

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Third Paper.

ONE summer day, some twenty years ago, a young author and his wife were enjoying a fishing excursion on the river Dart. A friend had sent them a copy of *The Athenæum* containing a review of the husband's first translation from the Indian classics. Turning over the pages of the critical journal, the author's eye fell upon an advertisement which announced that a leader-writer was required for a new daily newspaper. The character of the journalistic enterprise was hinted at, and the political principles of the services of the gentleman who was wanted were clearly defined. "That is the very position I should like," said the young Anglo-Indian to his wife; "the idea is new, the cheap press is a splendid and important experiment, the object one with which I heartily sympathize. I think I will write about it." And so the young couple sauntered home amidst scenes of sunshine utterly in contrast with the surroundings of the Fleet Street printing-office.

He was no inexperienced scholar, no mere seeker after employment, the young author who had accidentally stumbled upon his destiny on that summer day by the sea. Educated at the King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, he had won a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar," and in the year following he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He graduated in honors in 1854. On quitting college he was elected second master of King Edward the Sixth's School, a famous midland counties educational institution at Birmingham. He resigned this position for the appointment of Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, with a fellowship of the University of Bombay, which offices he still held when the words "Editor Wanted" attracted his attention in *The Athenæum*. He was taking a vacation in his native country. In 1861 the young Sanskrit Principal bade-farewell to Poona. He had accepted the appointment on the editorial staff which he and his wife had discussed in a vague kind of way that very year off Dartmouth. The paper in question was

The Daily Telegraph; the volunteer for journalistic work was Mr. Edwin Arnold, perhaps the most unselfish enthusiast that ever attached himself to politics and the press.

Although in many respects Oriental in his tastes, Edwin Arnold may be regarded as a typical Englishman. He has never allowed his literary labors to overcome his love of out-door life. A master of field-sports, he has a thorough knowledge of horses, dogs, and guns, and is particularly fond of yachting. Few men living have a more thorough acquaintance with Indian affairs. The first editorial he ever wrote in *The Telegraph* was on the British Empire in the East. Since that time he has written upward of six thousand leading articles. During the two years and a half of the Eastern Question which is stained with the blood of the great war between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Arnold wrote between four and five hundred consecutive articles—leaders that were looked for with interest and anxiety by all classes of the people, the more so that *The Telegraph* found itself at variance on foreign politics with the party it had hitherto supported decisively, and in favor of the maintenance of British prestige and power in the East. Edwin Arnold did this great work at white heat, the editorials being usually written at the last moment, on the very latest points of the controversy. It is not too much to say for the influence of *The Daily Telegraph* at this time that it was an important agency in sustaining the Beaconsfield government in office. Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, who had a proprietor's control of the policy of the paper, entered heart and soul into its action in regard to the national policy of the time, and is entitled to the highest consideration for his patriotic self-denial. Holding large proprietary rights in *The Telegraph*, he ran great financial risks in taking up arms against the Gladstonian succession, which his paper had hitherto supported. But, like Mr. Joseph Cowen, of the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle*, like Mr. Long, of the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, his policy was first English, and then political; first for the empire, and then for the party. And so this great journal, strongly radical in home and domestic politics, became conservative in re-

gard to the duty of holding the empire, which is a legacy from England's heroic travellers, statesmen, and soldiers. There must be a good deal that is worthy in a cause which attracts to it from the very centre of the radical faith such journalists as Cowen, Long, and Arnold. It is pleasant to hear the great leader-writer of *The Telegraph* speak of his proprietor and colleague Lawson, whose political tact and wisdom have proved of incalculable benefit in the guidance and administration of the establishment, both in regard to its editorial and its mechanical and commercial management. It has been said out-of-doors that there is a bitter personal feud between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Arnold. There is not. The Premier amicably discussed with him and Mr. Lawson the Eastern policy of Beaconsfield in a long interview at the office. They differed in the friendliest manner. After a long interview they parted, the Liberal chief to follow one political path, the journalist the other. Each expressed honest regret at the divergence of views, but there was no rancor in their political leave-taking. Friendly then, they are friendly now, though separated in a matter of public policy by a wide and deep gulf, and Mr. Gladstone's portrait and bust adorn the editorial sanctum in Fleet Street, while Mr. Arnold only speaks of the brilliant Premier with respect and honor, while regretting his imperfect knowledge of the East.

When Mr. Arnold gave up India he accepted the tradition of the anonymous, which is the weakness and the strength of English journalism—a bad thing for the writer, a good thing for the newspaper. He effaced himself, as it were, and not for considerations of money, but out of a real love for the work, and an earnest desire to be practically useful in his generation—to advance the interest of a great cause, to exercise an influence in the work of popular education, to instruct the people, to make the world better than he found it, and, if possible, to inculcate gentler manners, higher beliefs, happier ideas of life. This was the sort of inspiration that no doubt stirred him on that long-past summer day's vacation, and I have never met in our grand profession of journalism one who has a more earnest or exalted conception of the duties, privileges, responsibilities, and power which belong to the conduct and administration of a

great daily newspaper. Coupled with this is a singular modesty. Mr. Arnold, like George Eliot, has never been photographed, and his biography has never been written. A few facts and dates, landmarks in his career, appear in *Men of the Time*. The present necessarily brief sketch of him is the only important tribute to his genius in current literature, outside the reviews of his books and the splendid acknowledgment of his learned muse by America. In 1868, I remember, when I wanted a characteristic contribution for *The Gentleman's Magazine* upon the victorious trophies, *spolia opima*, of his late Majesty King Theodore of Abyssinia, I obtained it from Mr. Edwin Arnold, not that his name was familiar in serial literature, but that my ideas of magazine editorship are a little different from those of the general "blind guides" that govern monthly publications. How the eloquent writer began his paper I am reminded to-day when I have the pleasure of talking with him about the work of journalism. "*Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex!*" was his text. How brilliantly and impressively he moralized upon it, gazing upon the Kensington show-case, is not to be forgotten. "Theodore the King" is one of the literary gems in some twelve volumes of the popularized *Gentleman's*, upon which I look with the pride of one who successfully adapts to a new order of things the best parts of an old and decaying institution.

"I should like to mention one thing," said Mr. Arnold to me the other day, during an interview I had with him in his cozy but unpretentious room at *The Daily Telegraph* office—"the importance of a classical as well as a general training for editorial work. I have found immense advantage arising from my academical studies. Greek and Latin have been of infinite service to me in the commonest work of a cheap press. I think it impossible for a newspaper man to be too widely read and trained."

"How many dead and living languages do you speak or read?" I asked.

"Ten," he said; and then going back to the theme he had started, he added: "No knowledge is wasted on journalism; sooner or later everything you know or have seen, every experience of life, every bit of practical knowledge, is valuable. You spoke just now of Mr. Edward Lawson. He is one of the most naturally ca-



FAC-SIMILE OF DIPLOMA APPOINTING MR. EDWIN ARNOLD AN OFFICER OF THE ORDER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

pable and quick-thoughted men I know. It is probably from his father that he inherits that instinctive sense of public sentiment and opinion, of national feeling, which is a rare quality, and important as rare, in the conduct of a newspaper. Just now you were speaking of the relationship of a newspaper staff, the one to the other; I may tell you that in this office we live together more like close friends

than mere comrades; we always meet on a familiar and hearty footing; it is impossible to imagine more comfortable relations."

This had struck me before, and it is apparent in every department of the establishment. The personal features of "Journalistic London" crowd too much upon one's attention to leave room for technical essays. It must be sufficient in

this respect to say that the mechanical appointments of the office are of the completest kind. The paper is printed on ten Hoe's machines, which turn out an average of 120,000 copies per hour, this number having been increased by a new patent roller composition that does away with frequent "cleaning up," does not lose its "face," and is not influenced by heat or cold. Similar to *The Times*, and indeed all the other papers, are the arrangements for setting the type, casting it into semicircular forms, and machining it. Though the stereotyping foundry is a far less imposing apartment than the composing and machine rooms, it offers interesting features for pictorial illustration.

The Telegraph has offices on both sides of Fleet Street, and its advertising signposts point to that locality from nearly every street and turnpike in the United Kingdom.

The record of Mr. Arnold's literary labors is an eminently distinguished one. He is the author of *Griselda, a Drama; Poems, Lyrical and Narrative; The Euterpe of Herodotus* (a translation from the Greek text, with notes); "The Hitopadesa" (with vocabulary in Sanskrit, English, and Mahratti), and a metrical translation of the classical Sanskrit, under the title of *The Book of Good Counsels; The Poets of Greece*; the "Indian Song of Songs"; and "The Light of Asia." In addition to these and other poetical works, he has written a work on *The Education of India*, and *The History of the Administration of India under the late Marquis Dalhousie* (1862-64), in two volumes. In regard to the latter work, it has been said that the author had a quarrel or misunderstanding with Lord Lawrence. This is not so. On the contrary, he had the co-operation of his lordship in the entire work. Many of the notes are, indeed, Lord Lawrence's own, and he helped the author with much valuable information, and to the last was on most friendly terms with him.

One day Mr. Lawson said to Edwin Arnold, "What shall we do—something new?" "How much will you spend?" asked Arnold. "Anything you like." "Very well," said Arnold; "send out and discover the beginnings of the Bible." This was the origin of Mr. Smith's expedition to Assyria, which Mr. Arnold arranged, and for the results of which he

was publicly thanked by the trustees of the British Museum. A similar characteristic inquiry, "What again shall we do?" led to the Stanley expedition, in conjunction with the New York *Herald*, to Africa in search of Livingstone, and for the completion of his work. These and other equally notable services might well help to earn for Mr. Arnold the distinction of "Companion of the Star of India," which he was named on the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, January 1, 1877. In 1879 he was elected a resident member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. His other distinctions include a second class of the imperial order of the Medjidie, honorary member of the Société de Géographie, Marseilles, and recently the order of the White Elephant of Siam, which remains for further mention. "The Light of Asia," published in 1878, met with a reception of general praise from the English critics, but in America it enjoyed an immediate popularity which no modern poem has obtained in England, and few in the United States. A noble poetic interpretation of a lovely life and a great philosophic reformer, "The Light of Asia" is a work which will keep for its author a high place in the foremost rank of modern English poets. It rapidly went into six editions in the United States, and has sold 70,000 copies. To the American edition of his "Indian Song of Songs" the publishers append the following extract from a letter written to them by Mr. Arnold February 16, 1880, in which he says: "Nothing could have given me profounder pleasure than the favor shown me thus by the transatlantic English, and I hope some day to make suitable acknowledgment of the immense distinction conferred on me by your public." Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation stands as high with the English as with the Americans, has written as follows of "The Light of Asia" in *The International Review*: "It is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest, which never flags for a moment. Its descriptions are drawn by the hand of a master, with the eye of a poet, and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described. Its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament. It is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, now rising to the noblest realms of thought and aspiration. It finds language penetrating,

fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, to clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments." Perhaps, however, the highest compliment Mr. Arnold has received is from the King of Siam, who may be styled "the Defender of the Faith" of Buddhism. His Majesty has read the book through with critical care and delight. It is the first long English poem he has read, though he has a fair knowledge of our prose literature, many examples of which he has translated into Siamese. He has sent Mr. Arnold, in recognition of his splendid interpretation of the gentle, humane, and noble spirit of Buddhism, the first class of the exalted order of the White Elephant, with an autograph letter in English, of which the following is a copy:

"GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, December 5, 1879.

