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The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., AUGUST 31, 1859.

NO. 10.

Select Poetry.

OUR WILLIE IS DEAD.

"Softly the shades of evening come,
In the weary hush of our quiet room;
In vain we wait for a form of light,
With his boyish kiss, and sweet 'good night!'"
We've felt so oft at even.

In vain we list for the pattering fall
Of a childish step in the silent hall;
In vain we long for the loved embrace,
And one more look at our darling's face,
Our Willie's now in Heaven.

In vain we list of morning prayer,
For an infant voice accustomed there;
For our Father's "tis said with a choking sob,
But we meekly bow to the will of God,
For He doeth all things well.

Softly the shades of evening come
To our ravished hearts and silent home;
Hushed is the voice, and vacant the chair—
To Heaven he's gone and he beckons us there,
With him to dwell.

A Select Story.

THE PATRIOT COUSINS.

BY HANNAH M. FLEMING.

"Lydia, Cousin Lydia," called the sweet voice of a girl of sixteen, who stood at the foot of a staircase, "do come down and sit with me, for it is growing dark, and I feel so melancholly all alone."

As she stood listening a minute to ascertain if she was heard, a profusion of silky ringlets of a dark chestnut color fell back from her upturned face, leaving her sherry forehead and temples bare, while her lips, bright as the red coral when fresh from the water, were slightly parted, so as to half reveal the upper row of a set of teeth perfectly even and of a dazzling whiteness.

The door was opened, and the words, "I will be with you in one minute," was heard in reply to her request.

Alice returned to the parlor, and running her fingers lightly over the keys of a harpsichord, commenced the old ballad of Chevy Chase, in a voice full of low sweet melody, and of that thrilling pathos which showed that her heart was burdened with a feeling—some might have called it a presentiment of coming sorrow—which can find no more appropriate mode of utterance than in melancholy music. She was just concluding the stanza,

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase
Under the Greenwood tree."

When the door opened and Lydia entered.—Though equally beautiful, she presented in every respect a decided contrast to her cousin, Alice Dale. Of her mother, who was a sister of Mr. Dale, she retained only a slight remembrance. Her father, who had been dead only a few years, was a descendant of the pilgrims, and being a strict and zealous Puritan, had prohibited her from indulging in what he deemed the vanities of dress and those amusements, with which the affluent and princely Mr. Dale delighted to gratify his daughter, who had, like Lydia, been deprived of her mother in early childhood.

Lydia was taller than Alice, and the subdued colors, and in every respect severe simplicity of her dress, might in her case have been considered an advantage, as it failed to draw the attention from a form perfect in symmetry and grace.

Her black hair, smooth and glossy as a bird's plumage, and so long and abundant that had it been suffered to flow unconfined, would have fallen around her like a veil, was meekly parted over her forehead and then compressed into a single rich and heavy braid, which, gathered into a circular form, was confined at the back part of her finely-shaped head. Over this superb head-dress provided by nature, she wore a close cap, but of a texture so fine and transparent that the border which rested lightly on her brow did not conceal the delicate tracery of the azure veins.

"How many homes must have been made desolate!" said she, as if replying to the words of the ballad.

As she spoke, Alice turned round, with the tears weighing heavily upon her long eyelashes, and glancing the blue brilliance of her large, full eyes.

"It makes me think, Lydia," said she, "of that dreadful war which, though it seemed to me so heroic and inspiring when I heard of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, now it approaches our own homes, appears as vicious as it does cruel."

She was silent a few moments, and then looking earnestly into the dark, beaming eyes of Lydia, said—"Your brother—do you think that he will join the army?"

"I can have no doubt but that he will," replied her cousin, "nor would I prevent him had I the power—neither would you, dear Alice."

"But my father, Lydia—you know that his heart is with his fatherland, and if Randolph joins the colonists he will consider him a traitor to his king, and banish him from his roof."

She now approached a window, near where Lydia was seated one of the high-backed carved chairs, so massy as to be scarcely movable, and looked forth into the gathering gloom. The lingering twilight, while it threw into dark relief the roofs and the steeples of the city of Norfolk, situated at no great distance, cast faint gleams of brightness upon the Elizabeth river and the fine basin which forms the harbor of the city. The young moon, alternately revealed and hidden by the rich foliage of some maples, as their boughs swayed to the freshening breeze, had brightened from pearl to silver; and the beautiful star close by its side, which at first seemed sunk far down in the blue depths of the air, had now come forth and glittered like a jewel on an Ethiopian's brow," when Alice again spoke.

