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SECOND WEEK. John Hutchison vs. M. Frank, et al. M. Wallace vs. Wm. McCaskey, et al. John Lyon, et al. vs. Thomas Ewing, et al. John S. Robinson vs. George Grubbs, et al. Sarah Shaffer vs. Wilson & Gorsuch. George Hoeschelder vs. Abraham Brubaker. Milliken, for use vs. John McComb. A. S. Harrison, for use vs. J. H. Dell & Co. Jacob Fisher vs. J. & D. Hamilton. James Gordon vs. Cresswell & Williams. Joseph S. Reed vs. M. B. Smith & Co. S. L. Lock vs. Benjamin Ramsey. Silas Lock's use vs. J. H. Dell & Co. Forestman Bro. & Co. vs. William G. Moore. Hoeschelder vs. Wilson & Gorsuch. Huntington County vs. J. S. Saxton, Committee & Co. T. M. Owens, Adm'r vs. Hugh Seeds. Jas. R. Crowner vs. Harrison & Matern. Morris, Foster & Co. vs. Harrison & Matern. Parandollar, Lowry & Co. vs. Osborn & Cresswell. William Cresswell vs. M. B. Smith & Co. Thomas Weston, Jr. vs. Thomas Weston. Perot & Bro. vs. Harrison & Couch. Jas. Wall vs. John Wall.

# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XVI. HUNTINGDON, PA. NOVEMBER 7, 1860. NO. 20.

## Select Poetry.

**HOPE AND FAITH.**  
BY A. S. K.  
The sun shone dimly from the sky,  
The forest leaves are tinged with brown  
And Autumn winds go moaning by,  
And Autumn leaves come rustling down;  
The flowers have faded from the hill,  
The birds have sought some sunnier clime,  
The golden grain supplies the mill,  
And purple grapes have yielded wine.

The Summer with its gorgeous charms  
Could not dispel the bitter we;  
It could not woo us to its arms—  
Our lamp of peace was burning low,  
But now on wings of love we soar,  
And fear not winter in his wrath,  
For Hope and Joy have strewn once more  
Their rosy garlands in our path.

And we have drunk the richest wine  
That e'er was mingled in the cup  
Of life, and won a ray divine  
To light our world of darkness up;  
And with that brilliant light within,  
We yet may make our "lives sublime";  
\*Will save us from the snares of sin  
And guide us o'er the sands of time.

## Miscellaneous.

**BOY LOST.**  
He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers, buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor, of tumbled-down card-houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, and whips, go-carts, blocks and trumpetry. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumblers on the carpet, and paste spilt on the tables turned. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for!"

But I long to be asked for a bit of string or a newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate-pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main-sails, and then to hem the same; I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures and parties; no confinement for you!"

But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school-bell mornings; to give the last busy wash and brush, and then to watch, from the window, nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and tell mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell mothers their happiest stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A many figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick, black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the side, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boy's militia? He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece), and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long, since cut off, and she had grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat! Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! if he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing his curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I had only my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boy. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy I might now be more to my grown up one.

**ECONOMY IN LEATHER.**—A firm in Amhurst Massachusetts, are manufacturing about 1,500 pounds of leather daily from scraps of leather and old pieces of rope. It has not been introduced out of New England, yet the demand is reported to be greater than the supply. The process of making is similar to that of manufacturing paper.

## INSTINCT.

At a meeting of a Philosophical Society, a paper was read in support of the theory, that the animal creation subordinate to man, is possessed of intellectuality. Numerous interesting cases were mentioned, which show a power beyond that commonly ascribed to mere instinct. A cat was put into the receiver of an air-pump, a situation in which she had never been placed before; and while the air was being exhausted, the inconvenience which she felt made her attempt means of relief. At last she placed her paw over the orifice by which the air escaped, and thus prevented further exhaustion. Set a cat afloat in a bowl on a pond, and observe how she will adapt her positions so as to prevent an overturn. Bees taken from one part of England to another, make no alteration in their habits the first summer; but in the second they adopt themselves to the different circumstances of the new locality. Taken from England to the West Indies, the first summer they make a store of honey as usual; but they perceive that flowers bloom all the year around, and that a supply of honey against the winter is not needed. In the second summer, therefore, they do not fill their hive. If the descendants of the bees are brought to England, then the reverse takes place, and in the second year they leave off their tropical habits.

