The Globe.

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

VOL. XIX. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1863. NO. 21.

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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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 steam or hand) 18,00
No. 22. *Large* " (to run steam or hand) 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 tubfull of clothes in a few minutes. It is in reality a CLOTHES SAVER! A TIME SAVER! and a STRONG SAVER! The saving of garments will alone pay a large percentage 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,
34 Broadway, N. Y.

Aug. 12, '63.

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 allowance same as for officers and men of the United States infantry; except that no premium 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 he 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. D. 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 12, 1863.—3m.

ISAAC K. STAUFFER,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
MANUFACTURER OF SILVER WARE and IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
No. 148 North Second st., Corner Quarry, PHILADELPHIA.

He has constantly on hand an assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Levers, Lepine and Plain Watches, Fine Gold Chains, Seals and Keys, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Miniature Cases, Medallions, Lockets, Pencils, Thimbles, Spectacles, Silver Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons; Sugar Spoons, Cups, Napkin Rings, Fruit and Butter Knives, Shields, Combs, Diamond Pointed Pens, etc.—*all of which will be sold low for Cash!*

M. I. TOBIAS & CO'S best quality full jewelled Patent Lever Movements constantly on hand; also other Makers' of superior quality.

N. B.—*Old Gold and Silver bought for Cash.*
Sept. 9, 1863—1y.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY IN THE

GIRARD
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

NO MARINE RISKS—FIRE RISKS ONLY TAKEN.

Perpetual policies granted on brick and stone buildings. Limited policies granted on frame or log buildings, merchandise and furniture.

No premium notes required, consequently no assessments made.

Sept16,1863 R. ALLISON MILLER, Agt. for Huntingdon & adjoining Cos.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

OUR COUNTRY.

It is all ours:—
Ours from the placid western sea
To the emerald eastern slopes;
Ours by our father's history,
Ours by our children's hopes.

It is all ours:—
Ours from the north lakes' crystal waves
To the silver southern foam:
Ours by the changeless right of graves,
Ours by the lives to come.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the homes that deck the land,
Ours by the pathways trod;
Ours by the ages' stern demand,
Ours by the gift of God.

It is all ours:
Ours by the patriot's holy love,
Ours by his deathly throe;
Ours by the starry flag above.
Ours by the blood below.

It is all ours:—
Ours by the freeman's title deed,
To the land of liberty;
Ours for the freeman's sacred creed,
Ours for humanity.

Harper's Weekly.

Border State Politics.

The States of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, are exempted from the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. So far as laws and proclamations are concerned, these States retain their slaves as of old. To get the support of these six States has been the specialty of the so-called Democratic politicians of the North. Their platform and their policy has especially been to conciliate these Border States.

How have they succeeded? Look first to Missouri, the only contest has been between the Radicals who with slavery instantly and forever abolished and the conservatives who only ask a system of gradualism like that adopted by Pennsylvania.

The returns of the late elections show the Radicals to be dominant over the combined vote of the conservatives and all stripes of sympathizers with secession. In fact Missouri to-day, is more Radical than Pennsylvania.

The same is practically true of "My Maryland," which the bayonets of the Union troops alone, kept from joining secession. The Union emancipation candidate for Comptroller, has some 25,000 majority—and four of the five candidates for Congress, are unconditional Union. The contest was fought on her own soil, and Maryland is true to the stars and stripes. In little Delaware, Charles Brown, of tinder box notoriety, leads the secession Democracy in the contest for Congress.

But Mr. Brown, broken down in Pennsylvania, is not going to be any more lucky in Delaware. We have no doubt that the Union emancipation candidate will triumph by a decided majority. In West Virginia they only appear to have had one set of candidates—all the successful candidates for State and national offices, are Unconditional Union.

In Tennessee no elections have been or are likely to be held for some time; but Gov. Johnson and most of the loyal men of that State, appear to be openly on the side of freedom and against slavery. The only apparent exception is in Kentucky. The Union party swept the State by a very large vote in last August. Since that time the successful candidates have been exhibiting about as much sympathy with human slavery as passes current among Northern Copperheads. In fact if Copperheadism had not gotten so dreadful an overthrow at the polls, this was to have been the platform upon which a part of Kentucky Unionists, Jeff Davis traitors, and Northern Copperheads were all to have stood in the Presidential's campaign of 1864.

