

The monument subscribed for, principally by compositors throughout the country, to memorialize the career of Horace Greeley, is now nearly ready, and it will be placed over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery on the 4th inst. The design consists of a base of Maine granite, on which rests a colossal bust in bronze of the great journalist. The sides of the base are ornamented with bas-reliefs, illustrative of Mr. Greeley's career.

Francis P. Blair, sr., is dead. He was over four score years old. A contemporary says: "The death of Francis P. Blair, sr., removes nearly the last of the old-school editors who were politicians and leaders of public opinion as well as writers. There now remain only Hugh Hastings, Thurlow Weed, and James Watson Webb, of that class of veterans once so brilliant. Prentice has gone, Greeley, 'Father' Ritchie, Bennett—and William Cullen Bryant, whose reputation was almost entirely literary, has now retired altogether from the conduct of the *Evening Post*."

GREAT BRITAIN.

A paper published in England entitled *The Universal Review* proposes to make itself a vehicle for the expression of "all thoughts on all subjects."

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone will contribute to *Harper's Monthly* for December a paper explaining his attitude towards the United States during the civil war.

The Menu is the title of a new daily sheet published in England. It provides diners at clubs, hotels, and restaurants, with the bill of fare and also with an epitome of the day's news. The paper is given away.—*Register*.

The *Public Intelligencer*, by Sir Robert L'Estrange, in 1661, was the first newspaper published in England. There are but a few copies of it extant. Printing was first introduced and done in England in 1474, by Caxton.

The question of a reform in spelling is again agitating the literary minds of England, and a book has been published in London which advocates the spelling of the English language as it is pronounced. The author's name is Geo. Withers.

A new weekly paper called the *University Review*, with Dean Stanley, most of the bishops and masters of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and other eminent scholars, as contributors, is to be started in October. The paper is to deal with educational topics and interests.

A Chinese history of the French and German war, in eight volumes, has recently been presented to the library of the British Museum. Wang Taou and Chang Tsung-leang, the authors, collected the materials for their work from foreign newspapers, and the work is said to be highly creditable to their critical and editorial abilities.

A journeyman printer in London who was ordered by his employer not to deliver a certain five-shilling job unless paid for, having let it go upon payment of one shilling on account, was afterward so agitated by fear of censure that the action upon his heart worked fatally before his employer's return. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with this statement.

The *Bookseller* says it may not be generally known that a royal edition of the London *Telegraph* is issued daily. On the death of the Prince Consort her Majesty the Queen accidentally saw the *Telegraph*, and was so touched by the loyalty exhibited in its obituary notice that she ordered a copy to be sent daily to each of the royal palaces. Ever since then twenty-five copies are

especially printed on the finest, thickest, and whitest paper and duly forwarded, pressed and folded, in accordance with the Queen's command.

An amusing incident occurred lately at the establishment of a well-known London publisher. The manuscript of a novel was sent to him so hermetically sealed in a tin box that it could not be extracted without a hammer. The clerks who received the box conjured up in their minds an idea that it contained dynamite, and consequently after much perturbation, the box was deposited unopened in a dark cellar, where it has remained for several months, and where, probably, it would have continued to remain, had not the author, who lives in a remote part of the world, unexpectedly made his appearance in the British metropolis.

A Specimen Tramp "Jour."

A tramp depressed by hunger, but bristling with ambition to work, came into the office this morning and wanted a "sit." There was nothing for him to do, the foreman told him. But he begged all the harder. He was penniless, hungering, but he would not take charity. He wanted work. His importunities grew so strong that a compositor was induced to vacate his case for the accommodation of the wretched stranger, and stick and rule were given him. It seemed as if he could not be thankful enough for the favor. He looked at the copy, at the case, and then around the room with an expression like unto that of a pleased child, then he mentioned that he would not go to work until he had breakfast. It lacked but an hour of noon, so the foreman said that as the type was needed he had better wait until that time. But he was so faint that he could not possibly lift a type. So a man was despatched with him to a restaurant, and he breakfasted. He came back with a face radiant with gratitude. He took up the stick again, smiled agreeably at the copy, and said to the foreman: "I guess I'd better look up a boarding house, eh?" The foreman kindly volunteered to perform that office for him. Again he toyed with his stick, and again he smiled at the copy. Then he said: "As this is Saturday and too late in the week to do much, I guess I'll wait till Monday to go to work, so as to commence fresh and square." There was a sudden commotion, a hasty movement of legs, shooting-stick, planer, and a few other articles of less importance, but the stranger reached the door first. The office is waiting for Monday with considerable anxiety.—*Danbury News*.

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