

# The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, NOVEMBER 28, 1855.

VOL. 11, NO. 23

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## A BAD SPECULATION; OR, THE DARK STRANGER.

### CHAPTER I.

"Ah, Angely, I am ruined—utterly ruined!" exclaimed Robert Wilson to his young and devoted wife.

"Ruined! why, Robert, what can have happened? I thought you were doing so well in your business," returned the wife, with the deepest anxiety depicted upon her fair features.

"And so I am, my love; but in an unlucky moment, I embarked in a speculation which has proved unfortunate, and every dollar I possess is gone."

"Why have you not told me of this before, Robert?"

"I wished not to pain you, love."

"I fear you have been imprudent; nay, I will not reproach you."

"I have hoped that until now I should be able to redeem myself. By risking a few hundred dollars I feel confident that I could retrieve my losses, and come out bright again; but alas! I have not another dollar in the world."

And the young husband looked anxiously at his wife.

"What kind of speculation was it, Robert?" asked his wife, as a slight misgiving crossed her glowing cheek.

"It was a strictly business transaction, rather complicated in its details, and I don't think you would understand it if I explained it," replied Robert.

"I can't understand an ordinary business transaction."

"No, my dear, I know you would understand it better than ladies generally would, but it is very intricate—very."

"I will not insist, Robert, upon knowing anything you desire to conceal," said Mrs. Wilson, with a gentle reproach in her tone—"but methinks a wife ought to know the occasion of her husband's sorrows."

"Forgive me, Angely," replied the husband, imprinting a tender kiss upon her lips; "forgive me and I will tell you all."

"Nay, love, I ask it not; I am satisfied now. And is there no hope?"

"If I had two hundred dollars, I feel perfectly confident that I should redeem myself."

"Is there no risk, Robert?"

"I will be candid, Angely; there is some risk."

"My own true wife?"

This conversation occurred at the house of a young New York shopkeeper. He had been married to a young, gentle-hearted girl only a year before, during which period they had lived in uninterrupted happiness.

The young wife had no suspicion that the clouds of adversity were lowering over their joyous home until her husband had communicated the fact. For some weeks, however, she had noticed that Robert was more than usually dull. Once or twice a week he had absented himself from her side in the evening, alleging that he had business demanding his attention.

Angeline Wilson, at the time of her marriage, was the possessor of a small sum of money, bequeathed to her by her father. It had been settled upon her so that her husband could not control it, and could spend no portion of it without her sanction.

The young shopkeeper's business had prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations, so that his devoted wife, who would willingly have placed her little fortune in his hands, saw no occasion to withdraw it from her uncle, in whose hands it was not only deemed to be safely invested, but was producing a handsome interest.

Robert Wilson was a whole-souled young man, without a selfish thought in his composition. He had married Angeline for herself alone, and had hardly bestowed a thought upon her portion.

But the "bad speculation" had worried him exceedingly. All the ready money he could command had been exhausted, and in his extremity, the thought had occurred to him that his wife could supply his wants. The idea of asking her for relief, was to a man of his high-strung temperament, so highly repugnant, that he only had the courage to hint at the service she might render him.

### CHAPTER II.

With the money in his pocket, which Angely had procured for him, Robert Wilson hastened down Broadway. At the corner of Park Place he paused, and cast a furtive glance around him, evidently much agitated. He thought of his loving wife at home.

He had deceived her, and his conscience smote him. She was all love and gentleness, and sincerity, and confidence, and he had basely deceived her.

Should he not return, throw himself at her feet, and beg her forgiveness? Such a course was certainly the most grateful to his erring, penitent soul; but he had made a "bad speculation," and while there was hope of retrieving himself, the demon of mammon within prompted him to sin again.

Turning down Park Place, he entered one of those gambling halls, which are the curse of enlightened America. Again he paused on the steps of the magnificent establishment, to silence the upbraiding of his conscience. The beautiful, loving expression of his wife, unguishing away the tedious hours of his absence in lonely misery, haunted him.

But the usual consolation, the oft-repeated resolution of the erring soul: Only this time, and then I will forever abandon the way of the transgressor," came to urge him on.

