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BENGOUGH'S
COSMOPOLITAN
SHORTHAND WRITER.

Conducted by THOMAS BENGOUGH, Official Reporter, York County Courts.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, JULY, 1882.

No. 3

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

The work of a shorthand reporter is unique among the art-sciences. The labor of years must be concentrated within a space as brief as that in which the long, many-syllabled words are written. The resources of the mind, the brain, and the hand must be called into action at a moment's notice, and held in the most complete subjection, under the greatest tension. Not only must the brain be trained to send with electric speed to the nimble fingers the forms which represent uttered sounds, and not only must the fingers be trained to nimbleness in writing these, but the ear must acquire a sensitiveness which can only come of training. This organ is neglected more than it should be. The student-phonographer does not usually take into sufficient account the important fact that upon a fine discriminating sense of sound will depend, to a large extent, his success as a reporter; for it is a peculiarity of our comprehensive English language that the same sound may represent words of diverse or similar meaning, and by an exasperating combination of similar sounds, a sense may be conveyed which is entirely different from that which the speaker intended. Illustrations of this will occur to every experienced phonographer. One may be given: the phrase, "we can test his evidence," might be construed into "we contest his evidence," and thus an entirely different meaning can be conveyed by the same sound. By this similarity of sound, but variation of sense, ludicrous and dangerous errors creep into transcript; thus the phrase "the testimony of the census" may be readily translated, through inaccuracy of hearing, into shorthand characters representing "the testimony of the senses." But while the sound is almost identical, and would not be distinguished except by a trained ear, the meaning of the two phrases is so different as to alter the sense of the sentence.

The work of the stenographer is pecu-

liar. In the crowded court-room, or political assembly, he sits alone, unaided. The testimony of a garrulous and rapidly-speaking witness may seal the fate of a prisoner, hence the reporter must give the exact words-and, as nearly as possible, the accents of the witness testifying; yet in this arduous task he could receive no assistance, he could appeal for no help. If his previous training has been deficient in any respect he will suffer the loss of reputation and standing, and the trying nature of the ordeal will not be recognized, because not understood, by those who sit in judgment upon his work. Every one of the other actors in the court scene are more fortunate than the stenographer. The barrister conducting the case, or his opposing counsel defending the prisoner, may be assisted by junior counsel, who will help him out of the difficulty. The judge himself, though he may not be able to follow the evidence or argument completely, has equally the aid of both counsel. If he make a slip of the tongue, in his charge to the jury, he is promptly corrected by counsel or stenographer. Individual jurymen may not apprehend the points of the case; but they have the assistance of their fellow jurors.

The unskilful physician at the bedside of his patient dying of a complicated disease, may administer a fatal drug and cause the death of the sufferer, but, by the use of technical terms, he can hoodwink the relatives of the deceased and exculpate himself. An unscrupulous lawyer may bolster up a poor case by incorrectly citing precedents. The preacher may cover up ignorance of the truth by metaphysical dissertation.

In all these cases, stupidity, or wilful ignorance, or deceit, may pass unpunished; but in the case of the stenographer, stern justice metes out the severest penalties. The transcript of the stenographer, prepared and delivered in plain print, cannot be manipulated so as to conceal his igno-

rance if he be ignorant, or to cover up fraud if he be fraudulent.

The stenographer's knowledge is of no avail, except it be available when needed. This may seem like a truism, but it may not be amiss to repeat and impress it. Some students are inclined to study shorthand as they studied geography, in an indifferent, hazy way, so indefinite that they cannot repeat what they have learned. The stenographer's knowledge must be positive and permanent. He must know the best forms for the words he has to write, and his ear, eye, and hand must be so thoroly trained, and trained in unison, that the rapid utterances of the speaker may be taken down without hesitation.

The demands of the public and the press are most exacting as to rapidity and correctness. But seldom can the press wait for him to refer to his library for the explanation of a difficult passage or the meaning of a doubtful phrase, or the proper construction of an involved sentence. All his mental culture must be concentrated, condensed, compiled and stored in his brain, ready at a moment's warning. His memory must have walls and compartments in it, where what might seem as useiess lumber may be reached at any instant. Not only must he know where to find what he needs, but in most cases he must have it so near at hand that the search for it shall occupy no time.

