

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Table with 2 columns: Term/Type and Price. Includes rates for annual, six months, and three months subscriptions, as well as advertising rates for various ad sizes and durations.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 5, 1856.

NO. 20.

Select Poetry.

From the New York Churchman.

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!
God help the poor!

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

It Will All be Right in the Morning.

When the morning light of the heart of life
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,
And he turns where a star is shining,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye,
'It will all be right in the morning.'

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-likeness 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.

'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.

'God bless you, Elsie, my child!' And her husband hurried her away.

Elsie Raymond's future must tell the story of her past. Both her parents lay under the spring grass before she had learned to know them, and so she went to her grandmother's heart and home.

Elsie had one of those fine, rich, impulsive natures, that especially require judicious training. This she had never received from her grandmother, and the under-current of self-will and pride in her nature had gained depth and force, which, in her early girlhood, only revealed themselves in her impatience of all reproof, or contradiction.

But usually she was so loving, so gentle, so transparent, and, as I said, her future must tell 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.'

If Mrs. Raymond had at that moment looked narrowly at her husband's face, she would have seen it grow pale at the mention of the party.

'I'm sorry, Elsie,' he commenced, moving restlessly on his chair.

'Now don't,' interrupted the little wife quickly, 'don't, Alden, say one word against the party, for I've quite set my heart on having it. I told the Campbells, and the Wildmans about it, more than two weeks ago, so I should die with shame to postpone it.'

'You shouldn't have mentioned it to them, without consulting me first.' Mr. Raymond's tones were cold and severe for the first time, but his wife would have forgiven them, had she guessed the anguish that lay at his heart.

'As it was her face flushed with anger.—'Really,' she answered, 'I was not, until this morning, aware I was responsible to you, Mr. Raymond, for the subjects I might choose to select for conversation with my acquaintances. Once for all, what is the reason you refuse me this party?'

'I do not refuse it, Elsie, I only ask you to delay it.'

'And I must and will have it next week, or never. I cannot see why you wish me to postpone it, unless it is because you know the delay will greatly annoy me.'

The young man's pale face flushed with the pain her words had occasioned him. 'Elsie,' and his voice was quieter, and sterner than before, 'you cannot move me by these accusations because you know as well as I do, I have no truth in them. I have no heavy payments to meet this week, and that alone is the reason of my requesting you to defer this matter. All I have to say is, you will be quite as likely to accomplish your wishes by presenting them in a less dictatorial manner.'

It was very unfortunate for Mr. Raymond that he added to his explanation that last remark; for now that he assigned a motive for the delay, his wife's heart had begun to soften toward him, but that last speech hardened it again.

'I don't believe a word of what you're saying, Alden Raymond,' she answered, pushing back her chair, and bursting into a flood of passionate tears. 'If the money had made any difference, you'd have told me before this late day; and it's only because you want to mortify me now before the world, that you're so stingy this morning. I wish I was back again in my old home, with grandma, and dear old Daisy, who would never have spoken to me the harsh, cruel words that you have just said. I wish I was back there again, and that I had never seen you, Alden Raymond!'

And springing from her seat, the lady burst out of the room, and her husband made no effort to detain her. He only leaned his head on his hand, and groaned deeply. It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness.

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—' his face worked fearfully a moment, and then he resumed, 'There is no way to raise the money, unless—' he stared anxiously all about him, as though he feared the terrible secret which lay behind the 'unless' might have revealed itself, though it had never crossed his lips; and for the first time in his life, his face wore a look of covetousness and guilt.

'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 unsubdued still, and when the footsteps of her husband rang through the hall, the old pride came back to her heart, the morning curl to her rony lip, 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.'

And Elsie sat there a long time, running her little dimpled fingers through the thick brown curls of her husband, and laying her cool lips every few moments to his fevered forehead, chatting to him in her sweet humming-bird style, of her party, and what a delightful affair it would be; dreaming little of the darkness, and sin, and shame, that was drawing closer and closer to their threshold!

