

Yet no revolution has ever succeeded without a large leading element of the upper class. In the Protestant districts of Ulster a solid mass of Unionism, the very core of Irish industry, intelligence, and vigour, has once more barred the gates of Derry against the enemies of Protestant civilization; and the rebel party is in the ridiculous position of having to claim for its meetings the protection of the Government against which the rebellion is directed. The loyalty of Ulster is a rock of offence to Nationalist writers on both sides of the Atlantic, and is one which no vinegar will remove. But even among the Catholic peasantry, while the agrarian movement is, and always has been, strong, the political movement is, and always has been, weak. Artificial strength is lent to the political movement by its junction with the agrarian agitation. Give the Irish peasant a full belly and you will hear little more, so far as he is concerned, of the repeal of the Union. But Irish revolution is a trade by which the leaders on both sides of the Atlantic have already made their fortunes, while their dupes are sent by dozens to the gallows. By the practice of this branch of industry, the Irish of the Catholic provinces are being converted into a people of political mendicants, taught to live, not by labour and thrift, but the brandishing of the repeal bludgeon and the exhibition of historical sores. Some day there will be an outbreak, and if it takes place, as it did before, in combination with the foreign enemies of England, and when she is fighting for her life, mercy will be turned out of doors, and the blood of the hapless people will again flow in torrents, while the demagogues and journalists will be reposing in the quiet enjoyment of their patriot gains.

To crown the pile of delusion, it is invariably assumed that the Anglo-Saxon and Irish races are divided from each other by St. George's Channel, and that nothing but a repeal of the Union is needed to terminate their uneasy wedlock and completely separate them from each other. But to say nothing of Ulster, what is to become of all the Irish in England and Scotland? Are they to be sent back to Ireland? Or is it supposed that they will be suffered to live on British soil as a nation apart, using the British franchise for the purpose of a standing conspiracy, in the interest of their kinsmen across the channel, against the community in which they dwell? The connection has become practically indissoluble, and if the Irish, under the influence of reckless and mercenary demagogues, persist in their hostility to the British and in their attempts to wreck the commonwealth, the consequence on some disastrous day will be, not peaceful separation, but internecine civil war. What the result of such a death-struggle between the races would be can be doubted by no human being. Not a Catholic church would be left standing in the two islands. The Pope and the wiser of the ecclesiastics see this plainly enough, and they wish to preserve peace.

A BYSTANDER.

OFFICIAL REPORTING IN PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons in full session presents a very interesting scene. As the visitor settles in his seat his eyes fall naturally first upon the man whose handsome presence and graceful bearing, no less than ever impartial rulings, invest him with peculiar fitness for the Speaker's chair: thence they wander off to the serried ranks of members on either hand, the busy clerks at the central table, the bright-buttoned pages darting hither and thither like magnified blue-bottles, the keen-visaged line of newspaper vigilants in their hanging-basket gallery above the Speaker's head, and finally down below him to two little tables on the floor half-way between the entrance and the awe-inspiring mace. At one of these tables is always seated a ready writer whose swift and silent pencil seems to bespatter the paper beneath with inexplicable characters. Every ten minutes the table beside him is filled by a new-comer who, with one quick glance to identify the member speaking, sends his pencil speeding along the red-ruled lines, while the other having finished his "take" slips quietly out to turn his weird hieroglyphics into every-day English. Not a moment is wasted, not a word is lost, but hour after hour the men follow one another with unfailing regularity, until the House adjourns, and their labours are ended for that night.

These deft pencil-drivers are the official reporters whose duty it is to preserve an authentic record of all that is said and done in Parliament. Their work is one of great importance and requires very special ability.

The present staff comprises eight members, viz:—Messrs. George B. Bradley, Stephen A. Abbott, Joseph C. Duggan, George Eyvel, Albert Horton, J. O. Marceau, F. R. Marceau, and T. J. Richardson; Mr. Bradley being chief and having as assistant Mr. J. C. Boyce, whose principal work is to edit and index the printed sheets. The Messrs. Marceau confine themselves to members who, in speaking, use the French language, and consequently enjoy a much easier time of it than their fellow-labourers, as frequently days will pass without their having anything to do, the majority

of the Quebec members being quite at home in English, and preferring to employ it. With the exception of Mr. Bradley, who uses a curious stenographic system, inherited from his father, and improved by himself, all the staff write in Pitman's phonography.

