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# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE— Editor and Proprietor.  
 VOL. XIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 1, 1857. NO. 2.

**A Remarkable Meteor—If not a Comet; Something that "Struck" as Hard.**  
 The Utica papers have an account of a very singular phenomenon, which was witnessed on Saturday, 13th inst., and which caused the death of two persons:

During the afternoon, a tunic-shaped, moving body, of a nebulous character, appeared at a point over Utica, moving rapidly along, with a humming sound. It struck the ground, near the dwelling of Mr. Ruck in Deerfield, tearing down a fence or two, and passing on, gradually settling lower and lower. At last, having reached a point, some five miles in a northeasterly direction from this city, near the dwelling of Mr. Nathan Budlong, in Schuylcr, it made a descent upon his barn, ripped it up, and scattered it to the winds. Then, passing on, tearing up trees, fences and outhouses, in its terrible course, it finally struck the dwelling of Mr. John Warren, which was lifted from its stone foundation, carried a distance of some fifteen feet, through the air, and dashed in splinters upon the ground, leaving a clean path of grass between the place where it had stood and the pile of rubbish.

In the house were a family of six—parents and children. Mr. Warren, seeing the terrible object rushing down upon him, tearing up trees and fences in its onward course, and buzzing like a thousand hornets' nests combined, called upon his wife and children instantly to accompany him to the cellar, and, suiting the action to the word, seized two of the children, and leaped down the stairway. The wife essayed to follow, but her footsteps were tardy; she was a moment—an instant too late; the engine of destruction took the building up, carrying herself and child, together with a little son, who was behind her, with it. The husband had but time to see her ascend with the building that tore away from above him, and then he stood exposed to the day, in his open cellar. He went to view the ruin of his home; it was complete. Here lay the dead and nude body of his wife, the destroying power having stripped the clothing from her person; there lay his son, covered with blood, and senseless; and, just beyond, his dwelling lay, one such mass of destruction as probably never was beheld before. Broken and splintered bedsteads, cradles, tables, pots, kettles, chairs, boxes, trunks, crockery, tinware, hats, clothes, stoves, bottles, bricks, plaster, clocks, beams, stones, shingles, and endless ceteras, lay crushed and crumbled in one heap before him.

Next, in the due southerly line of its course, it unrooted several large trees, scattered the fences, crossed the road, and demolished a large barn, belonging to Mr. John M. Budlong. This building was of recent and very substantial build, and 35 by 45 feet upon its base, yet the destructive element tore it to pieces, scattering large timbers about the fields at a distance of from five to fifteen rods, distributing the roof in various directions, and actually taking up an iron cylinder threshing machine, weighing perhaps four hundred pounds, and deposited it at least eighty feet from the barn. A cow belonging to Mr. B., standing near the barn, was killed, without any apparent outward wound. About 80 rods farther on, in a direct line, a smaller barn, belonging to the same gentleman, was demolished; and what is very singular in this instance, but little of the material of which it was constructed is to be found anywhere. A few shivered boards and timbers alone attest to its previous existence. The dwelling of Mr. Budlong had a narrow escape. A shingle or two torn from one corner of the roof, indicate how narrowly it escaped destruction.

Beyond the premises of Mr. B., for about a mile, prostrate trees and fences evidence the track of the destructive messenger. It, however, seemed to have released its hold upon the earth upon the fence of the farm of Mr. B., for it was distinctly seen to rise from the surface and dissolve its conical shape into a general cloudy form. The phenomenon was followed by violent rain and wind. Two men, at work in a field, saw the strange apparition approach, and took to their heels, barely escaping its track as it passed on. It seemed to raise from the earth in four or five minutes from the time it was first seen, and the evidences before us of destruction lie in a district not over four or five miles in extent, in a due southerly direction from where the first touch was felt, and in a track about fifteen rods in width. Whatever of material substance presented itself in this track was swept away, and the ruin presented is certainly fearful to behold.

