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THE STORY OF THE
HOUSE OF CASSELL



JOHN CASSELL

THE STORY OF THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

With Twenty Illustrations



CASSELL AND COMPANY, LTD
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1922

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FOREWORD

THE House of Cassell, now nearly eighty years old, holds a unique place among English publishing houses. It was the pioneer of some important movements—the bringing of educational literature within reach of the mass of English people, the serial publication of great books, and the modern development of illustration in both books and periodical publications. It has grown from small beginnings into a huge institution whose name is familiar all over the world.

The history of the House of Cassell falls into four epochs. The first was that in which John Cassell's individuality counted for everything, and ran from his vague beginnings as a publisher in the early 'forties to his death in 1865. The second was the eighteen years of George William Petter and Thomas Dixon Galpin's supremacy, from 1865 to 1883. The third, dating from the formation of the Company in 1883, was chiefly dominated by the personality of Sir Wemyss Reid, the general manager from 1887 to 1905.

The last epoch began with the appointment in 1905 of Sir Arthur Spurgeon, the present general manager, and has been noteworthy for a complete reorganization of the business on modern lines and the restoration of its old prosperity and activity, which had been somewhat dimmed during the latter years of the nineteenth century.

The records here presented owe much to the collaboration of various members of the staff of Cassell's, past and present. The narrative has drawn largely upon their recollections.

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CONTENTS

PART I

JOHN CASSELL

CHAPTER	PAGE
1. FACTORY HAND AND TEMPERANCE REFORMER	3
2. FROM TEA MERCHANT TO PUBLISHER	12
3. LA BELLE SAUVAGE	19
4. THE GROWTH OF EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE	25
5. JOHN CASSELL AND LORD BROUGHAM AND OTHERS	35
6. THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE—AMERICAN EXPERIENCES	43
7. THE LAST YEARS	54

PART II

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

1. CASSELL, PETTER AND GALPIN	63
2. SOME EDITORS AND ARNOLD-FORSTER	71
3. DEPARTMENTAL MANAGERS	80
4. THE NEW ORDER	85
5. FORTY YEARS OF ILLUSTRATION	96
6. MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS	114
7. THE FIRST HALFPENNY NEWSPAPER, AND SOME OTHERS	147
8. SERIALS AND BOOKS	157
9. THE NOVELISTS: "R. L. S." AND OTHERS	207
10. THE MACHINERY AT LA BELLE SAUVAGE	221
11. THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LA BELLE SAUVAGE	230
INDEX	237

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

JOHN CASSELL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
LA BELLE SAUVAGE INN	18
COACH EMERGING FROM LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD	22
RELIEF FROM OLD LA BELLE SAUVAGE (SHOWING THE CREST OF THE CUTLERS' COMPANY)	24
THE ENTRANCE TO LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD IN 1782	24
GEORGE WILLIAM PETTER	64
THOMAS DIXON GALPIN	66
SIR WEMYSS REID	70
RT. HON. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER	78
W. E. HENLEY	98
SIR J. E. MILLAIS	110
SIR LUKE FILDES, K.C.V.O., R.A.	110
HENRY MORLEY	160
DEAN FARRAR	160
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	208
SIR RIDER HAGGARD, K.B.E.	216
COL. BURNABY	216
H. G. WELLS	218
FLEET LANE VIEW OF CASSELL AND COMPANY'S PREMISES	222
LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, 1921	228

PART I
JOHN CASSELL

CHAPTER I

FACTORY HAND AND TEMPERANCE REFORMER

JOHN CASSELL was born on January 23, 1817, and died on April 2, 1865. Though he accomplished many things, the principal achievement of his forty-eight years was the building of the publishing house that bears his name.

Cassell was a living paradox. He surpassed probability, defied heredity, rose superior to environment. A poor boy without material resources, he came to deal in extensive enterprises and control what were, in his day, large capitals. Uneducated himself, he did more than most men of his time to promote the higher education of the English masses. The son of a publican, he was an ardent teetotaller and a powerful advocate of temperance reform. A mechanic by training, he devoted his life to purely intellectual labour. Hardly anything John Cassell did was what he might have been expected to do.

Little is known of his family. His great-grandfather was a Worcestershire man who had migrated into Kent. He died at Beckenham in 1760. William Cassell, his son, married a farmer's daughter, a Miss Matthews, whose family had occupied the same homestead for more than a century. They were blessed with many children, of whom the youngest, Mark, broke away from the Kentish associations and from agriculture, and became the landlord of the Ring o' Bells Inn at No. 8 Old Churchyard, Hunt's Bank, Manchester. He had chosen his wife, however, from the rural stock; her father was a farmer in the Nuneaton country.

The Story of the House of Cassell

This Boniface of an industrial suburb was John Cassell's father, and it was at the Ring o' Bells that John Cassell was born. The family enjoyed fair comfort during the first ten years of the boy's life; but Mark Cassell, disabled by a fall, became a helpless invalid, lingered so for three years, then died. Mrs. Cassell courageously faced the heavy burden of maintaining the family. She was a capable and resourceful woman, who had somehow acquired skill in upholstery, and at that craft she contrived to earn a living. But so laborious a life left her little time for the care of her son, who went to factory work. His "education" had been meagre. It is thought that before his father's death he had attended one of the schools of the British and Foreign Society, then largely used by the children of Nonconformist parents. The little knowledge thus acquired was eked out at a Sunday school conducted by the Rev. Dr. McAll. And this was the sum of his schooling.

The lot of the unlettered poor in the Lancashire of the early nineteenth century was vividly described by Thomas Whittaker*, a friend of Cassell in his youth:

"The food had to come through the fingers of the family—as soon as a shilling or two could be earned by any of us we had to help. My term of toil began when just over six years old, and from that moment continued, either in print shops or cotton mills. The hours were long and the work hard, so that often, when in the midst of my work, I fell fast asleep, standing bolt upright, and was not infrequently awakened by the man whose help I was knocking me down like a dead fish on the floor. I had to rise not later than five, walk a mile to the mill, where I was kept going with very little intermission for meals. I did not get home until 8 P.M., when I would drop asleep from sheer exhaustion and weariness."

Cassell entered on this Calvary probably at a little earlier age than Whittaker, and soon revolted from it. He first tried working for Mr. Phythian, who made tape

* Thomas Whittaker, a well-known Temperance advocate, sometime Mayor of Scarborough.

The Carpenter's Shop

and the like things, but being discontented, he went on to a more genteel manufacturer of velveteen, who paid higher wages,—and was still discontented. A boy of lively spirit and curious mind, he loathed the dreary prospect of life as a factory hand. He detested the monotonous work, hated the dull confinement of the mill, was oppressed by the sordid conditions of the mean streets about him. By the age of sixteen he had abandoned it all and set out on a desultory search for more pleasant employment.

By accident he became a carpenter. His Odyssey in the streets of Manchester brought him to a carpenter's shop, where he stood watching the men make the plain deal tables used in artisans' kitchens. Presently he remarked that he thought he could make a table if they would let him try. With mingled good-humour and scorn the master carpenter invited him to begin. He took off his coat and set to work. It was said by uncritical friends that his first table was almost as good as the work of an old hand. But the master carpenter perceived that he had a youth of energy, determination and ideas to deal with, and offered him a job at the bench at weekly wages.

Before long he found carpentering hardly more satisfying than tape making as an outlet for his abounding mind. Cassell was a born reformer—an apostle of discontent with things as they are, an evangelist of better things.

It happened that the first reforming movement which caught him up and bore him along was temperance. Livesey's "teetotal" campaign had just begun. The new doctrine of total abstinence as the only real cure for the social evil of drink was not easy to practise nor popular to preach. For the working masses tea and coffee were at almost prohibitive prices; milk was a luxury. Beer was the cheapest drink, the most attainable; even children were suckled on small ale. The crusader against beer had these practical obstacles to face, and his con-

The Story of the House of Cassell

verts were called upon for high self-denial and strength of will. None the less, the movement grew, and it was fortified by the support of a number of medical men, who added scientific physiological arguments to the crusaders' moral and religious pleas.

It was a teetotal doctor who brought Cassell in. He "signed the pledge" at a meeting held by Mr. Thomas Swindlehurst, to whose son he related the story in a letter long after :

" 17th July, 1861.

" The circumstances under which I identified myself with the Temperance movement were, that I was attracted to the Tabernacle, Stevenson Square, Manchester, by a course of lectures which were given by Dr. Grindrod. I was fully convinced of the truth and importance of the question under Dr. Grindrod's lectures, and I did not sign any declaration until your father came and delivered a lecture in the same building as that in which I heard Dr. Grindrod."

Livesey's reminiscences give us a glimpse of the John Cassell of eighteen. Livesey first saw him listening to one of his lectures at Oak Street Chapel, Manchester. He well remembered Cassell "standing on the right, just below or on the steps of the platform, with fustian jacket and a white apron on." Thomas Whittaker adds features to the portrait. Cassell, he says, was "a marvellous man, young, bony, big, and exceedingly uncultivated. . . . I was his model man as an orator; and, as he subsequently told me . . . it was his desire to be like me that determined him to take to the road and the platform. He never let go the desire to be somebody and to do something from that moment."