Another wing of Unionism in Kentucky is in favor of the eradication of slavery from the State, and of course, goes in to sustain President Lincoln without any ifs or buts. We have no doubt that by the time of another annual election, that the Union party will come to a platform common to the other border States. Slavery in these States, though not touched by the President's proclamation, is practically ended. They themselves will soon find it out. Unionism in Kentucky will soon come to mean the same thing it does all over the country. No political party has ever made so egregious a blunder, as did the leaders of the Northern Copperheads. They risked everything to conciliate the governing classes in the Border States. But these States themselves have repudiated all such proffered friendship. The Northern Democracy now find themselves doomed, by the very States for whose conciliation the whole platform was erected.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

What the Election in Maryland Decides.—The Baltimore *American* says the election in that State, just held, has decided that Maryland hereafter is to be a free State. The people have decided in favor of a Convention to blot out Slavery. The vote for General Goldsborough was the test on the question of speedy emancipation. Baltimore has given a vote nearly unanimous on the question. The imposition of a test oath on every voter whose loyalty was suspected, doubtless kept many from voting.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

Speech of the Governor-elect. The Result a Union, not a party Triumph.

Mr. Brough delivered an address at Painsville, Ohio, Oct 16. He enunciates sound doctrine—doctrine that no one, whatever may be his party bias, can say it is not strictly true and in accordance with the dictates of every sentiment of honest patriotism. Here is what he says:

"This is not a triumph of any man. No man could have won it and no man in the State ever merited such an ovation. *Neither is it a triumph of any party*, as we have heretofore classified and understood them. Party lines, to a great extent, have been obliterated in this contest. Masses of both parties have joined to swell the great triumph, *and the line of division has been between those who were friends of the Government and the country on the one side, and the opponents of these on the other.* And why should not men of all parties thus have united? Nineteen years ago I stood in this same grove and followed Gov. Corwin in party discussion.—What was our ground of contest? I contended that the principles of my party were best calculated to perpetuate the Government, and promote the prosperity of our common country.—The Governor contended that the principles of his party were adapted to the same end. The purpose was the same. We were like two parties going to mill, each contending that his was the smoothest and best road. By and by there comes in the tread of this rebellion. What is more natural than that we should say to each other:—Here is a new element that seeks to overthrow and destroy this Government that we are both trying to preserve—that is threatening to tear down our mill.—Suppose we lay aside our warfare, and join our forces to subjugate this common enemy? Why, my brother Democrat, should we have faltered in such a crisis? The place of the old democrat had always been on the side of the country in its hour of peril, and this was no time to shrink from that duty. We should instinctively have sprung, as a body, into the breach.

"When the war broke out the Republicans held the political power in the State. They invited us to bury party divisions, and join in a great party to sustain the government.—They offered to divide with us the posts of duty and responsibility.—They gave us our present excellent Governor, and a glorious thing it was for us to do it they did so. They met us in the spirit of liberality, and have acted in good faith. But the question was not one of office or place, it was one of principle, and the Democrats who failed to strike hands upon it necessarily admitted that there was more of patriotism and love of country among his old political opponents than in the ranks of his own party. This I, for one was not willing to do. *We have simply put aside our party contests and joined in a common cause to save our common country.* By this union we have achieved the great victory over which we rejoice to-day.

"But this is not your victory only; it is the victory of the whole nation, for in Ohio we have fought the battle of the whole Union. If Ohio had been taken from the loyal and placed among the disloyal States—if her great civil and military power had been placed in the hands of a rebel sympathizer with traitors—your cause was lost. With *New-York controlled by Seymour, Pennsylvania in the hands of Woodward, and Ohio given over to the candidate now so badly defeated, there would have been nothing left of us but the triumph of the rebellion, and the dismemberment of the Union.*

Thank God! that cloud has passed away—that bitter cup has not been pressed to our lips. We have rescued our own homes and firesides from civil war, even within our own borders.

