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Advertisements not under the number of lines, insertions desired, will be continued till notified and charged according to these terms.

Select Poetry.

The Printer and the Press.

The Printer! How I love thee!
For what, you hardly guess;
Love them for patient, honest toil,
Their fellow men to bless.
They falter not, though oftentimes,
These poor men go unpaid;
And every line the sheet contains,
Is sent without our aid.
How ignorant we all should be,
Without them and the Press,
To furnish, for the famished minds,
A "Literary Feast."
The Printer and the Press,
God bless them, day by day,
For every high and noble thought,
They shed around our way.
May wreaths of heavenly love entwine
The Press laborer's soul,
While knowledge spreads from clime to clime,
And truth from pole to pole.

Select Story.

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

"Ma why don't you dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as she sat on the porch brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron. There was a momentary surprise on Mrs. Thornton's face; but she answered carelessly, "Oh, no one cares how I look."

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire, the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron, both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dish-pan and store—the slipshod shoes, and soiled stockings—and she could not help remembering how she had looked when she had first appeared before her husband's breakfast table. "Sure enough!" mused she, "how I do look!" And then Memory pointed back a few years to a neatly and tastefully-dressed maiden, sometimes busy in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance, always fresh and blooming; and this she knew, full well, was a picture of herself, when Charles Thornton first won her young heart. She was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home—how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few would call her a handsome woman; for alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this repulsive trait—Yet she loved to see others neat, and her house and children did not seem to belong to her; so well kept and tidy did they look. As a housekeeper she excelled, and left her husband long in acknowledging to himself the unwelcome fact that he had married an incorrigible sloven.

When, like too many other young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress, he readily excused her in his own mind, and thought "she is not well," or, "has so much to do," and perceiving no abatement in his kind attentions, she naturally concluded that he was perfectly satisfied. As family cares increased and she went into company less, she became still more careless of her person, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as her own apparel could possibly affect their happiness. All this chain of circumstances hitherto unthought of passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query—"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her resolve was taken—she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton was really indifferent to her appearance or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with which to amuse herself, she went to her room mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this rig again—not even washing day." She proceeded to her clothes-dress and removed one dress after another—some were ragged, others faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear—at length she found one which had long been laid aside as "too light to wear about the house." It was a nice French print, rose colored and white, and she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage "fashions come round in seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the then prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought, and hastened to perform her toilette, saying to herself, "I must alter my dark gingham to wear mornings, and get it all ready before Charles comes home." Then she released her long, dark hair from its imprisonment in a most ungraceful twist, and carefully brushing its still glossy waves, she plaited it in the broad braids which Charles used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwanted task brought back many reminiscences of those long vanished years, and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes Time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hath sadness like the change that in ourselves we find?" In that hour she had realized how and an apparently trivial fault had gained the mastery over her, and imperceptibly had placed a barrier between her and the one she best loved on earth. True, he never chided her—never apparently noticed her altered appearance—but she well knew he no longer urged her going into society, nor did he seem to care about receiving his friends at his own house, although he was a social man, and had once felt proud to introduce his young wife to his large circle of acquaintance.

Now they seldom went out together excepting to church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. Thornton—she would stay at home "to keep house," after preparing the little ones to accompany their father, and the neighbors soon ceased expecting her at public worship or in their

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WILLIAM LEWIS,

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—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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social gatherings—and so, one by one, they neglected to call on her, until but very few of the number continued to exchange friendly civilities with her. She had wondered at this, had felt pained heretofore, now she clearly saw it was her own fault, the veil was removed from her eyes, and the mistake of her life was revealed in its true enormity. Sincerely did she repent of her error, calmly and seriously resolve on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and at length the metamorphosis was complete. The bright pink drapery hung gracefully about her form, imparting an unusual brilliancy to her complexion—her best wrought collar was fastened with a costly brooch, her husband's wedding gift, which had not seen the light for many a day. Glancing once more at her mirror to be certain her toilette needed no more finishing touches, she took her sewing, and returned to the sitting room.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture book, and was now playing with the kitten. As Mrs. Thornton entered she clasped her hands in childish delight, exclaiming, "Oh, Ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to her, kissed her again and again, then drew her little chair close to her side, and eagerly watched her as she plied her needle, repairing the gingham dress.

