

## JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

First Paper.



HUNDRED years ago, Fleet Street was the most picturesque, as it is to-day the most characteristic, of London thoroughfares. In the earliest days of George the Third, Temple Bar was the portal of an avenue of many-gabled houses, from which swung trade signs of innumerable variety. There were Saracens' Heads and Golden Keys, Red Lions and Blue Boars, Bibles and Crowns and Mitres. By day they made a brave show of color. At night they creaked and groaned a chorus of strange accompaniment to the watchmen's hourly records of Time's weary progress. The dirty sidewalk was separated from the dirtier roadway by posts, over which the boys of the time played leap-frog, while cumbrous hackney carriages churned into mud the various refuse flung into the street by thoughtless housewives and "idle apprentices." Sedan-chairs were carried hither and thither, attended by linkboys, and occasionally interrupted by marauding foot-pads. Bob-wigs and buckled shoes were the fashion; and the miscellaneous crowd that passed through the frowning bar was as picturesque as the street itself. To-day a griffin spreads a pair of bat-like wings over the spot where Traitor's Gate barred the narrow way. The hybrid monster which the corporation have set up to mark the city boundary is the civic crest; and had the fabulous creature been reared aloft on a mighty pillar towering up into the clouds, the effect would have been dignified, if not grand. As it is, coming from the west, it is not the contemptuous thing severe critics would have us believe, though as a work of art it is not altogether a satisfactory performance. "The Cock," whose plump head waiter has been sung by the Laureate, no longer poses in leaf of gold within the shadow of Temple Bar. Such daylight as there is hereabouts now falls full upon the gilded bird, and the old

eating-room beyond the passage over which Grindley Gibbons's chandelier still mounts its ancient guard looks strangely out of keeping with the wooden pavement and the electric lamps of these brand-new days.

The history of Fleet Street would be a chronicle of the rise and progress of the London press. For that matter, it could be made the basis of a history of the metropolis, not to say the story of England itself, for it has classic links of fact that loop events away back in the furthestmost ages of darkness. All the more fitting is it that the press should set up in this region the fierce light that burns upon its ever-flaming altars. Who that is not occupied with that constant thirst of gold which influences many of the crowd to-day hurrying cityward can walk along Fleet Street without thinking of the "foot-prints on the sands of time" which this historic thoroughfare recalls? Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, have met here for work and gossip, and in later days Cobbett and Theodore Hook, Thackeray and Dickens, Hood and Jerrold, have carried on the old street's splendid succession. The site of London's most famous taverns, it has always been a great literary and journalistic centre. A few illustrative instances of both these features may be mentioned here. Where the Rainbow now dispenses old English fare, the Devil Tavern stood. The legend of St. Dunstan tweaking his Satanic Majesty's nose originated the sign. Simon Wadloe, "the king of skimmers," kept the house. He was immortalized in Squire Western's favorite song, "Sir Simon the King." The tavern had among its customers John Cottington, *alias* "Mull Sack," the highwayman, who divided his favors between king and commonwealth, first by picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, and then by robbing King Charles the Second's chambers at Cologne of a vast quantity of plate. The impartial thief was finally hanged at Tyburn for murder. The Globe was a well-known tavern, frequented by Macklin, the comedian, Carnan, the bookseller, and William Woodfall, the first Parliamentary reformer.

The Cock Tavern remains to-day almost in the same condition as it was when

Pepys ate a lobster there with Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knipp. The same long gloomy entrance from the street, with the same sober glimmer of fire-light playing upon sawdust at the end of it; the same high-backed seats and old square tables; the same appetizing atmosphere, redolent of chops and old ale; and, one could be sworn, the very self-same head waiter whom Will Waterproof, in Tennyson's ballad, apostrophizes in delightful measure:

"And hence this halo lives about  
The waiter's hands, that reach  
To each his perfect pint of stout,  
His proper chop to each.  
He looks not like the common breed  
That with the napkin dally;  
I think he came, like Ganymede,  
From some delightful valley."

The carved fire-place of the olden days remains. It dates from the time of James the First; and on a winter's night it is a



FIRE-PLACE IN THE COCK TAVERN.

cheery thing to see the great copper kettle of the house swinging over the fire, and William, the waiter, making whiskey punch for guests who sit by the hot hearth smoking long clay pipes. The Great Fire of London stopped at Temple Bar, and saved the Cock. During the Plague, in 1665, the landlord closed his house, retired into the country, and published the following advertisement in *The Intelligencer*:

"This is to notify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Ale-House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any Accompts with the said Master, or *Farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction."

One of these coins, the only specimen extant, is preserved in a small ebony box, and is shown to any person who has the curiosity to inspect it. We looked at it the other day while an antiques attired old gentleman, with a frilled shirt front and a high coat collar, sipped his punch, and enjoyed the primitive aspect of the place.



