

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance \$1 50
Six months 1 00
Three months 75
A failure to notify a discontinuance...

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less 1 insertion 3 do. 3 do.
One square, (12 lines) 5 00 75 1 00
Two squares, 10 00 1 50 2 00
Three squares, 15 00 2 25 3 00
Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

Select Poetry.

BY-AND-BY.

There is an angel over near,
When toil and trouble vex and try,
That bids our fainting hearts take cheer,
And whispers to us—'By-and-by.'

A Select Story.

THE RICH COUSIN.

"But, my dear father, he has had undisturbed possession so long, that it is cruel to reduce him to beggary now."
"Crucel! You know nothing of the sweets of revenge, boy, or you would not say that. Think you that I have waited all these years to gratify a purpose, and now when the time comes, give it up because it is cruel?"

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 15, 1857.

NO. 43.

wish that he had resembled his mother in temper; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine manly spirit already manifested by his son.

Had England been searched over, a happier man than Edward Leicester could scarcely have been found at the time we commenced this little history. The devoted husband of an excellent and amiable wife, the proud and happy father of three lovely children, the possessor of a magnificent home, and an income more than adequate to meet his utmost wishes, surrounded by friends and a prosperous tenantry—what could man wish for more?

Again we say, a happier man, a happier family, or one that better deserved prosperity, could scarce have been found in all England. But sorrow and trial were in store, and misfortune as complete as it was unexpected, and poverty as distressing as it was undesired.

"My dear Mary, you look sad this evening. Surely, that is a scene to inspire you with pleasant thoughts." And Edward Leicester passed his arm around his wife's waist, and leading her to the open window, pointed to the lawn on which their children were merrily sporting.

"I feel sad, Edward," was the low response. "An unaccountable presentment of evil has possessed me all day, nor can I look on my children without a feeling of terror."

"My dear wife, this is unusual for you," said Edward. "Certainly, at present we have no reason to apprehend any trouble; but should misfortunes come, we must meet them with fortitude. Poverty, earth's bitterest trial, we have no reason to dread."

nature her parent's distresses had produced a most alarming effect, and a fervent remedy was bestowed on the unknown for the much needed assistance. Three months after when Colonel Leicester heard that his cousin's oldest daughter was no more, he renewed his rejoicings with almost fiendish delight.

But Colonel Leicester was far from being at ease even when triumphing at the success of his schemes. Knowing the generous nature of his son, he was in daily dread of hearing him avow a determination to visit his relative, even in defiance of the curse he had threatened to pronounce on him in case of such disobedience.

We must now pass over a space of six years, during which the relative positions of the two families were but little changed. Edward Leicester's circumstances had slightly improved, but he still found it necessary to labor at his pencil for a maintenance. His son Charles now nearly eighteen, was in a situation but little profit, but which bid fair to reward him some day.

Our next scene opens on the banks of one of those beautiful "lochs," the pride of Scotland and the delight of poets. A blue sky and a bright sunshine were not wanting; nor fine old trees, nor distant hills and rocks—all that artists love to paint and poets to sing of.

Long she stood in silent thought, all unconscious that one was gazing on her in wondrous astonishment, with a throbbing heart and strange emotions. With a start the maiden raises her head and beholds the intruder. The next instant makes a backward movement—her balance is lost; for a second she seems falling into deep waters—another, and the stranger's arm is around her, he clasps her to his breast, and she feels that she is saved from a fearful death.

"Pain would I call you mine, Marian," he said, when the time came that the maiden must return to her English home. "Happy should I be to call you my own betrothed, but I dare not ask you to do aught displeasing to your parents. All I may say is, do not forget me. We shall meet again, when I may openly avow my name, and with the sanction of your friends, claim your promise. Until then, darling, keep me in your heart, and never doubt my truth. I shall come to you sometime. It may be very shortly—it may not be for years; but I shall come, never doubt that."

Marian promised all he asked, and then the farewell words were spoken. For one instant she was clasped to his heart, his first kiss was imprinted on her brow, and they parted.

brought light to her eyes and joy to her young heart."
The father's words seemed prophetic. Marian Leicester—the quiet, reserved Marian—was wonderfully changed. Her merry songs were over on her countenance; and her words, always kind and pleasant, now took a tenderer tone.

It was summer when she parted from her lover. For six months the remembrance of those happy days was a pleasant dream; but Christmas came, and with it a token that another also remembered. Mr. Leicester looked sad as he pursued the few lines addressed to his child; but he placed on his child's hand the costly gem which her unknown lover had requested him to allow her to accept, and though pained at the continued mystery, there was nothing he could reasonably feel displeased with in the letter itself.

On Marian the letter and its accompanying present produced very little effect; and her father felt some surprise at her indifference. "Are you aware of the value of that ring, my child?" he said one day, looking at the sparkling gem on her finger. "Do you know that none but a very wealthy man could make you a present of so valuable a diamond?"