It may not be needless to add that the stenographer who is to do thorough, conscientious, intelligible work, must understand and appreciate what he reports. This is especially true of the newspaper reporter, who is required to condense speeches, arguments, etc., giving the gist as nearly as possible in the language of the speaker, but, perforce, introducing his own phraseology in the process of condensing.

All these circumstances tend in the direction of the argument that the stenographer's work is more trying on the physical constitution, requires greater mental aptness, and manual expertness, and necessitates a wider range of education, than any other profession. This is quite true; and the profession will never have the standing it deserves until stenographers rise to the dignity of their position, and insist upon a recognition of their abilities by performing their work in the most creditable manner and illustrating the principles here set forth.

There is a great gulf between the stenographer and the shorthand. The work

of the former requires years of constant and laborious study and persistent practice; the work of the other can be well and honestly done by an expenditure of much less time and energy. We have no fear that the army of competent stenographers will ever be too large; but the fear exists, in the minds of the older members of the profession, that incompetent shorthanders, not understanding their proper relation to the seniors, will assume serious responsibilities that cannot be maintained, and that thus the profession, in its social and financial standing, may be degraded.

We do not share in this fear; for we are persuaded that, in view of the existence of a responsible Society whose council will be ever ready to aid the juniors with advice and help, the juniors will not presume upon their privileges by assuming duties in the thorough performance of which they would be likely to fail.

CO-OPERATION.

[This article was prepared for an Ever Circulator. In it are many points of interest which should be thoroly canvassed by the reader, to his benefit. Co-operation is the thing the shorthand profession needs, and we can have none too much of it.]

The true success of any great work is realized in the motto of our adjoining State (Kentucky), "United we Stand, Divided we Fall." So it is with our profession. The working in unison, or *co-operation* of its members, has made it a complete success, and of lasting benefit to the ones most concerned—beginners. In the days of Charles Dickens and his cotemporaries, the difficulties of learning shorthand were immeasurably greater than at the present time, and in the early introduction of the art into America, when Mr. Benn Pitman taught in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Cincinnati, there was much to be learned toward the improvement of the art. At that time, members who might be said to have completed their studies (if, indeed, one ever finishes learning), as well as those just commencing, sent suggestions and ideas to the so called "inventors," who, combining them with original ones, gradually brought phonography to its present state of comparative perfection. This means of co-working, which, in England, is still going on, has proved of wonderful assistance to such as may take up the study to-day. Though there are a greater number of systems now, which possibly

tends to cause some diversity of opinion among the fraternity, yet we are all aware of the fact that if some roads *are* straight and narrow, while others are broad and crooked, the destination reached will be the same, if we but persevere to the end. Of course, in matters of personal interest we are all apt to co-work; we speak of salaries, and also retaining the importance of the profession in its various applications—in the court room, newspaper office, railroad and mercantile circles: the proficient *few* working to make the *many* just starting out, equally so; and those commencing, endeavoring to place themselves on an equal footing with the "old stagers," in order that the "standard" may be kept well to the front and ably protected.

It will undoubtedly be apparent to all who read this that the volume in which it appears is one of the very best means of advancing the interests of the art, as well as promoting the *co-operation* of its members. Of this, the best assurance we can offer is its general and very just popularity.

C. G. J.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE SPELING REFORM.

A FEIV YEERZ' FONETIK KROOSAYD—A KAUL TO ARMZ.

In hiz anial adres tu the memberz ov the Fonetik Soseieti, Isaac Pitman telz us that "when the Jurnal komenst in 1842, the speling reform had reali been in ekzistens feiv yearz, tho we niu it not," and theez wurdz hav been red bei thousandz hoo, having red them, thaut no moar about them. But ei want the reederz ov the "Kosmopolitan" tu tayk them intu seerius konsiderayshon, for they tel us a trooth which shud rouz everi advokayt ov fonetik speling intu akshon. *In feiv yearz moar* the speling reform moovment wil hav komplected the ferst haf sentiuri ov its ekzistens!