"Here is Neptune," said Lydia, as a large and beautiful water-spangle bounded towards the window, "and my brother cannot be far distant."

The dog having announced his master's approach, returned and accommodated his pace to that of a horse, which being white, they could now and then discern through the trees which shaded the lawn in front of the house.

Alice being assured that Randolph was coming, darted away from the window to a mahogany table, of a circular form that stood in the centre of the apartment, covered with a very fine damask cloth, and commenced arranging some small porcelain cups and saucers upon a salver of chased silver. She had just completed her task, when a tall, noble-looking youth, bearing a strong resemblance to Lydia Rennie, entered the apartment. He was in military costume, and the flush of excitement was on his cheeks. The dark eyes of Lydia Rennie sparkled with enthusiasm as she remarked the dress of her brother, but the tears started into Alice Dale's, as, laying her hand on the sleeve of his coat, she said—"Randolph, why is this?"

"Why, my dear Alice," said he, "I hoped to give you pleasure rather than pain. I know you do not wish me to look idly on while my companions are struggling for liberty."

"No, I do not," she replied; "but my father—he will never suffer you again to enter his doors."

"I am afraid he will not, Alice; and for some time I suffered myself to vacillate between what I felt to be my duty, and the fear of incurring his displeasure—not on my own account, but yours."

"Do you leave us immediately?" asked his sister.

"I shall probably leave you soon," he replied, "as the company I have joined hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment."

"If you had only waited till you were twenty-one," said Alice, "my father's right to control your actions would have ceased, and his resentment might have been less bitter."

"You deceive yourself, dear Alice," he replied; "it would not have deprived it of one particle of bitterness—and as the colonies are not striving for conquest, but national existence, it appeared to me as criminal to any longer hesitate to join the contest, even though in so doing I might possibly be obliged to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart."

"You have done right, my brother," said Lydia. "The time has arrived when a true patriot can neither doubt nor hesitate."

"Hark!" said Alice—"I hear the sound of horse's feet—my father is coming."

They all listened for a moment, and found that she was not mistaken.

"You must go, Randolph," said Alice.—"After what you have done you must not meet my father; and though the table is spread for supper, you cannot share our meal."

As she spoke she opened a door for him opposite to the one by which her father would enter.

"My brother," said Lydia, taking one of his hands and pressing it in both of hers, "remember, if our father were alive, he, too, would gird on his sword in the cause of freedom. May the God of battles be with you, and in Him be your trust, and you will neither falter nor faint."

"I cannot now speak as Lydia does," said the tearful Alice, "but—"

She could say no more, and covering her face with her hands, strove to stifle her sobs. He drew her towards him, pressed his lips upon her forehead, and then hastened from the room, for the steps of Mr. Dale were heard at the threshold.

Alice, with a strong effort to subdue her emotion, opened the door to admit her father, while Lydia, who had resumed her station at the open window, bent her eyes in anxious perusal upon his countenance. His mouth, firm and even stern in its expression when in repose, relaxed into a smile of singular sweetness, but the ray glancing from a golden arrow in his slight could not have been more transient, and his countenance darkened to more than its usual gloom, when, anxious to know if he had yet learned that Randolph had joined the army, she inquired, in as careless a tone as she could assume, if he brought any news.

"Yes, news enough," returned he; "Randolph Rennie has, in defiance of my known wishes joined the rebels. As it is a disagreeable subject, and one I shall not care to recur to hereafter, I may as well say to you now that all intercourse between you from this time must cease. Whatever romantic and childish feelings of attachment you may imagine you entertain for him, must be cherished no longer, for never shall a daughter of mine be connected with one who has proved a traitor to his lawful sovereign. I have been to blame, I know," added he, as he saw the distress of Alice, who had sunk pale and trembling upon a chair, "for permitting the son of a Puritan to dwell beneath my roof; but for the sake of a sister who was very dear to me, I have suffered him as well as Lydia, whom I strongly suspect of being tainted."

Here his words were arrested by the depressing look which Alice cast from him towards her cousin, whose presence—she having been sitting in a remote part of the room—had not noticed.