"SIR,—My father devoted much time to the study and defense of his religion, and although I, being called to the throne while young, had no time to become a scholar like him, I too have interested myself in the study of the sacred books, and take a great interest in defending our religion, and having it properly understood. It seems to me that if Europeans believe the missionary preaching that ours is a foolish and bad religion, they must also believe that we are a foolish and bad people. I therefore feel much gratitude to those who, like yourself, teach Europeans to hold our religion in respect. I thank you for the copy of your poem 'The Light of Asia,' presented to me through my Minister in London. I am not a sufficiently good scholar to judge English poetry, but as your book is based upon the similar source of our own information, I can read it through with very much pleasure, and I can say that your poem 'The Light of Asia' is the most eloquent defense of Buddhism that has yet appeared, and is full of beautiful poetry; but I like Book II. very much, and am very much interested in the final sermon. I have no doubt that our learned men would argue with you for hours or for years, as even I can see that some of your ideas are not quite the same as ours; but I think that in showing 'love' to have been the eminent characteristic of the Lord of Buddha and Karma, in Siamese Kam, the result of the inevitable law of Dharma, the principles of existence, you have taught Buddhism, and I may thank you for having made a European Buddhist speak beautifully in the most wide-spread language in the world. To mark my opinion of your good feeling toward Eastern peoples, and my appreciation of your high ability and the service you have done to all Buddhists by this defense of their religion, I have much satisfaction in appointing you an officer of our most exalted order of the White Elephant, of which you will soon

hear further from Mr. D. K. Mason, my Consul-General in London.

"I am yours faithfully,
 "(Manu Regiâ) CHULALOUKORU, King.
 "To Edwin Arnold, Esq., C.S.G., etc."

The diploma is engrossed on parchment in black, red, and gold, and the following is a translation of this curious and interesting document:

"Somdelch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukuru, Phra Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rule at Katana Kosindr Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern and its dependencies, suzerain of the Laos and Malays and Koreans, etc., etc.—To all and singular to whom these presents shall come. Know ye, we deem it right and fitting that Edwin Arnold, Esquire, author of 'The Light of Asia,' should be appointed an officer of the most exalted order of the White Elephant, to his honor henceforth. May the Power which is most highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity! Given at our palace Parama Raja Sthit Maholarn, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Ekasok, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879, of the Christian era, being the 4046th day or 12th year of our reign.

"(Manu Regiâ) CHULALOUKORU, R. S."

The International Review for January, 1881, contains the first-fruits of a stupendous work, the inspiration of which possesses Mr. Arnold at the present time, and which has occupied his thoughts for years. Like Mr. Gladstone in this respect, what would be a great labor to most men is to him a great relaxation. He has discovered under peculiar circumstances the Mahâ-Bhârata, which is the Iliad of India, in which are enshrined "the stories, songs, and ballads; the histories and genealogies; the nursery tales and religious discourses; the art, the learning, the philosophy; the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought; the very phrases, sayings, forms of expression, and daily ideas—of the Hindoo people." What the Old Testament is to the Jewish race, the New Testament to the civilization of Christendom, the Koran to Islam, so are the two Sanskrit poems to that unchangeable and teeming population which her Majesty Queen Victoria rules as Empress of India. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets,

and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible, generation after generation, to the countless millions of the Indian people; and it replaces patriotism within that race, and stands instead of nationality, to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers. The value ascribed in Hindostan to these two little-known epics has transcended all lit-



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

[Photographed by Elliott and Fry, 55 Baker Street, London.]

erary standards established in the West. They are personified, worshipped, and cited from as something divine. Mr. Arnold has given an example of the Mahá-Bhárata in stirring blank verse, which, as in "The Light of Asia," demonstrates alike the power of the poet and the learning of the scholar.

It is an Oriental education to converse with Edwin Arnold on Eastern subjects; and as he comes out of his Eastern world of romance to talk of Fleet Street, there is a wonderful expression of admiration and regret in his voice and manner as he calls to mind, for the information of the present writer, the brilliant men whom the press has absorbed without the world knowing a word about them. Notably he gives as instances Prouse and Purvis, both of whom were counted among the most brilliant of *Telegraph* writers. In spite of Edwin Arnold's serious and re-

sponsible labors, this distinguished scholar, journalist, and poet looks some years younger than his age. He was born in 1832. Of medium height and medium figure, he suggests activity both of mind and body. Studious, thoughtful, grayish eyes, his face has an expression of kindly geniality, though it is easy to see that his nature is as sensitive and enthusiastic as it is gentle and self-denying. He is a man who makes you at home at once. There is no affectation of superior wisdom, no self-consciousness, to hold you in check. He has the pleasant repose of a travelled man, and an easy familiarity of conversation which one meets with more frequently in the United States than in England. At home and in his editorial room he usually wears an ordinary gray suit and cap, such as might be donned for a boating excursion, or for a holiday scamper into the country. Mr. Arnold has been twice married, his present wife being a niece of Dr. Channing, of Boston, United States.

The Telegraph was started by Colonel Sleigh in 1855, under the title of *The Daily Telegraph and Courier*. It had a miserable existence for some time, an infancy cradled in debt and difficulty. One of its principal creditors was Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, a theatrical bill printer in Shoe Lane, and also proprietor of *The Sunday Times*, which is at the present day a thriving and prosperous journal. For some years it was edited by Mr. Henry N. Barnett, preacher at Finsbury Chapel. In this latter capacity he succeeded Fox, while Mr. Moncure D. Conway has succeeded Barnett. Colonel Sleigh ran up a printing bill at Mr. Levy's office, and borrowed money as well. Finally, as a bad debt, Mr. Levy took over the paper, which at that time the shrewdest newspaper people considered about the worst payment he could receive. Mr. George Augustus Sala joined the paper about this time. Soon afterward Mr. Thornton Hunt was appointed editor. Mr. Edwin Arnold accepted a post as leader-writer. The present Mr. Edward L. Lawson (he took the name of Lawson with a considerable fortune under his uncle's will) was then completing his apprenticeship in his father's office. The entire Levy family bent their backs to the hard work of dragging *The Telegraph* out of the slough of despond in which Colonel Sleigh had left it, and success crowned their perseverance and

energy. They were apt as they were industrious, showing a surprising capacity for journalistic work, and a certain administrative prescience, which is spoken of among those who thoroughly know the history of *The Telegraph* with great admiration. Mr. George Augustus Sala has done much toward popularizing *The Telegraph*. His graphic and industrious pen has covered for it miles of manuscript upon every conceivable subject under the sun. He has written for it in almost all lands, and about almost all countries. With "the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman," he has travelled for *The Telegraph* to and from the uttermost parts of the earth, describing battles, festivals, royal marriages, state funerals, always with point and brilliancy. In addition to his correspondence, he has held a foremost place among the leader-writers of the paper, and his social articles have helped to give *The Telegraph* that individuality which has greatly contributed to its success. Mr. Sala is so well known, not only as a journalist, but as a writer of books and a public speaker, that it is not necessary in this place to do more than mention his connection with *The Telegraph*. A friend and contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray, he is still as busy a man as ever he was, and his work possesses the old vitality and verve which belong to *Twice Round the Clock*, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, and to his early letters to *The Telegraph* from the Continent and from America. If Mr. Sala had not given himself up so much as he has done to journalism, he would have enriched the permanent literature of his country. His *Life of Hogarth*, written for Thackeray in *The Cornhill*, is unsurpassed in modern art biography. But his journalistic life has been of national value. He has hit a good many shams on the head, and he has contributed to general knowledge a fund of curious and interesting information, which future historians will find as valuable in facts as in suggestions.

Among the other leader-writers on *The Telegraph* are Mr. George Hooper, a most competent critic of military affairs, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Phil Robinson, author of *Our Indian Garden*. Mr. Robert Williams, who for many years wrote its semi-legal articles, has lately joined the staff of *The Standard*. The foreign correspondents include Mr. Edward Dicey (editor of

The Observer), Mr. Drew Gay, Mr. W. B. Kingston (a wonderful linguist and musician, as well as a brilliant writer), and Mr. Le Sage. The last-mentioned gentleman is the news editor of the paper, and private secretary to Mr. Lawson. He joined the staff twenty years ago as assistant sub-editor, but was told off to the department of foreign correspondence. He worked with Dr. Hosmer, of the New York *Herald*, at the Geneva arbitration.

Le Sage tells the following story of news competition, which will give to the general reader an idea of the administrative skill invoked by the difficulties of dispatching news. It is easier to write an account of a battle than to get it dispatched. Mr. Sala rarely telegraphed his correspondence. His letters were always something more than news. "Immediately after the siege of Paris," says the editor of the news department, "I went in, and was there during the Commune. The great thing I wanted to play for was the entry of the Germans. *The Times*, I learned, had got a special to Boulogne, intending to cross in a special steamer, and then take a special up to London. I could not do that, as we go to press earlier than *The Times*. I got a special to Lille. *The Times* had to send off at three in the afternoon, and the grand thing was to get off news an hour later. The all-important thing was to know if disturbance took place, as it was feared that some foolish person might fire upon the Germans, when there would no doubt have been something very serious. I got off at twelve o'clock in the day the news of all the preparations of the Germans for being reviewed. Everything was arranged for the entry of the Germans, and for the review outside Paris. All this we published at twelve o'clock at night. I got a special at four o'clock from Paris, which reached Lille at 10.30. I was thus enabled to telegraph through news an hour later, when the Germans had come down the Champs Élysées, and were bivouacking in the Place de la Concord."

The African expedition cost *The Telegraph* £16,000.

Upon the local correspondence staff Mr. Godfrey Turner is well known as a graceful writer and poet. Many of the literary reviews are from his pen. Mr. Joseph Bennett, editor of *The Musical Standard*, is the musical critic, and enjoys a distinguished reputation in this de-

partment of journalistic literature. Mr. Clement Scott, editor of *The Theatre*, is the dramatic critic, and may also be mentioned as one of the general staff of writers



CLEMENT SCOTT.

[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

on miscellaneous subjects. He wrote that remarkable sketch "A Ruined Home," which created a sensation throughout England two years ago. It was the true story of a criminal trial of great dramatic interest. A false friend, a ruined girl, a father's vengeance, a happy home destroyed, a brave man wrongfully suffering—these were the incidents. Mr. Scott held the attention of Great Britain for a whole week on this theme, which he treated with eloquent force and dramatic grip. The Hon. Frank Lawley, once private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, is not the least important of *The Telegraph* staff as a writer upon miscellaneous subjects, more particularly upon sports and pastimes. Mr. E. J. Goodman is the principal sub-editor. He writes the daily summary of news. Dr. W. H. Russell left *The Times* and joined *The Telegraph* on the outbreak of the Zulu war. "The Coming Man," by Mr. Charles Reade, appeared in *The Telegraph* almost conjointly with its publication in *Harper's Weekly*. The daily circulation of *The Telegraph*, recently certified by public accountants, averages over 260,000. The weight of paper used each morning is twenty-one tons, which, laid out in one long line, would reach two hundred and sixty miles.