The general tendency of the paper was to show that what are called the inferior animals, are not so far below the standard of man as has been supposed. Among the more remarkable facts brought forward in the discussion to prove the existence of a reasoning faculty, was one by Dr. Warwick, which may worthily be reproduced.

When he resided at Dunham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a matter-hook in a post, (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head in the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity, that it was almost lost to sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. The doctor went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He very carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick replaced the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond; and, with the assistance of a keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon the doctor's making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came toward him at the edge of the water, and actually laid his head upon his foot.

The doctor thought this most extraordinary, but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backward and forward along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned, but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side toward the bank, as if could not see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which he came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. Dr. Warwick thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish, for a benefit received; and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously with other naturalists, disbelieved, that fishes are sensible to sound.

## NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentation it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very infallible guides particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine 12 or 14 days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damage which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

Avoid those who take pleasure in troubling others. There is danger of getting burnt if you get too near the fire.

Calamity never leaves us where it finds us; it either softens or hardens the heart of its victim.

Eagles fly alone. They are but sheep which always herd together.

## BLACK MATT.

HOW A SLAVE SOLD HIS MASTER.

Matthew Hobson (generally called 'Black Matt,' on account of the darkness of complexion, was well known by the inhabitants of the seaboard of Virginia, some years ago, as a slave dealer, and an accomplished 'breaker in' of bad flesh. He once purchased a bright mulatto of the name of Sam, at a very low price, on account of his bad qualities, such as thieving, lying and drunkenness. Sam was intelligent, with all his faults—could read and write, and spoke the air of a most polished gentleman. He was so far removed, too, from pure African, that he could scarcely be distinguished from a white man. On his becoming the property of the slave dealer, he received several severe admonitions, in order that he might have a foretaste of the temper of his master.

Secretly he vowed vengeance for these striking proofs of Matt's affection, and in a short time an opportunity offered to gratify that vengeance. Matt took up his gang, and shipped them at Norfolk. The bark arrived safe at New Orleans, and was brought to the wharf. In order that Sam might bring a good price, he was topped off in fine clothes, calfskin boots, a silk hat, and kid gloves. Matt thought by his external show to realize at least six hundred dollars for the mulatto, as the body servant of some rich planter. Sam was consequently allowed to go ashore in order to show himself off. He proceeded to the Alhambra, and there strutted along among the best of them. Hearing a portly gentleman remark that he wished to purchase a good body servant, he went up to him, and with an independent air, said:

"My dear sir, I have just the boy that will suit you."

"Ha!" ejaculated the planter, "I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been looking for one for several days. What do you ask for him?"

"Nine hundred dollars," replied Sam, "and cheap as dirt. He has every quality—a can shave, dress hair, brush boots, and is besides, polished in his manners. I could have got fifteen hundred dollars for him but for one fault."

"Ha!" ejaculated the planter, "and pray what kind of a fault is that?"

"Why, sir, a ridiculous one—he imagines himself a white man."

"A white man!" exclaimed the planter, laughing, "that is a funny conceit, indeed, but I can soon cure him of that—I have had considerable experience in training and managing gentlemen of color."

"Oh! sir," continued Sam, "there is but little doubt that he can be cured—though you may find some trouble at first!"

"Well, sir, you appear to be a gentleman," said the planter, who was rather too anxious and confiding, "I will take him on your recommendation. Where is he now?"

"On board the bark yonder at the wharf, you can see him at any moment," replied Sam.

"Good!" exclaimed the planter. "I am much pleased with your honesty and candor, and in order to save time—here are nine hundred dollars—please give me a bill of sale."

Sam got the clerk to draw up a bill of sale, signed the name of Samuel Hopkins, pocketed the money, and told the planter to ask the captain for Black Matt; he would himself be on board as soon as he closed a bargain with another gentleman who was desirous of purchasing one of his field hands.

The pussy planter made his way to the vessel and demanded of the captain to see the boy Black Matt. The officer pointed to Matthew Hobson, who sat on the quarter deck smoking his cigar and superintending the debarkation of his slaves.

"Are you Black Matt, my fine fellow?" asked the planter, addressing the slave merchant.

"Folks call me so at home," was the reply, "but here my name is Matthew Hobson. What do you want?"

"I tell you, Matt, what I want with you. You're a likely fellow, and will just suit me. Look you here, stranger," said Matt, rising up, "it may be you don't know who you are talking to."

