The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

VOL. XIX. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1863. NO. 17.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 75	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (12 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two squares	1 00	1 50	2 00
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	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
Six lines or less	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
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Four squares	9 00	13 00	20 00
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Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, one year.....$5 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, Washington, July 22, '63.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank of Huntingdon, in the County of Huntingdon, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the act of Congress, entitled "An act to provide a national currency secured by a pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof, approved February 25, 1863, and has complied with all the provisions of said act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking: Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the currency, do hereby certify that the said First National Bank of Huntingdon, County of Huntingdon, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the act aforesaid.

In Testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and seal of office this twenty-second day of July, 1863.

HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency. (Seal of the Comptroller of the Currency.)

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

No. 1. *Large Family Wringer*, $10,00
No. 2. *Medium* " " 7,00
No. 2½ " " 6,00
No. 3. *Small* " " 5,00
No. 8. *Large Hotel*, " 14,00
No. 18. *Medium Laundry* (to run 1 season) 18,00
No. 22. *Large* " (a season) 30,00
Nos. 2½ and 3 have no Cogs. All others are warranted.
*No. 2 is the size generally used in private families.

ORANGE JUDD, of the "American Agriculturist," says of the

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

"A child can readily wring out a bushell of clothes in a few minutes. It is in reality a CLOTHES SAVER! A TIME SAVER! and a STRENGTH SAVER! The saving of garments will alone pay a large per centage on its cost. We think the machine much more than *pays for itself* every year" in the saving of garments! There are several kinds, nearly alike in general construction, but we consider it important that the Wringer be fitted with Cogs, otherwise a mass of garments may clog the rollers, and *the rollers* upon the crank-shaft slip and tear the clothes, *or the rubber break loose from the shaft. Our own is one* of the first make, *and it is as good as NEW after nearly* FOUR YEARS' CONSTANT USE.

Every Wringer with Cog Wheels is Warranted in every particular.

No Wringer can be Durable without Cog Wheels.

A good CANVASSER wanted in every town.

☞On receipt of the price from places where no one is selling, we will send the Wringer *free of expense.*

For particulars and circulars address R. C. BROWNING, 347 Broadway, N. Y.

Aug. 12, '63.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINE.

R. A. O. KERR,
ALTOONA, PA.,
AGENT

FOR BLAIR AND HUNTINGDON COUNTIES.

WHEELER & WILSON'S WHEELER & WILSON'S

THESE MACHINES ARE ADMITted to be the best ever offered to the public, and their superiority is satisfactorily established by the fact *that in the last eight years,*

OVER 3,400 MORE,

of these machines have been sold than of any other manufactured, and more medals have been awarded the proprietors by different Fairs and Institutes than to any others. The Machines are warranted to do all that is claimed for them. They are now in use in several families in Altoona, and in every case they give entire satisfaction.

The Agent refers those desiring information as to the superiority of the Machines, to A. W. Benedict, Joseph Watson, R. H. Tweare and E. E. Beitleman.

The Machines can be seen and examined at the store of the Agent, at Altoona.

Price of No. 1 Machine, silver plated, glass foot and new style Hemmer—$65. No. 2, ornamental iron, glass foot and new style Hemmer—$55. No. 3, plain, with old style Hemmer—$47. [Oct. 21, 1862-1y.

MEN WANTED FOR THE INVALID CORPS.

Only those faithful soldiers who, from wounds or the hardships of war, are no longer fit for active field duty, will be received in this Corps of Honor. Enlistments will be for three years, unless sooner discharged. Pay and allowances same as for officers and men of the United States infantry; except that no pensions or bounties for enlistment will be allowed. This will not invalidate any pensions or bounties which may be due for previous services.

For the convenience of service, the men will be selected for three grades of duty. Those who are most efficient and able-bodied, and capable of performing Guard duty, etc., will be armed with muskets, and assigned to companies of the First Battalion. Those of the next degree of efficiency, including those who have lost a hand or an arm; and the least effective, including those who have lost a foot or leg, to the companies of the Second or Third Battalions; they will be armed with swords.

The duties will be to act chiefly as provost guards and garrisons for cities; guards for hospitals and other public buildings; and as clerks, orderlies, &c. If found necessary, they may be assigned to forts, &c.