Every now and then you meet here strange old-world-looking men who have a Rip Van Winkle air, as if they were revisiting the haunts of their most ancient and long-past youth. The earliest printing-offices were in Fleet Street, the earliest stores for stationery and books. Wynkyn de Worde (Caxton's assistant) lived here at the sign of the Sun. Pope and Warburton are said to have first met at Jacob Robinson's book-shop, down Inner Temple Lane. On the north corner of Salisbury Square, Richardson, the printer and novelist, lived and had his office. Chaucer's works were first printed by Thomas Godfrey near Temple Bar. Cobbett's *Political Register* was printed in Bolt Court, which is one of the most interesting of the many historical courts that abound in Fleet Street. It is still a quaint, picturesque corner, as our illustration conveys, and is thick with publishing and printing offices. The Stationers' School is curiously packed away in a half-blind nook of it, and the arms of the Medical Society remain over the doorway of the most imposing of its houses, while *Truth* hangs out over the way its modern banner of the classic lady with the lamp. Dr. Johnson lived and died in Bolt Court. It was here that young Samuel Rogers went to show the doctor the early efforts of his Muse. Dr. Johnson is said to have forecast the lighting of London by gas in this court. Watching the lamp-lighter, he observed that the flame of one of the oil wicks died out. The lamp-lighter at once re-ascended his ladder, partially lift-

ed the cover, and thrust in his torch, when the thick vapor that surrounded the wick took fire, and lighted it. "Ah," said the doctor, "one of these days the streets of

large one made to put out as a sign over his shop, but he never used it. Before Johnson went to Bolt Court he lived at No. 7 Johnson Court, from 1765 to 1776;



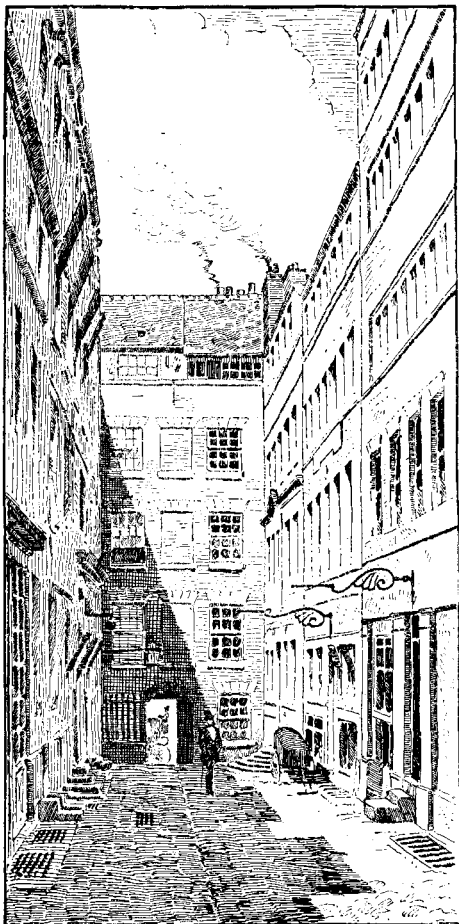
DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE.

London will be lighted by smoke!" What would his lugubrious majesty have said of the electric lamps? It is worth while mentioning, in passing, that at the east corner of Peterborough Court, where *The Daily Telegraph* is now published, was the first store opened for the sale of "Hertner's Euprion," or "Instantaneous Light Apparatus," the complicated predecessor of the Lucifer-match. Cobbett's original shop was at 183 Fleet Street, but he removed to Bolt Court. A gridiron was engraved on the first page of his *Register*, indicative of the political martyrdom he was prepared to endure, and he had a

but it was in Gough Square North where he compiled most of his Dictionary, and lost his beloved wife Letty. Some time about the year 1820, Sir Walter Scott met Theodore Hook at dinner. Charmed with his conversation, impressed with his intellectual power, and sympathizing with the poverty of his worldly means, he recommended him to a friend, who was on the eve of starting *John Bull*. Hook was thereupon appointed editor, and the journal was commenced at No. 11 Johnson's Court. For a long time this appointment was worth £2000 a year, the journal being a distinct and financial success from the

first issue. *John Bull* is still published, and has a fair circulation among old-fashioned Conservatives, and subscribers who are interested in its literary articles and clerical news.

Crane Court, of all the courts in Fleet Street, has been the most prolific of jour-



CRANE COURT.

nalistic nurseries. Rebuilt after the great fire of London, it still contains some good specimens of old brick-work. Mr. Timbs, in his *Walks and Talks about London*, says the large front house was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and inhabited by Dr. Edward Brown, an eminent physician, until 1710, when it was purchased, with the "adjoining little house," by the Royal Society; the president, Sir Isaac Newton, being in favor of the place, because it was "in the middle of the town,

and out of noise," whereas to-day it is the very heart of London's tumultuous bustle. The society removed to Somerset House in 1782, and sold the Crane Court building to the Scottish Hospital and Corporation, by whom it is still occupied. On the site of the first house on the right as you enter Crane Court, Dryden Leach, the printer, had his office. He was arrested upon suspicion of having printed No. 45 of Wilkes's *North Briton*. The Society of Arts first met in Crane Court. Its rooms were over a circulating library. It was in Crane Court that Dr. Gavin Knight, of the British Museum (while fitting up a house where Concanen had lodged), found the letter in which Warburton said Dryden borrowed for want of leisure, and Pope for want of time. *The Commercial Chronicle* was started here, and *The Traveller* had offices in the court until it was merged into *The Globe*, which is now published in the Strand. For some years *The Globe* was a favorite journal of the Liberal party. It is now a Conservative organ, edited by Mr. Armstrong, and printed on a pink-toned paper. *The Globe* has a pleasant novelty on its front page, a daily essay of a purely literary character. It is the work not only of members of the staff, but of outsiders. Many excellent contributions to this department have come from Mr. Palmer, one of the editorial lieutenants of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Thomas Purnell (the "Q" who excited the ire of poor Mr. Tom Taylor by his attacks in *The Athenæum*), and Mr. Henry Hersee are among its principal writers of dramatic, musical, and general criticism. In its active days of Liberal politics, *The Globe* was credited with being often under the direct inspiration of Lord Palmerston, touching foreign affairs. Mr. Francis Mahony, known to fame as "Father Prout," was one of its most constant writers, and had a pecuniary interest in the profits of the paper. It does not come within the compass of this article to tell the history of *The Globe*, which, however, is not thus briefly passed over on any other grounds than the necessity of restricting the subject of "Journalistic London" to the space of a certain limited number of pages. The early numbers of *Punch* were printed in Crane Court. Some years ago the present writer contributed a complete history of this famous periodical to the pages of