The total abstinence movement it was, undoubtedly, that awoke John Cassell's latent powers. He was about eighteen when he became involved in it. From that time onward he closely observed the habits and conditions of the industrial mass. He perceived its blank ignorance. Its grey life moved his sympathy and anger. He had already resolved to emancipate himself. He now deter-

Arrival in London

mined to release as many others as he might. To this end he slaved untiringly at "self-education." Somehow—by what actual means there is no knowing—he acquired a wide, discursive knowledge, a liberal if chaotic education. Probably he used the mechanics' institutes, by that time set up in most industrial centres largely by force of the compassionate enthusiasm of Brougham, who later on was to become a powerful influence in Cassell's life. Hardly anywhere else could he have made his acquaintance with French and obtained those peeps into science whose fascinations in after years prompted some of the features of his famous "Popular Educator."

From 1835 to the autumn of 1836 he was hot-gossiping for teetotalism in the Manchester district. Then a restless desire for larger experiences set in, and he fared forth on foot to London. He made his great walk a missionary temperance tour, lasting about sixteen days. He spoke to any audience he could get in any town or village, and eked out his little store of money by doing odd jobs of carpentering. When he reached London his wealth totalled threepence. On the evening of his arrival he went to the New Jerusalem schoolroom, near the Westminster Road, where a meeting was being held.

"There were not more than fifty persons present," says Mr. J. P. Parker, who was there; "and, as we were glad to get help from any advocate who offered his services, when Mr. Cassell gave his name he was readily accepted. He stood on the little dais, a gaunt stripling, poorly clad and travel-stained. He was plain, straightforward, and earnest, but very broadly provincial in speech. At the end of a few minutes he stopped abruptly. Somebody in the meeting cried out 'Go on!' 'How can a chap go on when he has no more to say?' was the reply; and honest John gave in. A few years ago, in the course of conversation with Mr. Cassell, I reminded him of the fact that I have stated, and this was his reply: 'I was very low in pocket and mind that night; for I had not the money to pay for a lodging, and being too proud to ask for help, I walked the streets of London all night.'"

The Story of the House of Cassell

There was, however, in the chair at this meeting a man prepared to befriend him. It was Mr. John Meredith, the honorary secretary of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. He and the Rev. W. R. Baker, a Congregational minister, sometime travelling secretary of the society, conceived a warm interest in this lonely young man with a mission when he called on them at their office in Tokenhouse Yard. Mr. Baker's sister, who saw him there, said there was nothing particularly prepossessing about him except "his simple and candid manner of expressing himself." And she adds, in her own homely style: "He had but little book education, and hands accustomed to labour, but he had a mind bent on improvement and a heart filled with love towards his deluded fellow-countrymen. My brother saw that he possessed considerable natural talent waiting opportunities to develop itself. He encouraged him, introduced him to many meetings, and met him at many more. From that time, whenever he required counsel or friendly sympathy, John Cassell knew where to seek it, and thus . . . my brother had the satisfaction of seeing, after a lapse of a few years, the same individual rise to an enviable position in our great metropolis."

Cassell spent six months in London, holding temperance meetings wherever he could get anybody to listen to him. One of the early teetotal reformers was John Williams, who had been a chief carpenter in the Navy, but in the 'thirties was in business as carpenter and undertaker in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, now Sardinia Street. Williams was a devout Methodist, zealous for missionary work in such unpromising regions as Clare Market, and had helped to start one of the first total abstinence societies in London. To him Cassell brought an introduction from a tradesman of the same craft in Manchester, and they joined forces at once. Williams's grandson, Mr. Farlow Wilson, late printing manager at La Belle Sauvage, thus describes their methods in his "Recollections of an Old Printer":

The Temperance Agent

“ Their plan of operation was this: Some half-dozen Temperance advocates would assemble near to a public-house, my Uncle Alexander . . . would play a tune or two on his flageolet, and when this had attracted a group of listeners, the real proceedings would begin with a brief prayer by my grandfather, this being followed by an energetic address from John Cassell. Those were rough times, and that was a rough neighbourhood, and it not infrequently happened that the speaker and his associates would be assaulted and driven away with such missiles as the street afforded. They were, however, not the men to be daunted; they persevered, obtained the sympathy of the women, who were the greatest sufferers, and ultimately established a society numbering some hundreds of total abstainers.

“ I well remember to have been taken by John Williams and John Cassell to a meeting held in a hall at Milton Street, Finsbury, at which they both delivered addresses, and while returning we met a drunken man staggering from side to side along the footpath. Cassell, as was his wont, improved the occasion by expressing hope that when I became a man I would never be a slave to ‘ the cursed drink.’ ”

Mr. Farlow Wilson, visiting his grandfather in the year 1850, mentioned that he was in the employment of John Cassell. Someone present remarked: “ Cassell was only a carpenter, I think? ” “ Only a carpenter! ” cried the old man. “ Tell me, lad, who is there need be ashamed of being a carpenter, *or a carpenter’s son?* ”

Cassell became, in April, 1837, a recognized agent of the newly formed National Temperance Society. In its interests he travelled all over England. To carry out the arduous programme of this ardent society a man wanted skill as a speaker, ingenuity as an organizer, but, above all, courage and tireless endurance. Cassell possessed all these qualities, and he succeeded. In two months he took 550 pledges.

He had no pre-arranged programme. As he passed from town to town he attracted attention by twirling a large rattle, and the crowds of curious men and women who assembled were soon entertained by his vigorous

The Story of the House of Cassell

speech and infectious earnestness. It was characteristic of his curious, acquisitive mind that when in Wales he picked up enough Welsh to wind up his addresses with something in that language.

Not infrequently the publicans organized opposition to temperance speakers. Mr. Arthur Humphreys, in the *Manchester Guardian* (January 23, 1917), recalled a lively meeting held by Cassell at Shaftesbury. "Amidst the row I was the first to sign the pledge," said Charles Garrett, then a boy of thirteen, who lived to become president of the Wesleyan Conference, and was one of the founders of the cocoa-house movement—the first effort to provide "counter-attractions" to the public-house. Another of Cassell's converts was the late T. H. Barker, who became secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance.

The character and quality of this earliest phase of the teetotal movement may be summed up in a few sentences from a letter written by Richard Cobden to Livesey. Cobden was personally one of the "moderates," but his words show the tendency of the temperance man to become a teetotaler. Temperance reform, he said, lay at the root of all social and political progression in this country. English people were in many respects the most reliable of all earthly beings; but he had often been struck by the superiority that foreigners enjoyed because of their greater sobriety, which gave them higher advantages of civilization even when they were far behind us in the average of education and in political institutions:

"If you could convert us into a nation of water-drinkers, I see no reason why, in addition to our being the most energetic, we should not be the most polished people, for we are inferior to none in the inherent qualities of the gentleman—truthfulness and benevolence.

"With these sentiments, I need not say how much I reverence your efforts in the cause of teetotalism, and how gratified I was to find that my note (written privately, by the way, to Mr. Cassell) should have afforded you any satisfaction.

Cobden's Letter

“ I am a living tribute to the soundness of your principles. With a delicate frame and nervous temperament I have been enabled, by temperance, to do the work of a strong man. But it has only been by more and more temperance. In my early days I used sometimes to join with others in a glass of spirit and water, and beer was my everyday drink. So that you see, without beginning on principle, I have been brought to your beverage solely by a nice observance of what is necessary to enable me to surmount an average mental labour of at least twelve hours a day. I need not add that it would be no sacrifice to me to join your ranks by taking the pledge.”

CHAPTER II

FROM TEA MERCHANT TO PUBLISHER

FOUR or five years after his appointment as agent of the National Temperance Society, Cassell had developed from an ill-paid, ill-lettered and obscure itinerant missionary into a celebrity who hobnobbed with celebrities. His house in St. John's Wood was the meeting place of writing people, artistic people, reforming people; he was the constant host of George Cruikshank, Mrs. Henry Wood, and the Howitts.

The transformation was due to his own quality, undoubtedly; but it was speeded up by the good fortune which, in 1841, during one of his temperance tours in the Eastern counties, threw him into the company of a Lincolnshire woman, Mary Abbott. She was a few years older than Cassell, a calm-eyed, discerning, managing woman. Fit mate for the ambitious and high-spirited man who fell in love with her, she was equally enamoured of him. In less than a year after their meeting they were married, had spent a short honeymoon in Wales, and settled down to housekeeping in London.

The house in St. John's Wood had been impossible to Cassell at the age of twenty-four but for the little fortune his wife inherited from her father. This was, in fact, the original material basis of all Cassell's enterprise, for it enabled him to begin doing business for himself and reaping the fruits of his own boundless energy applied to his own penetrating observation.

The habits, tastes and views of the people were an open book to Cassell. From his boyhood he had keenly interested himself in every social phenomenon that came within his view. One of the facts he had noticed, as a traveller and a teetotaller, was that he could get tea and

A Packet-Tea Merchant

coffee only with difficulty and at high prices. For people of small means home-brewed ale and home-made wine were the normal drink; the poor took cheap beer, rum and gin. Cassell had come to the conclusion that cheap tea and coffee would not only promote temperance in the masses but put money in the purse of the man who purveyed them; and he had resolved to be that man if ever enough capital came his way.