Feiv yearz ar stil leit tu us, in which, if we set tu wurk with a wil, and pul together, we may sekieur a gloarius viktori for the kawz ov troo spelling, and ei want everi-wun hoo reedz theez wurdz tu join in this "Feiv yeers' Fonetik Kroosayd" and doo aul he kan tu help the armi ov reformerz aulredi in the feeld.

We, in Kanada, hav speshal need tu doo something deseiziv diuring the nekst feiv yearz, for we hav akomplisht so little in the past. Sum ov us (and ei konfes ei kannot kount meself among the number) hav strugeld for the kawz thru good and il-re-

port, but so fu and far between have been theez egzampels ov reeal leiv reformerz that, doo what they wud, thay kud mayk litel or no impreshon on the jeneral publik.

Now it iz teim that each ov us ansered the roal kaul and took hiz plays in lein, with a manli determinayshon tu imitayt, az wel az he kan—for *feiv yearz at eni rayt*—the brayv men hoo hav stud shoalder tu shoalder with Eizak Pitman for the last forti-feiv yearz.

We kan each ov us mayk the moovment noan tu our frendz and say a good wurd for it.

We kan eech ov us drau atenshon tu the anomaliz and absurditiz ov the komon speling, and mayk thoaz around us understand that they ar kondeming themselvz, and ther children, tu a leif-long slayveri if they doo not faul intu lein with us and streiv tu abolish theez oald speling kustomz.

We kan eech ov us adopt such spelingz as "favor, labor, honor, traveler, &c.," insted ov puting in the dubel 'l' or the 'u,' and we kan bak up with our influe ns everi niu approach tu the fonetik principel—even welkuming such wurdz az "plou" and "sox."

Meni ov us kan sayfli go beyond this and leev out, in ther reiting, aul the silent leterz. Ei would not ask eni wun tu doo moar than he kan with sayfti kari intu praktis, but each soaldyer ov the reform shud feel proud tu doo aul that iz in hiz power.

Trusting that mei leter, tho badli put together, may leed aul hoo reed it to join the "Feiv yearz' Fonetik Kroosayd" with a determinayshon tu skoar a viktori for the Speling Reform.

I remayn, yourz fraternali,

R. FIELDER.

Montreal.

EXAMINATIONS IN SHORTHAND.

The contemplated Canadian Shorthand Society, with test examinations, adds interest to these remarks by the editor of the *Reporters' Magazine, London, England*:—

"For many years we have personally advocated the necessity and the commercial value of a certificate of phonographic ability—ability to utilize the system for commercial purposes. It is with no little pleasure that we endorse Mr. Withers' opinion of the value of the certificate of the Society of Arts, and recommend all phonographers who intend to use phonography to gain their living, to endeavor to earn it. No phonographer who earns it need despair of his ability to fill any position as a shorthand clerk. The perusal of the following brief outline of the

examination will convince most people that the test will be thorough and searching, and that the certificate can only pass into the possession of those who really deserve it.

"Examiner—Mr. Frederick Pitman.

"1. A member of the local board will be asked to read to the candidates in a distinct manner a passage containing about 150 words, of a historical character; the first portion of the matter to be read at the rate of 50 words per minute, and the second at the rate of 120 words per minute.

"2. He will then read a portion of about a similar length on a scientific subject; in this case likewise reading the first part at 50 and the second part at 120 words a minute.

"3. Lastly, he will read a paragraph from a badly composed and confused speech, at the rate of 150 words a minute.

"4. These passages will be prepared by the examiner, and be forwarded to the secretary of each local board.

"5. All these passages to be forthwith written out in longhand, and given to the member of the local board, who will note on the paper of each candidate the time occupied in taking down and transcribing each passage. In writing out the confused paragraph it is expected that the candidates will, to the best of their ability, put the language into proper form.

"6. The rude shorthand notes must be given up with the transcript. Paper of post 8vo size—about 7 inches by 4½ inches—should be used, both for the shorthand and the longhand transcript, the writing being on one side only. The shorthand should be written upon paper ruled with double or single lines; the transcript should be made on unruled paper of the same size. It is preferred that both the notes and the transcript should be written in ink. It is also desirable that the examination papers should be arranged in the following manner:—The three shorthand papers of each competitor should follow each other in the order in which they are read, and the three corresponding longhand papers to follow in the same order—the six portions being fastened together.