*London Society.* Taken as a view of an interesting literary period, the story of *Punch* is concerned with the lives and works of the leading wits, humorists, essayists, novelists, and statesmen of the Victorian era. It introduced to the world the best compositions of Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Stirling Coyne, Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, and Shirley Brooks. It has made Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier, Bennett, and Tenniell famous. During the past five-and-thirty years of England's eventful history, *Punch* has been an acknowledged power in the state. There were literary as well as political and scientific giants in the days when *Punch* was young—authors and journalists who were just stepping out of the common ruck of men to make their impressions on this wonderful age of telegraphs and penny newspapers. Bulwer was approaching the height of his fame. Charles Knight was compiling his *Encyclopaedia*. Wordsworth was laureate. Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, and Harriet Martineau were proving at once the beauty and strength of feminine intellect. Leigh Hunt was gathering honey on Parnassus, dreaming much, but never rising to such a pitch of wild imagining as that his son Thornton should become the editor of London's "largest circulated daily paper," published at a penny, and wielding a great national power. Captain Marryat was commending Peter Simple to the young hearts of Christendom. The elder Disraeli was giving to the world his *Amenities of Literature*; while sundry poets and authors were preparing lively incidents for his successor, who has not yet arisen. Samuel Warren had just published *Ten Thousand a Year*; Lever, *Charles O'Malley*; Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*; Douglas Jerrold was inventing stories beyond that "strip of silver sea" which he said was the best thing between France and England; and Charles Dickens was busy on the first chapters of *The Christmas Carol*. Fancy, after all, amidst this



F. C. BURNAND.

great literary light, the darkness of a community that did not know Tiny Tim! One almost looks back to pity a world that had not joined in the little martyr's Christmas toast, "God bless us every one!" To Mark Lemon is entitled the credit of founding *Punch*; and he was a model editor. At his death he was succeeded by Mr. Tom Taylor, who in his turn was followed by Mr. Shirley Brooks. On this scholarly and facile journalist and author resting from his labors, Mr. F. C. Burnand came into power. Mr. Burnand is one of the most original humorists of his time. For many years he had been "the life and soul" of *Punch*, as to-day he is its best adviser and the most trenchant interpreter of its spirit and purpose. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who started *The Daily News*, bought *Punch*, through Mark Lemon, when it was in danger of collapse, and found in their enterprise "an exceeding great reward." The late Mr. Grant, in his book of *The Newspaper Press*, says £1000 a year was in his time the highest salary paid to the editor of a London journal. For some years prior to his death Bradbury and Evans paid Mark Lemon £1500 a year for editing *Punch*. At No. 10 Crane Court *The Illustrated London*

*News* was first printed. It was the project of Mr. Herbert Ingram during the time that he was a news agent at Nottingham. We propose later on to deal with the rise and progress of this remarkable paper. Mark Lemon was Mr. Ingram's chief adviser in connection with the management of the journal in its early days. Indeed, there were few prominent publications of his time that Mark Lemon was not interested in. He once edited *The Family Herald*, as well as *The Field*, which latter journal was for a short time owned by Bradbury and Evans. *The Family Herald* and *The Field* are now two of the best properties of the day. Mr. Sergeant Cox, who died a year ago, left an immense fortune behind him, largely made out of *The Field*. The astute lawyer had a peculiar prescience in regard to newspapers. He had the faculty of judging what the public wants, and a keen scent for unoccupied ground in the broad field of journalistic enterprise. *The Field* was at one time the property of Benjamin Webster, the actor-lessee of the Adelphi, and it had nearly died on his hands, when Mr. Cox bought it for a trifle. Fixing in his mind what the programme of the paper ought to be, he cast about for an editor. Mr. Walsh, a surgeon of Worcester, had just at this time published a book on dogs, and a kindred work, showing a large knowledge of field-sports. Mr. Cox opened negotiations with Mr. Walsh, and induced him to accept the editorship of *The Field*. Mr. Walsh appointed sub-editors, or chiefs of departments, while travellers, naturalists, and others were invited to send in accounts of the sports of foreign lands, together with articles on natural history, or matters of general interest to country gentlemen. Reporters were appointed to supply reliable and late accounts of agriculture, sporting, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting, and *The Field* became a mirror of the urban and rural world. It grew in importance and popularity, and has for many years been paying an annual income of probably more than £25,000. Almost in the same way Mr. Cox bought *The Queen*. He took it to *The Field* office, and made it for ladies what *The Field* is for gentlemen—a complete magazine of all their practical wants and requirements, as well as a useful reflection of fashion, an organ of cookery, and a reporter of the doings of society. From a losing property, *The Queen* in two

years is said to have paid, and its income to-day is not less than £10,000 a year, and it may be double that sum. *The Exchange and Mart* was a new venture of Mr. Cox's, springing out of the overgrown department of exchange in *The Queen*. It is one of the modern curiosities of London journalism, and a very profitable undertaking.