The Standard occupies a unique position in London journalism. The oldest of the cheap dailies, it is perhaps the most independent of genuine party papers. Though *The Telegraph* goes with the Conservatives in foreign politics and reflects the Orientalism of its chief and Lord Beaconsfield, it claims to be Liberal in regard to domestic legislation. It is a radical newspaper, with Tory predilections for the jealous preservation of British imperial power. *The Standard* has always been Conservative. Some years ago its political lines were so simple and distinct that it was hardly necessary to read its editorial comments on the Parliamentary debates or public speeches of the time. You could always tell beforehand what *The Standard* would say. Whatever they did or said, the Liberals would be all wrong, the Conservatives all right. Nothing that was good could come from one party, nothing that was bad from the other. There was a port-wine flavor in the solid rhetoric of the editorial page, and a sort of tie-wig and buckles aspect about the paper's general appearance. It idealized the frank stupidity of county gentlemen, and represented the cultured opinions of peers of the realm. It was national to the backbone. Seeking its headquarters, you might have expected to find the royal banner flying over a castellated bureau, and a dragoon officiating as hall porter. Do not let it be presumed that I put these suggestions forward as points for ridicule. It was just that bulldog element indicated in the character of the old *Standard* that made England feared and respected of her enemies, and it is that substratum of Tory tradition which to-day gives backbone to her constitution. *The Standard*, still national, still loyal to the throne, is in these days animated with the broader views and increased toleration of a new era, which owes much of its education to cheap newspapers. *The Standard*, though still maintaining its strong sympathetic relations with the Conservatives, recognizes an allegiance that is above party, namely, its responsibility to the public. No longer the mouth-piece of a minister nor the mere organ of a government, it is the exponent of Conservative principles, which cover a far wider range of polity than is usually allotted to them. Generally imbued with the conviction that the political platform of Lord Beaconsfield represents the best

lines on which to administer English affairs, *The Standard* is against the Liberals, but it has cast the old shell of Tory intolerance which once retarded its prosperity and neutralized its influence.

The improvement in the tone and character of *The Standard* dates chiefly from the day when the present editor, Mr. Mudford, entered upon autocratic charge of the journal, under the somewhat remarkable will of Mr. Johnstone. The bound which it has taken in public estimation and influence is ample indorsement of the wisdom of Mr. Mudford's policy. Coupled with the infusion of liberal ideas into the editorial method of discussing public affairs, the administration of the various departments has been "widened out," and increased enterprise has been shown in the collection of news. Upon the solid foundation of Tory concrete Mr. Mudford is building up an institution that reflects the spirit of the age. There is no European capital where *The Standard* is not represented by its own correspondent. No expense is spared in the transcript of news or opinions. Mr. Mudford paid £800 for one cable dispatch during the Afghan war. His news from the Transvaal has been telegraphed regardless of the eight shillings a word paid for it, as if it had been an inland telegram at the lowest rates. One of the recent extensions of his news department is that of a daily American service of cables. Hitherto *The Times* was the only journal which had a regular cable correspondent in the United States, and *The Times* dispatches are singularly meagre. It is one of the complaints of Americans in England that while the London newspapers publish daily reports from all the great capitals of the Old World, they almost ignore the doings of the New. Washington keeps clear of European politics, and is, happily for America, not a factor in the burning questions that agitate England in the East. For these reasons American news has not been hitherto regarded as especially interesting to English readers. But Mr. Mudford considers the time has arrived when the vast commercial interests that unite the people of Great Britain and the United States demand a daily exhibition in a London morning paper. He has therefore added a new wire to his telegraphic bureau, and *The Standard* will henceforward be in direct communication with New York, and through New York

with all the cities of the republic. Nothing is more calculated to develop the international enterprise and resources of the two great English-speaking peoples than having the "bull's-eye" of the press constantly turned upon their current history.

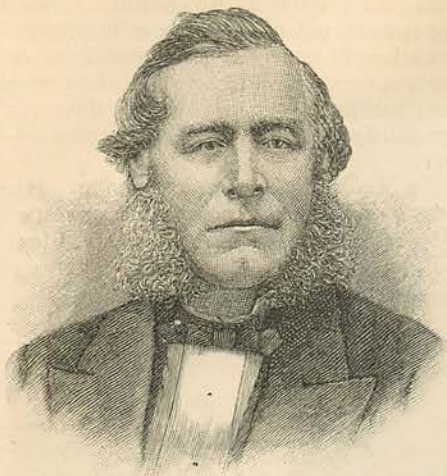
Mr. Mudford is a remarkable man. His story is singular and somewhat romantic. He comes from a literary and cultured



W. H. MUDFORD.

[Photographed by Ad. Braun and Co., Paris.]

stock. His father was for some years in early life private secretary to the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The secretary's love of letters induced him to terminate a connection that had in it great probabilities, and devote himself to literary work. He contributed much light and agreeable matter to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its best days. In the zenith of its popularity he edited *The Courier*, and he succeeded Theodore Hook on *John Bull*. Preferring a journalistic career to any other, young Mudford made his way to a good position on *The Standard*. Independent as he was industrious, he could always be relied on for any work he undertook. His "copy" was prompt to time, and worthy of the occasion, but he never did more than was necessary. Conscientious to a fault, he was business-like in respect to fulfilling his strict duty and earning his salary. Said one of his colleagues to me: "I believe that if Mudford had gone into the City on some spe-



MR. JOHNSTONE, THE FOUNDER OF "THE STANDARD."
[Photographed by W. Bradnee, Torquay.]

cific work, and had seen St. Paul's on fire as he returned to the office, he would not have mentioned it: the circumstance would not have been within the pale of the business upon which he was engaged, and he made it a rule not to meddle with the affairs of other people." He never sought to thrust himself upon the special notice of his chiefs or the public. An easy and genial independence of character made his individuality felt in whatever he did. Though he was never on what might be called intimate terms with Mr. Johnstone, the first proprietor of the paper when it became a morning journal, that gentleman had evidently formed the very highest estimate of his ability, his honesty, and his power. When Mr. Johnstone was laid up with an illness that eventually caused his death, he sent for Mr. Mudford, and, to the young journalist's surprise, offered him the editorship, which he accepted. He resigned the position almost as soon as he had taken up its duties; and on these grounds: An article had appeared in *The Standard* discussing an action at law of great public interest. The defendant in the suit regarded the editorial observations as libellous, and demanded a public apology. Mr. Mudford contended that the article was not libellous, and even if it were, the paper ought to contest the question. Mr. Johnstone, under the advice of his solicitor, wished to apologize, and sent to his editor a sketch of what he thought *The*

Standard should say in the way of reparation. At the same time he submitted it to the editorial revision of Mr. Mudford, who, very properly acknowledging the right of supreme control in a proprietor upon such a question, gave way; but at the same time he felt that as editor he was accountable to the public for the proprietor's acts, and as he disagreed with the course Mr. Johnstone desired the paper to take, he resigned. He first, however, published the apology, and on its appearance gave up his place. Appealed to by Mr. Johnstone, who was of a nervous disposition, and easily alarmed by threats of libel suits, he refused during several days' correspondence to withdraw his resignation, but ultimately did so. Soon afterward Mr. Johnstone died, and by a codicil to his will he appointed Mr. Mudford editor for life, or for as long a period as he was disposed to hold the appointment, subject to no conditions whatever as to the policy of the paper, its management, or administration; and he also made him chief trustee and executor of the will (sworn under £500,000) which conferred upon him this great responsibility and power.

It is evidence of Johnstone's discernment, as well as a tribute to the editor's high character and journalistic capacity, that Mr. Mudford's advancement has given complete satisfaction to the staff, and that the immense improvement in the paper from every point of view is generally acknowledged amongst journalists, by Conservatives as well as Liberals, and by the public at large, while the statesmen who no longer count upon its servile support respect its honest and outspoken opinions. Mr. Mudford is a young man. Of medium height, he is broad-chested, sturdy in build, and suggests in his manner and conversation the "calm grip" of English thought and character. His hair is black, and he does not shave. Dark intelligent eyes, and a mouth and jaw indicating strength of will, he impresses you at first sight as a man of points. To a genial manner he adds the suavity of a travelled Englishman, and he is destined to leave his mark strong and clear in the history of the London press.

The offices of *The Standard* are in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street. They are admirably appointed. The paper is printed on eight machines, seven of which run at the rate of 14,000 per hour. There are also six

machines in reserve, in another building, and a separate font of type, so that if any accident happened to the offices in St. Bride's Street, the whole paper could be set up and printed in Shoe Lane at the rate of 12,000 copies, net, per hour. The eighth machine prints and cuts the sheet, places the two halves together, and folds the sheet, which is delivered in shoots ready for the wrapper for the post, running at the rate of 12,500 per hour, netting 10,500 to 11,000 copies. The number of hands employed on the morning edition is sixty-three; on the evening edition, twenty-six—a total of eighty-nine. The forms for the morning edition come down to the foundry at intervals, commencing from 12 o'clock, midnight, the last form, with the latest Parliamentary or other important intelligence, being received in the foundry at 2.30 to 3 o'clock. The eight plates are all produced and handed to the machine-room in thirty-three minutes. *The Evening Standard* is published in four separate editions, the number of plates that are required varying according to the news received. The whole *Morning Standard* is printed in one hour and fifty minutes, and the *Evening Standard* second edition in fifteen minutes, the third edition in thirty minutes, fourth edition in twenty minutes, and the special edition in forty-five minutes.

The proprietors have always found it advisable to have a duplicate plant of machinery in a separate building for use in case of accident by fire or otherwise, and this is being replaced at the present time by machinery made and patented by Mr. Joseph Foster, of Preston, Lancashire. The new machine is called the "Standard Web Printing Machine," and is only twelve feet six inches long, occupying half as much space as the other web machines. Its height is five feet six inches, and the width being the same as the other machines, plates cast for the Hoe machines will fit on the new machines as well. The collecting motion of these new machines is arranged by a "tape race" without either guides or switches, and flies six sheets at one time and seven at another, which repeated is a London quire, viz., twenty-six, and then the fly-board moves in such a manner as to separate each quire. These machines are so constructed as to print 14,500 per hour, netting 12,500 copies, and do not require so much steam-power for working as the other web ma-

chines, the friction of the machinery being less. The paper used on either plant of machinery is prepared on wetting machines invented and patented by the firm, two machines being placed in each building. The steam-power used is a pair of 45-horse-power engines in each building, and likewise two 60-horse-power boilers of the multitubular type for auxiliary machinery in the bill-room, foundry, and for working the lifts and machinery in the engineer's shop, where all repairs are carried out. The amount of paper used during the year 1880 for *The Morning Standard* was 3412 tons, equal to a length of 36,609 miles, and for *The Evening Standard* 865 tons, equal to a length of 13,377 miles, the two quantities making a total of 4277 tons, or 49,986 miles of paper, an average of over thirteen tons, or 160 miles, per day.

