

THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

I.

THE GENUS JOURNALIST.

There is one advantage anyhow. I know what I am writing about, when I undertake to describe the inner workings of a newspaper office. At least, I ought to know, for I have passed through all its grades, have viewed its bright sides and its dark sides, have shared in its triumphs and its humiliations, have slaved in it at only a vulgar pittance a week, and have done its lighter and nicer work at a respectable salary. There is many a lawyer knows nothing about law, many a doctor knows nothing about medicine, many a preacher knows nothing about theology, but I know all about my newspaper. And I love it. Dear old newspaper! I love its narrow galleys covered with hieroglyph corrections like a palimpsest or an Egyptian pyramid. I love the music of its presses thundering in the silent hours. I love the sheet when it is made up, still wet from the forms and faintly redolent of diapers or kitchen towels. But I never read it. That is, I never read my own paper. And least of all, I never read my own articles. We all have a trick that way. I mean the older hands. The younger fellows act differently for a while. After writing and rewriting their paragraphs and correcting the proofs till a late hour of the night, they rise early next morning and rush for a copy of the paper. They retire to a corner where no one can see them. There they rapidly glance over the paragraphs to see that they are all right. Then they read them over carefully. Next they read them half aloud to be satisfied that they are really musical. Finally, they take a stroll down the street, with the assurance that every one they come across has read them too, and is going to stop to inquire who wrote them. But these novices soon learn better sense. After a few weeks, they give over looking at the paper.

And why! Because they find out that the paper is a humbug. That is a queer thing to say, but alas! it is the truth. *Esperio crede Roberto.* Newspapers are humbugs and no mistake. If the people only knew what we know! There is that venerable old party sitting on the porch of his hotel, with spectacles on nose, deeply absorbed in a leading article, every word of which he takes for gospel. If he knew that that leader was written by a beardless youngster who knows little and cares less about politics, and who dashed off the article only upon "a few hints" of the manager! "Pitch into them lively," was the last thing the manager said when they parted for the night. There is that sentimental young dandy getting into ecstasies over the account of a theatrical or operatic performance and then and there making up her mind that papa or Jimmy must take her thither to-night. If she knew that that account was wrenched out of a bored reporter by a suppliant actor or a wheedling actress, or, still more frequently, by the business manager who orders a "big puff" in requital for a lot of "jobbing" done in the office! There is that solemn clergyman reading a pious and learned dissertation on this, that or the other subject of religious controversy. If he knew that the paper in question was dished up, in the dearth of more exciting topics, by a fellow who either does not belong to his church or else to no church at all!

I have sat in my sanctum — I call that a "sanctum," reader, which you would most likely call a den, a room about twelve feet by eight, with a few rickety chairs, a bare table that will rock on its three good legs, and a gazetteer about ten years old, which has the amiable peculiarity of always being minus the one page which I want to consult—Well, I have sat in my sanctum, and written letters from Ottawa which were either so good or so bad, that several people have asked me to tell them who the Ottawa man was that wrote them. I have written flaming notices of concerts, readings, lectures and bazaars, at which I was not present, nay frequently before they took place. I have seen long and eloquent *extempore* speeches in type, with the "cheers" and the "hear hear," at the right or wrong places, twenty-four hours before the speeches were delivered. More than once, when an alderman in Council or an orator at a public meeting, had made a fool of himself, I have put a really decent speech in his mouth for the morning paper and been heartily thanked for it. On one occasion I saw an alderman accept with much complacency the compliments of a friend on the nice speech I had made for him. After all this, who can wonder that the journalist laughs at the humbug of his profession!

The newspaper man need not necessarily be a cynic or a sceptic, but he sees so much of the secret, selfish ways of men that he cannot possibly pass for an optimist. I doubt whether the priest or the doctor knows more about the miseries and the mysteries of life than does the journalist. He has to do with all sorts of people and almost always under exceptional circumstances. The dreadful weapon of publicity which he wields brings supplicants to his feet who carry their heads high in the thoroughfares of men. There are sinners who come to him with confessions that would make the town run wild, if they were published. People talk of black-mailing. There is no journalist of any experience who cannot tell of the multitudinous and insidious forms of that obsession. The black-mailer sticks at nothing.