"7. The examination will involve the following points:—Rapidity in taking down from dictation; rapidity in transcribing into longhand what has been taken down; accuracy in the transcription.

"It will be seen that the candidates must cover 150 words a minute, which, taking into consideration the probability of excitement, etc., means that a man must be equal to 160 or 170 words a minute under ordinary circumstances. A great many boast of high speeds, and talk of 150 as mere child's play, but we are of opinion that the most astounding statistics that could be published of interest to phonographers would be a list of men who can really do an honest average of 150. Even including our professional brethren outside of shorthand writers pure and simple who are constantly doing nothing but verbatim work, we don't believe one person could be found to show a fair average

speed of 150 words a minute for half an hour, out of those who have professedly 'gone in' for speed."

PHONOGRAPHIC FACTS AND FANCIES.

ISAAC PITMAN AND THE CORRESPONDING STYLE—
A COSMOPOLITAN JOURNAL.

It cannot have escaped the notice of the most unobservant with what persistency the phonographic publications of Isaac Pitman are thrust on the American market, and that, too, even in these times of cheap literature; at ridiculously low rates. This is no mere money speculation. Mr. Pitman, I take it, is firm in the belief that his present form of writing is the most perfect of its kind, and is naturally anxious to see its general adoption to the exclusion of others that deviate, in his view, from the paths of rectitude. Coupled with this is the old and pleasant dream—but still a dream—of the ultimate triumph of the "corresponding style" in its race with longhand. It was a kindness to seek to disabuse the mind of Mr. Pitman and the more zealous of his followers of such erroneous notions. Of the many modifications of phonography in use in America there is no single one, nor is there likely to be one, of such distinguished merit as to deserve universal patronage; and it is fortunate, in some respects, that such is the case. A monopoly of phonographic copyright would be as distasteful here as the existence of a privileged class or an established church. Honor enough for Mr. Pitman that the lineaments of his original invention are plainly discernible in all our leading styles or forms of phonography.

With due respect to our noble leader, whom none can hold in greater esteem than the writer, it seems to me that, in connection with phonography, there has been too much conservative bondage from first to last. What is it but a *tool*, the prospective life-long user of which should have the right to lubricate, sharpen or remodel to his heart's content? Why should not phonographers be accorded the same elbow room as neighboring skilful farmers, who, each in his own way, by apparently diverse methods, is able at the year's end to show equally handsome returns? All our "systems" are good enough for reporters' use, and any one of them is good enough as a ground work on which to make one's own amendments. Granted that "shorthanders" in general are not competent to judge of the quality of phonographic improvements, and that rapid writers rarely make changes either for better or worse, still some are found in both classes who adhere with profit to the maxim; "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

A *liberal* magazine will tolerate all styles of phonography as far as the length of the tether will admit; the lovers of a *cosmopolitan* journal should go a step further, and when called

to advise or assist a beginner be ready to say "My dear sir,—this is the best form of phonography with which I am acquainted. It is as good as any other. It is far from perfect. Consider it a ground work and make the best you can of it." A spirit of this kind would go far to put an end to the petty rivalries that have so long disgraced the partizans of the various systems. J. W.

PRESENT AND FUTURE OF PHONOGRAPHY.

(From the *Reporters' Magazine*, London, England.)

The Editor of BENGOUGH'S COSMOPOLITAN SHORTHAND-WRITER in an article entitled, "Phonography vs. the New Systems," raises questions which he evidently thinks Phonographers will find it difficult to answer. We accept the challenge with this, the earliest opportunity, and assure our confere across the water that he has been deceived by mere smoke. 1. He tells us that Mr. Pocknell's pamphlet on "Legible Shorthand" undoubtedly foreshadows a struggle, not only as between that system and Phonography, but as between Phonography and all other systems. 2. That already "Legible Shorthand" has been by some of its reviewers called "The Shorthand of the future." 3. That Everett's has stood its ground in the competition with Pitman's Phonography. 4. That if the various authors persist in pushing their systems, the ranks of Phonographers must be divided. 5. That the work which Mr. Pitman is doing for Phonography cannot be done by any other hand; and, in conclusion, we are asked, 6. "In case of accident or illness, resulting in his sudden death, where is his successor?"

