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Select Poetry.

OH NEVER LET AN UNKIND WORD.

Oh, never let an unkind word
Fall from those lips of thine,
For harshness serves but to divide
Loves golden chain divine;
And as the rose which once 'tis pluck'd
We never can restore;
So the fond heart thus sadly crushed
Will cling to us no more.

We often kill earth's fairest flowers
By some unkind neglect;
Then waste our time in useless tears
For what we might expect.
Oh, sweeter far to gaze upon
The faces of the dead,
Than upon those dark, sombre souls,
From whom all love has fled.

A Select Story.

THE UNEXPECTED RACE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of the larger towns of Worcester county, Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might have stopped them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the country. This horse was of the old Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as leave have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of argument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near the good clergyman's dwelling, that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey discovered that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So, on the very next Sunday evening, he hid the bridle under his jacket, went out into the pasture, and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated.—Here he found some dozen horses assembled—and the racing was about to begin. Pomp mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So, Pomp won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pomp succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he now longed for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and his course of wickedness he followed up for two months, making his appearance upon the racing ground every Sunday afternoon as soon as he could, after "meeting was out." And during this time, Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion when upon the track, showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practised all summer, on every Sunday afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot, and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

On the following Sunday, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pomp to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro.—As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home with their horses.

"It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came to my knowledge," said the indignant clergyman, as they rode on.

"It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons.

"Horse-racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister.

"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers-on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth, then turning to his companions:

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start, as the minister approached, and some of the riders who at once recognized "Old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend person who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of sin and shame——"

"Come on, old hoss," cried one of the jockies, turning towards the minister. "If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go."

"Alas! O, my wicked——"

"All ready!" shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "*And off it is!*"

And the word for starting was given.—Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

"Whe-oa! whe-oa-oa!" cried the parson, at the top of his voice.

"By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the parson. "You ride well."

"Whe-he-he-he-o-o! whe-a-oa!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "it is a two-mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile.—Now you go—and *off it is!*"

These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them than he stuck his nose out again and again started off. The poor parson did his utmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well.—We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking up blandly into the speaker's face.

"Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sunday evening entertainments."

"I—I, sir! I joined you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw through it; I saw how slily you put your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of Old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop the beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you are to suffer."

This had been spoken so loud that the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains! what mean you? Why do ye thus ——"

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke, the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a minute, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we don't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two-mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hokey, you did it well. When you want to try it again just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good bye!"

And as the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astonished preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden out of hearing.

It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length they shook their heads with doubt.

"It's very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable," suggested the third.

"On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner.

So, the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell raced his horse on Sunday, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing Old Morgan from the pasture and racing him on Sunday afternoons! Pomp found out this much, but he could not find out who did it!

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So, Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race." But Ridewell grew older, his heart warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his UNEXPECTED RACE.

THE DISHONORED SISTER.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Chester Read was a young man of violent and excitable temper; but, as we often find in violent and excitable persons, he had a warm heart. He was generous and whole souled to a fault, and notwithstanding the violence of his temper, he had many warm and sincere friends among whom I was proud to count myself.

His father was a man in humble circumstances. He had contrived, by denying himself many of the luxuries of life, to gain his son a collegiate education, and by his own exertions the son had completed his course of study, and chosen the legal profession.—His talents were of the highest order, and all who knew him pictured for him a brilliant and useful career. He was many years my junior, and had studied for a year in my office, which increased the esteem I had long cherished for him. Not often did his violent temper disturb the harmony of his relations with his friends, for he was a true man, and when, in his cooler moments, he saw that he had done wrong, he had the courage to acknowledge his fault. He was always forgiven; and perhaps his friends had learned to humor his failing, for, as he became more intimate with them, the occasions which gave so much pain to him and them, grew less frequent.

He continued to reside with his father at the South End, more, I think, because he loved his home, than because his father lived in a style suited to the taste of a young man of intelligence and refinement. He was wholly devoted to his father, of whom he often spoke in the most enthusiastic terms.—He was sensible that his father had made a great many sacrifices for his advantage, in which his mother and sister had cheerfully shared for his sake.