With the aid of his wife's legacy, then, he began as a tea and coffee merchant in Coleman Street, in the City. The business was an immediate success. It was moved to larger premises successively in Abchurch Lane and in Fenchurch Street. Cassell was one of the early believers in large advertising. Teetotallers, and therefore potential customers for tea, were to be found all over the country; but the only means of informing them of the existence of John Cassell and his cheap tea was the Press. Through the newspapers he reached the pledged teetotallers, and at the same time created a large clientèle among the gentile public, who, if they did not care twopence for his doctrine, were eager to take advantage of his prices. He invented the "packet" system of tea-selling which has become a commonplace of modern business.

This avatar was not a long one. But it helped him towards his real destiny in a curious way. He wanted more advertising, and wanted it cheap. He therefore bought a second-hand printing press with which to laud his wares. Very soon he was employing the idle moments of his machine in the printing of temperance tracts, which he wrote himself. Thus, simply, began his translation from the condition of tea merchant to that of publisher. One interesting point about this embryonic stage of the House of Cassell is that, having put roughly illustrated covers on one or two of his tracts, he noticed that they were much more successful than the rest. Stored up in his shrewd mind, this was the germ of the Art Department of Cassell and Co.

Taking a brother-in-law into partnership, Cassell had

The Story of the House of Cassell

a larger leisure and was better able to indulge his pet tastes. Thenceforward he spent much of his time in the pleasant work of editing and publishing periodical papers. His first venture grew out of the temperance crusade—a little magazine called the *Teetotal Times*. It was printed for Cassell by William Cathrell at 335 Strand, and begun in 1846. The next year the *Teetotal Essayist* appeared to supplement and fortify the *Times*. They swallowed each other up in 1849, and subsequently made one appearance a month for some years as the *Teetotal Times and Essayist*.

But before this amalgamation took place, Cassell had boldly stepped into another and a wider field. In July, 1848, he made his first attempt towards a popular weekly newspaper, and brought out the *Standard of Freedom*. The paper was “of the utmost dimensions allowed by law, and larger than the double sheet of the *Times*; price 4½d. per number, or 4s. 9d. per quarter paid in advance.” His statement of its principles and policy throws a bright light on Cassell’s philosophy and upon his conception of an ideal society.

“Every man is bound, in the Editorial judgment,” said he, “to acquire what he needs by the exertions of which he is capable, and every man is entitled to possess whatever others are willing to give in return for his services as the produce of his labours. All attempts to substitute a conventional arbitrary scale of remuneration for industry of head or hand in lieu of the natural market price are unjust to the individual as depriving him of the property God and nature have decreed his, and to society as diminishing the inducements which God and nature hold out to every man to exert his faculties to the uttermost.”

To free trade in labour was added free trade in commerce. Protective duties, bounties, or restrictions on importation or exportation, bank monopolies, official sinecures and pensions, and, still worse, superfluous public offices to which salaries and illusive duties are attached, were all indefensible. Going a step farther, the *Standard*

The "Working Man's Friend"

of *Freedom* advocated freedom in religion. Religion the editor believed to be a matter of private conviction and sentiment—a concern exclusively between man and his Maker. Entire freedom and spontaneity were the very essence of religion; civil and religious organizations were naturally incompatible, and Church and State could not be united without serious injury to both. The religions of the churches, as of individuals, it was argued, must rest in free conviction, and therefore all laws enforcing external religious conformity were indefensible.

The *Standard* did not wave long. It did nothing but credit to Cassell's courageous and independent mind and nothing but harm to his bank balance. In October, 1851, it was incorporated with the *Weekly News and Chronicle*, and Cassell turned aside to other enterprises. One of these was the *Working Man's Friend*, a paper he had started in 1850; the other was the production of cheap educational books. Cassell knew the life of the working man thoroughly—none better. He knew the material temptations that beset him, the intellectual desert in which he lived, and the perils of the loafing in ale-houses and at street corners which was his chief recreation. He knew, too, of the pathetic efforts that had been made to give him new interests, such as the work of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—formidable and forbidding name!—and that of the *Penny Magazine*. He was not going to make the mistakes these institutions had made. His *Working Man's Friend* did not patronize, did not give itself airs; nor did it play down to the lowest intelligence. It was full of sympathy and understanding of the workman's life. The first number was well received.

Cassell then began to get a great quantity of "letters to the Editor," written by working men, and within a few weeks he announced that he would publish a supplementary number to accommodate these communications. He said he was convinced that a fair proportion of his

The Story of the House of Cassell

readers accustomed themselves to "the habit of close thinking," and that if they could be induced to commit their thoughts to paper they might render good service not only to their fellow working men but also to other classes of the community. They responded wonderfully. He received over two hundred articles in the course of a few days, and promised a succession of monthly supplements filled with these things.

They won high praise from Cobden and the Earl of Carlisle, among other notabilities, who both wrote their congratulations to Cassell. The compliments were well-earned. The first three numbers contained work by three people who afterwards amply justified Cassell's estimate of their capacity for "close thinking." One was "J. A. Langford, chairmaker, Birmingham," who became John Alfred Langford, LL.D., F.R.H.S., the author of "A Century of Birmingham Life." Another was "Robert Whelan Boyle, printer, Camden Town," who lived to be first editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. The third was "Janet Hamilton, shoemaker's wife, Langloan, Lanarkshire." Her first literary work to see print was the letter sent to the *Working Man's Friend*. She had never been to school, and was theoretically quite uneducated; but she wrote many poems and essays which, in the words of *Punch*, entitled her to "a niche in the Temple of Fame." John Bright, who visited her in her Scottish home, declared that she was the most remarkable old lady he had ever met.

Probably nobody could read the *Working Man's Friend* nowadays. It was in the sombre, heavy style of the era of night schools and mechanics' institutes. But it played its part in assisting the self-education of the masses for two or three years before it gave way to better and brighter stuff from the same Press.

Already, in the early days of the *Working Man's Friend*, Cassell had begun to arouse public curiosity and to acquire popular fame. This was manifested on a great occasion in 1851—that of the triumphal progress of Louis

The Exhibition Year

Kossuth, the Hungarian exile, through the streets of London. There had appeared in the *Friend* a series of articles by Cassell proclaiming Kossuth's heroism and unselfish patriotism. From the office in the Strand where his papers were issued Cassell hung out a large Hungarian tricolour. Kossuth saw it as he passed, ordered the postilions to stop, and sent in a messenger to say that he desired the pleasure of shaking hands with Cassell. The greeting took place amid an outburst of cheering from the crowd in the streets and the spectators at the windows. Cassell was afterwards present with Cobden at the great meeting on Copenhagen Fields, Islington, when Kossuth delivered his eloquent address of gratitude to the English people for their sympathy towards Hungary.

Cassell now took the decisive step which led him to become a publisher on the grand scale. In order better to cope with the increasing sales of his publications, he bought the whole of Cathrell's plant, became proprietor of every department of his business, and imposed upon his title pages the legend, soon to become so familiar, "Printed and Published by John Cassell."

It was a "great" year, 1851—the year of the Exhibition. Cassell was not the man to let such a chance go by. Undaunted by the display of preparations by all the chief papers, and especially by the *Illustrated London News*, he made up his mind to bring out a better story of the Exhibition than anybody else. It cost him money, but it was profitable outlay, for popular interest in the Exhibition was intense. About a fortnight beforehand announcements appeared in the Press of the forthcoming publication of the *Illustrated Exhibitor*, a periodical description of various features of the show, with a liberal supply of engravings. The first week in June Cassell ordered advertisements to be inserted in the papers to the value of £100. His manager seriously admonished him on this extravagance. "This Exhibition time," said Cassell, banging the table with his fist, "everybody is going to

The Story of the House of Cassell

stand on tiptoe, and if I don't do the same I shan't be seen. So, spend the money!"

Cassell proved wiser than his manager. The whole of the copies first printed were sold immediately. Day after day the machines could barely keep up with the demand. This success had a determining influence on his work. His experience of the *Illustrated Exhibitor* confirmed his observation in the matter of the Temperance tracts. It was the pictures which chiefly sold both. From that time onwards illustrations became a principal feature of his periodicals. The *Illustrated Exhibitor* came out in monthly numbers at 2d. from June to December. Its circulation had reached 100,000 in the latter month, when it was merged in the first *Magazine of Art*.

The place in the Strand was no longer big enough to accommodate Cassell's growing business. Looking for larger and more convenient premises, he found them in La Belle Sauvage Yard.



LA BELLE SAUVAGE INN

CHAPTER III

LA BELLE SAUVAGE

THE premises in La Belle Sauvage, on the north side of Ludgate Hill, into which John Cassell moved in 1852 formed part of one of the oldest inns in the City of London. The "Bell Savage" was certainly in existence in the middle of the fifteenth century. How much farther back it dates is doubtful, but in the year 1453 one John French, whose father had been a goldsmith in the City, confirmed to his mother, by a deed recorded in the Close Roll for that year, "*totum ten. sive hospicium cum suis pertin. vocat Savagesynne, alias vocat le Belle on the Hoop*"—"all that tenement or inn, with its appurtenances, called Savage's Inn, otherwise called the Bell on the Hoop." The location of the inn is given as "the parish of St. Bridget [Bride], in Fleet Street."