Lydia Rennie who from the moment she first heard that blood had been shed in the cause of liberty, felt sure that her brother would never endure to look idly on, had been gradually nursing herself for the present crisis. The anger which she knew that her uncle, as a firm royalist, would entertain towards Randolph, she thought it not unlikely would be extended to her, and the lips of her small firm mouth were slightly compressed, though her brow remained perfectly calm and serene, as his eye, following the direction of his daughter's, rested upon her countenance. But though she could control her features, she could not prevent a vivid blush from breaking over her cheeks when she heard her brother spoken of as a traitor, which still continued to burn and glow with an intensity which imparted a dazzling brilliancy to her beauty.

"I knew not that you were present, Lydia," said he, "or I should not have given such free expression to my just indignation against your brother as the feelings which consecrate the ties binding such near kindred should be respected. Though my doors are closed against him, you are at liberty to still remain as the companion of Alice."

"Am I to understand," said Lydia, "that you prohibit all intercourse between my brother and me if I remain in your family?"

"By no means. It would be assuming an unwarrantable authority to attempt to rupture the ties that unite a brother and sister. It is enough for me to prevent any new ones from being formed between my daughter and one who has forgotten his allegiance to his lawful king. One thing, however, I do prohibit, and that is any attempt on your part to fan the flame of his misguided enthusiasm—neither let this unhappy rebellion be the theme of conversation between you and Alice."

Alice watched her cousin's kindling eye, who more than once felt tempted to say that she preferred to seek some other home, where there would be no danger of her inadvertently overstepping the prescribed barrier, but the appealing look of the soft blue eyes of Alice, moist with tears, which were turned towards her, checked this impulse, and she meekly replied that she would, if possible, refrain from the interdicted topic.

Early the ensuing morning, Lydia received from her brother the following billet.

"I shall for a few days remain comparatively near you, my dear sister, as the company to which I belong has received orders to join the provincial troops, whose duty it is to defend the lower country against the predatory force of regulars commanded by Lord Dunmore, and also to assist in the relief of Norfolk. I know that in your present situation you will be subjected to much that is unpleasant, but for the sake of dear Alice, continue if possible where you are, and overlook what you might otherwise resent. I cannot but think that something will yet occur to overcome our uncle's prejudices, and convince him that America has rights that ought not to be sacrificed to the rapacity of her stern parent."

In this was enclosed a short letter to Alice, which, besides those protestations of attachment natural for a young and ardent lover, contained one sentence which caused her much agitation and anxiety. This was a request to meet him the next day about sunset at a particular spot which he designated, and as a motive to the requested interview, he observed that a battle was daily expected between the Americans and the British, after which it would be uncertain where the company to which he belonged would be stationed. While the duty and obedience she owed her father, made her one moment resolve to deny her lover's request, the next brought with it thoughts of the anticipated battle, and she could not bring herself to deny him what might prove their last interview. This reflection, as might naturally be supposed, when the hour to meet Randolph came, outweighed the colder ones which prompted her to the course which she knew would meet the approbation of her father.—She even forbore to inform Lydia of her intention, lest she should the secret of their meeting transpire, she might draw upon her a share of her father's anger, which might be harder to appease, and involve more serious consequences than she might incur herself.

The balmy September day was near its close, when, throwing over her shoulders a light silk scarf, she slipped into the garden, where, lest she should be seen and excite observation by an appearance of haste, she walked leisurely along a path which terminated in a thick shrubbery. She now increased her speed and soon found herself on the brow of one of the clustering hills that sheltered a green and lovely glen, where she was to meet Randolph.

The braided roots of oaks and beeches gave firmness to the abrupt slope of the hills, which rose like walls of emerald round the wild and flowery nest. She had somewhat anticipated the time named by Randolph, who was as yet nowhere in sight.

One less accustomed to roam in the woods and among the hills might have hesitated to descend the steep and winding path without assistance, but there was not a mossy flag nor a foot of level turf that was not as familiar to Alice as her heart's stone, and with light bounding steps, scarcely availing herself of the wild vines and shrubs that afforded themselves to her grasp, she soon reached the bottom of the glen. It was only at mid-day that the sun-beams stole through the leafy shade of the oaks and beeches, and fell like a shower of fairy gold upon the green moss, and threw sparks of silver over the tiny wreaths of foam, which a brook, as it went by with its low, sweet song, hung upon the sedge and bending spray. Now dim and unbroken shadows lay brooding upon the heart of this quiet glen, and the low murmur of the brook stole upwards and mingled with the cool rustling of the trees and of the luxuriant vines, which, loaded with the heavy clusters of the purple grape, hung in rich festoons from the bending branches and fell trailing along the sides of the green precipice. A giant elm, nursed into the fullest luxuriance by the moist soil it loved, had thrown across the brook its large twisted roots, which overgrown by the rich green turf, fringed with those golden-hued flowers that hang trembling on their stems like pendant jewels, and love to press close to the water's edge, formed a seat scarcely less gorgeous than the embroidered cushions of her own boudoir. The glen was to her the dearest spot on the earth, for it was here that she and her cousins used to play together in childhood, here that Randolph first ventured to speak to her of a love deeper and more fervent than that which bound them together as cousins, and where, it might be, she was destined to part with him forever. She had seated herself on the turf that covered the roots of the old elm, and as this last sad thought was gathering strength, she turned to a small opening of the hills, through which was revealed a portion of the sunset sky,

