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Select Poetry.

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.

"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, HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 15, 1857. Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XII. NO. 43.

with 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. And the handsome noble-like youth, possessed great influence over his parent, though not sufficient to turn him from his revengeful purposes. Brought up in the East amid scenes and with habits foreign to his nature, young Leicester joyfully left his native land to seek the early home of his parents, and the knowledge of his father's purposes was the first cloud that overshadowed his happiness. One week after that conversation they landed in England.

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.
"You little thought when you rejected me with scorn, Mary Wyndham, that the day would come, when I should mock at your sorrow and rejoice at your bereavement!" he exclaimed; "nor did your proud husband dream that his defeated rival would one day crush him to the dust, and exult over his fallen pride."

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 the contrary, it breathed sentiments the most honorable to the stranger.

"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.
"In two days you shall know all," said the young man; "at present my anxiety to remove you from this wretched place will not admit of my now making the long explanations that will be necessary. Surely you cannot doubt me?"
Edward Leicester gazed searchingly into those truthful, earnest eyes, and felt that his fears were groundless.
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?"
He was watching her attentively, and she blushed deeply at the confession she was about to make.
"I kept it through long months of poverty and distress," she replied, and once I thought that nothing would tempt me to part with it. But a few weeks since my father saved me from a fate worse than death, and in gratitude I felt compelled to give it up, painful as the sacrifice was."

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. The wooden coffin and the top of the zinc one were somewhat decayed, but the corpse itself was in a perfect state of preservation; features natural, and hair as flexible as in life.
The object of the disinterment was the removal of the remains from a private lot, to one in the public cemetery, as the former might, in the course of years, pass into the hands of strangers. Among the affecting incidents of the interesting occasion, was the presence of the only daughter of the deceased, who was but a child at the time of the death of the deceased, and who now finds protection and a shelter in the family who have so long watched and guarded the ashes of her deceased mother, and who have just given to those ashes a more secure and permanent resting place, where the flowers which affection may plant, can grow and blossom without fear of being bruised by profane feet.