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Select Poetry.

AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold the Western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians meet away,
Descending to the tomb.
The wind breathes low; the withered leaf
Scarcely whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

An Interesting Sketch.

NAPOLION AND DUROC.

FROM GEN. MILLER'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris incognito, in search of adventures. On these occasions, he generally wore a round hat, and a long blue coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this, he was occasionally received with a coolness and indifference to which in propria persona he was unaccustomed. Once, shortly before Christmas, he arose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, Grand Marshal of the palace, (who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon,) left the Tuilleries, just as day was breaking. After a walk through the Palace Vendome thence to the Rue de Napoleon—where he much admired the splendid mansions which had been recently erected there; chatting familiarly he observed to Duroc:

"It seems that the Parisians in this quarter are extremely lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day."

Discussing thus they arrived at the Chinese bath; rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticising the exterior, the cafe which belonged to the establishment opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc; "what do you say? has not your walk given you an appetite?"

And without waiting for an answer, Napoleon entered the cafe, took his seat at a table, called for a waiter, and requested some nut-chops and a bottle of chamberlain wine; and having breakfasted heartily, and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than that he was supplied with at the Tuilleries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc—"Pay and let us return now," then rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, endeavoring to appear at ease. The Grand Marshal rose at the same time; but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried any money about him. Nevertheless the waiter came and presented the bill to the Grand Marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs. Napoleon, not knowing what detained Duroc, and not accustomed to be kept waiting, re-entered, saying impatiently—

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The Grand Marshal now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the cafe, (who was silent and indifferent at the counter,) and said politely and confusedly—

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately, and we quite forgot to bring our purses—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so, sir," coolly replied the lady, "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in, in this manner. Do you really think that—"

"Madame," interrupted the Grand Marshal, reddening with rage at this answer, "we are men of honor, we are officers of the guard!"

"Oh, yes! fine excuses, truly! officers of the guard, indeed."

At these words, men of honor and officers of the Guard, which Napoleon had overheard, he turned round, and in a voice which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded—

"What is all this about?"

But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the cafe was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a watch, encircled with brilliant diamonds, said to the obliging waiter:

"My friend, you have acted nobly; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," said the waiter, "I have no wish to take it. I feel, convinced that you are both men of honor."

"Good, my friend," said the Grand Marshal, "you shall never regret your confidence in me, you shall never regret your confidence in me." He then rejoined the Emperor.

Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily, and was pleased with the generosity of the poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were. On their way to the Palace, they stopped at the Passage des Panoramas, which was then one

of the most elegant passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vases. Two superb ones were exposed to view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price. The mistress of the cafe, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked if he wished to purchase them.

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price, unless I had thought of purchasing them," said Napoleon, irritated by the imputation of the woman.

"Four thousand francs (£160,) not a farthing less, monsieur."

"Four thousand francs! that is horribly dear, madame! much too dear for me!"

And touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the marchande, with her hands in her pockets, added sarcastically:

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell at cost in these times than to starve. There are fine doings now-a-days! always war! all the world is complaining! Business is at a stand still now, and the shopkeepers are ruined; but we do not pay less taxes."

During this address, Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage; at length he interrupted her by saying:

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Eh! la! la! do not be angry monsieur! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he has gone to seek money. But what can you want of him, while I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—that perhaps I shall send for these vases—"

He then left the shop, disgusted with the marchande, whose coolness and politics had so much exasperated him.

"Fait!" said he, when he had rejoined Duroc. "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than her business. Oh! I will have her husband's head shaved; it is his fault."

The Emperor and the Grand Marshal now returned to the Tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shop-keeper, and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences, Napoleon said to Duroc:

"I have nothing to do now, suppose we go and see how the shops look. Bye-the-by, how did you settle the affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong indeed. I may be allowed to forget such trifles as that; but you—"

"Sire, I will immediately make the amende honorable."

"Yes, do; and let it be done in a way that will please me; you understand. At the same time, let the female politician be ordered to send her husband here, with the two vases which I looked at, when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt. Ah! ah! 'tis my turn, now, and we shall see!"

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, despatched him to the Chinese Baths, when he thus addressed the mistress of the cafe:

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here, about six weeks since, without paying their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady, very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer was the livery of the palace.

"Well, madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the Grand Marshal of the palace. Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

The mistress rang the bell, but felt uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace, and imploring the forgiveness of the Emperor. When the waiter appeared, the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him:

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal has charged me to say, that if you have any favor to ask, for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

The name of the waiter was Dargens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her especial attendant. After her divorce, he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men, at this time—eventually entered the service of Wellington, in 1814.

After his visit to the cafe, the imperial footman reached the Passage des Panoramas, when he entered the shop of the valuable marchande.

"Sir," said he, addressing the master, "you are requested to go to the palace, this instant, with the two vases, which the Emperor inquired the price of, about six weeks since, in your shop. His Imperial Majesty is now waiting for you."