bright as a sea of molten gold and unbroken by a single cloud. Even the splendor of the sky seemed to her a mockery when her heart was so sad, and she turned away from a scene which at another time she would have contemplated with delight.

"Alice," said a beloved and musical voice—and looking upwards, she beheld Randolph on the brow of the ledgy and almost perpendicular descent opposite. The next moment he had swung himself over the edge, and rapidly letting himself down by grasping the wild sapplings which here and there had found root in the broken and rocky soil, he was soon at her side.

The idea of their stolen meeting sent a vivid blush to the cheeks of Alice as she held out to him her hand, which he received with sentiments to which the incidents of the last twenty-four hours had imparted a depth and fervor which can only find a home in the innermost and holiest sanctuary of the heart.

"It was not, dear Alice," said he, "expressly for the happiness of again seeing you that I have sought this interview, but to tell you of something I have heard, which I must confess, great as the confidence I feel in your attachment, has caused me much uneasiness. A British officer who has seen you and admires your beauty, intends to apply to your father for leave to pay you his addresses."

"And could you for a moment suppose that I would listen to them?" said Alice, somewhat indignantly.

"No," replied Randolph, "not of your own free will, though the officer—who, I think, holds the rank of a captain—possesses superior personal advantages, and, it is said, belongs to a family of wealth and distinction. It is your father, I fear, if he commands you to listen to him, will you have the courage to disobey?"

"I should not have the courage to disobey any reasonable command," she replied, "but in the case you speak of, no good parent will ever wish to enforce obedience. Though I will never marry without my father's consent, I will never be compelled to marry a person I dislike; and be assured, Randolph, that my father is not one of those who would jeopardize the happiness of an only child by pressing his authority to such undue limits."

"I think he is not," replied Randolph, "except for the gratification of his political prejudices, which to him wear the aspect of loyalty, and will, I am afraid, blind him even to the claim of affection." He then added, somewhat playfully—"You are about to be assailed with temptation—this letter will show you that I am not wholly free."

As he spoke, he took a letter from his pocket, which he unfolded and desired her to read. To her surprise, she found that it was written by her father. It bore the date of the day preceding, and its tone was at once conciliatory and earnest. Its object was to dissuade him from taking an active part with the rebels, as he styled them, in the struggle between Britain and her colonies, and in return for his forbearance, he would reward him with the hand of his daughter.

"You see," said he, when Alice had finished reading the letter, "that he does not ask me to take part with the British—he only requires me not to join in opposing them; and you see, too, the tempting reward which he offers to induce my compliance."

"Which, if you did comply," said Alice, "could never be yours. I have reflected more upon the subject within the last twenty-four hours than I have ever done before; which causes it to appear in a different light, making that seem criminal now which before appeared only as venial."

"I know," said Randolph, with enthusiasm, "that you were capable of viewing it thus. With such sentiments I can trust you, even with a British officer at your feet."

"Do you think my father is aware of his intention?" said Alice.

"I think not; but as he is—as I have ascertained—the son of a friend whom I have often heard him mention, he will undoubtedly be inclined to give him a favorable answer."

"The twilight shadows are deepening," said Alice, sadly, "and I must now return or I shall be missed. I shall come to this spot every day, for we have both loved it more than any other ever since I can remember. God bless you, Randolph!" and as she spoke, she held out to him one of her hands, while with the other she covered her face to conceal her tears, which the thought that this might be their last parting, made her vainly strive to repress.

Covering the hand thus resigned to him with kisses, a few whispered words, such as would naturally flow from the lips of a lover who was in daily expectation of meeting the foe in mortal combat, were breathed into her ear and then they parted.

