

ciples, and ruled his servants and peasants as he had been accustomed to rule his soldiers—using corporal punishment in merciless fashion. His wife did not venture to protest against the Mahometan arrangements, and any peasant who stood in the way of their realisation was at once given as a recruit, or transported to Siberia, in accordance with his master's demand." And in times more remote, when the nobles of Russia entered the presence of the Tsar, they prostrated themselves in Oriental fashion—occasionally as many as thirty times; and when they incurred his displeasure they were themselves summarily flogged or executed, according to the Tsar's good pleasure. In succeeding to the power of the Mahometan Khans, the Tsars adopted, and the nobles occasionally followed, a good deal of the Tartar system of government. There is a well-known anecdote which explains many things in Russia. The present writer has himself fallen into the error, which Mr. Wallace corrects, of attributing the words of the Tsar Paul to Nicholas. "Understand, monsieur," said Tsar Paul to Dumouriez, who had spoken of some one attached to the Court as "distinguished"—"Understand that there is no one distinguished here, except the person to whom I am speaking, and while I am speaking to him."

The nobles take the lead in the new form of local self-government—the Zemstwo, as the district assembly is named. These local bodies were called into existence by ukase about ten years ago, and now, from north to south of Russia, the traveller will rarely meet with a Russian of the higher classes who is unready to speak against these petty parliaments, in which landed proprietors and those who were formerly their serfs meet for the moment on a footing of equality.

Mr. Wallace, who has been present at many of the Zemstwo meetings, and whose rare acquaintance with the Russian language has enabled him to follow the debates, says: "The discussions were always carried on by the nobles, but on more than one occasion peasant members rose to speak; and their remarks, always clear, practical, and to the point, were invariably listened to with respectful attention by all present." Those who know Russia well are disposed to say that the representation of the people in the Zemstwo is a farce, and there must be truth in the opinion which is so common. But for my own part, I am slow to believe that assemblies in which nobles and peasants meet to discuss—and do debate—the affairs of their neighbourhoods can be unproductive and unimproving. Local self-government has been firmly fixed to the soil of Russia by the action, through past ages, of the Communes. These, however, must undergo a salutary change. At present, in many parts of Russia, the peasant feels that he has but exchanged one proprietor for another, and that the Commune is a harder master than the landlord of the time of Tsar Nicholas. The probability is that, as the value of land and the number of population increases, his tenure of the soil will harden; and when Russia is no longer outside the pale of constitutional Powers, the peasant, backward as he is in what the Western world calls education, will surely be found to have had, in the local government of his village and district, a training which will conduce to a wise and temperate exercise of power. Russia, though naturally poor, and for the most part infertile, is by slow but sure advances attaining a position in which the maintenance of semi-barbaric forms of government must be for ever abandoned.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A NIGHT ON A MORNING PAPER.

HOW we all enjoy our morning paper! What a gap in our existence its few crisp sheets seem to fill up daily! How many of us are there who look upon it as a regular companion at our breakfast-table—a fit accompaniment to coffee and toast!

How many more of us, too, who, in these days of high-pressure, never dream of being hurried away to our places of business, whether it be by rail or road, unless we have our morning paper to demand our attention, to amuse and instruct us during the time occupied in transit! At what a loss, too, we should often be, in the course of our daily commercial undertakings, if we had no morning paper lying ready to hand to show us the state of our markets and trade, to tell us the events of the present, the probabilities of the future! Most of us have, in fact, come to look upon our daily paper as a regular thing; and yet in all probability how few ever stop to think of the immense amount of labour, of the toil of hand and head during the still hours of the

night, when most of us are asleep, that is involved in its production! But come, let us do more than pause to consider the magnitude of the work; let us watch for ourselves the gradual progress and development of the paper, from the time when the first type is set until the perfect sheets are brought from the machine-room.

