

A FRESH STOCK.—We have just received, along with the new Reader, a fresh lot of the "Hand-Book of Phonography," both plain and marble-edged, orders for which are respectfully solicited. Also of the "Biographical sketch of Dr. James W. Stone, with a portrait." We can now furnish the latter at a reduction from its former price—namely, at 25 cents per copy postage pre-paid. The engraving on it was also done by Mr. C. B. Thorne. Every phonographer should read this account of the achievements of one of their number, aided by that powerful engine of which every youth should have command on commencing the active battle of approaching manhood—phonography. It will richly repay perusal, and stimulate the young phonographer to further exertions in acquiring a full knowledge of the art.

Send along your subscription of 25 cents for the next volume of the *Phonetic Pioneer*, at once. The first number will be issued in a couple of months, but we want the subscription early, so that we may have some idea of how many copies to print.

G. C., Toronto.—Your Magazine was ordered some months ago from Mr. Pitman.—We shall make enquiry respecting it. Cannot say exactly when we will have a stock of the Companion on hand, but very likely in the course of a few weeks.

Phonography in Law Courts.

"The people of this community are becoming awake to the fact that Phonography can be used in our Courts and be a means of a very great saving of time and money. The payment of thirty-six jurors, added to the various expenses of our county and other Courts, is no small item for the county to pay. A Circuit Court and Court of Oyer and Terminer have recently been held in this place, which were presided over by Hon. A. T. Knox, one of our Circuit Judges, who is becoming very popular among all classes from the fact that he employs a reporter to take the testimony and report his charges to the jury, and thus expedites the business of the Courts, and saves a vast amount for the county. Heretofore the business has been delayed in order to give time for the judge and counsel to take testimony in longhand, but Mr. Knox relies wholly upon his reporter, who, if necessary, writes off in longhand what the judge needs to refer to. The saving to the pockets of the people of this county must have been about \$300, and the business of six to eight days done in four."

JOSEPH JONES, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Reporting in the Olden Time.

(Continued from our last.)

The grand debate upon Wilkes' Middlesex election made the mouth of the public water for these forbidden reports, and the proprietors of magazines and newspapers to offend afresh. Colonel George Onslow took the most leading part in the persecution of these sinners, and with a considerable feeling of personal irritation: they had called him "Cocking George"—in allusion to his attachment to that favorite pursuit, we suppose—and had even described himself and his cousin "as astronomers distinguish the constellations of the two Bears in the heavens, the one being called the great and the other the little scoundrel." A reward was issued for the apprehension of one Whibley, the printer of the *Middlesex Journal*,—but upon his being seized, and taken before Alderman Wilkes, that gentleman discharged him from custody. Subsequently, Lord Mayor Crosby, also a member of Parliament, discharged a similar case; whereupon his lordship was committed by the House to the Tower for the remainder of the session, but with such an excitement and uproar of the people, that the result of the whole business was, that the right of the public to know everything about the proceedings of Parliament was silently acknowledged, and has never since been questioned.

Though the debates were permitted to be recorded, no sort of accommodation, nevertheless, was granted to the reporters themselves, who had to scramble for their seats in the Strangers' Gallery, and hear without being permitted to write. Their note-books had to be used furtively, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and to be a good reporter, it was above all things essential that you should possess a good memory. "One of the most celebrated of these 'memory' reporters was William Radcliffe, the husband of the eminent novelist of that name. It is said that this gentleman would carry the substance of the debates in his head straight to the compositors' room, and without referring to any notes, or committing any portion of his materials to paper, would there dictate to them two distinct articles, embracing the principal points of what he had heard. Another of these memorized gentlemen was William Woodfall—not Julianus' Woodfall, but his brother—who had so quick and tenacious a memory that it obtained for him the name of Memory Woodfall, and his renown was so great and so widely spread, that when strangers came up from the country to hear the debates, they asked in a breath, "Which is the Speaker, and which is Mr. Woodfall?" He would sit in the gallery from the time the door was opened until the rising of the House, without any other refreshment than a hard-boiled

egg or two, which he would carefully take out of his coat-pocket, and taking off the shell in his hat, would devour it with great gusto; stooping down all the while, for fear the Serjeant-at-Arms should see him, and march him off for such an infraction of the rules of the House against strangers." The circulation of Woodfall's paper was increased by this means, stale as his news necessarily was, until Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle* took the wind out of his sails by publishing the debates several hours earlier; this he accomplished by having relays of reporters, and so by a division of labor being enabled to print and publish in the morning a report of the previous evening's debate. His staff was generally formed of quick-witted but vulgar Irishmen, who came over to England, it was said, "to be porters or reporters, as luck might have it." One of them, Mark Supple, had as much wit and fun as an Irish porter could carry and often more than he himself could carry or know what to do with. "One evening as he sat at his post in the gallery waiting the issue of things, and a hint to hang tropes and figures upon, a dead silence happened to prevail in the House. It was when Mr. Addington was Speaker. The bold leader of the 'press-gang' was never much on serious business bent, and at this time he was particularly full of meat; delighted, therefore, with the pause, but thinking something might as well be going forward, he called out lustily, "A song from Mr. Speaker!" Imagine Addington's long, prim, upright figure; his consternation and utter want of preparation for or a clue to repel such an interruption of the rules and orders of Parliament. The House was in a roar. Pitt, it is said, could hardly keep his feet from laughing. When the bustle and confusion were abated, the serjeant-at-arms went up into the gallery to take the audacious culprit into custody, and indignantly desired to know who it was, but nobody would tell. Mark Supple sat like a tower on the hindermost bench of the gallery, imperturbable in his own gravity, and safe in the faith of the brotherhood of reporters, who alone were in the secret. At length, as the mace bearer was making fruitless inquiries, and getting impatient, Mark pointed to a fat Quaker, who sat in the middle of the crowd, and nodded assent that he was the man."

The number of reporters varies according to the size and prosperity of the journal on which they are engaged. The *Daily News* has about 15, and the *Times* 18, or so. They are divided into two bodies, one for the Lords, and one for the Commons, but changing their scene of duty every week. When either House rises before the other, that portion of the corps which is relieved goes in and helps their brethren; and so, by reducing the length of the "turns," the work is