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LIST OF GRAND JURORS for a Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 11th day of April, A. D. 1859:

Joseph Cunningham, farmer, Cass.
James Chamberlain, inn keeper, Warriorsmark.
Wm. Doughton, shoemaker, Brandy.
George Hby, farmer, Shirley.
James W. Galbraith, farmer, Shirley.
David Gregory, farmer, West.
David Hicks, Esq., blacksmith, Cromwell.
Wm. S. Hildebrand, carpenter, Huntingdon.
Elisha B. Hissings, painter, Cassville.
Adam Keith, farmer, Tod.
George Lamp, farmer, Porter.
John Munnick, farmer, Dublin.
William Miller, farmer, Henderson.
Judolph Neff, farmer, West.
George Rudy, farmer, Jackson.
Samuel Shanks, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Washington Stewart, farmer, Franklin.
Jacob Sharp, mechanic, Brandy.
Thomas Strickler, plasterer, Huntingdon.
George Walker, carpenter, Alexandria.
Adam Warfield, blacksmith, Brandy.
John Whittaker, Sr., gentleman, Huntingdon.
Daniel P. Knobel, farmer, Porter.
John Armon, farmer, Barre.

TRAVELERS JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Baker, Esq., mason, Shirley.
Peter M. Barr, clerk, Union.
Charles Bowersox, Shirley.
Isaac Baker, farmer, Tod.
David Barwick, farmer, West.
Hiram Brown, farmer, Springfield.
James Cordon, laborer, Brandy.
Thomas Covington, farmer, Barre.
Isaac Curfman, farmer, Tod.
John Curver, farmer, Barre.
Isaac Cornoyer, farmer, Henderson.
Isaac Donaldson, laborer, Hopewell.
James Duff, mason, Jackson.
James Fairholm, farmer, Henderson.
Alexander Ewing, teacher, Franklin.
Perry O. Etchison, shoemaker, Cromwell.
A. W. Evans, merchant, Cass.
Benjamin Fink, farmer, Henderson.
Samuel Frisley, farmer, Henderson.
Jacob S. Gellert, potter, Cassville.
Caleb Giddens, farmer, Porter.
John Gayton, farmer, Union.
William Glass, carpenter, Jackson.
Jacob Hight, farmer, Barre.
Moses Hamer, farmer, Walker.
Robert Henderson, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Hney, farmer, Dublin.
John Hazy, farmer, Porter.
John S. Henderson, laborer, Shirley.
Daniel Isenberg, farmer, Shirley.
John Keesling, farmer, Henderson.
John Morrison, farmer, Shirley.
James McCartney, farmer, Henderson.
Charles F. McHugh, blacksmith, Shirley.
Robert Morrow, farmer, Dublin.
William Miller, farmer, West.
Henry Myers, blacksmith, Henderson.
Richard Newman, manufacturer, Franklin.
David Parsons, farmer, Tod.
Thomas F. Stewart, farmer, West.
John Shaffer, farmer, Henderson.
David R. Stonbraker, farmer, Jackson.
John Shaver, Esq., farmer, Shirley.
George R. Weaver, farmer, Cromwell.
John Wright, farmer, Franklin.
Caleb Walsfield, farmer, Brandy.
John Westbrock, Huntingdon.
William P. Taylor, carpenter, Clay.

TRAVELERS JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Jacob Barnett, farmer, Cass.
Daniel Beck, blacksmith, Morris.
J. S. Berkstresser, merchant, Carbon.
William Conch, farmer, Barre.
Valentine Cross, innkeeper, Brandy.
Nicholas Cresswell, gentleman, Alexandria.
Henry S. Dell, farmer, Cromwell.
John Duff, farmer, Jackson.
Levi Evans, Esq., J. P., Carbon.
E. S. Everhart, boss, Huntingdon.
Abraham Fultz, carpenter, Brandy.
Isaac Green, blacksmith, Henderson.
Robert Green, farmer, Ononda.
James Gwin, gentleman, Huntingdon.
David Grove, merchant, Henderson.
John Huest, farmer, Barre.
Richard D. Heck, farmer, Cromwell.
David Houston, laborer, West.
Solomon Isenberg, blacksmith, Morris.
John Ingram, farmer, Franklin.
Henry Johnson, grocer, Brandy.
John Knobel, farmer, Henderson.
John Kinney, farmer, Franklin.
John Love, farmer, Barre.
A. J. McCoy, farmer, Franklin.
Isaac Martin, farmer, Porter.
John Montgomery, mechanic, Brandy.
John Morrow, farmer, Dublin.
James Magee, farmer, Dublin.
Wm. Oaks, farmer, Barre.
Thomas E. Orphan, merchant, Cromwell.
John Shoppe, farmer, Union.
Valentine Smith, farmer, Tod.
George W. Walker, farmer, Shirley.
Milton W. Woodcock, grocer, Carbon.
March 23, 1859.

