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Select Poetry.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

Darkly the winter day
Dawns on the moor;
How can the heart be gay;
Who can endure;
See the sad, weary wight;
Wanders from his couch;
Shelterless, homeless quill!

It Will All Be Right in the Morning.

When the morning light of the heart of day
And the form of a cloud in the blue above,
Lies dark on the path below;
The song that he sings is lost in sigh,

Select Story.

ELSIE RAYMOND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Wait a moment, grandma, I just want to run out, and say good-bye to Daisy; and the sweet face, set in a frame of bridal-hat flowers, looked a moment through the open door, and then vanished, before the lady, in her Quaker satin and white muslin cap, could reply.

a sudden out-break of harp-music, and the graceful figure of the girl- bride sprang into the room.

Rubens ought to have seen her at that moment. With her blue, sparkling eyes, the half blush gathering into her soft cheeks, and the arch smile breaking over her lips, as morning sunshine breaks into the heart of mountain roses, she was just the vision of outward, joyous earth-loveliness that his soul would have delighted in.

Grandma's been saying bad things about me," said the bride, with a pretty pout, that any young husband would have thought worth a dozen kisses. "Now, Alden, don't you let her frighten you one bit, for I'm going to be just the most loving, obedient little wife in the world, and never do a thing you say I musn't, as long as I live."

"I shan't say 'musn't' very often, darling," answered the young husband, stroking the curls that fell out of the little hat. "But come, Elsie, we shan't be in time for the cars. Say good-bye to your grandmother, quick."

"I'll be a good girl, indeed I will," whispered the trembling lips, as they drew up to the grandmother's; and the smiling face was dim with tears.

And her husband hurried her away. Elsie Raymond's future must tell the story of her past.

Two years had gone swiftly, happily by. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond sat at their breakfast table that morning. The room with its appliances of taste and luxury, was one of those rare home-gems, that only an artist can appreciate.

But the little wife, behind the silver coffee urn, in her fawn-colored morning gown, with its tassels of blue silk, was, after all, the crowning beauty of the sweet home-scene.

"Alden," said Mrs. Raymond, as she passed his second cup of coffee, "won't you just put down that paper, and listen to me a moment. You know that party you promised me, almost a year ago. Well, I've decided to have it next week. It's just the season for it now, and we'll make a grand effort to have it pass off well."

An hour later the young merchant was walking up and down his counting-room, with restless step, and haggard face.

There had come a sudden revolution in the mercantile world, and his house was one of the first to feel it. "There is no chance to sail clear of this, that I see," murmured the young man, as he struck his forehead. "A few weeks, and we must all sink. I shall be a ruined man, and Elsie—"

"Yes; I could get it so," he said, leaning his head on his hands; "and if my affairs should happen to take a favorable turn, I could repay the note before anybody was the wiser; if not, and his voice grew hoarse, 'the river or a pistol shot could settle it all.'"

"Elsie's little property's all swallowed up, too. God knows I meant to secure it to her, but there was no help for it, and were she to know this she'd hate me worse than ever, and maybe I can win back one of the old lozenges by her sweet lips if—" he did not finish the sentence.

"Elsie, you can give out the invitations for your party next week. There is the money which will defray expenses," and Mr. Raymond placed a note for a thousand dollars in the lap of his wife.

It was dinner time, and Elsie had had all the morning to reflect on her conduct at breakfast, and bitterly had the young wife reproached herself for the unkind words she had spoken. But her will was unshaken still, and when the footsteps of her husband rang through the hall, the old pride came back to her heart, and she thought to herself, "Alden shall speak first."

And he did; and that generous deed of his overcame at once, all the pride and self-will of the really loving wife.

She sprang up quickly, and wound her white arms around her husband's neck, while tears of remorse and tenderness swept down her face. "Oh, Alden," she said, "forgive me, forgive me for the cruel words I said this morning. I have been so sorry for them. I do love you better than all the world beside, and I would not leave you for a thousand and a mother's. Say just once to me, Elsie, I forgive you, and I shall be so happy."

He drew her bright head to his bosom, and he rained down kisses on her sweet brow, as he said, "Elsie, once and forever I forgive you, but I have been very weak, and I have suffered much this morning. Let me lay my head in your lap, and see if I shall not feel better, while you talk to me."

degradation, to worse than death. Leave me, Elsie, and let me do the deed now."

But she came back to him, for she would not be put away. "No, no," she answered, and her pale face shone almost like an angel's, with its beautiful youth-tenderness, "did you think, Alden, your Elsie would leave you now, when your arms have sheltered her so long? Did you think she would not follow you through suffering, and shame, true and loving to the end?"

"But not to prison, Elsie, not to prison?" His head dropped as he said it.

"Yes," she answered, drawing closer, and the light of her soul was shining in her eyes, to prison, to the galloves, to death, Alden!"

And then he took her in his arms, and while his heart was wrung with deeper agony for her than for himself, he told her all.

And Elsie learned, for the first time, of the threatened collapse in her husband's business, and of the utter impossibility of his meeting the expenses of their late party without—she whispered the words—"the hat, forged a note for two thousand dollars!" He hoped to pay it, and so elude discovery, but matters grew worse, and he could not raise the money.