As the City Hall marks the centre of journalistic activity in New York, so may the middle of Fleet Street be taken as the point around which within about half a mile beats and throbs the newspaper machinery of London. Within this radius are all the offices of all the great journals, many of them, as in the case of *The Times*, *The Tribune*, *The Herald*, *The World*, of New York, being almost next-door neighbors, notably *The Telegraph*, *The Standard*, *The Morning Advertiser*, *The Daily News*. Around them cluster the headquarters of many famous weeklies and the London offices of great provincial journals, such as the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, Newcastle *Chronicle*, Irish *Times*, *The Scotsman*, Leeds *Mercury*, Liverpool *Courier*, Manchester *Guardian*, and other organs of influence and position. It is one of Mr. Gladstone's favorite theories that the provincial press is better informed and more powerful than the contemporary journalism of London. There can be no question that the country press has been far more constant in its devotion to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman than the London papers have. An astute writer in *The Nation* (New York) says Mr. Gladstone's preference for the provincial over the London journals lies in the fact that he is criticised by the newspapers of London, and flattered by the newspapers of the provinces. It is interesting to find in an American journal articles so well informed about the inner life of English journalism as those which have appeared in *The Nation*. But I have seen nowhere a true estimate of the remarkable change which has taken place in the influence of the provincial press since the complete development of telegraphic intercourse between the country and the metropolis. A few years ago, before the establishment of news associations and special intelligence wires, the provincial editor was far more in accord with London opinion than now, and for this reason: when the great Parliamentary and other speeches of the day came to him,

he had also before him the editorial opinions of the leading London daily journals. The Queen's Speech, the Budget debate, and other important political manifestoes, proposals, and discussions reached him simultaneously with the editorials thereon of the metropolitan press. Before he expressed the opinion of his journal to his readers, he was informed and fortified with the views of London. Some country editors were content to adopt the opinions of certain papers which belonged to their party. Others weighed up the points of two or three journals, and combined what fitted their opinions with such a line of advocacy or denunciation as they deemed most suitable to their constituency. Thus the metropolitan press exercised a strong influence on the pens of country writers, and in those days the London papers had a much larger circulation in the provinces than they have now. The position of the country editor and leader-writer has entirely changed with the concurrent telegrams of Reuter, and the use of special London wires. He now receives the Queen's Speech almost as soon as the London dailies get it. The Budget and all other great debates are telegraphed to him as they occur, so that the editorial opinion of the country editor is nowadays a more individual and independent one than that of his London contemporary.

With the proofs of the Parliamentary debates or important international news before him, sometimes with only the telegraphic flimsy itself to guide him, he must write his editorial upon the subject reported. As a rule, the country editor is a writing journalist. He has assistants, but he himself contributes to his paper its most important editorials. He must write, as a rule, on the spur of the moment. There is no club where he can gather the prevailing opinion. He can not go outside his office and tap the sentiments of the crowd. He has no colleagues with whom to consult. No minister is interviewed for him as to the probable course of the government under certain circumstances. He has no proprietary chief picking up ideas in the lobbies of the Commons, or sitting within "the magic portals" of the House itself, who will slip out and guide him with a special "tip." The very atmosphere of London seems instinct with the opinion of the hour on great questions. In the clubs you hear a hundred opinions and comments while great de-

bates are in progress. The telegraphic desks at the Reform, the Carlton, and at many minor clubs are centres of opinions as well as news. The country editor has none of these advantages. Leeds and Manchester and Birmingham have gone to bed long after London clubs and coteries are reading and discussing the nightly telegrams. Moreover, the principal provincial daily papers only receive full telegrams of great events, the baldest summaries being supplied to the local clubs, and those only up to a certain hour; so that the editorial writer who is to influence the local opinion of the next morning distinctly gives them his own uninfluenced individual opinion. It will no doubt smack of the party flavor of his paper, but it will be free from the sudden impulses of London opinion. Sitting in his office alone, with the facts to be discussed fresh before him, he has written his article; and whether for good or evil, it is the outcome of an independent mind, unbiassed by outside information, unchecked by ministerial or other influence; and in this way, having to exercise its own judgment, the provincial press has come to employ high-class talent, which has been further improved by having to rely upon its own resources, and by the constant exercise of the courage of expressing its opinion. It is natural that under these conditions the provincial writer should be cautious in his language and consistent in his views. There is more active political life in the country than in London, because politics represents recreation as well as duty in provincial towns and cities. Therefore the local journal can not afford to be otherwise than consistent. Its policy is watched with jealous eyes, and political chiefs like Gladstone on the one hand and Salisbury on the other are gods not to be lightly criticised. At the same time *The Nation* is hardly fair when it says that the country press merely re-echoes Mr. Gladstone's opinions; for touching the Russo-Turkish war there were some notable examples of Liberal journals that went over to the other side, as *The Daily Telegraph* did on the question of foreign politics.

