

for excursions is pretty well past. Nevertheless, a monster party left England to-day for Brussels, consisting of some 1000 volunteers, who go to hold "high jinks" in the capital of Belgium, and, some of them, to try and snatch the prizes at the annual rifle contest of the *braves Belges*. They go in something like military order, divided into ten companies, with a full staff of officers; and it is said that extraordinary preparations have been made to receive them.

A nose is certainly a curious thing for a Royal Princess to give away. The Princess of Wales has done it, however, according to the *Norwich Mercury*, which says:—

Some time ago a pupil in her Royal Highness's school at Sandringham, named Hannah Fiddeman had the misfortune to lose her nose by an attack of lupus. The disfigurement was exceedingly great and her Royal Highness, moved by motives of compassion, commissioned Mr. Taylor, surgical instrument maker, to make an artificial nose. This has been done—Mr. Taylor having ingeniously manipulated, a flesh coloured silver nose for the girl, which requires some amount of attention to distinguish it from the more common and natural average of noses. The girl seems as pleased with her physiological addition as the manipulator is with his success. With an anecdote respecting another Royal personage, I must close my budget for this week. When the Emperor of Austria goes out shooting he is always attended by a Captain of his Guards, whose business it is to announce the description of game his Majesty hits at each discharge. One day the Emperor struck a partridge. "Part-ridge" sung out the captain. The next shot struck a buck. "Buck" roared the captain. Once more the Royal sportsman fired but missed his aim and wounded one of *suite*. This time the captain, without altering a feature or tone gravely announced "His Highness the Duke of Wackenburgh."

THE CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

SINCE the establishment of cheap newspapers in Montreal, there is no getting a smart boy to run errands or to mind an office. The young rascals can get more by selling *Gazettes, Heralds, Transcripts, Telegraphs, and Witnesses*, on the streets, for a few hours, and then they have the rest of the day to themselves. Some consider these penny and half-penny papers a bore. I confess the working of the Fourth Estate, which embodied, to Shelly's mind, "People, King, and Law," never before occurred to me in this point of view. Yet I admit it is a very practical aspect of the matter. The British Palladium thus coming into competition with *Paterfamilias*, for the article of errand boy. One of my neighbours complains to me that during the summer he frequently caught his gardener reading the morning paper, instead of attending to his melon pit. Another friend complains "that the cheap newspaper delays his hot water for shaving, and causes the bell to be unanswered; burns his toast; and keeps back his breakfast half an hour." In short, he says, "it is everywhere—in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the stable—everywhere you can trace its effects."

"Well," I interposed, "this is some satisfaction. You acknowledge its influence; you trace its effects, doubtless, in an improved diligence; an increased intelligence, and more conscientious recognition of responsibility through all grades of society."

"I don't know that; I do know they are a bore. Things may go all the faster in the world for it, but they go all the slower in the household. Our fathers did with one paper a week; why cannot we?"

I don't know why you cannot; but I know you will not. And since the public appear to be so keenly alive to the inconveniences which it innocently entails upon them, perhaps it would be as well they knew a little of the trouble and labour which is required to produce a sheet, which is, after all, a marvellous photograph of the four-and-twenty hour's events of a large city and surrounding neighbourhood. I

am willing to admit that a cheap press, while it multiplies readers, may diminish what is called "real reading." Macaulay, in one of his early essays, "The Athenian Orator," illustrates this notion in his own happy way, while alluding to a newspaper-taught people:—"I do not condemn," he says, "the desultory mode of study which the state of things in our day renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes on which the admirers of modern institutions delight to dwell, have improved our condition so much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to make them masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know (adds Macaulay) how Rumford's proposition was received; but to the mind, I believe it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume."

One thing is certain, if the cheap newspapers, rolled off by thousands and tens of thousands each morning, from the numerous printing machines throughout the Province, do not give the public time to digest one meal before the other is served, they do not give them anything very difficult to be digested. Each publication is but a new leaf in the world's ledger. Time posting up itself; the paragraphs being the flitting shadows cast by passing events upon a sheet of white paper. It is true the reality of the record often gives such reading a significance that far higher efforts of the intellect want. De Quincy, for instance, saw in the newspaper, which he opened damp from the press each morning, such tragedy and comedy—rather more of the former than the latter—as no stage play or stage players could produce. "They say to me daily (he writes in his biographical sketches), when I ask them in passing, 'Anything in this morning's paper?' 'Oh, no; nothing at all.' * * * * But when I come to look at the newspaper with my own eyes, I am astonished at the misreport of my informant, were there no other section in it than that simply allotted to the police reports. Oftentimes, I stand aghast at the revelations there made of human life and the human heart—at its colossal guilt, and its colossal misery; at the suffering which often throws its shadow over palaces, and the grandeur of mute endurance which sometimes glorifies a cottage. Here transpires the dreadful truth of what is going on for ever under the thick curtains of domestic life, close behind us, and before us, and all around us. Newspapers (he continues) are evanescent, and are too rapidly recurrent, and people see nothing great in what is familiar; nor can ever be trained to read the shadowy and silent in what, for the moment, is covered with the babbling garrulity of daylight.