TRIAL LIST FOR APRIL TERM, 1859.

Andrew Patrick, Jr. vs. Eby, Cunningham & Hoar.
John Savage vs. Smith & Davis.
William Curry vs. John McWilliams.
Jacob Criss vs. John McWilliams.
Leonard Weaver vs. H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.
John Garner vs. John Savage.
Olema's heirs vs. John McWilliams, et al.
James Wall vs. John Wall.
Glasgow & Blair vs. John Wall.
Saml. Caldwell's admr. vs. John Wall.
John H. Weavers, vs. John Wall.
Peter Ehring vs. John Wall.

SECOND WEEK.

Doker, Bro. & Co. vs. A. P. Wilson.
Jno. P. Brown vs. John Savage.
Jacob Russo vs. Jno. T. Shirley.
Margaret Hamilton vs. James Enricken.
Valentine Cross vs. G. W. Spear.
Fleming Holiday vs. H. & B. T. R. R. & C. Co.
Eph. Ross vs. Wm. McVite.
Kirpatrick & Son vs. James Enricken.
Jos. Kinsey's admr. vs. Wm. Hays.
Hill, Garretson & Co. vs. Christian Price.
David Bump vs. Isaac Shureter.
Jas. Sarton for use vs. Frederick Schindler.
Wm. Weaver vs. Nicholas Schank.
D. Howe, Assignee vs. Enricken & Dehero.
Samuel Doran vs. James Pattison.
Tams, Jones & Co. vs. Jas. Brittain, Garnishoe & Dougherty.
Ann McMillin vs. Wm. McMillin.
Same vs. James Findlay.

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DIARIES FOR 1859, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

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ALMANACS FOR 1859, for sale at LEWIS' NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

INKS, A superior article of writing Inks for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

SCHOOL BOOKS, Generally in use in the Schools of the County, not on hand, will be furnished to order, on application at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

MONEY, Every man who receives or pays out money, should have Peterson's Counterfeit Detector—for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

OSGOOD'S Series of School Books, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.

THE PRESBYTERIAN PALMIST, A collection of tunes adapted to the Psalms and Hymns of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, for sale at LEWIS' BOOK STORE.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 30, 1859.

NO. 40.

Select Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT.
Good night! a word so often said,
The hellish mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some hour lies dead,
On which our own was leaning.

GOOD NIGHT! it mocks us from the grave,
It overleaps that strange world's bound,
From whence there flows no backward way;
It calls from out the ground.

GOOD NIGHT! oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear world?
Why follows that good night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?

GOOD NIGHT! 'tis now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain,
Good night! oh, holy, blest and deep
The rest that follows pain.

GOOD NIGHT! 'tis now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain,
Good night! 'tis now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.

Select Story.

THE POISONED ARROW.
A STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY CAPT. M. D. ALEXANDER, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

We would carry our reader back some thirty years to the times when civilization was slowly approaching the western wilds, and when the spirit of adventure led the hardy pioneers out from their native villages to the domain of the red man.

"Nay, Barton, I prefer the landscape as seen from this position," answered his companion, "I shall keep my saddle until you are ready to remount."

"So be it, then," Harry answered, as he threw himself from his horse, and unsling the rifle from his back. "When we started, I agreed to abide by your selection, and I shall not question it now."

"You surely are not alarmed at our absence from the settlements, or fearful of the Indians?"

"No! I only wish to meet them in the broad light of day, face to face. We shall soon make friends of them if they approach us thus; but they may not stop to form friendships if they come upon us unawares."

"I have felt your powers of persuasion, and judging from their influence upon me, cannot doubt your winning qualities. For myself not being so gifted, I shall keep my rifle always ready to act as an interpreter."

"Nay, you need not indulge any alarm, you shall have the first cut; hurry then, for I am almost famishing."

to his side. A sudden faintness seemed to seize upon him, yet with the other hand he scooped up the liquid, and commenced the bluff, he sank exhausted upon the sword. Had not the large trunk of a tree intervened, he would undoubtedly have rolled down the mountain again.

"This cursed arrow must be poisoned!" he thought, "for I can feel its influence stealing through my system, numbing and paralyzing my every faculty. If I could but make Barton hear! What ho! brother! Barton!"

So rapid had been the action of the irritating agent, wherewith the weapon had been charged, that his voice seemed to have become affected, and he could do little more than whisper. Meanwhile, Barton had become somewhat annoyed at his brother's absence. He had half a mind to commence an attack upon the venison which was fast growing cold, but he bethought him that he had better look down upon the river, to see what detained the youngster.

