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**ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND DRINK.**

The British Parliament lately passed a bill for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink. It imposes a penalty on every person vending or exposing for sale any article of food or drink with which any noxious ingredient has been mixed. Moreover, the offender's name, residence, and offense are to be published in the newspapers, or otherwise, at his own expense. As a further check, professional analysts are to be appointed by the vestries, district boards, or town councils. Purchasers of provisions may have their purchases analyzed by them on payment of a small fee; and their certificates may be produced as evidence against fraudulent vendors. The privy council is also empowered to cause analyses to be made, and to regulate the use of materials or ingredients distinct from the natural composition of any article of food or drink with which it may be mixed. It is hoped, and there is good reason to believe, that this act will greatly improve the health of Great Britain. Few have any idea of the extent to which the adulteration of food is practised. In some cases it is physically harmless, and has the effect only of cheating the purchaser. But in a great majority of cases it is injurious to the health, but also causes such adulteration deserves punishment with a severity proportionate to the hurtful criminality of the fraud. A few instances of such adulteration, proved by repeated examinations by chemists and other professional experts of high character, will serve to show the necessity of legislation for its prevention. Bottled fruits and pickles are colored a lively green by the use of copper. This is most dangerous, and at the same time, a most foolish adulteration, which pleases the eye, while it destroys the health of the consumer. When the London Lancet called attention to the hurtful effects of this use of copper, Messrs. Cross and Blackwell, pickle manufacturers of London, abandoned it. At first their business was injured by the change. Their customers wrote to them that their pickles did not seem so well, because they were not so green as formerly. Their business has increased however, since a label has been pasted on each bottle, explaining the cause of the change. In England, and perhaps also in the United States, wheat flour is mixed with bean-meal, rice flour, barley, Indian corn, rye, potatoes, alum, chalk, bone-dust and plaster of Paris. Alum is used in baking bread, to make it lighter and crispier. It is very hurtful to the stomach, and works a great fraud, which weighs heavily on the laboring poor. Confectionery, being adulterated with staves of chalk, or clay, is colored to please the fancy, with preparations of mineral substances, such as lead, arsenic, and copper. These poisons are what medical men term cumulative; that is, when taken up by the system little by little, they finally produce the most injurious effects. Hence, in France, the use of coloring ingredients in confectionery is stringently forbidden by law. These poisons are not always of slow effect. Many instances of great misery, and might be cited of quick and violent poisoning, sometimes resulting in death, from eating colored sweets. Milk is made unwholesome and dangerous by feeding cows, for the sake of greater profit, on slops from distilleries. It will be remembered that this abuse existed to a very great extent in New York a year or two ago, and was exposed in a well-known illustrated weekly. Ground coffee is adulterated with chicory, beans, and various kinds of grain. Chicory, in its natural state, is adulterated with Venetian red, which is adulterated with brick-dust. Many of the preparations sold as cocoa and chocolate, consist of a most disgusting mixture of bad or musty beans, with their shells, coarse sugar of the very lowest quality, branny flour, and animal fat, generally tallow. It has been denied that tea is colored green by the Chinese; but Sir John Bowring, formerly British Commissioner to China, declares it to be true; and Mr. Fortune, an Englishman, who actually witnessed the process, has published a description of it. After the tea reaches Great Britain, it is colored with more deleterious substances than those used by the Chinese, and is mixed with the leaves of a great variety of plants. The adulteration of intoxicating drinks is almost universal; and its effects are most pernicious, because of the immoderate use of such drinks for pleasurable excitement. To the credit of London brewers, London porters and stout have been pronounced by chemists to be perfectly pure; but beer and ale are corrupted by the mixture of a vast quantity of deleterious drugs. Suffice it to say of brandy, whiskey, gin, rum, and the great variety of wines, that their constant and increasing adulteration has fearfully increased the miserable consequences that result from their immoderate use. To drink any one of them, at home, and when we know it to come from the most respectable dealers, borders on folly; but to drink it at a public bar is downright madness. One who, in the face of the fearful disclosures so frequently made as to the poisonous corruption of common liquors, continue their use as a beverage, drinks damnation to himself, and deserves what follows. We have thus instanced, at some length, the general prevalence of the adulteration of food and drinks, to show the necessity of following in America the good example in this regard set by Great Britain.—Washington Globe.

**OUR FLAG.**

The following beautiful lines were written by a gentleman holding distinguished position under the Federal Government in Washington City:

**PARODY.**

"WOODMAN, spare that tree!"  
 Madmen, spare that flag!  
 Touch not a single star;  
 From sea to mountain's edge  
 Its stripes have gleamed afar;  
 'Twas our forefathers' hand  
 That gave it as our lot,  
 Thine, or mine, let it be dead,  
 Your rage shall harm it not!

That flag of Liberty,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea;  
 And would you strike it down?  
 Madmen, spare that flag!  
 Madmen, spare that flag!  
 Cut not its heaven-born tress;  
 Our Country's eagle still,  
 Streaked with celestial dye,  
 On Ocean's wave and health,  
 In battle and in blast,  
 Our fathers' blood is there,  
 Or mailed to the mast;  
 A tear for those who fell,  
 For those who lived, remain,  
 It ought not to be torn—  
 Oh! do not break it!

