

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance	\$1 50
Six months	.75
Three months	.40
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.	

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Two lines, (12 lines)	10	20	30
One square, (12 lines)	50	100	150
Two squares, (12 lines)	1 00	2 00	3 00
Three squares, (12 lines)	1 50	2 50	3 50
Over three weeks and less than three months	25	50	75
per square for each insertion.			

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year, 5 00; one year, 8 00; one year, 12 00.
Administrators and Executors Notices, 5 00.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to their terms.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 14, 1858.

NO. 3.

Select Poetry.

TO-MORROW.

What'er the grief that dims the eye,
What'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us to the weeping sky,
And say, "We'll smile to-morrow."
And when from those we have our part,
From home we comfort borrow,
And whisp'r to our aching heart,
We'll meet again to-morrow.
But when to-morrow comes 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our honest spirit fill,
Still mourn we these away.
And when that to-morrow too is past—
(A yesterday of sorrow)
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last
With visions of to-morrow.

Select Story.

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their bleak walls and cold stone floors, as if to say, "I have had her, and hold her as no other can." She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the grown-up. She is my half-sister, and her father belonged to the old school. She had been an unlabeled child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the world to fulfill it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well as of large boardings, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears came to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer, at first a drudge, for a weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admitted, read, sought after, and above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrong and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the restless gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for awhile, till some new fancy came, and then she danced past them, as if they were so many flies.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domiciled. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had it, from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But who ever would think it was our Alice who were talking of Frank! However, I'll say no more about her! You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bed-room is ready,—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By-and-by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high-road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose favorite trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water called

the Fairy's Looking-Glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze.

I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in choquered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking-Glass.—Something stirred as I pierced my way thro' the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half sitting, half lying, in the sunshine, beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

"I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so?"

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat in the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much.

She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in slight soft folds. A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same color. Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore.

Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead, and arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them; she could not help it. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright beaming glance they gave; but when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate, and she innocently and peculiarly to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it. "Pray, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, feeding my yawning. "It is time for us to go home to supper I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and I took the hat from the Newfoundland, and who brought it in his mouth.

"How fond are you of that great dog?" I said as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty spot, on his forehead.—"Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing." She stopped short and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world."

till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER II.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two grey hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I missed, (save in my dreams,) and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fire-side reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmuring of a Zephyr in the village street. I turned a corner, and the grove orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her grey pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaping him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking, snug along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was not late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I fastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the slumby cot of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away? Where?"

"Home. To London. Well? What ails you, cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why? For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have spent nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long.—They will say soon, it is you, Frank. They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And bye-and-bye I suppose you will not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farm-house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any)."

"Alice," I said, softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

"I took both her hands, and held them close to mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way."

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman—but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will.—And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

"She might trifle with a trifle, but she was earnest enough with me."

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me, as I have always said my husband should love me. I am weary and exacting, and I should weary your eyes out by my constant cravings for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and because you could not get me

there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke of love and passion, and deep, deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead besides its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—nearly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? O, Frank will it last?" I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm; and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounded sweetly to my dying day.

CHAPTER III.

We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in "Eden's Paradise." When I think, that but for me, it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice fickle—oh, how, wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I pleased her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel—a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head subsmissively, and wait when said—"Stop. Shut the door and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head subsmissively, and wait when said—"Stop. Shut the door and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me!

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of my graver self. I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her.—Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movements of her pen and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said curtly:—

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, and only too glad for an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? When I love some one."

"This was a bad beginning of the lesson.—I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh—so faint that I could scarcely hear it—and left the room.—I had searched her gaitly away for that morning.

In the midst of all this estrangement the dog sickened. There was a week of misingiving on Alice's part, when she sat beside him with her books, or writing all the time—there was a day when both books and manuscript were put away, and she was bending over him, with her tears falling fast, as she tried to hush his moans, and looked into his fast glazing eyes—and there was an hour of stillness, when she lay on the low couch, with her arm around his neck, neither speaking nor stirring. And when the poor creature's last breath was drawn, she bent over him with a passionate burst of grief, kissed the white spot upon his forehead, and closed the soft, dark eyes, that even in death were turned towards her with a loving look.

She did not come to me for sympathy.—She watched alone, while the gardener dug a grave and buried him beneath the study window. She never mentioned him to me, and never paid her daily visits to his grave till I was busy with my papers for the evening. So the year, which had begun in love and happiness, came to its close.

I sat in the study alone one morning in the February following, looking over some deeds that had been long neglected, when I heard Alice singing in the balcony outside the window. It was the first time I had heard her sing since Fred's death, and I laid down my pen to listen. But hearing her coming through the hall, I took it up again, and affected to be very busy.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, as she came on tiptoe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her hand on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses for some time; and, when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice?"

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee, and looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very happy returns!"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months, we will bury it today, now and forever!"—and she clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, I kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget everything (as if I had anything to forget!) at which she looked up with a bright smile, and I dare say, thought me very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to the forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coolness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile, I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months; it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back into the room, was buried in my papers once more. "Poor child!" she had one half-hour's sunshine, at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a holiday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way—Saint Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything."

"Well! but I'm not talking to Saint Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with those papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little bronze inkstand made like a Cupid, with a quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick it up—it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little goal of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

"She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Francis!" she added, throwing herself down by my chair and lifting my hand to her lips, "why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice," I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned pale.

"I will go then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

"I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?"

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room, as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white and gave me such a look of anguish that I repented of my cruelty, and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried.—"You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was only jesting."

"I can hear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne—in one way or other."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path, without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice became weaker, and grew really ill. A tour on the continent was warmly recommended by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warren, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad nine months instead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's deserting me; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer; and they tho't we were still a modest couple. But, had they seen me sitting in my office, at sight of Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart at every word. They were full of