"Had we been a united people at the North, this rebellion would to-day have been at an end. Many honest and well meaning men have been deluded into opposition to the means necessary to crush it. For these, there should be a trial and opportunity for repentance. But for the leaders who have sinned against light and knowledge, and sought to prostrate the interests of the nation for mere partisan purposes, there can be but little prayer for forgiveness. *Their purpose has been unholy, and their hands are red with the blood of men, sacrificed through their conduct, on many a battle field.*—Let them remain among us as visible monuments of treason: as marks "for scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at." They have carped at and criticised to the public ear the measures of the Government to crush the rebellion, and yet, more than other means, their opposition to the Government has forced upon it the very measures they condemned. *I have found it a very fair test that when a man was cavilling at the acts of the Government he had treason in his heart and was only seeking a justification for it.*

"But let us not dwell upon the name of the man who has opposed us. Let him go into oblivion. It is immaterial who led the party opposed to the Government. And their great leader has at least the merit of consistency. *He has always openly opposed you, and sympathised with rebellion.* From the beginning he declared his opposition to the war. He led that infamous five who resisted every measure of Congress. He has never stooped to deceive you. But the others, who, calling themselves Democrats, have borne his banners and fought his battles, are mousing and hunting after peace and power. Let them not be forgotten.

Subscribe for the Globe.

The Riots at Mauch Chunk.

[Special correspondence of The Press.]

MAUCH CHUNK, Nov. 7, 1863.

Several accounts appeared within the last few days in Philadelphia and New York papers of the "riots" in this region, and the murder of Mr. G. K. Smith, one of our best and most valuable citizens. The accounts given are, as far as they go, substantially correct. The murders committed, however, are not "riots," but the work of assassins, extensively organized throughout the coal region, and the leading Copperheads are the chief instigators.

The murderers are all Irish, organized under the name of "Buckshots" for the avowed purpose of resisting the draft. They number probably several thousand in the mines of Beaver Meadow, Colerain, Jeansville, Hazleton, Audenried, Yorktown, Frenchtown, Spring Mountain, and Mount Pleasant. They are all armed, either with shot-guns, rifles, muskets, or revolvers. The most notorious Copperheads of our place counselled them to arm themselves "to defend their liberties," and "to resist the tyranny of the Lincoln despotism." The beasts duped by these demagogues declare their determination to drive out of the mines every one who is not of their own stripe, and a number of Welshmen, Englishmen, Protestant Irish, Americans, and Germans, have been waylaid and murdered by them during the last two or three months. About two months ago one of these "Buckshots" was arrested near Beaver Meadow, and lodged in our jail on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. On the following night over one hundred armed Buckshots marched into town, well armed, arriving here about one o'clock in the morning, surrounded the jail, and rescued the prisoner. No effort was made by the civil authorities to arrest the offenders, although the Grand Jury, last month, presented the names of a number of persons who participated in the outrage. The District Attorney, being of the most malignant stamp of Copperheads, refused, and continues to refuse, any steps calculated to bring these villains to justice. The High Sheriff of the county, it is believed, would prefer doing his duty, but he being in the Copperhead boat, cannot do so. He has made no effort to raise a *posse comitatus* for the arrest of these or any other outlaws in our county. Even one of the associate judges of our court, and leading officer of one of the most prosperous and respectable local corporations, it is said, discountenanced any effort to arrest "Buckshots," simply because they (the Democracy) "need their votes and must not offend them."

Thus encouraged by our local authorities, these outlaws frequently declared their determination to not only kill every officer who would undertake to enforce the draft, but also to put out of the way every one suspected of sympathy with the government. They openly declare now their determination to secure entire control of all the mines, and to stop the shipment of coal, and thus deprive the navy of this indispensable article.

The deputy provost marshal of the county recently received a company of the Invalid Corps, to protect him and his assistants in serving notices on the drafted men of the infected district. Beaver Meadow was selected as headquarters, and the notices were served without serious difficulty. In each of the mining villages the well-disposed citizens earnestly appealed to the marshal for permanent military protection, but the force under him was barely strong enough to move from mine to mine and protect the officers whilst discharging their duties. The last notices were served on Wednesday, and the military marched back to Beaver Meadow.