Until within the last few years each man had to write out his own notes, but this plan being found to involve too serious a physical strain, amanuenses were provided, who wrote at the reporter's dictation, thereby relieving him of much manual labour. With the present year type-writers are to be introduced, and it is expected that by this means the notes will not only be rendered much more legible for the printer but be worked out with far greater rapidity, thus allowing the reporter a good breathing space between his "takes," as his ten minute spell at the before-mentioned little table is designated.

There being six English reporters, each one has a "take" an hour, and as with a rapid manipulation of the type-writer his notes can be transcribed in about thirty minutes it will be seen that there is generally a pause of twenty minutes or so, which enables him to go back to work thoroughly refreshed. As fast as the notes are transcribed, they go off to the printers, and are transmuted into type, and so speedy is the process that if a member makes a speech of any great length, the exordium is in type before he has reached his peroration. Every day the sheets containing a full report of the previous day's doings are laid upon the members' desks when the House opens. These sheets the members whose speeches are recorded thereon correct and polish according to their calmer judgment, and from the corrected sheets the official report is printed. Such in brief is the system whereby the eloquence of the present is preserved for the benefit of posterity.

In the Senate a similar system prevails, the only difference being that Messrs. George and Andrew Holland do the work by contract, instead of being officials under control of the House.

In this connection some of the figures showing the number of reporters employed in other legislatures may be found interesting. The official staff of the United States House of representatives comprises five reporters, and ten amanuenses; in the French Chamber of Deputies there are ten reporters, and as many amanuenses. The London *Times* has sixteen reporters attending to the Parliamentary Debates; the *Standard* seventeen, and the *Morning Advertiser* fifteen.

Although in public use for so many years past, and winning wider application day by day, there is still, to the ordinary observer, a kind of magic about verbatim reporting which invests it with peculiar interest. And it is an interesting art in spite of its intense drudgery. The writer has had many years' practical experience, and yet to this day he feels a thrill akin to that of the racer at the starting post every time he measures speed with a speaker new to him. There is such a bewildering uncertainty about speakers. They may be rapid or they may be slow, their ideas may be clearly conceived and lucidly expressed, or they may be undecided as to what to say, and quite in the dark as to how to say it. The mere speed of a speaker does not alone render him difficult to report, on the contrary some speakers, like Sir Charles Tupper or Mr. Blake, who never mangle a sentence or fail to fully express an idea, are far easier to take down accurately than many others who are not so fast by twenty words a minute. Some conception of the difficulties reporters have to contend with may be formed from the following example, which is far from being a caricature of the usual style of not a few honourable members:

"I was about to observe, sir, with regard to this bill, that the promoters, and here I must beg pardon of my hon. friend, for I find they have made a mistake, but I wish clearly to point out that the \$120,000 was not subscribed for the purpose indicated until—[a voice: "It was \$130,000"] Sir, I say the \$150,000—[a voice: "Which was it?"] on which so much stress has been laid—[a voice: "\$120,000."] Sir, I protest against these interruptions, and I repeat that the majority of the inhabitants, if they were polled, would be found not only opposed, but they would with one voice, unless I am very much mistaken in expressing their views, and I have read every one of the local journals, and feel sure the balance of opinion, even if the drift of it could be mistaken, but it never can—that my constituents are, as a body, united in opposing this measure."

Very little dependence is to be placed upon what ordinary speakers say about not being correctly reported. Nobody who has not been behind the scenes would believe the coolness—evidently sincere in most cases—which speakers will repudiate the children of their own tongue. They make all sorts of muddles, especially when they attempt antithesis or epigram, and then stand aghast to see them in black and white. Among the amusing recollections of the present writer is a case in which an hon. member of a Provincial Legislature, whose pompous conceit was only surpassed by his spacious and abundant ignorance, not being content with the