

A NEW ADULTERATION.

An English journal says:

We have become so much accustomed to stories, unhappily too often well-founded of the "scientific" modes of adulteration in our daily food, that we get almost tired of inquiring in the matter any further. A horrible whisper was afloat some time ago that a company had been formed for making the best fresh butter from Thames mud. The sensation was, however, too strong even for the greatest of alarmists, and people settled down in the comfortable conviction that the matutinal toast was "battered" after all, with nothing more deleterious than an elegant preparation of Russian tallow, or lard at the best. But what shall we say when we learn that even lard—the base, as chemists would call it, of our best Devonshire fresh—is adulterated also? A writer in one of the pharmaceutical journals says that he lately obtained a quantity of lard from a respectable dealer. It was beautifully white. Indeed he had never seen an article that looked better. His first trial of it was in preparing ointment of nitrate of mercury. The color, when the mercurial solution was added, was the reverse of citrine—indeed, decidedly saturnine, developing in a short time to a full slate color. Surprised at this unprecedented result, the usual precautions having been taken as to temperature, etc., the lard was inspected, and on examination was found to contain a large quantity of lime. Some time after, in a conversation with a lard dealer, the secret oozed out confidentially that it was a common practice in the trade to mix from two to five per cent. of milk of lime with the genuine article, which is not only pearly white, but will allow of stirring in during cooling of twenty per cent. of water. So much for the last chemical triumph in the art of adulteration.

THE VENTRILOQUIST ON THE DOCK.

Quite an exciting time, says a recent number of the Cleveland *Herald*, occurred at one of our wharves recently.

The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy; these plaguy nails hurt. I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed:

"That man beats the Dickens!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice; "I want to get out; I won't stand this any longer."

"Up end the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't! you'll kill me," said the voice.

"Oh, how these nails prick! Look out—don't!" again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead that cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy, now; is there anyone about; I don't want to be caught."

Quite a crowd had gathered round the scene of action, when a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm and arm with the ventriloquist and magician.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

There can be no doubt that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter quality affording opportunity for hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy the game into their power. The faculty of intuition, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is present in monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the room, jumps at the handle of the door, and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot himself turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of voices of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the same manner as their foster mothers. Attention and memory also are present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses show the presence of imagination, or that a certain sort of reason is also present. Animals also profit by experience as any man realizes who sets traps. The young are much more easily caught than the old, and the adults gain caution by seeing the fate of others which are caught. Tools always are used by some of the higher apes. The chimpanzee uses a stone to crack a nut resembling a walnut, and the Abyssinian baboons fight troops of other species, and roll down stones in the attack before they finally close in a hand to hand combat.

counter. The idea of property is common to every dog with a bone, to all birds with their nests, and notably in the case of rooks. Nor can a certain kind of language be denied to the brutes. The dog communicates his feelings by barks of different tones, which undoubtedly raise in his fellow dogs ideas similar to those passing in his own mind.

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGY.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions that General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshall Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner:

Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated, Soult, naturally enough supposed those tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was he met a bloody repulse.

This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment. There is no such thing laid down in Jomini. The idea was born of the occasion and carried out on the instant.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Travellers' tales are not always to be depended upon, and so therefore this travellers' tale, as related in a paper in Upper Alsace, must be taken for what it is worth. He says:—

In journeying from Pflitz to Basle I saw at a distance of about two hundred paces from me a large dog leave the road, and enter the brushwood. The dog belonging to my companion, a native of Alsace, was about to follow the strange dog, but was recalled by his master.

"No, no, you must leave him alone, he is on duty; it does not do to interrupt business."

I looked to him for an explanation of the mystery conveyed in his words. He then told me that dogs were trained to bring smuggled goods, such as watches, &c., from Switzerland into Alsace by means of a kind of saddle fastened to the back. The manner of training the dog was this:—

The dog is well fed at home, and then after a while led across the border to the village where he is to receive his load. He is shut up some days without food, and moreover beaten by a man dressed in the uniform of a custom-house official. As soon as the dog is set at liberty he naturally starts for home at a double-quick pace. On the way, that is on the high-road, which he is pretty sure to take, people are stationed with whips, or guns loaded with peas, which are fired at him, until he learns to take refuge from all strange men in the brushwood. Two or three such lessons are sufficient to make the sagacious animal comprehend what is required of him, and he then becomes the best contrabandist going. Six dogs can thus support their master.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

To the south of Kaffa and Susa, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many bamboo woods, inhabited by the race called Dakos, who are no bigger than boys ten years old; that is, only four feet high. They have dark olive-colored complexion, and live in a completely savage state, like the beasts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something like an idea of a higher Being called Yer, to whom, in moments of wretchedness and anxiety, they pray—not in an erect position, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or a stone. In prayer, they say:—"Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us thus to be slain? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us; why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot?" The Dakos have no chief, or laws, no weapons; they do not hunt, nor till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey, and the like; climbing trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys; and both sexes go completely naked.