The staff of *The Standard* covers a broad field of intellectuality and skill. Its leader-writers include Colonel Brackenbury, who has had a brilliant career in the regular army, and was *The Times* correspondent in the field during several important campaigns; Mr. Sutherland Edwards; Mr. T. H. Escott, author of *England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits*; Mr. Alfred Austin, the well-known poet and critic; Mr. D. Boulger; Mr. T. E. Keble; Mr. Percy Greg; Mr. Saville Clarke; Dr. Hyndman; and Miss Cobbe. The best-known war correspondents regularly associated with the paper are Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. Malcolm McPherson, Mr. J. O. Shea, Mr. Frederick Boyle, and Mr. G. A. Hentz. Mr. Boyle is the author of several entertaining works of travel. Mr. Hentz has represented the paper in all the great wars of our time. His latest experience was in Ashantee. Of the foreign correspondents the most notable is Dr. Abel, who formerly represented *The Times* in Berlin. The other gentlemen on this section of the staff are Dr. Waldeck, Mr. Hely Bowe, Mr. J. Badderley, Mr. Cameron (who did distinguished service in the Transvaal), Mr. T. J. Scudamore (Commander of the Bath), and Mr. Laffan. Though Mr. Mudford is, by the terms of Mr. Johnstone's will, manager as well as editor, he practically leaves the work of management to his able lieutenant, Mr. Walter Wood, who has been connected with the paper for eighteen years, and who enjoyed the absolute confidence of Mr. Johnstone, as he does of his friend the present director. The department of dra-

matic and musical criticism is well and impartially served by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, editor of *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, and author of a popular volume of hunting sketches. Altogether *The Standard* has in its service five hundred employés, and pays £1500 a week in salaries alone.

The history of the paper may be briefly told. It is the offspring of *The Morning Herald*, which was started in 1780. The Rev. Henry Bate was its originator. He had edited *The Morning Post*, and when he left that journal he started the *Herald* in opposition to it. Mr. Bate fought his way politically to a baronetcy, dying, in 1824, at Cheltenham, Sir Henry Bate Dudley. He was succeeded on the *Herald* by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. In 1786, Mr. Pitt, while he was Prime Minister, sued the *Herald* for libel. The paper had charged him with gambling in the funds. He asked for £10,000 damages. The jury before whom the case was tried awarded him £150. One of the most attractive features of the *Herald* in the old days was the excellence of its police reports, the humors of the courts being more particularly developed. A selection of the most amusing cases was reprinted in a volume under the title of *Mornings at Bow Street*, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. The *Herald* was always conducted with considerable vigor, and it fought many libel suits in the public interest. In 1843, Mr. Baldwin, proprietor of *The Evening Standard*, purchased the paper, and soon afterward advanced the honorarium of £3 3s. for a leading article of a column to £5 5s., and largely extended his literary engagements in other directions. He purchased a steamer to meet the Indian mails. But the period of inflation known as "the railway mania" coming to an end, the large revenues of the *Herald* decreased, and eventually Mr. Baldwin had to meet his creditors and dispose of his property. Mr. Johnstone bought it. Soon afterward *The Telegraph* appeared, its price twopence, its ambition enormous, its prospects for a time exceedingly gloomy. By-and-by it reduced its price to a penny, and with the abolition of the stamp duty Mr. Johnstone followed suit.

With courage and forethought he sacrificed the *Herald*, and brought out *The Standard* at a penny, morning and evening. This was in 1869. Mr. Johnstone

was a Conservative by conviction, and he conducted *The Standard* in the interest of the party with a thorough devotion to the cause. It was recorded of him in *The Standard*, when he died, that "so staunch was he to his principles that—with what those who did not know him will perhaps regard as Quixotic chivalry—he absolutely opposed the reduction of the paper duty, though no one understood more thoroughly than he how entirely the success of this liberal measure would aid his special interests. The bill, however, passed, and the establishment of *The Standard* (*The Morning Herald* being ultimately merged into the new venture) was the consequence. Through good and evil report, with many peculiarly harassing difficulties to overcome, and with the scantiest assistance from many quarters to which he might fairly have looked for support, Mr. Johnstone carried out the work he had set himself to accomplish, and happily lived to see *The Standard* in the full tide of that success which it had been the aim of his life to secure for it. Mr. Johnstone's private character can hardly be spoken of impartially by his friends in a journal which remains in possession of his family, but affectionate remembrances of him will long be kept green in the memories of the many who have the best cause to know how just were his dealings and how generous his impulses. It was a manly, strenuous, energetic, and influential life that came to its close yesterday at Hooley House." To this earnest eulogium one might fairly add that, though since Mr. Johnstone's death *The Standard* has taken another great stride forward, "the chief credit" (to quote Mr. Mudford's own words to me on the subject), "nevertheless, attaches to the late proprietor, who laid broad and deep the foundation of a property the full development of which he was not permitted to see or to enjoy. If his life had been extended another ten or fifteen years, he would have reaped what he sowed to the fullest extent, socially, politically, and financially."

The Morning Post, *The Morning Advertiser*, and *The Daily Chronicle* are the three other daily papers. The first-mentioned is the oldest of all. In presence of its new departure from an exclusive fashionable journal to a popular penny paper I propose to consider it in my next and final sketch, which will give an additional exposition of the new policy. The

career of its chief, Sir Algernon Borthwick, is a remarkable one. An outline of it as a companion picture to that of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the father of the cheap press, will supply the reader some interesting journalistic contrasts. *The Morning Advertiser* is the property and organ



SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

[Photographed by Arthur J. Melhuish, 12 York Place, Portman Square, London.]

of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This powerful society started it in 1794, and its success was insured from the first, each member being pledged to support it by subscriptions and advertisements. Its platform does not allow an editor much margin for enterprise or journalistic skill, but the paper is thoughtfully and well conducted by Captain Hamber, who was for many years the editor of *The Standard*. During his direction of this last-mentioned journal he introduced the "Manhattan" letters, which created a great deal of attention at the time of the American war. "Manhattan" was a rabid Southerner, a bitter and trenchant writer, and his contributions often sent up the circulation as much as 20,000 a day. The best-known editor of *The Advertiser* was Mr. James Grant, whose policy was a lugubrious combination of beer and religion. He was in some respects a capable and in all respects an honest man; withal, industrious and persistent in his work. He wrote and adapted several books, and was succeeded on his retirement by Colonel Richards, whose chief ambition was to be known as the

originator of the volunteer army. He wrote several fine poems. One of them was bound in white moiré antique, and bore a Greek inscription. For a novel, *So Very Human*, alleged to contain a libel, he was himself bound in legal penalties not to circulate it. There was a good deal of merit in his tragedy of *Cromwell*, which was produced at the Queen's Theatre. Colonel Richards was what is called an accomplished man, and was popular with his staff and with his Victuallers. Captain Hamber is a gentleman of stronger character than his three predecessors on *The Advertiser*. When he left *The Standard* he accepted the direction of Mr. Morier Evans's unfortunate speculation, *The Hour*, which, like the adventurous *Day*, was full of promise, but did not possess the "staying powers" that only capital can insure.

Opposite *The Daily Telegraph* offices in Fleet Street has lately sprung up a handsome range of buildings, bearing the sign of *The Daily Chronicle*. This represents a new venture in the costly field of daily journalism, backed by the sagacity and enterprise of Mr. Lloyd, the originator of the first cheap weekly newspaper. *The Clerkenwell News and Daily Chronicle* was a local city paper devoted to the cause of the working population. It was crowded with advertisements of all kinds, representing the toiling life and cheap speculation of the masses in the East End. With a limited circulation compared with the London dailies, it had nevertheless an established commercial reputation. Mr. Lloyd gave £30,000 for it, with a view of converting it into a regular London daily Liberal journal. A special feature was to be its early and reliable news. He calculated that before it became a thorough success at least £170,000 beyond the £30,000 would have to be spent upon it, and that he must not look back for five years. Pending the mechanical and other arrangements necessary for laying in the foundation of a sufficient establishment for his purpose, he continued to bring out the journal for six months on its original plan. Immediately on the conclusion of his purchase, Mr. Lloyd cabled to Messrs. Hoe, of New York, to make him eight thousand pounds' worth of machines, each machine to print from a continuous roll of several miles in length, to fold the sheets, and count them into quires of twenty-six copies, ready for the news agent.



FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
[Photographed by S. Prout Newcomb.]

He also suggested that the machines should be made to cut as well as fold the paper, so that it could be delivered to the readers ready for use. In due course all this was accomplished, and the *Daily Chronicle* was the first to be produced with these advantages. It came out in its new form and under its new title on May 28, 1877. Within a year of that time its circulation increased fivefold. It was soon apparent that extended machinery would be required, and again the Messrs. Hoe were cabled. Mr. Lloyd (who had introduced to London the first Hoe machine years previously) asked his New York friends to make a double machine that should print two complete *Chronicles* at once, cutting, folding, counting as before, but using up a web of paper double the previous width and weight, and capable of printing 25,000 per hour. It took Messrs. Hoe more than a year to accomplish this feat, and a good deal of time had to be expended over its erection on this side. It has turned out, however, to be a complete success, and is certainly a most wonderful machine, and the *Daily Chronicle* promises to give Mr. Lloyd an ample return for his outlay. His new offices in Fleet Street cost him £40,000, and he has just completed new printing-works in Whitefriars, where the Hoe machines are fixed. I shall have occasion to mention these new works in my closing article, which will deal with *Lloyd's Newspaper*.

The evening newspapers, besides the

Globe, referred to in the first of this series of papers, included the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its opponent the *St. James's Gazette*. Between these more stately craft there steams in and out of the press fleet the *Echo*, like one of the *Herald's* messenger tugs bouncing about in New York Harbor. The *Pall Mall* was started by Mr. Smith, of the famous publishing firm Smith and Elder. Mr. Frederick Greenwood edited it, and his brother, Mr. James Greenwood, made its fortune by a graphic sketch of work-house life, signed "An Amateur Casual." Liberal in its general tone, the *Pall Mall*, however, supported with enthusiasm the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Many thoughtful essays upon the Eastern question appeared in its columns from the pen of its earnest editor. About a year ago Mr. Smith retired from the proprietorship in favor of his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, private secretary to Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's former administration, and a colleague of Mr. Gladstone in the Parliamentary contest for Lancashire. Mr. Thompson desired so radical a change to be made in the policy of the paper that Mr. Greenwood resigned his place; and on his announcing that he would continue his *Pall Mall* policy in a new journal, to be called the *St. James's Gazette*, nearly the entire staff of the *Pall Mall* followed



JOHN MORLEY.
[Photographed by Arthur J. Melhuish, 12 York Place, Portman Square, London.]

his resignation with their own—a proof of the *esprit de corps* which exists among some of the men who work together on the great papers. The *Pall Mall* has since this secession become an out and out supporter of Mr. Gladstone, under the editorial direction of Mr. John Morley, who has a capable second in command in Mr. Louis Sergeant, author of *New Greece*. Mr. Leslie Stephen has also joined the staff, and many of its occasional sketches and essays are from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. The *St. James's Gazette* is modelled on the typographical lines of the *Pall Mall*. The two journals remind one of the habit they have in some districts of America of building opposing churches near each other. In architecture they are a good deal alike. It is only when you go inside on Sundays that you understand how great the difference is between them. So it is with these two journals; so much alike to look at, so wonderfully opposite in tone and opinion, in purpose and intention. Nobody denies the talent and scholarly strength of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Greenwood himself is as "thorough" as Mr. Edwin Arnold of the *Telegraph* in his belief in maintaining intact the British Empire at home and abroad.

