

Miscellaneous.

WHAT ABOUT THE STATISTICS.

(Delivered by the Rev. W. Scott, before the Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League, Toronto.)

WHAT benefit are we likely to derive from an array of statistics on the expenses incurred by the country, for the support of the liquor traffic? The questions are neither improper nor unimportant. If it be affirmed that the government of the country may determine on measures of suppression or repression, if the cost is immense and the gains nothing, then it may be replied, that grave doubts are warranted for the future, because the governments of England, the United States and Canada have had presented to them duly authenticated the most complete statistics both as to the cost and consequences of the sad business of making and vending intoxicants.

Statistics has been defined as "that department of political science which is concerned in collecting and arranging facts illustrative of the conditions and resources of a State." We shall all agree, that is the duty of any civilized government, in order to "govern well, to acquire information upon matters affecting the condition and interests of the people." But it is also obvious, that knowledge acquired should be promptly used for the removal of abuses, and for the material and social improvement of the masses. It is this that seriously affects my own mind on the grave subject now under consideration. Governments of the times in which we live are in possession of authentic information on the frightful and disastrous effects of the liquor business, and yet with few exceptions no satisfactory measures of legislation have been adopted and carried out which can be said to have removed, or have perceptibly mitigated the calamitous fruits and tendencies of the traffic in strong drink.

The British House of Commons, nearly forty years ago appointed a select Committee to "inquire into the extent, causes and consequences of the prevailing vice of intoxication." That Committee obtained and published a vast amount of information. They reported "that the following are only a few of the evils directly springing from this baneful source: Destruction of health; diseases in every form and shape; premature decrepitude in the old; stunted growth, general debility and decay in the young; loss of life by paroxysms, apoplexies, drownings, burnings, and accidents of various kinds; delirium tremens, one of the most awful afflictions of humanity; paralysis, idiocy, madness and violent deaths, as proved by numerous medical witnesses who have made this the subject of their long and careful investigation. Destruction of mental capacity and vigour, and extinction of aptitudes for learning, as well as of disposition for practicing any useful art or industrial occupation. Irritation of all the worst passions of the heart; hatred, anger, revenge, with a brutalization of disposition that breaks asunder and destroys the most endearing bonds of nature and society.—Extinction of all moral and religious principle; disregard of truth, indifference to education, violation of chastity, insensibility to shame, and indelible degradation; as proved by clergymen, magistrates, overseers, teachers and others, examined by your Committee on all these points." Yes, "on all these points." The report of this Committee is before me while I prepare this essay. It was composed of the best man of the nation, fairly representing all parts of the United Kingdom. The witnesses, fifty in number were from the various classes of society, capable of giving authentic evidence "on all these points." Of this report more than a million copies were circulated, and so far from its findings being contradicted or called in question, it was applauded by clergymen, judges and magistrates, and made the basis of arguments, invectives and appeals against intemperance, but only a very few of the orators of those days brought forward the conclusions of the Committee as against the traffic itself. Absolute prohibition was only a dream of John Wesley, a hundred years before, which like many other dreams of that great Reformer will yet have to become a reality. One important result of the English Parliamentary Committee was subsequently made manifest, in that the English Statistical Society turned its attention to the subject. In 1851 a paper was read by F. G. P. Nelson, Esq., on the rate of mortality among persons of intemperate habits. Mr. Nelson's investigations "only included well marked cases of intemperance," omitting all reference to occasional drinkers or "free-livers." In the 6,111 years of life represented by the several persons over whom these observations extended, 857 deaths had taken place; but if these lives had been subject to the same rate of morality as the general population of England and Wales, the number of deaths would have been 110 only." This quotation is given here to show one of the benefits arising from the Parliamentary Committee. It may, however, serve other ends. We have seen that this

important and weighty evidence on the matter of intemperance, was collated nearly 40 years ago. The national Liquor expenditure twenty years ago was something like the following small figures. That is, the nation paid at that time certain millions sterling for such effects as are included in the phrase "all these points." A million of dollars for a million of sorrows—a million of agonized hearts, with about seventy thousand deaths directly traceable to strong drink, 5,000,000 for wine, 24 millions for spirits British and Foreign; malt liquors, 25,500,000; 15,500,000 for other intoxicants and narcotics.

CONTINUED

SUCCESSFUL LOTTERY NUMBERS.

