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Select Poetry.

For the Huntingdon Globe.
Lines Written in the Alexandria Grave-Yard.

Around me lie the sleeping dead,
How sweet, how peaceful is their bed!
No summer's heat, no winter's cold,
No dread alarms, no fears untold,
No sickness, sorrow, grief or pain,
No broken links in friendship's chain,
Can now disturb their rest.

A Select Story.

THE REWARD OF FAITH.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"I know it, dear mother; I know it all—
Arthur Welford is an infidel! An infidel in heart and soul. He scorns religion—mocks at the mention of God! He looks forth upon the fields golden with the harvest—upon the skies written over by angels' footprints—upon the boundless ocean in all its grandeur and glory, and acknowledges only the work of chance! My very soul trembles when I think of it! I look with horror upon his sentiments! I shudder at his terrible belief!—and yet, mother, if God spares my life, I shall be his wife in one short month."

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., NOVEMBER 19, 1856. NO. 22.

waves of hair black as the midnight shadows. Talented, endowed with a comprehensive mind, strict integrity, and a heart where virtue trampled underfoot her antipode—vice—Arthur Welford derided the name of God—scorned and denied his Creator.

This was the being who loved Alice Merton—who sought to unite her fate with his! He had laid his heart bare before her; in all its enormity he had shown her his terrible faith, and she had promised to go whithersoever he willed, sustained only by the strong trust of her young heart and the unfailing religion of God! And she married him.

Arthur Welford prospered, the world said; he heaped up riches, and honor came and dwelt near him, and Fame spoke his name with her trumpet tongue! Politicians selected him as their favorite, and ere long he sat an honored member in the Senatorial halls of Washington.

Two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, had been given them, and in these promising blossoms Alice found much of happiness.

Two years passed thus, and mainly through Alice's unflinching endeavors had the little family of Arthur Welford been kept above absolute want. And Alice—no one who had known her in her bright girlhood would have identified the bright-eyed laughing maiden with the pale, almost stern-looking woman.

With her children Alice was happy. When she looked in her boy's deep, thoughtful eyes as he knelt by his little bed, and with lisping tongue prayed "Our Father," she felt that God was not unmindful of his own. And the baby girl—the blue-eyed little Winnie—was like a ray of sunshine to the weary mother all the day long.

upon the overarching skies! And never a sound came from her fresh lips, and she listened not to the music of her mother's voice, and then Alice knew that her beautiful child was a mute! But she only wound her love more closely around her helpless infant, and to this golden link in the broken chain of affection the afflicted mother clung with the tenacity of coming despair!

And his petition reached Heaven, for Alice was saved; and when reason returned to her brain, and she laid her weary head upon her husband's heart, and heard him, in his deep, agitated tones, tell of the blessed change which had befallen him, a great light of joy shone around her, and in such happiness, as she believed, belonged to the Celestials, she clasped her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, "My God, I thank Thee!"

The Family Circle.

TO MOTHERS.
On Early Culture of their Children.

Who can compute the value of the first seven years of life? Who can tell the strength of impressions made ere the mind is pre-occupied or perverted? Especially, if in its waxen state it is softened by the breath of a mother, will not the seal which she stamps there, resist the mutations of time when the light of this sun and moon are quenched and extinct?

Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the disposition of your beloved students, care and study may be requisite to select, adapt and simplify. But who can do this so patiently as a mother, who feels that her listening pupil is a part of herself?

Go to the criminal in his darkened cell; reproach him for his crimes; show him the long train of evil consequences which must inevitably follow his ruinous course, and he will answer you in sullen looks, with no feelings of remorse whatever; but speak in gentleness, and what a change! The hardened criminal who has not wept for years, would bow his head and weep. Speak to him of his now sainted mother, gone to share the portion of the redeemed in Heaven; carry him in the arms of remembrance back to the days of his childhood, when she knelt beside his little bed and poured out her prayer for the salvation of her darling boy to him to whom she had dedicated him while yet a child, and the penitential tear will steal down the cheek of one who, perhaps, had not wept for years.

The mother who is thus assiduous in the work of early education, will find in poetry an assistant not to be despised. Its melody is like a harp to the infant ear, like a trumpet stirring up the new-born intellect. It breaks the dream with which existence began, as the clear chirping bird, wakes the morning sleeper. It seems to be the natural dialect of those powers which are earliest developed. Feeling and fancy put forth their young shoots ere they are expected, and poetry lends a spray for their feeble tendrils, or rears a prop for their boldest aspirings.

to purify the streams that have grown turbid, or to turn them back from perverted channels. The dominion of the mother is over the fountain ere it has contracted a stain.—Let her not believe the impressions which she may make in the first year will be slight or readily effaced by the current of opposing events. A prudent and pious woman is a greater character than any hero or philosopher of either ancient or modern times. The first impressions which children receive in the nursery, under the mother's immediate care, are seldom obliterated. Sooner or later their influence conduces to form the future life—though the child trained up as he should go, may for a season depart from it, there is always reason to hope that he will be found all into the mind in infancy may seem dormant for a while, but the care with which the mother planted and watered will insure the unfolding of the germ of those noble traits and principles which distinguished great and true men everywhere. Time and trouble unfold or recall these principles to mind, and the child so instructed has something to recur to.

Drops of Comfort.