The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, under Mr. E. C. Leng (who exposed the Broadhead tyranny, a pen in one hand, a revolver in the other), risked an established Liberal position to follow the Conservative Premier. It is true that on the whole

question, if we may judge by the result of the general election, a tremendous percentage of country opinion was with Mr. Gladstone. "The metropolitan journals prophesied defeat; they were wrong. The provincial journals prophesied success; they were right. Therefore Mr. Gladstone's conclusion is that provincial journals understand and reflect public opinion, while the metropolitan mistake and mislead it. But Mr. Gladstone confines himself to the year 1880; he does not look back to the year 1874, when the provincial journals prophesied his victory at the polls, and he found out they were completely wrong. The fact is, the great majority of the provincial journals are Liberal, and the wish being father to the thought, they always prophesy a Liberal victory." This is a plausible explanation, and is admirably put, but it does not, I think, truly gauge the situation. In the 1874 election there was no particular division of opinion between London and the provinces. Mr. Gladstone had made many mistakes, more particularly the one of arrogance toward his party and its leaders. A feeling had spread that he had neglected to maintain the foreign influence and dignity of his country. The Continental press had flouted England over and over again with having sunk to the position of a third-rate power. The national pride was roused with the stigma cast upon Mr. Gladstone's government by the opposition, that the policy of his government was peace at any price. His popularity fell; it went down under the common instinct of the people that there was foreign trouble ahead, and that neither he nor his cabinet were the persons to cope with it. This is not an expression of opinion (this paper is not a political essay), but it is a matter of fact. Mr. Gladstone's majority, in spite of his election promise to reduce the income tax, was cast to the winds, and Mr. Disraeli was returned. But on that occasion there was no marked division of opinion between the opinions of the London and provincial press. At the last general election there was. The London press were not in accord with their country contemporaries either on the question at issue or in their forecast of the results. Whether the country opinion was the right one as to the imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield is an open question, which it is not necessary to discuss here. But there can

be no question about the Gladstonian victory being far more of a surprise to London than it was to the country. The London papers interpreted the result by the unanimous expression of the opinion of intellectual and moneyed London being against the government. They took the views of the city on 'Change and at the banks, and the opinions of Mayfair and Clubland at the West, as the opinion of London. But it turned out not to be the opinion of voting London; while the sanguine forecasts of the Liberal press of the country were the outcome of the discontent of the masses, and the general rallying of a great party stimulated by the desire for a change of government. Mr. Gladstone may take a good deal of credit to himself for the marshalling of these forces. What Lord Beaconsfield called a "pilgrimage of passion" was the trumpet call of a great chief. Mr. Gladstone's famous tour of oratory did much to realize for the country press their forecast of the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Gladstone is often said to be more of a politician than a statesman, and there may be a certain amount of diplomacy in his flattery of the provincial press. It is provincial England, not journalistic London, that makes and un-makes Parliaments, but country journalists themselves will not agree with the Premier's statement that they are better informed than their brethren of the metropolis. London is the centre of the world, the half-way house of the Old World on its way to the continent of Europe. It is the pivot upon which the financial operations of the world move. The head-quarters of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is the capital of capitals. All the knowledge of creation past and present is collected here. The seat of government, it is the starting-point of great events, the receptacle of news and opinions from abroad. What the country learns by wire, London learns by word of mouth. The foreign ambassador, the great traveler, the diplomatic intriguer, the foreign scientist, the soldier from distant camps, the Queen's messengers going to and fro, we meet them face to face; we hear their stories from their own lips. Ministers of state, members of Parliament, government officials, the special correspondents of great newspapers, they are here on the spot, and official intelligence of current movements and changes, of facts and



opinions, filter from these sources through society and down to the streets, and give to the formation of public opinion an amount of information which can not possibly reach the country; and London is always in a position to give a sober and more reliable opinion on foreign politics than Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, or Birmingham. It would be easy to build up a mountain of reasons to refute Mr. Gladstone's assertions as to the superior knowledge of the provincial over the London press, and without for a moment disparaging the scholarship and power of the country editors, from whose ranks London continually recruits its own; but it is more to the purpose of this sketch that we now turn our undivided attention to the newspapers of the metropolis.

Although it has its head-quarters in and around Fleet Street, it is hard to say where journalistic London begins and ends. Time was when the "writer for the press" did not consider that his calling made it necessary for him to "mix in society," to belong to the best clubs, and have an establishment of his own where the greatest in the land should not be ashamed to visit him, but should gladly grace his board and interchange family courtesies at his wife's receptions. The Potts of Dickens would be as hard to find in the country to-day as the Shandon of Thackeray in London. As Bohemia has laid aside its long pipe and "two of gin," its sawdust floors and pewter pots, so has journalistic London advanced from the tavern corner, the sponging-house, and the gutter to take a foremost place in the best society of the time, combining with literary London to make an intellectual aristocracy that bids fair to hold in general estimation a standing equal to that of hereditary rank and fortune. Liberal Premiers and Liberal cabinets are credited with showing a more genuine respect for journalism than their Conservative opponents, though both have long since ceased to keep the London editor where Lord Chesterfield detained Dr. Johnson, a patient and despised waiter on greatness among the lackeys in the hall. Now and then a London journalist unconsciously reveals the old state of things when he scoffs at some successful rival who has ventured to refer familiarly to a distinguished person, just as Mr. Lawson was attacked for speaking in some past controversy of the Premier as his