**Beware of Brandy.**  
 We warn the good people of this city, who occasionally take a little "for the stomach's sake," to beware how they drink brandy, or we should rather say the red liquid which is handed out to them at tavern counters, under that name. It is a well known fact that there is scarcely a bar-room in the city, however extensive, elegant, or pretentious, that contains a drop of the genuine article. Indeed, very little of it comes into the country from France, and what does come, commands an almost fabulous price—a price so great as to make it out of the question for the retail trade. Indeed, even with the best will to sell a good article, the tavern keeper cannot surely get it. The article, which he buys under custom house lock, and which unquestionably has come from France, is nothing more than a portion of the millions of gallons of "pure spirit," i. e. alcohol, which has been exported from the country to receive in France its coloring and its flavor, from the essential "oil of Cognac," and then to be imported back.—This is no illusion, but a fact of daily practice, and it would be safe to conclude, that any glass which you may take up at any bar in town, is nothing but colored pure spirit, flavored with a few drops of the poisonous oil alluded to. The same may be said of the stuff that is furnished up in demijohns from the wholesale grocers and liquor dealers, for family use, at the rate of five, six, and seven dollars a gallon. Through the failure of the grape in France, and the immense consumption of the article of brandy in this country, not one-twentieth part of the demand made upon France can be supplied; and as the major part of this demand is for high priced brandy, it will at once be seen what perilous stuff, even the most fastidious and careful drinkers are obliged to swallow. The only safe course is, therefore, to abstain from lulling for brandy altogether. There is but little good in it, even when it is best, and it has been saddled upon us as a national drink, in place of the comparatively harmless beverages chosen by other nations, by a school of red-necked old corks, who, with the profundity, if not the sobriety of the oracles, yoked our necks years ago, with the notion that a little brandy was "the best thing in the world for the stomach," especially after eating oysters, a double fallacy, as has long ago been proven. We, therefore, advise that brandy be permitted to go out of fashion—at least while it is out of the country.—*Editor's Spirit of the Times.*

**Beautiful Incident.**—A correspondent of the Preston (England) Chronicle gives the following anecdote:

"A good while ago a boy named Charlie had a large dog which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived.—One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry him across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they went—but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened and making his little master let go of the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed in the river, and brought out, first his coat, and then all the rest in succession.

Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him that he had done wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go of the string, he would most likely have sunk, and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee and thanked God; then, getting up again, he threw his arms round his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go!" Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

However small a society may be, if it is a human one, jealousy will creep in somewhere.

## Select Poetry.

**INDEPENDENCE.**  
 We come with joy and gladness,  
 To breathe our songs of praise,  
 Nor let one note of sadness  
 Be mingled in our lays;  
 For 'tis a hallowed story,  
 This theme of freedom's birth;  
 Our fathers' deeds of glory  
 Are echoed round the earth.

The sound is wailing stronger,  
 And throes and nations hear—  
 Proud man shall rule no longer,  
 For God the Lord is near;  
 And he will crush oppression,  
 And raise the humblest child,  
 And give the earth's possession  
 Among the good and kind.

And then shall sink the mountains,  
 Whose pride and power are crown'd,  
 And peace like gentle fountains,  
 Shall shed its purer sound;  
 O God! we would adore thee,  
 And in thy shadow rest—  
 Our fathers' bow'd before thee  
 And trusted and were blest.

## Interesting Miscellany.

### LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.  
 I was sitting in my room one morning, feeling all "out of sorts" about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had taken to raise, came in with a broken tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her little lip quivered—  
 "See, ma'am! I went to take this tumbler from the dresser to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humor before the child came in, and her appearance, with the broken tumbler in her hand, did not tend to help me to a better state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart.—But she had come to me in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I severely, taking the fragments of glass from her trembling hand. "A very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you!"  
 I said no more, but my countenance expressed even stronger rebuke than my words.—The child lingered near me for a few moments, and then shrunk away from the room. I was sorry in a moment that I had permitted myself to speak unkindly to the little girl, for there was no need of my doing so, and moreover, she had taken my words, as I could see, deeply to heart. I had made her unhappy without a cause. The breaking of the tumbler was an accident, likely to happen to any one, and the child evidently felt bad enough about what had occurred without having my displeasure added thereto. If I was unhappy because Jane entered my room, I should mind more unhappy after she had retired. I blamed myself and pitied the child; but this did not in the least mend the matter.

In about half an hour, Jane came up very quietly with Willy, my dear little curly-haired angel-faced boy, in her arms. He had fallen asleep, and she had, with her utmost strength, carried him up stairs. She did not lift her eyes to mine as she entered, but went, with her burden to the low bed that was in the room, where she laid him tenderly, and then sat down with her face turned partly away from me, and with a fan, kept off the flies, and cooled his moist skin.