IN the reign of George I. the footman of a lady of quality dreamed that two particular numbers would turn up prizes; he bought these two tickets on the following day; but they both turned up blanks, and he put an end to his existence. In his trunk was found a memorandum to the effect that, when his riches came to him, he would marry Grace Farmer, that he would make her wait upon him, and that he would eat and drink all day long. Toward the end of the same reign a mathematician, familiar with the theory of probabilities, demonstrated that, in a particular year, the chances were 34,909 to 1 against a particular number winning the £10,000 prize; 11,669 to 1 against £5,000 prize, and 6 to 1 against obtaining any prize at all. But all such warning were of no use. A banker's clerk was one day found raving mad in the street; he had bought a ticket bearing a favorite number, and was robbed of it; on the day of the drawing of the lottery that number came up a £30,000 prize, and grief and rage were too much for him.

The days of George III. were full of odd incidents about lucky numbers in the lottery. One Mr. Barnes, a grocer, bought four consecutive numbers; fearing that this would be unlucky, he exchanged one of them; but by an annoying freak of fortune, the rejected number turned up a £20,000 prize, which fell to the lot of one Capt. Young. About a fortnight before the drawing of one of the lotteries, three friends determined to buy a ticket among them; but not being able to agree upon the number to be selected, they requested a little girl to decide for them. She fixed upon No. 10,000. They did not like it, thinking the number too obvious, not sufficiently mysterious. She refused to amend her choice, declaring her conviction that the number would prove a lucky one. Wereupon, setting her down as a silly goose, they bought another ticket; but No. 10,000, as it happened, did turn up a prize of £20,000.

An odd incident was connected with a lottery ticket early in the present century. Baron D'Aguilar was requested by a friend to purchase for him No. 14,068, which he felt certain would prove a lucky one. The Baron could not fulfill the commission, for he found that this particular number was already sold. The number came up a prize of £20,000. So far there was vexation for Baron D'Aguilar's friend. On the other hand, the lucky winner (a draper in Cornhill) remained a long time without his money, owing to a blunder of his own. He had bought ten tickets, and had entered their numbers in a note-book as a memorandum; but he wrote 14,668, instead of 14,068, and remained long ignorant of the fact that that ticket had proved a lucky one.

The owner of White Conduit House—some sixty or seventy years ago, lost his all by lotteries, and became impoverished. Meeting a friend one day, he said he had a presentiment that a particular number would be a great prize; money was lent to him to buy; it came up a prize; he squandered the treasure, and died a beggar. A man, and his cousin, a married woman, clubbed their small means to buy a sixteenth of a lottery ticket; she went to the office to buy it, taking with her a little girl; the girl, being asked to select a number, fixed upon 23,824; she could give no particular reason, but adhere to her choice, declaring that the number would be a lucky one. It came up a prize of £10,000; the man went and received the due aliquot part, £625. Having some peculiar notions about the property or non-property of married women, he pocketed all the money; but the law afterward compelled him to share it with her. Charles Lamb tells the story of a gentleman who had purchased No. 1069; passing a lottery office, he saw a placard announcing that that number had come up a £20,000 prize; he walked around St. Paul to cool his agitation before entering the office; on going back again he found that he had mistaken 10,069 for 1069.

The law had frequently to decide cases about lucky numbers. A lady (just before the abolition of lotteries in 1826) wished to purchase the number of the year in which she was born, 1792; finding this was sold, she sought one differing from it by only one, namely, 17,092. She was in the hall when, as she declared No. 17,092 was audibly announced as

£30,000 prize; and she brought an action for the money; but it was proved that her ears or her imagination must have deceived her. In another case, one Mr. McKellar owed some kindness to his friend, Mr. Bellamy. He bought a quarter of a ticket, and said that Bellamy should have half the proceeds, if it turned up a prize. This was done twice over, but both tickets were blanks. Bellamy's daughter then dreamed that No 5 would be a £20,000 prize; this number was not to be had; but "something told Bellamy to multiply his daughter's number by itself, and add 2 to it." This made 27 was bought, and it was drawn a £20,000 prize. McKellar declared that he had not repeated his promise after the second failure, and a lawsuit was maintained to decide this point. Bellamy also claimed an additional percentage "for the ingenuity of his guess about No. 27."—*Chambers's Journal.*

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS

BY DR. CLARKE, PRINCETON, ONT.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

As a lover of literature he ranges its wide domains, and seeks sweet council in its sequestered nooks, as well as on the altitude of its highest mountains, hymning in rude but sterling stanzas songs of nature, not circumscribed by the garden-plot of a bigoted sectary, nor hedged in by almost omnipotent public opinion. He fills, to some extent, Pascal's idea: "You tell me that such a person is a good mathematician; but I have nothing to do with mathematics; you assert of another that he understands the art of war, but I have no wish to make war upon anybody. The world is full of wants, and loves only those who can satisfy them. It is false praise to say of any one that he is skilled in poetry, and a bad sign when he is consulted solely about verses."