Our hearts thrill round the flag,  
 And men's eyes on it crowd;  
 On field and deck they cling,  
 Has been a freedom's wing!  
 Oh! flag, the storm will brave;  
 And Freedom, leave the staff;  
 While we've an arm to save,  
 Your rage shall harm it not.

**THE QUAKER'S REVENGE.**

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors, that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no persons lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, it was beset by men and dogs, and most severely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spark of Lawson. Chances favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded horse, (or filly, according to the western mode of speaking,) which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

**MYSTERY OF KISSING.**

Depend upon it, a kiss is a great mystery. There is many a thing that we can't explain, still we are sure it is a fact for all that. Why should there be a sort of magic in slapping hands, which seems only a mere form, and sometimes a painful one, too! for folks wring their fingers almost off, and make you fairly dance with pain, they beat you so. It don't give much pleasure at any time. What the magic of it is we can't tell, but so it is for all that. It seems only a custom, like bowing, and nothing else. Still there is more in it than meets the eye. But a kiss fairly electrifies you; it warms your blood, and sets your heart beating like a bass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night.—It is a thing never to be forgotten.—No language can express it; no letters will give the sound. Then what in nature is equal to the flavor of it?—What you say, it don't give much pleasure, for you can't feed on it. It is neither visible nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is neither a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapor. It has neither color nor form. Imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but is instantly reproduced, and is so immortal. It is as old as creation, and yet as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists and always will exist. It pervades all nature. The breeze, as it passes, kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that wafts in the eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves like lips to receive it. Depend upon it, Eve learned it in Paradise. How it is adapted to all circumstances! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting, the long-languishing, loving, present one, the stolen or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfillment. It is strange therefore, that a woman is invincible whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears?

**BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.**

A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"  
 "Gratitude is the memory of the heart."  
 "What is hope?"  
 "Hope is the blossom of happiness."  
 "What is the difference between hope and desire?"  
 "Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in fruit."  
 "What is eternity?"  
 "A day without yesterday or tomorrow—a line that has no end."  
 "What is time?"  
 "A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."  
 "What is God?"  
 "The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the match maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."  
 "Does God reason?"  
 "Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."  
 "The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight for."

**THE POOR WIDOW.**

I was left an orphan when a mere baby, and received into the house of an uncle. My family had been rich, but their wealth had been dissipated, and I was poor as well as parentless. My uncle was a keen, cynical, worldly, poor man. He lived on the remnants of a fortune (which I had heard he acquired by his wife) and the traditions of family greatness. His wife was dead—had died while I was still very young. I scarcely remembered her, and she had never awakened my affections. As I grew up, I insensibly acquired a low estimate of woman. My uncle's influence all tended to this result, and there was nothing to counteract it. I was taught that my future position and comfort depended upon winning a wife who possessed fortune. "No matter what the woman may be," my uncle would say, "unless, indeed, she be strikingly vulgar. Money covers all other defects, even extreme ugliness. But don't marry a widow, my boy. It is said there's a skeleton in every house, but don't let yours be the skeleton of your wife's dear departed."

**AN ELEPHANT EGG.**

The following French anecdote is translated for the Boston Saturday Gazette:

At the last fair at Tarascon there were, of course assembled a troop of gymnasts, jugglers, acrobats, and a multitude of mongeries, in one of which was a representation of the elephant, paid his money to much remark for the largeness of his ears. His owner called him Kiouki II.

Among the acrobatic troupe was a maker of red balloons, recently so popular in England and America. He travelled with the show, and seduced a couple of sous from the pockets of a patron of it by selling him a balloon.

A countryman stopped one day before the menagerie tent, and enticed by a painted representation of the elephant, paid his money to much remark for the largeness of his ears. He was astonished at his size, he asked the balloon man as he went out:

"Does that beast bring forth young, or lay eggs?"

Without a moment's hesitation, the mountebank replied:

"He lays eggs."

"I thought so."

"And if you wish one, to afford you the happiness of possessing under your own roof an individual of this species, for a franc I will guarantee that you shall carry some what no one else in the country possesses."

The greenhorn did not hesitate to offer his money, and the acrobat presented a red balloon.

"Behold the egg I had the honor to promise you. It is one franc—and only for you, because the Jardin des Plantes at Paris buys all my elephant's six francs apiece, for the Algerine expeditions, where they use all the elephants they can find for the war against India. I chose the lightest egg I could find for you, that you might not wait too long for it to hatch. Its mother, having already sat upon it many days, it will suffice you to wrap it up in wool and lay it in a dry place, to obtain, without expensiveness and without effort, the magnificent Asiatic product which it contains!"

"Astounding! but how in regard to sucking him?"

"Easy enough. No consequence what quadruped nourishes him. Lacking a cow, a sow, or even a goat, you can bring him up yourself on turtle soup."

