

VARIETIES.

LIEBIG'S CURE FOR INTemperance.—The *Scientific American* contains an account of an experiment test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaceous, and in the cases reported was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—A man walks three miles an hour. A horse trots seven. Steamboats run eighteen. Sailing vessels make ten. Slow rivers flow four. Rapid rivers flow seven. Storms move thirty-six. Hurricanes eighty. A rifle ball 1,000 miles a minute. Sound 1,143. Light 100,000. Electricity 280,000. A barrel of flour weighs 190 pounds. A barrel of pork 200. A barrel of powder 25. A firkin of butter 56. A tub of butter 84. Wheat, beans and clover seed 60 pounds to the bushel. Corn, rye and flax seed 56. Buckwheat 52. Oats 35. Coarse salt 85. Sixty drops make a tablespoonful. Three teaspoonful or a tablespoonful, one third of an ounce. Four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards an acre. A square mile 640 acres. To measure an acre: Two hundred and nine feet on each side, making a square acre within an inch. There are 2,750 languages. One person dies at each pulsation of the heart.

DRIED EGGS.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs, and is operated by hundreds of thousands of dozens. The eggs, after being carefully inspected by light, are thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shells, very much as liquid honey is taken from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat by a patent process, and the dried article, which resembles brown sugar, is put in barrels and is ready for transportation. The dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelets and compared with omelets made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between them. Is not this an age of wonders? Milk made solid; cider made solid; apple butter made into bricks. What next?

WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW STONES.—The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees; the direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, like the tail of a snake or a whip-lash, working every joint from shoulder to wrist, and sometimes making your elbow sing as though you had got a whack on the crazy-bone. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists we never learned until, at a somewhat advanced period, we dove into a book of physiology, and learned that the clavicle, or collar-bone, in the anatomy of a female is some inches longer, and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. This long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free action of the shoulder, and that's the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

THE PREMIER AND "A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA."—The London correspondent of the *New York Times* vouches for the following interesting story:—Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi, the art publishers, had a visit last week from Lord Beaconsfield. Lying in one of the galleries was an unfinished engraving from a painting by Mr. Hamilton, R.A., which caught the Premier's eye. The picture represented a child sitting on the sea-shore listening to the imaginary music of a shell which she is holding to her ear. "What do you call it?" asked Lord Beaconsfield. "We have not yet named it—we are at a loss for a title, my lord," said Mr. Colnaghi. "Shall I give you one?" asked the Premier. "Your lordship is too good." "I will write it for you," said the Premier. He took a pencil from his pocket, sat down, and wrote in a bold but graceful hand, "A Message from the Sea." Mr. Colnaghi was highly delighted. "Would your lordship honour me by adding your autograph?" "Beaconsfield" was appended at once.

THE TRUE BUSINESS REVIVAL.—Adversity, though a punishment, is not necessarily reformatory. We may go from bad to worse in secular misery. Indeed, our wisest financiers and statesmen do not see how we can help going deeper and deeper. Having dug out the old safe-beaten way of doing things, we have struck upon quicksand and find nothing solid. Our trouble is not lack of hard money; it is the lack of the hardpan of conscientiousness—it is the substitution of mere policy, and whatever by bribery and mistake may be legalized, or by allowance become customary, for those ideas of honesty which are as old and widespread as the world. We want our words, our labels, and our actions to have about them the ring of the real gold, and not to be a mere depreciated currency, even though everybody does understand it, and only the fool is deceived. Mr. Charles F. Adams is

credited with saying that "the thing necessary for a revival of business in this country is a revival of religion." There is a statesmanship in the remark, whoever made it. We can have no prosperous sailing until the needle of the popular conscience is magnetized with a divinely-given sense of right and wrong.

HARD WORK.—"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Doctor Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy. 'Nothing,' says Reynolds, 'is denied well directed labour, and nothing is to be obtained without it.' 'Excellence in any department,' says Johnston 'can now be obtained by the labour of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price.' 'There is but one method,' says Sidney Smith, 'and that is hard labour, and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox.' 'Step by step,' reads the French proverb, 'one goes very far.' 'Nothing,' says Mirabeau, 'is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success.' 'Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom,' asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, 'and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not?' The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.

A HUMANE ELEPHANT.—The favourite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was a noble creature. The great nabob was about to hunt in the neighbourhood of Lucknow. The preparations being complete, and a train of Indian nobility assembled, the procession of Nimrods began to move off for the field. After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsmen entered a meadow, which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure and fresh air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden. Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feasting his cruel eyes with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot. The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace; but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him, the driver goaded him, and the nabob cried, "Stick him in the ear!" All, however, was vain. More humane than his superiors, the elephant stood firm and refused to violate his better feelings. At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless and unable to move themselves out of his way, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any of them. The brute and the man had made an exchange of their proper sentiments, and humanity triumphed gloriously in the animal. We question whether another instance of such strong and humane sagacity can be produced from any region in the animal kingdom.