Now we will take these matters seriatim, and reply that

1. We see no indication whatever that Mr. Pocknell's pamphlet foreshadows a struggle; already it is almost forgotten here.

2. That reviewers are capable of saying all sorts of kind as well as unkind things; and that "Legible Shorthand" fell early into the hands of the mutual admiration reviewing society; that the most worthless things ever yet produced have been similarly flattered; and that we have yet to learn that a competent authority pronounced it "The Shorthand of the future."

Statement No. 3 rests upon a flimsy and utterly unreliable test of pitting a few amateurs against each other, and is as valuable as some of the testimonials used to puff this system, the absurdity of which we have exposed.

Of we can only say that if a few persons persist in getting this puffed in the press by the Mutual Puffing Society, they may create a belief so far away from the vantage ground of observation as America, that there is a grand tournament on the programme; but nearer

home we are not so easily convinced; indeed we believe that as soon as a real live reporter using any one of the *great systems*, is announced as on exhibition, Phonographers will flock from all parts of the country, and pay any reasonable admission fee to see the spectacle. Why, even Mr. Pocknell, as we have before pointed out, prefers to stick to Phonography rather than write his own very legible system.

To 5 we offer the most conclusive reply that Phonography for years has been standing on its own legs, and taking care of itself. More than six years ago, during a visit to Bath, we endeavored to get Mr. Pitman to acknowledge that, notwithstanding the great claims of the spelling reform, Phonography had still some claim on his attention, but he replied that Phonography was now capable of taking care of itself; and he has for years given his matchless energy to the promotion of the spelling reform, and in all probability will continue to do so to the end of his days.

6. His successor will be an army of Phonographers, counted by their tens of thousands, in this country, who will guard, with a more jealous eye than ever, the great inheritance of genius, of life-long labor, and of untiring zeal which he will leave them.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

In his very interesting sketch of journalism in the United States, Frederic Hudson, formerly editor of the New York *Herald*, relates the following:

RUFUS CHOATE'S CHIROGRA. HY.

Horace Greeley is a better penman than either Rufus Choate or Napoleon I. Any one who will compare Greeley's notes with the specimen of Napoleon's chirography in the lyceum at the Brooklyn navy yard will readily admit this to be a fact. Choate's penmanship was positively shocking. On one occasion he delivered an address at Dartmouth College, we believe, and two reporters from New York—one from the *Tribune* and the other from the *Herald*—were in attendance. Finding that Mr. C. had prepared his address, they arranged to take his manuscript after he had finished its delivery, and assist each other in making an extra copy for one of the two journals. So they formed a part of the audience, and congratulated themselves on saving the labor that taking stenographic notes of the oration would involve. The 1st word of the peroration scarcely reached the ear of the most distant hearer before the manuscript was in the hands of the reporters. They looked over the pages of Choate's brilliant eloquence; they turned the pages upside down, then sideways, then cornerways, then all sorts of ways, and gazed at each other in blank astonishment. Not a word could they decipher. They sought the orator.

"Why, Mr. Choate," said one of the report-

ers. "we can not make out a word of your manuscript. What shall we do?"

"Can not read it! That's unfortunate," replied Mr. Choate. "It seems plain to me; but I can not aid you, for I start immediately in an opposite direction for New York. But let me see; I guess I can help you. An old clerk of mine lives about twelve miles from here. He can read it," and off went Mr. Choate.

The two reporters hired a team and drove over to the residence of the clerk. He read and they took stenographic notes, and succeeded in reaching New York in time to write out their reports for their respective journals. These reporters, ever after, in asking for manuscript, first carefully inspected the chirography.

THE TRAVELLER'S ENTERPRISE.

