

Miscellaneous

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DR. CLARKE, PRINCETON, ONT.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HE tried oratory on several occasions. In 1837 he gave a course of lectures on German literature in Willis' Rooms, London. His audiences were not large, as the subject was not then as inviting as now, since the Germanic Empire has strode into the first rank of nations. He followed those, by a course of lectures in the Marylebone Institution "on the history of European literature," and promised well as a speaker. In 1859 he gave a course of lectures on the "Revolutions of Modern Europe," a subject with which he was conversant. On the following year he delivered several lectures on "Hero Worship." These had a pungency about them, not distasteful, and an irony and sarcasm which were not the best certificates, in the world of poor humanity, although in them the scalpel was applied with an unsparring hand to the body politic; they were well received, and he was urged by some of the best societies and institutions of Britain to repeat them, but, he seemed, suddenly, to become disgusted with this method of reaching the public mind, and made his final exit from the public stage. He plunged con amore into literature. He was a perfect book gourmand from his earliest years. I am not sure, but occasionally, he felt all the horrors of mental dyspepsia from engorgement. He says in his address to students "you cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of your health." The meaning of the sentence is plain, but its construction is Carlylian. In order that he might follow his literary employment with as little interruption as possible, he retired for a time to Craigenputloch, a place fifteen miles north-west of Dumfries, among "granite hills and black morasses." In the preface to his translation of Goethe's "Life of Schiller," he naively tells about this retreat "In this wilderness of heath and rock," he says, "our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies which carry us everywhere, and in the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loveliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my journey here to a similar disposition and forbode me no good results. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of ground is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases us, even though Zeilus himself were to be crowned monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we lock upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English Journals and periodicals, whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the West, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least, write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you." Many years have passed away since such warm outpourings were poured out; and Carlyle has more than realized his fondest hopes in regard to literature, and stands pre-eminently unique in terse, vigorous and quaint writing. He wrote the above to his German friend and co-labourer before the era of railroads, and before his genius became victorious; but coming events were casting their shadows before." Like De Quincey, he never "cribbed and carbed" his ideas by scarcity of words. If the orthodox word did not trot out at the point of his pen, he coined one and stamped it as current gold. Such showed his idiosyncrasies and inventive faculty. All is instinct with life, breathed into the nostrils of his creations by a

master-spirit. In his life of Frederick the Great, we might quote from every page to prove this. Take, for example, such a sentence as this of the great Emperor at the battle of Leuthen:—"Indeed, there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his history. His religion, and he had, in wretched forms, a good deal of it, if we look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state—nay, ultra voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known." At the siege of Almutz, a convoy train of Prussians is attacked by Austrians in a rocky defile, and "among the tragic wrecks of this convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish almost straight row of Prussian recruits stretched among the slain: what are these? These were seven hundred recruits coming up from their cantons to the wars. See how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honorably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms this morning; some sixty-five will get back to Troppau. That is the invoice account: There they may lie, with their blonde young cheeks, beautiful in death." At the battle of Zornoff both Russians and Prussians had exhausted their ammunition, and "then began a tug of deadly massaging and wrestling, man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth, such as was never seen before. The shore of Wertzell is thick with men and horses who have tried to cross, and lie swallowed in the ooze." Frederick laid siege to Dresden all winter, and here is a picture in a few words:—"It was one of the grimmest camps in nature; the canvas roofs were ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost. Never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you while the other was freezing." Here is a character of Frederick the Great in a few sentences, in speaking of his letters written to Voltaire and others of his friends:—"The symptoms we decipher in these letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but, used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come." A sudden assault is made on the Austrians at Siptitz, and here are horrors photographed:—"It was a thing surpassed only by dooms-day; clangerous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down upon you with horrid crash; the forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal,—comparable to the tramp of doom." At this time three historic women were supposed—and rightly, too—to hold in their hands the destinies of Europe. The one was Maria Theresa of Austria, whom Frederick was robbing of her possessions; the second was the Duchess of Pompadour, the mistress on account of a former insult, and was thus an implacable enemy; the third was Catherine II. of Russia, a sort of syren fiend, who lured to destruction, and, like her namesake, Catherine de Medicis, had no conscience, whom Carlyle calls in sarcasm "a *she*-Louis XIV.," and which was decidedly complimentary to her. These three women, Carlyle thinks, were the prime movers in those wars, and kept Europe in turmoil—in fact, in a perfect maelstrom of agitation and blood. Numbers of such quotations might be given; but in all *penitentiary* idiosyncrasies stand forth prominently. He gathers stores of words of the most suggestive kind, and throws them together with a prodigality which would have excited to envy amiable and kind Dr. Johnson. At the same time there is perfect method in this torrent of verbiage, which shows systematic writing and his extensive erudition. "No pent up utica contracts his powers," and no orthodoxy of style cramps his energies. In this latitude of thought does he show himself a true son of genius. No creeds terrify him; no threatened ostracism from pseudo-critics appeal him; no shibboleth can attach him to party in church or state.