Alice drew her scarf over her head in such a manner as to conceal her face as she hurried homewards, for she had caught a glimpse of the splendid uniform of a British officer through the trees, who had just turned into the avenue leading to the house.

After gaining her chamber she had barely time to arrange her hair, discomposd by her hasty walk, when her father sent to request her presence in the drawing room, that he might, he said, have the pleasure of introducing her to Capt. Merton, the son of an old and esteemed friend.

Lydia Rennie was already there, and her dress—perhaps from the contrast afforded by the showy uniform of a British officer—seemed to exhibit a more severe simplicity than usual.

The fair skin, blue eyes and light colored hair of Capt. Merton might have led to the supposition that he was of pure Saxon origin—and, in truth, his family felt proud of being able to show that they claimed no kindred with those who derived their descent from the haughty Normans.

His almost effeminate delicacy of complexion was, however, more than atoned for by his remarkably noble and handsome features, that wore that frank and open expression which seldom fails to inspire confidence.

Scarcely an hour had passed before Alice felt assured that it would only be necessary

to confess to him her attachment to Randolph Rennie, to prevent him from taking undue advantage of any encouragement which he might receive from her father as regarded herself. Before his departure, she even began to think that she should have no occasion for any confession, if such an inference might be drawn from the manner in which he perused the face of Lydia, when he imagined himself unobserved.

The next morning, soon after breakfast as Alice and Lydia sat together busy with their needles, Mr. Dale entered the apartment dressed in the uniform of a British officer.—It was the first intimation they had received of his intention to take an active part in opposing the Americans. At this moment, the report of a single cannon was borne by on the morning breeze. They knew then, that the anticipated battle was about to commence. Alice sprang towards her father and threw herself into his arms.

"Do not leave us, my father," said she—and as she spoke, the thunder of the distant artillery again came to their ears.

"I have pledged myself to bear a part in this day's work," he replied, "and it is time I was on the ground. God bless you, Alice, and you too, my niece. I hope to be with you again in a few hours."

As he spoke, he put aside the curls from his daughter's pale cheek, gave her a parting kiss, and immediately withdrew.

In the silence of their chamber, the cousins listened to the booming of the cannon, and beheld afar off the clouds of smoke that hovered over the battle-field.

"How dreadful!" said Alice, "for my father and Randolph to meet as foes!" and the heroic sentiments which sustained her when she parted from her lover, gave way before the terrible picture which this thought presented to her imagination.

It was not thus with Lydia. Though at times her face was as pale as the snowy folds of her lawn kerchief, and though there was an expression of intense anxiety in her dark eyes, no tear dimmed their brilliancy, while occasionally such a glow of enthusiasm lit up her whole countenance as made it easy to imagine, that had only her physical strength equalled the energy of her mind, she would hardly have shrunk—had not custom imposed its restraints upon her sex—from lending her personal aid in the struggle for liberty.

It was not till the roar of the battle had ceased, and the cloud of smoke that hovered over the scene, began to roll away, like the folds of a torn banner when gathered round its staff, that the woman's weakness asserted its claims, causing her tears to fall like rain-drops among the tangled masses of curls, which spread over her arms and lap, as the weeping Alice, kneeling at her feet, hid her face in her bosom.

It was not long before they beheld an American soldier hastening towards the house, and ran to meet him.

"What tidings?" inquired Lydia.

"The red-coats are repulsed," he replied, "and I have been sent to tell you that you must now make preparation to receive Randolph Rennie, who is wounded."

"Dangerously," inquired Lydia.

"Yes, dangerously," replied the man, "though his wound, which is in the side, it is hoped will not prove mortal. The blow was from our own soldiers, and intended for his personal aid in receiving it himself."

"It was your Uncle Dale whom he saved," said a young American officer, addressing Lydia, and who had come in season to hear what the soldier had been saying.

At this moment Mr. Dale was seen riding rapidly towards the house. A flush of indignation passed over the cheek of the young officer at sight of his scarlet uniform, and both he and the soldier turned abruptly away to avoid meeting him.

"Lydia," said Mr. Dale, throwing himself from his horse, and speaking in an agitated voice, "I owe my life to your brother, who will soon be here. He is badly wounded, but the surgeon says there is hope. Let us go in and prepare for his accommodation."

"Will you not have your own wound attended to?" said Mr. Dale's black servant, pointing to the sleeve of his coat, the scarlet hue of which was in several places deepened to a crimson by stains of blood.