By the gas light in the street, he observed a dark form, closely muffled in the ample folds of a Spanish cloak, approaching the spot where he stood. The stranger paused by his side, glanced intently at him, and then entered the saloon!

He followed him; the hall flashed with brilliant lights, and the gay and fashionable of the metropolis thronged the scene. Men smiled as though the place was not the gate of hell itself. The old and respectable of the bar and forum, and the exchange, where countenancing, by their presence and example, the iniquity practised within those gilded walls.

Robert Wilson shuddered as he entered the saloon. Yet why should he shrink from a scene, in which the respectable men of the community hesitated not to mingle?

Poor, simple, young man! his soul had not yet come to believe that wealth, station, and the honors of the world can sanctify sin and hollow iniquity.

In an unguarded hour he had been lured into a "den of thieves," by a man of good standing in society—the importer from whom he purchased many of his goods, and who held his notes in payment of them.

He had hazarded a few dollars, though his conscience smote him all the while. He won; he was in the hands of those who were experienced in the management of unsuspecting dupes. He went away with his pockets well lined with the fruits of his unhallowed gains.

Inflated by the ambition to become suddenly rich, he went again, and again he won. The devil lured him on. With a firm resolution to abandon these visits when he should have added the gains of one more night to his previous accumulation, he went a third time. If he succeeded on this occasion as he had on the two previous nights, he should be able to pay the only note he owed. The prospect of freeing himself entirely from debt, suddenly and without labor, tempted him to engage once more in the exciting game.

But the gamblers had permitted him to run the whole length of his rope. On the third night he lost—lost all he had before won!

All his fine fancies were thus dashed to the ground. But the hope of freeing himself from debt, had taken strong hold of his imagination, and he could not so easily resign it.

Again he went, trusting that the chances of the game would again favor him—again and again he went, till all his available means were sacrificed. The gamblers' adroitness permitted him to win a few dollars occasionally, and thus his hopes were kept buoyant.

All were gone, but the passion of gaming had gained intensely as his worldly goods had melted away.

Uneasily he strolled among the gambling tables, now pausing to glance an instant at the game, and then hurrying nervously on again.

He had two hundred dollars in his pocket—and humiliating reflection—it had been given by his wife. He must be careful of it; he could hope for no more.

As he paced the gaily thronged hall he discovered the dark-looking stranger, who had confronted him at the entrance of the saloon, alone, at one of the marble tables.

The eye of the dark being suddenly rested sharply upon him. It was a dark, deeply expressive blue eye—it seemed not unfamiliar to him. The glance—he knew not why—riveted him to the spot, and he stood tremulously gazing at the stranger.

The complexion of the mysterious personage was decidedly white. His beard, jet black, entirely covered the sides and lower part of the face, even to the contour of the mouth. It was very long and curled gracefully down the chin. Over his head he wore a cap, from beneath which long, black, glossy curls floated down over his coat collar. In stature he was below the medium size.

### CHAPTER III.

"Play?" said the stranger, in a low, guttural voice, not unmingled with softness.

Robert Wilson involuntarily seated himself opposite the dark being.

With his gloved hand the stranger placed a fifty dollar bill on the table.

"Highest wins," said he laconically, as he pushed the dice-box over to Robert.

This was certainly an irregular method of proceeding—but it was simple, and in this respect was preferable to him, so he placed a corresponding amount by the side of it.

Robert shook the dice, and cast them upon the table.

"Twelve," said the stranger, as he shook up the box and made his throw.

"Eighteen," continued he, sweeping stakes from the table.

The next throw Robert won. The stake was doubled; he won again. Maddened by excitement he placed all the money he had on the table. The dark-visaged stranger, without moving a muscle of his brow, covered it.

At one fell swoop Robert was penniless again!

Rising from the table in a paroxysm of disappointment, he was about to rush from the scene.

"Stay!" said the stranger.

"I have not a dollar," replied Robert, bitterly.

"Your watch?"

"No," replied Robert, firmly, "it is my wife's."

"Your luck will change again."

The young man hesitated.

"Sure to change," continued the stranger. "With a desperate effort, Robert drew the watch from his pocket.

The stranger placed the amount on the table. The dice descended—Robert won!