Little question that the name Savage was that of a proprietor of the inn—perhaps the original owner. It is on record that towards the end of the preceding century—in 1380—a rogue was pilloried for attempting to defraud William Savage, "of Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bridget." As for the "Bell," that has always been a favourite sign for taverns, while "hope" is no doubt a variant of "hoop," an ivy bush fashioned into a garland, which often formed part of the sign of an inn: "good wine needs no bush."

By the next century the alternative titles had been combined into one, the "Bell Savage." So the inn appears in John Stow's contemporary narration of an incident of the Wyatt rising in 1554. He tells how Wyatt and his followers marched from Charing Cross to Temple Bar and through Fleet Street, "till he came to Bell Savage, an inn nigh unto Lud Gate." At this gate of the

The Story of the House of Cassell

City he knocked for admission, but it was held for Queen Mary by a strong force under Lord William Howard, who replied: "Avaunt, traitor, thou shalt not come in here." Wyatt thereupon "rested him awhile upon a stall over against the Bell Savage gate," a few yards farther down Ludgate Hill, and then fought his way back to Temple Bar, where he surrendered. Lambarde also, writing in the second half of the same century, calls the inn the "Bell Savage" in mentioning it as one of the places to which people repaired to see bear-baiting, or interludes, or fence play; while in a "discourse" published in 1595, entitled "Marococcus Extaticus," the name appears as "Belsavage." In "Kenilworth" Sir Walter Scott gives the name in the form in which we find it in Stow and Lambarde, describing how Wayland, the smith, after his visit to Zacharias, the Jew, to procure drugs, returned to "the famous Bell Savage" and there compounded them. In the seventeenth century, in an advertisement in the *London Gazette* for February 15, 1676, the name is still cited as the "Bell Savage," but a few years later (1683) it appears in the same periodical as the "Bell and Savage."

There is little mystery, then, about the origin of "Bell Savage" as the title of the inn. But some antiquaries prefer ingenious surmise to plain fact, and at least half a score of theories have been elaborated to account for the name. In one of them, adopted in no very responsible mood by Thackeray in "The Four Georges," La Belle Sauvage is identified with Pocahontas, because Captain John Smith, the gallant adventurer whose life the daughter of Powhatan saved is buried in the church of St. Sepulchre, Holborn, but a stone's-throw away from the old tavern. Another theory, which found some favour with Walter Thornbury, author of the early part of "Old and New London," traces the name to a Mistress Isabel, or Isabella, Savage, assumed to have kept the inn once upon a time, after whom it was called the "Bell Savage," and later "La Belle Sauvage." This derivation has the merit of simplicity, and its only defect is that no

Addison's Theory

one has ever shown that a Mistress Isabel, or Isabella, Savage ever kept the inn. It is true that Samuel Pegge, an eighteenth-century anecdotist, averred that a friend of his had seen an old lease in which an Isabella Savage figured as the tenant, but this is merely a case of "what the soldier said," and it is quite superfluous seeing that as far back as the middle of the fifteenth century the house was known alternatively as Savage's inn and as the "Belle on the Hope."

For the transformation of "Bell Savage" into the more musical "La Belle Sauvage," Addison appears to be chiefly responsible—and small blame to him. It should be premised that by the time he wrote, and probably long before, the name had materialized into a sign which represented a savage standing beside a bell. So we find Addison confiding to his readers in the *Spectator* (No. 82): "As for the Bell Savage, which is the Sign of a Savage Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful Woman who was found in a Wilderness, and it is called in the French *La Belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our Countrymen the Bell Savage." So pleased was the essayist with his discovery in the lore of signs that he was moved to communicate others. "I can give a shrewd Guess," he proceeds, "at the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A surly, choleric Fellow generally makes choice of the Bear; as Men of milder Dispositions frequently live at the Lamb." All this, of course, was just delightful whimsicality, but Pennant, the eighteenth-century antiquary, took Addison's persiflage seriously, and declared it to be "the real derivation."

In thus paradoxically tracing "Bell Savage" back to "La Belle Sauvage," Addison it certainly was who started the transformation of "Bell Savage" into its euphonious French equivalent. The process was a slow

The Story of the House of Cassell

one. Early in the nineteenth century the inn which had once had two names was for a time divided, one house being known as the "Bell" and the other as the "Bell Savage."

In 1568 the "Bell Savage," together with another property known as the "Rose," was bequeathed by a citizen, John Craythorne, to one of the ancient trade guilds of the City, the Cutlers' Company, for the provision of exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge and the benefit of the poor of St. Bride's. A portrait of the donor's wife is to be seen to this day in the Cutlers' Hall, and the Cutlers are still the ground landlords of the property. At that time it consisted of two courts, the outer one entered through an archway from Ludgate Hill, the inner one through a second archway. The inn itself surrounded the inner court, and was made picturesque by two tiers of covered balconies, which, when plays were performed in the Yard in the sixteenth century, served as the "upper circle" and the "lower circle," while the rooms of the inn were the "boxes," and the open yard formed the "pit," its patrons being derisively called the "groundlings," as in *Hamlet*. The stage was a scaffold built against one side of the Yard, and, with the section of balcony above it, was curtained off. In Queen Elizabeth's day a "school of defence" was carried on here for the benefit of those who wanted to acquire the art of fencing, and here, too, Bankes, the showman, delighted gaping crowds with the surprising feats of his horse, Marocco, the subject of the "discourse" already mentioned as having been published in 1595. This was the discerning beast that on one occasion sent the spectators into fits of laughter by picking out Tarleton, the low comedian who was associated with Shakespeare, as the biggest fool in the company.

In the outer court of the Yard were some private houses, one of which was occupied, for some time before 1677, by Grinling Gibbons, whose inimitable wood carving graces so many City churches and City Companies' halls. Horace Walpole notes that while living here



COACH EMERGING FROM LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD

Cassell's Advent

Gibbons carved a pot of flowers with such delicacy that they "shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed by." This reference to coaches indicates that in the reign of Charles II, at any rate, as probably long before, the inn was one of the coaching centres of the capital. The *London Gazette* advertisement of the year 1676 gave the number of its rooms as forty, and declared it to have stabling for 100 horses. As a coaching inn it long continued to flourish, but when the railways came it fell upon evil days, and by the middle of the nineteenth century had dwindled to a mere "tap" and a starting-place for omnibuses plying to Richmond. With an eye to the crowds that would flock to London during the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Mr. John Thorburn had taken the property, or a portion of it, on a fourteen years' lease, in order that he might fit up the disused and dilapidated hotel for the accommodation of visitors. The venture was not a success, and after Cassell had installed his printing machines in the building which he had taken over, the noise and shaking so disturbed the guests that they would not stay. So it was that Mr. Thorburn, before many months, was glad to be relieved by Cassell of his interest in the property.

When, in 1853, Thomas Frost, who subsequently joined the staff, came to La Belle Sauvage he was struck by the decayed condition of the premises. "Just under the archway on the left," he writes, "there was a dilapidated building, the greater part of which was propped up within and without to prevent the whole from crumbling and cracking until it came down with a crash. Farther up, on the same side of the Yard, but detached from the main building, was a six-roomed house, the ground floor of which was used as store-rooms, the apartments above being occupied by the proprietor and the members of his editorial staff." Year by year, however, as the business developed, the premises were rebuilt, until both sides of the Yard were almost entirely covered. Yet within twenty years from the

The Story of the House of Cassell

coming of Cassell to La Belle Sauvage the business had far outgrown its accommodation, and in 1872 a lease was taken from the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital of an extensive site behind the Yard, bordered by Fleet Lane on the north and by Seacoal Lane on the west. Here, in the early 'seventies, was reared around an oblong well, 70 ft. by 30 ft., with a glass roof, a huge structure in five stories, for the administrative offices and the general editorial, art, cliché, foundry, and composing departments, as well as for the warehouse, while the basement was reserved for the engines and printing machines. The excavations on the site unearthed the walls of a dock on the Fleet river, and also a Roman sarcophagus which is now in the Guildhall Museum.

The new building was ready for occupation in 1875. Before long even this was insufficient to meet the still growing needs of the business, and presently the printed stock had to be relegated elsewhere, to find a home at last under the arches of the London, Chatham and Dover (now the South-Eastern and Chatham) Railway, on the other side of Seacoal Lane, while in 1892 another block was built in La Belle Sauvage Yard. The only trace of the old inn which is now to be seen in the Yard is a stone relief of the Elephant and Castle, the crest of the Cutlers' coat-of-arms, which used to surmount one of the gateways below the sign of the Bell, and now looks down upon the Yard from the advertisement department on the eastern side.



RELIEF FROM OLD LA BELLE SAUVAGE
Showing the Crest of the Cutlers' Company



THE ENTRANCE TO LA BELLE SAUVAGE
IN 1782

CHAPTER IV

THE GROWTH OF EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE

CASSELL had already begun his most characteristic work when he moved to La Belle Sauvage. "Cassell's Library" was being published, and on April 3, 1852, the first weekly number of the "Popular Educator" had appeared.

