

corrector and foreman.—Translation from the French, in the Athenæum.

SKETCH OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN A PRINTING-OFFICE.—The establishment of THE TIMES newspaper is an example, on a large scale, of a manufactory in which the division of labour, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of the domestic economy is well exemplified. It is scarcely imagined, by the thousands who read that paper in various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organized activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent or mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly a hundred persons are employed in this establishment; and during the session of Parliament, at least twelve reporters are constantly attending the House of Commons and Lords, each in his turn, after an hour's work, retiring to translate into ordinary writing the speech he has just heard and noted in short-hand. In the mean time, fifty compositors are constantly at work, some of whom have already set up the galleys, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps at that very moment, making the walls of St. Stephen's vibrate with the applause of his hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are past in portions, to other hands; till at last, the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, reappear in regular order on the platform of the printing press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types, by the most perfect mechanism;—four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers; which seem to devour them with unsated appetite.—other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and having brought them into rapid and successive contact, re-deliver them to four other assistants; completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus in one hour, four thousand sheets of paper are printed on one side,—and an impression of twelve thousand copies, from above three hundred thousand moveable pieces of metal, is produced for the public in six hours.—Babbage on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.

SKETCH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL IN PARLIAMENT.—Daniel O'Connell has great advantages of person—he has all the appearance of power which height and robust proportions invariably give to the orator, without being the least corpulent or fleshy, without coming under Cicero's anathema against the "Vastitas." He has a great girth of chest—stands firm as a rock—his gestures are free, bold, and warm—his countenance plays with all he utters—his mouth, in particular, indicates, with great felicity, the passion of the moment—frank in conciliation—bitter in scorn. Indeed, the shape of the lips is rather a contradiction to the manlier traits of the orator's fine athletic person, it is so pliable in character, so delicate in outline. It indicates, according to the science of physiognomy, a quick, and even over-quick susceptibility. Eyes light, full and clear; the dark *Brutus*; the throat nervous and finely shaped—always left free in the loosened neckcloth; a small nose, but with deep set resolute nostrils, complete a very striking and characteristic *tout ensemble*. Well, then, fancy the orator on his legs—and now for the voice! The Irish accent in its most polished dialect does not detract from a voice by far the most clear, flexible, and lucidly distinct you ever heard. You can't escape into a corner of that ill-built house to avoid it. Shut your ears—it will creep into them! Yet he speaks in a much lower tone than most other speakers, and in a much mellower key. As to the matter—he throws himself at once on the strong bearing of the subject—he seizes the question by the common sense. Unlike other lawyers, you never find him prying into the little holes and corners, niggling his soul into the cranny of a question. As was said of Lord Chatham, it is the one broad view which he takes and insists upon, and that that view should allow him to be so popular in the House of Commons is a striking proof how democratic that assembly has become. But while taking this broad popular view of a question, while nervous, and often florid in language, O'Connell is not a declamatory—not an Irish—speaker in the English house. The burning flights of that astonishing eloquence he exercises over the multitude, he seems anxious to repress in the house—he rather figures as a debater than an orator—curbs his ardour, and put his genius under restraint. He has sensibly improved in parliamentary speaking—he improves daily. From confidence in his powers he is advancing to a certainty of his superiority. His parliamentary fame is nothing to what it will be. By his occasional *puttings forth*, we may judge of what he *could* be in reply—crushing as a millstone. No man can combine in perfection, at the same moment, the cool, refining legislator, and the vivid popular orator. Common-place is the most popular style of eloquence in the House of Commons, and, to be popular, common-place you must use: to be refined, or philosophical, or speculative, is to empty the house in a minute. It is impossible to read Burke's speeches and not to feel they *could not* have been popular—not to be convinced that they *must* have been called the Dinner Bell. But Burke's speeches, printed, are not entirely as they were spoken. Not for if they had been, he would have had no auditor but the Speaker!—any thing resembling them must have panic-struck the country

squires; but the speeches themselves, verbatim et literatim, it would have been a moral impossibility to have delivered in the house!—you might as well fancy Confucius lecturing in Chinese. So with Mr O'Connell—though you may see at once that he could refine if he would—though his mind (as his great law knowledge proves) is peculiarly searching as well as comprehensive, yet he knows too well the temper of his audience to try it in an abstruser speculation. And hence his main fault in the house, that of clinging too much to the hacknied as well as the broader view of a subject. If O'Connell's popularity prove that his general sentiments are congenial with those of the majority, we must not forget that he also consults their darling passion—an aversion to *longueurs*—he speaks at least, twice every night on an average, but never seems long. Short speeches and frequent speeches are the best mode of obtaining parliamentary success.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A RASCAL.