Acting Assistant Provost Marshals General are authorized to appoint officers of the Regular Service, or of the Invalid Corps, to administer the oath of enlistment to those men who have completely fulfilled the prescribed conditions of admission to the Invalid Corps, viz:

1. That the applicant is unfit for service in the field.
2. That he is fit for the duties, or some of them, indicated above.
3. That, if no now in the service, he was honorably discharged.
4. That he is meritorious and deserving.

For enlistment or further information, apply to the Board of Enrollment for the district in which the applicant is a resident.

By order of JAMES B. FRY, Provost Marshal General.
J. B. CAMPBELL, Captain and Provost Marshal.

Huntingdon, July 8, 1863.

☞ S. I. F. D. E. ☜
STATON ISLAND.
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO., Proprietors.

☞OFFICES, No. 47 NORTH EIGHTH St., PHILADELPHIA, AND 5 & 7 JOHN St., NEW YORK.

Our success in DYEING & CLEANSING GARMENTS of *Velvet, Cloth, Silk, Merino, De Laine, &c., &c.*, and SHAWLS of almost every description, is so well known that we only desire to remind our friends and the public generally, that the season for getting ready their Fall Goods is now at hand.

☞*Goods received and returned by Express.*

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
August 19, 1863.—3m.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Friday morning, October 16, 1863.

Letter from Rosecrans' Army.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting letter from our patriotic army friend, S. T. DAVIS.

HEAD QUARTERS 2D BRIGADE 2D DIV. 20TH A. C. INS. OFFICE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 28, '63.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Again the army of the Cumberland has met the rebel hosts, and again I am permitted to write you. It would be impossible for me to tell you how thankful I am that I escaped as well as I did, likewise, to give you all the details of the terrible battle which has been fought and is being fought day by day, since the 19th inst. I will, however, commence this letter with a short sketch of the movements of our gallant army, and the work assigned it, after which I propose to show that we have accomplished what we undertook—and again inscribed the fair name of "The army of the Cumberland" high in the niche of fame, and won new laurels for the banner of our bleeding country.

The work assigned the army of the Cumberland, was to wrest from the hands of the enemy, Chattanooga, the acknowledged key to the whole Southern Confederacy, which time will fully prove.

Our army was lying in the vicinity of Winchester, Tenn, and though as brave and well disciplined an army as marches on the continent, it was very small numbering only——thousand effectial men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. It was expected that we would be confronted by Bragg and Johnston's rebel hordes, but it was not expected that our army was to meet in battle 110,000 Rebels, the combined forces of Bragg, Johnston, Longstreet and Ewell's armies.

I start with the proposition that a battle had to be fought for Chattanooga, and that it was worth a battle. It could make but very little difference whether the battle was fought 14 miles South of Chattanooga in Georgia at Chatanooga, or at Atlanta. Suffice to say, that, after a march of 200 miles "Old Rosey" our gallant leader, succeeded in compelling the insurgents to evacuate their strong hold, and fall back to save Georgia. This was done by threatening Rome and Atlanta with the right of our army—this accomplished our army, moved by the left flank cutting the enemy off from this point and leaving it to our rear and centre some sixteen miles. The enemy finding himself thus decoyed, chose his ground—massed his combined forces and by 12 o'clock M. on the 19th of September, were in line of battle and the rattle of musketry and roar of artillery on the extreme left of our line told us that the terrible work had begun. Precisely at 1 P.M. our Brigade could be seen moving toward the left at double quick, and in a few minutes we were formed in double column at half distance, and in two miles, the 77th Pa., on the right. A Brigade of Gen. Thomas' corps in our immediate front had nearly exhausted their ammunition and had suffered severely from the enemy's fire, owing to the fact that the rebels had possession of a rise of ground thickly studded with tall oaks and saplings, thus enabling him to use his artillery to a good advantage while ours was of little or no account. Soon the order came to relieve the Brigade in our front which was received with a welcome only known and appreciated by soldiers. Here allow me to deviate from my subject and notice a peculiarity. The first impressions of one who never took a part in a battle would be that men would be fearful and have a downcast look just before entering the conflict. This is a mistaken idea. I have often rode the lines under similar circumstances, and noticed the steady step and sparkling eyes of our veteran troops and wondered how intelligent beings could get used marching and manoeuvering between the jaws of death with a martial air. There is scarcely a word spoken—all is attention. It is then that the true soldier's heart throbs for victory. But to my description of the battle. Our Brigade numbered 1100 when we went into the engagement. The order to relieve the Brigade in our front was received—the order to deploy into line of battle was given which was executed in as short a time as I can write it. To the charge was sounded—the Brigade we were to relieve fell to the ground and with a whoop and yell our little band of 1100 passed over the front line and engaged the enemy. Each man had 60 rounds of cartridge in his box and 10 rounds in his pockets, making 70 per man. "Stone River" was our battle cry as it will be remembered the enemy drove us on the 30th of December, on the right. We fought with scarcely any intermission until 4 o'clock, when the rebels finally fell back with a loss of many killed and wounded, and three pieces of artillery. We had possession of the rise of ground and had driven them three quarters of a mile. While the enemy lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners; we also found that our ranks had been thinned—that we had not repulsed them without the loss of many brave and good men whose names will be handed down to future generations and held sacred as long as Americans and American institutions exist.

