

[From the Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator.]

**EXPERIENCE OF A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.**

Mr. Buckingham, a gentleman who was connected with the New England press for nearly half a century, makes the following remarks on the precarious nature of the business, the correctness of which will at once be admitted by every man who has been long enough connected with the press to understand what he is saying:

"The income of a newspaper, though nominally large, and apparently equal to all reasonable expenditure, as it appears on the ledger, and in the imagination of the proprietor, is yet a feeble and delusive reliance in times when business is in a state of dulness and depression. The amount of debts from the subscribers may be large, but is made up of small sums and scattered over an immense territory. From 1830 to 1848, I doubt whether there was a day when the aggregate debt due to the *Courier* was less than ten thousand dollars—sometimes it far exceeded that amount—in sums ranging from fifty cents to fifty dollars—The customers of a newspaper think but little of this. It seldom occurs to them that the printer is borrowing money—perhaps at an extravagant interest—to enable him to carry on the publication, while they are neglecting his demands and paying nothing for the indulgence. Such was my unfortunate position."

How many newspaper publishers in Canada could make a similar declaration? and yet how apathetic we all appear when a suggestion for adopting some remedy is offered! There can be no doubt that publishers in the United States are paid much better than they are in Canada; but wistful statements like the foregoing are frequently to be met with. In England no such complaints are made, for the reason that there the business is conducted on cash principles, and those engaged in it know precisely what they are doing. In Canada many of the subscribers pay nothing for three or four, or half a dozen years, some of them never—and yet they must be perfectly satisfied that presses, and type, and printing paper, are held as cash, and it is only occasionally that a three or at the outside, six months' credit can be obtained, by paying heavily for it. Under such a state of things, where there is a constant outlay with but partial returns, it is absolutely impossible to render newspapers what they should be. Correspondence—foreign, literary, and scientific—which forms certainly the most important feature of a paper, cannot be secured to any extent, because the publisher is unable to bear the expense. It takes, too often, the profits on advertising and good subscriptions to pay the constant outlay necessary to furnish the paper for those who never pay, or are so slow that their patronage is a positive injury. There is, therefore, no margin for the employment of talent, and those who often sneer at the comparative barrenness of Canadian journals would do well to bear in mind the difficulties which the publishers labor under. We have no hesitation in admitting we have ourselves, with perhaps as good a circulation, and as profitable an advertising business as any paper in Canada—with accounts on the ledgers which to the uninitiated might appear incredible—been often pressed for £10; and if this be the case in a city like Hamilton, what must it be in smaller and inland places, where there is equal competition and less business?

The truth is that the whole system of carrying on newspaper establishments and of extending credits, requires remodelling, and we regret very much that the proposition for a Convention, made a short time since by the Canadian Family Herald, was not carried out, before the season became so advanced that a meeting during the present year is out of the question. We feel perfectly satisfied, however, that this matter must sooner or later engage the attention of all connected with the press, in our opinion the sooner a change is brought about, the better will be for both publisher and subscriber. The man who pays for his paper in advance, or when called upon, has now to bear a portion of the bad and tardy debts; while in many instances the person who establishes and

carries on a newspaper until his type is nearly worn out, sells in disgust the material and good will of his business at a less price than he paid originally for the material. The labor, and anxiety—the everlasting wear and tear of body and mind—have been expended for nothing, and three or four years of the most valuable portion of a man's life have been swallowed up in an utterly profitless undertaking—This is no imaginary case; it is stern reality. During a sixteen years connection with the press we can recollect at least as many cases of disappointment and utter failure.

Yet serious as are the hardships mentioned, the remedy is simple, and rests with the publishers themselves. The only portion of their subscribers whose opinion is deserving of notice would gladly second any movement by which the press might be elevated and rendered thoroughly independent. All that is necessary is for those concerned to meet together, and adopt a system by which they will be rewarded for their labor, and thus be enabled to extend their usefulness. This arrangement, we repeat, must be made sooner or later, and it behoves those interested to bring it about without unnecessary delay. If an efficient system can be adopted there need be no difficulty in carrying it out. An arrangement that meets the views of the publishers, and that embraces nothing unreasonable, will be readily concurred in by the public; and we presume there would not be much difficulty in ascertaining and punishing effectually any breach of the undertaking. We had no intention, when we set out, of saying more than would endorse the remarks made by Mr. Buckingham, but the subject is one of very considerable importance, and if a remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs can be devised, we presume there are few interested who will hold back, although the coolness with which suggestion of the Family Herald was received induces us to think that nobody is willing to take the initiative.

**PRINTING OFFICE REGULATIONS.**—When you go into a printing office, leave the door open behind you. Read all the manuscript you can get your hands on; it's no difference; editors have no business with secrets; besides you might discover some plot against the government—crush it in the bud, and thus become a public benefactor! be sure to ask the compositor to let you look at the copy he is at work on, of course he won't be so impolite as to refuse so reasonable a request! If he is at work on manuscript copy, ask him who wrote it—he'll tell you. Examine the type, pick them up, look at them, throw them down—no matter in which box; what the deuce do printers have so many little boxes for if they want folks to be so particular? Don't neglect the press; catch hold of the handle; pull it round; there! let it go, not much damage done. Now seat yourself at the sanctum, and after you have whistled a favorite tune, as loud as possible, ask the editor for the paper he is reading, or entertain him with some long-winded harangue on some subject which interests you, not him.

Follow these directions closely, or the spirit of them, and you'll be popular with all the printers!

**LONG-WINDED.**—The Carpet-Bag tells the story of a preacher who delighted in long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother preacher who always delivered short ones. At the usual hour for closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went out quietly one by one, till the preacher was left alone with the sexton. The preacher feeling that he must do his duty, still continued to blaze away, till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walked deliberately up the pulpit stairs, and handing him the key, requested he would lock up when he got through, and leave the key at his house as he went along!

