a view Not altogether rare or new, Young men and women, girls and boys Are eating sugar-candy toys, Huge rosters melt upon the tongue, With things that must remain unused— While ginger cakes, and pretzels too, With lager beer, are lost to view.

How happy you are, all—and gay— While moving up and down the way— As though "spoonbills" were as flush, As corncuts that from hill-side gush, Right glad, am I, your pocket books Present such soft-entailing looks; For ere the shades of evening come, I do expect to pick out some, Nice quarters from their hiding place, And to my pocket, gaily tuck, The silver shillings—buried bright— And rather pleasant to the sight.

Behone, old love; And thou flip, With which was purchased many a "nip," By which said nips, were lovedly laid, So many men of every grade, Ere which the mother's cheek grew pale; And household goods were put to sale; And lovely daughters, sprightly boys, Were robbed of all their earthly joys, Begone, I say; I like you not, You ugly piece,—this train of thought Suggests, that you have spent your time, About the haunts of vice and crime. You look so dirty, dinged and queer, You must have lived, where lager beer And blue-eyed whiskey have been swilled, And moving rum-casks have been filled. Unnumbered fights, you've seen, no doubt, And whiskey suckers tumbled out, Pell-mell, dead level with a dog, When you, the last, were spent for grog. If you had staid at home at night, And kept your face, both clean and bright, And not associated with Bad company, their kin and kith, You could have shown as rich a tint, As quarter dollars from the mint.

Within the year, just "gone to pot," The panic, like a whirl-wind, caught Proud, airy castles, floating high, Like clouds along an evening sky, And dashed the vapors to the ground, And strewn the shadows, all around.

The comet came to take a view Of many worlds it never knew; Then switched its tail and bade good bye, And broke for a remoter sky.

The cable in the ocean's bed— For jolly lightnings, there to tread— O'er coral reefs, through beds of sand; Has woven its way from land to land; And there it lies, as mute as death— Do Sundry cannot give it breath.

Now, patrons, I could longer sing, And make the upper heavens ring With notes so sweet, rare and rich, That Gabriel might hit his trumpet high, Down through the clear cerulean sky, And say to me,—young man of song— My silver trumpet take along, Where'er you go,—for I must own, I never have listened to a tone.

Appearances Decentful.

In one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in Paris, on the ground floor of a crumbling old house, is the shop of Monsieur Thomas, a rag merchant, in which an exceedingly pretty girl not long since transacted the business of the establishment. This young girl was Mademoiselle Jules, old Thomas' daughter.

Not a great while ago an elegant looking young gentleman chanced to pass through the dirty street, and involuntarily stopped to admire her. The next day he came again, but it was not chance that brought him there this time; for, after pausing on the street as before, he entered the shop under the pretence of asking the way, but in reality to approach nearer the object of his sudden admiration. A very few words sufficed to confirm and fasten first impressions, and he was about to go away in a very disconsolate state of mind, when, in among the old junk which the shop contained, he observed a pile of old books. Seizing upon the excuse to prolong his stay, the young man turned over the tattered refuse, and purchased several of the books, promising the fair saleswoman that he would from time to time replenish his library at her establishment. He must have been very studious that day, for early the next morning he returned and obtained another supply. So, too, the next, and next, until troubling himself no longer about the old books, he came and passed much of his time in soft conversation at the window of the glass cage, and finally wound up by asking Mr. Thomas to give him his daughter in marriage. As the old fellow, without being seen, had witnessed all that had transpired, and liked the youth's appearance, he at once granted his prayer, on condition that the demand should be official, by the gallant's father. Here was the difficulty. The father of the lover, M. Georges, was a dry-goods merchant, having a handsome store in one of the most brilliant quarters of the city, and he looked for something better for his son, than a rag merchant's daughter. However, as there was nothing better for it, the youth broached the subject to his parents. At first he was laughed at; but as he frequently returned to the charge, his father and mother, in the hope of diverting him by other means from this mad project, invited Thomas to a family dinner, in order to talk this matter over. It was hoped that the ridiculous figure the old man would cut, and his inability to give his daughter a respectable marriage portion, would put an end to the affair.