He has a silding scale of endearments, from a hundred dollar bill to a glass of whiskey; of menaces, from a six-shooter to a back-bite. And then the favours that the newspaper man is called upon to dispense. Why, his dingy little den is thronged like a throne room. Sardana-palus could not be imagined more bountiful. See the courtiers coming in. There is the intriguing politician—a plague on the scurvy tribe; the begging clergyman; the theatrical manager, with his greasy tickets; the circus agent, with his passes; the patent medicine man with the wonderful new discovery; the poetical contributor; the commercial traveller; the man who wants his name out of the Police Court; the rival insurance agent; the man who is a "particular friend" of the proprietor, and last and worse than all put together, the female canvasser. Every one of these wants something and wants it for nothing. He or she comes in just when you are the busiest when you are writing an important article, when your imagination is about to take unto itself wings for a flight into the empyrean. And he or she stops in spite of your hems or your yawns, evidently believing that he or she is called upon to keep you company in your idleness. The best part of the joke is that when you have allowed your good nature to be imposed upon to the extent of granting every one of the favours, these people will not thank you for it, and when next they meet you on the street, they will forget all about having ever seen you. How can a journalist be goody or spooney with such experiences!

ALMAVIVA.

HON. DAVID LAIRD.

We present our readers to-day, with a portrait of the newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Keewatin, a territory parcelled out of the great North-West. The gentleman is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was born at New Glasgow in 1833, and educated at the Presbyterian Seminary of Truro, Nova-Scotia. Prior to its entrance into Dominion politics he was editor and part proprietor of the *Patriot*, of Charlottetown, his interest in which he sold only a few weeks ago. He was a member of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island from November, 1872, until April 1873, and while holding that position formed a delegation to Ottawa, with Hon. Mr. Haythorne, to negotiate terms of Union with the Dominion Government. Upon his return, his scheme of Union was submitted to the people and rejected by them; but a little later, upon the introduction of some modifications, it was accepted, and the Island became one of the Provinces of the Dominion. Mr. Laird sat for Belfast in the Prince Edward Island Assembly from 1871 to 1873, when he was returned to the House of Commons for Queen's County. On the advent of the present administration, he accepted office as Minister of the Interior. In the summer of 1874, conjointly with Lieut.-Governor Morris, of Manitoba, he concluded the very advantageous *Qu'Appelle Treaty* with the Crees and Saulteux. Mr. Laird enters upon his new duties without delay.

VARIETIES.

A correspondent writes: "To those who assert with Mr. Gladstone, that the Turkish cruelties in Bulgaria are unparalleled in the history of mankind, I beg to commend the perusal of the following account of the massacre and burning of Bazelle:—'At Bazelle,' writes an eye witness, 'I found every edifice, public and private, had been burned, the blackened walls alone remaining. I looked into the cellars, with one of which every dwelling-house seemed to be provided, and saw lying there the charred remains of former occupants. In one cellar alone three men and a girl had been either smothered by the smoke or slowly burned to death. After all kind of resistance had ceased, the German troops surrounded the place, and deliberately set fire to it, as they said, to make an example. Many of the poor inhabitants were driven into the fields, without food, shelter or clothing, regardless of age, or sex, or physical condition, there to die of starvation and exposure.' We were told by a correspondent of the *Daily News* that many persons were dragged from the cellars, where they had taken refuge and shot; others were fastened down and left to the flames. The sick and infirm were bayoneted in their beds. Two infants were thrown out of a window by the Bavarians, and then thrown back again previous to the house being fired."