Carlyle was too ardent a believer in the potency of books. They were to him, *par excellence*, the principal vehicle for human thought to permeate and influence and mould the masses. All other motive powers were subordinate and secondary. Hence his statement that "the writer of a book is not a preacher, preaching not in this parish or that but to all men, at all times and places? He that can write a true book, to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books—these are the real working, effective church of a modern country." Such utterances drew down on his head severe animadversions, and were styled rank heterodoxy. Are they true? Let the moralist or the christian say, (if he thinks the matter over,) which would be the worst alternative for Christendom, to have all literature "wiped out," and to trust only to *visu roce* instruction, or to keep the mighty presses only, going on "true books," pamphlets and tracts, and flood the world with them? Let some country debating school decide the question. Both are mighty to influence public opinion, and both will exist in all civilized countries—co-workers in a mighty struggle of right against wrong. Yet, has not the immortal work of the mighty dreamer done more cumulative good, and will do so to latest generations, than all his preaching? The congregations of such as he augment, as ages roll on, through magic words, and through the witchery of the potent story. It keeps, and shall keep, young and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, spell-bound by the simple and bewitching portraiture of Christian and his family. Carlyle was not far wrong, after all, in saying "the priest-hood of the writers of such books is above other priest-hoods," if influence for good is any test of Divine approval. He throws no discredit upon the sacred ministry in its high vocation, nor under-estimates its work, and power; but its influence is augmented a thousand-fold, by the right arm of literature. The orator has slain his thousands, but the author his tens of thousands. The orator strikes the popular heart, but once in a while, and, with ebullient pulsations, the influence soon dies; but the writer, in his published efforts, returns to the assault, and if genius and mental power command the mighty phalanx, he moulds and subdues by reiteration. Carlyle believed this, and although his parents were anxious for him to study for the church (and what numbers of Scottish parents do feel the same way in regard to their sons?) yet, theological tomes, catechisms, creeds, Ecumenical councils, and hermeneutics had no charms as such for him. General literature delighted him; and to satisfy his insatiate greed, he eagerly studied the ancient classics, and several of the modern languages, especially the German. It is generally believed that Herr Teufelsdröckh, the character in his "Sartor Resartus," had his own experiences, only in romance, and that the honest Dutchman is Carlyle *sub rosa*; and in his college days he tells us—"by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting than thinking, and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library (Edinburgh), I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the

very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I leaned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences." Such being the case, he knew that his discursive tastes in reading would make him an indifferent divinity student, and with honest intent he followed the bias of his mind, and entered the more congenial walls of literature. His "Life of Schiller" was very popular in Germany, and not only received the highest encomiums from Goethe, but was translated by him, and in his preface he did the author full justice. "It is pleasant to see," said Goethe to a friend, "that the Scotch are giving up their early pedantry, and are now more in earnest and more profound. In Carlyle, I venerate most of all the spirit, and character, which lie at the foundations of his tendencies. He looks to the culture of his own nation, and, in the literary production of other countries, which he wished to make known to his contemporaries, pays less attention to art, and genius, than to the moral elevations which can be attained through such works. Yes, the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is, and how he studied our German! He is almost more at home in our literature than we ourselves are." Both the works referred to had at first to go a-begging for publishers, and "Sartor Resartus" was at last published in "Fraser's Magazine" in 1834, by instalments; and so obtuse was the British public at this time, that it fell dead—so to speak—upon the market. It was not appreciated; but our American cousins saw its merits, and printed it in book-form. It immediately took its place with the permanent literature of the day. Three years after this he published "The French Revolution," and appended to the title his real name. This book had a moderate sale. He then sent out rapidly books, and pamphlets, on social questions, such as his "Shooting Niagara," "Past and Present," "Latter-day Pamphlets." These commanded a great amount of notice. They are pointed, racy, sharp, and sometimes savage. They show no pity to shames humbugs, and impostures. He probes to the bottom all "guano-mountains of cant and rubbish," and shows no mercy to the hypocrite, be he pseudo-saint, reformer-crier, or citizen-parasite. In 1849 he published "Oliver Cromwell's letters and speeches, with elucidations." This struck a key in the English heart; and although the author was born north of the Tweed, he sprang into more than passing notice, south of it, and was stamped as a somebody above mediocrity by his countrymen, long after foreigners knew and appreciated the canny Scot. Other works of a minor nature he wrote, but his crowning labour is doubtless "The History of Frederick the Great." He trod ground, every foot of which he knew. The Teutons were national models; and it must be acknowledged in the light of the events of 1870, that they have striking distinctive characteristics. It seems to me that the great blemish of this history is his "hero-worship" of Frederick. Historians are not romancers; and if the truth must be told, the warrior Fritz was devoid of moral principle. He was treacherous to the last degree. Diplomacy, in his eyes, had no ethics, and had no virtues, except in success. His creed was that of the father to the son,—"Get potatoes honestly, if you can; but if not, at any cost get potatoes!" Such men as Abbot make demi-gods of such as Napoleon, or Heavily will make a ripe saint of Cromwell; but we expect such abortions from "small fry." Carlyle could not possibly in his researches find aught but love of conquest, military glory, and the restlessness of a perturbed spirit, ill at ease with itself, the mainsprings of action in a man whose indomitable energy covered a multitude of sins. Carlyle's history shows that portraiture, and should make Fritz not a hero, but only a conqueror by chance, by energy, by cunning, and by deceit. This history shows, however, wonderful research, and is written in a trenchant, quaint, and epigrammatic style.

