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Select Poetry.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

The land of dreams is brighter
Than this dark land of ours,
Its cloudless skies are lighter
And fairer are its flowers.

Select Story.

THE JUDGE'S VISION.

The Judge was a hale man of three-score years, erect, white-haired, and yet handsome. Much thought and many judicial cares had lined the noble forehead with seams; but both age and care sat gracefully upon him.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSERVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

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this poor child! Twenty years ago I was innocent as she was within a few short months. To each you look pure and saintly, you, you ruined me. Though you stand erect among men, exalted above your fellows, bowed down to, eulogized and followed, you, you destroyed this sacred temple—you made it a den of thieves—you planted deadly flowers in its walks.

ing the paper down, "and God knew it all the time! God is never deceived." People wondered, also, at the change in the old Judge. He was no longer convivial. He gave no more great suppers, was seen no more at public festivals—nor was his name paraded in capital letters on great occasions.

He knows what it has cost, and springs up the stairs. Her trembling fingers rapped upon the door, and there is a smothered sound that bids her enter.

time without avail, it so chanced that on one occasion he went to England to see the Queen passing, and while witnessing the cortege, recognized in the features of a person present one whom he had known in his boyhood.

The words fell on the heart of the Judge like drops of melted lead. The figure of the shade grew yet more erect and terrible, and the deep eyes burned like never-dying fires.

One day there were two funerals. The Judge and the gray-haired drunkard were gone to their long home. One moment the deep eyes burned like never-dying fires.

Harry Brooks sat in the club room with two chosen friends—one of their number was missing.

The following was one of the late Major Noah's stories: "Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Thou unjust Judge! Thou hypocrite!" Still the covering figure of the poor street-walker, with its clasped hands and streaming eyes, waved before him. Did she hear the accusation? Was her soul stung to madness because of the injustice, the hypocrisy of man? It might be, for the tears came faster now, and the cheeks grew more ghastly.

Thus reasoned Harry Brooks, a young man of twenty, while endeavoring to persuade his friend, Miles Stanton, to take part in a raffle.

"Well, boys, what has become of Stanton?" asked Harry, shrilly, as he whiffed his cigar.

"Then I am safe. I have been out of employment about seven months; but I engaged to work to-morrow. I had been without food twenty-four hours when I entered your establishment. I will pay you in a week."

"Oh, most peerless Judge!" His white and cold sat the Judge, feeling that God's hand was upon him. He strove to speak in vain. His voice was hoarse as in a prison of iron.

"What's to be raffled for?" asked Jonas Childs, who, with two other young men, had just joined them.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Daily Mail tells the following, which, though it smacks of the marvelous is still touched for as true.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented to a caucus as an applicant for congressional nomination. The principal man of the caucus held his peace—he heard the history of the applicant, who was a member of the church, and one of the most respectable citizens.

"Oh, sir, it is the first time," she sobbed. "I was hungry—starving—oh! that I might die—die here. Oh! I am so poor! so helpless! so motherless!"—her voice was drowned in grief, and she seemed falling to the ground.

"Come, come, Miles, you mustn't let them think you are a green hand. Sit down here, and I'll initiate you, besides you are one of the lucky ones; only think now, of that beautiful box, that cost fifteen dollars—yours for a shilling—it is just that you should stake something."

Her family often kindly inquired, and even pressed her to say whether anything was weighing on her spirit, but she could give no explanation, and it may be added, as it will naturally be surmised, did not intend to do so till on her death-bed.

Use no reproachful language against any one—neither curses nor evil influences. Be not too hasty to believe lying reports to the disparagement of any one.

"Let the case lay over," cried the Judge, wiping his forehead, "God have mercy on us all!"

And he did stake something, though he knew it not, for there are fearful pleasures that cost men their souls! Oh, the peril, the peril of first yielding to sin!

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Associate yourself only with men of good quality, if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

"God have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, ever and anon, "I—a guilty, unrepentant man, to condemn those whom I ruin! Yes, in these high places of the world's honor, dwells iniquity. How many of these lawyers are pure men? How many are careful of the honor and reputation of women? How many are there who do not drink to excess and but for their sealed houses, their silken curtains, gold and a reputation, would be in the same gutter from which that old man was dragged? And I—Heaven help me! am a vile, accursed thing, I am a whitened sepulchre. Out of my black soul shall judgment fall upon my fellow men? Never again—never again! I have given my last verdict. I will rescue this poor child—this poor, humbled woman, who has never known a mother's love. Dream of vision, whatever it was—that strange revelation has changed the current of my life. I have no longer courage to stand before my Maker as I am—before men as I am not. God have mercy on us who make and administer laws! We are many of us rotten at the core, and we dare our Maker to see his face."

"Thrilling was that cry, awful beyond portrayal, the haggard look in that youthful face. The eyes shone bloodshot! How corded the veins of the brow, seeming like knotted screws! How the lips were blanched, the cheeks sunken, as he stood there, a young man of twenty-one years ruined irrevocably. Oh, the passionate cries that went up to God—but in them was no contrition. Convulsed in every motion, now he flung himself in agony on the floor, and now strode the room, his clenched hands raised above his head, his forehead beaded with great drops wrung forth by anguish.

And Alice, alarm in her gentle face, pushes aside the costly rosewood box (alas! she lit-

Break not a jest when none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous—the first to salute; hear an answer—and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

"Man," it said—and the tones who can describe? Who can catch the moan of the wailing wind among the pines? Who shadow forth the sound of the breeze that sings the dirge of the dead in lonely grave-yards? That voice was not of earth. "Man, behold thy work, and judge her if thou canst! Look in thine own heart, and then dare to condemn

"Miss," said the woman to whom the rooms belonged, "there's some trouble up stairs. I heard your brother groan, and he walks up and down like mad."

After having made inquiry for a length of

Count them. What? Why, count the mercies which have been quiet in your path through every period of your history. Dawn they come every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Lights, to tell you of your best friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting energies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you.

Usefulness of Diamonds.

Many persons suppose that diamonds are only used in jewelry—for rings and other articles of personal adornment, and that they are really of no essential value whatever in the practical arts. This is a mistaken notion; they are used for a great number of other purposes in the arts. Thus for cutting the glass of our windows into proper size, no other substance can equal it, and it is exclusively used for this purpose. A natural edge, or point, as it is called, is used for this work, and thousands of such are annually required in our glass factories. Diamond points are also employed for engraving on corneals, amethysts and other brilliants, and for finer cutting on cameo and seals.