Just before it was completed, Nellie's brothers came from school, and pausing at the half-opened door, Willie whispered to Charlie, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up." It was with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that Mrs. Thornton observed her children were unusually docile and obedient, hastening to perform their accustomed duties without being even reminded of them. Children are natural and unaffected lovers of the beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions will not often suffer from comparison with the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It was with a new feeling of admiration that these children now looked upon their mother, and seemed to consider it a privilege to do something for her. It was "let me get the kindlings," "I will make the fire," and "may I fill the tea kettle?"—instead of, as sometimes the case, "need I do it?" "I don't want to,"—"why can't Willie?"

Nellie was too small to render much assistance, but she often turned from her frolic with the kitten, to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place the best and choicest viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in a neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine looking, middle aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good humor plainly traced about his mouth—we know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family and at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made the last purchase for the day, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims, "George Morton, is it you?" The greeting was mutually cordial—they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since, Mr. Morton has been practising law in a distant city, they seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers. Mr. Thornton's affairs of horses and light "democrat" are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accompany his friend to his home which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited; they recall the feats of their school days, and the experiences of after life, and compare their present position in the world, with the golden future of which they used to dream. Mr. Morton is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes, as the class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this flashes on Mr. Thornton's mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, he becomes thoughtful and silent, and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand, the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain-ranges look blue and dim in the distance. He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation—they are nearing the old "home-stand"—one field more and his fertile farm with its well kept fences appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples. They drive through the large gateway, the man John comes from the barn to put out the horse, and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure—he must see his wife first, and if possible hurry her out of his sight before their visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting room—words cannot express his amazement—there sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantled her cheek as she stoops to kiss her with words of joyful surprise. "My Ellen!" He has time for no more—George Morton has followed him, and he exclaims—"Ha! Charles, as lover-like as ever—hadn't the honey moon set yet?" and then he is duly presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to better advantage than usual. She is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the tempting repast spread before them. A happy meal it is to Charles Thornton, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife. Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nellie to sit on his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing on her father's knee, whispers confidently, "Don't mamma look pretty?" He kisses her and answers, "Yes, my darling."

The evening passed pleasantly and swiftly

away, and many a half-forgotten smile of their life-pilgrimage is recalled by some way-mark which still gleams bright in the distance. They both feel younger and better for their interview, and determine never to become so like strangers again. Mr. Morton's soliloquy, as he retires to the cosy apartment appropriated to his use, is—

"Well, this is a happy family! What a lucky fellow Charles is—such a handsome wife and children—and she is a good house-keeper, too! May be I'll settle down some day myself"—which pleasing idea that night mingled with his visions. The next morning, Mr. Thornton watched his wife's movements with some anxiety—he could not bear to have her destroy the favorable impression which he was certain she had made on his friend's mind, and yet some irresistible impulse forbade his offering any suggestion or alluding in any way to the delicate subject so long unmentioned between them. But Mrs. Thornton needed no friendly advice—with true womanly tact she perceived the advantage she had gained; and was not at all inclined to relinquish it. The dark gingham dress, linen collar and snowy apron, formed an appropriate and becoming morning attire for a housekeeper, and the table afforded the guest no occasion for altering his opinion in regard to the skill or affability of his amiable hostess. Early in the forenoon, Mr. Morton took leave of his hospitable friends, being called away by pressing affairs of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned to their accustomed avocations, but it was with renewed energy, and new sense of quiet happiness, no less deeply felt because unexpressed. A day or two afterwards Mr. Thornton invited his wife to accompany him to town, saying he thought she might like to do some shopping, and she, with no apparent surprise, but with heart-felt pleasure, acceded to the proposal. The following Sabbath the village gossip had ample food for their hungry eyes, (to be digested at the next Sewing Society,) in the appearance of Mrs. Thornton at church clad in plain, but rich costume, an entire outfit, which they could not deny "made her look ten years younger."