"It is nothing," replied Mr. Dale. "I had forgotten it."

In a few minutes afterwards, several American soldiers were seen approaching, bearing Randolph Rennie on a litter. His own room was opened for him, and his uncle lent his personal aid in arranging everything necessary for his comfort. After being placed on the bed, he smiled as he met the eyes of Alice and Lydia regarding him with an anxiety which they could not disguise, and assured them that he was nearly free from pain, and that he felt persuaded—some, he said, might call it a presentiment—that he should get well.

Although near the commencement of the war, Mr. Dale never again bore arms against the colonists. Neither did he oppose his nephew's return to the American army, when his wound became healed and his health was re-established. He even two years afterwards gave the hand of his daughter, with every appearance of satisfaction, to his rebel nephew.

Soon after which he resigned his commission and returned to England. In a letter, which Randolph received from him soon afterwards, he said—"The moment hostilities cease I shall return to America, for I will confess—that you have doubtless already suspected—that your sister has my happiness in her keeping. Even she—little rebel that she is—would not wish me to raise my arm against my native land; but I assure her that neither will I ever raise it against hers, defended as it is by a fraternal band, who, though I once deemed them rebels, appear to me now in every respect worthy of the holy name of patriots, and are destined, I doubt not, to achieve the liberty for which they are so bravely contending."

Randolph Rennie read this letter to his sister, and the blush which suffused her cheeks as she listened, was deemed by him and Alice as auspicious to Captain Merton's hopes.

Power of a Mother's Love.
A writer in the Boston Times describes a visit to a penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment.— Few will read it without deep emotion:
We passed on to the ante-room again, where we encountered a new-comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had just been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement.
He was attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and careless appearance of a gentleman rowdy. He twirled his watch chain, looking particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. The warden read his commitment, and addressed him thus—
"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."
"It can't be helped, old fellow."
"What is thy age, Charles?"
"Twenty-three."
"A Philadelphian?"
"Well, kinder, and kinder not."
"Thou has disgraced thyself sadly."
"Well, I ain't troubled, old stick."
"Thou looks not like a rogue."
"Matter of opinion."
"Thou was well situated?"
"Yes, well enough."
"In good employ?"
"Well, so, so."
"And thou has parents?"
"Yes."
"Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles?"
The convict had been standing during the brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned, and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear. He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant. He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden,
"Don't you, sir, for God's sake, don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"
There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence prevailed the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict.

The African King's Verdict.
Alexander of Macedonia once entered into a neighboring and wealthy province of Africa. The inhabitants came forth to meet him, and brought their robes filled with golden apples and fruits.
"Eat this fruit among yourselves," said Alexander, "I am not come to see your wealth, but to learn your customs."
They then conducted him to the market place where their King administered justice. A citizen just then came before him and said "I bought of this man, oh King, a sack of chaff, and have found in it a secret treasure. The chaff is mine but not the gold; and this man will not take it again. Command him, oh King, that he receive it for his own."
And his antagonist a citizen of the place, answered:
"Thou fearest to retain anything unjustly, and shouldst not I also fear to take such a thing from thee? I have sold the sack with all that is in it, for it is thine. Command him, oh King."
The King inquired of the first one, if he had a son. He answered, "Yes." He then inquired of the other if he had a daughter and the same answer, "Yes," was returned.
"Well, then," said the King, "you are both just men: marry your children to each other and give them the discovered treasure as a marriage portion. This is my verdict."
Alexander was astonished when he heard this decision.
"Have I judged unjustly," said the King of this remote country, "that thou art thus astonished?"
"Not at all," answered Alexander, "but in our country they would have judged far otherwise."
"And how would you have judged?" asked the King.
"Both parties would have lost their heads," answered Alexander, "and their treasure would have fallen into the hands of the King."
Then the king clasped his hands together and said, "Does the sun then shine upon you? And do the heavens still shower their rain upon you?"
Alexander replied "Yes."
"It must then be," continued the King, "for the sake of the innocent beasts that live in your country; for upon such men no sun should shine and no rain should fall."

AWFUL CONDITION.—"Well there is a row over at our house."
"What on earth's the matter, you little-sarpint?"
"Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow's got a calf, Jerusha's married a printer and run away with the spoons, Pete swallowed a pin, and Lu's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles."
"Good gracious! I'll have to go over and see 'em."
"That ain't all, neither."
"What else, upon air