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THE GLOBE. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1863. VOL. XIX. NO. 18. TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. No. 1. Large Family Winger, \$10.00. No. 2. Medium " " 7.00. No. 3. Small " " 5.00. No. 4. Large Hotel, " 14.00. No. 5. Medium Laundry (for use) 18.00. No. 6. Large " " 20.00. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 have no Cogs. All others are warranted.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE. R. A. O. KERR, ALTOONA, PA., AGENT. FOR BLAIR AND HUNTINGDON COUNTIES.

MEN WANTED FOR THE INVALID COURTS. Only those faithful address who, from wounds or the lameness of age are no longer fit for active field duty, will be received in this Corps of Honor.

S. I. F. D. E. STATION ISLAND. FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT. BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO., Proprietors.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO., August 19, 1863.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1863. VOL. XIX. NO. 18. TERMS, \$1.50 a year in advance.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA. FALTER NOT.

Men of thought and men of action, Look aloft, and never tire; Still on Freedom's trembling altar Fan the smothered fire.

Keep her lattered pennon streaming, Angels will its beauty mend; And its stars enroll the fairer Ere the battle end.

Let the world the lesson learn, That her friends are men of prayer; And the hosts that wear her armor Never know despair.

That the tanness and the quiet Of their tents and resting forms, Is the lightning gathering storm, That heralds Summer storms.

Not for fame, nor guilty Mammon— Not for power nor trachorous plan— Move we to this holy warfare For the Rights of Man:

body at almost triangles with the cliff, his hands grasping the rope or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged, he had got about a hundred feet from the top, when suddenly slipping from the top, his chest and face were thrown violently against it. He endeavored to regain his footing against the rocks, and in doing so broke through a resolution he had formed and looked beneath him. It was a rare sight, that, for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far, far below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which he had trusted himself, where was it now? He was about to pull the rope, but he thought of his poor wife and sister, and that was enough. On he went. To regain his footing was impossible. My father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and with his face to the cliff, his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed, enveloped in a shroud of stones and chalk which he had no strength to avoid, gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slid down for another one of the most terrible descents he had ever known.

Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope, and surmising from his own experience, that the rope was raised it a few feet and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From that moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch, and he was in the cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his foot touched it; he felt he must either swim or drown. He was in a moment, the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devil had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She uttered a shriek, and her hands, which she had been using to steady herself, were raised in prayer, and her eyes, which she had been using to steady herself, were raised in prayer, and her eyes, which she had been using to steady herself, were raised in prayer.

The Samphire Gatherer's Story. "It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended." "How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least 600 feet deep.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale runs thus: At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff, under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Mr. Clements was then returning home along the coast from the then retired but now fashionable town of this island, when he recognized a boat a mile from shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sisters were in the habit of passing hours in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all his doubts removed as to their identity; and he hurriedly hastened to the spot where he had first observed them, found to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been wandering on the rocks beneath the cliff. To approach by sea, on either side, in time to rescue them from their impending danger, was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction seemed inevitable.

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 an extraordinary nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God.

A Brave Man's Last Words. Letter from Spencer Kellogg Brown. The Utica Herald publishes the following letter from Spencer Kellogg Brown, who was executed as a spy by the Rebels, the last he ever wrote, addressed to his parents in that city: "Dear Father: By permission and through the courtesy of Capt. Alexander, I am enabled to write you a few lines. You who before this have heard from me in regard to my situation here, can I trust bear it when I tell you that my days on earth are soon ended. Last Saturday I was court-martialed, and this evening, a short time since, I received notice of my sentence, by Captain Alexander, who has since shown to me every kindness consistent with his duty.

Disloyal Irishmen. Those true and loyal Irishmen who stood by their country on last Tuesday should be remembered with cordial affection by the countrymen of their Countrymen. They were the great mass of the Irish voted against the cause. They followed willingly the exhortations of the Copperheads, and they were the cause of the country that adopted them as citizens.

THE MORMON IMMIGRATION.—The Deseret News of September 15th notices the arrival of several immigrant trains, conveying several hundred persons each, consisting principally of ox teams, and are from 60 to 70 days in making the journey from Florence Nebraska, to Salt Lake City. The season had been remarkably dry on the plains, and the hardships and the loss of stock have been much larger than usual. Considerable sickness has prevailed among the immigrants, and the loss of cattle has been large.

THE MILITARY COMMANDER OF BALTIMORE has a novel mode of punishing offenders. Those who sell liquor to soldiers are paraded through the streets with placards attached to their persons, bearing the inscription, "I sold liquor to the soldiers." "On Tuesday last, a detective of deserteers caused the arrest of a man named Schell for disloyalty, and it subsequently appeared that Schell was one of the pickets of the South in the first of November. The returned missionaries report unexampled success in the disorganization of Mormonism in the Old World.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. Entire failures in school-keeping, such as become public, are indeed few. On the other hand, instances of complete success are quite as few. A large proportion of our teachers are approved by Superintendents, begin their schools, complete their term of service and secure their wages, and yet, if the whole truth was known, many have failed. We look in vain for evidence of good results, but the evil is more apparent. And why these failures?—This question is of great importance to all interested in the welfare of our schools. We will attempt to answer it.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. Many fail, because they have no natural fitness for the employment. They may have talents and attainments that qualify them for some other sphere, but they cannot manage and teach a school successfully. They lack the ability, and all the training of our best normal schools would fail to fit them for the work of the teacher. They have no aptness for the business, no love for children, no patience or sympathy with them, no self-control, no enthusiasm awakened by the importance and dignity of their profession.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. Some fail for want of suitable qualifications. They may understand the branches required to be taught and pass a good examination in them; but they have not learned the art of managing and teaching; they are not professionally educated, and many of them have never read a single book on practical teaching, nor an educational journal. Would a man who has never seen the ocean, nor been on board a vessel, be appointed captain simply because he understands Arithmetic, Geography, and Grammar? Would it not be necessary for him to understand Navigation at least before he assumes so important a command? And can the teacher hope for success who knows nothing of the navigation of the school room.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. Some fail for want of professional interest. They may have superior literary qualifications and understand both the art and science of Teaching; but their attention is absorbed in some other pursuit. They teach for the pay and expect to be employed only for a term or two, and hence, have lost all the enthusiasm of the true teacher and all of course.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. Some fail for want of co-operation parents. These parents manifest no interest in the school, except, perhaps, to criticize and abuse the teacher for some fancied wrong. They indulge their children in tardiness and frequent absences from school; they have not provided them with a suitable school-room, books nor apparatus; in a word, all their influence favors irregularity and disorder. A successful school under such circumstances, is impossible, and unless the teacher has power to correct these abuses, it is all in vain.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. And what shall prevent these failures and improve our schools? Let those who find that they have no love for the business, no ability to govern, no aptness to teach, at once leave the school-room and seek employment in some other calling. Let those who have no professional knowledge, embrace every opportunity to profit by the experience of others.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL. To this end, let them attend every institute and teachers' meeting that occurs within their reach; let them procure a teacher's library and take some school journal. Let those who feel no interest, seek more congenial employment. "Why lumber they the ground?" And let all strive to awaken an interest among parents and to secure their co-operation. The true teacher can do it. Let us remember the importance and dignity of our profession and honor it by improving ourselves. —B. V. Journal.

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EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

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

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