"Yes I do though—you're my property—I bought you of your master, Samuel Hopkins just now, and—"

"You bought me," exclaimed Matt, standing up at full length before the planter. "Hell and the devil sir—I am a white man!"

"Come, come, now," calmly said the man, "it won't do—I know you—I'll whip it out of you, sir—I'll teach you—"

Here Matt drew back and aimed a blow at the ruby nose of the planter, who seized him by the throat and bellowed for the police. An officer happened to be on the levee—he at the instance of the planter seized the refractory slave and bore him to the calaboose, where he remained until evidence could be obtained identifying him as a free born citizen of the United States.

Sam in the meantime had got on board a ship that was just weighing anchor for an European port, and never has been heard of since.

## THE GRAIN TRADE OF THE WEST.

The surplus products of the Great West this year are astonishing to contemplate. The foreign demand for cereals continues brisk, and every steamer from over the big waters puts prices up, up, up. From every point on the shores of these Great Lakes, breadstuffs are being shipped, but the main artery of this trade and the point where the grain most concentrates is at Chicago. Here the receipts and shipments exceed belief. No mart in the old world, not excepting the corn cities of Egypt, can compare with the grain trade of Chicago. On a single day, (Oct. 10th,) there were shipped of wheat alone, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand bushels! The season's business sums up of actual shipments, Wheat, 7,500,000; Corn, 13,750,000 bushels, and the trade is now progressing more briskly than ever. Every species of water craft that can float a cargo is in requisition to carry off this surplus to the sea side. No sailor is idle, no sail vessel not in commission. But the most pleasing part of the grain operation is the price at which it moves out of the country. The average of wheat for the season will be in the vicinity of one dollar per bushel at Chicago. The farmers throughout the North-west must realize very nearly at that figure. Every day then for months must there have been left in Chicago for distribution among them for corn and wheat nearly half a million of money. This is for but one year's crops, and this year's corn is not as a general thing marketed until another year, it requiring one year to cure.

So we see, the short crops of the East, the wars and rumors of wars prevailing there, the great abundance here and the facilities for buying and moving it away, all contribute to flood the West with wealth. This in its turn sends a revivifying influence through all branches of business, and wakes up for the first time since the great panic, the dormant energies and capital of the country.

The ready means thus put into the hands of the farmers will stimulate to greater production and a third more soil of a rich and limitless prairie country will be put under the harrow for another crop. Should the next season prove favorable the problem would have to be solved—"how can the surplus products of the Great West find transportation to the sea side?" The New York canal, as these great prairie countries become developed, will not be able to give passage to a tithe of these products. It has not capacity for the present crop and as yet not one-eighth part of the prairie country is under cultivation. It is the opinion of those who are conversant with the trade of the St. Lawrence must be so improved as to furnish the outlet for this vast trade, and that the time will come and that soon, that the export and import trade of "The Great West" would be direct between the ports of the Lakes and the world outside.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A sickly girl in Plymouth, N. H., a somnambulist, with a strong propensity to run off with things and hide them where they could not be found, nor she herself remember, so that at last it was found necessary to lock her securely at night, made off a few weeks since with a valuable watch. Then the family gave her liberty, and watched her movements in hope that the same somnambulism that carried it off would again find it. The other night she started out, followed by her brother. She walked places that he dare not follow; but the moonlight helped to show her course, and he kept along. Finally she walked up the trunk of an old tree that hung at an angle of forty-five degrees over a brook, stood firmly at the end while the tree swayed beneath her, and stooping down brought out that watch. Returning to terra firma the brother waked her, took the property and then hurried home.

The men and women of Maine appear to exceed in weight those of Massachusetts. At the recent State Fair at Portland, 3,520 adult persons were weighed upon the same scales used at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston, and of this number 2,042 were women, whose average weight was one hundred and twenty-six pounds five ounces, 1,773 were men whose average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds. The average weight of the women weighed at the Mechanics' Fair was one hundred and sixteen pounds fourteen ounces, and of the men one hundred and forty-six pounds seven ounces—a difference in favor of the Maine women of nine pounds seven ounces, and of the men five pounds eight ounces each.

STRUCK ASLEEP.—Ireland furnishes the following remarkable item, contained in a late private letter from Limerick:

"A most extraordinary transaction has recently occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer, when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by the rain, &c., that he prayed to God that he might be struck asleep until fine weather would come. He had only uttered the prayer when he fell to the ground at full length, fast asleep, and so firm in the earth that he could not be removed. A shed has been built over him, and hundreds are daily going to see him; he breathes as naturally as if he was lying asleep on his bed."