The firing had ceased—the enemy had fallen back, and our part of the line was quiet. Instead of the shout of victory—the sharp zip of the missiles of death and the crashing of shot and shell through the trees—the groans of the wounded and dying felt heavily upon the ear. This to one unaccustomed to the appearance of a battlefield is one of terror. Such sentences as follows may be heard by the passer by. "Tell my friends that I died a soldier in the discharge of my duty." "Pray for me John I am dying." "Tell my friends I will meet them in heaven." By most who are not severely wounded, such expressions as the following may be heard: "Boys I am wounded, give the d—d rebels h—ll—I will pay them for this yet. "Where is the surgeon, I want to get my wound dressed; I think I can come back and give them a few more rounds."

We replenished our ammunition and assumed the defensive. Just as the sun was going down, the enemy appeared in force, in our front, and advanced with a heavy line of skirmishers. Our Brigade occupied the right of our Division, and the 77th Pa. the extreme right of the Brigade. Before the enemy showed himself in our front at sundown, it had been ascertained that the right of our line did not connect with the troops on our right by three quarters of a mile. The enemy's line was too long for ours, and in order to save the extreme left of our army from a flank movement, we had to stretch our lines too much. This was a period that tried men's souls, and every effort was made to fill up the gaps, which if left open threatened our Brigade with disaster. Troops were ordered from another portion of the line, to occupy the vacant space, but, alas! when they arrived the bloody work had been done. The enemy threw a heavy column on our front which we engaged and held in check until the shades of night had enveloped the contending forces in darkness. At this juncture, the enemy throw a heavy column around our right (the 77th Pa.) swept round and in the short space of three or four minutes, captured nearly the whole of our regiment, and the Fifth Company of the 78th Illinois, which was posted on the left of the 77th Pa.. Among the captured, is Col. Thos. E. Race, Lt. Col. Fred. S. Pyfer, Major Philips, Capt. Robinson, Capt. McDowell, and a number other officers of the 77th. Our regiment took about 180 men into the fight and lost 104 in killed wounded and missing. Many of those reported missing and captured after dark, are either killed or wounded, as they received a cross fire from our line as well as the enemy's guns. After the enemy had flanked us we fell back about 300 yds. and encamped for the night. The enemy advanced his skirmishers about 100 yards to his front from where his line engaged us at sundown. I must here relate a little circumstance which happened just after the engagement had ceased. I received an order from Col. Dodge, the Brigade commander to gather up the men who in the darkness had become detached from their commands. I mounted my horse took an orderly with me, and plunged into the darkness toward the point where the battle had ended, and was moving about cautiously, meeting here and there some of our scattered men, who I directed to their regiments, when it occurred to me that I was not far enough to our front. I turned my horse to the left, and moved further to the front. It was very dark, so dark that I could see nothing ten feet before me. My trusty Orderly was close behind me—I halted, doubted—and moved a few paces, when I was greeted by a streak of fire, the whiz of a bullet and the shrill report of a revolver on my right. I instantly wheeled my horse and drove my heavy spurs into his sides. By the time I had this accomplished, not less than 15 or 20 guns had opened upon us. My horse had made two or three plunges through the trees, when the trusty Orderly, who had got by my side exclaimed, "oh I am shot," and fell from his horse. My horse made another plunge, in which my sword caught on a sappling and almost drew me off the horse; fortunately the sword tore loose from the belt just in time to allow me to regain my saddle, when I made my escape with two nice little bullet holes through the capes of my coat; leaving my orderly and sabre with the rebels. While I regret the loss of Private Stephen Black, my orderly, as brave and good a soldier as ever lived, I also regretted to leave the sabre that I had carried and wielded on the fields of "Shiloh," "Corinth," "Lavergne," Truno "Stone River," and "Liberty Gap." Upon the scabbard was engraved the name, rank and regiment and the engagements—quite a trophy, for some rebel officer. But I was satisfied to exchange my sabre for my life or to prevent my capture, for had not the sword been torn from me the instant it was, I would have either been killed, wounded or captured. I am now without a sword. Believe I shall look to my friends to send me one.

