The Globe.

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HUNTINGDON, PA.

EMBLEM OF FRIENDSHIP.

Beautiful ivy, though ages are sleeping,
And their mansions are going to decay,
Thou wilt never desert them, but still thou art creeping,
And creeping there day after day.

Like two gentle souls linked firmly together,
And bound in friendly esteem,
Though age overtake them, yet time cannot sever—
Their friendship is still evergreen.

Roses will fade, and flower after flower
Will wither when summer has passed,
But the ivy that clings to the old ruined tower,
Will cling there, and cling to the last.

THE RESCUE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

The incident about to be related, is one of many similar ones, which occurred during the early settlement of America. Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them, called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devotion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with its deep, still waters, flowing on between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright-plumed birds, of many varieties, are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river, at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls glancing out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which gave a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lovely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imprinted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with that unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother, and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction. She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return had passed away; the shadows of the tree are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Some times the woodman, in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandering for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger. Some times the wily red man, who yet lurked about those lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and, from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most wanton and barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in his cradle bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onwarn for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child, whom she had left alone, crossed her mind, and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity. Flying, rather than walking she reached the house, and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child nowhere to be seen! With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods. Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away its treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in peril—her child—her first born, and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened and surrounding objects became more indistinct, that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision, but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perish it must. Strong in this determination, she pushed forward, thoughtless of fatigue, and fearless of peril. As the night advanced, the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds, that seemed to presage a storm, and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night bird, or the prolonged howl of some beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts, and warning her of the dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight, can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear that we can scarcely persuade ourselves the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a fitful and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we for an instant, believe it the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters bent on a mission of death. Sometimes an unseen, low-drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two sere branches protruding from its side, will, for an instant still the pulsation of the heart, as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest; and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprize. She had traveled far, very far, for the darkness of night, and the intricacies of the wood, had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on the way. Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees, a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprung back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her steps sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and could approach without losing sight of it again. As she drew near, she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope and fear.

There was a large fire built of the dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage in the extreme; each with his painted feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude and hasty repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, and which riveted her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree, has the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale, and stained with blood; the infant's was covered by its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eyes? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips, and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings which cannot be described. She saw with a throb of sudden joy, that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side, and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirits were terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and devise means for releasing him.

The vivid light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw, with a thankful heart, that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to awake them; but she also saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope, in her wearied state, to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them. There was nothing, save the knives which the Indians wore at their sides. Looking more intently, she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner, so near, that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame, when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, re-assured her, and she determined to rescue him, or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared, in that case, an exclamation of surprise would follow her appearance, and rouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly to the back of the tree, place her hand upon the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of exclamation, and implore him, not by the slightest murmur, to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart, she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree, and accomplished her purpose. There was no time for delay, yet one instant the mother turned to look up on her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before, she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it wrapped in the slumber of death would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With a firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, she conquered the promptings of natural love, and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the sumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently, she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of her heart was so audible, she feared it would awake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, and glared upon her with a fierce and malignant expression; but this was mere fancy, for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand. With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child. To her unspeakable joy, she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips, she lifted it from its resting place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant—not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found, uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time they travelled thus in silence and darkness; moving as near as they could judge, in the direction of their home, and anxious to be farther, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile, and, as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell calmly over the woodman's humble home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visits the abode of man. How radiant with grateful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure closer to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon its preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer, breathed in that hour of safety, bearing up to Heaven the deep devotion of thankful and happy hearts.

RULES FOR YOUNG LADIES.—A Boston paper, no doubt versed in the rules of society in vogue at the "Hub," suggests the following memoranda as a guide to young ladies in their conduct: "Have a good piano or none.—Be sure to have a 'dreadful cold' when asked to 'favor the company.' Cry at a wedding, but don't faint. Always scream at a spider. Never leave your curl papers in the drawing room.—Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are 'engaged' if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentleman you love. Remember, it is vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go a shopping, be sure to take your ma along to carry the bundles."

Reading matter on every page.

The Passage of the Supplementary Reconstruction Bill--A Summary of its Provisions.

The Supplementary Reconstruction bill has finally passed both Houses of Congress; and has gone to the President for his signature or rejection. He will probably veto it, when it will immediately be passed over his veto and become a law.

This bill merely supplies the necessary machinery for carrying out the general plan of reconstruction adopted by the last Congress. It provides that, before the first day of September next, the Commanding General in each of the districts under the Reconstruction law passed last session, shall cause a registration to be made of the legal voters under that act, and who shall have taken and subscribed an oath to the effect that they are citizens of full age, have never been disfranchised for participation in any rebellion or civil war against the United States—have never, as United States or State officers, taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, or hold a civil office in any State, and afterwards engaged in rebellion or insurrection against the United States—and that they will support and defend the Constitution of the United States.

That, after the completion of the registration in any State, an election, of which at least thirty days' notice shall have been given, shall be held, at such time as the commanding General shall direct, for delegates to frame a Constitution and civil government for the State loyal to the Union. At that election the qualified voters shall also vote on the question whether a Convention shall be held or not, and no Convention shall be held unless a majority of the registered voters shall have voted upon that question, and a majority of those so voting shall have voted in favor of holding a Convention.

That the Commanding General shall appoint not exceeding three loyal officers or persons in each election district to make registration of the voters, superintend the election, and make return to him of the votes and of the persons elected. He shall then make proclamation of the result, and, within sixty days after the election, shall notify the delegates to assemble at a place named, and, on a day fixed, to frame a constitution. The Convention, when organized, shall first determine by a vote whether it is the wish of the people of the State to frame a constitution and civil government in conformity with the provisions of the act, and if it is, shall then proceed to frame the constitution, which, when framed shall be submitted for ratification to the registered voters of the State, at an election to be held by the officers appointed by the commanding general for the election of members of the Convention, the returns, as before, to be made to him.

That if the Constitution shall have been ratified by a majority of the votes of the qualified electors, the President of the Convention shall transmit a certified copy of the same to the President of the United States, who shall forthwith transmit it to Congress, if in session, or if not, immediately upon its reassembling; and if Congress shall declare the same to be in conformity with the provisions of the Reconstruction act, and shall be satisfied that all the registered voters had an opportunity to vote without hindrance or intimidation, and that it meets their approval, the State shall be declared entitled to representation, and Senators and Representatives shall be admitted therefrom. All elections under the act are to be by ballot.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

"THEM'S 'EM."—We often hear of remarkable cases of "absence of mind." Here is one equal to anything we have seen lately. The man was doubtless a very interesting head of the family:

"I say, cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamboat Potomac at Natchez. "I say, cap'n, this here ain't all."

"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it all O K according to list—four boxes, three chests, two band boxes, a portmanty, two hams—one part cut—three ropes of inyons and a tea kettle; but you see, cap'n, I am dubersome. I feel there's something short. Though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board, there's somethin' not right somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time is up; there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we are off."

"Them's 'em, darn it; them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot something."

☞In a certain Sabbath School the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things he told them that they all should be locomotives, each taking along his train to heaven. The next Sabbath, just as the school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise,—choo, choo—imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent and scholars.

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished superintendent.

"Why," said the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

☞A teacher said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you."

"Yes marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."