This was the beginning of the reform, and it was the dawning of a brighter day for the husband and wife of our story. Thus, habits of such long standing are not conquered in a week or a month; and very often was Mrs. Thornton tempted to yield to their long tolerated sway, but she fought valiantly against their influence, and in time she vanquished them. An air of state and elegance, before unknown, now pervaded their dwelling, and year after year the links of affection which united them as a family, grew brighter and purer, even radiating the holy light of a Christian home.

But it was not until many years had passed away, and our little Nellie, now a lovely maiden, was about to resign her place as pet in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early error, and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—disregard of little things—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness, she thanked her for those simple, child like words, which changed the whole current of her destiny—"Don't Pa like to see you look pretty?"

A Variety.

The New Agricultural Wonder.

[From the Germania Telegraph.]
The agricultural discovery of this age, is plowing by steam. After what we witnessed at the Oxford Park on Wednesday last, we regard it as no longer an experiment, but a *fait accompli*. The desideratum is consummated. The prairies of the West, and the plains of the South will be no longer subjected to the delay and the tedious labors of horse and mule power. Stalls of a hundred working animals and half as many men to direct them, will be no longer necessary. This mammoth agriculturist sets aside all these miniature playthings, steps in, and like a giant among Lilliputians, it strides over the broad acres—and seed-time is passed. Farmers ponder upon the fact, which we saw established on Wednesday, that when Fawkes' Steam Plow is in fair operation upon the prairies, where there will be little turning to and fro, *five acres per hour*, and from forty to fifty in a working hour per day, can be accomplished with ease!—But to details: When we arrived on the ground, the plowing for the day was over, the engine having just been withdrawn from the field; and we were indebted entirely to the courtesy of Mr. Fawkes for the opportunity of seeing it in operation. It was a gratification we sorely know how to express, because it gave us ocular demonstration of the success of an invention, which, first reaching us from England where it has for nearly a dozen years baffled the skill of the best mechanical ingenuity—must not only prove of incalculable importance to our country, but it attaches to that country the honor of being the source of still another epoch in the practical science of the world of no less consideration than those which have preceded it.

The engine is of peculiar construction, differing from any application of the power we ever saw. It is from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and of thirty horse power. The front part of the machine is guided by two wheels about one foot in width and three feet in height, working upon a king-bolt the same as in a carriage, with room for the wheels to run under the fore part, giving it the power to turn almost or quite within its own length. The principal weight of the machine is upon a large drum directly under it near the rear end, which is six feet wide, and about five or five and a half in diameter, thus enabling it to pass over even the worst portion of land with facility. The gang of plows, eight in number, each turning a furrow of fourteen inches in width, six in depth, is hung upon shafts extending from each side at the rear of the machine. The plows are arranged at an angle of forty-five degrees, and can by a sudden movement be

dropped for operation, or raised a foot above the surface in an instant. The machine picks up the plows and proceeds to any part of the field desired, takes its stand, *backs up* to the starting point, drops the plows, and sets to work very nearly as easily as a pair of horses can be managed. In the operation there was no straining or hitching, but the plows passed through the soil at the rate of *five miles per hour* with perfect ease. We measured the space turned over and found it to be *ten feet within a few inches!*

The trial was made upon a tough timothy sod of several years standing; and although there had been a shower the day before, the ground was hard, and in some places turned over in cakes. The swift, steady movement of the engine, and the beautiful manner in which the plows passed through the soil, each cutting its fourteen inch slice and completely reversing the surface, was one of the most gratifying sights we ever witnessed, and it afforded the greatest satisfaction to the assembled farmers.