On the morning of the 20th, we reformed line of battle at daylight and threw up temporary breast-works. At 9 o'clock A. M., the enemy attacked us with fresh troops and tried hard to storm our works. Our artillery was well posted, and we had plenty of it. Our brave boys were well concealed behind logs and stones, and delivered a terrible sheet of fire into the rebel ranks, which were thrown up to within 20 paces of the muzzles of our guns. I have seen a great deal of hard fighting since I have been in the army of the Cumberland. I have seen men shot down in great numbers, but I never saw men three deep before breastworks. Language fails to describe the slaughter, while our boys suffered but little. The rebels threw columns one after another in mass under the fire of our artillery and musketry. I saw whole squares of rebels swept away with grape and canister at one discharge of a dozen pieces of field artillery. At 10 A. M., while crawling along the works cautioning the boys to fire low, I received a contused wound below the right knee by a spent grape shot which partially disabled me, and the ball (which was the size of a large walnut with the hull off) not been nearly spent it would have taken my leg off. The battle raged furiously along the whole line. Our Brigade fought on the left centre of our line. The centre held its ground until near 12, when the enemy overpowered the right and left flanks when the centre was obliged to fall back, which though exposed to a terrific fire from the enemy was attended with little confusion. Our left (Thomas' Corps) and our Division which was on his right rallied and held the ground steadily until about 5 P. M. when Rosey withdrew the whole army back to Rossville a distance of about 5 miles. The rebels were too much crippled to follow. We encamped at Rossville in good order, and on the morning of the 21st, reformed line of battle and threw up strong works during the day. The enemy felt our lines on the left though lightly. On the morning of the 22d at 3 o'clock we withdrew from our works and fell back to Chattanooga a distance of 5 miles without molestation, where we now occupy an impregnable position. Our lines are strong and the rebels know it. Our pickets are within 25 paces of each other in many places along the lines. Thus the two armies have been lying in sight of each others camp fires since the 23d, and skirmishing and heavy cannonading occurs every day. So there ended the battle of Chickamaugua, Georgia. Out of the 1100 men which our Brigade took into the fight, 536 were killed, wounded and missing.

I now propose to return to my first proposition, viz: that Chattanooga had to be taken and that in order to take it a battle had to be fought. That battle has been fought, and although many a brave man was sacrificed, yet the enemy who had nearly twice the number of men that we had—and part of them the flower of the Potomac army was glad to compromise with two days hard fighting.

We lost but one general officer, while Bragg's own report to Jeff Davis states that he lost 14 general officers. Although we fell back on Chattanooga it was done in good order; true, we left the battle-field in the hands of the enemy, but I thank the good fortune of war we left it in possession of a shattered rebel army—those of the Potomac satisfied that they had not been "fighting eastern Yankees"—which is one of Longstreet's own Major's words.