The winter passed, and when the spring came Charles Leicester received an offer from his employer to go to China and transact business for him—an offer so good that the young man felt unable to refuse. It was a sad parting for the whole family; but none dared make objections to what was so obviously for the benefit of the beloved friend and brother. After his departure, Edward Leicester's health declined visibly. He lost the energy that had hitherto characterized his endeavors to maintain his family, and again they were made to suffer all the evils of poverty.

Before the autumn came serious fears were entertained about the safety of the ship in which Charles had gone out as passenger. This was the crowning of their misery. Even Marian's brave heart yielded to this great sorrow; and but for one hope she would probably have given way in despair. As it was, in her deepest grief there came the remembrance of her promise, and she fought bravely with her fears, lest health and beauty should leave her. She knew that in his eyes she had been exceedingly fair—and must he regret to her a miserable invalid? No, she would hope on; something whispered to her heart that her brother would return, and they should be happy.

The old proverb says, when affairs get to the worst, they generally "take a turn for the better;" and it proved so in Edward Leicester's case. Their money all gone, himself confined to a sick bed, his wife vainly striving to earn enough to support them, and Marian worn out with anxiety and toil, nothing could be more gloomy than their prospects, when a letter arrived from Charles—a letter doubly welcome, as the token of his safety and the bearer of welcome assistance.

But Edward Leicester and his wife loved their child too well to see her sacrifice herself for their benefit. The character of their young cousin was totally unknown to them, and the father had done little to prepossess them in favor of the child. Marian was forbidden to vex herself with any more questions on the subject. Our happiness would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of yours, my darling," whispered the mother, as she pressed her child to her bosom, and kissed away the tears from her pale cheeks.

"Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end," said her lover. "No more care, no more sorrow; no more joy and love for my beautiful bride!"

"With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal. He felt that the stranger exerted a great influence over himself, that he felt peculiarly interested in him; yet the mystery of his name was still unsolved, and that excited suspicion.

It was the afternoon of the second day. For many long hours the party had travelled without rest, and Mr. Leicester and his wife were leaning wearily back in the luxurious carriage so carefully provided for the comfort of the invalid. The bright autumn sun shone in at the windows, the roads were dusty, the air was oppressive; Marian removed her bonnet. The sight of her ungloried hand appeared to suggest a thought to her companion.

"I have never seen you wear your ring, Marian," said he. "Did it not meet your approval? or is your dislike of ornaments so great?"

"And so it would have been 'a fate worse than death' to have married your rich cousin, would it Marian?" said her companion. "That little speech is more precious to me than a thousand assurances of your love.—But here we are at our journey's end."

Springing to the ground, the young man assisted his companions to alight, and then led them to the house, where bowing attendants ushered them into the well-remembered rooms. Edward Leicester and his family were in their old home, and to their companion they now looked for a solution of the mystery.

"This is Marian's home, and I am Bernard Leicester," was his answer to the inquiring looks and words. "My father's command, not my own will, kept up the deception. He wished me to put my betrothed wife to a severe proof, and truly she has nobly passed through it; and in my new character I must strive to obliterate any lingering prejudices she may entertain against a marriage with her rich cousin."

Little Rules.—Cut lemon and orange peel, when fresh, into a bottle kept full of brandy. This brandy gives a delicious flavor to pies, cakes, &c. Rose leaves may be preserved in brandy. Peach leaves steeped in it, make an excellent seasoning for custards and puddings.

When the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight, a cloth wet with hot water and applied to the neck will cause the glass to expand and the stopper may be easily removed.

Re-Interment of Mary Jane Tompkins. REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF THE CORPSE.—We were present on the 27th ult., at the Vicksburg Sentinel, at the disinterment of the remains of Mrs. Mary Jane Tompkins, first consort of Hon. P. W. Tompkins, former member of Congress of this District, and sister of ex-Governor Helm, of Kentucky. She had been interred seventeen years on the 14th instant, enclosed in a zinc coffin, filled with alcohol, which was re-enclosed in a wooden coffin, and all carefully packed in charcoal.

To-Morrow. To-morrow is a time that never comes. It is the rainbow, albeit we see its base resting on the hill directly in our path, is still, no matter how far we may advance, just as far removed as when we first commenced pursuit. To-morrow is written by angels above the stars, and comes not here, save in the dreams that hope whispers to our heart.

FARMERS.—Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job the honest, and upright, and patient, was a farmer, and in patience he passed into a proverb.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

Scarlet Fever and Small Pox. Dr. William Fields, of Wilmington, Delaware, gives publicity to the following recipe, which, he says, if faithfully carried out, will cure forty five cases out of fifty.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless—and the last faint pulse here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter—we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—A man who would systematically and willfully set about cheating a printer, would commit highway robbery on a crying baby and rob it of its ginger-bread—rob a church of its counterpane—lick the butter off a blind nigger's last—fitter—pawn his grandmother's specks for a drink of whiskey—steal acorns from a blind sow, and take clothes from a sore crew, to make a respectable appearance in society.

"May I leave a few Tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady, who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts—certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her spectacles; "leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please."