Enough of Jane's countenance was visible to enable me to perceive that its expression was sad. And it was an unkind word from my lips that had brought this cloud over her young face!  
 "So much for permitting myself to fall into a fretful mood," said I mentally. "In future I must be more watchful over my state of mind. I have no right to make others suffer from my own unkind tempers."

Jane continued to sit by Willy and fan him, and every now and then I could hear a very low sigh come up, as if involuntarily from her bosom. Faint as the sound was, it smote upon my ear, and added to my unaccountable state of mind.  
 A friend called, and I went down into the parlor and sat conversing there for an hour. But all the while there was a weight upon my feelings. I tried but in vain, to be cheerful. I was too distinctly aware of the fact that an individual—and that a motherless little girl—was unhappy through my unkindness; and the consciousness was like a heavy hand upon my bosom.

"This is all a weakness," I said to myself, after my friend had left, making an effort to throw off the uncomfortable feeling. But it was of no avail. Even if the new train of thought, awakened by conversation with my friend, had lifted me above the state of mind in which I was when she came, the sight of Jane's sober face, as she passed me on the stairs, would have depressed my feelings again.

In order both to relieve my own and the child's feelings, I thought I would refer to the broken tumbler, and tell her not to grieve herself about it, as its loss was of no consequence whatever. But this would have been to have made an acknowledgement to her that I had been in the wrong, and an instinctive feeling of pride remonstrated against that.  
 "Ah me!" I sighed. "Why did I permit myself to speak so unguardedly? How small are the causes that sometimes destroy our peace! How much of good or evil is there in a single word!"

Some who read this may think that I was very weak to let a hastily uttered sentence against a careless child trouble me. What are a child's feelings?  
 I have been a child; and as a child been blamed severely by those whom I desired to please, and that unkind words fell heavier

and more painfully, sometimes, than blows. I could, therefore, understand the nature of Jane's feelings and sympathize with her to a certain extent.

All through the day, Jane moved about more quietly than usual. When I spoke to her of anything—which I did in a kinder voice than I ordinarily used—she would look into my face with an earnestness that rebuked me.

Toward evening I sent her down stairs for a pitcher of cool water. She went to speak, and soon returned with a pitcher of water and a tumbler and a waiter. She was coming towards me, evidently using more than ordinary caution, when her foot tripped against something, and she stumbled forward. It was in vain she tried to save the pitcher. Its balance was lost, and it fell over and was lost—aye, it fell over and was broken to pieces at my feet, the water dashing upon the skirts of my dress.

The poor child became instantly as pale as ashes, and the frightened look she gave, I shall not soon forget. She tried to speak, and say that it was an accident, but her tongue was paralyzed for the moment, and she found no utterance. The lesson I had received in the morning, served me for purposes of self-control now, and I said instantly in a mild voice:

"Never mind, Jane; I know you could not help it. I must tuck down the loose edge of the carpet. I came near tripping there myself to-day. Go and get a floor cloth as quickly as you can, while I gather up the broken pieces."

The color came back instantly to Jane's face. She gave me one grateful look, and then ran quickly away, to do as I had directed her. When she came back, she blamed herself for not having been more careful, expressed sorrow for the accident, and promised over and over again that she would be more guarded in future.

The contrast between both of our feelings now, and what they were in the morning was very great. I felt happier for having acted justly and with due self-control; and my little girl, though troubled on account of the accident, had not the extra burden of my displeasure to bear.

"Better, far better," I said to myself, as I sat and reflected upon the incidents just related—"better, is it, in all our relations in life to maintain a calm exterior, and on no account to speak harshly to those who are below us. Angry words make double wounds. They hurt those to whom they are addressed, while they leave a sting behind them. Above all, should we guard against a moody temper. Whenever we permit any thing to fret our minds, we are not in a state to exercise self-control, and if temptation comes then, we are sure to fall."

### THE TORN POCKET.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"My dear," said Mr. Huston, to his young wife, as he rose from his breakfast table, "I wish you would mend my overcoat pocket.—The day is pleasant, so that I can leave the coat off without inconvenience."

"Very well, my love," was the reply, and a moment after the front door closed on the husband, who departed to the store, where he filled the place of a responsible clerk.