**WHAT IS TRUE INDEPENDENCE.**—A great many people like an "independent press," which chimes exactly with their own opinions—but a truly honest press must differ from somebody.

**A BEGGAR'S FORTUNE.**

The following amusing extract we take from a new work. It is not every one that has such a wedding portion as did the beggar's daughter.

"Good-morrow to you, Mrs. Fogarty;" (reaches a snuff-box to offer a pinch.)

"Then good-morrow, kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this mornin'?"

"So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"

"I did, indeed, praise be to goodness!"

"Did she get a good match?"

"Faix, thin, 'tis herself that did. Didn't she get blind Darby Driscoll, on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork?"

"I'm delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty, I assure you. That the world may wonder at the luck they'll have! Did you give her any fortune?"

"Any fortune, is it? Ah, thin, now, Judy, is it ather insultin' me you'd be? Shure you know in yer heart that a child of mine was never married without it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which, if well begged, is worth seven and sixpence a week?"

Young man! keep your eye peeled when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive? Or a pretty face even?—Flounces, boy, are of no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiled sweet smiles and eat your sugar candy.

Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologises for wiping dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash-tub with sleeves rolled up, be sure sir, that she is of the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and less sense. If you marry a gal who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter upon the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the article like a man.—*Cayuga Chief.*

**A KEEN RETORT.**—An English gentleman, possessing a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *cite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends, by saying smart and unceremonious things to annoy him. "By the way," added she, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted he, but with the blindest manner possible, "I know not, unless it be that the French army have not been twice to our capital to teach it, as they have at yours."

**MUCH IN LITTLE.**—"Talk about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land!" exclaimed Simpson; "why I bought an acre of Mr. Ross, up at Goose Fair, planted one acre of it with potatoes and t'other with corn."

"I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simpson?" remarked a listener, "how could you plant two?"

"Very easily, sir; I stood it up on one end and planted both sides of it."

Simpson's friend looked knowing, and sloped forthwith.

**SPIRITUAL.**

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John with a sigh, as her voice of a tempest gave warning; "Quite out, sir, indeed!" said the maid in reply, "for she flushed the bottle this morning!"

The man who hung himself in an axle-tree with a cord of wood, has been cut down with a sharp set appetite, by the fast man who tired down a waggon wheel.

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember, the duller the razor the more you cut yourself and swear.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

**CHAPTER III.**

MR. SEGEE.—Are Grand Jurors the Representatives of the Rate Payers? Do you give it up old hoss? Well, as Mr. Hitchcock says about the manly exercise of kicking, "it's best to be considered on." 'Tis always much easier to ask questions than to answer them; but there are some questions that present such an awkward phasm that even a double cross-eyed man "going the hextras," would be puzzled how to get a fair look at him. One seems to see it, all around it, and through it, and about it, and yet can't exactly say that he does see it. He's in a quandry, a fix, much like the weather in this month in the Yankee quack Almanac, "19, 20, fixing to snow,—20, 21, but doesn't snow."—A ready-witted fellow would answer the question by a quick smirking *no*, in which you would see a sinister meaning, that felt half disposed to peep out; while a dignified lump of fat, a shire-fed capon, one of the Grand Assize, would look wondrously wise, as if he were revolving the mighty question in his capacious mind, and decide it by a sonorous, indubitable *yes*.

"Strike his unkempt locks, and give the nod, The stamp of fate, and sanction of a God."

But, sir, dull sober-minded people like you and I, must first ascertain what the meaning of the word "representative" is, before we can venture a decision on the knotty point. On enquiry I find one of the primary acceptations of the word to be, "One exercising the vicarious power given by another." To simplify this, the agent or actor must be engaged, not in his own business, but the affairs of another. The right to do so must not be assumed or arrogated, but given, delegated to him by his constituent, at the constituent's own volition and pleasure, and revocable at pleasure. The office cannot be thrust upon him by a third party. It would be a gross outrage against human and common sense. This is also its legal and political meaning.

Now as Grand Jurors are not chosen or delegated by the Rate Payers, to represent them at the General Sessions, it requires more sophistry and casuistry than has fallen to my lot, to make out their representative character. A session-wrangler of Oxford might confess himself puzzled in boxing out that conclusion from the premises without forfeiting his Academical honors. Though a well fed serjeant Quirk, or a "Chief of the Plea Court and Sessions" profoundment might see no difficulty at all about it. Indeed the setting forth of this strange doctrine in this Country was from the Bench itself. The unsightly birth has become a monster, and turned his poisoned fang against the dam that bear him. In olden time Grand Jurors were elected—chosen from among the people. They were delegated then, and "were to answer concerning all particulars relating to their own district." That the standing change introduced into the manner of choosing, as well as the powers of this body, has proved sound in principle, or beneficial in practice, may well be doubted in this age. If the Grand Inquest of this County now professes a representative character, then it is as the representatives of the High Sheriff. They are the nominees of the Sheriff! himself being the nominee of the Crown. He is unrestricted in his choice—the qualification being a freehold of merely ten pounds yearly value. What part have the people in such a body? The shade of the old system of election is, however, still discernable in the present practice of summoning them—some from each district in the County; but it is a precious small bit of fellow-feeling with those from whom they are taken, that is preserved in the atmosphere of the Court.—I speak of Grand Jurors at the General Sessions. Their important duty is to inquire of offenders against the law, in which inquiry the people and the Crown are alike interested. Concerning this part of their duty it is perhaps quite immaterial whether they be chosen directly by the people or nominated by the officer of the Crown; and in this respect only do they approach even to a proximity of the character claimed for them. It is evident however that