"And it was for me you did it, Alden; because I spoke those cruel words! Oh, God help me! I am to blame, not you!" cried the heart-broken wife.

Mr. Holburn, the millionaire, was slowly pacing up and down his long, narrow office, with his hands behind him, as was his custom.

It was a dark, stern-looking man, with deep wrinkles set in his forehead and thin face, and altogether, it was not one that a little child, or a heart yearning for comfort and sympathy would have been drawn toward.

Mr. Holburn's monologue was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady. She made her ingress unannounced, and putting her long veil aside, revealed a face hardly yet ripened into full womanhood, yet very touching in its pale, mournful loveliness.

were not for that one terrible memory, Elsie; his head dropped on her shoulder.

The wife put down her rosy lips to his ear, and whispered softly, "Don't think about it, dear Alden. It was all my fault, not yours, you know, and what a lesson has it been to us both. We will never quarrel again."

So Elsie Raymond's first quarrel with her husband was her last one.

Miscellaneous.

A Princess Selling her Soul.

We copy the following story from the Court Journal.—The utmost interest has been experienced in the fashionable circles all over the continent by the publication of the brochure of the Princess de S., which, printed at first in small numbers and for private circulation only, has gradually spread itself throughout the aristocratic and religious circles of Europe.

It is now exactly a year since the young Princess Eleonore de S., in the prime of her youth and beauty, a young wife, adored by her husband, and much beloved by her family, died suddenly at the Hotel de S. in Paris, and was buried in great pomp at Pere La Chaise, where a splendid monument by Leconte, recording her age, her lineage and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband.

"I am Mrs. Raymond," she said eagerly, "and you now know for what I have come. Oh, sir! will you not spare my husband?"

"Madame," said Mr. Holburn, partially recovering himself, "it is a very painful duty to refuse you, but Justice must have her course. The offence is so palpable as to be clear to all eyes."

But Elsie had sunk down at the man's feet, unable to stand. "O, sir," she cried, clasping her hands, while the tears rolled down her sweet face, "do not say that! If you ever had a mother who sang you to slumber in her arms, or a sister by whose side you knelt in prayer, or a wife whose head lumbered on your heart, by all that you have ever loved and cherished, have pity upon me, I pray you—have pity upon my husband, and spare us both from a life that will be worse than death!"

"There will come a day and an hour when you will beglad that you listened to my prayer, and oh, as you hope for mercy at the judgment, show it to me now!"

ers to Heaven and the saints for deliverance without effect, she had at length addressed her vows to the powers of darkness on the very Sunday morning when her guardian had arrived, and the announcement of his presence was evidently the token of the acceptance of that fearful vow. It seems that in spite of every care and counsel, despite of the constant watching and wise teaching of the Abbe Dupaulous; nothing could turn aside the idee fixe from the mind of the Princess Eleonore; and, although every extreme of dissipation and excitement were tried to divert her thoughts—she gave way to a settled melancholy, and died just two days before the completion of her 21st year, suddenly, and in her chair, full dressed for a ball at the Ministre d'Etat. The pamphlet has caused the deepest impression on the minds of all who have perused it, and the retirement from the world of the Dowager Princess de S., for the avowed purpose of praying for the soul of the Princess Eleonore, has added to the terrible effect of the tale, which seems more like a dark legend of the middle ages than an incident of yesterday; but is, nevertheless, perfectly true for all that.

Beautify your Homes.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important; not only because a man can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who in early life builds a home for a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, and the birthplace of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that insensibly scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be benefited without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to amuse our sense and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher, and insper of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation of beauty is concerned.

- Little said is soon amended.
Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.
Liberalty and thankfulness are the bonds of concord.
Liberalty is not giving largely, but giving wisely.
It were no virtue to bear calamities if we did not feel them.
Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.
Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.
Every bushel of wood ashes, applied to the corn crop, is worth one dollar.
Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to run when exposed to fire.
Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters want washing."
The onion, it is said, destroys the attractive power of the magnet. It has the same effect with young ladies.
Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."
THE WISH OF A VETERAN.—"Dash it, Sir!" said a poor old Major, on hearing the amount of the retiring allowances of the Bishops of London and Dublin, "I wish I were an officer on half pay in the Church Militant."
A young man in one of our western towns, has patronized the fine arts so far as to buy a picture of the Temptation of Adam and Eve. So one asked him if it was a chaste picture? "Why, yes," he said, "chased by a snake."
Thanks!" muttered our bachelor friend, "no more women in heaven—they can't get in. Their hoops are so broad they will have to go the broad road!" None of these fashions can ever crowd through the narrow gate.
PRESENT FASHION:
Bonnet on the shoulders;
Nose up to the sky;
Both hands full of bourees;
Raised a la Shang high;
Under skirts battered;
Look amazing neat;
All your silks get "watered,"
Sweeping down the street!
A "stuck up" sort of genius entered a shop in Philadelphia, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed:
Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?"
"I don't know, try them and see," was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.
Up or Down?—In going on board a Mississippi steamboat the other day, Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith—"Which way are you going Smith—up or down?"
That depends on circumstances. If I sleep over the boiler, up—if in the cabin, down."