The engine is under perfect control. It was run over rough ground, gullies, &c., and could be made to pass up a considerable grade. A portion of the ground in Oxford Park where it operated, we should judge to rise some six or seven degrees; and we are certain that it could overcome a higher grade.

In a word, we regard this experiment as a perfect success, destined to revolutionize farming in the West and South, where it will, in a few years become as common as the mowing and reaping machines. It can be operated at not over ten dollars per day, including every expense—is adapted to either wood or coal, and when the latter is used, half a ton per day is sufficient.

Two men only, are required to work it.—In the West from \$3 to \$4.50 is the price charged per acre for plowing; by this at least forty acres per day can be accomplished.—On the many one thousand to ten thousand acre farms what an immense saving in cost and time it will be! This power can be applied to many other agricultural purposes of nearly equal importance—to harrowing, (which could come directly after the plows, in the same operation)—mowing, reaping, (think of a twelve feet swath cut at the rate of five or six miles an hour, threshing, sawing, grinding, &c. We understand that Mr. Fawkes has many orders now on hand for his invention; but no establishment will be opened for the manufacture until the coming winter, and after he shall return from the Western fairs. The cost of this thirty horse power—the largest size that will be made, is \$3,500, which is very reasonable, and will be worth five times that amount to thousands of Western farmers.

We will add before closing this hurried sketch, that Fawkes is a Lancaster county man, as was Fulton, their places of nativity being within a short distance of each other. He is a tall, wiry country blacksmith, some thirty-five years of age, modest though confident in his manner, possessing a great deal of native shrewdness and intelligence, with a large share of that progressive element which impels Americans "ahead." He had but very small means at any time, and has expended all he had in the world upon his invention, with some nine or ten thousand dollars of a good friend who has stood by him from the beginning. It was to this friend that he carried the model of his invention in a handkerchief, and asked him what he thought of it. That friend examined it carefully and told him at once to secure a patent; he said he had not the means, when this friend advanced the necessary amount on the spot.—And that was the beginning of the beginning.

Mr. Fawkes was born a mechanic. It was innate, and he could not have resisted the impulse if he had tried—but *tried* he was by no means a failure, and still more limited means, enough to have damped the ardor of any common man in any of the pursuits of life requiring both education and money. But Mr. Fawkes is no common man; his unflinching spirit—his indomitable perseverance—backed by the mechanism within him—have enabled him to achieve that which men of the highest social position and of the most commanding scientific attainments, have failed to accomplish.

Success to Fawkes' Steam Plow—to Pennsylvania soil that produces a natural growth of science to astound the world.

IMPORTANT TO WOOL DEALERS.—The following is an extract from a communication of Jacob Haenchen, of Reading, Pa., who is vouched for as one who has had great experience in the wool business probably millions of pound shandled and sorted by him. He says: If wool dealers are purchasing wool without having a full knowledge of wool, they will commonly fall short in their calculations, after their purchase. All those who have any dealing at all in the wool, ought to be acquainted with these three distinct points, namely: they ought to understand, 1st, the qualities of wool; 2d, to know or understand by first sight and handling, on what soil the sheep have been in *pasture*, viz: whether on sandy places, or on clay and heavy soil, or on the mountains—this is the most important point to know—and 3d, to know which kind would turn out to be best to their advantage. After being washed (with liquor as it is called) one kind will improve in its quality, the other will lose by washing. And where as a fleece of wool contains from three to six different qualities I believe, and I am certain of it, it would be of great advantage to wholesale dealers to have the wool sorted before selling, and thus make their prices accordingly; and those engaged in manufacturing woolen goods ought to observe the one above mentioned the more yet.

CALMNESS UNDER PROVOCATION.—Socrates having received a blow upon the head, observed, "That it would be foolish to put on a helmet." On another occasion, being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed that, "That man has not been taught to speak respectfully." Many Christians might learn from this lesson.

"A Skeleton in Every House."