"Heavens!" he cried, "I shall be shot!" Then, addressing his wife, who was terribly frightened, and unable to speak, he said—

"I have no doubt, but that you have been talking to the Emperor, and speaking ill of the Government, as you always do; and this, to the Emperor himself! When will you learn to cease your cursed babbling? Ah, mon Dieu! I am a lost man—I shall be shot!"

Here, fright nearly overpowered the poor man, who seemed shocked that his wife should have taken the Emperor for a police spy. However, he mustered all his courage, and arrived with the vases, at the Tuilleries, where he was immediately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you at last—I am glad to see you here!"

Then, taking from his desk, eight bank notes, for a thousand francs, each, he presented them to the dealer, who was trembling with fear, and with great difficulty, advanced to receive them. And then, with that peculiar, sarcastic brevity, with which he invariably spoke, when he wished to reproach, he added:

"I went, the other day, to your shop. I bargained for two vases; your wife asked four thousand francs, telling me, they cost her five thousand. Well, though that was a falsehood, I now give you eight thousand—take them. There are four for yourself—But tell your wife, that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs, instead of politics, morbleu! I will send her where she will be taken care of; and you, too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir—that is all I have to say to you! Bon soir!"

Is this True.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Is this true? Has the ingratitude of children passed into a proverb? Luther relates this story:

"There was once a father who gave up every thing to his children, his house, his fields, and his goods, and expected that for this, his children would support him. But after he had been sometime with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, 'Father, I have had a son born to me to-night, and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not perhaps go to my brother, who has a larger room?'"

After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, 'Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?'"

The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him burdensome, and said to him, 'Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town well?'"

The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, 'Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts.' But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs, to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace, the old man assented, and went to his other daughter.

But after sometime she too was tired of him, and told him by a third person that her house was near the water, was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister the grave digger's wife at St. Johns, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself, thought she was right, and went out side the gate to his youngest daughter Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, 'Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs.' These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died."

Value of Kind Words.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them.—There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. They should be on our lips from morning till night.

To Spoil a Daughter.

Be always telling her how very pretty she is. Instill into her young mind an undue love for dress.

Allow her to read nothing but works of fiction. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.

Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.

Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.

To strengthen the latter, let her have a lady's maid.

Teach her to think that she is better than anybody else.

Make her think she is sick when she is not, and let her lie in bed taking medicine when half an hour's out door exercise would completely cure her of her laziness.

And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a mustached gentleman who is a clerk, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars.

A young lady that lives on a street, through which a railroad passes, appears to have no occupation except perpetually poking her head out of the window. A wag, the other morning, hailed her from the street.

"Hallo, Miss!"

"What do you want?" said she, after the flush of indignation at being thus accosted.

"The bell ain't rung yet," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" asked Miss.

"Why," was the reply, "that sign says you're to 'look out' when the bell rings, but you are looking out all the time."

The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk, and the window went down with a slam.

The Two Cords of Wood.

Just at dusk one November evening, three children occupied a large kitchen connected with the establishment of farmer Grant. A bright wood fire blazed cheerfully in the wide chimney, while from the crane the suspended tea-kettle was announcing, as loudly as possible, that the hour for supper was approaching. By the bright, but fitful light, one young girl sat reading; another sat at the window watching the cows as they walked demurely from the yard to the stable, while a boy of eleven summers was seated on a cricket in front of the fire, gazing steadily at the flames as they shot upward, but with an appearance of abstraction, indicating that his mind was elsewhere.

Softly, Ellen advanced from the window, and touching her sister Ruth to call her attention, just whispered, "Just look at Thomas! He's in a brown study, as the teacher said this afternoon. I do wonder what he's thinking of!"

"Ask him," responded Ruth glancing at her brother, and then turning to her book again.

"Thomas," called Ellen, "What makes you look so sober to-night? Did you miss at school?"

The boy heaved a deep sigh, and then turned to his sister with a smile, saying, "O, Ellen, you can help me, if you will, only you must first promise not to tell any one."

Ellen promised, and Thomas led her to the further corner of the room, as his mother had come in, where he made known to her his plan.

"Last night," said he, "after you and Ruth had gone to bed, I heard father and mother talking. It made me feel so bad I could not go to sleep. She had been bringing in the clothes and kept coughing, as she always does when she works hard. Father told her that she must go to taking that doctor's stuff that done her so much good last winter. At first she did not answer; but pretty soon I saw her put up her hand and brush away a tear."

"There are so many things to be thought for the children," she said after a while, "that I don't like to spend money for medicine. I don't often cough so much."

"I know that too," replied father, "but you must attend to your health. What should we all do without you?"

"I sometimes think," said mother, "that my work is almost done, and if it is God's will to call me away, he will provide for you and our dear children."

"I couldn't stay to hear any more, for I had to run into the entry to keep from sobbing aloud—Oh! Ellen, what could we do without mother?"

The young girl turned around and gave her mother a piercing glance, as if to satisfy herself that her brother had cause for his solicitude, and then asked, "but what can you or both of us do to help her?"

"I mean somehow to buy her a bottle of that medicine," exclaimed Thomas impressively, "but how to do it is the question.—Dr. Jones had a load of wood carted to-day, and he wants a man to come and saw it. I would go to-morrow afternoon and ask him to give me the job, and the medicine to pay, only father wants his wood piled up to-morrow before the snow comes."