The uncompromising spirit of this national sentiment is nicknamed "Jingoism." The chief "Jingo" journals of England at the present time are the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. There are many other staunch supporters of the Beaconsfield idea, but these are the most distinguished for the warmth and constancy with which they stand by the faith that is in them. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who writes with an almost inspired pen about music, went over from the *Pall Mall* to the *St. James's*, and is Mr. Greenwood's principal dramatic and musical critic. The political and literary staff includes Mr. H. D. Trail, Mr. Frederick Pollock, Mr. Gilgud, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Lathbury (editor of the *Economist*), and Mr. Syme. How closely the staff is allied with Mr. Greenwood's pro-Turkish views is illustrated by the satirical remark which Mr. Edwards made in his lecture the other day on "The Opera," when he said that in the course of her career a prima donna visits "all parts of the

civilized world—and Russia." The *Echo* was started by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and was the first halfpenny paper of these modern days. The *Echo* astonished the public, and the cost of it more than surprised its proprietors, who conducted it, nevertheless, with great spirit, and eventually with something like financial success. Mr. Arthur Arnold (who now sits in the House of Commons) was its editor, and Miss Martineau now and then wrote one of its characteristic front-page leaders. Mr. Willert Beale (Walter Maynard) was for a time its musical critic, Mr. Manville Fenn writing its dramatic notices.

Mr. Albert Grant, moved with the idea that he would like to have a journal, seeing that Mr. McDougall, his sworn foe, had one, opened negotiations for the *Echo*. Without even seeing the office, the machinery, the books, or aught else, he bought it. He made no use of it either for personal or public purposes. He did not even "go for" McDougall. He changed its shape, I think, and bought magnificent offices for it at Ludgate Circus. The echoes which the paper struck on the tympanum of public opinion were never very strong. Mr. Grant changed them from Liberal to Conservative. Mr. Arnold travelled and wrote a book, and left the *Echo* to its fate. The new proprietor soon grew tired of it, and I think the pendulum of Mr. McDougall's *Hour* swung its last soon after Mr. Grant disposed of his *Echo* to Mr. Passmore Edwards, who took the little paper back to Southampton Street, and changed its key to even a more radical fundamental note than that which it had sounded in the days of Mr. Arnold. When the editor was fighting for a seat in Parliament at the last general election, Mr. Gladstone paid him a public compliment in connection with his earnest conduct of the *Echo*, and now Mr. Edwards is a member of the British House of Commons, one of a remarkable force of press men who sit on both sides of the House. Mr. Howard Evans is said to be the responsible editor of the *Echo*, which under its new management has reached a far higher circulation than the enterprise of Cassell or Grant could secure for it. The *Echo* has no halfpenny contemporaries in London, but it has a host in the provinces, several of them well-established and profitable undertakings.

near to the proposed extension of the city that it may be drawn upon the ground with the greatest expedition. A grand hotel, to eclipse anything on the continent, is also talked of in the enthusiasm of the moment as one of the features of the scheme.

If it do but surpass, or even equal, some of our better hotels of the second grade, it will be a boon to the place to be heartily thankful for. It will receive the American travellers, whose tastes are now so little consulted, to a unit; and it may expect by no means a few of the Mexicans themselves, who are not slower than the rest of the world in recognizing a good thing when it is presented to them. Here in their grand hotel, or in their villas among their gardens, watching the equipages of wealth and fashion drive by, and looking off to the vast snow volcanoes on the horizon, it is promised that the well-to-do Americans who come to pass the

winter, the magnates who have made great fortunes in the new enterprises, and those of the country who will have learned how better to enjoy those they already possess, will be found.

Ten years is about the period allotted, within which we shall see what we shall see. There are probably 30,000 men working on railroads throughout the country, and the first American line will be completed to the frontier in two years. What clouds may come over the smiling prospect in a decade! This mysterious Mexican character, so different from our own, who can say of what it will yet be capable? These are the schemes that greet the observer on every hand. One might be in Chicago or Omaha. This is the new wine; this is the fresh turmoil of ideas amid the old, old scenes and traditions, that makes it worth while to be with the van-guard of the American movement in Mexico.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

Fourth Paper.

IT is only about twenty years since my father laid down one of the first printing-machines and started the first penny newspaper in Derbyshire, in sight of George Stephenson's windows at Tapton. I ought, therefore, not to have been surprised, one day this year, to find the founder of the cheap press alive and well. Almost my first recollections are of country barns and pastoral gateways bearing the printed legend, *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Recently, as I made my way to Salisbury Square, dim visions of a boyhood when reform riots and bread riots and Chartist riots were talked about by grown men filled my mind and started many speculations as to the author of the *Lloyd's Newspaper* which those same grown men used to speak of, some with admiration, some with contumely and contempt. It was always a strong, outspoken, Liberal paper, this pioneer of the cheap press. Had the originator written to me, or was "Edward Lloyd" his son? Should I really see the mutilator and idealizer of the king's penny in the flesh, or merely the inheritor of his penny property? Was ever the power of pence so splendidly demonstrated as in the penny press? After inquiring for Mr. Lloyd at the palatial offices of *The Daily Chronicle*,

I was directed to 12 Salisbury Court, and there in an unpretentious little room I found Mr. Edward Lloyd, a hale, hearty, middle-aged, florid-complexioned, white-haired gentleman. He introduced me to his son, a stalwart young fellow, who was amused at the surprise I expressed at not finding the head of the firm a tottering old gentleman of the aspect usually thought characteristic of Father Time and the venerable Parr. Mr. Lloyd is old enough to have originated the cheap press, and young enough to be vigorously occupied in establishing the newest daily paper. Responding to a remark about the literary interest of the locality in which I found him, he said, "This house was Richardson's printing-office; in this room he wrote *Pamela*, and here Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader." The old familiar story: you are treading on historic ground every foot you move in London, historic not in a mere antiquarian sense, nor in the narrow meaning of age being historic, but in the breadth of human interest and universal fame. There is not a court hereabouts but it is linked with the history of all that is great and glorious in English letters, from Shakspeare to Hood, from Fielding to Thackeray, from Caxton, the first printer, to his great successors, and

from *The English Mercurie* to *The Daily News*. "I can show you Richardson's lease of these very premises," said Mr. Lloyd presently, and turning over the deeds which convey to him a large extent of the local freeholds (now strangely



EDWARD LLOYD.

[Photographed by Fradelle, 246 Regent Street, London.]

connected by passages and subways from Salisbury Court to Whitefriars), he handed me the parchment. It was a lease dated 30th May, 1770, from Mrs. Jennings to Mr. Richardson, the printer-novelist's signature a bolder one than would seem characteristic of the gentle tediousness of *Pamela*. Mr. Lloyd's freeholds and leaseholds are a curious mixture of properties, extending into Whitefriars, under streets and over streets, and they are all devoted to the mechanical requirements of *Lloyd's Newspaper* and *The Daily Chronicle*. The very latest inventions in the generation and use of steam, the newest ideas of Hoe in the way of printing, are pressed into the service of these two papers. Colonel Hoe is Mr. Lloyd's ideal machinist; Mr. Lloyd is Colonel Hoe's ideal newspaper proprietor.

"Have you ever been to America?" I asked.

"No; I had once made up my mind to go, and had fixed upon the ship," Mr. Lloyd answered—"the *Arctic*, I think she was called. Douglas Jerrold was against my going, and persuaded me all he could not to venture upon it. 'But,' said he, 'if you must go, give this play into Jim

Wallack's own hands.' He gave me the manuscript of *The Rent Day*, which had been produced at Drury Lane. The object of my going was to see Hoe, and arrange for two machines on certain revised terms, so that if one broke down, I should have another to fall back upon. Just before the time for sailing I received a letter from Hoe telling me that I could have just all I wanted. In consequence of that letter, I did not go. The ship I was booked for went to the bottom."

Mr. Lloyd's story has never been quite exactly told. Briefly it is this. As early as 1829, when he was only fourteen, he was strongly imbued with Liberal opinions, and with the idea of starting a "free and independent newspaper" for their advocacy. There was a fourpenny stamp duty on each paper, and in due time Edward Lloyd labored hard with others in the direction of its reduction. He started a newspaper, and issued it without a government stamp; so likewise did other London printers; but after a short struggle they succumbed to legal proceedings for their suppression. In order to keep the question of unstamped papers before the public, Mr. Lloyd started a monthly unstamped journal, believing he could legally issue such a publication; but the Stamp-office authorities stifled it with crushing promptitude, though it turned out afterward that he was within the law, Mr. Charles Dickens having, at a later date, issued a monthly paper on similar lines. In September, 1842, Mr. Lloyd published *Lloyd's Penny Illustrated Newspaper*, consisting chiefly of reviews of books, notices of theatres, and literary selections, thus keeping, as he thought, just outside the pale of what the law designated a *newspaper*. Within three months the Stamp-office discovered what they regarded as a few lines of news in the literature of the journal, and they gave the proprietor notice that he must either stamp his paper or stop it. He chose the former course, and continued the paper at twopence until January, 1843, when he enlarged it to eight pages of five columns each (about the size of an eight-page *Echo*), called it *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*, and charged twopence-halfpenny for it. During the same year he again increased its size, and sold it at threepence. At this time the general price of newspapers was sixpence, and they carried a penny stamp duty. Mr.

Lloyd's innovation met with the determined opposition of the news agents. They one and all refused to sell the paper unless the owner allowed them the same profit per sheet which they obtained on the sixpenny journals. An offer of thirty per cent. was scoffed at, and the trade entered into a conspiracy to put down the threepenny weekly. The sale was considerably retarded by this opposition, but Lloyd pushed it by advertisement and otherwise, and the excellence and cheapness of the newspaper were attractions the trade could not annihilate. One of Lloyd's methods of making it known was ingenious, not to say daring. He had a stamping machine constructed for embossing pennies with the name and price of his journal, and the fact that it could be obtained "post free." The announcement was made in a neat circle round the coin on both sides. The machine turned out two hundred and fifty an hour, and Lloyd used up all the pennies he could lay his hands on. *The Times* drew attention to the defacement of his Majesty's coinage, and thus gave the paper a cheap and important advertisement. Parliament passed an act against the mutilation of the currency. The affair helped to make the threepenny paper known, and in spite of "the Trade," which continued to oppose it, holding meetings and combining against it in every way, it progressed in circulation and influence. From a sale of 33,000 in 1848, it rose year by year to 90,000 a week in 1853. Two years later than this, Lloyd had lived to see the most ardent desire of his life accomplished—the passing of an act abolishing the stamp duty, and the establishment of a really free and unfettered press. From this period dates the enormous success of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. The question of production was the next serious question. Mr. Lloyd put himself in communication with Messrs. Hoe and Co., of New York, which led to his introduction of their rotary printing-machine. The success of this new invention, exemplified in Lloyd's offices, elicited a general acknowledgment of its superiority over all others, and "the Hoe" was at once adopted, not only in the chief London offices, but by the leading newspaper proprietors of the country, and in Ireland and Scotland. Wherever there was a journal with a large circulation, there "the Hoe" became a necessity.