"Cassell's Library" was the earliest venture of a cheap edition of paper-covered books at sevenpence. It inaugurated seventy years ago the form of publishing enterprise so brilliantly revived in the ninth decade of the century. The twenty-six volumes of the collection included a History of England in four volumes and a History of Scotland in two, by Robert Ferguson, LL.D., and "The History and Sources of the British Empire," by Benjamin Parsons. There was a "People's Biographical Dictionary," by J. R. Beard, D.D.; popular science was provided by Professor Wallace in his "Account of the Steam Engine," and by John Kennedy, M.A., who wrote a "Natural History of Man."

The "Popular Educator" was pure Cassell. It was the crown and culmination of John Cassell's experience and judgment of the needs of those to whom general education had been denied. To any man who wished to supply those needs, so far as he could by private study, Cassell meant to offer the material and the machinery. The "Popular Educator" was "a school, an academy, and a university" all in one, as the *Dublin University Magazine* said. Something quite new, it aroused "real wonder" in the minds of the reviewers who wrote about it, and was acclaimed by public men everywhere as a great civilizing influence. Its popular success was immediate.

Cassell had confided his design to Professor Wallace, of Glasgow University, and appointed him first editor.

The Story of the House of Cassell

Wallace formed a staff of university men, experts in their subjects, and from the beginning made the "Educator" quite sound in quality. Its weekly numbers correspond to a week's work at school or college, with progressive lessons in a variety of subjects, illustrated by drawings and diagrams where necessary. In the curriculum of the first volume there were ancient history; architecture, arithmetic, biography, botany, geography, geology, geometry, and so forth, down the gamut of the alphabet to zoology. There were lessons in Latin and in English; French, Spanish, and German were also taught. This list of subjects received additions in later issues of the work, which Cassell endeavoured always to keep abreast of the educational movement.

A section of "Miscellaneous Articles" need be mentioned only to recall one circumstance. A short essay with the sententious title, "The Influence of Morality or Immorality on the Countenance," was illustrated by an engraving taken from a French publication. It must be familiar to every Englishman of the last generation under the title of "The Child: What will he become?" Cassell, with his unfailing *flair* for a striking bit of *réclame*, had a huge poster version of the picture made and lavished it on hoardings and bare walls. It was the first breakaway from the common form of newspaper advertising, and the stir it made is not easy to realize now that every wall within sight of a human being blazes with a picture poster.

The public welcome given to the "Popular Educator" gratified everybody concerned in its production. Wallace expressed his feelings in his own delightfully formal way: "It cannot be but pleasing for us to reflect that each successive week nearly 100,000 families are undergoing a course of useful instruction by means of this periodical . . . and it is not only among the humbler classes that our work is read and appreciated, but many among the affluent welcome its appearance. As we were sitting in the House of Commons the other evening a

Robert Lowe and the "Educator"

member for one of our large boroughs came up to thank us for the publication of the "Popular Educator," and exclaimed, 'I find it invaluable; indeed, I have begun my education over again.'"

Cassell anticipated the "class" of the modern University Extension course. Large numbers of the people who were eager to seize the chance of getting through the gates of knowledge discovered that even the "Popular Educator" was not a sufficiently elementary guide; they could not get on without personal help. They were induced to form classes in agreed centres so that they could help each other, or, with the assistance of a schoolmaster or of any educated person willing to give it, follow up the courses set in the book. La Belle Sauvage sent the necessary bills and circulars free to any place where a class was to be formed. Even so, there were some expenses, and many of the would-be students were too poor to subscribe them. To meet this difficulty a "Popular Educator Fund" was established, and, liberally supported, it paid for this work for many years.

The "Popular Educator," in short, speedily became a national institution. Its fame reverberated in the speeches of statesmen dealing with education. Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke) used it to illustrate his thesis that elementary instruction gave to a child the potentiality of possessing any amount of knowledge he pleased. For the benefit of young men who were wishful to get knowledge, there were, he said, one or two excellent books. "But the first one I would recommend is Cassell's 'Popular Educator.' A man who has read and thoroughly mastered the contents of this is the man who will understand the greatest part of what is going on around him, which is a great deal more than can be said of the best Greek scholar, or even the accomplished lawyer." In later days a striking tribute to the value of the "Popular Educator" was paid by Mr. Lloyd George. Describing his early life, he said it was this work which enabled him to supplement the scanty education he received at the village school

The Story of the House of Cassell

when intermediate schools were unknown in Wales, and largely helped to make him what he was.

Cassell's office was flooded with letters of gratitude from all sorts of people, and in after years fascinating accounts came in of the harvest of success which had been reaped where Cassell had sown. "To the 'Popular Educator' alone my intellectual and worldly progress is to be attributed." So wrote one of the merchant princes of the nineteenth century. Each in his own locution, so wrote the Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, who was a cobbler till Cassell came to his aid, the Arch-Druid who had been a railway porter, the policeman's son who became Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales.

Here is a striking contrast. From one end of the social scale: The venerable Dr. Alexander Whyte wrote in 1913: "There is no House I would rather praise than Cassell's. Many, many years ago, as an apprentice boy in Kirriemuir (Thrums), I bought, when published, John Cassell's *Working Man's Friend*, and as John Cassell went on to publish I went on to buy and read the 'Popular Educator.' Yes, the *Working Man's Friend*, the 'Popular Educator,' the 'Biblical Educator,' and 'The Pathway,' were invaluable to me in my early days, and John Cassell's name is deeply written in my heart. I could not say more, and I cannot say less."

From the other end: A man wrote to the late Mr. F. J. Cross, publicity manager at La Belle Sauvage, stating that he was just out of prison. While serving his term he had studied the "Popular Educator," and had mastered many of its lessons, including some foreign languages. Now he wanted advice about his future, and he appealed to the publishers of the work which had awakened his higher instincts. Mr. Cross invited him to call at the Yard, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the man was shortly able to get a job in which his new knowledge was useful, and to restore himself to a reputable life.

The success of the "Popular Educator" in the field

The "Illustrated Family Paper"

of general knowledge immediately suggested to people interested in religious studies a work on similar lines. The proposal was made to Cassell, who, in October, 1852, announced his intention to adopt it, and in May following a fortnightly serial, the "Popular Biblical Educator," was begun. Crown quarto in form, it was published at twopence a number. The editor, the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, combined in it a Biblical encyclopædia of chronology, geography, and natural history, of literature and prophecy, with a course of theological studies. He secured as contributors Dr. Ginsburg, Canon Rawlinson, F. W. Farrar, Stanley Leathes, C. J. Vaughan, S. G. Green, and others who became famous in their day. With a more limited appeal this work was naturally less widely circulated than the "Popular Educator." It reached a second edition, but then the demand fell off, and it was not re-issued. Twenty years later the scheme was revived in the "Bible Educator."

The year 1853 was one of enormously fertile activity for Cassell. Having dealt with popular needs in secular and religious instruction and introduced solid books at a cheap price into homes where books were formerly unknown, he now turned to the question of literary recreation. He was, perhaps, the first entrepreneur of literature and journalism to regard the family as a unit for this purpose. Once more his intimate knowledge of the conditions of life among the proletariat came into play. There was a plenitude of papers. But they were either mainly political, mainly religious, or mainly instructive. Cassell conceived a family circle in need of a paper which might or might not be all these, but should certainly be something more. From that point it was but a step to the *Illustrated Family Paper*, which came out in 1853. It offered for popular consumption biography, history, art, science, and poetry, but assisted their deglutition with topical pictures (the Crimean War was very fully illustrated), and above all, with fiction.

It is not easy now to get the angle of the mid-

The Story of the House of Cassell

nineteenth century and to realize that, in the eyes of the people who most strongly approved of Cassell's formally educational work, fiction was dangerous stuff for the "lower classes." Cassell, to his great credit, broke clear from this point of view. Arguing from universal experience the immortal need of romance, he saw that if they could not get decent fiction the awakening masses would buy bad fiction in a market always well supplied. He therefore made serial novels a leading feature of his new paper, and paid their authors well. One of the prizes he offered for stories, a sum of £250, produced an interesting competition, in which Lord Brougham, Davenport Hill, and Cassell himself were the adjudicators. It was won by Francis H. Keppell with a story called "Contrast, or the Oak and the Bramble." A leading "serialist" of that day was John Frederick Smith. He wrote much for the *Illustrated Family Paper*. One of his stories may be recalled because of its sequel. During the gloomy time of the Lancashire cotton famine he wrote for Cassell "The Warp and the Weft," a tale of Lancashire mill hands which reproduced the agony of the North so vividly that a relief fund sprang out of it, and the working men and women who read the *Illustrated Family Paper* contributed out of their poverty £1,900 to relieve the misery of the cotton operatives.

Here is a picture of John Cassell at this strenuous point in his life by Thomas Frost, on the occasion of the visit already mentioned. He found Cassell at La Belle Sauvage "in a sparsely furnished room on the first floor. A tall, sallow-complexioned man, with straight black hair and a pleasant expression of countenance. When I entered he was sitting at a table strewn with letters and papers, smoking as he read, but he rose on my entrance, and, as there was only one chair in the room, leaned against the table, still smoking. He was generally to be found there from eleven to four, smoking a cigar, with which indulgence he solaced himself for his abstinence from wine and beer."