Some time since, an inquiry was made for the story on which was founded the saying, "There is a skeleton in every house." It is long since it has been in print, and it will be new to many who are familiar with the truthful suggestive proverb. It is found in Walpole's Circulating Library for August 26, 1834, where it was copied from Chambers' Journal.

A widow of Naples, the Countess Corsini, had but one remaining son to give her an interest in life. He was remarkable for the elegance of his person, as well as for every amiable and graceful quality. When grown, this young gentleman was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he became one of the most distinguished scholars, and gained the affection of all who knew him by his singularly noble character. Just as he was completing his studies, and was about to return to Naples, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Seeing he could not survive, his only care, so far as his mind was concerned, was for his mother, and it was his most anxious wish that some means should be taken to prevent her being entirely overcome. He finally resorted to this expedient. He wrote to his mother informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requested that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in Naples, or she who appeared most free from the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy that by wearing such an article he should be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather singular, but, being loth to refuse him, immediately set about her inquiry for the happiest lady in Naples. Her efforts were tedious and difficult; everybody she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. She was at length introduced to one who not only appeared to have all the materials of worldly bliss, but who every one marked of being cheerful and contented in her situation. This fortunate lady the Countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case an excuse for so strange an application.

"My dear Countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for if I were really qualified for the task, I would gladly undertake it. But if you will follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most miserable woman in Naples."

"So saying," she led the Countess to a remote chamber, where there was nothing apparently but a curtain hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton suspended from a beam.

"O, dreadful!" exclaimed the Countess, "what means this?"

The lady regarded her mournfully, and said, after a moment's silence: "This was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and with whom I was obliged to part when my relations compelled me to marry my present husband. Afterwards we renewed our acquaintance, and my husband, in his impatience, at finding him in my presence one day, drew his sword, and ran him through the heart. He afterwards caused his skeleton to be suspended here, and every night and morning since then has compelled me to come and view these remains."

"It is the world I must bear a cheerful aspect, and so I get to look at it as I do. Directly I see the split open about half an inch, and then shut up again; then I see it open and shut, and open shot, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'."

"Think," sez I, "what in all creation eat this mean?" "I know'd I'd got pinched in the split tree, but what in the thunder was makin' it do it? At first, I felt awfully scared, and thought it must be somethin' 'n' dreadful; and then agin I thought it mean't. Next I thought about haunts and ghosts, and about runnin' home and sayin' 'nothin' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be enny on 'em, for I'd never heard o' them pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz up my veins, and told me it ud be cowardly for me to go home, and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cum down and smashed into finders—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons—from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's jammed in so close that every time they breathed, they made the split open."

Our Creed.

We believe in small farms and a thorough cultivation.
We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore to be manured.
We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm rich at once.
We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a sub-soil plow.
We believe that every farm should own a good farm horse.
We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil, is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.
We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.
We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning-wheel, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.
We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work; and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whiskey till honest people are ashamed of them.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE "PRICE PAID FOR A GOOD NEWSPAPER is like seed sown in the ground—it brings back a thousand fold in value." This remark one who has evidently investigated the matter. Some people, however, do not believe it. They think a dollar and a half or two dollars a year, paid for a paper, is just so much paid for a prime necessity. A family without a newspaper—children brought up ignorant of the "world and its vast concerns" is a family where the light of this "full orbed" century has not yet penetrated. Would it not be well for such families to be pointed out to the missionary, as proper subjects for their benevolent labors?

HOOD ON.—A poet we wot of, goes on driving his sense of attachment into the heart of his loved one by the following tremendous motive power: "I love thee, and wrote upon the sand, 'Agnes, I love thee'; but the wicked waves came rolling o'er the sweet confession and lotted (out) 'Frangible reed! changeable sand! rolling waves!' I trust you more, but, with a mighty hand, from Norway's forests I tear the loftiest pine, and dip it in the boiling crater of Mount Etna, and with the flames dripping from the giant pen, I write upon the blue empyrean of Heaven, 'Agnes, I love thee!'"