On the same day, Mr. G. K. Smith, one of the proprietors of the Yorktown mines, with his wife, visited Mauch Chunk, and remained over night at the Mansion House. On Thursday afternoon, he went home, in a two horse carriage, and arrived there early in the evening, and being somewhat indisposed, retired at 9 o'clock, about which time somebody knocked at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Smith, and an individual in soldier's uniform entered, and said he had a letter for Mr. Smith from Mauch Chunk, on important business. Mrs. Smith proposed to hand it to him, but the villain in soldier's clothes insisted upon giving it to him personally, saying that was his positive order. Mrs. Smith then retired to Mr. Smith's apartment and informed him of the very important letter for him. He soon entered the room, received what purported to be a letter, and stepped up to the light to open and read it, when the villain stepped up behind him and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. As soon as the shot was fired, the door opened and a gang of Buckshot assassins rushed in, and Mr. Ulrick, clerk in Mr. Smith's store, who was also in the house, came in the room by way of another door. He succeeded in killing one Buckshot, but received a ball through the thigh himself. Mrs. Smith received three bullet holes thro' her dress, but succeeded in making her escape without injury. The dead Irishman was carried away by his fellow-ruffians, and thus far none of the gang have been identified.

The alleged reason for this most cowardly and brutish murder is, that Mr. Smith was suspected of having furnished the deputy provost marshal a map of the town, indicating the houses in which drafted men resided.

Whether he did or did not furnish such a map, is probably known only to the marshal and his assistants.—The mere suspicion, however, was enough to induce these cowardly Buckshots to commit this foul and damning crime.

Other prominent men of this coal region are threatened, and some of them have already left their homes and property to seek personal safety; and unless something is done very soon to protect the citizens of the region, the shipment of coal must cease.

In my judgment, there is but one way to treat these fiends. *They must be exterminated, hung, or shot.* No one belonging to this "Buckshot" organization should have a bit more right to live, for a single moment, in the presence of a decent man, than a mad dog or a rattlesnake; and if the Government will not give us plenty of men to exterminate these outlaws, the citizens must and will do the work effectually by means of a Vigilance Committee.—If we must have civil war here, it may as well be a war of extermination.

ANTHRACITE.

An Irish Soldier's Letter.

The following stirring letter is from a young Irish volunteer in a New York regiment to a friend in this city. He has a glorious record in this war, as the reader will see:

"NEAR WARRENTON, September, 1863.

* * * "I know well that you will do your part for the poor wounded soldiers. Oh, what sights I have seen these last two years! I have seen the soldiers of the Union drop by my side, and their last dying words were:—*'Fight on boys, and yours will be the victory;'* and again I have seen the head knocked off many a brave man who never knew what hit him. I have seen some of the best and truest Union men in the country lying on the battle-field for hours, and could not go to give them a drink of water to cool their fainting hearts; and many a time we have run over the dead bodies of our men.

"Oh, what sights! And I am happy to tell you that I have never seen one man that was wounded no matter how severe, that ever rued or was sorry for standing up in defence of his country. No, they all take it in good part, and glory in fighting for the Union; and it must be charming to those poor young and old men to have the noble hearted women of the best country on earth to minister to their wants.

"I have received some of the prettiest letters from my wounded comrades, telling me how the kind ladies do take them those nourishing things that are fitting for a sick man, and again many things are given them for their use alone, and, alas! they never receive any of it; but I will detain you no longer, for I am tormented with the flies, for they are around by the thousand. I was writing to Mr.——, the other day, and I really thought they would carry me off.

"If I die it is a glorious death if I am called away under the flag of the Union. If I fall, I shall fall under a banner of honor, for on our flag is written Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Seven days before Richmond, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg the first and Fredericksburg the second. The corps was commanded by General Sedgwick, a brave, a good and true soldier; under him we captured and carried Mary's heights, the strongest place the rebels had. That is on the banner of the Sixty-second and all of the Sixth corps Then followed Fredericksburg the third, and then Gettysburg. So that you can see that I have been through many battles, and by the grace of God am safe, camping between Warrenton and Suffern Springs, awaiting the time when we shall be led to meet that arch-traitor General Lee of the rebels. Let it be the prayer of all the North that God may be our general and commander, and all will yet be well. When they do that there need be no fear for alarm, for the Union will be safe with God on our side, it matters not who is against us, and our enemies are many at the present time. England and France, I know, are both our enemies and would side with the rebels if they were not afraid. Let me come to a close by saying to you that I am happy, contented, rejoicing in being a soldier of your country, and if I live to be in the next battle I shall give the rebels a shot for every one in your family, and these five shots may kill five rebels, but it will pay if they only kill one rebel."

The President.