Mrs. Huston arose to attend to her domestic affairs, and occupied in them, soon forgot the torn coat-pocket. About noon she had finished her work, and having a spare hour before dinner, she sat down and took up a late novel. In this way she continued to overlook the torn pocket, until the meal was over, and her husband had again left the house, when going to look for the overcoat, she found that Mr. Huston had put it on, the weather having grown colder.

"Oh, well, it will do to-night," said the wife. "I suppose he will scold when he finds I forgot it; but it can't be helped now."

The truth was, Mrs. Huston was what is called "a good, easy woman;" that is, she never intentionally harmed any one, but was only thoughtless and forgetful—her sins were those of omission. So she found no difficulty in dismissing all uncomfortable thoughts concerning the torn pocket; and resuming her novel was soon deep in the miseries of the heroine.

About dusk there came a violent ring at the bell. It was a magnetic ring as it were, and expressed anger, or great tribulation, if not both. It made the somewhat nervous Mrs. Huston start with a little shriek. She stopped reading, and listened.

Directly the servant opened the door, and the step of her husband was heard, but heavier and quicker than usual. Her heart, unaccountably, began to beat faster. "Oh! I—dear!" she cried to herself, "what can be the matter?"

She was not long left in doubt. Her husband came at once into the sitting room, emotions of rage and suffering alternating perceptibly in his face. Frightened at demeanor so unusual the wife looked up, her lips parted in terror, and unable even to welcome him as usual.

"See what you have done," cried Mr. Huston, passionately, taking off his overcoat, turning the torn pocket inside out, and throwing the garment into his hearth's lap. "You have ruined me with your negligence."  
 "What, what have I done?" gasped his wife at last, as he sternly regarded her.—  
 "Has anything happened?"  
 "Anything happened? Didn't I tell you I was ruined? I've lost five hundred dollars and been dishonored because I lost it; and all because you didn't mend my pocket. Nor is it the first time, as you know, that you have neglected to do what you ought. You are always forgetting. I have told you you would rue it some day."  
 "But how did it happen? Can nothing be done?" timidly said the wife after awhile.  
 "How did it happen? In the most natural way possible. I had a note to pay for the firm, and as the bank lay in this part of the town, I brought the money up as I came to dinner; and on going out, put it into my overcoat pocket, supposing you had mended the rent. When I reached the bank the mon-

ey was gone. It was then almost three o'clock. Alone frantic, I came back within a few steps of the door, hoping to find the money on the pavement. It was madness as I might have known, but I looked again and again, asking every body I met. At last I went back to the store. But the news had preceded me. The notary had already been there to protest the note; and my employers would not hear a word of excuse. I was discharged on the spot.

As he ceased speaking he threw himself on a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. His discharge was indeed, a terrible blow. Without fortune, or anything but his character to depend on, he saw, in his loss of place, and the consequent refusal of his employers to recommend him, a future full of disasters. And all for what? All because his wife could not remember the simplest duty.

No wonder, in this hour of trouble, that he turned away from her, and buried his face in his hands. No wonder he felt angrily towards the author of this evil.

For a while Mrs. Huston knew not what to do. The tears ran down her cheeks, but she feared to approach her husband. "He will drive me away," she said to herself. "But I have deserved it all."

At last she ventured to approach him, and at last he was induced to listen. "With many tears she promised never to forget.

Nor has she forgotten it. Years have passed, and the Hustons are now comparatively well off; for after a while, Mr. Huston obtained another situation, and finally became a partner in the house.

And to this day, when the wife sees either of her daughters negligent she calls the offender to her, and tells, as a warning, the story of the TORN POCKET.

### Can we afford to Live in it?

Occasionally some millionaire builds a mansion, which is the admiration of the town, or erects a country-house, which, with its grounds, is the pride and boast of its neighborhood.—In time the great man dies, becomes insolvent, goes abroad, or tires of his hobby; and then the property is put up for sale. Everybody crowds to see the dwelling or drives out to the country house. The pictures, the furniture, the hot-house, of the grounds, are by terms the theme of admiration. The night of the sale arrives. The auction room is crowded. To judge from the sea of faces looking up at the eave, one might think that the competition would be enormous. But the fact is the reverse. The auctioneer expatiates long before he can obtain a single offer; the property, at first, seems about to be knocked down to the first bidder; and when, at last, other offers are made, they come almost reluctantly, and though the hammer falls amid a general cry "how cheap," the purchaser looks as if he already half repented of his bargain.