"Yes, it must be so!" he muttered, as an agony of feeling stole across his soul. "My poor brother has been made, thus early in his frontier experience, a prisoner, by those cursed savages. But he shall be rescued, or if too late for that, avenged!"

Without further delay, he unhitched his horse from the limb to which it had been fastened while quietly grazing, replaced his saddle, examined the priming of his rifle, and vaulted upon his animal.

"Now Barbary," he almost shouted, "you must bear your part nobly in this enterprise. We must bring back my brother, or return not at all."

"Come with me! the warrior's arrow has wounded the white bird, who flew to our forests for a home; but Ahtawahta will save the life of the pale face. Quick, to my canoe, or the chiefs of my tribe will discover us."

"Now you must trust yourself to Ahtawahta, who by the help of the great spirit will draw this arrow from your arm, and heal the wound. She would thus atone for the cruelty of him who drew the bow."

Four months had passed ere Harry was again able to leave the mats whereon he had reposed, in an utter prostration. The fever had at last left him, but he was very weak. Ahtawahta had clung to him with a singular devotion, and had been true to her promise. Aided by a couple of aged squaws, she had brought him from the very gates of death far on to health.

"I will just dip my cup in the stream there," said Harry, "and try the properties of this water, hold on I put up your knife until I return. We must start fair! I object to your cutting off the finest pieces in advance."

ed again, as she murmured sadly—"No, no! it must not be! This has been a pleasing dream to the forest maid, but it cannot be realized. In a few moons Harry would tire of his Indian bride, and would long for the associations that he had abandoned. Deter leave me now than then."

"Listen to me dearest! My life was preserved by you, and to you it should be devoted. Do not suppose that I wish merely to repay the debt—that I can never do; but over and above all other considerations it is love that can be answered by possession. I could not breathe a word of harm to you! I have left no one in the far off home of my childhood, for whose society I can languish. Fear not, then, my truth, for by the light of that great sun I swear—"

"Not for me! The great Manitou will not hear an oath. I am yours forever! If in some future hour your heart should wander back to the friends of earlier days, I will bid you depart and lay me down to die. At least you will be mine till then."

"It is he! it is Barton. Heavens! he will be killed!"

"Not so! He is my brother now," answered the maiden proudly, "and not one of our tribe shall dare to molest him."

"The Otter and the Heron are the fishermen, though they use neither net nor net. The Otter we seldom see, for he works his traps mostly under water; but the Heron may often be seen standing with his long thin legs in the shallow part of the stream, suddenly plunging his long bill below the surface and bringing up a fish."

"The swallow is a fly-catcher; and the number that he daily catches would astonish you. You often see him in his vocation skimming along the surface of the brook or pond."

"The wasp is a paper maker, in his building. His paper is water-proof, and made of materials that no other paper maker would use. Singing birds are amateur musicians, and excel all others in harmony. Hardly can we decide which of them excels—the lark, the robin, the thrush, or the nightingale."

"The fire fly and the glow-worm are lamp-lighters. The bee is a professor of geometry; for he constructs his cell so scientifically, that the least possible amount of materials is formed into the largest spaces, with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells. Nor can the best hermetical sealers among us preserve provisions so well."

"The caterpillar is a silk spinner, far exceeding any other in his line of business; indeed we could not learn an art that would supply any silk worth the name without him."

Hope and Memory.

BY MRS. L. H. SPOURNY.

A little baby lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clasped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said "look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book that will be sweet to thee when thou art old."

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge. But at length Age found him and turned his temples grey. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

Her parting sigh was like the magic of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said, "Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now mine. Jesus hath redeemed it."

Physical Education.
An able writer expatiating on the well-established truth that intellectual culture, carried on without sufficient bodily exercise, will very soon of itself run down the finest original constitution; especially if commenced too early in life, refers to some interesting facts by way of illustration, to which we would call the attention of our readers.

Every year, he says, we perceive the evidences of increased inattention to all sorts of means for the renovation of the physical constitution in our large cities. In Boston, where twenty years ago, hardly a child was born without the seeds of consumption in its lungs, there is, in many of the best families, a marked physical improvement, the results of culture. At Cambridge, the Faculty are patronizing cricket and rowing matches, because they have found the tendency to a physical decay so strong among the best students, without something of the kind. The yachting clubs of New York and Newport, the bathing in summer, and the skating in winter—in fact, the general tendency everywhere to cultivate and cherish sports and develop the physique, afford a proof of the felt necessity of more attention to health. Mere sports, though they may abate the tendency to decline, are not enough to avert slow and sure decay. A man's duties must be so arranged as to embrace a fair share of physical exercise, or else he must become a mere sporting character. There is this great danger with many of these sports in this country, they are not indigenous; many of them, like cricket, not adapted to the extreme heat of our summer weather, which is quite unknown in England, and many others, very apt to produce habits of dissipation, quite as injurious as the evils they would cure.

