

you opened in some hour of solemn sadness, when you bound yourself to some duty—forged the link and welded it, and cooled and hardened it with the hot tears that smoked from your burning brain. Here is an example of the honour we pay to the servant of duty—you have seen how a good name may be won—how good work may be done—how the ordinary may be made sublime—how God is served by service done to men—you have seen how men value honest friendship—how religion made a life is blessed: pledge yourselves to duty—that is to God and to men—seek power from Heaven for your life on earth; and your life will be a sweet influence, and death when it comes will find you ready, and men will meet together to mourn, and say, a MAN is dead.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

EPICUREAN.

The Brazilians, on whose plantations grow some of the finest oranges in the world, make an art of eating that delicious fruit. To enjoy an orange thoroughly, you should eat it in Brazilian fashion: you slice a segment of the flower end deep enough to go completely through the skin; then replacing the segment, thrust a fork through it to the very centre of the orange, if the tines are long enough. Holding the fork in your left hand, peel the orange with a very sharp small table-knife, slicing all the skin off, the segment at the base of the fork being in this operation a shield to prevent any danger of cutting the left thumb. Now, with two cuts of the knife, dissect the pulp out of one of the pockets and convey it to the mouth. Follow this up, pocket by pocket, and the skins of the pocket remain on the fork, like the leaves of a book open until the covers touch.

SCIENTIFIC POLITICIANS.

Says *Nature*: Marat, the notorious leader of the first French Revolution, the same who met his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday, was the author of several important works on electricity. This fact, which is not generally known, was recently brought to notice by M. A. J. Frost, who is editing the catalogue of the Ronalds Library. Most of Marat's works were written between 1779 and 1785, and several of them were translated into German. Marat was not the only one of the prominent figures of the time who worked in physical science. Arago, though his fame does not rest upon his political achievements, once enacted a chief part in the crowning of the statue of Liberty. "Citizen" Charles was as famous among the revolutionists as for his scientific attainments. Robespierre wrote an article on the lightning conductor for the *Journal des Savants*; and last, but not least, Napoleon Bonaparte on many occasions dabbled in scientific lore, and was the liberal patron of men of science.

THE LOVE OF BEING HUMBUGGED.

Strange as it may appear, the fact cannot be questioned that the majority of people would rather be humbugged than not; and, even if they are aware that somebody purposes deluding them, they prefer not to know how it is done.

We had a striking example of this in our city last week. Two eminent wonder-workers were advertised to appear at the rival opera houses on Friday and Saturday evenings. Professor Herrmann, who stands perhaps first in his profession in America, engaged to perform apparent miracles before the eyes of his spectators, leaving them to guess at the agencies he employed. Professor Baldwin agreed to reproduce the most startling manifestations of the spiritual mediums by natural and simple means, and to explain every phenomenon so clearly that a ten-year-old child would understand it and be able to imitate it with due practice.

Each performer was a master of his art, but the one drew good houses while the other exhibited his stock in trade before a discouraging array of empty seats. If Professor Baldwin had come hither as a medium and not as an exposé of mediums, he would undoubtedly have proved a serious counter-attraction to the German wizard; as it was, he failed because of the modesty of his pretensions.

Some years ago there was circulated in the public thoroughfares of New York city a circular announcing that Signor Cantellabiglie would, on a certain day and at a certain hour, mount to the pinnacle of Trinity church spire, and fly down into Wall street without the aid of artificial wings. At the appointed time a throng of persons, including busy merchants, intelligent professional men, and chronic idlers, assembled in front of the church, almost blocking transit through Broadway. The crowd grew till the police were obliged to interfere and force a passage for vehicles and pedestrians. Then some one, with keener wit than his fellows, discovered that the adventurous Signor's name could be divided into syllables (Can-tell-a-big-lie), with the effect of throwing discredit on his promises; and the gaping assemblage, who had waited an hour or more to witness a feat which their common sense ought to have told them was impossible, dispersed amid mingled laughter and imprecations.

The moral of this incident is obvious. The multitude clamour for something which the universal laws of nature stamp as outside the pale of reason, and, though frequently disappointed, are not cured of their craving. Anybody

who has the assurance to ascribe follies to supernatural causes, or who professes to give away ten dollars in return for one, or even who declares his intention to deceive without letting outsiders into the secret of his methods, is sure of a hearing in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.—*Syracuse Herald*.