And why? Simply because it is one thing to buy a costly house, but quite another thing to live in it. Men, before they purchase a stately mansion, should ask themselves whether they can afford to keep it in appropriate style. A hundred thousand dollars for a dwelling makes necessary thousands of dollars for furniture, thousands for dress and equipage, and thousands more for servants, parties, Newport and Saratoga. There is a fitness in things, demanded by public opinion, which requires these expenses, and to this opinion nine men out of ten sooner or later practically yield, even if they, or their wives, do not embark in the extravagance at once. But usually there is no backwardness in this respect. Fizzoodle purchases a new house, with rose-wood doors, walnut staircase, stained-glass windows, and, before he has fairly recorded his deed, Mrs. Fizzoodle wants the walls frescoed and paneled with satin, and ten thousand other superfluities.—The estimated cost of the movement is soon trebled; the annual outlay grows in proportion; and Mr. Fizzoodle is either ruined, or condemned to groan, forever after, over his increasing expenses.

What is true of the would-be fashionable is just as true, however, of persons with more limited means. If men, with only a hundred thousand dollars or two, ape the millionaire's style of living, to do young merchants, professional men, even clerics and mechanics, ape those richer than themselves. The weakness of wishing to live in a fine house, too, is relative, for that which a millionaire scorns, the young merchant thinks superb, and that which the merchant looks down on, the clerk pinches himself to obtain. It is amazing how many families live in dwellings beyond their means! The miserable shifts to which such families are driven in order to keep up appearances, are melancholy to think upon. In the end, too, the head of the family dies, having laid by nothing, and the widow of the children sink into a hopeless poverty, the more poignant to them, because of the mortification attending it. It would be well if the question was sooner asked, when moving into a better house is proposed, "can we afford to live in it?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Some man, from a considerable way down East, has invented what he calls the "Patent never-falling Garden-Prosperer, or Hon-Walker." The invention consists of a small instrument, something like a spur, only considerably longer, which is attached to the hind part of the hen's leg, pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees toward the ground.—When the hen, with this instrument on her legs, enters the garden in the spring, after the seeds, and puts her foot forward to scratch, the "walker" catches in the ground and forces her forward, and thus she is walked in her efforts to scratch, entirely out of the garden. That will do?

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw, child, what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

### The Workings of Mormonism.

An English clergyman, who left England to join the Mormons, returned to London in September last. He has just published a volume giving his opinion of the saints found in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. We quote:

"One of the most repulsive features of Mormonism is the proxy system. This is so destructive to every good and honest feeling that many staunch Mormonites reject it altogether. I heard one of the oldest disciples say, that nothing on earth would ever persuade him to believe in it, and that if he had a dog that believed in it, he would shoot him. Nor will any reader be surprised when he knows what it is. I will endeavor to explain it briefly. When a married man called by conference to a foreign mission, he has the privilege, as they call it, before leaving home, of choosing some one to take the oversight of his cattle, goods, and whatever he may possess; to provide for and overlook the family, and to become the pro-tempore husband of the wife."

The ostensible reason for this arrangement is to prevent the husband from "suffering any loss" during his absence on missionary labors, since the greatness of his "future kingdom" depends upon the number of children he has here. To carry out this idea, the wife is handed over to a deputy husband, who maintains his position in the family till the husband returns. Base and immoral as this theory may be, it is strongly advocated by the leading men at the Great Salt Lake. We again quote the returned clergyman:

"But there is something more awful and paralyzing than all I have yet narrated. I mean the fearful sin of incest, which is so intimately and closely connected with polygamy. I could particularize instances where mother and daughter are married to the same man, and live with him as his wives; others, where brother and sister are man and wife, and son. Brigham Young, speaking once upon this subject in the Tabernacle, said he hoped the day was not far distant when these principles would be more fully taught and acted upon, and that children would be brought up to regard each other as future partners, for that thus the family would become more compact."