The following is the tribute of a gallant and faithful soldier to the President, whom he has had the utmost opportunities of knowing, and whom the Copperhead press unite in reviling: "There are not a few who have quailed before the magnitude of the task. Of those, thank Heaven, the President is not one. He whom the burden has most bent, has never faltered in the heart or purpose. He is sustained, as the just, by the great mass of the nation, by the potential force of the press, and by the armies and fleets of the Union. Grappling with administrative questions more difficult and delicate than ever before tried the sagacity and courage of our statesmen, he has so borne himself that every loyal heart acknowledges the candor, ability, and tact, which signalize the character of our First Magistrate. (Applause.) That history will assign him a conspicuous rank among great rulers is no longer doubtful."—*Gen. Sickles.*

THE first kind of government in the world was the patriarchal, in which every father or patriarch governed his own family and servants, as a monarch.

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second manhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

HOW AN OHIO SOLDIER ELECTIONEERED.—The soldiers have no mercy on traitors, and especially on such as Vallandigham, as the following incident shows:

The night before the election, a paroled Ohio soldier, worn out by nearly three years hard service in the armies of the Union, and having enlisted, as many did, an ardent Democrat, arrived at the door of his father's house. The old gentleman, under the talismanic power of a venerated party name, had for nearly half a century steadily voted the Democratic ticket, and had religiously taught his son to do the same. He stood in the door to welcome the returning soldier, and extended his hands with all a father's pride, to greet his noble boy. To his horror, the son drew back, and with quiet dignity, the scalding tears meanwhile streaming down his bronzed cheeks, he said: "Father, God knows I love and honor you as my father, but I love my country better, and have higher duties than I now owe even to you. I hear that you are going to vote for Vallandigham, and I can never take your hand or enter your house if you do that." "Never mind, John; come in. That's merely my political opinion. Never mind; come in; we all want to see and thank God for your safe return." But all entreaty was unavailing.

"I have," said the soldier, "for nearly three years fought the traitor Jeff. Davis and his rebel crew. I am here to fight a meaner and more venomous traitor, Vallandigham, at the ballot-box; and, when that duty is performed, I mean to return at once, and fight on till treason is crushed out everywhere, and the glorious old flag again floats over a free and united people."

With sad hearts they parted for the night. Early in the morning, the aged father was at the door of his neighbor's house, and calling to his son, said:—"Come home, John, your mother wants to see you. I will vote any way you want me to, for I'm inclined to believe, after all, that Val is a traitor." The joy of that household, father and son, in standing up squarely for the Union cannot be told. Language is too poor to describe it.

VERY sad, but sadly true, is the following fearful incident, which occurred not long since at a cemetery not far distant from Wheeling, Virginia:

Theodore, a bright boy of thirteen, had died. His brother, Hanson, but five years of age, seemed to regard his death as a common place affair, and all attempts to rouse him up to a consciousness or seriousness on the subject were vain. He seemed unchanged—unmoved.

The funeral *cortege* reached the grave the solemn burial services were read; and the old sexton commenced the work of covering the remains, but no sooner had the first lump of clay fallen upon the sounding box than little Hans, who stood regarding the impressive services without a sign of emotion, suddenly raised himself to his full height, and, with clenched hands and a look of defiance that seemed fearful, he exclaimed, in a shrill voice, arresting instantly the attention of all, "Old man, stop! I'll kill you if you cover my brother up in that dark hole!" and, with a wild maniac scream that sounded piercingly mournful, he fell motionless to the earth. The great deep of many hearts was broken up, and tears fell like rain drops.

Slavery is Dead.

The New Orleans *Times* of the 19th says: "It matters not to be now discussing how it died, or how strangely the very people who instituted this bloody war for its extension gave it its death blow; it is enough for us to know that the thing is dead, and the only question is now how to get its unsightly and offensive carcass out of the way, and buried so deep that it may be past all resurrection.

A VALLANDIGHAM OFFICIAL PAYING A BET.—The Columbus *Express* says: "We understand that Wray Thomas, Mayor of this city, and Peter Ambos, Esq., made the following bet: If Brough should be elected Governor, Mayor Thomas was to turn a grind stone in the public square for two consecutive days, on which the Union men were to grind their knives. If Vallandigham should be elected, Mr. Ambos was to turn the stone for Vallandigham men to grind. Vallandigham is beaten, and we are told the Mayor has already commenced training and sweating off his surplus fat to get ready. The grinding will commence on Monday morning next at 9 A. M. The Mayor is determined to make his word good if it kills him."