But it is not so much in the physical culture of men as of women, that the chief defect of our present social system lies. Our women are pretty at seventeen and old at twenty. The English nobility set a much higher value on beauty of form and figure than we do, and a really fine-looking girl without a penny or fortune, is thought a better match by the most calculating wealthy parents, than a dough-faced specimen of fashionable breeding with quite a fortune. It is by the introduction of new blood that the stock of the most ancient families is preserved.

Among ourselves while all invigorating habits and sports ought to be encouraged, it is not from those cultivated as foreign sports that we have most to hope. It should be rather the development of our national resources.

New Music.—"Do the ladies play music at the West, sir?" asked a young lady of a western green-looking customer. "Oh, very universally, Miss," was the reply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; do they use the piano mostly?" "Never, Miss. The instrument that we have out of our way is the Swinette, and the girls all play it."

"O, dear, I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell what it is, and how they play it." "Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each one takes one of these under her arm and chews the end of his tail, and that brings out the music."

A Smart Woman.
A nice, respectable lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worse half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson.

Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a veritable mice, under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About 8 o'clock "an individual," about his size, might have been seen creeping cautiously along to the door, and noiselessly Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots—a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stopped, pulled up his coat pocket, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eye," he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was kneeling at the bed-side, coat and vest off, and his head on the pillow. Miserable villain—his time had come.

"Say your prayers, villain—your time is short!"—and a flash and a report told the bullet had sped on its fatal mission. "Help! murder! watch! Oh, is that you?" and Madame popped her little head up from the foot of the bed. Benedict seized the body, and it was—a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up for the occasion.

"I say, my dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look. "Well, dear," replied the wife, "I did get lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure, I didn't think you'd suspect—"

"There, there," said the chagrined husband, "say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you." Benedict repeated, "Now I lay me down," etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.—Chattanooga Advertiser.

How Poor Young Men May Succeed.
Young men are you poor and without the means of *spurious* life, as you launch upon its billows? Is your father poor and unable to give you an outfit? Be not disheartened on account of all this. Take an earnest hold of life, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a high and noble position. Study closely the bond of your own mind for labor or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it early; follow it steadily and untiring; never look backward to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp. The world owes every man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success; and men have only to adopt will and action to them.

To repine over a want of money and property, to start out in the world with, and over the want of the props of influential relatives, is unmanly. Let a young man strive to create a fortune, rather than seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, young man, conscious of God within you, and his providence over you, and fight your own way to distinction to honor and to comfort. Pity in your inmost soul the young man who, without any change is unable to support himself, and is whining around, and begging the influence of others, to get him into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more honorable to eat the crust you have earned, than to flourish with the crust you inherit. You may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortunes. Young man, are you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet said in words:

"Secure the man who boasts his birth,
And boasts his titles and his lands,
Who takes his name and heritage
From out a father's dying hands."

Anecdote of General Washington.
[From the New Haven News.]
During sixty years resident in New York it was my custom when the birthday of Washington came round, to get the following anecdotes inserted in one or two of the daily papers. A good story is not the worse for being twice told, nor a good sermon the worse for being twice read. In 1796, I heard the farmer referred to, narrate the following incident. Said he:—

"When the British army held possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lay near West Point, one morning I went out at sun-rise to brush the cows. In passing a clump of brush-wood I heard a meaning sound like a person in distress. On nearing the spot I heard the words of a man at prayer. I listened behind a tree. The man came forth—it was George Washington, the Captain of the Lord's host in North America."

This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, was lukewarm, and in some cases opposed to the cause of the country. This farmer was a Tory. However, having seen the General enter the camp, he went to his own house, and said to his wife, "Murtha, we must not oppose this war any longer." This morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to Heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard." This friend dwelt between the lines of the two armies, and subsequently gave Washington many items concerning the movements of the enemy, which rendered good service to the American cause.

From this incident we may infer that Washington rose with the sun to pray for his country, he fought for her at meridian, and watched for her at midnight. Now, Mr. Printer, I advise every editor of a newspaper between Montauk point and the Rocky Mountains, if three drops of American blood is running in their veins, that they insert this anecdote in their daily or weekly journal every twenty-second of February, (Washington's birthday,) as long as trees grow and water runs.

I voted three years while Washington was President—I married three bonnie Yankee lasses—this, I think, is being naturalized enough, in all good conscience. I therefore had myself an American to all intents and purposes. This day I enter my 87th year. GRANT THORBURN.
New Haven, Feb. 18, 1859.

PLEASANT YOUTH.—"My son," said a dotting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty year old looking up to find an answer, "I don't know," but suppose we call it John H. Samplin & Father."

Think twice before you speak.