A Variety.

Chinese Habits.

Our readers have often read of the peculiar customs and almost incredible dishes of our underground neighbors—the Chinese.—But the following, written by one who mixes with them daily, in California, we give as to us related:— "In the markets, sucking-pigs and dogs, are equally exposed for sale; the one being as readily purchased as the other. The latter, however, are not freely bought after they have been fed on animal diet, except by the very poorest classes; but are nourished with milk and rice on purpose for the table. In the markets at Canton, I have observed, side by side, a pheasant and a cat; and, upon enquiry, found them to bear precisely the same value. The cormorant, the wild duck, the hawk and the pigeon, being respectively indulged in by the bon vivant, while the salted rat, dried in the sun seemed to be an object of peculiar relish. Previous to their putting this animal to death, they frequently inflict upon it the most excruciating agony; whether or not upon the same principle that we consider a hunted hare more delicate than one that has been shot, I leave my readers to determine. I have frequently seen a workman catch a rat, with the fore finger and thumb, dexterously break all the animal's teeth, leaving it in that state until the evening, when it is killed and flayed for supper.— They are, moreover, constantly in the habit of nailing the rat upon a flat board by the four paws, and leaving it in that position for many hours, and seem amazed at any one taking compassion upon the wretched beast. This animal is generally salted and dried in the sun prior to being eaten, as they say their taste infinitely more delicate after this preparation."

MATERNAL JOYS.—An exchange perpetrates the following scandal:—"Ba-a-a, ba-a-a!" shrieked a half-naked infant, of about eighteen months old. "What's the matter with mamma's thweet little duckey?" says the affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young serpent, in return, digs its talons into her face. "Da, den, Missus, I know what little Master Sim wants," exclaimed the cherub's negro nurse. "You black huzzy, why didn't you tell me, then?" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a punch in the chops with her shoe. "Why, he wants to put his foot into dat pan ob graby," whimpered the unfortunate darkey. "Well, why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger?" replied the mother of the bawling little one. Dinah brings the pan with the gravy, and little Sim put his bare foot into it, and dashes the milk-warm grease about his sweet little face. "What's the matter with you, you little Simmy want to put his teeny weeny tooties in the gravy?" It shall paddle in the pan as it sojsey voseys, and then it shall have its poozey frock on, and go and see its pappy pappy."

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves, as they are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she once had for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wend its way, and the prayers will be said, and we shall be left behind in the silence and darkness of the tomb. And it may be but for a short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep on, and our names will be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and songs will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and animated with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will remember to lip our names a more.

The Investigator tells a good story of the great "revival" in Wisconsin. Among the converts was one whose previous profession had been "three card monte." Times being somewhat hard, he found little profit in his legitimate "practice," and became "converted," as the elders say. "One night, at the suggestion of an elder, he rose to edify the congregation with his experience, and thus—"delivered" himself: "Ladies and gentlemen—I mean brothers and sisters, the Lord has blessed me very much—I never felt so happy before in all my life—(embarrassed)—I never felt so happy before in all my life—(very much embarrassed)—if any one thinks I ever did, they can get a lively bet out of me!"

Why is Heaven so Attractive.

Among the numerous reasons which may be given for Heaven's peculiar attractiveness to every christian heart, may be mentioned the following:— 1. Because the saved in Heaven, are exempt from all pains, and all trouble and affliction.