The battle has been fought and who has Chattanooga? Rosecrans little army has it and they propose to keep it. The work assigned us has been accomplished and the Star-Spangled Banner floats proudly over the ramparts of the rebel stronghold. All honor to the dead whose blood bought the vitals of the "Confederacy;" and a continual hell on earth to Copperheads and "peace" Democrats. By the blessing of God I hope to live to see the day when every tory will bear the brand of traitor on both cheeks and be scoffed at by the civilized world. I have a young brother at home who will some day take my place. I trust that you will train him up a true American—that you will instill into his mind the following precepts: his God first, his country all the time:—teach him that a traitor to his country is only worthy of all the disgrace that can be heaped upon him. Explain to him that a "peace" Democrat is a man who is in the first place a dastardly coward—a poor, unprincipled wretch, unworthy the protection of his country's flag, and far beneath the notice of those who adhere to the principles of our Revolutionary fathers, who established the only truly good, great, and happy Government on the face of the globe.

I have not time to write you more. What I have written has been done in haste, but in conclusion allow me to say that so long as the civil laws of our land—ah! the land of Penn—imprisons men for putting down treason, so long will the military operate under disadvantages. And I pledge you my word of honor as an American soldier, that revenge is sweet and it *shall be mine.* Remember what I write you.—There is a day coming when it will be my time to appear as a civilian, and by the eternal gods, some Copperheads—dicty, insignificant traitors—who, out of fear of being brought to the field of battle, announced themselves as being opposed to the war and conscientiously opposed to sustaining the banner of their country, and the emblem of their greatness. Tell all traitors that my name is Samuel T. Davis; that I am their eternal enemy both in this and the world to come; that hell is full of such men as they are, and that the devil is anxiously awaiting their arrival. SAML. T. DAVIS.

THE following communication was mislaid or it would have been published last week:

EAST BARREE, Oct. 5, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—As I see from the perusal of your valuable columns, from week to week, that there are communications from the army, and from the East and West, and from writers in your own town, I thought perhaps a few words from our part of the county would not be amiss, unless it might be construed into contraband of war. I will try, however, to say nothing that would convict me without the *habeas corpus.* As I am no writer I will merely try to give you passing events as they may occur to me and you will pardon me if I should weary your good nature. The farmers generally have finished seeding, and the grain begins to grow again. I have often thought this to be the gloomiest season of the year. The frost has ripened the corn, and also blighted vegetation. Autumn is again upon us, and the surrounding hill tops and woody vales are beginning to wear the aspect of the sear and golden leaf. Soon the old oak will be robbed of its foliage, and its brawny limbs exposed to chill Winter's *stormy* blast, and the lovely flower robbed of its fragrance and will crumble and die 'neath the clods of the valley, warning frail mortals to be always ready. Nature will then assume the gloom of loneliness.—But pardon me, I was lengthening my paragraph; I must proceed to tell you the news according to promise.

There was a Sunday School Festival at Manor Hill a few days ago, which I am happy to say was indeed a grand affair. The children, teachers, and everybody else, collected at the M. E. Church with their baskets of good things, and after listening to an able address by Rev. Smith, did some beautiful singing; then proceeded to Mr. Ewing's grove, and there spread their bountiful tables and invited all to partake of the luxuries spread before them. The youth were there in grand profusion, the middle-aged and the aged, each one trying to enjoy themselves in the best manner possible. Nature crowned their table with her rich autumnal fruits, and the kind hands of loving mothers had each vied with each other which could make their little ones the most happy, and the little ones seemed to think all is ours. The teachers and superintendents were also there, each attending to the wants of their little ones, feeling that in the discharge of their respective duties the smiles of kind Heaven would rest upon them. After enjoying themselves till late in the day all seemed to regret that the day was over, but feeling that duty called *them to separate,* each feeling that theirs was a festive day long to be remembered. Thus passed one of the most memorable days Old Manor ever boasted of.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

The year that is drawing to its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign States, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict. While that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union The needful diversions of wealth and strength, from the fields of peaceful industry, to the national defence, have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. The population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege and the battlefield, and the country, rejoicing in the conscientiousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect a continuance of years, with a large increase of freedom no human counsel hath designed. Notwithstanding the mortal hand had worked on these great things, they are gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people. I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in all parts of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday in November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father who dwelth reside in the heavens, and I recommend them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perversness and disobedience commend to his tender care all those who have become widows and orphans or suffering in the civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to preserve the health of the nation and to restore it, as soon as it may be consistent with the divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquility and Union.

