

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Table with 2 columns: Term (e.g., Per annum in advance, Three months) and Price (e.g., \$1 50, 75). Includes sub-sections for 'TERMS OF ADVERTISING' and 'Professional and Business Cards'.

The Globe

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., OCTOBER 26, 1859.

NO. 18.

Select Poetry.

"SUMMER IS DEAD."
Hush! tell not to the flowers and trees,
Whisper it not to the birds and the breeze;

knew how kind and generous he was—alas!
too kind, too generous.
"John, could you have seen Ellen's face
last evening, you would have trembled. Can
you make her unhappy?"

they had lived as soon as possible, thinking
I might help—some one! A presentiment
possessed my mind.
"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

A Voice From the Dead.
Silas Wright, in one of his excellent agri-
cultural addresses, says the very basis of the
prosperity and happiness of a nation lies in
this great principle—"make farming fash-
ionable at home."

Select Story.

"DOWN HILL."
A LIFE PICTURE.
Not long since I had occasion to visit one
of our courts, and while conversing with a
legal friend, I heard the name of John Ander-
son called.

Three more years passed, during which
John Anderson wrote to me at least once a
month, and oftener sometimes; but at the
end of that time his letters ceased coming,
and I received no more for two years, when
I again found myself in his native town. It
was early in the afternoon when I arrived,
and I took dinner at the hotel.

When I turned away from the cell, and
once more walked among the flashing saloons
and revel halls, I wished that my voice had
power to thunder the life-story of which I had
been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

Home.
Home; it is a little world; it has its own in-
terests, its own laws, its own difficulties and
sorrows, its own blessings and joys, it is the
sanctuary of the heart, where the affections
are cherished in the tenderest relations; where
heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs
over all selfish calculations.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The undersigned, Assignee of Jonathan Leslie,
will sell public sale, at the Court House, in the borough
of Huntingdon,
On Wednesday, the 16th of November next,

GOOD NEWS!

WASHING CLOTHES BY PRESSURE!!
After fifty years experimenting, the proper article has
at last been invented for women, in their hard labors on
the washing day.
"IT IS EVEN SO!"
Come and be convinced that we are ahead of every
machine in use.

EMANCIPATOR WASHING MACHINES.

We desire the public to call and examine this truly
LAWFUL MACHINES. It can be seen at our shop on Wash-
ington street.
BALL & PEIGHTAL.
We, the undersigned, having thoroughly tested the
above machine, take pleasure in recommending the same
to the public, assured that they will find it all that is above
claimed.

1859. FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

The undersigned, who respectfully call the attention
of our friends and customers, as well as the citizens
of the town and country generally, to our new and exten-
sive assortment of
LADY-MADE CLOTHING,
consisting of every article of gentlemen's furnishing
goods. We deem it unnecessary to make a newspaper
advertisement, being confident that our goods are just what
we recommend them to be, well made, of good material,

BANKERS.

A general Banking business done. Drafts on Philadel-
phia, Pittsburg, &c. constantly on hand. Money received
on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on
time with interest at fair rates.
August 17, 1859.

VIOLINS, GUITARS, SYMPHONIANS AND ACCORDEONS.

For sale cheap at
LEWIS BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.
BLANK BOOKS,
OF VARIOUS SIZES, for sale at
LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
HAMS, SHOULDERS AND SIDES
for sale at
T. P. LOVES.

MONTHLY TIME BOOKS, MEAT CUTTERS AND STUFFERS.

For sale at
LEWIS BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
The best in the country, and cheaper than ever,
BROWN'S HARDWARE STORE.
WRAPPING PAPER!
A good article for sale at
LEWIS BOOK STORE.