Late one evening, a packet of letters, just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Mynheer Von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburg. His head clerk awaited as usual, for any orders that might arise from their contents; and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—"Donder and blitzten!" he burst forth, "but this is a shock, who would have thought it? The house of Bennett and Ford to be shaken thus! What is to be done?" "Bennett and Ford failed!" exclaimed the astonished clerk. "Failed! ten thousand furies! not so bad as that; but they are in deep distress; and have suffered a heavy loss; but read good Yansen and let me have your advice." The clerk read as follows:

London, August 21.

MOST RESPECTED FRIEND,—Yours of the 5th inst. came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you with deep regret, that the son of the worthy cashier of this long-established house, has absconded, taking with him bills accepted by our firm, to a large amount, as per margin; and a considerable sum in cash. We have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound to Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburg, (where our name is so well known, and we trust, so highly respected) for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes; speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin; but, as we have a high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to procure for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expense of his voyage, and giving him the sum of two hundred louis d'or, which you will place to our account current, on condition that he does not attempt to revisit England till he receives permission so to do. We are, most respected friend, your obedient servants,
Mynheer Von Kapell. BENNETT, FORD, & Co.

"My life o'nt," said Yansen, "tis the very lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange who appeared half out of his wits; looking anxiously for some particular object, yet shunning general observation: his person answers the description." "That's fortunate," said the merchant, "you must devote the morrow to searching for him; bring him to me if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent friends, Bennett and Ford of London." Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch for many hours in vain; he was returning hopeless, when he saw the identical youth coming out of the door of a Jew money-changer: he brushed hastily past him, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel! seventy per cent. for bills on the best house in England!" Yansen approached him. "Young gentleman," said he in a very mild tone, "You appear to have met with some disappointment from that gripping wretch Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by; I shall be happy to treat with you." "Willingly," replied the youth, "the sooner the better, I must leave Hamburg at day break." The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side door, desiring the young man to be seated, whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he re-appeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Hamburger, having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly, "So, Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received. Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet. "Oh Heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for ever—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-

broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother! Here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands. "You," he continued, "are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering." "Boy, boy!" said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, "listen to me! are the bills safe? if so, you may still hope." "They are," eagerly exclaimed the youth; "how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, Sir, take them, I implore you," pulling from his breast a large pocket-book; "they are untouched. Spare but my life, and I will yet atone—Oh, spare me from a shameful death." There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen's saying significantly to his employer, "as per margin." The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. "Take heart," said he. "Sit down, and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents; your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter; you will perceive how generously they mean to act: their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read; and Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock, trouble always makes me thirsty—three glasses, my good Yansen." Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, "I do not deserve this lenity. My excellent father this is a tribute to your virtue." Von Kapell left his guests reflections undisturbed, till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table; when she retired, he resumed, "And now, what demon tempted you to play the runaway?" swallowing the term he had intended to use. "Was it for the wenches, or the dicing table?" "Spare me most kind and worthy sir, I intreat you! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes." "Well, well, take another glass of wine; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the Christine sailed for Batavia, and—" "Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sand-banks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two." "You are lucky, youngster," quickly added the merchant, "the Christine has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," said he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant added as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm grasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper, to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour—was in a few hours out of sight—and the next morning Mynheer Von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills he had so fortunately recovered. * *

In less than a fortnight the following letter reached the good old German:

SIR,—We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat. We remain, with great respect yours, BENNETT, FORD & Co.
P. S. If you should ever hear again of the person you have at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know.

What can be said of the good old German's feelings, but that they may be more easily conceived than described.

STRANGE EFFECT OF A TOO REFINED PRONUNCIATION.—The Catholic Chapels in many of the poorer parts of Ireland, are but scantily furnished. In one of these humble places of worship three strange ladies made their appearance just at the moment when the priest was about to commence the service of the day. Gallantry is always uppermost in an Irishman's mind, even though he be a priest as well as an Irish man. So it was on the present occasion. Anxious to do honor to his visitors, and to show them that he was not an ordinary orator, whose language was tinged with the brogue, he ordered some of his flock to hand chairs to the ladies; but, anxious to appear refined in their eyes his directions were, "Boys, three cheers for the ladies;" an order which was instantly obeyed with an alacrity and strength of lungs creditable to the "finest pisantry in the world."—*The Original.*

A Dentist in a County town gives his address at "the Debtor's Prison," where he assures his customers, they may rely upon always finding him at home. Probably he would be better pleased if they were to find him out.