"friend Mr. Gladstone." Remembering the proverb that hawks do not eat hawks, journalists should not disparage the social distinction of their class. A great journal like *The Daily Telegraph* wields as powerful an influence as Mr. Gladstone, and to suggest that the director of such a power has not sufficient standing to meet Mr. Gladstone on equal terms, especially at a time when *The Telegraph* was supporting the Gladstone policy, is to discount the general status of the journalist, and depreciate the very power which the press claims for itself as the fourth estate of the realm. Besides, who does not remember Lord Palmerston's famous rebuke to Mr. Disraeli when the caustic leader of the opposition suggested, in a Parliamentary debate, that there were London editors who were politically influenced by their reception in "the gilded saloons" of the wives of ministers?

The sneer was aimed at Mr. Delane, who was constantly invited to Lady Palmerston's parties. The House of Commons did not see this more quickly than Lord Palmerston did. The fine old Englishman at once denounced the slight attempted to be put upon the integrity of journalism, and amidst the cheers of the Commons he paid a splendid tribute to the character of Mr. Delane, the editor of *The Times*, concluding by saying that it was a source of pride and gratification to possess the personal friendship and enjoy the society of a man of Mr. Delane's high honor and varied acquirements. In press circles the late Lord Beaconsfield is credited with other personal slights of journalists; and this is strange, seeing how intimately his career was at one time bound up with literature and the press. He was the "Runnymede" of *The Times*, and he must have contributed many a brilliant article to the papers in his early days. But when he was one of the gilded youth of London, press men were "poor devils" to be sneered at and contemned; and in his later days the brilliant statesman and satirist was not able to shake off the social traditions, axioms, and customs of the time when he was a beau of the first water, and the centre of a fashionable set that wiped its feet on journals and journalists. How bitterly some of the newspapers and "newspaper writers" (as Burke called them, when he said, "They are for the greater part either unknown or in contempt") have avenged their dead and gone brethren the

future historian of the fourth estate may illustrate by extracts from the present press files for the information of a future generation. At the same time, the public men of the present day have had "big stand-up fights" with the newspaper—notably the encounter between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Delane, when Cobden spoiled his opening letter by the pettifogging and hackneyed pretense that he was not in the habit of reading *The Times*, but that his attention had been called to it; notably when Mr. John Bright jibed at the Beaconsfield ministry for allowing themselves to be influenced by the warlike tendencies of a section of their supporters, and by "the raving lunacy of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and, if the House would pardon the alliteration, the delirium tremens of *The Daily Telegraph*."

As these papers can make no pretense to a systematic history of journalism, the writer proposes to himself rather to give prominence to new and authorized facts in connection with the great journals of the time than to set out the ordinary and oft-repeated histories which have become familiar. In selecting his subjects, he lays aside the customary marshalling of dates of priority, and does not consider it necessary to parade the precedence which has been given to journals according to age, circulation, or position. He is anxious that it shall be considered he is merely chatting with the readers about a great subject, while neither he nor they have any more time at the moment to spare than is necessary for a gossip, which he hopes will, however, be both pleasant and instructive. Among the stories of the projection and establishment of London papers, that of *The Daily News* has never been completely told. We can commend this present history of it as new in many respects, and true in all. The first number is dated January 21, 1846. It is curious to see a daily paper without any telegrams. It was thought a great thing to have received from Paris on the 21st of January advices as late as the 19th. There was a story in Bouverie Street, which we believe was true, that before this number appeared, a bogus paper was brought out in order to show the preparedness of the machinery and detail. Notwithstanding this, it appears from the good-humored protest from "A Subscriber," in the second number, that the arrangements were by no means perfect.

The letter is interesting, since it is known that Mr. Charles Dickens wrote both the letter and the editorial rejoinder which follows.

"To the Editor of the 'Daily News':

"SIR,—Will you excuse my calling your attention to a variety of typographical errors in your first number? Several letters are standing on their heads, and several others seem to have gone out of town; while others, like people who are drawn for the militia, appear by deputy, and are sometimes very oddly represented. I have an interest in the subject, as I intend to be, if you will allow me,

"YOUR CONSTANT READER.

"21st January, 1846."

"We can assure our good-humored correspondent that we are quite conscious of the errors he does us the favor to point out so leniently. The very many inaccuracies and omissions in our first impression are attributable to the disadvantageous circumstances attending the production of a first number. They will not occur, we trust, in any other.—ED. 'DAILY NEWS.'"

Dickens, during the six weeks of his editorship, was most active in engaging contributors right and left. Money flowed from the proprietary coffers "like water." A railway editor was engaged at two thousand pounds a year. There were foreign, colonial, and Heaven knows what editors besides. Bradbury and Evans supplied the capital. Ultimately Mr. C. W. Dilke, the grandfather of the present Sir Charles, and a man of great energy, on becoming manager, reduced things to order, though if it was upon his recommendation that the price of the paper was lowered to 2½d., his wits must have been asleep for once. In those days the heavy paper and advertisement duties made it impossible for a journal to be sold profitably under 5d. per copy. The object of *The Daily News* for some time seemed to be to constitute itself a popular *Times*. In those days *The Times* was not the champion of freedom it is now.