From a sale of 97,000 in June, 1855, *Lloyd's Newspaper* rose to 170,000 in September, 1861. In anticipation of three halfpence per pound being taken off the price of paper, though it made a very trifling difference on a single sheet, Mr. Lloyd determined to reduce the price of his paper from twopence to a penny, depending upon an enormous sale and his advertisements for profit. "The Trade" foretold his ruin now, and looked forward to it as a certainty. There is no institution so pig-headed as what is called "the Trade" in England. Happily there are always a few irreconcilables outside the ring, or adventurers who can not be bound by ordinary rules, or "the Trade" might stop all progress. It was "the Trade" that stood in George Stephenson's way for long weary years. But when once "the Trade" is fairly conquered, there is among the members of it just as much unanimity in accepting the new order of things as in the original opposition; this, and the renegades who keep open a sort of by-way to success, constitute the ultimate safety of good enterprises.

At a penny, Mr. Lloyd's paper went up in circulation from 170,000 a week in 1861 to 347,000 in 1863, to 383,489 in 1864, and to 412,080 in 1865, and so on, until Hoe's splendid machinery no longer kept pace with the demand. Accordingly the ingenuity of the firm was once more taxed, not by competition with other makers, but to eclipse their own good work. They were equal to the occasion. The result was the production of the first great web machine, printing from a reel of paper two sheets of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Again complete success attended Hoe's work, and machines on the new system were at once ordered by *The Daily Telegraph* and *Standard*, and three additional ones were made for Mr. Lloyd, the four printing at the rate of 90,000 copies per hour. In 1879, the extraordinary sale of *Lloyd's Newspaper* was announced, in a certified declaration of Turquand, Youngs, and Co., famous London accountants, to have reached an average of 612,902 copies a week; and notwithstanding the competition of the daily press, the sale goes on increasing. Mr. Lloyd set the example of extensively advertising a newspaper, and has often spent as much as £300 a week in "posting and billing." During the Lancashire cotton famine a subscription list was opened for the receipt of small sums by *Lloyd's*;

and the profits on the "extra sale," beyond the average circulation, for the weeks ending December 7, 14, and 21, 1862, were announced as contributions to the fund. They reached £200, and the fund in all, from September, 1862, to July, 1863, amounted to £3676 14s. 9d.

Douglas Jerrold's association with this remarkable journal materially added to its popularity and strength. The announcement of his name was made in the seventh number of *Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper* in these terms: "The editorial department will be confided to a gentleman whose pen, we doubt not, will be speedily recognized and cordially welcomed by his old friends the masses." On the death of Jerrold, his son Blanchard came to the editorial throne, and his name still occupies the place of his father's on the title-page of the paper. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is among the most industrious



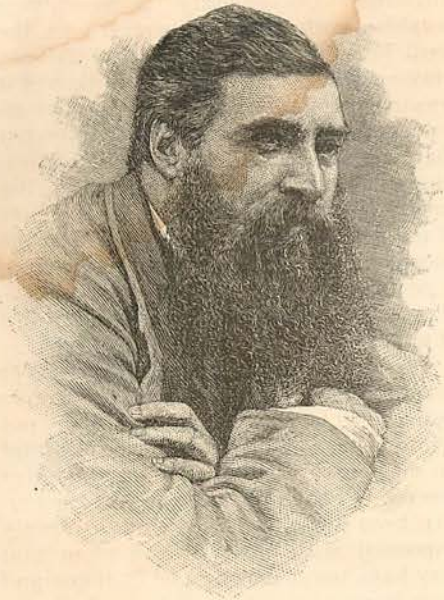
BLANCHARD JERROLD.

[Photographed by H. Leuthall, 222 Regent Street, London.]

journalists and authors of his time. There is hardly a paper or periodical in which he has not at some time or other done excellent work. He is the author of quite a library of books, historical, political, and imaginative. *The Christian Vagabond* is characterized by a sweet and gentle philosophy which, contrasted with the political vigor of some of the author's other works, gives evidence of a rare and marked versatility of style. I don't think his father had a very lively faith at first in the success of the newspaper which his

name and work were destined so materially to advance. Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he say to the fact that Mr. Lloyd not only makes the paper on which he prints, but grows it? In the office where Richardson used to stimulate the early rising of his printers by hiding half-crowns among the type, and also distributing fruit to the earliest comers, there hangs a large photograph of Lloyd's Algerian grass farm, with laborers busy gathering and packing the "esparto" for his paper mills at Bow. Even *The Times* does not make its own paper. *The Telegraph* has a mill of its own; but the enterprise of Mr. Lloyd in this direction has no parallel in the world. The grass is imported here in ships chartered by Mr. Lloyd. The vessels are unloaded in dock, near Blackwall, into barges which navigate the river Lea, the cargoes being finally deposited on Lloyd's paper-mill wharf at Bow. Here the esparto is stored in enormous stacks. The mill embodies the newest systems of manufacture. It represents a long story and an interesting train of thought—the conversion of a bundle of African grass lying for shipment in Algeria into a bundle of newspapers on a news agent's counter in England.

The very name of *Lloyd's Newspaper* opens up a wide field of interest touching the class of weekly journals that register enormous circulations in London and the provinces, such as *The Dispatch*, *The Weekly Times*, and *The News of the World*. There is a paper called *The Budget*, which is hardly seen in London, but sells hundreds of thousands of copies in the north of England. In the United States the daily journals are published on Sundays, with the addition of supplements that make their Sunday editions immensely attractive. The English dailies, on the other hand, do not appear on Sunday. They leave the market open to *The Observer*, a thoughtful, high-class political journal, edited by Mr. Edward Dicey; *The Sunday Times*, a journal largely devoted to literature and criticism, and counting upon its staff such men as Mr. Joseph Knight, Henry Dunphie, and Ashby Sterry; *The Referee*, a sporting and dramatic journal, edited by Mr. Sampson, formerly of *Fun*, and having as its principal contributor Mr. George R. Sims, whose social and domestic ballads have materially advanced its circula-



JOSEPH KNIGHT.

[Photographed by Twyman and Son, High Street, Ramsgate.]

tion. Some of the weekly journals before mentioned publish Sunday editions, as also does *The Era*, a paper which is often spoken of as "the actor's Bible." It was founded by Mr. Ledger, whose son has succeeded him in its management. The principal critic of *The Era* is Mr. E. L. Blanchard, a gentleman of ripe theatrical experience and taste.

The class journals which have sprung up of late years are innumerable, representing all branches of art, trade, and industry; and if we counted in the "story papers" as belonging to journalism proper, the list would present some very curious features. They have increased of late years not only in numbers but in circulation—a remarkable fact, seeing that nowadays, chiefly through the enterprise of Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, "purveyor of fiction" to the provincial press, hardly a weekly paper appears in the country that has not among its general contents a continuous story, written by popular authors of the rank of Wilkie Collins, Miss Bradton, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Manville Fenn, and Mr. Farjeon.

The polemical religious and church papers are a numerous class. At the head of them may be counted the semi-clerical *Guardian*, a carefully written and schol-

arly publication, sub-edited in its way as well as the defunct *Express*, an evening paper formerly issued by the *Daily News*.

The most notable of the class papers of London is *The Athenæum*, conducted by the proprietor, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M.P., and formerly edited by the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon. *The Athenæum* is an acknowledged mentor in the literary and art world. Its responsible director has made a considerable mark in politics. He is best known in America for his two volumes recording the results of his visit to the United States and other English-speaking countries. *Greater Britain* had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic. His chief legislative work has been the direct election of school boards by the rate-payers, which he carried as an amendment to Mr. Forster's famous Educational Bill; the conferring of the municipal franchise on women; and the extension of the hours of polling at Parliamentary elections in London. Sir Charles, though a baronet, has expressed himself in favor of a republican form of government in preference to that of a constitutional monarchy. He has been attacked for this declaration, and it was made the chief ground of opposition to his



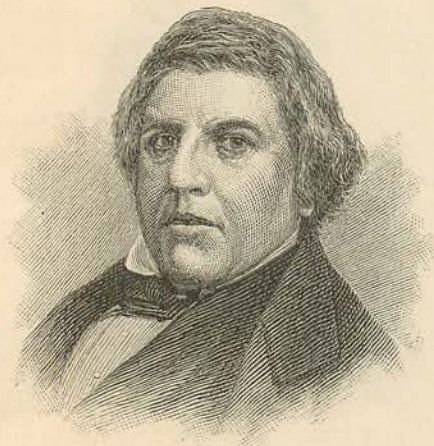
SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.

[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.]

re-election for Chelsea. His success at the head of the poll was therefore regarded by many as more than usually significant of the spread of extreme radical views in

England. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, has always been known for his republican sentiments, but he recently took an opportunity to express an opinion that the constitution of England, as at present established and interpreted, is sufficient for the widest aspirations of freedom. These are not his words, but they represent the spirit of them, and Sir Charles Dilke would probably agree with Mr. John Bright that monarchy in the reign of Queen Victoria needs no defense. There is only one man in the three kingdoms who has ever refused election to Parliament because he could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and that is Mr. Davitt, the Fenian agitator. Mr. Bradlaugh tried to take his seat without subscribing the ordinary recognition of God and Queen, and found "lions in his path." Sir Charles Dilke is proprietor of *The Gardener's Chronicle*, *The Agricultural Gazette*, and *Notes and Queries*, and journalism is honored in his active association with the press. Mr. McColl is his able and responsible second in command on *The Athenæum*.

A volume might be written on illustrated journalism, and another on the history of caricature in the Victorian era, with illustrations from the comic and sa-



HERBERT INGRAM.

tirical press. The pictorial press of London originated with *The Illustrated London News* in 1842. The projector and founder of this popular paper was Mr. Herbert Ingram. He was a news agent at Not-

tingham. Occasionally, to accentuate notable events, murders particularly, the local press published a picture. The engraving was as crude as the printing of it was unsatisfactory, but success always attended the special edition of the journal that contained an illustration. The Nottingham news agent was of an inquiring and observant turn of mind. Taking note of the great extra sale attending even the poorest kind of newspaper engraving, it occurred to him to speculate upon the prospects of a journal that should be full of pictures.

The idea of an illustrated newspaper thus sprang up in his mind, and he never rested until he started for London and put it into shape. Of course he was told that his scheme was foolish, that it would never succeed. People in all ages have generally been so self-satisfied and so deeply impressed with their own wisdom that they have never encouraged changes, and they have invariably obstructed almost every description of improvement and reform. The worst of it is, this kind of national stupidity seems to continue. Just as the public ridiculed gas, so they have discounted electricity; and the strangest thing is that experts have notoriously been the first to decry advances in directions they have been supposed to know most about. Dr. Lardner ridiculed the idea of ocean steamers crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Knight characterized Ingram's notion of an illustrated newspaper as a "rash experiment" which would prove a disastrous failure. Mr. John Gilbert (Sir John to-day) lent the scheme his countenance, and what was more, drew on the wood for it. (and he has been called in compliment Sir Bois Gilbert), while other capable artists were found willing to adorn the letterpress of the new venture. The paper was not an immediate success. Indeed, for a time there seemed every probability of Mr. Knight's forecast coming true. Mr. Ingram's capital was limited. If he had entered upon the business backed as men usually are who start newspapers in these days, he would never once have had cause to be anxious. But he was spending his own money, and for a time it disappeared like the material in Chatmoss during the railway-making, and with as little apparent result. The time came, however, when "foot-hold" was secured; and eventually Ingram stood upon the new-made ground, master of the situation.

