

A Journalistic Medley.

In the early part of this the *Nineteenth Century* of the *Christian Era*¹ a *Citizen* of the *World* strolled at night along *Pall Mall* on his way from *Belgravia* to *Whitehall*, accompanied only by the *Echo* of his footsteps. An old *Engineer* and soldier of the *Queen*, he had traversed by *Land and Water* the greater part of the *Globe*, and had, since his *Broad Arrow* days, fought under more than one *Standard*. Taking out his *Tablet*, he stood and wrote as follows: "The study of *Public Opinion* offers a wide *Field* for the intelligent *Spectator* and *Examiner* of the *Times*—" At this moment a *Watchman*, who had been a close *Observer* of his movements, approached and said, "Come, my noble *Sportsman*, you must move on!" "And what if I refuse?" demanded the other, standing like a *Rock* with his back against a *Post*, immovable as *Temple Bar*; "to be *Brief* with you, my friend, I shall, in *Truth*, stay here a *Week* if I think proper." "Well," rejoined the *Civilian*, "I am the appointed *Guardian* of this thoroughfare *All the Year Round*, and I protest against your making any *Sketch* or *Record* here! Are you a *Builder*?" Instantly a grasp of *Iron* was laid on his arm. "Do you wish me to *Punch* your head?" asked the *Traveller*. "Oh, no," replied the other, all in a *Quiver*, "pray don't, I was only in *Fun*."

1. These are two papers, viz., the "Christian" and the "Era."
2. The "Globe and Traveller."

The Health of Printers.

In the course of a lecture on the Effects of Occupation upon Health, recently delivered at *Leipsic* by Dr. Heubner, he drew attention to the frequency of lead-poisoning among type-founders, compositors and pressmen. In *Leipsic* itself, the great metropolis of the German book trade, 77 per cent. of all who are thus affected belong to the trades enumerated. Type-founders are poisoned by inhaling the fumes of the metal, while compositors and pressmen inhale minute particles of the same material. Fraught with still greater danger is, however, the frequent practice of compositors of bringing their type-stained hands in contact with their lips, or keeping eatables in composing rooms, etc. The great preventatives against all such chronic poisoning are cleanliness, both of person and in the workroom, and ample ventilation by the frequent opening of windows, etc. With re-

gard to lung diseases, too, printers compare unfavorably with other trades, the proportion of deaths from this cause being exceptionally large. The one safeguard against this danger also is ventilation, which, as we all know, is sadly neglected in printing offices, generally by reason of the almost universal dread of draughts.

THE NIHILISTS.—The Russian Nihilists carry about their persons the types with which they do their printing. If it is necessary to publish a proclamation or other document, the compositors meet in secret, and in the quickest possible way put in type the manuscript, and then print it from a hand-press. When the necessary number of copies is ready, the press is taken to pieces and put in the pockets of the conspirators, who immediately return to their homes.

The above paragraph has gone the rounds of the English, American and Canadian press, credited to the *Times*, London, Eng. We have a better opinion of the *Times* than to think such a foolish, nonsensical paragraph could gain admission, much less have its origin, in that paper. Let our readers imagine, if they can, how a man must feel going about with his pockets full of pi, and a few pieces of a printing press scattered promiscuously about his person. People unacquainted with the processes of printing, no doubt, can be made believe that there is nothing easier than for one to enter a room, chalk a case on the floor, distribute the pi out of his pockets, set up the press and proceed to print. We have heard of offices where they kept the type in a bag, but we must acknowledge that we know nothing of the peculiar process of setting type out of pockets, and would submit that perhaps it would be inconvenient if some member, who had all the spaces, or some other "sort," or a piece of the press, in his pocket, might be absent through sickness, death or arrest. The Russian Nihilist printer or pressman to whose lot it falls to carry the frisket in his pocket, no doubt has to fly about pretty lively, and we do not envy the frame of mind of the one who has to carry the frame. Of course, the rest of the press, including the ribs, bed, platen and rounce, could be disposed of easily, but we venture to assert that the one who carried the tympan would have good cause for a "tin ear," if he could get any one to put one of those useful articles on him.

The *Winchester Review*, a new London quarterly, made its appearance last month.