As a case in point, we would mention that some ten months since, there was a man at Liverpool, who held the office of councillor to the British Presidency, who, aided by the authorities there and the emigration fund, persuaded a family—father, mother and three daughters, the youngest in her teens—to emigrate to Zion. They had been a highly respectable family, and their character is irrefragable. On arriving at their destination, the missionary demanded the three daughters in marriage, and the parents gave a most reluctant consent. This man of God (as he styled himself) was married by Brigham Young, to these three on the same day, and took them together, to his house, where he had a young wife already, and which house consisted of but one room for the accommodation of them all. In about a year one brought forth a daughter and another a son. This caused him great rejoicing, as he said that the sons would in time marry the daughters, and thus irrefragably become the foundation of his kingdom.

This statement reads like a fable and yet there is no state of facts more easily proved. That such a doctrine should exist in a Christian land, in the year of our Lord 1857, is one of those peculiar monstrosities which no amount of logic can account for. Mormonism is the great evil of the day. How shall it be got rid of, is difficult to say. It may be put down by force, but it will not be put down by reason; for if men could reason, they never would become Mormons.

### What they Eat in New York.

*Hogs Fattened upon Dead Rats, Cats, Dogs, and Refuse Portulices from the Hospitals.*  
 Blessed are the people who don't live in New York. Such a picture as was recently disclosed to the view of an investigating committee of health wardens and policemen is enough to make a Christian become a Jew—at least to a certain extent. Near the grounds which are to form the new Central Park there are a number of establishments where swine are raised, and from which they are sold into the New York market. This committee visited these establishments on Thursday week, and we quote the subjoined sketch of one of them from the report of their investigation which we find in the *Tribune*:

The first one that was visited, and the one at which the most disgusting scenes were enacted was a piggery located to the east of Broadway, in Fifty-ninth street, and owned by one Charles Oberlander. This man raises a large number of hogs every year for the market, and has for a long time been engaged in the business. But the manner in which he does it is disgraceful in the very last degree. It is disgraceful to the man himself, and disgraceful to the city of New York.—Upon an examination of his premises some of the most disgusting sights were witnessed. The law states that only four pigs shall be allowed upon one lot, while this man had more than one hundred in a pen which measured fifty by one hundred feet. A heap of rubbish, which had been covered by Oberlander's wife when she espied the officers, was found to contain large quantities of intestines of animals mixed up with other masses of putrid matter. After this was examined, the captain and his men went all round the premises, and everywhere they went they found bones of all kinds, the carcasses of dead dogs, pigs and cats cut up in pieces for the pigs to eat. There were also dead rats in abundance. Upon examining more minutely everything that was seen on the ground, it was ascertained that rags with dried pollicies upon them were among the lot. All kinds of filth and garbage were mixed up together with them. The wife of

this man when she was sharply questioned, reluctantly confessed that all these things were given to the pigs to eat, and that they were fed upon nothing else than this kind of stuff, and such other garbage as can be gathered through the city. She said that her husband was paid to take away from the city hospital all the offal that it is to be found in that place, and that he removed at least one load every day. This offal is composed of all kinds of matter. It was found to contain the beds that were found to be unfit to keep in the hospital, from having been used by the very worst patients, and containing dangerous contagious diseases, all the old clothes that have been used by the physicians and students, and the rags upon which the poultices were placed. Then there was the other filth and offal of the hospital in addition to these, all mixed up together.

Oberlander, upon being asked what he did with the beds and rags, which he carried away from the New York Hospital, said that he emptied the straw out for the pigs to lie on, and then he sold the ticks for making paper. The rags, also, after the swine had eaten, were washed and sold for the same purpose.

### Praise your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable, for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years, but it will do her some good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through Summer's heat and Winter's cold they have drugged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room—in short, they thank everybody and everything out of doors because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has got down, or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but they will never say to her, "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility towards those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married, and if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes,) if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your apparently cold, so-so-ish affection.—Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

### A Beautiful Incident.

A correspondent of the Preston (England) Chronicle gives the following anecdote:  
 "A good while ago a boy named Charlie had a large dog which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived.—One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry him across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they went—but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened and making his little master let go of the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed in the river, and brought out, first his coat, and then all the rest in succession.

Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him that he had done wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go of the string, he would most likely have sunk, and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee and thanked God; then, getting up again, he threw his arms round his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go!" Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

However small a society may be, if it is a human one, jealousy will creep in somewhere.

Scarce—One-line items.