John Anderson was my schoolmate, and it
was not many years ago—not over twenty—
that we left our academy together; and he re-
turned to the home of wealthy parents—I, to
sit down for a few years in the dingy sanctum
of a newspaper office, and then wander off
across the ocean. I was gone some four
years, and when I returned I found John a
married man. His father was dead, and had
left his only son a princely fortune.
"Dear C—," he said to me, as he met
me at the railway station, "you shall see
what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a
lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that
ever looked beautifully or sang sweetly."
He was enthusiastic but not mistaken, for
I found his wife all he had said, simply omit-
ting the poetry. She was one of the most
beautiful women I ever saw. And so good,
too—so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved
John, that she really loved all his friends.—
What a lucky fellow to find such a wife, and
what a lucky woman to find such a husband,
for John Anderson was as handsome as she;
tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich,
chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble
and beautiful as an artist ever copied.—
And he was good, too; and kind and gener-
ous and true.
I did not see John again for four years.—
In the evening I reached his house. He was
not in, but his wife and mother were there
to receive me, and curly-headed boys were at
play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once
they were my friend's children. Everything
seemed pleasant until the little ones were
asleep and I could see that Ellen was
troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so
used to the sunshine of smiles could not
conceal a cloud.
At length he came. His face was flushed
and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped
my hand with a happy laugh, and called me
"old fellow," and "old dog," said I must
come and live with him, and many other ex-
travagant things. His wife tried to hide her
sorrow, but he saw these wild oats soon. My dar-
ling never can be a bad man.
"God grant it," I thought to myself, and
I knew the same prayer was trembling on
Ellen's lips.
It was late when we retired, and we might
not have done so even then, had not John
fallen asleep in his chair.
On the following morning I walked out
with my friend. I told him I was sorry to
see him the night before.
"Oh!" said he, with a laugh, "oh, that
was nothing. Only a little wine party. We
had a glorious time. I wish you had been
there."
At first I thought I could say no more, but
was it not my duty? I knew his nature bet-
ter than he knew it himself. His appetites
and pleasures bounded his own visions. I

He then led me to one side, and spoke as
follows:
"Dear C—, don't say a word of the past,"
John urged, shaking my hand a second time.
"I know you spoke the truth five years ago.
I was going down hill. But I have gone as
far as I can—here I stop at the foot. Every-
thing is gone but my wife. I have sworn—
and my oath shall be kept—Ellen and I are
going to be happy now."
The poor fellow burst into tears; Ellen
followed suit, and I kept them company. I
could not help crying like a child. My God
what a sight! The once noble, true man, so
fallen—become a mere broken glass—the
last fragment, only reflecting the image it
once bore; a poor suppliant at the foot of
love, begging a grain of warmth for the
hearts of himself and wife. And how I had
honored and loved that man, and how I loved
him still! Oh!—how I hoped—aye, more
than hoped—I believed that he would be
saved. And, as I gazed upon that wife—so
trusting, so loving, so true and so hopeful,
even in the midst of living death—I pray
more fervently than I ever prayed before, that
God would hold him up—lead him back to
the top of the hill.
In the morning I saw the children—grown
to two intelligent boys; and though they looked
pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed
happy when their father kissed them. When
I went away, John took me by the hand, and
the last words he said were:
"Trust me, believe me now, I will be a
man henceforth while life lasts!"
A little over two more years had passed
when I read in a newspaper the death of El-
len Anderson. I started for the town where

When I turned away from the cell, and
once more walked among the flashing saloons
and revel halls, I wished that my voice had
power to thunder the life-story of which I had
been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

When I turned away from the cell, and
once more walked among the flashing saloons
and revel halls, I wished that my voice had
power to thunder the life-story of which I had
been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

"I never," says a lady, "sent that message
to the door but once, and for that once I shall
never forgive myself. It was more than three
years ago, and when I told my servant that
morning to say 'Not at home,' to whomsoever
might call, except she knew it was some intima-
te friend, I felt my cheeks tingle, and the
girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly.
But she went about her duties, I about
mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a
convenient fashion by which I could secure
time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten
with the reproaches of conscience. Thus the
day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home
he startled me with the news that a very dear
and intimate friend was dead.
"I cannot be," was the reply, 'for she
exacted of me a solemn promise that I would
alone sit by her dying pillow, as she had
something of great importance to reveal to
me.' You must be misinformed; no one has
been for me." Here suddenly a horrible suspi-
cion crossed my mind.
" 'She sent for you, but you were not at
home,' said Mr. Lee innocently; then he con-
tinued. 'I am sorry for Charles, her hus-
band; he thinks her distress much aggravated
by your absence, from the fact that she
called you name piteously.' He would have
sought for you, but your servant said she did
not know where you had gone. I am sorry.
You must have been but longer than usual,
for Charles sent a servant over here three
times."
"Never in all my life did I experience such
loathing of myself, such utter humiliation.—
My servant had gone further than I, in ad-
ding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed
it out of my power to prove her by my own
quotation. I felt humbled to the very dust,
and the next day I resolved over the cold clay
of my friend that I would never again, under
any circumstances, say 'not at home.'"