It was late morning after the party. It had been as the young wife had predicted, 'a brilliant affair.'

And now she walked through the elegant confusion of her parlors, and thought what glances of admiration had followed her during the evening, and how proud Alden would be when she recounted to him the compliments which the guests had bestowed upon their 'beautiful hostess,' and how she had inadvertently heard Mayor Hamlin, who was pronounced the most artistic judge in the city, call her 'the rare blossom of the festival.' But these pleasant dreamings experienced a rude interruption.

Two rough-looking men entered the parlor, and inquired if Mr. Raymond was in.

'No,' answered his wife, surprised and startled. 'He went to the store this morning.'

One of them replied, with a significant look around the rooms, that he was not there, they had just come from his store.

'I have not seen him since,' was Mrs. Raymond's laconic rejoinder; and after conferring together a moment, the two men left the room.

The lady sank down upon a sofa, and covered her face with her hands. They were policemen, she could not disguise from herself this fact, and a vague, terrible fear took possession of her soul.

A few moments later, and her husband stood before her, wild, pale, haggard.

'Elsie,' he asked hurriedly, 'has there been two policemen here after me?'

'Yes, and I told them you were at the store. Oh, Alden—' she could not finish the sentence, for he rushed from her, out to the hall, and up the stairs like a madman.

Elsie's heart died within her, and it was only by grasping the cushions of the sofa, she prevented herself from sinking to the floor. She feared—she knew not what, but the next moment the woman's heart of Elsie Raymond awoke within her. Alden, her husband, was suffering, it might be he was in disgrace and shame, and who should stand by him, and where should he find comfort and strength, but in her?

She sprang up, and though her limbs shook like a reed beneath her, and her face would not be whiter when it lay under the coffin plait, she went straight out into the hall, and up the long stairs to his room.

The door was not locked, and she opened it without knocking. What a scene for the blue eyes of Elsie Raymond! Her husband stood in the centre of the room, with a pistol pointed at his heart. One minute more, and she had been too late.

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 wife-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 had, 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.

But before her husband could answer her, she had sprung from her seat, and a great hope had dawned into her face.—'Alden,' she cried, 'it was I that ruined it, it is I that will save you. I am going to that man whose name you forged, and I will beg, pray, anything, till he promises to spare you.'

'Elsie,' and her husband shook his head mournfully; 'his heart is a hard one.'

'No matter, I will find my way to it. I will not let him go, till he has promised to save you. Pray God, Alden, while I am gone, pray Him without ceasing, to be with me!'

She pressed one long, loving kiss upon his bowed forehead, and left him.

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

He 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.

'Strange, strange,' muttered the millionaire to himself, 'that a young man of such family, occupying such a position on change, and in the best social circles, should have done this thing. What a sensation 'twill create! Gave that splendid party last night, too—'

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.

'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, that I cannot but stand up for it, 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 saw 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 be glad that you listened to my prayer, and oh, as you hope for mercy at the judgment, show it to me now!'

And the man looked at her, as she knelt there in her mournful beauty at his feet, with her shining curls lying about her tearful face, and his heart was touched.

'I am sorry for you,' he said, 'but Madame, your husband has been greatly to blame.'

'It was I. It was my fault,' eagerly interrupted Elsie. 'I instigated him to the act by my folly and extravagance. Do not accuse him, let the shame, as was the sin, be mine, but oh! you will not kill us, will you?'

The stern heart melted. Mr. Holburn raised the young wife gently, and whispered: 'Mrs. Raymond, I will prosecute the thing no farther. Your husband is safe.'

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.'

And Elsie kept her word, and when her grandmother returned home from her happy visit she said to Daisy, with tears in her eyes, 'I have no fears for Elsie now; she is the best wife in the world, and she has the best husband, too.'