The countryman departed charmed with his prize, and to keep it as safely as possible, wrapped it in a blue cotton handkerchief which he had bought at the fair for his wife. But in spite of all the care of which the egg that bore the Book of Destiny that its proprietor should not see it hatched under his roof.

Some little distance from the village where our countryman resided runs a stream. He approached it for the purpose of filling the clear water. For this purpose he made a cup with his hands, he deposited his precious burden on the ground. He drank freely of the water, then rising, turned to his elephant's egg. He looked to the right and to the left, but no egg! He looks above him, sees the egg rising higher—higher—and carrying with it his wife's handkerchief.

He believed that the elephant was about to be hatched, and it was not long after the egg was out of sight that he returned home crestfallen. His wife asked him where the handkerchief was he had promised to bring her.—Then he narrated the entire adventure. The good woman opened her eyes and ears, and seeing her husband's grief not only at the loss of the elephant, but of the handkerchief, exclaimed:

"Content yourself, husband! I'll be content with my black handkerchief, and I'm glad to know that the poor baby hasn't gone off without swaddling clothes!"

Kings never hear the voice of truth until they are dethroned, nor beauties until they have abandoned their charms.

**PETER CARTWRIGHT.**

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man and struck right and left to one who opposed him. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you're just being using my name inappropriately; and said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright," instantly the ferryman seized the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nape of his neck and the other at the seat of his trousers, and plunged him in the water, saying:

"I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, wine and art."

Then lifting him up, Peter added:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it's time you did."

"Never will," answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted:

"I do anything you bid me."

"Then follow me; 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' &c. Having noticed a clerk repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises—First, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman.

As strange to say, that man afterwards became a shining light.

**TELL YOUR WIFE.**

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—about it in some way. Pen to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verand in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insights are most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In consulting one to tell his trouble to his wife, we should go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by man's full confidence in his "better half."

Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from him. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of the meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes.—What is wrong of his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.

**THE PRINTER.**

The Belfast Mercury, give the following in relation to printers:—

"From high to low, they are the same careless, light-hearted, clever, well-informed reckless fellows, knowing how to do better than they do, nothing at times—yet everything if occasion requires, or the fit take them. Wherever you go you are sure to meet one. No sooner are they comfortable in one town than they make tracks for another, even though they have to travel on 'hair space means.' We have seen, says an American editor, one and the same individual of the craft, a minister in California, a lawyer in Missouri, a shoemaker in Ohio, a boatman on the Western canal, a sailor, master of a privateer, an auctioneer in New York, and a pressman in a great printing office. Nor are those characteristics of the printers in any one country—they are everywhere the same. We have met them as lecturers, actors, traveling preachers, ventriloquists; in fact, as everything. We have met, on a tramp in this country, members of this roving profession, from all quarters of the globe—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans and Swedes, all apparently as much at home as in their own country. Audent lovers of liberty; kingcraft and priestcraft find but little favor in their eyes. They are always with the people. When the chartist excitement was raging in England, the most eloquent leaders of the movement were raised in Paris in 1848, the compositors cast their type into bullets and fired them at the Royalist troops.—When the Americans were at war with Mexico, General Taylor's regiment was composed almost exclusively of volunteer printers, and they were the bravest of his troops."

**NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.**

A schoolmaster who had been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who are not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspapers have made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, their government, and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety in the newspapers, from the common-place advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the Statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

This is a good and competent witness. The school teacher, who more competent than he to determine the real value of the newspaper as an aid to education and the development of the struggling mind? We prize his testimony as every one else should, and would add in this connection, that the primary and absolute advantage of a newspaper in families consists in its youthful members—subjects of common life and every day incidents, in which the rising generation feel sufficient interest, if not to enable them to comprehend their purpose and meaning, certainly to enquire and to desire explanation from their seniors. The habit of reading understandingly once acquired, leads onward by rapid and progressive steps, until the whole field of newspaper intelligence becomes susceptible of interest and cultivation.—The amount of information which can be accumulated by an early course of newspaper reading, extending through the years of minority, cannot easily be estimated.

**BEEF EATING IN NEW YORK CITY.**

During the year 1860, 150,000,000 pounds of beef were consumed in New York city, at a cost to the butcher of at least \$12,000,000. The number of beef cattle received during the year was 267,747 head; the average price, \$8 15 per hundred weight, which is about one cent per pound cheaper than in 1859, and one cent and a half less than in 1858. The total number of live stock slaughtered last year in the city was 1,107,882 head. If they were placed together compactly on a road of fifteen feet in width, the drove would cover 220 miles!

**FOR PARENTS—HOW TO RUIN A SON.**

—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him free access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvelous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves.

**REAL ESTATE AT WASHINGTON.**

The political troubles of the times, and the danger that at some future time, if not now, the Union may be divided and Washington cease to be the capital, has greatly depressed the value of real estate in that city. One of the largest real estate holders has gone insane over the troubles, and been carried to the Insane Asylum.—He was formerly a resident of Newburyport, but removed to Washington many years ago, where he had amassed a large fortune by speculation in real estate, and the impending crisis has caused his ruin.

What resembles a half a cheese? The other half.