If we can exercise the confidence of that little child on the sea, while the ship was rocked with wild fury by the winds, said serenely, with a smile on its lips, but no tear in his eye, "My father is at the helm!" we shall never be disturbed by the clouds and storms which gather around us. Even the bitterest afflictions are recognised as blessings when we know they are from a Father's hand. They are medicines necessary to our health. They are clouds to shelter us from the dangerous sun of prosperity, showers to refresh us in a summer's noon. What is a picture without shades? Clouds enrich and adorn a landscape. Perpetual sun-light and the freshness and fragrance of a dewy evening are hailed with gladness after the long sunny lapse of a summer's day-light.

The Spirit of Kindness.

As we cast our eyes over our fair domain, earth, how much do we see of the goodness and love of our Creator. The whispering of the breeze, the sighing of the zephyr, the murmuring of the sea, the stream as it runs along its quiet bed, all conspire to show how much the goodness of God is shown in every moving thing; the sun as he sits in all his splendor, and covers the heavens with his golden beams, the breeze as it plays among the trees, all whisper the same answer—"Love." But how sad it is to look abroad among the human creatures that God has made, and see how little of the true spirit of kindness is shown to each other.

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Some years since, a substantial farmer in the State, who was a Federalist, had a servant who was a violent Democrat. The farmer, went to attend church himself, tried hard to prevail upon his servant to do the same.—But in vain. He persisted in spending his Sabbaths at home. On being asked why he was so opposed to going to church, his answer was—"Because the parson is forever preaching politics." The farmer, thinking the argument would be overcome if he could only once get his servant to hear his minister, hired him on a certain Sabbath morning to go. On returning home, the servant said—"There, it was just as I told you it would be; all politics from beginning to end." "No," said the farmer, "not so, there was not a word of politics in the whole discourse."—"Yes," said the servant, "there was; the text was politics." "Why what was it?" said the farmer. "This," said the servant, "if the Federalists scarcely be saved, where will the cursed Democrats appear?" "No, it was not," was the reply. "On the contrary it was—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear?"—"I know it," was the answer, "but, darn him, I knew what he meant!"

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of person the wife of Mr. — was, replied, "I will give her grammatical character. She is a noun substantive—seen, felt and heard."

A Cure for Bad Temper.

A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention to health is one great means of maintaining this excellent trait unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call bilious is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness; and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I should call idleness, is equally so. Let me entreat my young readers, if they feel a tendency to melancholy, if they are affected with cold feet and head ache, but above all, with impatience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to,—let me entreat them to make a trial of a system I am recommending—not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but to set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will, at the same time, relieve some member of the family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very unromantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is, that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill tempers might thus be avoided.—Mrs. Ellis.

Miscellaneous.

Can I Help You?

Can I help you? Just say the word. There speaks the whole-souled, whole-hearted man—the man whose very shadow is worth more than the body, soul, and estate, personal and spiritual, of two-thirds of the human race bearing that name. How he lifts the desponding spirits of his brother in trouble. All day he has met with cold eyes, cold smiles, cold words, cold bows, and colder sympathies. Men fly him because they have heard that he was unfortunate—and he a villain—a thief—a murderer, says the world in action—but don't be unfortunate. I'll lend you ten thousand—I'm very poor myself—would like to help you—could have done so three days ago, or three hours ago—but positively haven't got that amount, while—your misfortune lasts. If your old aunt dies or your old uncle, or, in fact, anybody who chooses to leave you a fortune, why just call upon me; I'll manage to have a little loose change on hand.

The Central Sun.

All scientific men have maintained that there must be a central point if not a central sun, around which the whole universe revolves. Maedler, who is unquestionably one of the greatest astronomers ever known, has given this subject his special attention; and he has come to the conclusion that Aloysius, the principal star in the group known as Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the grand central sun around which the whole starry universe revolves.—This is one of the most interesting and important astronomical announcements ever made, though it is very likely that but for the eminent scientific position of the author it would be treated as visionary. Another interesting statement in this connection is made by Mr. Thompson, one of the physicists, who, with Carnot, Smeaton, Mayer, and others, has largely contributed towards establishing the relation between heat and mechanical force, and who has extended his researches to the heat emitted by the sun; which heat he observes, corresponds to the development of mechanical force, which, in the space of about one hundred years is equivalent to the whole active force required to produce the movement of all the planets.—National Intelligencer.

Scandal.

The devil has a wonderful penchant for rebuking sin. Eyes which are full of beams lack an unaccountable clearness of vision in detecting motes in others' eyes. Some people are brought into the world to accomplish a marvellous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities in others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mission is violent their own position. What profit is it that they should stop to consider their peccadilloes, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

A Beautiful Signification.

"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forests in the southwest. Weary and travel worn they reached a river flowing through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" (Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!)

Political Sermons.

"A juror's name was called by the clerk. The man advanced to the Judge's desk and said: "Judge, I should like to be excused." "It is impossible," said the Judge, decidedly. "But Judge, if you knew my reasons." "Well, sir, what are they?" "Why, the fact is,"—and the man paused. "Well, sir, proceed," continued the Judge. "Well, Judge, if I must say it, I have got the itch." The Judge who is a very sober man, solemnly and impressively exclaimed: "Clerk, scratch that man out!"

A Crocodile and Serpent Fight.

A writer in Merry's Museum thus describes a fight which he witnessed between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java: "It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains.—The waters were clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom.—Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought, he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of a tree, but a battle royal commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the waters boil by his furious contortions.—Winding his folds round and round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over; neither being able to gain a decided advantage. All this time, the cause of the mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.—The crocodile was also still, and only the spines of the back were visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adoring insults to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches."

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