*The Daily News*, on the other hand, espoused the cause of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary, as of the Parliamentary reformers at home. In this work, however, it quarrelled with Messrs. Cobden and Bright, whose peace-at-any-price doctrines were not to its taste. Mr. Bright openly sneered at *The Daily News*, and has never been a very cordial friend to it. Such contributors as Douglas Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Lardner (who was the correspondent in Paris), and John For-

ster gave the paper a high literary standing. Mr. Forster made an excellent editor, but the forces against him were too strong for him to prove successful. Mr. Knight Hunt, a busy, energetic little doctor, who wrote a fair account of the history of the newspaper press, worried himself to death in the effort to bring the paper to live upon a farthing a day without actual extinction. He was succeeded by a worthy Scotchman—a tall, gray-haired, canny Scot, as deaf as a post, into whose ear Lord Brougham said it was impossible, though he often tried, to pour a confidential communication. For this reason poor Weir was excluded from the political clubs, greatly to his annoyance. There was a chorus of praise from the press when the poor fellow died, despite the hostility which had reigned between them. No one was a better “hater” than old Weir. *The Times* of September 17, 1858, had the following paragraph: “The late William Weir.” Under this title *The Daily News* publishes a well-earned tribute to the memory of its late editor—a gentleman to whom the public is greatly indebted for the able and honest conduct of that journal. We have often differed with it, but never without sincere respect for the ability and the gentlemanly spirit in which it was conducted—a spirit which made it, the youngest of our contemporaries, a worthy representative of the English press.” Harriet Martineau discussed all sorts of topics with the utmost freedom. She wrote three articles a week by agreement, and this was continued after she had gone to her Westmoreland home. She delighted in her work, and contributed greatly to the high literary reputation of the paper. Her style was always clear and forcible, and her views were enlarged and humane. One story which she used to tell after she had ceased to write, which was only a few years before her death, was that she once enabled the paper to make an announcement of the first importance, viz., the sailing of the fleet for the Baltic during the Crimean war. It

appears that she was on visiting terms with a lady who was anxious to get an appointment on one of the ships for her son, and having claims upon her Majesty, she had asked the royal interposition. The Queen called upon her one morning to tell her to set her mind at rest, for the



J. R. ROBINSON.

fleet was going to the Baltic, and her boy should go with it. In the afternoon Miss Martineau called to see her friend, and was told of the circumstances. With true journalistic aptness, she drove back to *The Daily News* office, and made known the fact, and *The Daily News* had all the credit of having received exclusively an official notification. In 1869, Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager, persuaded Miss Martineau to let him collect from *The Daily News* the various biographic sketches she had written for the paper. They were published, and secured a large sale. She was delighted, as she fancied the world had forgotten her. The praises which the critics lavished on the essays gave her great pleasure. The profits amounted to some hundreds of pounds, and were to her the least part of the gratification derived from the publication of the work.

Mr. Thomas Walker, who was for some time sub-editor of the paper, has a claim to the respect of the American people, for it was during his editorship that the paper



F. H. HILL.

fought so gallantly in the cause of the North. In 1855, the present manager of the paper, Mr. J. R. Robinson, joined *The Daily News*, taking the post of editor of an evening paper in connection with *The Daily News*, called *The Express*, which under his direction was considered among journalists to be the best evening paper for news and general make-up that had ever been published. Mr. Robinson was an enthusiastic sympathizer with the North. For many years he had been the London correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Boston Advertiser*. The Southern sympathies of the wealthy classes tended to injure the paper, and certain large auctioneers, publishers, and other advertisers of that class declared they would have nothing to do with "such a rascally Yankee print." It was even reported that the journal had been subsidized by the North. A facetious gossip went about vowing he had seen a cart-load of greenbacks at *The Daily News* door. The proprietors at that time were two gentlemen unknown

to fame. They bore up under the external pressure for some time, but at length grew nervous, and one of them insisted that the paper should "rat." The story goes that one day, when the fortunes of the North were at their darkest, and Mr. Roebuck had postponed in Parliament a motion for the recognition of the South, simply because, as he said, "events would have answered it" before the week had passed, Robinson and his co-editor were confronted with the suggestion that the policy of the papers must be altered, or—Both vowed they would stand fast so far as each was concerned, and go out into the wilderness if need be; but before a week had passed, events *had* settled the question, though not in the manner indicated by Mr. Roebuck. Laboring patiently against the adverse condition of "too low a price," *The Daily News* at last, in 1868, decided once for all to take the revolutionary step of transforming itself into a penny paper. A few gentlemen, including Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. H. Labou-

chere, M.P., Sir Charles Reed, M.P., and Mr. H. Oppenheim, bought the paper, and the experiment began. Mr. Walker, who will be remembered with esteem, we are persuaded, by Mr. Adams and other American friends, obtained the comparative sinecure of the editorship of the *London Gazette*, which he still holds, and Mr. Frank H. Hill, who, while editing *The Northern Whig* at Belfast, had contributed much valuable matter on the American question to *The Daily News*, and had subsequently joined it as assistant editor, becoming eventually editor-in-chief. An accomplished and scholarly writer, Mr. Hill has an incisive and telling style, which is aided by a broad and extensive knowledge of the world. One of his colleagues, a man of undoubted and universally acknowledged power, in replying to a letter addressed to him inquiring his opinion of Mr. Hill, whose acquaintance the writer had not made, says: "You are aware, of course, that Mr. Hill is the author of that collection of masterly and, I





ARCHIBALD FORBES.

think, unrivalled personal *Political Portraits*. He is also, there can be no doubt, the author of the 'Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield,' which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review*.