An old Dutch clock in Albany brought to this country in 1765, although out of repair and running order for years, invariably strikes previous to the death of any member or relative of the family. This the owner has found to be the case in the last six instances of death in the family. The last striking took place a week ago Sunday. A short time since the news came that a nephew of the owner who was traveling in Europe had been suddenly killed while out riding.

RAILROAD CONNECTION.—The connections between the Shamokin Valley and Pottsville and the Mine Hill Railroads have been completed, forming a direct line from Sunbury to Philadelphia by way of the Reading Road.

Sam. Prior, a colored man, died lately, at Petersburg, Va., aged 132.

## SOLILOQUY OF A LOAFER.

Let's see, where am I? Yes, I mind now! Was coming up street, met a wheelbarrow—was drunk, comin' t'other way; the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into a cellar—don't know which now—guess it must have been me, I'm a nice man—yes, I am tight! tore! drunk! Well, I can't help it—ain't my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis? Is it Jones' fault? No. Is it my wife's fault? Well it ain't—'s it the wheelbarrow's fault? No. It's whiskey's fault. Who is whiskey? Has he a large family? All poor, I reckon. I think I won't own him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance—I've had the notion for about ten years, and I always hate to do it for fear of hurting his feelings. I'll do it now—I think liquor's injurin' me its spoilin' my temper.

Sometimes I get mad when I'm drunk, and abuse Bets and the brats—it used to be Lizzy and the children—that's some time ago. I'd come home of evenings, she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me her dear William. When I come home now, she takes her pipe out of her mouth, and hair out of her eyes, and says somethin' like "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're cold enough havin' no fire, 'thout lettin' the snow blow in, that way." Yes, she's Bets, and I'm Bill, now, I ain't a good Bill neither; won't pass a tavern without goin' and gettin' drunk. Don't know what I'm on. Last Saturday night I was on the river bank—drunk.

I stay out pretty late; no, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is, I'm pretty much out all over—out of elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Bets says; but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't wear good clothes—ma, be she hasn't got 'em; whose fault's that? 'tain't mine—must be whiskey's.

Sometimes I'm in, however—I'm intoxicated now, in somebody's cold cellar. There's one principle I've got, I won't get in debt; I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone—got tore off, I expect, when I fell in here; I'll have to get a new suit soon.

A fellow told me that I'd make a good sign for a paper mill, t'other day. If he wasn't so big I'd kick him. I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm afraid it won't come off without tearing. People ought to respect me more than they do for I'm in holy orders.

I ain't a dandy, though my clothes are pretty near the Grecian style. I guess I tore this window shutter in my pants 'tother night, when I sat down in the wax in Ben Ragg's shop, and I'll have to get them mended, or I'll catch cold, I ain't very stout as it is. As the boys say, I'm fat as a match, and healthy as the small-pox.

My best hat has been standing guard for a window pane that went out the other morning at the invitation of a brick. It's gettin' cold down here, wonder if I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink, I could think better. Let's see; I ain't got three cents, if I was in a tavern I would sponge one. Whenever a person treats and says, "come, fellows," I always think my name is "fellows," and I've got too good manners to refuse. Well, I must leave this, or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary. I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheelbarrow that did the harm—not me.

## BEGINNING TO BELIEVE.

"Bubbles" of the 'California Golden Era,' gets off the following:

I begin to believe that now-a-days money makes the man, and a dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and the pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout upon Sundays.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you have gained everybody's confidence; then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging; and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals—to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under Government—with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that a piano-forte is more necessary to a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who doesn't swear, drink, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally very stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should dig one-half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has the most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes, not to be behind the times, he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

COME IT WILL.—Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast upon your acquaintance will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put down into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgement seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

The following is a very significant epistle to be presented to the present degenerate age, which, if answered correctly, would be found to contain more truth than poetry:

Is there a heart that never sighed?  
Is there a tongue that never lied?  
Is there an eye that never blinked?  
Is there a man that never drank?  
Is there a woman that never faint?  
Is there a man that never painted?  
If so, then heart, and tongue, and eye  
Must tell a most confounded lie.

More reading matter in the "Globe," than any paper in the country. Only \$1.50!