When the Boston *Traveller* was issued as a daily, all the papers then published in Boston, with the exception of the *Mail* and *Times*, were sixpenny sheets, and too respectable to be sold in the streets by the newsboys. The *Traveller* was started as a two-cent paper, and not sold in the streets at first, because of the prevailing dignity of the Press in Modern Athens. But all things, as well as leaves, have their time to change. On the nomination of General Taylor for the presidency, Daniel Webster did not enter the campaign with his usual enthusiasm. It was, however, announced one day in August, 1848, that it was the intention of the Constitutional Expounder to have a talk with his neighbors at Marsfield on the political aspects of the country. Worthington immediately engaged Dr. J. W. Stone, the stenographer, and started for that charming and classic spot. Webster delivered his great speech, in which he uttered, in his most emphatic and impressive manner, those memorable but useless words, that the nomination of General Taylor was one "not fit to be made. No, my friends, not fit to be made." Worthington, with Stone, and his shorthand notes, returned by express to Boston, and had the speech ready in an extra *Traveller* for sale early the next morning. The Athenians were delighted. This piece of newspaper enterprise was a success, and was the introduction of that paper to the ragged and rugged newsboys of Boston. Webster's speech sold all day in that city. It was sent specially to the *New York Herald*, and thus spread over the Union.

RAYMOND'S ENTERPRISE.

The most wonderful incident in reporting occurred after Henry J. Raymond became attached to the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Webster made an important speech in the Senate. Raymond was present. All the other papers were represented. Looking at the clock, it just occurred to him that the distinguished Senator would finish about the hour of the closing of the mail. He therefore prepared himself. Webster began his speech. Raymond took every word down in longhand, the other reporters, of course, in shorthand. Webster, it is true, was a slow, deliberate speaker, but as the

average speed of an orator's tongue is six uttered to one carefully written word, our readers can imagine the rapidity of Raymond's writing. Webster finished. It was nearly mail time. It would be utterly impossible to write out the speech for that mail, and that was the mail to carry the speech. Raymond looked at his notes, and again at the clock. Rolling all up in an envelope, inclosing a private note to the foreman of the *Courier and Enquirer*, he dropped the parcel into the Editor's Bag. It reached the office in Wall street; the copy was distributed among the compositors, and the whole speech appeared in the next edition of the *Courier and Enquirer*, to the dismay of the other papers and chagrin of the reporters. Its accuracy received the fullest indorsement of Mr. Webster.

"A GREAT FIELD."

The United States are a great field for reporters. We have seen it stated that there are four hundred phonographers in the country. Thirty years ago there were none, and not more than half a dozen stenographers. Where there are so many legislative bodies—twenty or thirty in session every winter; where there are so many public meetings and public speeches; so many lectures, and so many important cases in courts, there is room for accomplished reporters in every state and in every city. Our newspapers, too, devote so much space now to these public matters, that skilful stenographers and phonographers can always command remunerative situations. Many of our courts have lately appointed official stenographers. So accurate are these gentlemen, that their reports are given in evidence in vitally important cases, and accepted by judge and jury. Some of the scenes in Congress, in courts, and in state Legislatures are so graphically and accurately reported that the reader can almost imagine that he has the *dramatis personæ* before him.

THE PRESS GALLERY AT OTTAWA.

About the liveliest place at Ottawa during a session of Parliament is the room allotted to the reporters in the House of Commons. At nearly all hours of the day and night the scribes can be found hurriedly penning letters or despatches to their respective papers, or cutting up the blue books,—or, as they are otherwise called, reports of the various branches of the government,—for use in their papers. The reporters, as a general rule, have but little time for recreation during the session—it is work of the hardest kind. Of course a reporter gains credit for enterprise and correctness of his reports, but beyond that he need hardly hope; his reward may come at some period in the far future, but the chances are that his work will not have that appreciation to which it is entitled.

Taking a look into the reporters' room at the busiest time of the day, one sees about thirty men at work. As soon as a reporter gets through with his "take," and returns to his seat

to listen to the remarks of the members, another takes his place and proceeds to transcribe his notes at almost lightning speed ; and so the work goes on, night and day, during the entire session. As soon as a reporter finishes the transcription a page takes the manuscript to the telegraph office for transmission. The shorthand reporter has his hands full, early and late—there's no rest for him ; but the reporters who merely give a synopsis of the speeches and proceedings take life easier. The hours of business vary, but it would not be far out of the way to say that the reporter averages sixteen hours a day hard work. He is up at nine in the morning ready to "take in" the committee meetings, which adjourn about two. At three the session of the day begins, ending almost anywhere among the "wee sma' hours."