Elinor Read, his sister, was a sweet girl, entirely unselfish in her relations with those about her. She would have considered no deprivation too great for her to bear for her brother's sake; and Chester was as much devoted to her as if she had been the maiden of his choice, instead of a sister. When he had any money to spend upon the theatre, or a ride into the country, Elinor was his companion. His evenings were spent at home, for he preferred the society of father, mother, and sister, to the charms of those who frequent the drawing rooms in which he would always have been a welcome guest.

I had often called at the house of Mr. Read and was always impressed by the perfect unanimity of feeling which pervaded the happy circle. I was always pleased to go there; the atmosphere of the place seemed so pure and exalted.

In some of my latter visits, I generally found there a gentleman who was introduced to me as Captain Presby, of Philadelphia.—It did not take me long to determine the effect of his visits. I saw Elinor blush, and I always saw him by her side. It was understood that they were engaged, and I wished them in my heart a prosperous voyage over the often stormy seas of matrimony.

Captain Presby was a man of wealth, and boarded at the Exchange Coffee House, then the first hotel in the city. He was wealthy, and seemed to have no other object in remaining in Boston than the prosecution of his suit with Elinor Read. Mr. Read and Chester seemed pleased with the proposed match, for certainly no man could have presented a fairer promise of the future.

For about a year and a half he continued to wait upon Elinor, and the gossips had ceased to talk about it.

One day Chester Read came into my office, as he frequently did—*it was the first day of* June, and I shall never forget it in this world. A single glance at his expressive face told me that something unusual had occurred. A volcano was in eruption within his bosom.—His eye was more truly the mirror of his soul than that of any man I ever saw. It was bright and flashing now. It seemed to be kindled with a preternatural flame. I shall never forget how he looked as he walked into my office with a slow and solemn step, and took a seat near the window. He did not greet me with his usual cordial salutation; neither did he take up the morning paper and rattle off a volume of smart talk, as he was wont to do.

A change had come over him. He was not in a passion, as when in his violence he raved and stormed like a madman. It was not a mere ebullition of anger that had come over him, to subside like a summer shower, when the sun comes out to deluge all nature with light and the sky seems an hundred fold bluer from the contrast with the black clouds that have enveloped it. It was nothing of this kind that stirred the soul of Chester Read down in its deepest channels. It was not a fit which would evaporate, leaving him penitent and subdued.

I was astonished at the change which had so suddenly come over him. I had seen him the day before, rosy and blooming, the very picture of health. To-day he was wan, pale, and haggard, his flashing eye was sunk deep in his head, and his lips looked more like death than life.

I felt sad and anxious as he sat there in terrible silence. He said nothing; he did not even glance at me. Had I wounded him? No, an insult would have produced on him a battle of rage, and then blown over.

Busying myself about my papers, I did not venture to disturb that tremendous silence—it was a silence both terrible and tremendous. He had not come to my office for nothing, and an event of no ordinary circumstance was about to occur.

He sat, apparently stirred by the most terrible emotion. The muscles of his face were contracted and expanded, and his unusually expressive features were disfigured by contortion. I waited patiently for the denoeument of the tragedy, for his part was not a comedian on this occasion.

At last, with a sudden and violent effort, he sprung to his feet and shouted, rather than said—"Docket!"

He was always particular, notwithstanding our intimacy, to call me Mr. Docket; but now he seemed to spurn the courtesies of civilized life, and to court the lawlessness of the savage.

"Well, Chester, what is the matter?" I asked as calmly as I could, for I was much excited by the peculiar circumstances of the occasion.

"I am mad, Docket?"

I almost believed him.

"I hope not," I added, trying to smile.

"Don't laugh at me!" said he sternly.

"By no means, my friend. I hope nothing unpleasant has occurred."

"Unpleasant!"

The word seemed to hiss from his lips. No tragedian ever made such a point. Forrest was a tyro in acting, compared with the fearful reality of his performance.

"Tell what has happened, Read. If I can serve you, no one knows better than you how much I desire to do so."

"Forgive me, Mr. Docket," said he, in a gentler tone, as he grasped my hand, and a tear sprung from his sunken eye. "I have felt like cursing all mankind; but you are my friend."

"I am; be calm, Read."

"Hell has let its minions loose upon the earth!" he exclaimed with frightful energy. "One of them has been to my father's house, and stole the lamb from the flock."

"Elinor?" I asked, shocked at the disaster which his poetic expression had partially revealed.

"Elinor," replied he, sinking into a chair and weeping like a child.