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 Leche, recording her age, her lineage and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband. In spite of the high position held by the Princess, and from her great wealth and beauty having become the observed of all observers, there has always existed an extraordinary feeling of mystery in the public mind with regard to the circumstances of her death. The sudden determination, taken immediately after the event by her mother-in-law, of retiring to a convent, greatly increased the doubt and wonder spread around the whole affair, and now this pamphlet comes to fill us with a deeper amazement than we can well bear. The pamphlet is printed in German, and in it the whole life of the princess is set forth. A child of immense imagination and power, left at an early age an orphan with the consciousness of beauty and the command of boundless wealth, finding herself suddenly transported to her guardian's old castle in the Hartz, was not likely to enjoy either content or happiness; and here her temper grew so wild and untractable, that after repeated efforts to subvert her, it was deemed advisable to send her to be trained into rule and discipline by seclusion in a convent. The child was placed beneath the surveillance of the superior of the Sacre Cœur, in the Rue de Varennes, where she could be better trained to habits of obedience than elsewhere. But, alas! this first experiment proved totally abortive. Three unsuccessful efforts at escape were followed by a decided attempt to set fire to the furniture of her room where she was confined; and the governess, fearful of the effect of such example on other pupils, and weary of the task of taming this wild, vehement spirit, reluctantly restored the young lady to the care of her guardian. A conseil de famille was held, and it was resolved to send the culprit, now no longer a mere child, but a fine, high spirited girl of fifteen, to England, to complete her education, with the hope that the conviction of being thus alone in a foreign country, dependent upon her good behaviour to ensure the kindness of those about her, might have the desired effect. The young lady was accordingly placed at—, at Hammersmith, and for a time the hoped for change seemed to have taken place in her temper. But, after a while, it appears that the bursts of violence to which she gave way, and the fits of depression which succeeded, became so alarming as to cause serious fears for her health. Letter after letter was despatched to her guardian from the young lady herself, begging to be taken into favor, declaring that the climate of England was weighing her to the earth, and the discipline of Hammersmith breaking her heart. For some time the guardian, acting with the prudence he thought necessary, suffered these complaints and supplications to go on; but at length, moved by one of the letters more heart-rending than the others, he allowed his anger to be melted, and determined on fetching his ward from the place, where she declared, in the strongest language she was wont to use, she was 'damaging both soul and body and hurrying both to everlasting perdition.' The Princess de S. arrived at Hammersmith one Sunday morning. The lady commissioned to be bearer of the news reported to have seen her on her knees alone in her room praying, with a most fearful expression of countenance, and, on being informed of her guardian's arrival, she had uttered a most unearthly shriek and rushed down the stairs like one possessed. The guardian was much pleased with her progress and improvement, and brought her back to Paris triumphantly, as a specimen of the good training of the ladies of Hammersmith. There was, indeed, no token of the old indomitable spirit left within her. She was silent and subdued, submissive to all, and only urgent in her supplications never to be left alone or in the dark. She to whom religion had hitherto been a subject of the most exaggerated piety, but always persisted in maintaining that it was useless to lay any plans for her welfare, for that she should die before she was 21!

The Princess, in the brochure, says:—'Even when she became the bride of my son Leon, she would insist upon every arrangement being made with a view to this early death, which seemed to prey on her mind for ever. It was not till the young couple had been married for some time that, by dint of maternal care and solicitude, I managed to wring from her the confidence of her direful anticipations, and judge of my dismay when she coolly told me she had sold herself to the Evil One, and she would be claimed before she had reached the age of 21! She confessed that her despair had been so great at being exiled, that, wearied with incessant pray-

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 Dupauloux; 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 Ministere 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 embosses 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 practises 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.
Liberality and thankfulness are the bonds of concord.
Liberality 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 fashionables can ever crowd through the narrow gate.'
PRESENT FASHION:
Bonnet on the shoulders;
Nose up to the sky;
Both hands full of founesses;
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.'