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Select Poetry.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH."

Oh God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunlight or in shade,
Her forests with their waving arch,
Her flowers that gem the glade.

Educational.

REPORT.

On the Utility of Introducing the Higher Branches of an English Education into our Common Schools.

The past of our country was involved in peculiar circumstances, and the position of our forefathers was such as to occasion indifference to education. Their attention was necessarily demanded in preparing the country for a comfortable home.

merely considered unattainable, are now taught by skillful teachers with entire success. The government has lent its assistance to supply the accruing wants of the youth.

We cannot reasonably expect that generation after generation will be satisfied with the same course of studies in our Common Schools; that they should, would imply great deficiency and unfaithfulness in the teachers.

The education of the people should receive, as it richly deserves, our earliest, deepest, and most unremitting attention. We should do every thing in our power to stimulate and perfect the Common Schools, and make them in truth, "The Peoples' Colleges," where the rude, chaotic faculties of children have been given to them, causing them to stand up, men and women, erect in the conscious dignity of their nature, with a culture worthy of their high powers and immortal destiny.

These considerations enforce upon our views the necessity of introducing the higher branches of an English education into our Common Schools. It would elevate the minds and purify the hearts of the youth, and indeed this period of the World's history demands the combined union and development of education and morality in every habitable portion of the globe.

We should ever keep in view the great object—the elevating, the strengthening and the purifying of the minds of the rising generation—and press steadily forward, being governed by the experience of the past, the wisdom of the present, and the wants of the future, until we gain the mastery over Ignorance, and fair Science sits enthroned in every mind.

The advantages, resulting from introducing the higher branches of an English education, into our common schools can hardly be enumerated. In the first place; it would dignify the condition of our schools and raise the office of teaching from a mere business to a profession, ennobling in its nature and worthy of high honor.

jection that can be urged against the most liberal system of public instruction, is its expensiveness; but if it were rightly understood, even this objection would fall powerless. It has been proven that universal education, at any cost, is so far from being an expense to a country, that it is an actual gain in dollars and cents.

If there is a close connection existing between the intelligence of a nation and its laws, it is no less close and significant which exists between its legislation and its wealth. Who can calculate the activity and enterprise diffused through the community by the operation of a single wise law, and the extent to which it has augmented the productive labor of the country, thus pouring untold riches into the lap of the nation.

Again, lastly, the diffusion of sound education of the mind and heart, among the members of a community would diminish the moral and social burdens which oppress society and exhaust its resources. The relation of ignorance to vice and crime in all their forms, is too well known to require any proof or illustration. It would have a tendency to diffuse christian principles, to strengthen the christian spirit, and to promote the christian virtues.

Universal education would also raise the aspirations, elevate the affections, improve the sense of duty, inspire a love for the beautiful in nature, and the sublimity of God's works, thus leading us to a longing desire for perfection, which alone exists in the Great Jehovah, and finally, to the worship and adoration of Him as our Creator, Preserver and bountiful Benefactor.

Then let us do all we can to perfect our common schools—the great fountain of popular light and knowledge. Let us combine to make education free to all as the air we breathe, and pure as the life-giving sunshine. Let us work on in the honest, courageous faith, that He whose sunshine causes the flowers to unfold their beauties, and shed their fragrance upon the passing breeze, will not deny His blessing to the seeds of knowledge and virtue.

AN IMPATIENT JURYMEN.—The District Court in one of the northern parishes of Louisiana was in session "twice the first day of the Court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined, and were sitting out before the hotel, and a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked: "Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this Court, for I want to go home; I left Betsy looking out."

A Select Story.

THE UNCLE'S WILL; OR JOHN CLARKE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife. She was a rosy little thing only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me." "Hush, hear!" "I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired, in a suitable manner."

"Now we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, through her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness just because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to Massey that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can get that new carpet; but we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke will have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp. "Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife; she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first rate." "Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'twixt here and the Indies—fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up. "Just what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly. "Well, that John Clarke 'll die on the gal-lows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will after that was Jenny's own. "No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do out the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy one, if it is small?"

"For once, John Clarke stopped the gossips' mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance and an upward one. Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying the track through his one little field. "A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought John, with an honest exultation, "well this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work "look out." He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro. "Massa says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African. "Thank him for nothing," said John bitterly; but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come right over to the shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, it's hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hun—"

"What do you suppose were the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with gold and bank-bills? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger or injury—thieves never would have descended to the one-horse shay. Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John!—or rather rich John—his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipage of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory.

"Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the glad tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"An' they'll know of it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings." They did know it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislature."

My Wife is the Cause of It.

It is not more than forty years ago that Mr. L. called at the house of Dr. B. one very cold morning, on his way to H. "Sir," said the Dr., "the weather is very frosty—will you not take something to drink before you start?" In that early day, ardent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth for winter. When starting on a journey, and at every stopping place along the road, the traveler always used intoxicating drinks to keep him warm.