"Is it possible! Captain Presby——"

"Is a villain!" he shouted, springing to his feet again, with so much force that the floor shook beneath him.

"Where is he now?"

"Can it be that Presby was a villain?"

"Fled! Fled! like Cain, with the curse of God resting upon him!"

I was not willing to believe it; but with streaming eyes, Chester Read told me how his sister suffered; how her cheeks had grown wan and pale; how the angels of her heavenly nature seemed to have fled from her.

Misery and shame were her portion. The villain had done his work. His promises had been lies. He had deceived her. He had never intended to make her his wife, and when he had accomplished his hellish purpose, he had fled from the wreck he had made.

I shared the indignation of my friend. I wondered not that he was moved—that all the world seemed blank and dark, and that all mankind looked like demons to him. I knew how fondly he loved that sister; I knew the treasure of affection in his great heart, and I joined with him in execrating the deed and the villain who had done it.

"Docket, there is a God above us, who will not permit such a deed to go unpunished, even in this world of sin and woe," said he, vehemently.

I tried to reason with him, and endeavored to get him to take a more Christian view of the sad case. He laughed like a maniac in my face, and swore to wreak his vengeance upon the destroyer. In vain I tried to soothe him. He would hear nothing which interfered with the terrible wreaking of his vengeance which he proposed.

"But, Read, you should think of the future in store for your sister. Your first purpose should be to obtain justice further."

"Justice for her?" he asked, pausing in his wild ravings.

"Certainly. We will compel him to make her his wife."

"He is a villain!" replied he, more moderately but the suggestion was not without its force upon his mind.

"No matter; make him marry her. Save her good name."

He agreed with me, and for an hour we discussed the means of bringing about this desirable consummation. We agreed to proceed to Philadelphia, without losing a day's time. I succeeded, after this arrangement had been concluded, in restoring him, at least to an appearance of self-possession.

That day we started for Philadelphia; but then it was not so easy a matter to go there as it is now, and the journey required three days. On our arrival, I commenced a vigorous search for the wretch who had made such havoc in the family of my friend.

This was an easier task than I had anticipated, and I soon found that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and was anything but reputable; indeed, his absence from home was caused by a discreditable affair in his native city, which compelled him to keep out of the reach of certain outraged parties. He had been a lieutenant in the army, from which he had been discharged for disgraceful conduct. His title was entirely gratuitous.

I found him and left a note for him to call at the hotel where we lodged. I gave no names, and had some doubt about his coming.

He came, however, and was shown to my room. I had sent Read away when he was announced, so as to allow me an opportunity to make terms with him.

'Ah Docket,' said he, taking my hand; 'I am glad to see you.'

'It may be your gladness will suffer a shock when you learn the object of my mission.'

'Not at all, my dear fellow.'

'The outrage you have committed must be atoned for.'

'Outrage—eh?'

'Of course I refer to the matter of the Read family.'

'Of course you do. Fine folks—beautiful girl! I went there to amuse myself, passed myself off for a puritan, and came away when I got ready.'

I was astonished at the impudence of the fellow. I never saw anything quite as cold-blooded, and I was disposed to turn him over to the tender mercies of the outraged brother.

'You are a villain, Mr. Presby.'

'Suit yourself, my dear fellow,' said he smiling. 'Words are but air, and if you feel any better for it, you can apply such epithets to me as you please.'

'But I demand satisfaction.'

'Exactly so. I don't like to be hard about these things. Be reasonable, and I will meet you half way. Call it five hundred dollars and I will do it.'

I could have kicked the villain from my presence for his cool effrontery. How little he valued female honor! Five hundred dollars, for a lost character! Five hundred dollars for the misery poor Elinor had endured, and was to endure in the future.

'That will not answer,' I replied with contempt.

'Couldn't give another dollar.'

'Money will not settle the affair.'

'Eh?'

'Money will not settle it,' I repeated.

'What the devil will, I should like to inquire?' he asked, with a show of real surprise.

'You must marry her.'

'Marry her? 'Pon my soul, that is cool. Marry the daughter of a small trader in the puritan city of Boston? That would read well in the newspapers! and the villain actually laughed in high glee, at what to him, was a supremely ridiculous proposition.

'It will sound better at the judgment.'

'Never was there—don't know anything about it.'

'You will know.'