In testimony wherof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this third day of October, in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

A. LINCOLN.

WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

Order by General Grant,

General Grant has issued the following order in relation to titles to property in Vicksburg:

H. Q. DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE, VICKSBURG, Sept. 28, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 266.—A military commission is hereby appointed to meet at Vicksburg, Miss., on the first day of October, 1863, or as soon thereafter as practicable, to examine into the claims of owners of property in Vicksburg, Miss., and report their right to possession of the same. The commission may take the testimony of loyal citizens of this place for the purpose of better ascertaining the true ownership of property and the character of the owners. All property owned by parties decided to be disloyal to the Government will be condemned to the use of the United States. Widows who have male friends in their family in the Southern army or otherwise assisting the rebellion will be entitled to be placed in possession of their property; or in case it is necessary for the use of the Government, to receive rent for the same on taking oath to future loyalty to the Government. All other citizens who can show loyalty to the Government, or that they have given neither aid nor countenance to the rebellion voluntarily, or who have voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance to the Government prior to the date of this order, and since Federal occupation, will be entitled to the same restoration of their property.

The following is the detail for the commission: Brigadier General M. D. Leggett, United States Volunteers; Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Howe, 125th Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers; Captain Chauncey Black, 17th Regiment Infantry Volunteers.

By order of U. S. GRANT, Major General.

JOHN A. RAWLINS, Brigadier General and A. A. G.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the county, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as

HAND BILLS,
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BLANKS,
POSTERS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BALL TICKETS,
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LABELS, &C., &C., &C.

CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK,
AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

S. B. CHENEY, Editor,
To whom all communications on the subject of Education should be addressed.

The Teacher.

"Who is the teacher of our school?" is an interrogation very frequently put to the parent by the little ones seated around the fireside at this season of the year.

They know, by some means, that their district is entitled to three or four months school in the year and that is "kept" in the winter so that the big boys can have an opportunity to go. Well, the father says, such a man is to take charge of their school, and he hopes he will make them mind what he says by making good use of the "birch."

The teacher comes and takes charge of the school. At the close of the day the little ones are again around the fireside, not to question but be questioned. The father is eager to know whether the rod, the great auxiliary in "school-keeping," has been brought into use, and whether such a neighbor's children were there, and whether they got a whipping the "first day of school." If they did, and his children did not, then they have a good master, who knows when children need whipping. Not a word has been said concerning the mode of instruction or whether any new books are required by the little ones, who have never been taught that there was any intrinsic value in books, but that it would not look well to go to school without them.

He is now satisfied that they have a good master, and one who he trusts will keep on the right side of *his* children, and apply the rod freely to all who need it, for he knows his children will not need it.

Now, the above picture is not merely an imaginary one, but such a one as has been too often witnessed in many parts of our country.

Whose fault is it that such a state of things exists? Not the father's, who questioned and decided as above; but the man who takes charge of the school. That old father, perhaps, never was at school a day in his life, and why should he know anything of the proper workings of a school "kept" on scientific principles? Why should he know but that the old books are the very things that his children need?—But if on the other hand his child had come home at the close of the first day's school with a smile on his countenance, overjoyed with the happy time spent during the day with the new teacher, saying that he was so kind and good, and told them so many nice things about what they were going to do during the time he hoped to spend so pleasantly with them, and that he hoped their parents would be kind enough to get them such a book, for it was just the one they would need, and that they would all be good children and study hard to improve their minds so that they might become useful men and women, his questions would have been different. They never heard so much kindness from a teacher in their lives, and of course they are delighted. If the teacher is the right kind of a man, and the child's heart is made glad by being in his presence, the father will be likely to go and see why it is that his child talks so much of school and of his books.

The teacher has the character of the school in his hands, and if it is to become an interesting one he must make it so. If the patrons of the school over raise his salary he must show them by his zeal in the cause of education that he is worthy of a larger salary. If he would have the number of months in the term of school increased he must improve what there now is, for the shorter the term the better, when that man is the teacher who has just taken charge of the school for the sake of making a little money through the rough weather in the winter. In a word the teachers are responsible for the character of our schools and the length of term they are kept open, and whenever they feel that responsibility, our schools will be what they should be and not till then.

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