PROPAGANDISM.

We suppose it must be regarded as a sign of national vitality that Englishmen are so desperately devoted to making converts, but nevertheless it is not one of the most comfortable spirits to cultivate. Other people, both in ancient and modern times, have had amongst them great sages, prophets, and reformers, whom they looked upon as specially "sent from God," and who were full of a burning zeal to instil into their fellow-countrymen the political, moral, or religious principles in which they themselves believed. But surrounding these apostles, there were the vast masses of mankind who were content to take the world as it was, and to keep their peculiar views to themselves or to the cliques of illuminati who thought with them. Probably they were selfish philosophers at best, and probably philosophy is in itself selfish. In England, however, every earnest person is a missionary, and there is not a craze, or crotchet, or fad which does not enlist in its service thousands of earnest persons. The difficulty is to find a subject of private belief, which is not transformed into a public "cause," and promoted by public meetings, public advocates, public organisations, and public subscriptions. It would seem that none of us can develop a thing in his own mind without running up and down the land, cackling like a hen which has laid an egg, and expecting everybody else to cackle with him. One unfortunate gentleman is convinced that the surface of the earth is flat, although science and experience prove the contrary. He goes mad on the idea, publishes his discovery, bets large sums in support of its truth, loses his money of course, and tries to vindicate his opinion in a court of law. We remember an exceedingly decent and clever acquaintance of ours whom we always held to be a typical character. He adopted the harmless and gentle creed of the vegetarians, and it was really astonishing how he taught his cook to concoct marvellously savoury dishes without using animal flesh. We liked the enthusiast while rather pitying him, and were perfectly willing that he should adhere to his Brahminical doctrines as long as he chose. But our tolerance did not satisfy him, and he pestered us with arguments until we were half-inclined to simulate conversion to escape proselytising importunity. When we had last met him he had got over his vegetarianism and ate roast beef like any other Briton, but he had become a preacher of a new Gospel. He was dead against salt-poisoning, and would eloquently declaim on the evils inflicted upon society by "the vile mineral." "Salt," urged we, according to the Bible, "is good." "Yes," answered he, his fine eyes gleaming over our head at something a couple of miles away. "Yes, good for what? that is the question. Good for nothing except pickling dead bodies, an antiseptic property which, though in an inferior degree, it shares with arsenic. No! Do you imagine that God would have turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt if He had not intended to render her a standing monument of the fatal curse upon salt?" It was no good attempting to stop him, on he went, like American orguetté music, by the yard, and we were obliged for our own peace to steer clear of him thenceforward. Yet did he differ greatly from the Anti-Contagious-Diseases agitators, or the Permissive-Billites, or the hundred-and-one spouting and spitting champions of latter-day evangels? You do not, for a moment, fancy that all the lodges and bands of this or that kind who, for instance, crowd the Temperance Hall and pass heroic resolutions to put down some "crying sin," are pure and genuine reformers? Bah! Pooh! Nonsense! They are simply a set of human beings who have grown partially cracked upon one point, which they cannot get out of their brains any more than Mr. Dick could get the head of Charles I. out of his, and which they insist upon cramming into the craniums of all their neighbours. Oh, if they would only enjoy their pet vagaries in quiet and let us alone, we would never trouble to write or say another hard word of them as long as we live!—*Derby Evening Gazette*.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—Just a year ago to-day we had an anniversary, and now we are going to have another on the same day.

FROM time to time we find eccentric epitaphs, which go the round of the newspapers, and turn out after all to be old acquaintances; this, however, has we think the charm of novelty:—

Shed not the tear for Simon Ruggle,
For life to him was a constant struggle;
He preferred the tomb and death's dark gate
To managing mortgaged real estate.

Apropos of Ballot-papers in the hands of the unlearned, the following reaches us with reference to the recent election in Southwark:—

"On the morning of the Southwark election, an Irishman called on a licensed victualler not far from St. George's Church to ask him how he should vote. 'Get your number on the register and vote for Clarke,' said the latter. 'Divil a bit will I! I hate him,' said the Hibernian. 'Then put a cross against his name,' said the artful Boniface. 'Be the powers of St. Patrick, that's jist what I'll do—I'll cross him;' and so Mr. Clarke secured his vote."