For several successive throws he won, but staking all, again he was once more penniless.

The watch was put down again—it was lost! Robert was in despair.

"You have a wife?" said the stranger.

"I have—God forgive me!" replied the ruined husband, in a burst of bitterness.

"Of course, you love her not, or you would not be here," continued the stranger, carelessly.

"I do love her—as I love my own soul!" exclaimed Robert, perplexed by the singular turn the conversation had taken.

The character of the professional gambler was too well known to him, not to suspect that the dark stranger had some object in view in these inquiries. Those fearless tales of gamblers who have staked money against the honor of a wife, flashed across his mind, and he shuddered to think how near he stood to the fatal precipice, which might hurl him, in his madness, into deeper dishonor.

"You would have her know what you have done?" said the stranger calmly.

"Not for the world."

"Then play again, your chance is good."

"I have not a shilling."

"I will lend you."

"On what security?" asked Robert, trembling for the answer.

"Mortgage me your stock of goods."

"You know me, then?"

"No; you are a shop-keeper."

"I will."

The stranger threw him three hundred dollars.

In ten minutes it was all lost!

"The mortgage," said the dark being.

"Can we make it here?" said Robert, overwhelmed with anguish.

"No; I will go to your house."

"Impossible! not for the world."

"But I will!" said the stranger, sternly.

"By Heaven, you shall not!"

"Hist! you shall be exposed."

Robert was obliged to consent, and borne down by the terrible agony that preyed upon him, he conducted his mysterious companion to his once happy home. The clock struck eleven as they entered.

"Your wife is not at home," said the stranger.

Robert was surprised to find that Angely was not in her accustomed seat by the fire. Full of painful misgivings, why, he knew not, he hastened to her apartment to see if she had retired; there was no trace of her to be discovered.

Returning to the sitting-room, he found the strange gambler seated by the fire, intently poring over the pages of a book he had taken from the centre-table.

"Left you, I should say; woman are so tame," replied the stranger, sternly.

"Left me!" exclaimed Robert, casting himself into a chair, and venting deep groans, the anguish of his soul.

"The mortgage," continued the stranger, sharply.

"I will write it in my room," replied the young man, leaving the apartment.

Wiping away the tears which coursed in great drops down his haggard cheeks, he picked out a blank mortgage from his papers, and proceeded to fill it out. The task completed, he turned to the sitting-room.

As he opened the door, he started back with astonishment at beholding Angely seated by the grate, reading the last number of Harper!

"Why, Robert, I did not know you had got home," said she, rising and placing a chair before the fire where his slippers lay, ready for him to put his feet into.

"Always forgiving as the spirit of mercy—I do not deserve your forgiveness, Angely."

**A Grievous National Wickedness.**  
When we consider how happy we are in this country, how abundantly supplied with all the means and resources that contribute to sustenance, how well taken care of at home, how respectable abroad, how fortunate in our State and municipal governments, and how united as one people by the Constitution which was formed by the patriots and sages of better days—when we remember these things, how we marvel at the great wickedness of those vile fanatics and unprincipled demagogues who disturb our peace and menace our Union on account of the negroes of the South! Their inquiry is great and crying. These incendiaries do not complain of any burdens imposed on them, of any oppressions by which they are crushed, but they complain that negroes, whom their very ancestors brought here and sold to Southern men, are held in servitude; negroes, who, in the main, are contented with their lot, and abhor an Abolitionist as they do an evil spirit.

If these men who are seeking to break down all our institutions, and dissolve our Union, because of the bondage of the African race, were actuated by humanity, there would be some excuse for them. But humanity has nothing to do with their movements. They maltreat and oppress the free negro among them, and leave them to wallow in the mire of degradation, and to perish in the pangs of hunger. The very negroes that they steal, and make heroes of, are cast aside the moment they cease to be novelties.

When we calmly contemplate the wanton mischief that these men cause, the agitation they get up, the sectional antagonism they cause, and the great perils that they menace us with, we wonder at the great wickedness of man. Surely if great crimes call for great punishments, their punishment, like that of Cain, will be more than they can bear. May the curse fall on them, and not on the country.—*Washn. Sentinel.*

**AGE.**—But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passionate, mental, or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break down, or like the candle to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years; the ox 15 or 20; the lion about 20; the dog 10 to 12; the rabbit 8; the guinea pig 6 to 7 years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size.