Of the daily papers represented in the press gallery, the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail* send the largest number, and have very full and correct reports,

THE DUKE OF ALBANY ON THE PRESS.

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, presided at the annual dinner recently held in London, in connection with the Newspaper Press Fund. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Press," His Royal Highness said :

"It is with great satisfaction that I come before you to-night to plead the cause of the Newspaper Press Fund—(cheers)—and that I see around me, not only so many distinguished representatives of the press itself, but so many men of eminence in other walks of life, whose presence here testifies to the widespread, I may say the national, interest which this cause inspires. (Cheers.) There can hardly, indeed, be any password to the general goodwill and gratitude of Englishmen more potent than the name of the Newspaper Press. If we know anything in this country we know the benefits of a free press ; we know that the gentlemen of the press are the watchdogs of civilization, and that nothing can go wrong anywhere without their uttering a warning sound, and very often suggesting some real and practical remedy. (Cheers.) The direct social and political power of the press is a fact which we are none of us likely to forget for a day. And yet it is the indirect, the educative power of the press which is, I think, the greatest of all. The most pervading effect on mankind is produced, not by the arguments of the press on points on which the various journals differ, but by the instruction given, and the tone assumed by the press on points on which all journals concur. (Cheers.) For, after all, the main function of the press is to be the contemporary and authentic record of the progress of the world ; and the world's progress is not marked so much by the changing triumphs of one or other party—by the shifting

predominance of this or that school of opinion—as by the steady increase in the mass of knowledge and experience on which all civilized men are agreed, and which each generation inherits almost unconsciously from its predecessor. (Cheers.) And what it gives me most pleasure to observe in the press is the increasing completeness with which this world-wide record is kept—the increasing accuracy and fulness of the picture which the press presents to us of all the complex life and thought and action which are going on upon the surface of the globe. There is nothing now which the press does not chronicle—from yesterday's debates in London or Paris to the latest enquiries into the habits of earth-worms, or the last photograph taken of the sun. (Laughter.) And especially we may claim for our English press that it is surpassed by none in its earnest endeavor to understand the real condition of foreign nations as well as of our own—(hear, hear)—to draw the true lessons, of example or warning, from distant events, which in former times we should have been content to hear of in a very secondhand and imperfect way. But our press is alive to everything now ; and when there falls on the world some such sudden shock as brings our human brotherhood home to all, then it is that we feel how intimately the press has entwined itself with our existence, till the electric wires seem the very nerves of humanity, carrying in a moment to every corner of the earth the self-same thrill of hope or pain. (Cheers.) There is another branch of journalism which one cannot help watching, both in this country and in the United States, with much curiosity and interest, I mean the constantly extending enterprises of the "Special Correspondent." There is, I think, something satisfactory in the thought that the public, through the spokesmen of the press, is taking into its own hands so many works of historical and geographical discovery, or even of active benevolence ; that its representatives are finding the lost, succoring the afflicted, facing perils, traversing regions unknown ; sitting in conclave, perhaps, among the patriarchs of Merv, or struggling with the fevers of Zanzibar, and the Congo, or with the ice of Polar seas, or scanning the desperate charges of Plevna, or carrying an impartial comfort to the wounded of two nations at Sedan. (Cheers.) One likes to think that some spectator of our own race is always present when history is in the making, and that in scenes of danger and frenzy, where no one else ventures to stand, except at the call of urgent duty or in the fury of the fight, there is sure to be in the thick of everything an Englishman with a notebook, whose only object is to see and know. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen of the press, your career is one of constant interest, of growing power, and, like all positions of power, it carries with it its own responsibilities, its own temptations. Even in private life there may often be a momentary temptation to use some unfair argument, or to repeat some unkindly

