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The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
 VOL. XIV. HUNTINGDON, PA., MARCH 2, 1859. NO. 36.
 PERSEVERE.

Select Poetry.

THE DYING HUSBAND.
 BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Nay, waver not, but fold me thus,
 Pillowed upon thy faithful breast—
 Ah, let my worn and weary soul
 Pass forth to its eternal rest!
 Ah! now I feel thy trembling breath;
 I know these arms are folding me,
 Closer—still closer! This is death—
 My soul looks on eternity!

She stills the beating of her heart,
 She clasps him in a last embrace,
 Her white and trembling fingers part
 The damp locks from his pallid face.
 And there upon his cold white brow,
 Her grief in one wild kiss was given,
 And pressed as if 'twould draw him back,
 Back from the very gates of Heaven.

A sigh returned, that last career,
 As if some spirit from above,
 Had stirred the deep waves of tenderness
 Within the fountains of his love.
 Death yielded to that holy kiss,
 His grey and gloomy shadows fled,
 And smiles of calm seraphic bliss
 Stood, like a glory o'er the dead!

Select Story.

THE BRIDE OF THE ABYSS.
 A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST!
 BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Day had deepened into twilight, and twilight into darkness, and the sere mantle of night was now resting like an eternal canopy of desolation over the vast wilds of Bohemia, whose mighty solitudes are seldom broken by the steps of man. Near a small cottage on the outskirts of the great Black Forest, two persons were standing—the one a gloriously beautiful maiden of not more than seventeen summers; the other, a dark-browed man of twenty-five. A strong-limbed steed of glossy blackness was grazing near, evidently awaiting his master's call.

No pleasing subject forms the theme of conversation, it is apparent, for suddenly raising his hand and pointing toward the moon which came out from behind a dark bank of cloud, the man exclaims in a tone of deep emotion:

"Lulu! remember you not two short years ago, when on this very spot, in the presence of yon shadowy crescent, I knelt at your feet and claimed your hand? You spurned me from you with scorn, and your hand was clasped by the miser—the old dotard, Craslin! You are now his betrothed! and you moon which towers in the heavens, is the same that beheld me honest and industrious, but now beholds me branded with the name of outcast! aye, of felon!"

"Wallace, your words are wild—your manner strange!" exclaimed the maiden, throwing her white arms upward in the moonlight with a gesture of surprise; "I am betrothed to another, Wallace, but as I have ever been true to you in heart, bear me witness, that it is not from love that I am the betrothed of the wealthy Craslin!" and her voice was subdued in tone, and her words were spoken fast and hurried.

"My father, Wallace, is old, very old, and his late intercourse with the world has chafed his mind, and strengthened his love for gold, and—"

"And I am poor, and the heir of poverty, you would say, Lulu." The young man interrupted her with a bitter sneer.

"Craslin is old and trembling on the very verge of the grave, but Lulu, he has gold! ha, ha, gold!"

"Hush, Wallace! my father is at home, and should he hear you, harm might come. I would say naught to displease you, and yet you must go. However, much I may love you, I can never be yours; my father has said it, and his words are as irrevocable as the decrees of destiny!"

A dark cloud of hopeless passion swept like a pall of death over the countenance of the man, as, seizing her by the hand, he exclaimed passionately:

"Lulu! had you been true you might have saved me, but now I am lost forever! Lulu! turn your eyes from me, turn your face from my gaze, while I tell you the secret that rises from my bursting heart! Listen! I am—Oh, God! I am—Santano, the Brigand! and you, Lulu, you! have made me what I am!"

As though some dread spirit had turned her blood to ice and her face to marble, mute and motionless the maiden stood. Not a word, not a whisper came from her lips—not a sigh heaved her bosom. Her eyes, full and dark, gazed upon the form of the speaker in a wild, quivering glance, her hands dropped powerless by her side, and the man looked upon the form before him as though he beheld a spirit of the invisible world!