They do not marry, but live indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly; and with very little parental instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it.

They have thick, protruding lips, flat noses,

and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nails on the hands and feet are allowed to grow long, like the talons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw, for they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they pierce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.—*Dr. Krapf's Travels in Eastern Africa.*

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.

Here is a short article we find floating around on the unknown sea of journalism that many men should paste in their hats and ladies on their bonnets, if room can be found on "the little duck of a thing." These people, liable to quick emotions with sense but no reason, showing their nature in their countenance, and often marring repose and friendship by unwarranted suspicion, are found in all our cities. Let them read and profit by this:

"There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights.—They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offence is designated. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance on the street who happens to be preoccupied by business; they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impudence in every one they come in contact with.

"Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word of momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate.—It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less constraint, and in this way the chance of an imaginary offence is vastly increased."

SMALL WAGES.

The Guelph authorities advertise for a female teacher to take charge of a Department in one of their first-class Public Schools, at the munificent salary of \$175 a year. Let us calculate a little, and see what this offer really amounts to. Board may possibly be had in that town for \$2 a week, it can scarcely be less; this will take \$104. The balance \$71, nearly \$1.37 per week, or less than the wages of a nurse girl or a chamber maid, or less than the remuneration of a seamstress is what a young woman whose youth is supposed to have been spent in acquiring a liberal and expensive education, whose moral power is said to be irreproachable, and whose example and deportment are expected to be elevating and ladylike, is to consider an ample pecuniary reward for arduous and exhaustive labor of the most delicate and responsible kind which one human being can expect another to perform. For very shame's sake the Guelph Board should double their figure. But no doubt there will be plenty of applicants, such as they are, at the rate above mentioned, and the numbers would not be diminished if it were still further reduced in the scale of *pauperism*, for the present offer has not yet reached the dignity of wages.—*Waterloo Chronicle.*

HELP YOURSELF.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed five thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence or patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps, but carving your own way up the mountain you make one lead to another, and stand firm on that while you chop still another out.

Men who have made fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by pulls begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit; they have outstretched their own hands, and touched the public heart.

Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man fail so signally as one who induced his grandmamma to speak a word or two for him. Whether you work for fame, love or money, or for anything else, work with your own hands, and heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.—*Grace Greenwood.*

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent, if they enjoy

in childhood the privileges of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often in family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the grace of home conversation.

HOW TO BE SOMEBODY.

Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every obstacle in the way of your success, flying like leaves before a whirlwind. A milk and water way of doing business leaves a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not the go-ahead-iveness to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, or, at the best, on one of the very low rounds.

Never say I can't—never admit there is such a word;—it has dragged its tens of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language; but carry a whole lexicon of I cans and I wills with you, and thus armed, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish.

Never envy your neighbor his success, but try and become like him, and as much better as you can. If at first you don't succeed, don't wilt down with despondency and I can't, but gird on the armour of I can, and my word for it you will.

Always bear in mind that whatever is worth having is worth toiling long, earnestly and manfully for. So sure as a constant dropping wears away the hardest stone, so do constant efforts insure success. If you work manfully, persistently and with energy, you may smile, be hopeful and happy when life's clouds hang the darkest, for as sure as sunshine succeeds the storms, so sure a bright future awaits you.

Whatever you undertake try and excel in it. That is what makes any occupation in life honorable and profitable. A first-class quack is better than a second-rate doctor.

Great obstacles in the way of success are fear of being laughed at, and what somebody may say. Never fear sneers and remarks when right leads the van, but push right straight ahead, with your eyes and thoughts on the brilliant future.

Don't always be saying to yourself, I am going to do so-and-so to-morrow; but act to-day. If you are invited to make a prayer, get up and make one if it be as simple as, "Grant, O Lord, that we may not think contemptuously of our rulers; and furthermore grant, we beseech Thee, that they may not act so we cannot help it." If you are invited to speak in a lyceum, get up if you cannot say more than "Thank you, sir, I don't speak." Next time you can get a little further, and so on until you can handle the English language, or any thing else, as a Yankee does a jack-knife.

A FAMILY PAPER.

The "Steelville Mirror," of Crawford Co., Mo., is a curious specimen of Western pluck and enterprise. The editor says:

We have, beyond all question, one of the most delightfully situated printing establishments in the world. That's strong, but we think the facts will sustain it. We are, literally, in the woods, being four miles northeast of Steelville, our nearest mail point, eight miles southwest of the great Scotia Iron Works, eight miles south of Leasburg, and ten miles southeast of Cuba. We print the "Mirror" in the woods, but publish it in Steelville, the county seat. We have fitted up a story-and-a-half frame building 20x22 feet inside, with eight windows and two doors, standing so high on the ridge that we can see the trains all along the route as they pass between Cuba and Leasburg, from eight to ten miles distant. The situation is a most beautiful one, surrounded, as it is, by Nature in all her pristine loveliness—woods, wild flowers, myriads of birds singing around us all day, and at night the call of the whip-poor-will, the hoot of the owl, and the howl of the wolf.