It was rather a queer mission for a lawyer to be on—preaching to the vilest of sinners; but I felt it then.

'All right,' replied he whistling a popular air.

'In one word you must marry Elinor Read, or your life shall pay the forfeit.'

'I am a dead shot,' he replied; 'have fought three duels, and killed my man every time. No, no; not to be scared with the smoke of gunpowder. But, my dear Docket, I have an engagement; I can't stop any longer; will settle this business at any time—give you five hundred, or fight you, as you elect.'

He sauntered towards the door, but at that moment Chester Read bolted into the room. He had been listening to the last part of our colloquy, and his fiery nature would not let him keep his promise to wait my summons.

'You are a villain!' gasped he, and I never heard such an emphasis of tone and expression as his heated blood imparted to the word.

'Suit yourself," replied Presby, cooly.

'Chose, on the instant! Will you marry her or die!' thundered the outraged brother.

'I will chose, *on the instant*; I will *not* marry her!'

'Then die, cursed of God and man!' hissed from the teeth of Read, and before I could clearly comprehend his purpose, he drew a pistol from his pocket and fired!

The ball crashed through the brain of the villain and he fell dead upon the floor.

I was appalled by his horrid crime—crime? Let Heaven judge it. Vengeance had done its work. Elinor was revenged.

I have only space left me to say that my friend was arrested for the murder; that for weeks I watched over him, till he came to his trial. The killing was clearly proved, so was the terrible provocation. To my surprise the jury brought him in 'not guilty'—for the jury had souls.—Perhaps the circumstances of his trial and acquittal are still remembered by some of my readers.

The villain's work was done, surely. Elinor Read died after a year of anguish, and the grave was a place of sweet rest and shelter from the cold world's obloquy.

Chester was a changed man after that. He practiced law for a few years, but his settled gloom undermined his health, and he followed his lost sister to the grave, in the thirtieth year of his age.

"HE'S NOBODY BUT A PRINTER."

BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.

"*Oh! he's nobody but a printer,*" exclaimed Miss Ellen Dupree, a flittering and fopish girl to one of her female friends, who was speaking in terms of praise and commendation of Mr. Barton Williams, a young, intelligent printer.

"Well, Miss Ellen, you seem to speak as though a printer was not entitled to respectability. I hope you will explain yourself," replied Miss Mary Crossman.

"Well, I hope you will excuse me. I do not think it becoming for a young man who has to work for a living to try to move in the society of those who are his superiors. And, moreover, he might win the affection of a girl superior to him in worth and rank; and then do you think her parents would be pleased; I know I would rather be an old maid all my days than to marry a poor printer, a man who has to toil day by day, and then, Oh! think of being ranked among the poor!" winked out Miss Dupree.

"Then you think that they are beneath you?"

"Yes, ma'am, of course."

"Both in world and intellect, too, I suppose, do you?"

"Yes, everything."

"Are you superior to a Franklin, to a Blackstone, a Gambell, and many other eminent men who were printers? Or do you believe your intellectual powers soar above those of a Greeley, or a Willis, and many other distinguished printers of the present day?"

"Oh! now and then you may find a respectable one; but they are few and far between. As for Mr. Williams, I do not think him a Franklin, or a Blackstone, or anything else much."

"Nor do I consider him a Franklin or a Blackstone either; but I do think him a very intelligent, handsome young man, and I expect to treat him as such."

"Well I expect to consider him beneath my notice."

"Now, Miss Dupree, I think you ought to reflect upon what you are saying, and have some respect for my feelings. You know not what you may come to before you die."

"Well, I don't think I will ever come to be the wife of a printer, or anybody who has to labor; nor do I intend to countenance such, either."

Miss Crossman remained silent for some time, while her face reddened with indignation—Mr. Williams was her lover, and a very good looking man he was. He was of ordinary size, fair complexion, dark hair, and whiskers jet black, and a high prominent forehead, lively and intelligent in conversation, and fluent and affable in his address.

A gentle rap was heard at the door, and the servant immediately announced Mr. Williams.

He entered the parlor, and Miss Crossman arose and introduced them.

"Miss Dupree, Mr. Williams."