A strong-minded woman is apt to marry a weak-minded man. Providence having ordained that a couple shall have but the average amount of mind between them.

The real motives of men's actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are generally concealed.

A railer against marriage thinks that the creation of woman was simply the change of a bone in man's side to a thorn.

General Butler has been assigned command of the 18th Army Corps.

There was a deacon of a church, of the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys who were playing in front of his house, and he went out to check the Sabbath profanation. Assuming a grave countenance he said to them—"Boys, do you remember what day this is?" "Yes sir replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day the cooper."

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To whom all communications on the subject of Education should be addressed.

The Alphabet.

It is the custom in many of our schools for the teacher to pursue a plan which requires a great length of time to teach the young scholar the Alphabet. The plan is something like this: the teacher will call the class and name over the letters time and again, from beginning to end, and from end to beginning; requiring the class to name each letter after him. After thus *naming* the letters a number of times, the teacher thinks the class should have become somewhat acquainted with those mystical characters; then pointing to some letter, he demands, in a tone of authority, the name of the letter pointed out. In a moment, the little creatures, dreading the evil that will surely follow a failure to perform the required duty, commence at the beginning and down they go, right or wrong, till they come to the one pointed out, which they make an effort to call by name. They may name it, or they may not; but no matter—the teacher will not allow them to find it in this way; although it is the only way he has ever taught them. Then comes the maledictions, and the poor little fellows must go to their seats with a heavy heart, after having followed the precise plan upon which they were instructed, and there they must sit and mourn their sad fate, not knowing when they may be called upon again.

Again they are called and again the lesson has been recited in the same manner, and the pupils with deeper sobs and heavier hearts, go back to enjoy another short respite from agony of mind. The teacher has never stopped to think that perhaps there *might* be some plan on record by which he might so associate those characters,—he has made so many vain attempts to fasten on the mind of the child with attractive objects, so that the task might become interesting and instructive at the same time. No! on the teacher goes, feeling in his heart of hearts that there *can* be no other way to reach the desired point, until the school has been transformed into a modern arena—the pupils acting the part of gladiators, each day being compelled to run the gauntlet to gratify the evil nature in the man who governs them.

Now, we have seen this very plan carried out in schools of our county.—No longer ago than last winter, we stopped in a school, and found just such a state of things existing; and were it not that we are peaceably inclined, we would have felt like standing between the unprotected child and the monster in human shape, who would deal a blow on the head of the child for a failure to perform some unnatural task. Parents, would it not be well to drop into the school occasionally and see how your children fare? It may be, you have a teacher there who is sowing in the hearts of your children the seeds of all that is bad. For, when the little child is not satisfied with his lot, he will intuitively try every means to change it. Thus he determines to play *truant*, and in order to do this he must, necessarily, be guilty of *falsehood*, and with falsehood comes theft, and a host of crimes of like character. So we find the teacher who has entirely failed to teach the alphabet, *not* failing to impart to the heart of the child the seeds of crime and wretchedness. Teachers who understand human nature as well as to teach, wage a war of extermination against the above class of teachers.—If you do, you will be following the dictates of Philanthropy, and future generations will bless your name, that you have assisted in driving the tyrants from the land.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—A bridge broke down at Terre Haute, a few days ago, drowning a number of persons. The Terre Haute Express says: "One incident connected with the recovery of the bodies is worthy of more general publicity. All had been found with exception of that of Miss Thrall, and the approaching night was about to compel the search to be abandoned, when some one suggested that by placing quicksilver in a loaf of bread and putting it in the water it would stop directly over the body. Accordingly, a loaf was procured, and two ounces of quicksilver placed in it; then taken about fifty feet above and thrown into the water. It floated down the current, which is quite strong at that place, when suddenly it stopped, circling around, was apparently about to sink, when a gentleman in a boat caught it, and grappling hooks being put down, the body was found directly beneath, in from eight to ten feet of water. We had read of this much some years since, but supposing it to be one of the many superstitions, had almost forgotten it. What the philosophy is we cannot tell. Will some one afford some light on it?"