Business Difficulties

Over the pleasant-faced man in the bare room with the single chair now hung a trouble common in modern commerce to all who undertake big enterprises with small capital. The printing machinery, bought from Cathrell and moved from the Strand, had been supplemented, but the plant was too small to cope with his quickly growing business. The premises in La Belle Sauvage Yard were cramped and ill-adapted to his purposes, and he was going to pull down and rebuild. He never had any doubt of his ultimate success, and he infected other people with his own belief in himself. Among them were Messrs. Petter and Galpin, a firm of printers, with a place in Playhouse Yard, where their machines were worked by the same "steam power" that printed the *Times*. The extraordinary progress of the young publishing business had attracted the notice of Galpin, who saw that before long Cassell would not be able to do all his own printing, and called upon him to inquire whether he would place any work with his neighbours. Cassell, it is recorded, walked with Galpin to the archway leading to Ludgate Hill, and, putting a hand on his shoulder, said: "I like you, young man. I will not only give you plenty of printing, but one of these days I will make your fortune." Thereafter they had intimate business relations. Also among the believers in Cassell was Mr. Crompton, a paper manufacturer and part proprietor of the *Morning Post*, who had given him unlimited credit for paper. Then, suddenly, Crompton was forced by ill-health to call in his accounts and retire from business, and Cassell found himself facing a situation of grave embarrassment. He surmounted it by arranging that Petter and Galpin should take over the Crompton account and purchase the *Illustrated Family Paper*, and that Messrs. W. Kent and Co., of Paternoster Row, should buy the entire stock and copyright of the "Popular Educator" and of other completed works. This was clearly intended by Cassell to be a merely temporary policy, to extricate him from his most pressing financial difficulties. He retained the editorship of the *Illustrated*

The Story of the House of Cassell

Family Paper, and had an arrangement for the division of the profits with Petter and Galpin after a certain rate of interest on the capital had been paid, so that this was at first rather a working alliance than a partnership. Nevertheless, Petter and Galpin removed their business from Playhouse Yard to Nos. 1 and 2 La Belle Sauvage, which they rebuilt as a printing office. For some time, besides printing the Cassell publications, they carried on a separate business as general printers. Full and formal partnership came a few years later when the concern had developed still more largely. Then Cassell, his affairs once more prospering, repurchased the copyrights taken by Kent and Co. and restored them to La Belle Sauvage. From that time onward the tradition he had already created there was never broken.

But before this, and during the semi-partnership of Cassell with Petter and Galpin, some characteristic Cassell work was done: The "Illustrated Family Bible," for example, personally regarded by Cassell as the most important of his early enterprises, along with the "Altar of the Household," a compilation by a number of well-known divines, which had a considerable vogue. The Bible, with its 900 illustrations, was issued in penny parts over a period of four years, and cost about £100,000 to produce. The early numbers reached a sale of 300,000. They had a universal popularity, and were found in every sort of house. In the parish of Clerkenwell, according to the vicar, Mr. Maguire, 5,182 copies were sold in one year. Into the backwoods of America, or wherever in the world the English language was read—and into some places where it was not—the "Illustrated Family Bible" made its way. A missionary in the Far West sent the Red Indian names of ten subscribers; the engravings would "command their interest and attention where nothing else will." Dr. Perkins, a missionary in Persia, described the fascinated interest with which his pupils recognized in the pictures familiar likenesses of customs and costumes still common in their land. He also found that his most distin-

A Happy Memory

gushed Persian visitors were intrigued by the illustrations, and he naïvely wrote: "Many are thus introduced to the leading facts and the truths of the Holy Scripture whom it would be difficult to interest in them in any other way. For example, a Persian prince of the highest rank who visited me turned over with his own hand every leaf of the Old Testament, looking with eager delight on every one of the hundreds of engravings, while I sat by his side and explained them to him."

Cassell, in this great and costly enterprise, again proved his deep knowledge of human nature and circumstance. His motto for it was: "Something to please old eyes and those who cannot read." "I know from experience," he said, "what an impression illustrations make upon ignorant minds. They were very ignorant in Lancashire when I was a boy, and an old Bible with a few illustrations was treasured in the most ignorant families. 'Thou canst read,' a proud mother would say to her son; 'thou'lt jist tell me, lad, what the old Book says about yon pieter.' I have done it myself, and seen tears trickling down old women's cheeks. They never forget the stories, fastened in their memories by the pictures." When the work was complete he had a copy handsomely bound in morocco and himself took it to Manchester to give to his mother. He counted this, he said, one of the happiest memories of his life.

Next came another famous serial, the "Illustrated History of England." This popularly written story of the nation, which aimed at describing its social and commercial as well as its political life, was issued in weekly and monthly parts, and finally reached eight volumes, containing about 2,000 illustrations. The novel writer, J. F. Smith, was first charged with the work, but he was a better romancer than historian, and the task was transferred to William Howitt. Mr. Farlow Wilson tells a moving story of the perils of serial publication:

"One evening, when the compositors were engaged upon the current number, an accident happened, the serious nature

The Story of the House of Cassell

of which printers will readily appreciate. It was a sultry summer's night, the heat from the gas increasing the natural heat, and the men had opened the windows to let in a little fresh air. When in full swing a compositor came to me with a melancholy countenance and apologetic air, and informed me that a leaf of his 'copy' had been blown out of the window. It used to be a jocular instruction, by the way, when an author desired his punctuation to be observed, 'Follow your copy, even if it goes out of the window.' Scouts were immediately sent out to search the neighbourhood round the *Times* office, in the hope that the truant paper might have escaped the roofs and fluttered down into the adjacent courts, but they returned without finding it. The only remedy was obvious. I travelled to West Hill Lodge, Highgate, fortunately found Mr. Howitt at home, explained the nature of the accident, and handed him the preceding and following pages of the MS. He naturally felt annoyed, but sat down and filled up the gap."

Of the first version of the "History of England" more than a quarter of a million copies were sold. The book was re-issued time after time, but was so altered in each edition that at last very little of the original work was left.

At length the time came when it was decided that an entirely new work should be prepared—letterpress and illustrations. Specialists in history were commissioned to deal with different periods, and museums and galleries were searched for the most attractive pictures—an enterprise in complete accord with the traditional Cassell policy.

CHAPTER V

JOHN CASSELL AND LORD BROUGHAM AND OTHERS

AMONG the many great Englishmen who admired and encouraged Cassell's work Lord Brougham was chief. There was unquestionably a deep natural sympathy between this venerable aristocrat, who had so long been the English champion of education for the masses, and this working man who had become the leading propagator of the means of popular education. Brougham was not only the leader in the movement that led to the establishment of the University of London; in another sphere he was the begetter of that first of "mechanics' institutes," the Birkbeck. He was inevitably drawn to make the acquaintance of the man who had conceived and brought forth the "Popular Educator." They acquired a mutual liking and respect.

Brougham, though he had long retired from political life, and, past seventy years of age, was living mostly in his villa at Cannes, lost no opportunity when in England of praising his friend and advertising his enterprise. Speaking in Liverpool in October, 1858, at a meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, he commended the "Popular Educator," and went on:

"Of one individual, John Cassell, who has taken a leading part—perhaps the most important part—in these proceedings it is fit to mention the name because he was himself a working man, who rose by his industry from a most humble station, has constantly lived with the working classes, and has the most complete knowledge of their habits and their tastes from daily unreserved intercourse with them. The variety of works which he has prepared and published is very great, and their circulation very extraordinary. The prices which he gives to secure the best assistance of literary men and of artists do the

The Story of the House of Cassell

greatest credit to his liberality, but also to his good sense, as his remarkable success proves. He has given considerable sums by way of premium for the production of works by competition, in some cases as much as £100 and £200. It would be endless to enumerate the works which he and others have brought out upon this plan. . . . One very remarkable publication of this class is the literature by working men (the *Working Man's Friend*), or essays on every variety of subject by working men, proving undeniably the benefits which they have derived from their studies, and also proving that they have not been distracted for one hour from their daily toil. That those works have encouraged a taste for reading among thousands who never read before, and have afforded the means of gratifying it, cannot be denied."

Brougham watched with close attention every effort to spread learning among working men and carefully observed its results. Whenever there occurred a striking example of successful self-education he used it to illustrate his general educational theory. In the speech just quoted he mentioned a tract on "Capital," written by a working man. No student of economic science at the English, "nay, at any of the Scotch universities, where it is more cultivated," could have produced, he said, "a better-reasoned tract, or one showing more entire acquaintance with its principles."

The working man in this instance was John Plummer, an obscure inhabitant of a Midland manufacturing town. Born of parents who were stay-makers struggling with poverty in the East End of London, he caught a fever in his early childhood which made him deaf and lame. The cripple, who could not share their games or hear their cries, was contemptuously neglected by the neighbouring children. He solaced the loneliness of his boyhood with what smattered reading he could get, and in his teens contrived to join an art school in Spitalfields and obtain some tuition in designing. The family moved to Kettering, where he became a factory "hand." But his love of reading did not leave him. He continued to

Brougham and Cassell

devour every available book, and borrowed papers from a friendly newsvendor. Then he began to write short articles in the local Press on Trade Unionism, Sanitation, the Cotton Famine, and the like topical subjects, and occasionally broke into poetry on others.