"Yes! Lulu, I am indeed the terrible Santano, the demon of the Black Forest! But hark! those shouts! they come! the blood-hounds are on my track! They tread in my very footsteps! Ha! but I will foil them!"

He spoke to his steed, and grasping the maiden by the hand, in a moment was in the saddle with her in his arms. Applying the spur, he plunged into the forest, while the baying of blood-hounds and the shouts of armed men came ringing upon the stillness of the air.

Deeper and deeper the bandit struck into the dark recesses of the forest, and the interwoven branches began to cast a midnight shade upon the mossy turf of the wood-path, which the rays of the moon might not illuminate or enliven with a single flash of light. The roar of waters, the deep yet regular sound of a cataract rushing over a ledge of rocks, now filled the air, and for a moment drowned the baying of the blood-hounds and the shouts of the pursuers.

As she was thus hurriedly borne along into the recesses of the forest, the maiden

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"A woman who loves unsought deserves the scorn of the man she loves."

A Western lady thus comments upon the above:

"Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that, never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms ever encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts.—May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dicky-strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart learn to beat faster—except with indignation at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning."

We feel greatly inclined to say Amen to that prayer, horrible as it would be the condition of him in whose behalf the lady's fervent prayer might be answered. But when the indignant fair one adds:

"And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his brain throbs with pain, as though an earthquake was brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico."

We must hold back our assent to the malediction, and dare wager our gold pen against the largest nugget, California or Australia ever produced, that herself would be the first to hasten to the poor wretch's sick chamber, and with those tender ministreries which reveal the nature of woman, tenderly soothe and nurse the afflicted one.

A Speech on Scolding Wives.

At a Young Men's Debating Society, somewhere out in Illinois, the question of discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

"Mr. President—I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters.—They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait till they have had one upwards of eight years, and hammered and jammed and jawed at all the while—wait until they have been scolded because the fire wouldn't burn; because the oven was too hot; because the cow kicked over the milk; because the sun shined; because the hens didn't lay; because the butter wouldn't come; because they are too soon for dinner; because they are one minute too late; because they slapped the young ones; because they tore their trousers or because they did anything, (whether they could help it or not,) before they begin to talk of the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammer and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than a din din of a scolding wife. See sir—see, them's my sentiments.—To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro is to a dark night."

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Chauncy Lewis and the Boy Soldier.

A boy of fifteen years of age was standing before the open door of a Connecticut farmhouse with a little fowling piece upon his shoulder, while a matronly looking woman was standing in the doorway and gazing with moistened eyes upon him.

"Go my son," she said, but remember when amid the smoke and heat of battle, the sentence in the blessed book I have given you, 'the merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

"I will not forget it, mother," he replied, "but our company is waiting, and now farewell!"

"Good bye, my son," she kissed him as she spoke, "and may he who has for two score years watched over the mother protect the son!"

A cloud of smoke hung over and enveloped the blood stained soil of Bunker's Hill. A noble looking man, in the uniform of an American General, was slowly retreating with his face to the foe. The sharp report of a single rifle was heard, and Warren fell! A young soldier—almost a boy, sprang towards him and lifted his head; at the same instant a giant grenadier in the British uniform, came charging at him with leveled bayonet.

To draw an old rusty horse pistol from his breast, present and fire it at the approaching foe, was but the work of a moment. The grenadier fell wounded, and seizing the sword of Warren, which had fallen from his grasp, the soldier boy ran and raised it over the red coat to dispatch him.

But why does he pause when the sword is uplifted, and allow it to fall slowly to his side, and then turn away and strike not?

He remembers the injunction of that mother, whom two months ago he left in the open door of the farmhouse. Remember my son, amid the heat and smoke of battle, 'The merciful shall obtain mercy.'

The tide of battle had swept like a whirlwind over the plains of Trenton. The British cavalry had ridden with irresistible force over a detachment of men and boys, forming a portion of the left wing of the American army, and among the dead and dying lay a boyish soldier, wounded, and with his right arm broken.