2. Because the innumerable objects there to be seen are vastly more beautiful than any of earth.

3. Because a resurrection body will be united to the soul of the believer, more glorious by far than the present one.

4. Because the intellect, with all its wondrous faculties, will be greatly strengthened, enlarged and perfected.

5. Because Heaven is a place of entire freedom from immortality and vice, from sin and temptation.

6. Because it is a place of never-tiring activity.

7. Because it is a place of quiet rest and sweet repose.

8. Because of its music, in which there is no discord, but the most enrapturing melody.

9. Because it is a region of love—pure, intense and seraphic love.

10. Because the christian there, shall meet beloved friends that have gone before, and welcome those who follow after.

11. Because the saved will engage in the most pleasant and agreeable employments.

12. Because all mysteries will be cleared up, and every problem solved.

13. Because Heaven is a home, a sacred home, where the social affections can be fully developed.

14. Because there will be a constant increase of knowledge, virtue, happiness and holiness.

15. Because we can there mingle with patriarchs, apostles, and the noble army of martyrs of every age.

16. Because the redeemed will enjoy the society of that higher order of beings, the angels, those elder brethren of ours, who are possessed of such warm sympathies and lofty attributes.

17. Because there is no night there, but all is brightness unspeakable.

18. Because it is a Sabbath of devotional exercises and holy worship.

19. Because God the Father is there.

20. Because God the Son is there.

21. Because God the Spirit is there.

22. Because the blessedness of the righteous in Heaven will be permanent, will last forever and ever.—Boston Recorder.

IKE PARTINGTON AND PUGILISM.—Mrs. Partington was much surprised to find Ike, one rainy afternoon, in the spare room, with the rag-bag hung to the bed-post, which he was belaboring very lustily with his fists as large as two one cent apples. "What gymnastics are you doing here?" said she, as she opened the door. "He did not stop, and merely replying "training," continued to pitch in. She stood looking at him as he danced around the bag, busily punching its round sides. "That's the Morrissey touch," said he, giving one side a dig, "and that," hitting the other side, "is the Benicia Boy." She said: "Stop!" and he immediately stopped after he had given the last blow for Morrissey.—"I am afraid the training you are having isn't good," says she, "and I think you had better train in some other company. I thought your going into compound fractures in school would be dilatorious to you. I don't know who Mr. Morrissey is, and don't want to, but I hear that he has been whipping the Fenicious Boy, a poor lad with a sore leg, and I think he should be ashamed of himself." Ike had read the "Heralt," with all about the great prize fight; and had become entirely carried away with it.

CHEATING THE PRINTER.—The other day we saw several Irish laborers trying to decipher a written notice headed "Public Sale," the notice, although written tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emigrants, and they requested us to read it for them, which we of course did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrades, and remarked, in a very impressive tone:—"Well, be jabbers, I'll never buy of a man who's so sagardly that he won't get his advertisements printed; he's chated the printer and he'd chate me." They all acquiesced in his decision.—Ee.

Down East there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. He went to the window and asked: "Who's there?" "Friend."

"What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply, and down went the sash.

VELOCITY OF THE WIND.—When the wind moves at the rate of one mile an hour, it is hardly perceptible, at two miles an hour, it fans us as the gentle zephyr, and at six, it becomes gentle wind. From ten to twenty, it becomes high, and thirty to fifty, characteristic storms, from light to hard; at eighty miles an hour, it becomes a hurricane, and at one hundred, a tornado.

LANDLORD.—Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best table in the city. Editor.—I'll thank you to supply my family with board, gratis. Landlord.—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper. Editor.—I thought you were glad to feed men for nothing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Exit landlord, in a rage.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon, just for fun; but being of a rather economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch, "Touch it aisy Tommy!"

A Dutchman in one of the middle counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came.—"Chon," said he, "go and tell the circus preacher to come, and if he can't come, den get the louest preacher, and if the louest preacher can't come, why den get the extor-tioner" (exhorter).

Wisdom is better than physical power. Better have, like Argus, a hundred eyes to see with and only one pair of hands to work with, than, like Briarous, a hundred hands to work with and only two eyes to see with.

Women are called the "softer sex" because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

The population of Cincinnati is estimated at nearly 250,000.