gossip. How much stronger must that temptation be to men who can make their argument tell, their gossip spread, over the whole country, and whose anonymity protects them from any other punishment than such as lies in the consciousness of having uttered an uncandid retort, or ventured on an unwarrantable intrusion, or inflicted a cruel and needless pain. (Loud cheers.) In the struggle of competition, in the haste of composition, it must be hard to avoid entirely such causes of self-reproach. But as the press rises in dignity and responsibility these blemishes tend to disappear, and I feel sure that you will agree with me that an institution such as this which we are met to support to-day is potent not only to relieve those who need its material succor, but to give a sense of unity and stability to the whole profession. (Cheers.) From every point of view, then, we, who are not personally connected with your body, may well feel it a pleasure and a privilege, gentlemen, to advocate the claims of the Newspaper Press Fund in your presence to-day. We would ask you not to neglect your own essential interests in the excitement of dealing with the interests of the world at large. We would beg you to allow us to counsel you to habits of foresight and providence, and to support our counsel by some small practical token of the sincerity of our goodwill. For we cannot but think that your interests are intimately bound up with those of the nation. And we recognize that you are not the representatives of mere private aims and private ambitions, but that you constitute a body of public functionaries not less important than any of the established departments of the State, being, as it were, the uncovenanted servants of the whole progress and civilization of mankind." (Loud Cheers.)

THE FRAY.

BY AN AMATEUR POET-PHONO.

The old man sat in his easy chair
Smoking his clear Havan,
And he called aloud for his stenographer,
And in came the requisite man.

"Ho! ho!" he shouted, in merry glee,
As he reached for the top of the pile;
And poor steno. felt an inward pang,
And he smiled a ghastly smile.

For well he knew in the old man's heart
Were things of vile intent,
Big words that near took his breath away,
With outlines long and bent.

Now thick and fast, like the fog-horn's blast,
Came the speech of the merciless foe,
And fast flew the sparks from the steno's pen,
But he saw it was no go.

"Adjudicate" nearly broke him up,
"Indefatigable" came on top,
"Commensurate" and "degenerate,"
And "whirligig" came with a flop.

"Delinquency" took longer to write
Than a sentence the old man said,
"Dexterity" mortified him much,
And "deputative" struck him dead.

That night in the silent hours of the watch,
Like the Arab who stole away,
He gathered his notes and his pride in a box,
And lit for a land far away.

And he bought him a book on the heathen
Chaldee,
And one on the Hebrew and Greek,
And he saith, "Go to, give me something eas-ee,"
No short-band that's learned in a week!

BLIND AS A BAT, DEAF AS A POST,
YET A POET.

One of the most remarkable products of humanity known to this generation is Morrison Heady, of Kentucky. He is blind as a bat, and deaf as a post, and laboring under such disadvantages that it would be wonderful if he could do anything, or had learned anything; he is a marvel of mechanical dexterity, of inventive genius, and of clear and quick cogitation. On seeing him walking the streets of Louisville with head erect and strong tread, holding a little boy by the hand, one would not suspect his disabilities, nor watching him at the counter of a hardware shop purchasing a knife, would an observer think anything of the matter, unless he happened to note that the dealer spoke no word, but only touched the hand of the customer. Among his inventions is a leather glove, with the letters of the alphabet painted on it. You can talk to him as fast as you can touch those letters with the end of your finger. Another of his inventions is a mechanical writing machine, with which he can write and others can transcribe. The machine pricks its way along the paper, and he can read his own writing by the sense of touch. Others can use the machine to write out for him anything not procurable in blind type, and he can read it with his fingers, and indirectly have access to the literary gems which would otherwise be a sealed book to him. Usually a blind man can hear, but it is useless to read to Heady. His speech is as clear and sharp as that of a man of education combined with great force of will and perfect faculties. Since he cannot hear himself speak, the fact is a remarkable physical puzzle—for the best of us learn accuracy of pronunciation and distinctness of enunciation, by dint of long practice and study, educating ourselves by the aid of our ears and eyes. Among his other accomplishments this man numbers the art of poetry. Several years ago he published a volume of poetry. At every point he is master. Iambic pentameter rolls from his machine as easily as iambic tetrameter rippled from Scott's pen. The reader who has never seen this man's poetry would be incredulous, but a glance down a few pages of hexameter will convince any one that Heady can write any sort of poetry he likes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