A mercenary party of Hessians, were ranging over the field murdering and plundering those who had fallen. They approached the boy-soldier who dauntlessly awaited the impending death, and one of them drawing his sword was about to plunge it into the boy's side, when a gigantic red-coated grenadier rushed between the boy and the murderous Hessians, and struck up the weapon.

"Hold ruffians! that boy spared my life at Bunker Hill. It is now my turn," and raising him in his strong arms, he bore him from the bloody soil to a place of safety.

Ah! how those parting words of his mother again rang through his brain and made sweet music in his soul. "Remember my son, when amid the smoke and heat of battle, that 'The merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

It never was forgotten, and when a little more than two years ago, I stood above the venerated form and gazed upon the calm features of the aged boy soldier, whose life had peacefully gone out, like the last flickering of a candle which has burned down in its socket, I thought of those words and in imagination could see the parting of mother and son at the old farmhouse eighty-three years ago.

An Editor in Heaven.

A paper published in a neighboring State, after giving a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus, in glowing strains, concludes:

"Are we not glad also that such an editor is in Heaven?"

"There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate.—There he shall no more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height, and need him no more.—There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth."

There he will find all articles credited, not a clap of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in Heaven."

Young man, one of the first things you should consider is to build up a character. Allow us to tell you one thing about it, which we have learned from observation. It must be built like a pyramid to be firm and lasting—broad at the base. Then the foundation must be good, or even a pyramid would crack and fall to pieces. Get a reputation from early boyhood, for truth, honesty and industry, obedience to parents and teachers, and above all, piety. By and by your character will be as firm as a pyramid; a host of calculators could not overthrow it. But if youth and early life is bad, to build a character on such a beginning, would be almost as difficult as to build and poise a pyramid on its apex.

Death is an unwelcome guest and terrible at all times. When the grim monster approaches the aged, we are not so much shocked; we have all along expected him; but when the young and beautiful perish, when the destroying angel crosses our threshold and the voice that created our music becomes silent, 'tis then that a great shadow settles upon our home, that time and circumstance can hardly remove.

USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God, to the use and advantage of man.

PREOCUPIOUS.—A little friend of ours was recently asked the question—
 "Who made you?"
 Placing his hand a few inches from the floor, he answered:
 "God made so much, and I grew the rest alone."

A father consulted a friend as to whether he had better give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth and limited means, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation. "I would give my daughter," was the reply, "to a man without money, rather than to money without a man."

An Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed, "You black divil! cry enough, I'll fight till I die." "So'll I, boss!" sung out the darkey, "I always does."

"So there's another rupture of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put on her specks. "The papers tell us about the burning ladder, running down the mountain, but they don't tell us how it got a fire."

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"Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that, never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms ever encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts.—May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dicky-strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart learn to beat faster—except with indignation at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning."

We feel greatly inclined to say Amen to that prayer, horrible as it would be the condition of him in whose behalf the lady's fervent prayer might be answered. But when the indignant fair one adds:

"And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his brain throbs with pain, as though an earthquake was brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico."

We must hold back our assent to the malediction, and dare wager our gold pen against the largest nugget, California or Australia ever produced, that herself would be the first to hasten to the poor wretch's sick chamber, and with those tender ministreries which reveal the nature of woman, tenderly soothe and nurse the afflicted one.

A Speech on Scolding Wives.

At a Young Men's Debating Society, somewhere out in Illinois, the question of discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

"Mr. President—I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters.—They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait till they have had one upwards of eight years, and hammered and jammed and jawed at all the while—wait until they have been scolded because the fire wouldn't burn; because the oven was too hot; because the cow kicked over the milk; because the sun shined; because the hens didn't lay; because the butter wouldn't come; because they are too soon for dinner; because they are one minute too late; because they slapped the young ones; because they tore their trousers or because they did anything, (whether they could help it or not,) before they begin to talk of the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammer and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than a din din of a scolding wife. See sir—see, them's my sentiments.—To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro is to a dark night."

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.