The cathedral of Durham, which has just been perfectly "restored," is of very ancient date. The foundation of the present stately structure was commenced in the year 1093 by Bishop Walcher, when an imposing ceremony took place, at which Malcolm, King of Scotland, and Turgot, the prior, assisted. Queen Elizabeth, not satisfied with appropriating various manors belonging to the cathedral to her private use, caused successive Bishops of Durham, who were all married men, to refund £1,000 per annum out of their revenue. In the time of Edward VI. the bishopric was dissolved, but it was subsequently restored by Queen Mary. The newly restored sanctuary is to be re-opened this fall but the Bishop, Dr. Baring, refuses to take part in the ceremony on the ground that the expenditure incurred in the decoration of the cathedral was both "unwise and wasteful." This has led to much unpleasantness and to a paper controversy between the Bishop and the Dean of Durham.

FENTON was a fat poet, whose habit it was to lie in bed and be fed with a spoon. He was almost as lazy as Thompson. Pope says he died of indolence. Wilkie, the author of the "Epi-gramiad," loved not only to lie in bed, but, if we may believe his biographer, Anderson, to lie under sixteen or seventeen pairs of blankets. Pope was another poet with queer habits. He was fretful and petulant and expected that everything should give way to his ease. If he felt drowsy in company he would go to sleep without ado, and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. When he accepted an invitation to stop at a friend's house he took no servant, and his wants were so many that a full hall of servants might scarcely supply them. "His errands were so frequent and so frivolous that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged they had been attending Mr. Pope." Like his friend Swift, he was sometimes parsimonious, and is charged by Johnson with "niggardly reception of his friends and scantiness of entertainment, as when he had two guests in his house he would set at supper a single pint upon the table, and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say: 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.'"

At Rome it was the practice of the Church to bless the rose on a special day set apart, which was called Rose Sunday. The custom of blessing the golden rose seems to have begun in the eleventh or twelfth century. The benediction was pronounced with particular solemnity on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the golden rose thus consecrated was given as a mark of the Sovereign Pontiff's favour to some prince or princess. Alexander III., who had been received with great honour during a journey which he made in France, sent the golden rose to Louis the Young as a sort of graceful compliment. Subsequently the giving of the golden rose became an authoritative act, by which the Pope officially recognised the rights of Christian Sovereigns. Thus Urban V. gave the golden rose to Joan, Queen of Sicily, in 1368, thereby preferring her over the King of Cyprus. Henry VIII. of England received a golden rose both from Julius II. and from Leo X. Towards the close of the last century the golden rose appears to have been given almost indiscriminately to any travelling prince who would pay a sum equivalent to about £400 in fees for it.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of feofment on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built in 1536 by a German at Dartmouth, in Kent. Nevertheless it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently reeds, pointed and split, like pens of the present day, were used.

At the recent Anthropological Congress at Jena, Prussia, Privy Councillor Schaaflhausen read a paper on the color of complexion, eyes, and hair. He said that blue eyes indicate a lack of coloring matter, which originally proceeded from inferior nourishment, and was evidence of a weaker organization than is possessed by persons of dark eyes. The less coloring matter there is, the lighter the hue of the eye, until, by reason of its utter absence, the blood vessels become visible, and the eye is red, as is the case with the Albinos. The fact that people living in the country, other things being equal, have light-colored eyes more frequently than those living in cities is accounted for by the inferior nutritive value of the vegetable food of the farmer as compared with the meat and beer of the people of the cities. In the mingling of the blond and dark types, the latter usually shows the greater vitality, and the children assume the darker complexion. The blonde complexion usually carries with it a finer organization and a higher and thinner voice. Of sopranos and tenors, a majority have light-colored eyes and light complexions, while of most alto singers, and particularly basses, the reverse is true. The fact that light hair and eyes are more numerous in northern than in southern countries is attributed to the colder climate, which consumes the pigments of those features. Dr. Schaaflhausen's conclusions were based on statistics carefully gathered.