He is one of the most accomplished scholars I know, and his reading, both in solid and light literature, is very varied. He is a wonderfully good talker, with a strong tinge of the sarcastic in his manner and his way of looking at things and men. I do not know any one who has a happier gift of touching off a character in two or three phrases, and seeming to get to its very depths, and illustrate its weak points as if by a flash. The number of happy things he has said about people in public life is surprising. At the same time, like many or most persons who have a liking for the satirical mood, he is a man of singularly kind nature, about whom one hears nothing that is not to his credit." Mr. Hill, before he came to the editorial chair of *The Daily News*,

was a leader-writer on *The Saturday Review*.

For two years, however, the new penny paper was carried on at a loss. In 1870 there came a change. "You and Bismarck," said the late Shirley Brooks to a chief of *The News*, "are the only persons who have gained by this war; you deserved it." Awaiting his opportunity, Mr. Robinson, the far-seeing manager, had seized this war as the one to be used. His first theory was to substitute at every point the electric telegraph for the post. "You mean," said the correspondents to him, "that we are to telegraph bits of our letters." "No," was the reply; "you are to telegraph the whole of them." Given the right men, this was the way to succeed. Money was spent so freely that the coffers must have become very low before the tide turned. A happy alliance was contracted with the

New York *Tribune*, the two papers exchanging each other's dispatches. Mr. Smalley is held in great respect by his former associate, who declares him to be



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"a very Napoleon of journalism." The remarkable war telegrams in *The Daily News* changed the whole aspect of affairs. In one week the circulation increased from 50,000 to 150,000, and everywhere abroad *The Daily News* dispatches were recognized as the best. Collected afterward into two volumes, they still form the most complete record of the actual war operations. As indicating the influence of the paper, it may be said that in the midst of the war the directors suggested the collection of a fund for the relief of the peasants in the occupied districts of France. So rapidly was this taken up that in a few weeks £27,500 was forwarded in various sums to the office. This represented a tremendous addition to Mr. Robinson's labors, as he was treasurer, committee, and secretary all in one. Collections were made at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and in a large number of churches and chapels throughout the land. The number of war correspondents on *The Daily News* staff was seventeen. Mr. Archibald Forbes was the chief, and his brilliant adventures and successes are so fresh in the minds of the public on both sides of the Atlantic that it is not necessary to dwell upon them here. Mr. Labouchere's "Diary of a Besieged Resident of Paris" is among the brightest and cleverest of newspaper correspondence. Other distinguished "war pens" on *The Daily News* were Messrs. J. A. MacGahan, F. D. Millet, E. Pease, E. O'Donovan, T. H. Skinner, and V. Julius. Among the eminent men who have contributed to *The Daily News* may be mentioned Sir Joseph Arnold, afterward judge at Bombay; Professor T. Spencer Baynes; Mr. E. Pigott, Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's department; Drs. Warren, George Macdonald, and Westland Marston; Professor Nichol; and Messrs. William Black (the novelist), John Hollingshead, J. N. Lockyer, A. Lang, and Mr. E. L. Godkin, the latter gentleman known in New York as the accomplished editor of *The Nation*, which has not been inaptly called "an improved *Saturday Review*." Mr. Moy Thomas, a writer of rare acumen and large knowledge of books, plays, and actors, is the dramatic critic; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, one of the most industrious of the hard-worked class of journalists and authors, and a writer of great and varied gifts, is still properly credited with a good deal of the

incisive editorial matter in *The News*. Novelist, journalist, historian, lecturer, member of Parliament, Mr. McCarthy is a representative man in all the branches of literature and politics, which he has essayed with courage and success. Some of his friends lament that he has been drawn into the whirlpool of Irish agitation; but despite his thirty years' residence in England, he is Irish, "native and to the manner born," and master of his own destiny, it is not for friends or admirers to limit or select the field of his labors, or the political and personal objects of his sympathies. Journalistic London has reason to be proud of counting among its ranks men whose talents command alike the respect of friends and foes.

#### THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH the Society of Antiquaries of London was founded in 1572, and although other organizations devoted to the collection of antiquities were established in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, archæology as a science is of recent origin. The oldest European society designed to further the study of the monuments of ancient civilization—the German Institute for Archæological Correspondence at Rome—celebrated in 1879 only the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. But within the last ten years the development of our knowledge of the early races has been rapid and extensive. The explorations of Di Cesnola at Cyprus, of Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, of Wood at Ephesus, have lifted the curtain which had hidden the memorials of the civilization of Asia Minor. It is not rash to assert that within the last decade we have learned more of the character of the early races, as embodied in their material works, than eighteen Christian centuries had taught.

But the origin of American archæology is yet more recent. Although the works of the early inhabitants of Mexico and Central America had been explored for a considerable period previous, it was not till 1848 that a treatise of importance on the antiquities of the United States was published. It was issued by the Smithsonian Institution, and was on *The Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*. For the last thirty years the work of exploration and investigation has been