We located our working house out here, for several private reasons, among which are comfort, pleasure and economy. We own the office, and mean to do what we please with it; we own the house, which we have fitted up to suit ourselves; and we own the farm of two hundred and thirty acres on which the printing-house stands. We have six children, the youngest ten years old, all of whom can, and do, set type. Our eldest daughters, Nellie and Dollie, can each set one thousand ems of type per hour all day; they also write stories for the paper, editorials, locals, &c., and can use the scissors judiciously; while the eyes of our youngest daughter begins to exhibit a poetically frenzied appearance.

We intend to increase our paper to sixteen pages within a few weeks.

Can any other county show as bright prospects for a successful "country" paper, or so happy a combination of business and pleasure? We pause for a reply.

AN ETHIOPIAN CORONATION.

The *Levant Times* gives a long account of the coronation of Prince Cassa, the new King of Ethiopia, which took place at Axum on the 14th of January. The solemnities lasted a fortnight, and the first step in them was Prince Cassa's departure from Adoa, on the 4th of January, en route for Axum, which was reached on the 12th. On the 13th a grand review took place, at which three thousand Abyssinian priests were present as spectators. On the 14th, Cassa made his solemn entry into the Cathedral of Axum, where the coronation ceremony was gone through. At the termination of this, he repaired to a palace which he had built especially for the occasion, and mounted the throne, leading up to which were twelve steps, wearing the crown upon his head. At this moment the company were so overjoyed as to be unable to restrain themselves, and began discharging firearms in the throne room, much to the delight apparently of the new monarch, but to the detriment of the ceiling, if not of the nerves of any delicately organized Ethiopians. The close of the rejoicing will, however, in the eyes of Englishmen, atone for the somewhat barbaric nature of the previous proceedings. The eating and drinking lasted for three consecutive days, and during the whole of this time the king remained in the room. The people entered by relays of four hundred at a time, and the carnival did not end until four thousand head of cattle and five hundred hives of honey, used in the preparation of hydromel, had been consumed.

LABORING MEN.

Laborers are divided into two distinct classes—men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and men who gain subsistence by mental toil. As a general thing, their chances of becoming wealthy are about equal, for mechanical toil, in the majority of cases, pays as well as brain labor, and is no more exhausting to the system. An industrious mechanic can easily earn the means of obtaining a fair education, and so improve his mind and develop his thinking faculties that he may eventually become master instead of man—one of the class which he envies. Considering the matter in this light, the question as to why many members of the first-named working class should so resolutely disprove of the last-named, becomes a problem which common sense cannot solve; but it certainly is a fact that professional men, clerks, and all others whose work is mainly of the mental kind, or is at all events clean work which may be done without disfigurement of any kind, become in their eyes nearly as obnoxious as regular loungers. In short, the ideal society of the labor reformers, everywhere, though more vaguely held in some places than in others, is one in which all shall be, in a greater or less degree, manual laborers, so that the social distinction now created by a man's not laboring with his hands shall disappear. The effect of such a revolution as this on civilization—that is, of the disappearance from society of everybody who did not settle down every morning to some distasteful physical task, and work at it as long as his nervous energy enabled him—would form a curious subject of speculation. For it may be truly said that the first step in civilization is not made until some portion of the community is released from the necessity of toiling with its hands, and allowed to occupy itself with thinking, speculating, or, in other words, following the train of abstract reasoning and playing with the imagination; and the rapidity of the rise of every people into civilization has been in the ratio of the number of those whom it was able to release in this way from the common drudgery of life. A great majority of these have always, will always, to all outward appearance, think and imagine in vain, as if it were an essential feature in the moral or order of the universe that there should be this serious waste of effort in every department of human activity; but the number of those who have thought to some purpose, and benefitted the world thereby, have been countless. The safety and progress of humanity depends upon each man's filling his appointed place—no matter how humble it seems—well. We are all workers—each class is dependent upon the other. The rude fisherman of the Northern Sea, as a great English writer has finely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lamp in the luxurious capital three thousand miles away. Should the day ever come when the fisherman will insist on the scholar's collecting his oil, the day when there will be neither scholars, fishermen nor oil will not be far distant. So long as earth stands, there must be class distinctions. The world must have men to do its rough work. Instead of rebelling against this inevitable state, and railing against that portion of society which is exempt from hard labor, let the laborer prove worthy of his hire, and work his way into that prosperity which he envies. It can be done. For in America, labor is the key which unlocks wealth's great storehouse, and opens the road to honor.

In the reign of Edward the First the price of a fair written Bible was thirty-seven pounds! and the hire of a laborer was three-half-pence a day. Hence the purchase of a copy of the Scriptures would have taken a poor man the earnings of four thousand, eight hundred days, or thirteen years and fifty five days. Excluding Sundays, something more than fifteen years and three months of constant labor would have been required to compass the price. How are times altered!