

The delicate modeling of the feet reminds one more of a pair of gun-boats than the early Christian frescoes. They appear to cover the whole ground—or perhaps we should say the whole floor. The buttons on the coat lack strength and holes to push the needles through, while the shirt-collar is terribly real and happily conceived. The artist has evidently thrown considerable soul into the shirt-collar. The legs of the table are patterned after the Gothic style of architecture, and are rather weak; but the paste-pot on the floor is full of tenderness and feeling and paste. The brush which reposes gently in the pot betrays a master hand and a short handle. The shears, with which the editor is supposed to be moulding public opinion, are bold, sharp and vigorous, the rivet being particularly well painted and oiled. His head is so bare that it barely invites criticism. All the details of the picture are faithfully worked out with one exception. There is a marked absence of a newspaper bore going through the pile of exchanges in the right-hand foreground. With this defect remedied, the whole picture would be so real and life-like that a tramp printer would naturally salute the counterfeit editor with: "Have walked from Reading; haven't had a bite for two days; can't you give an old typo a little help to go to Philadelphia?"

A Born Journalist.

The editor of the *Coromandel*, New Zealand, *Mail* writes the following friendly notice and exact biographical sketch of a brother journalist in New South Wales:—

"We learn that Mr. Montague Browne, who, for a period of over two years, has filled the sub-editorial chair of the *New Zealand Herald*, is about to leave Auckland for Dunedin, to fill an engagement on the *Guardian*, a leading daily morning paper. Although young in years, Mr. Browne ranks among the smartest newspaper men in the colony, or any of the neighboring colonies; and from our personal knowledge of that gentleman, if he did not possess all the qualifications for newspaper work, we should say more shame to him! Mr. Browne was born, somewhat prematurely, in an editor's room adjoining a newspaper printing office, and has been connected with the newspaper from that hour to this. At three weeks old a girl, to whom the child had been committed, let him fall into a keg of printer's ink, and it was days and days before he could be restored to his original complexion. At twelve months old

nothing could pacify him so quickly as to give him a pot of paste, a pair of scissors, and an old newspaper. At three years he escaped from his nurse, got into the printing office, and "pied" seventeen galleys of type—that is, he mixed them all up by spilling them on the floor. At seven he coaxed his little sister to be placed on a double-demy Albion printing press, and was about taking an impression from her, when he was discovered by his mamma, who did not fail to make an impression on him. At twelve years our youthful journalist did his first atrocious murder, in which he caused a mother, the keeper of a sausage establishment, to slay her child and convert it into sausages, the whole of which she disposed of to customers. This murder sold five hundred additional copies of the newspaper it was printed in. A month after this he perpetrated the great bank robbery, which will not yet have died out of the memory of our readers. This was followed by a dreadful conflagration, and afterwards by a miraculous escape of a young lady from being carried off by a female disguised as a man, in a fit of jealousy for having attempted to wean the affections of a gentleman to whom she was engaged. It was a thrilling tale. The falling of a child down a three hundred feet shaft, the mother jumping down after her, and both being brought up alive, was a most affecting narrative. Since that time Mr. Montague Browne has filled various appointments in the literary department of a newspaper, and has written more sin and crime and villainy than any other man of his age. As a sub-editor, or an all-round journalist, Mr. Browne has few superior to him, and he has never failed in preserving its tone of independence. And as for the very latest intelligence, if it is to be got, he will get it, and when it's not to be got—even then he'll get it."

PROPRIETORS of newspapers would confer a favor on the editor of the *Miscellany*, by furnishing to this office a sketch of the history of their papers. We would like to publish the history by counties; but, if we cannot get it in that shape, a history of each paper or office will be thankfully received.

Now is the time when timid business men get frightened out of incurring a trifle of expense for advertising, and the enterprising man, by keeping himself before the public, reaps the benefit.

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