It seems so difficult for historians to avoid a bias for some one or more of the characters about whom they write. They seem to forget that they sit as a judge on the past, maintain a strict neutrality, sifting all evidence, and pronouncing sentence according to the evidence, be it for the weal or woe of friends or foes. Even genial Sir Walter Scott in histories, and romances founded thereon, must show his political proclivities, and, indeed, they crop out on every page. Frederick may have been a great military general, but many of his most important battles were won, according to his own account, by the blundering of the enemy. He tried to rob poor Maria Theresa of her possessions, and while in close alliance with France, (two robbers eager for the spoils,) coquetted, unknown to ally, with Austria, against his best friend, and thus was always found "faithless and faithful," for his troops endured toils and fatigues untold, and performed prodigies of valour, to the very last, and asked no questions, as to the reason why. Carlyle's history, however in spite of its faults, is unique. It has marvellous force, originality, and untrammelled thought, and

such works of his has found, in style, many copyists, as the classic purity of the writings of Steele, Addison, Johnson, or Blair, furnished for many long years, the models of successive scribes.

Carlyle has doubtless passed by his best days for he is now (Dec. 4th, 1871,) in his seventy-sixth birthday, and for the last few years he has seldom appeared in public, or in print. His remarkable inaugural address, at Edinburgh, will probably be his last, and as far as I know, his letter last year on German matters, has closed his career as a writer, on politics. He is, however, "a worthy Scot" of whom his country may be proud, and who has entered the lists successfully in an age remarkable for powerful pens, and in a country where giants in intellect have to be, to succeed, not simply chiefs, but *chifst* among the sons of Anak. I regret that I have never cast my eyes on Carlyle, so as to be able to give of him a personal notice, but if his picture do not belie him, he is small of stature, wiry in body, with a good deal of the nervous in his constitution. His nostrils are well dilated as if he smelled battle from afar. He has bushy eye-brows, and large eyes, apparently grey, and keenly observant. His face knows no raze, and his hair points "a' the airts the wind can blow."—beard and locks being as bristly as a Scotch thistle. There is nothing remarkable in his physique, except, that a glance shows endurance, and at first his countenance would appear as that of a "dour" man, but it is only an appearance, for he possesses a great fund of humour, and is kindly withal, but has the reserve of his countrymen, with strangers, that is, a sort of "canniness." The following, going the rounds of the papers is characteristic, whether true or not:

A fresh and good thing of Carlyle's.—Travelling north during the past summer in a cart, comfortably with aristocratic travelling company, conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the "pros" and "cons" in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every "faire ladye" the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh. Billing's saying, "Woman's influence is powerful—spechilla when she wants eny thing." One of the party, after she had given out, said: "What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?" His cool reply was, "Ladies you have left nothing to be said." Oh, yes; but what is your opinion? You have not given us that." Carlyle was too far north to be sold. His witty reply was, "For myself I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a little lower than the angels.'"

So is the letter to Thomas Hughes, M. P., on being requested to contribute a copy of his works to a library, forming in Chicago since the fire:

No. 5 CHEVENE ROW, Chelsea, Nov. 12, 1871.
DEAR HUGHES: Forgive me that I have not sooner answered your friendly, cheery, and altogether pleasant little note. I suppose Burgess would have told you my objections to the project; that it seemed to me superfluous, not practically by the methods he proposed (for the gifts of all the books of living authors will go for very little in such an enterprise) and, third and worst, that it wore on the face of it a visible pick-thank kind of character—a thing greatly to be avoided, both in Chicago and here!

These objections do not vanish on reflection, but on the contrary gather weight. Nevertheless, if you and the literary world feel nothing of the like and the Project does take fire and go on, it continues certain that my poor contribution of a copy of my books shall not by any means be wanting.

Believe me always, yours, with many regards

T. CARLYLE.

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