

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 Hitopades'a" (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,

"(Maha Regiā) 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:

"Somdech Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukoru, 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 Maholarm, 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.

"(Maha Regiā) 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 Mahā-Bhārata, 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. Moncreux 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 employes, 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.

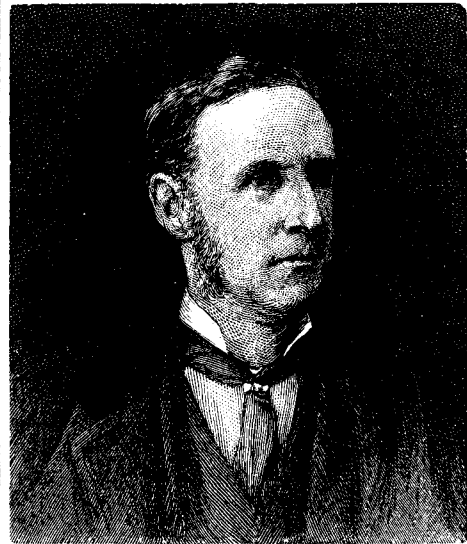


FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
[Photographed by S. Prout Newcomb.]

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.



"JULY WALKED IN FRONT, WITH HIS GUN OVER HIS SHOULDER."—[SEE PAGE 52.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE three nurses travelled southward by railway, steamboat, and wagon. On the evening of the third day they came to the first hospital, having been met at

the river by an escort, and safely guided across a country fair with summer and peaceful to the eye, but harassed by constant skirmishing—the guerrilla warfare that desolated that border during the entire war. The houses they passed looked