Ellen stood for one moment returning her brother's gaze; then said eagerly, "Ruth and I will pile it for you. We'll get up very early, and do our stint before breakfast, and then we shall have the whole of the afternoon."

Thomas joyfully accepted this offer, and readily obtained the job from the kind physician. Before night he had piled the two cords in the shed and sawed nearly a quarter of it.

"Well, my little man," said the doctor, driving into the yard as Thomas was hanging up the saw preparatory to leaving—"How much have you earned this afternoon?"

"A bright thought flashed through the boy's mind, and in true Yankee style he answered the question by asking, "Doctor, how much a bottle was the cough medicine you gave mother last winter?"

"Half a dollar, I think; is she sick again?"

The boy then communicated his wishes, and with a flushed face inquired of the doctor if he would be satisfied to let him have a bottle to carry home with him.

The good man was evidently moved by this unexpected proposal. He made no reply except to invite the boy to his office. When there he talked more freely, and ended by giving him a small powder for his mother, with directions for taking it, in addition to the desired cough medicine, and promised to call himself the next day.

An hour later Thomas sat with his sisters by the fire, and communicated to them the joyful tidings of his afternoon's labor. They then proceeded to give the medicine to their mother as a token of affection from her three children, "for," said Thomas, "I could not have it if you had not helped me."

To say that Mrs. Grant was gratified, would be but fully expressing her emotion, when the love token was placed in her hands.

With moistened eyes she gave each of them a kiss, and then added in a subdued voice, "God will reward you, my dear ones. The blessing affixed to the fifth commandment will be yours, for you have indeed honored your mother."

God did bless them in rendering the medicine effectual in restoring the health of their mother, whose life was prolonged for years. She saw her children growing up useful, happy, and respected by all who knew them.

How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy, while standing by the earth-bed of the lost little one. Mournful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

Who ever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

A wag tells of a boarding house keeper, whose tea was so weak that it couldn't get up the spout of the tea pot.

Girard, the Money Maker.

A recent number of the Household Words contains a sketch of Stephen Girard. It is not correct in all particulars, and yet it embodies many interesting facts, in the history of the celebrated banker. After giving the leading events in the early life of Girard, the writer proceeds as follows:

"In 1812, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed cabin boy of Bordeaux purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States, (whose charter was not renewed) and started the Girard Bank, a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantage on the community greater than the State Institution upon which it was founded, but while the public credit was shaken, the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard could command large subscriptions of loan, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country."

In 1814, Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan, from patriotic motives, and in 1817, he contributed by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the resumption of specie payments. 1831, his operations were so extensive, that when the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause the specie to flow into the States.

To add to his singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old rickety chair, remarkable for its great age, and marked with the initials 'S. G.', drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality, no friend to share his table. He was deferential in appearance to rank and family, violent and passionate, only to one man—an old and faithful clerk, named Roberjot.

His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau.—He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted country, and he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career with an object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail traders, willing to labor in any capacity to make these profits secure. He practiced the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due him, and he paid every advantage that he could get. He took every advantage the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just as far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provisions for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret at his loss. He would higgler for a penny with a huckster in the street; he would deny the watchman at his bank the customary Christmas present of a great coat.

Thus he attained his eighty-second year, in 1830; he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphia roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon, his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye, which before slightly opened, was now entirely closed; he gradually wasted away and his health declined. On the 26th of December, Stephen Girard expired, in the back room on the third floor of his house, in Water street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his large fortune, upwards of a million sterling, to found charities, and to benefit the city and the country in which he acquired it.

He left his monument in the 'Girard College,' that marbled roofed palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above all the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. Every detail of the external and internal arrangement of this orphan college, was set forth in the will, showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth was not the hastily developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life."

Gifts.—There is, after all, something in the fate of those trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that the person who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world, would not win my confidence in the sincerity of one, who set no value on such little things. Trifles, they may be, but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The sand-stone rocks of Adersbach, in Bohemia, have been visited by persons from all parts of the globe, on account of their grotesque and fantastic forms. Ten years ago another defile of sand-stone rocks was discovered near Weekelsdorf. To this is now to be added the discovery of a grand layer of petrified trees.—It stretches to the extent of two miles and a half in length, and half a mile in breadth, and there is one point, where twenty or thirty thousand stems of petrified wood may be seen at one glance.

The following is worthy of commendation, as given by an Irishman at Rockford, at their celebration on the 4th: "When the lily of France shall fade—when the thistle of Scotland shall droop—when the rose of England shall wither—then may the Shamrock of Ireland, entwined with the 'stripes and stars,' bloom in perpetual verdure."

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied with a shrug of the shoulder, "Oh, yes, he very good stand for de business; by gar, me stand all day, for nobody come to make me more."

During a recent election, a candidate called upon a tradesman, and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for old Nick than you," was the reply. "But, in case your friend should not come forward," said the candidate "might I not count upon your assistance?"