PRINTERS' "PIE."—A delicious piece of "pie" was nearly being served up to the readers of a Liverpool paper the other day. The previous evening its reporter had to attend a meeting at a Wesleyan chapel for the conversion of the Hebrews to Christianity, after which he reported the address given by General H. Y. D. Scott to the Polytechnic Society on the conversion of sewage into lime and cement. In the printer's hands the folios got mixed up, and the report read:—"The Chairman, after the meeting had been opened with prayer, explained that the conversion of the Jews was one of the greatest works that could engage the attention of our sanitary authorities. Filtration was the most perfect method that could be adopted for purification, but a filter had its limits. There was a popular notion that the sewage contained a vast amount of wealth, but the sludge must be taken out of it for purposes of irrigation, as it otherwise choked the pores of the land, and they were a wandering race, spread over the whole face of the habitable globe. They were denied the inimitable blessings of Christianity, which might be counted by thousands of tons per annum allowed to run waste, when by a judicious admixture of lime and clay, the benighted Hebrews who sat in darkness might easily be converted into lime and cement for building purposes, and if thus deodorised, after being first dried and burnt in a kiln, this ancient race would once more take its proud position among the nations of the world. Subscriptions were earnestly solicited for the purpose, though he (the speaker) disclaimed any idea of making a profit out of the process; and in conclusion, he urged increased efforts in the good work, showing that, thus deodorised by a very novel process of evangelisation in large tanks constructed for the purpose, the grateful Hebrew might flow over the land without injury to vegetation, while the expense of conversion, which was progressing as rapidly as the best friends of Christianity could wish, would be more than repaid by the sale of the phosphate of lime and valuable cement for building purposes."

FOOT NOTES.

KNOWLEDGE AND COTTON.—Commerce is the teacher of civilization. Threads of thought, lessons of human advancement and human policy are spun at Cotton-mills, and shipped to instruct and civilize the heathen. With a cotton shirt, the native Indian enrobes himself with lessons, although for a time he may have no knowledge of their influence. The cotton tree—we speak it not irreverently—might be cultivated as the Tree of Knowledge.

LOYALTY.—At Vienna recently an amusing incident marked the Emperor's visit to the Circus Renz. The proprietor of a rival establishment is said to have bought up all the front seats, so that when the Emperor appeared he was not a little surprised to find the house half empty. Renz, however, proved equal to the occasion, and, hurrying to the neighbouring cavalry barracks, invited the willing troopers to witness the performance and to do honour to the presence of their Commander-in-Chief. The Imperial guest is said greatly to have relished the joke, and to have doubly enjoyed the amusement thus afforded to his soldiers.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF COLONEL BAKER.—A correspondent gives the following particulars of an attempt to murder Baker Pasha, Captain Burnaby, and others, at Gumerjina, near Lagos, in the Ægean. It appears that while the gentlemen named were at dinner at the Greek Archbishop's konak on the 23d of January, the wine was discovered to be poisoned. Fortunately, only a few had drunk any of it, and these immediately had administered to them copious draughts of salt-and-water by Dr. Scotchley. One gentleman did not recover for two days. The affair occurred during Suleiman's retreat to the sea. The poison, on being tested by the Stafford House doctors, was found to be arsenic. The Bishop is fully exonerated, but the servants who attended, habited as monks, are suspected.

THE IRISH ARE LONG-LIVED.—It has never been claimed that in their native land the Irish are a long-lived people, but it is a well-established fact there are more Irish centenarians in America than those of any other nation. The climate and food of the country appear to agree admirably with her adopted sons from Erin. According to a report of the Board of Health of New York, of the ten persons in that city who died last year at the age of 100 and over, nine were born in Ireland, and eight of the nine were widows. At that most remarkable gathering ever seen in this or any other country—the old folks' excursion held in Fairmount Park several years ago—the fact was noticed that much the largest proportion of the very aged were of Irish birth.

WORDSWORTH ON RAILWAYS.—Wordsworth poured forth his indignant spleen lest Windermere and Rydal should be degraded by the presence of a thousand holiday-folks, freed from the steaming hives of Lancashire to enjoy one day with Heaven's beautiful works among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland—astonishing obliquity in one so gifted. His great human heart, instead of growling, should have expanded with the thought that thousands, by the aid of steam, would in one day's emancipation from loom and anvil, gain health, strength, and wisdom, as they luxuriated among the glorious scenery which has so long inspired his lofty mind, and fed his poetic fancy; thousands would be induced to read his works, who heretofore had hardly heard his name.

MIDHAT PASHA.—Midhat Pasha thinks we have done either too little or too much. Having forced so many vessels through the Straits, the next thing you should do, he said the other day, would be to send four or five ironclads to Burgos, so that in case of a war with Russia you may have a footing, so to speak, in the Black Sea, and may be in a position to blockade all her ports, prevent her from obtaining supplies from Odessa, and bring the whole of her commerce to a standstill. What would be your position should Russia obtain possession of Gallipoli and also the narrow gut between the sea of Marmora and the Black Sea? Your Admiral could obtain neither coal nor supplies, and although you might shell the Turkish capital, your fleet would be blown out of the water before it could get back to Besika Bay! This, of course, is no new idea, it is the conclusion every sane man who has studied the Eastern question has arrived at long ago, but coming from such a source, it is worthy of consideration, even though everything has been calculated for us.