SHARKS.

BY MARIAN KNOWLES.

THERE are few things more surprising and disappointing to the landsman," writes a recent traveller, "than to discover, when he goes to sea, that he obtains no fresh fish for breakfast or dinner, and in a multitude of cases rarely ever sees a fish. It is true that the monsters of the deep may be seen at times, and shoals of porpoises, schools of whales, a grampus, and a few dolphins be by no means uncommon sights; but it is only near the shore, on sand-banks or coral-reefs that fish abound, while the ocean itself is but thinly tenanted." Yet, the ocean is not entirely devoid of game, which, though unfit for culinary purposes, may be useful in some other manner, or the destruction of which, at least, is desirable. These fish, which afford both labor and sport, are magnificent in their proportions, and require more formidable tackle than the hair-lines and silken flies used in catching salmon and trout.

Among the creatures which are fished for at sea, we may specify the whale, the capture of which has been and still is an important branch of industry. But it is not our purpose now to speak of whale fisheries. There is another fish, in the killing of which every sailor takes a yet keener pleasure. "Everybody," continues the writer above quoted, "connected in any way with the sea is always delighted when a shark is killed. A shark is the great water-enemy of mankind; the delightful bath is either impossible or bereft of half its pleasures when sharks are known to be near. A boat that is upset causes a fatal accident in shark-frequented waters, whereas, it might produce only a ducking under other circumstances. Thus, a sailor believes that he who kills a shark deserves well of his country and companions. "The shark dies a craven; he affords very little of that sport which renders trout and salmon fishing so attractive; his first rush, as he feels himself hooked, is usually powerful enough, but after that he exhibits little but sullenness. A young shark is usually more vigorous and determined in his resistance than is one of larger growth, and with these we have had good sport. In most rivers of tropical countries sharks will be found near the mouths of rivers especially at high-tide, and those who are disposed for sport only, will find ample in such localities. The plan we adopted was to procure two pieces of copper wire, twist these firmly together, and lash a hook on to the end. A stout piece of cord was then made fast to the wire, and a bladder attached to the cord. About a hundred and fifty yards of cord were coiled upon the bank in order to play the hooked fish, a piece of meat was then fastened on the hook, and the bait flung out seaward. The hands, for this work, ought to be protected by a stout pair of leather, or India-rubber gloves, so that the check may be given to the cord as the fish runs out with it. "Having made our preparations in this way, we cast our line, and had scarcely secured the end, than we saw the bladder that indicated the position of our hook and bait travel rapidly up stream, bob under water, and again appear. A rapid tug at the cord was resisted, and immediately afterward the line flew through our hands, nearly a hundred yards being paid out without check. Then we, however, obtained at pull at our captive, and brought him near the shore, sighted him, and saw he was a shark about five feet long. When the young cannibal saw us he struggled hard to escape, but his ravenous appetite had been his ruin, as the hook was deeply buried in his throat, and in ten minutes from the time of his being hooked he was dragged, snapping and wriggling, on to dry land. "On more than one occasion, however, the fish thus hooked was too much for us, and carried out and off the whole of our line, and had we not resigned the enl, we ourselves would have been dragged into the sea, our efforts being feeble in comparison to the power of the monster who had swallowed our bait, and was equally capable, apparently of swallowing us." There are several varieties of shark, all of them more or less to be dreaded. The Hammer-headed Shark is so named on account of the hammer-like shape of its head. This shark grows to the length of ten or twelve feet. The Blue shark inhabits the Mediterranean Sea, but periodically visits other coasts. It does great injury to the Cornish fishermen. An English gentleman, Mr. Gouch, gives the following description of this shark: "The Blue Shark is migratory, and I have never known it to arrive on the Coast of Cornwall before the middle of June; but afterwards it becomes so abundant that I have known eleven taken in one boat, and nine in another in one day. The injury they inflict on the fishermen is great, as they hover about the boats, watch the lines, which they sometimes cut asunder without any obvious motive, and pursue the fish that are drawn up. This, indeed, often leads to their own destruction; but when their teeth do not deliver them from their difficulty, they have a singular method of proceeding, which is, by rolling the body round, so as to twist the line about them, throughout its whole length, and sometimes this is done in such a complicated manner that I have known a fisherman give up any attempt to unroll it as a hopeless task. To the Pichard drift-net the shark is still a more dangerous enemy, and it is common for it to pass in succession along the whole length of the net, cutting out, as with the shears, the fish and the net that holds them, and swallowing them both together." The Blue Shark is remarkable for the extreme slenderness of its body. The White Shark is one of the most ferocious of its tribe. It grows to the enormous length of thirty feet, is numerous in tropical seas and is always on the lookout for prey. It is also frequently found in the Mediterranean, especially in the spring and autumn. A frequent companion of both the White and the Blue Shark is the Pilot fish, a small fish between whom and the shark a singular friendship seems to exist. This fish will sometimes interpose between its friend and a bated hook, and, running