It is early afternoon as we enter the composing-room. Ranged on either side are rows of wooden frames for holding the compositors' cases. These frames, or desks, stand about as high as the waist. On the frame is placed, at an angle about the same as that of an ordinary writing-desk, two so-named cases. These cases resemble the shallow drawers, or shelves, of a cabinet for the reception of geological or other specimens. One case, the upper, leans back at a slight angle, and within easy reach of the fingers, and is about a yard long, a foot wide, and an inch deep. This is divided into nearly 100 square boxes an inch deep. These boxes hold about 100 various kinds of types, consisting of capital letters, figures, small capital

letters, fractional figures, accented letters for foreign languages, and many marks and signs used in arithmetic, science, and literature. All the boxes are of equal size—about one inch and a half square.

The lower case (the most important, since it is used exclusively for the general letters, and not for capitals, &c.) is very irregularly divided and subdivided into large and small square and oblong boxes, about fifty in number. And here let us stop awhile to notice the very curious difference in the comparative quantity required of each of the twenty-six letters in the English language. The vowels, of course, predominate. The letter "e" occurs more frequently than any other letter, so that its special department is a third larger than any other receptacle in the case; it is three times larger than that required for some letters, and six times larger than that for others.

We have scarcely finished our examination of the cases before in come the compositors. Let us watch one of them. He is soon in harness, with apron on, and sleeves tucked up. See, here lies the type, in long columns, which was set up for the last morning's paper, and now awaits manipulation for the paper tomorrow. Observe, with a large sponge the compositor wets the type; this is necessary to hold it together when taken out of the galleys which kept it wedged together, otherwise it would fall apart in irregular and mixed heaps (technically called "pye"). He grasps smartly with his two hands about twenty-five lines of type; this he places in his left palm, in which he carefully holds it with the fingers, and with the face of the type presented to his view. He holds thus about 1,200 types, in words, and this has to be separated, and each letter, punctuation mark, or space must be dropped into its proper box or receptacle. Watch carefully. With one or two fingers and the thumb of his right hand the compositor deftly takes a word or two from the lines in his left hand, and, *presto!* a quiver of the right hand over the cases and the words are gone—the separate letters in a couple of seconds have been dropped into the proper boxes. In fifteen minutes the compositor has dropped, sprinkled, or "distributed" (that is the technical term) upwards of 1,200 types into the 150 divisions of his upper and lower cases. Another handful of about the same quantity—another—another—and when an hour has elapsed he has "distributed" more than 100 lines, or half a column, of the morning paper—some 5,000 letters have been sorted and arranged for the coming night.

But let us pay a passing visit to the counting-house. At large desks are a number of clerks, entering, in huge thickly-bound ledgers, a series of apparent mysteries in words and figures. This is one of the most important departments—the cash and credit region. Here, too, are arranged the advertisements—the body, soul, muscle, and sinew of a newspaper—from the proprietor's point of view, at any rate.

And now for a moment let us pass down the thickly carpeted stairs, and glance at the rooms occupied by the proprietor and the editorial staff. Hence come the materials for the night's work—the mysterious

"copy" which is to keep so many hands busy during the midnight hours. Here orders are issued and arrangements made for leaders and general columns. Hence members of the staff are sent forth on various expeditions, but all in search of one object—news. But hark! it is seven o'clock, and we must go back to the composing-room.

We were all of us astonished when we saw the quantity of type so quickly separated, sorted, sprinkled or distributed, a short time ago; but how much more surprised are we when we hear that the compositor, as he reads off words from his "copy," picks out from the 150 boxes in his two cases from 1,000 to 1,500 types per hour, takes them with his right thumb and forefinger, and places them one after another—shoulder to shoulder—in a receptacle held in his left hand, where each letter is received, and instantly adjusted by the left thumb! Thus word after word is spelt, types are picked up, phrases and sentences punctuated, at the rate of from 1,000 to 1,500 types per hour; a quicker man will manage 2,000 an hour; a quicker still, 2,500; and there *are* compositors who can even exceed that number; and this, too, notwithstanding the strange, almost unreadable, hieroglyphics of that amiable and gifted race of men—authors and reporters.