GREAT WORKS WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—It is curious that two of the greatest historical works in the world were written while their authors were in exile—the "History of the Peloponnesian War," by Thucydides; the "History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon. Fortescue, the Chief Justice in Henry VI.'s reign, wrote his great work on the laws of England under the same circumstances. Locke was a refugee in Holland when he penned his memorable "Letter concerning Toleration," and put the finishing touches to his immortal "Essay on the Human Understanding." Lord Bolingbroke had also "left his country for his country's good" when he was engaged on the works by which he will be best remembered. Everybody knows Dante's sad tale, and his miserable wanderings from city to city while the "Divine Comedy" was in course of production. Still more melancholy is it to review the formidable array of great works which were composed within the walls of a prison. First comes the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote;"

the one written in Bedford Gaol, the other in a squalid dungeon in Spain. James I. (of Scotland) penned his sweet poem, "The Kynge's Quhair," while a prisoner in Windsor Castle; and the loveliest of Lord Surrey's verses were written in the same place, under the same circumstances. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was composed in the Tower. George Buchanan executed his brilliant Latin version of the Psalms while incarcerated in Portugal. "Fleta," one of the most valuable of our early law works, took its name from the fact of its having been compiled by its author in the Fleet Prison. Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," De Foe's "Review" and "Hymn to the Pillory," Voltaire's "Henriade," Howel's "Familiar Letters"—to which we have recently directed attention—Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts," Grotius' "Commentary on St. Matthew," and the amusing "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," all these were produced in the gloomy cells of a common prison. Tasso wrote some of the loveliest of his sonnets in a mad-house, and Christopher Smart his "Song to David"—one of the most eloquent sacred lyrics in our language—while undergoing confinement in a similar place. Poor Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is said to have revolved some of his tragedies in lucid intervals within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Plautus fabricated some of his comedies in a bakehouse. The great Descartes, Berni the Italian poet, and Boyse, the once well-known author of "The Deity," usually wrote while lying in bed. Hooker meditated his "Ecclesiastical Polity" while rocking the cradle of his child; and Richardson slowly elaborated his romances among the compositors of his printing office. Byron composed the greater part of "Lara" while engaged at his toilet-table, and his "Prologue at the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre" in a stage-coach. Moore's gorgeous Eastern romance, "Lallah Rookh," was written in cottage blocked up with snow, with an English winter roaring round it. Burns dreamed one of his lyrics and wrote it down just as it came to him in his sleep. Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" was another inspiration from Morpheus; and so also was Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

A CAMPAIGN SLANDER.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these Campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are publishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to have come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

The following is from the *Buffalo Commercial* of Oct. 23d, 1877:

"Hardly a dozen years ago he (Dr. Pierce) came here, a young and unknown man, almost friendless, with no capital except his own manhood, which, however, included plenty of brains and pluck, indomitable perseverance, and inborn uprightness. Capital enough for any young man, in this progressive country, if only he has good health, and habits as well. He had all these great natural advantages and one thing more, an excellent education. He had studied medicine and been regularly licensed to practise as a physician. But he was a student, fond of investigation and experiment. He discovered or invented important remedial agencies or compounds. Not choosing to wait wearily for the sick and suffering to find out (without anybody to tell them) that he could do them good, he advertised his medicines and invited the whole profession, of every school, to examine and pronounce judgment upon his formulas. He advertised liberally, profusely, but with extraordinary shrewdness, and with a method which is in itself a lesson to all who seek business by that perfect legitimate means. His success has been somewhat marvelous—so great indeed that it must be due to intrinsic merit in the articles he sells more even than to his unparalleled skill in the use of printer's ink. The present writer once asked a distinguished dispensing druggist to explain the secret of the almost universal demand for Dr. Pierce's medicines. He said in fact they were genuine medicines,—such compounds as every good physician would prescribe for the diseases which they were advertised to cure. Of course, they cost less than any druggist would charge for the same article supplied on a physician's prescription, and beside there was the doctor's fee saved. Moreover buying the drugs in such enormous quantities, having perfect apparatus for purifying and compounding the mixture, he could not only get better articles in the first place, but present the medicine in better form and cheaper than the same mixture could possibly be obtained from any other source.

It may be thought that all this having reference to Dr. Pierce's private business has no point whatever when considered in connection with the proper qualifications of a candidate for the Senate. Perhaps. But it is the fashion now, and will be for a fortnight more, with sundry journals, to make sneering allusions to this very matter. After that brief period, they will be quite ready to go on doing his work as before, and as always before, to speak of him as a great public benefactor."