Mr. Bailey was the first editor of *The Illustrated London News*. He had had some experience as a journalist, but was best known as the author of certain sentimental songs, notably "I'd be a Butter-

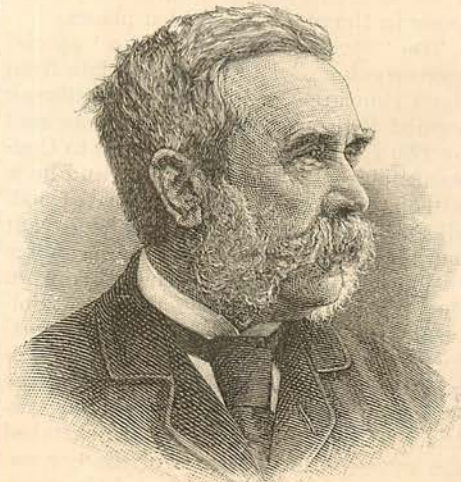


J. L. LATEY.

[Photographed by James Monte, 313 City Road, London.]

fly," and "The Soldier's Tear." Dr. MacKay was for some years its editorial chief. He was succeeded by Mr. Stewart, author of *Footsteps Behind Him*. The present editor is Mr. J. L. Latey. During several years Mr. Mark Lemon acted as Mr. Ingram's secretary and adviser; and I remember his describing to me one of Ingram's difficult questions of management. The advertisements would increase in spite of the charges being often and continuously augmented. When one thinks of the struggles of journals because advertisements do not come in, it is pleasant to hear of cases where no amount of obstructive charges will keep them out. *Lloyd's*, *The Telegraph*, *The Graphic*, are among these fortunate papers, while postponements of columns of advertisements are common in *The Times* office and *The Standard*. *The Illustrated London News* directors have wisely adhered to the originator's principle of allowing only a limited space for advertisements, the charge for which is now, I believe, in some positions, as high as five shillings a line. When Mr. Herbert Ingram died (drowned in an American lake), he was member of Parliament for his native town of Boston,

Lincolnshire, the honor of representing which for some years was conferred upon his eldest son, Mr. Walter Ingram, who now takes an active share in the management of the paper. Mr. M. Jackson is the art editor—a position he has filled for many years with distinguished success. Recently he wrote for *The Illustrated London News* an instructive and entertaining sketch of the rise and progress of pictorial journalism. Mr. Jackson is a north-country man, born and bred in the neighborhood where George Stephenson and Bewick the wood-engraver first saw the light. With the strong individual characteristics of the "north country" he combines the southern artistic taste, and his administrative powers have been of the greatest value to the establishment, where he is held in the highest estimation. Mr. Leighton, the printer of the paper, is a man of considerable reputation among the craft. His color-printing has been an important factor in building up the large fortune which *The Illustrated London News* has earned for its proprietors. Of his "Little Red Riding-Hood" (after Millais), 600,000 copies have been sold. Where have you *not* seen this familiar picture? I have come across it in the strangest places—on the walls of a nobleman's fishing-box, and in the cottage of a Durham pitman; I have seen it hanging over the stove of an Indian cottage in the civilized settlement of Lorette, beyond Quebec, and adorning a screen in



M. JACKSON.

[Photographed by W. and D. Downey, London.]



S. READ.

[Photographed by W. Cobb, Ipswich.]

a Mayfair drawing-room. Mr. Jackson speaks of the wide circulation of illustrated papers. "To a certain extent, independent of language," he says, "they are prized alike by the civilized foreigner and the untutored savage." Among the subscribers to *The Illustrated London News*, for example, is the King of Siam. The British troops found copies of the paper in King Coffee's palace at Coomassie. Polar explorers in search of Sir John Franklin have picked it up in the huts of the Esquimaux. Travellers on Chinese rivers and in the heart of Africa have been cheered by finding the picture paper in the most unexpected places.

The "special artist," like the "special correspondent," may be said to date from the Crimean war. When an outbreak seemed imminent, Mr. S. Read was sent by *The Illustrated London News* to Constantinople and the Black Sea, and he is still on the staff of the paper. Mr. E. Goodall and the late J. W. Carmichael went out during the war, one sending home sketches from the Baltic, the other from the Crimea. Mr. F. Vizetelly was at Solferino and Magenta, and carried his portfolio into the conquest of Sicily by Garibaldi. The late R. T. Landells was in the war between Denmark, Prussia, and Austria. S. Read and T. A. Wilson sketched the more pleasant scenes of the coronation of the present Emperor of Germany at Königsberg. The American civil war had a pictorial delineator in Mr. F. Vize-

telly. The Abyssinian expedition was attended by Mr. W. Simpson. During the Franco-German war *The Illustrated London News* was graphically served in the field by Messrs. R. T. Landells, W. Simpson, T. H. Andrews, and S. J. Staniland. Mr. Prior did excellent work for the paper in the Ashantee conflict. The Russo-Turkish war was illustrated by Messrs. J. Bell, M. Prior, M. Hale, C. Carbould, J. Montague. Mr. J. R. Wells's pencil told the adventures of Cleopatra's Needle. Mr. W. Simpson went to the Œcumenical Council at Rome, to the opening of the Suez Canal, and to the Emperor of China's marriage at Peking. On the latter occasion he made a journey round the world. He also represented the paper on the Prince of Wales's Indian tour.

Many of the first artists of the day, Royal Academicians, living and deceased, have drawn for *The Illustrated London News*, and among the present permanent staff may be mentioned Messrs. R. C. Woodville, W. H. Overend, F. Dodd, A. Hunt, and C. Robinson. The machinery is of the newest and most improved kind, the latest addition being the Ingram rotary



WILLIAM SIMPSON

[Photographed by Maull and Company, 187 Piccadilly, London.]

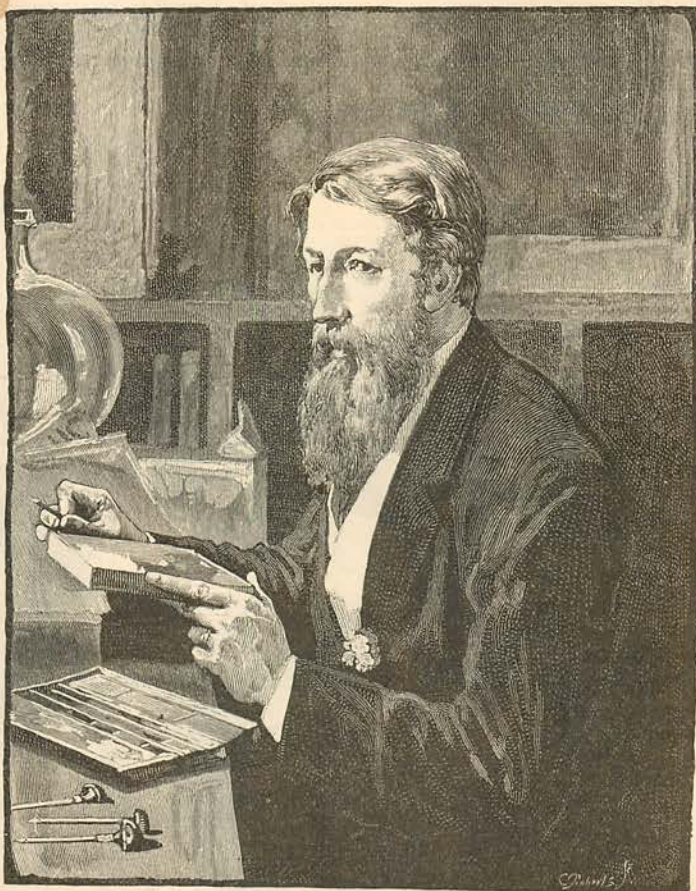
press, which prints both sides of the illustrated sheet at once, cuts each number to its proper size, folds it, and turns it out completed at the rate of 6500 per hour, which for pictorial work is a remarkable advance on the machines hitherto in use.

In the December of 1869 appeared *The Graphic*, an entirely new advance in pictorial journalism. It was projected and produced by Mr. William L. Thomas, who is still its chief director. His firm administrative hand may be traced in every department, literary, artistic, and commercial. At the outset he obtained the assistance of Mr. N. Cooke, who was for a time the partner of Mr. Herbert Ingram, of *The Illustrated London News*; and in addition to this valuable co-operation, Mr. Thomas obtained the financial alliance of his brother, the late Mr. Lewis G. Thomas, who was much respected as a merchant in the Brazils, and who induced many of his friends connected with that country to take a pecuniary interest in the venture. The paper at once obtained great public favor. *The Graphic* was not only a new departure in pictorial journalism; it was fresh, it was progressive; there was no other paper like it. There was no servile imitation

of existing weeklies either in its matter or its pictures, and both being good, the public soon began to like it, and to patronize it liberally.

The two principal objects of the originator of *The Graphic* were, not to confine the illustrations, as had hitherto largely been the case in illustrated papers, to a special staff of draughtsmen on wood, but to welcome any artist of talent, no matter what medium he used, the result being that he obtained the assistance of such accomplished painters as Luke Fildes, Herkomer, Frank Hall, Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), Miss Paterson (now Mrs.

Allingham), E. I. Gregory, W. Small, Charles Green, Sydney Hall, and many others of note. Secondly, the conductors were not satisfied to fill their pages with mere news and sub-editorial work; they arranged with eminent literary men of



WILLIAM L. THOMAS.

the day to write original essays and stories, Anthony Trollope, Victor Hugo, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, having been among the contributors. Then in due course came "wars and rumors of war," and *The Graphic* (as well as *The Illustrated London News*) became a necessity, seeing that it supplemented the current news of the dailies with faithful pictures of the exciting events of the time. The Franco-German war sent up the circulation of *The Graphic* by many thousands a week, and Mr. Thomas well deserved the success which now lifted his ideal illustrated journal into

a great prosperity. When some established journal is rivalled by a new-comer, public gossip predicts trouble for one or the other, and as *The Graphic* grew, this shallow forecasting, which does not count progress in its calculations, predicted the eclipse of *The Illustrated London News*. But the result has been no diminution of prosperity at the old house, while the new one has extended the taste for pictorial il-

them. Four hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed of Mr. Millais's "Cherry Ripe," and yet the orders from the news agents were so far in excess of that number that the publisher had to return them upward of three thousand pounds for orders he could not execute. This is believed to be unparalleled in the annals of the newspaper trade. It is very commonly supposed that *The Graphic* is amalgam-

C. Green. S. P. Hall. E. J. Gregory. H. Woods. S. L. Fildes, A.R.A. J. Nash.



H. Herkomer, A.R.A. G. Durand. F. Hall, A.R.A. W. Small.

ARTISTS OF THE LONDON "GRAPHIC."

lustration so much that many other weekly papers now find a certain amount of advantage in pictorial adornment. The two extra numbers of *The Graphic*, issued in the summer and at Christmas, are now printed entirely in colors, and such is the popularity of these holiday editions that they have to be commenced nearly twelve months in advance, that they may be printed in time to supply the demand for

ated or interested in other illustrated papers. This is not so. From the commencement it has stood alone. Its first editor was Mr. Sutherland Edwards. Mr. Arthur Locker (brother of the lyrical poet of that name) is now the literary chief. Among the leading artists whose work is frequently seen in its pages are Mr. Sydney Hall, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A.,

Mr. Godfroi Durand, and Mr. E. I. Gregory.