Miss Dupree affected to be polite, she returned a slight bow, and coolly said:

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Williams and Miss Crossman conversed freely, mostly on literary subjects, upon which both were well posted; and of course they entertained each other pleasantly, while Miss Dupree sat as though she was in despair, now and then giving a lazy nod to anything said to her. Mr. Williams has gone, and Miss Dupree turned to Miss Crossman and said—

"Mary, I am really astonished at you.—You are certainly in love with that fellow. Well you may do as you like, but I can assure you, I'll never condescend to keep company with a printer," mumbled Miss Dupree.

Miss Dupree took her leave, and Miss Mary Crossman was left to think of love, and matrimony, and future bliss.

Ten years were past. A man and his wife were seated before a blazing fire. The evening was extremely cold, and the wind blew fierce and keen. Yes—and the editor of the ——— was housed with his wife in their stately mansion, furnished in the finest style, and lighted brilliantly with costly chandaliers. They were the parents of four intelligent and interesting children. It was about an hour after sundown, and the bell had rung for tea. A rap was heard at the door, and upon opening it, there stood a woman, pale and dejected, apparently not far from the grave. She had with her three ragged children, shivering with the cold. The gentleman and lady asked them in to the fire.

"Sir," said the poor woman, "will you be pleased to give me a little money to buy some bread for my hungry children. My husband has been drinking for the last three weeks, and left me without a morsel to eat for these poor innocents or any fuel to keep them warm, and they weep bitterly."

"Where do you live, ma'am," said the gentleman.

"In the garret of the Phœnix Hotel, sir."

"How long has your husband been addicted to drink?" asked the gentleman's wife.

"About three years."

"Madame," rejoined the generous editor, "I am really sorry for you, and of course, shall bestow upon you such charity as you deserve. Will you relate your misfortunes?"

"Mine is a sad story. I was brought up in affluence; my father was a wealthy merchant in Chatham st.; my husband was also rich when we were married. We took a tour to Europe and returned home and we lived happily for two years. Mr. Brooks was a gay, fashionable young man. He spent money freely, and he lived extravagantly. Three years more, and he was considerably on the declining ground, and finally by high living and unnecessary expenditures of money, we were dispossessed of our home and reduced to abject poverty, and then my husband took to drinking, and now I am a beggar with children depending upon my success for a living. And such I beseech you in behalf of my poor little children to bestow upon me such charity as you feel disposed to grant."

Her story was soon told, and met a kind response from a generous heart. The lady of the house recognized the poor woman, but she did not feel disposed to make herself known, but ushered them into the dining room, and sat down with them to a hot supper.

"Madame," said the lady, "what was your maiden name?"

"Ellen Dupree."

"Oh! Ellen have you come to this?"

The poor woman was so overcome with gratitude and surprise that she could not utter a word. She thought hers a familiar voice; she had heard it before, but she could not remember when or where; and after a long time she murmured—

"I think I have known you in times past; but I cannot remember your name."

"What is your name my good lady?"

"Mary Crossman was my name when I knew you."

"Mary who?"

"Crossman."

"My God. Who is your husband?"

"Oh! he's nobody but a printer."

The poor woman remembered being introduced, before her marriage, to Mr. Williams, and she remembered, too, how cold and indifferent she treated him on that occasion.

Yes, "nobody but a printer," went like a dagger to her heart. That printer was her benefactor and friend. Young ladies you marry an industrious and intelligent (printer) man, and become wealthy in your old age, you do well, but if you marry a vain foppish dandy, of the codfish aristocracy and *non compos mentis* order, and should be brought from affluence in youth to beggary in your old age, you do worse.

Remember that ladies, and make the proper improvement.—*N. Y. Exp. Mess.*

☞Boy running into the drug store with a dipper in his hand:—"Doctor, mother sent me to the shoticary pop quicker'n blases, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the picken chox, and she wants a thimble full of polly gollic in this din tipper, cos we ha'n't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got bine witters in't. Got any?"

☞The jails of Union, Centre and Potter counties were all lately vacant—no evidence however that there are no persons in those counties who should not be in jail or some other fastness.

☞A Western editor puts up on the door of his sanctum—"Lady visitors are requested to go to the *devil* when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor.

☞"I say, neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing that pasture for? forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Right" replied Hodge, "I'm fencing it up to keep the cows out."

☞At a late hour on Saturday night last, a stranger in Harrisburg was knocked down and robbed of a pocket book containing $150.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., FEBRUARY 4, 1857. NO. 33.