His economic "tract" was dedicated to Lord Brougham. Plummer, of course, had not expected any public allusion to it. When, picking up the *Times* in his newsvendor's shop, he read Brougham's speech, he was, as he said, "so astonished" that he could hardly believe his senses. "Had I," his rhetorical question ran, "the deaf, lame, neglected boy, the humble toiler, won the approbation of one of our greatest men?" He certainly had, and Brougham's notice was exceedingly useful to him. He was soon able to leave the factory and earn a living with his pen. A poem in a Midland paper took Cassell's fancy, and Plummer was given a place on the staff at *La Belle Sauvage*. Thence he went to edit a newspaper at Sydney, where he "prospered exceedingly."

Brougham and Cassell met at the Liverpool Congress of the British Association in the same year (1858). The occasion is described by Cassell in a letter to his daughter, then at school in Paris—one of the very few of his letters, by the way, that have been preserved:

"I received a letter from Lord Brougham previous to leaving town, saying he was desirous of seeing me as soon as possible. I therefore met his lordship at the Edge Hill platform, where the tickets were taken, and from thence I came down with him to the Liverpool Station. I was anxious to get to Mamma; I therefore appointed to meet his lordship on this (Monday) morning. But before I could well reach 50, Mount Pleasant, Mr. Brown's carriage drove up. Mr. Brown is the member for South Lancashire, and the gentleman with whom Lord Brougham is staying. Nothing would do but I must go to Mr. B.'s for dinner. I stepped into the carriage and away we went. I spent a couple of hours with Lord Brougham before dinner, and then we met Lord John Russell. In the drawing-room were Lady John Russell and two of their

The Story of the House of Cassell

daughters. The Hon. Miss Russell and I had a long chat together about Switzerland, Chamounix, etc. On Tuesday there was a magnificent assemblage to hear Lord Brougham on 'Popular Literature.' I sent you a *Times*, in which is contained the address of Lord B. You would see, if you have perused the address, how kindly he spoke of your papa and his efforts in the cause of cheap literature. . . . On Thursday there were sittings of the sections, and going out of one court into another we met Lord Brougham. 'Is this Mrs. Cassell?' he inquired, and shook hands very warmly. . . . In the evening we went to the meeting of the working classes in the amphitheatre. The meeting was a magnificent one. Lords Brougham, Shaftesbury, Carlisle, and Sandon spoke. . . . Friday more meetings. Took part in the discussion on the paper duty. . . . On Saturday attended a meeting for the distribution of prizes to successful candidates for the Oxford examinations. Lord Carlisle, W. E. Gladstone, and the Bishop of Chester spoke."

Of the Brougham correspondence little remains, but the following two letters show that the old statesman's ruling passion obsessed him in France as well as in England :

" RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS, 1858.

" MY DEAR MR. CASSELL,—I am very happy to find that there is an anxious desire here among some of the most distinguished of my colleagues of the Academy to learn something of our popular literature. They have been much struck with the details given in the Liverpool address, and are bent on carrying forward the plan, and putting an end to the very bad publications here—some very idle and full of horrors, ghost stories, etc., but some also of a very immoral tendency. This seems to me a most important matter, and I have undertaken to obtain for them as complete a set as you can let me have, or can procure, of all the cheap publications. I don't grudge any expense for so great an object. Therefore pray do this: Have the whole packed in a box or boxes, and sent directly to me at this hotel, and in case I am gone before the box or boxes arrive, they will be taken immediately to the Institut (Academy), where those who are going to proceed upon them will receive them safe, and communicate with me on their operations.—Yours truly,
BROUGHAM."

Lord Halsbury's Sister

" CANNES.

" MY DEAR MR. C.,—I cannot tell you how much I was grieved and distressed yesterday at being prevented from having the great pleasure of passing the evening with you, although I was here alone. But the shock I had received made me fit company for no one but myself, and not very fit for that.

" I went down to the lodge at our gate this morning in hopes of shaking hands with you as you passed. But the coach had gone before I got down. I met Dr. W. afterwards, and learnt from him that you were to go on to-morrow to Paris, and he gave me your address there.

" I have to beg a favour of you. We have not here a copy of the Illustrated Bible, and I wish you could send me one by railway parcel, and one to my excellent friend Mr. Woolfield. His address is T. R. Woolfield, Villa Victoria, Cannes. Of course, he and I will thankfully pay the carriage of these copies, and if you happen to have them at Paris, so much the better.

" Excuse all this trouble, and believe me—Ever most truly yours,
H. BROUGHAM."

Brougham's last letter to his friend was of a different sort. It is interesting for its reference to the venerable lawyer and politician who survived into the third decade of the twentieth century as the Earl of Halsbury :

" 4, GRAFTON STREET.

"6th July, 1863.

" DEAR MR. CASSELL,—I write this for the purpose of introducing to you my excellent friend Mrs. Lees Brown. She is daughter of the late learned and honest Dr. Giffard, formerly Editor of the *Standard* newspaper, a man highly esteemed by all scholars and by the members of the great Conservative party, to which he belonged. His daughter is governess in our family, and we have the greatest esteem for her. Her brother is an eminent lawyer, and well known in the courts where he practises.

" I am sure your kindness towards me will induce you to give her a favourable reception.—Believe me, most sincerely yours,
H. BROUGHAM."

The Story of the House of Cassell

Not Lord Brougham alone, but all the public men who were concerned for progressive politics, had learned in the 'fifties to look upon Cassell as a friend and ally. Cobden has already been included in the list of his supporters in the Temperance campaign. A letter of this later period indicates the far wider scope that Cassell's interests and activities had now assumed :

“ MIDHURST.

“ 17th April, 1857.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your kind letter. It will give me great pleasure to meet you when in town. At present, however, I am tempted by the state of my health (which, however, is improving) to profit by the *congé* given me by the electors of Huddersfield and take a little rural rest and quietness. By the way, too much has been made of my defeat there. My good friends made a mistake in launching me. A strong local man was already in possession of the field, and the contest turned less on popular politics than on social influence, and the jealousies and rivalries of parties which formerly acted together. The place was too small for carrying an election by the influence of the Mayors. Nearly all the beershops and public-houses went against me. So did the Catholics, and all the Tories—the Catholics on the pretence that I was brought out by the Evangelical Dissenters. But the fact is I was too late, and had no chance from the first, and, truth to say, was not a good candidate for any new constituency—I mean where I had not had previous opportunities of taking root.

“All my difficulty has arisen from the blunder of my own zealous friends in electing me, whilst I was a thousand miles away, for the West Riding, as well as Stockport, and then bullying me against my will to give up my snug borough where I had a safe seat for life and taking the largest county constituency, well knowing I should not continue to hold it after Free Trade was settled. If I had been allowed to remain at Stockport my root-hold would have been so firm that no passing party breeze could have disturbed me. However, it suits me, on domestic and personal grounds, to be out of the House for the present.

“There is, I think, a tendency to Toryism in the country just now, owing to our long-continued prosperity. Politics are really very much a ‘matter of victuals,’ and people have always

Cobden and Bright

grown indifferent to public matters in proportion as they are well fed. I rely on the newspaper press, now for the first time really free, giving a more intellectual tone to our political life.

"I am much obliged to you for the perusal of the enclosed. I have often observed some very candid and able articles in the *B. Journal* upon questions in which I have been in most quarters greatly misrepresented. I am glad to know to whom I am indebted for them.

"The allusion in Mr. Thos. Crossland's letter was to an old pamphlet of mine published twenty-two years ago in opposition to the Russophobia of that day, in which I showed that Poland had fallen from her own inherent vices and misgovernment, and that the mass of the people were better treated by their conquerors than they had been by their own aristocratic rulers. Of course, I took care to guard myself from being supposed to justify Russia and the other partitionists. On the contrary, although showing that Poland had brought her extinction on herself by her own internal corruptions, I said I did not justify the instrument, or, as I called it, her 'hangmen.'

"However, this fine discrimination was too much for Crossland (an old Free Trade colleague of mine now acting with the Tories), who, I expect, wrote this letter whilst under the inspiration of something much stronger than your ordinary potations. The obvious answer to his accusation, if it needed a defence, is, Why did he elect me for the West Riding and allow me to sit for ten years as its member, and why did he follow me as his chief during the League agitation, if I had committed such an outrage on his sense of justice towards Poland ten years previously? They must have been terribly in want of a fit and proper man among themselves. However, these things are not worth notice.—Believe me, very truly yours,

"R. COBDEN."

There is one note from John Bright which, though merely an answer to Cassell's request for a photograph, is characteristic :

"LLANDUDNO.

"24th September, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have no portrait here, and indeed I don't know that I have one at all that my friends approve of. My sister, Mrs. Lucas, 3, St. Edmund's Terrace, North Gate, Regent's Park, has one which some like, and if you like

The Story of the House of Cassell

it, I daresay she would lend it to you. I am weary of sitting for portraits, and of seeing myself in the newspapers in letter-press—at the same time I must thank you for your kind feeling towards me. If you don't like the photograph, you had better defer the matter to some future time.