Nevertheless, it is because society (without pausing to philosophise on the fact) sees in its own reflection—(for they vary them with its own varying moods and tenses), that those daily flysheets are so universal; and it is because society goes so much faster now than it did in our father's days, that newspaper enterprise must go so much faster also, to keep up with the world, which literally "reads as it runs." The swiftness with which bad news travelled was proverbial; but good and bad news travels with equal expedition. It pours into the printing office so fast that it can no longer be bayed back for seven days, as in our father's time, though the "grand old weekly" still exists and flourishes for its allotted purposes. Look, how long in the last generation an event was finding its way to us from the continent of Europe. Think of a private gentleman, in a sailing yacht, bringing the first tidings to the English shores of the victory at Waterloo, and in two months after its being brought to us in some lumbering ship; and then think of daily steamers, and the Atlantic cable, and the ordinary telegraph, and you have a key to the cheap newspaper, which is the natural, or, if you like, the unnatural consequence of both. As an illustration of the marvellous interval be-

tween the way in which news travelled fifty or sixty years ago and now, I know of nothing more remarkable or characteristic than the account of the manner in which William Pitt was informed of the Austrian capitulation of Ulm, which was quickly followed by the battle of Austerlitz—that fatal field, whose political effects shortened his days. To the first rumours of this calamity (we are told) Pitt would give no credit. He was irritated by the clamour of those around him. "Do not believe a word of it," he would say, "it is all a fiction." The next day he received a Dutch newspaper containing the capitulation. He knew no Dutch. It was Sunday, and the public offices were shut. He carried the paper to Lord Malmesbury, who had been Minister in Holland, and Lord Malmesbury translated it. Pitt tried to bear up, but the shock was too great, and he went away with death in his face. I remember, too, reading in Bourrienne's *Life of Napoleon*, that the latter, who knew as little of English as William Pitt did of Dutch, first heard of one of his heaviest defeats in Spain through an English newspaper. His secretary, reading and translating aloud for him as usual, blurted forth the bad news. The Emperor was astounded, and snatched the paper from him, telling the man, for a blockhead, he did not know English; but he was only too soon convinced of the accuracy of the translation.

These things are referred to, to show how very different was the way in which intelligence travelled in our father's days and in ours, and how very different therefore must have been the newsmongering trade in their generation and in ours.

In our next impression, this subject will be continued by reference to the mechanical, reporting, and editorial departments.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 118.

CHAPTER XXV.—JERRY'S NEW TOY.

As the reader will have already surmised, the rescuer of John English was none other than the chemist's sister. John had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days at a time without giving Mrs. Jakeway any previous intimation of his intentions; and in the present instance, that worthy soul was entirely unsuspecting that any mishap had befallen the young photographer. Hannah was the first to take the alarm. Her brother had left home with the avowed intention of being away for a week at the least; but late on the fourth night after his departure, Hannah was surprised by his unexpected return; and her suspicions that he had some black business in hand were first aroused by the injunction which he laid upon her, not to speak of his return to any one, as his stay would only extend over a couple of hours, after which he would again take his departure as quietly as he had come. Presently, Hannah was startled by a peculiar scratching outside the window; but Brackenridge seemed to understand what it meant, and going to the door, admitted Jerry Winch; and Hannah was at once ordered off to bed. Hannah kissed her brother, and went up stairs, but only to steal down again five minutes later, with attenuated skirts, and without her shoes. The voices inside the sitting-room sounded low and muffled through the closed door, and the listening woman could only make out a word now and then; but what she did hear was sufficient to send her back up-stairs with a scared face, when the noise of chairs being moved inside the room warned her that it was time to go.

Early next forenoon, without saying a word to any one, Hannah Brackenridge set out for the little sea-side village of Merton, which lies about two miles north of Finger Bay. Hannah had some friends here in the persons of an old farmer and his wife, whom she was in the habit of visiting two or three times each year; and here also lived an old admirer of hers, Mark Purvis by name, whose love she had cruelly slighted. But