It is fitting that I should conclude these notes on London journalism with the newest of the penny dailies and a few general reflections. The newest penny daily is, oddly enough, the oldest and most aristocratic of journals, *The Morning Post*. While I am writing, the machinery is being erected at the well-known offices in Wellington Street, Strand, to meet the increased demand which is expected for the organ of the fashionable world. Sir Algernon Borthwick, its accomplished chief, has maintained the high character and efficiency of *The Post* in spite of many disadvantageous circumstances. His connection with the paper dates from his earliest days. He has edited it for nearly twenty years. Son of a father who represented Evesham in Parliament, Sir Algernon comes of a good old family, and possesses many special advantages in the conduct of his paper. Always having welcome admission to the highest society at home and abroad, he has been enabled to inspire *The Post* with the best authenticated information of courts, parliaments, and embassies. He was intimately acquainted with the late Lord Palmerston, and was the medium selected by the late Premier for conveying to the ex-Empress Eugénie the saddest intelligence of the latter days of the Zulu war. In many international affairs Sir Algernon's advice has been sought and acted upon by both foreign and English ministers. He is a man of frank and courtly manners, and his generous disposition has endeared him to a large circle of friends. For twenty years, as I have said, he has edited *The Post*, at the same time possessing a partnership interest in it. During the last five years he has been proprietor as well as editor, and it is quite a general sentiment that his journal, which has hitherto been so successful, will enter upon a new lease of prosperity at its new and popular price. Sir Algernon Borthwick, notwithstanding his ripe experience, is still a young man, with the gait and manner of a young man, though his journalistic career commenced as Paris correspondent under the rule of the Prince President, and his acquaintance with politics began in the salons of Lady Normanby and the Duchess of Grammont in the exciting days of 1851. His residence in Eton Place is one of the best known of society houses. Lady Borth-

wick (a niece of the late Lord Clarendon, and allied to the families of Villiers and Russell) as a leader in "the great world" possesses special qualifications for the position. A linguist, an artist, a musician, she is popular in the best sense of the term. Royalties, the aristocracy of birth and genius, "the salt of the earth," meet in her drawing-rooms, and never find her receptions dull.

Sir Algernon Borthwick is of all men in the world the best chief for *The Morning Post*, the history of which is a combination of the most characteristic traditions of the English press, and the policy of which has always been inspired by a high sense of journalistic responsibility. *The Post* was established on the 2d of November, 1772. It consisted of a folio sheet of four pages. It was at first published without a stamp, and at the price of one penny. *The Post* might therefore call itself the oldest instead of the newest penny daily. After the first thirteen numbers, however, it succumbed to the pressure of the Stamp-office, and came out with the official mark. "And," to quote the announcement of the period, "although every paper stands the proprietors in a penny extraordinary, the various publishers will now be established in every part of the town, where it will be regularly sold for the moderate price of three halfpence." In those days *The Post* had five metropolitan contemporaries, *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Public Advertiser*, *The Public Ledger*, *The London Packet*, and *The Gazetteer*. *The Morning Chronicle*, a first-class newspaper, failed to reach its centenary. It may be said to have died from the suspicion of a French subsidy. *The Times*, published originally under the title of *The Daily Universal Register*, was not established until thirteen years after *The Morning Post*. The Rev. H. D. Bate was one of the first editors of the paper. He was a type of the dashing, fighting, fox-hunting parson of the period, and had an affair with a Captain Stoney, in which he showed great personal courage; and he died, as stated in a previous sketch, a knighted dean of a probably benighted Irish parish. His patron was the Prince Regent, whose cause he espoused in *The Morning Herald*. In later years *The Post* included among its writers of prose and poetry Charles Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Arthur Young, Wordsworth, Thomas Moore,

James Jerdan, Mackworth Praed, and James Stephen, M.P.—a wonderfully brilliant list of contributors. Wordsworth's political sonnets in *The Post* created a good deal of stir in society. Many of Tom Moore's most charming lyrics appeared in *The Post*. Coleridge was regularly engaged on the paper. Fox declared in the House of Commons that "Coleridge's essays in *The Morning Post* had led to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens." When the illustrious author of the "Ancient Mariner" heard of this, he said, "I am not, indeed, silly enough to take as anything more than a violent hyperbole of party debate Mr. Fox's assertion, or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb." Coleridge at this time lived in King Street, Covent Garden. He began to write for the paper in 1797, and continued to do so until 1802. It has been said, with truth, that "the first band which bound Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth in an indissoluble union was a column of *The Morning Post*."

The Pitt administration found a staunch advocate in *The Post*. Mr. Nicholas Byrne, the proprietor, was a rich descendant of a Tory family. His life was twice attempted, and on the second time he was fatally stabbed. The event occurred about fifty years ago. Mr. Byrne was sitting alone in his office. A man suddenly entered wearing a mask. Rushing upon the unarmed editor, he stabbed him twice with a dagger. The office was besieged and the windows smashed by a Radical mob on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett's liberation from the Tower. No journal has had more litigation. The proprietors have fought numerous libel suits in the interest of the liberty of the press, and at considerable cost. As an enterprising collection of news, *The Post* has always held a foremost place. The late Lieutenant Waghorn, "the pioneer of expresses," organized its agencies. At a time when submarine cables did not exist, it was the first to announce the capture of Ghuznee and the fall of Kars. In recent days its foreign intelligence has been remarkably accurate, and it has forecast many important political events which the excellent opportunities and prescience of its chief enabled him to foresee. Judging from its general tone, its politics may be described as Liberal-Conservative, with a strong and distinct leaning to what is called

"imperialism" in foreign affairs. A collaborator with Sir Algernon Borthwick in the direction of the paper is Mr. Hardman, who also finds time for the magisterial duties of chairman of Quarter Sessions. Among the leader-writers are Mr. James Knowles, son of the eminent playwright, and Mr. Baker-Green, who recently contested, without success, an Irish borough, while several members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, contribute occasional editorials. The reviewing staff is a considerable one, much attention being given to literature. This department is under the direction of Mr. Henry Dunphie, while his brother, Mr. Charles J. Dunphie (author of *The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman*, and other volumes of essays) is the dramatic critic. One of its foreign correspondents was Mr. Edward Legge, who is now the proprietor and editor of *The Whitehall Review*. The paper has for many years been printed and published in palatial premises opposite the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand, but at its original price of one penny it is likely to be removed to still more extensive buildings.

The vastness of the empire of Queen Victoria and the various and wide-spread character of "British interests" are proved in a remarkable way, not by what the metropolitan daily papers contain, but by what they do not contain. There is no London daily journal in the local sense; no paper that represents the great city as the dailies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, represent theirs. The English provincial paper gives a full and ample record of local news, as the American journals do. But the London papers cover the empire, and deal with events of foreign cities sometimes more fully than with the incidents of their own. If "imperialism" had not become a by-word with certain party organs, one might be tempted to call the London journals imperialistic in their character and policy. The London editor sits in the midst of a telegraphic organization which brings St. Petersburg as near to him for all practical purposes as his own suburban residence. He has a special and private wire under the Channel to Paris. He knows the latest scandal in the gay city, the last intrigue at Constantinople, Bismarck's most recent *mot*, the last ministerial move at Athens, the price of bacon in Chicago, the loss of

life from the floods in Holland, what the Pope said to his cardinals about Ireland, how the Emperor of China feels toward his exported subjects in California; but how little he knows of the daily romances and tragedies of the London Streets!

Then there are the learned societies, literary, scientific, historical, geographical, antiquarian, social, religious, medical, legal, artistic; they are meeting all the year round to read papers and discuss the great questions of the time that belong to their several lines of study or general usefulness. Men of European fame speak to these associations, often on the great current topics of the time. But only when a Livingstone, a Stanley, or a Schliemann comes among us is the bull's-eye of the press turned upon the learned societies. Mr. Huxley often delivers valuable addresses without being reported; yet editors of periodicals and publishers of books will pay him anything to write for them. At the annual dinners and meetings of the learned societies speeches are made by men of the highest eminence, and the

affair is dismissed by the daily papers in a few lines, and often not mentioned at all. There is a mine of journalistic wealth in these interesting gatherings for a local London newspaper. London is governed by many public bodies, including the City Corporation, the Board of Works, and the vestries. All kinds of social and political problems are continually before these authorities, yet one rarely hears of them. The list of neglected subjects might be extended to quite a formidable length. Let it not be understood that any of them are put forward as a reproach to the seven morning and six evening papers of London, but rather as an illustration of the width and breadth of the interests they represent, and as showing how the doings of the world—its comings and goings, its trade and commerce, its tumults and wars, and its general pressure—are noted and registered at this centre of universal business, this half-way house to everywhere, this world within itself, this London, the headquarters of the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE JONCE TRAMMELL COMPROMISE.

I.

"THE difficulty about the drinkin' of sperrits," said old Mr. Spivey, "when onst a man git to knockin' of it too strong and reg'lar, is about this, that when he one time lays off, ef he don't lay off for good, when he *do* git back, it always seem as ef he wanted to make up for lost time, and so he go to knockin' of it stronger'n before—that is, providin' that you can't git him to compermise. I've saw it freckwent in my time, and I'm sixty-eight year old, a-goin' on to my sixty-nine, and which it have been ten year ago, and which there were Jonce Trammell, and which, upon my word, as to Jonce Trammell—"

But I conclude to give my own account of Mr. Trammell, as Mr. Spivey, especially after he had taken his own sweetened dram, was rather given to extended narrations, even without allowance of rests therein.

Johnson Trammell had married, some fifteen years before, with Miss Amelia Jones. It was considered a fair match. Both were good-looking—Meely, indeed, quite pretty. She was better educated than Jonce, but Jonce did not care for

that, and felt himself competent to make up for it. They were very fond of each other, even after two matters, small in the beginning, had grown into serious importance in their conjugal life.

They resided a mile southeast of the town, near the hill called Pimple Hill, on the Augusta road. In spite of a stiff rocky soil, Jonce made good crops, whose proceeds and those of his wife's loom were judiciously invested. Of late, unfortunately, Jonce had become addicted to intemperate drinking, and the business of the farm began to suffer from the subtraction of his attention. Having been brought up to work, always a hard worker, Mrs. Trammell now worked the harder. Jonce remarked her increased devotion to household duties, and he remarked farther, and with alarm, a growing sadness upon her face, a stooping in her figure, and a general oldening.

The work that she was best at, that she liked the best, that seemed most important to her family, was weaving. Almost all the clothing worn by the family, Sundays as well as week-days, was woven by herself. Then she made counterpanes and stripes that were famous, and that