against the muzzle of the shark, turn him from it. It will also lead him to his prey when there is no accompanying danger; and so close is their friendship that it will sometimes cling to the shark as it is captured and hoisted on deck. These singular fish sometimes attend vessels for months together, and from this fact they obtained their name, as the ancients held them sacred as pilots to the doubtful navigator. The Pilot fish belongs to the mackerel family, to which it bears a strong resemblance. The teeth of the shark, unlike those of any other creature, are set in both jaws three or four deep, and are set in muscles instead of bone, so that they can be raised or lowered at pleasure. When at rest the teeth are turned inward toward the throat. These teeth are so sharp, and the jaws so powerful, that a man can be bitten in two without difficulty. Sharks show themselves more frequently in fair than in stormy weather. The presence of a shark can always be discovered by a fin above water, or if at too great a distance to descry the fin, by a ripple upon the waters' surface, as the shark always swim so near the surface that the large fin upon their back is well out of the water. Cases are on record when they have made slight springs out of the water to seize their prey. Numerous are the tragedies in which the shark plays a prominent part. In shark-infested seas, the fisherman and bathers sometimes attack and vanquish their formidable marine foe with knives, and in rare instances a bold counter attack on the part of the man will temporarily frighten the monster. But it is, we believe, generally conceded that in dealing with these creatures "discretion is the better part of valor."—Arthur's Magazine

DODGION, THE HATTER.

MR. DODGION, the hatter of Independence, Mo., was a very polite man, mild and bland in manner, and innocent of all suspicion. One bright, beautiful morning in June, he had a fashionable customer in the person of a young man, handsomely dressed, combed, gloved, caned and amousted, just out of college, and just on his way to the drawing-room. He selected a fashionable hat, adjusted it on his head, lingered before the mirror for a time, arranging his necktie, twisting his moustache, twirling his cane, and lavishing laudable admiration on himself, and then, turning to the smiling proprietor, he muttered something about his pocket-book in his trunk, his present pressing engagement, and directing his old hat to be sent to his room at the hotel, by two o'clock, when he would be back and pay for the new one. The hat disappeared under the corner with the nice young man under it, and the twirling little cane flashing the sunlight about it. Two o'clock came, and the old hat with a neatly-made-out bill for the new, were dispatched by a clerk to room No. 18. The hatter awaited his return with some anxiety; nor did he wait long. The clerk hurried back with the information that the young man of that description had just left on the coach. Mr. Dodgion hastened to the hotel to find it too true. Could it be possible that such a nice young man would deceive him? As he turned to leave the office, the clerk informed him that the coach had to call at a certain place before it left the city, and possibly, it might be detained. He caught the indicated spot as fast as his legs, his flesh, and the heat would permit. After going up and down hill, and across fences and commons, until he was near out of breath, he saw the coach just starting off, hailed it, and in another moment, he stood almost speechless before the astonished passengers. There sat the nice young man with a bran new silk hat sticking on the side of his head. The hatter looked at him and he looked at the hatter. The latter bowed politely to the man. At length the hatter said: "I am Dodgion, the hatter." "So am I," was the cool reply. "But I am *Dodgion the hatter!*" said Mr. Dodgion, with emphasis. "That is just what I have been doing for the last two hours," said the fellow, quietly. "Can't you understand me, you dunce? I am *Dodgion the hatter of this place.*" "Can't you understand me, you old fool? I have been dodgion' the hatter of this place nearly all day." It was too much. Mr. Dodgion appealed to the passengers, informing them of the transaction. They evidently enjoyed the scene, but made the youth "shell out."

THE latest verdict recorded was upon a gentleman who expired in a fit of inebriation. The jury returned, "Death by hanging—round a rum shop." This was savage, and devoid of regard for the gentleman's family. In a similar case in California the verdict was more gracefully and considerately put: "Accidental death while unpacking glass."

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PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS— JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873. Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting. 14. ESSAY—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote." GEO. H. MOXON, Chairman. 21. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition." H. L. THOMPSON, Chairman. 28. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, "A Canadian Oxford." GEORGE HAGUE, Chairman. Feb. 4. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers." T. DIXON CRAIG, Chairman. 11. An evening of Song and Recitations. C. A. MORSE, Chairman. 18. LECTURE—F. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Grumble and Cal." JOHN MACDONALD, Chairman. (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.) 25. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davin, of London, Eng. "Thomas Moore and His Poetry." W. M. ANDERSON, Chairman. 11. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Parties." DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman. 18. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings. Chairman. 25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Pugh, "Wilberforce." Chairman. (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the same course as on 18th Feb.)

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