And now, after this little digression, let us return to the actual business of the evening. A pile of "copy" has been brought up, and arranged in order—a mass of writing, of heterogeneous description—general news, paragraphs, advertisements, correspondence, and perhaps a withering party leader, written with great dash, heavy downstroke and splutter, the ink scarcely dry. All hands are at once busily at work.

Eight o'clock arrives, and with it a terrible reinforcement of copy; the pile, indeed, assumes gigantic proportions. Here are births, marriages, and deaths; agricultural news; reports of shows, theatres, and concerts; police, law, and county court news. The compositors are settling down to their work, and are at it with a will.

At nine o'clock little change is discernible. Busy hands are still making incursions on the manuscript, which, in its turn, is continually being piled up and renewed. The diversity of the manuscript is to us rather bewildering: here are telegrams and letters of all sizes; and here is a strange mass of reporters' copy. Some of these reporters are regular bashi-bazouks to the compositor. Their copy is written anyhow, of anything, and *on* anything. They can demand, or command, any quantity of writing or copy paper; but it occasionally pleases these "free-lances" to use anything handy on which to write their report—envelopes, the blank backs of paid or unpaid bills; and, rather than lose their "happy thought" in procuring proper paper, they would use the lining of their hat, or the leather palm of their white "kids."

And now the pile is reinforced by a quantity of very thin, and *very* unfragrant, oil-saturated tissue paper (technically called "flimsy"), on which the telegrams of Parliamentary debates, latest United Kingdom and foreign news, are written at the telegraph-offices.

Eleven o'clock, and evidence of the work that has

been done is afforded us when we glance at the long columns of type lying on the "stone"—a large table or slab, consisting formerly of a very thick smooth stone, but nowadays of polished iron. These are "finished" columns, only waiting to be arranged into pages before they pass to the stereotyping-room, and thence to the machine. An anxious time now ensues; for, at the hour fast approaching, the first of several editions must go to press, as "time and tide (and railway-trains) wait for no man." Quickly are the "articles" placed in proper order, carefully made up, put into the hands of "captains of columns," packed side by side, screwed up, and away they go to be stereotyped.

It is now midnight, and the "copy" has almost disappeared; but another supply arrives—more fiery leaders, more unpleasant "flimsy."

Two o'clock approaches, and it seems that all is over; the "pile" has vanished. But stay, there is one more addition, the "sporting copy" comes in; this set up, the work is ended. And now, as we pass the editorial "sanctum," on our way to the machine-room,

the piles of crumpled newspapers and envelopes, the waste-paper baskets full of torn and rejected "copy," alone remain to tell of what a struggle against time has been going on.

But while we have been lingering, the pages have been stereotyped; and for some time past we have heard in the distance a dull, regular, rushing sound, resembling the boom of the surf sweeping up over the boulders on a rocky shore. Let us hasten to the machine-room. We must speak loudly, for the din is deafening. In this mighty machine, what a bewildering combination of wheels, rollers, bands, and tapes! We watch the large sheets of damp paper supplied to this huge creature; we see them pass in blank among the rollers, finally emerging perfectly printed newspapers, which are laid down in even heaps, by large thin wooden frames, or wickets, extending from the machine like giant arms.

At last from the machine-room we pass to the publishing office; here many hands are busily employed, packing, directing, and transmitting by road and rail the damp, printed newspapers, the fruit of the night's work.



ROBIN COMES HOME TO-DAY.



OUR Robin sail'd across the sea,
When shone the summer's sun,
Ere leaflets fell in dale and dell,
Or winter winds begun.
He said, when came the verdant spring,
He would be sailing near,
And tidings come that close at home
To-day is Robin dear!

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
O let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

The days have seem'd so sad and long
Since he has been away;
None can replace his smiling face,
That beams so frank and gay;
And we have miss'd his merry laugh
That used our hearts to cheer;
But all is well, so tears dispel,
To-day is Robin near!

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
O let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!