When the cartilaginous parts of the bone become ossified the bones cease to grow. This takes place in a man at about twenty years on the average; in the camel at eight; in the horse at five; in the ox at four; in the lion at four; in the dog at two; in the cat at eighteen months; in the rabbit at twelve; in the guinea pig at seven. Five times these numbers give the term of life; five is pretty near the average; some animals greatly exceed it. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law for five times twenty are a hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches on the average four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**How To Admonish.**  
We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop, whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend, as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

**A YANKEE TAKEN IN.**—An ingenious down easter, who has invented a new kind of "Love Letter Ink," which he had been selling as a safe-guard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, inasmuch as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after date, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased 100 boxes of the article, and gave him his note for 90 days. At the expiration of the time, the inventor called for payment, but on unfolding the script, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.

**Ignorance is the mother of Superstition.**

**Beautiful Sentiment.**  
God has sent some angels into the world whose office is to refresh the sorrow of the poor, and to enlighten the eyes of the desolate. And what greater pleasure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother; that the tongue should be turned from heavy accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when we perceive that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little begin to melt into show-ers and refreshments; this is glory to the voice, and employment for the brightest angel.

So I have seen the sun kiss the frozen earth which was bound up in the images of death—And the colder breath of the north—and then the waters break from their enclosures and melt with joy and run in useful channels, and the flies do rise again from their little graves in the walls, awhile in the air to tell that joy is within, and that the great mother of creatures will open her store of new refreshments, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer; so is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourse of wise counsel, he breaks from the despair of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow—he blesses God and He blesses thee, and he feels his life returning,—for to be miserable is death; but nothing is life but the comforter. God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving song of relieved widows and supported orphans—of sejoicing, comforted and thankful persons.—*Bishop Taylor.*

An exchange says, and says truly, that if a young man wants to engage in a business that will insure him, in middle life, the greatest amount of leisure time, there is nothing more sure than farming. If he has an independent turn of mind, let him be a farmer.—If he wants to engage in a healthy occupation let him till the soil. In short, if he would be independent, let him get a spot of earth, keep within his means, shun the lawyer, be temperate to avoid the doctor, be honest that he may have a clear conscience, improve the soil so as to leave the world better than he found it, and then if he cannot live happily and die contented, there is no hope for him.

**No Good Deed Lost.**—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost.—It will come back again in the dew-drop or the rain—it will springle up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf.—Through all its formations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

**DAILY LABOR.**—God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend their time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were wasted creatures, and such as should never be accounted for—as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning; item spent upon my pleasures forty years!—These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away.—*Bishop Hall.*

**"The lazy man's bedstead"** is the title given to an article of furniture which attracts much attention at the Fair of the American Institute in New York. It is described as a newly-invented bedstead attached to the head of which is a small alarm clock, so connected with the bed, that at a given moment the alarm bell will ring, and, in five minutes thereafter, if the sleeper does not arise, the mattress upsets, and he is straightway, and without any ceremony, tumbled out of bed.—The difficulty will be in getting the articles into practical use. Will a lazy man buy it?

**A GOOD EDUCATION.**—That man alone can be truly called well educated, who possesses sound and general information upon a variety of subjects bearing directly upon the daily wants of life; and if for that kind of knowledge is substituted an acquaintance, no matter how profound, with subjects which do not bear upon the daily wants of life, the person who has received exclusively such a kind of education, is, we submit, anything rather than admirably educated.

**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—"When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations' all as noisy as our own have been swallowed by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the Shepard first noted them from the plains of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"—*Carlyle.*

The following advertisement under the head of a Wife Wanted, is in the Batesville, Arkansas News:

"Any gal, what's got a bed, coffee-pot, and skillet, knows how to cut her britches, can make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services until death parts both of us."

**THE FUTURE.**—How we sometimes yearn to draw aside the veil which conceals futurity from our view, and see what time has in store for us. Alas! we know not what we wish! Few, perhaps, would have strength to press