The Turkish battle hymn, of which the following is a portion, furnishes an excellent text for the horrible brutalities perpetrated by Turks in moments of victory: "Allah calls us! Allah invites! Alas! Up to the seventh heaven, rise the vile odor and the insolence of the infidels. Allah calls! Allah invites! The bloody combat opens. To the conquerors the Prophet will open the gates of Paradise. Allah is great! The corpses of our brethren will remain upon the field of carnage, that they may breathe pestilence, desolation and death into the camp of our enemies. Weep not for them! The avenging sword of the sons of the prophet will slay by the

side of each, a hundred as a compensation for their death. Dead or alive, may their corpses or their weapons sow destruction and mourning in the infidel ranks! Weep not for them! Allah is great! The Christians crushed, our dead will inherit all the joys promised by the Prophet in his love for his people. To the combat! To carnage! Allah calls us! Allah invites us!"

General di Cesnola has, according to a late English paper, made a new and most valuable find in the ruins of a temple at Cyprus. It comprises gold earrings of the very finest pattern of Greek art and surpassing in beauty almost everything of the kind previously known, and necklaces and bracelets, including among the latter a pair of massive gold bearing the name of the King of Cyprus, who dedicated it; finger-rings, with engraved gems in exquisite settings; a series of engraved gems, two or three of which are beautiful, but the most part being valuable for archeology rather than for art. For archeology, the most important part of General Cesnola's discovery consists of a series of silver and silver-gilt bowls, such as had been used for drinking wine. They are ornamented with designs beaten up in relief slightly. Artificially, these designs are obviously a mixture of both the Egyptian and Assyrian styles. Previously there had been some reason to suspect that this mixture of styles was a peculiarity of the ancient Phœnician art, and now the discovery of a series of such works in Cyprus—which was more of a Phœnician than a Greek island—may be said to give the final proof.

ONE of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to exist there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping the mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up to the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Oman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

LITERARY.

A Baltimore critic likens Bret Harte's play to a diseased novel struck by lightning.

In the partnership work of Erskmann and Chatrian, the French authors, the former devises the plot and writes out a plain narrative, and then Chatrian fills in the details.

GEORGE RIPLEY and Charles A. Dana are said to have cleared over eighty thousand dollars each as their share of the profits on the *old* Appleton's Cyclopaedia, and expect to get as much more from editing the new edition of the same work.

Count Alexander Frédro, "the Polish Molière," who died at Lemberg on July 15, left in manuscript sixteen or eighteen dramas, and a collection of poems, which, it is hoped, will shortly be published by his son.

Murad Effendi, the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires at Dresden, a man well known and much liked in Dresden society, has just brought out a play, written in German, "Mirabeau," which has been acted with great and, as the German journals assert, well-merited success.

English journals state that the house in which Goldsmith lived, while usher in Dr. Milner's school at Fockham, in 1756, and where he wrote, it is said, part of "The Vicar of Wakefield," has been sold "for building purposes," and will, of course, be improved off the face of the earth.

A great manuscript work of St. Francis de Sales has just been discovered at Lyons. It is in possession of an ecclesiastic of that city, who bought it from a Protestant family, on the Swiss frontier, in Upper Savoy. It is a treatise on the Eucharist, and in bulk is equivalent to a quarto volume.

THE Roxburgh Club has just issued to its members a singularly beautiful book. It is an "Apocalypse of St. John the Divine," represented by figures reproduced in facsimile from a MS. in the Bodleian Library. There are forty-six pages of illustrations, each page containing two subjects, done in colours, and of the most curious designs. The Rev. H. O. Coxe is the editor, and contributes a very interesting preface.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The Spanish squadron in Cuban waters is to be reinforced.

The French Chambers have been summoned to meet on the 30th of October.

THE Minister of Public works has prohibited the running of Sunday trains on the International.

It is reported that coal has been found at Pembina Mountain at a depth of seventy feet from the surface.

THE Centennial Commission have officially appointed the 10th of November as the day for the close of the Exhibition.

The trouble between the employers and operatives in the Yorkshire cotton mills increases to such a look-out of some 7000 workpeople, unless an amicable arrangement can be arrived at.

The two expeditions sent by the Egyptian Government to Abyssinia, one twelve months ago, and the second at the beginning of the year, were surprised in the passes by the Abyssinians, and massacred wholesale.