“ I hope your illustrated paper is doing well. The Penny Press is generally succeeding and extending. The *Manchester Examiner* and the *Star* are the best of them, I think.—Yours very truly,
JOHN BRIGHT.”

Lord Shaftesbury was another correspondent whose letters to Cassell on minor points of business provided some entertaining self-revelation. Cassell had written to him asking him to adjudicate upon essays on Sanitary Reform for which prizes had been offered. Shaftesbury's reply shows both his attention to detail and his readiness to administer salutary advice on small provocation :

“ ST. GILES' HOUSE.

“ 21st December, 1858.

“ DEAR MR. CASSELL,—Your project is most laudable, and, judging by the success of the Sabbath Essays, will be well received and well executed.

“ I should be very happy, had I full leisure, to act as adjudicator in the proposed essay on Sanitary (why do we write 'Sanatory' ?) Reform, but I fear much the large influx of competitors, and the consequent inadequacy of my attention.

“ If, however, the whole mass on that subject underwent a previous revision, and the numbers for final decision were reduced to a few, I could, I think, undertake the office.

“ I have taken the liberty of suggesting one or two alterations in your prospectus. It should be drawn with care.—Your faithful servant,
SHAFTESBURY.”

“ 28th May, 1864.

“ DEAR MR. CASSELL,—You have sent me two very beautiful books, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the volume of *Family Prayer*.

“ But I must thank you more for the kind words you have written in them than for the works themselves.

“ I feel deeply the attention you have shown me on this and on other occasions. Let me assure you that I prize very highly the esteem and friendship of a good, honest Englishman like yourself.—Yours very truly,
SHAFTESBURY.”

CHAPTER VI

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE—AMERICAN EXPERIENCES

Two important phases of Cassell's life fell in the 'fifties. One was his share in the great fight to rid the country of the "Taxes on Knowledge." The other was his exploration of social life and business possibilities in the United States.

Cassell had made his appearance as a campaigner against the newspaper advertisement duty as early as 1849, when John Francis formed his London Committee for the repeal of that odious impost. Cassell, representing his *Standard of Freedom* on the committee, was associated with Peter Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*; Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, who afterwards became M.P. for Boston; and the celebrated Edward Miall, of the *Nonconformist*. They won their battle, after four years' fighting, in 1853. But before that date Cassell had earnestly taken up two other causes, which were of far greater professional and financial consequence to him—the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Duty and the abolition of the Paper Tax. He gave evidence before the Government Committee on the stamp duty in 1851, and joined Milner Gibson's Association for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge, in company with Cobden, Bright, Joseph Hume, Holyoake, and Passmore Edwards. Seven years later he was chairman of the committee of a new association which took over the organization of the final attack on these taxes, the Newspaper and Periodical Press Association for Obtaining the Repeal of the Paper Duty.

Cassell's eagerness to free paper and periodical publications from the burden that oppressed them can easily be understood. They interfered with his ideal—the

The Story of the House of Cassell

widest possible circulation of "educational" books and papers—and they were an enormous drain upon his pocket. The taxes on the paper used in printing "The Family Bible" amounted to £3,000 a year. In 1858 the paper duty cost Cassell altogether between seven and eight thousand pounds. He entered vigorously into the work of the new association. With Francis and Henry Vizetelly (who was secretary) he went on a mission to Ireland and Scotland to set up local branches.

His opening meeting in Ireland was notable for a speech in which he lucidly set out the case for repeal. He lamented the absence of educational chances for the children of the poor; in England and Wales, the child population between the ages of eight and fifteen was estimated at 4,900,000, of whom only 2,040,000 attended school; the other 2,860,000 had no instruction whatever. "I myself," he said, "although largely engaged in publishing, am not a publisher by trade and profession, but took it up actuated by the desire to educate the class from which I myself sprung. I know that in the manufacturing districts of England there are thousands and thousands of uneducated individuals—so uneducated that they cannot read. I know that when I arrived at the period of manhood I could not tell what a noun or a verb was, but I could read and be guided by my own experience. I know that if he can simply read, every working man thus possesses the key to the temple of knowledge, by which he can open its portals and penetrate into its innermost recesses and most secret cabinets."

Cassell was one of the speakers when Milner Gibson led his deputation to Lord Derby on the subject in February, 1859. With all our boasted advances in civilization, he told the Minister, with all our educational societies and social science conferences, and with the efforts of all our leading Statesmen for the elevation of the nation, we were "the only nation which imposed a tax on the great medium of communicating knowledge to the people."

The End of the Paper Duty

He used his pen in the cause, as well as his voice. And there was bite in his writing, as these sentences from an article in the *Working Man's Friend* will show. "What," he asks, "can be more ridiculously grotesque than for a Government to weep over the ignorance of its subjects, and tax knowledge to the tune of a million? Were it not for the cruelty and wickedness of the thing, its bare mention would make us laugh for a month. The clergy are, forsooth, in throes over the ignorance of the masses; the dissenters, too, cry day and night because of the deplorable degradation of the masses; my Lord Ashley and the Ragged School folks cannot sleep for the horror that these 'untutored savages' excite. Some of them are so deeply moved that they are even asking whether it might not be worth while to have fewer hounds and puppies and more schools; still, so tremendous a sacrifice must not be made without due deliberation. Parliament is touched to its very core on this momentous point, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is full of sympathy and benevolence; and the glorious result is that knowledge is taxed upwards of a million a year, and less than one-tenth of the ill-gotten treasure is given back to the people. This conduct on the part of the Government, clergy, dissenters, patriots, and philanthropists is not only inconsistent, but it is very oppressive, irreligious, and cruel."

When Gladstone abolished the Paper Duty in 1861, the work of the associations came to a glad end. Cassell was with them to the close, and subscribed to the fund for winding up the accounts and to the testimonial to Milner Gibson.

Cassell first went to America on Temperance business. In 1853 he represented the National Temperance Society at the World's Temperance Convention in New York, and, though he stayed only a few weeks, was there long enough to be stirred by the anti-slavery agitation. He went across again in the spring of 1854 to investigate the conditions of the publishing trade in the United States. This

The Story of the House of Cassell

time he was the guest of Henry Ward Beecher, and during his stay was introduced to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The authoress gave him a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to read, with a view to its publication in England. Cassell, with his anti-slavery opinions, was a sympathetic and interested reader, but he could not make up his mind how the classic of the anti-slavery campaign would strike the general reader in England. He hit upon the ingenious idea of testing the question through his own daughter. Having read the book, she pronounced it "splendid." That settled Cassell's doubts. He then and there determined to bring out an English edition with illustrations by George Cruikshank. It scored a huge success, and was followed by another bit of Abolitionist propaganda—the publication of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack," which adorned the walls of thousands of English homes the next year.

The slave controversy moved Cassell's warmest feelings. He went deeply into the case on each side, and from his notes on these inquiries compiled a series of articles which he published on his return. One characteristic incident came under his personal notice. It was concerned with the "underground railway" by which slaves escaped from their masters. In Cincinnati he called upon a leading citizen and found him enclosing a five-dollar bill in an envelope. "You could scarcely conjecture," said the citizen, "for what purpose this is intended. Well, I will tell you. This is a contribution towards helping a poor fellow along the underground railroad. The person to whom I send it will not know whence it comes. There will be no address on the envelope, nor will there be any name or sign to signify the sender. Why, my dear sir, if it could be proved that I had assisted this piece of property to carry itself off, the owner would at once sue me in the United States Circuit Court for the full value of his chattel." "And where is this poor fugitive?" Cassell inquired. "Oh, he is safe," was the reply, "but his owner is in the city, and he

The Slave in Hiding

declares, by all the powers in the world above and the world below, that he will have him. But he won't!" "Is it possible for me to see this man in his hiding-place?" asked Cassell. "For that matter, I hardly know," was the reply; "for though I have contributed some hundreds of dollars to aid in the transit of these men who have fled from bondage, I have never seen one of their secret places of refuge, but, as you are an Englishman, I think you may be able to see the man to aid whose escape I send these five dollars."

"We set out accordingly," wrote Cassell, "passing up and down many streets until we stood before a door. My friend knocked, and presently a coloured man appeared. He was a servant, and in answer to our inquiries he said his master was out. A little whispering took place, the negro rolled his dark, bright eyes, apparently assenting to what was said by sundry serious nods, and at the same time bestowed upon me one of the most searching glances I have ever encountered. At length the man took upon himself the serious responsibility of revealing to us the fugitive's hiding-place, which I must leave to the reader's imagination, for the Fugitive Slave Act is still law, and the underground railway still in operation.

"Following the direction given to us, we found ourselves once more at a door. My friend knocked. No answer. He knocked again. Still no answer. Probably he did not give the precise number of taps agreed upon by the fugitive and his protector, for no response was made.

"A few more taps followed, but elicited no sign of life. 'Come,' said my friend, a little out of patience, 'open the door; don't be afraid; we are your friends.' A movement was heard within, and very gently the door was opened by the width of an inch. Again my friend spoke: 'Do not be afraid, here is an Englishman; surely he will not scare you.'

"That name was the Open Sesame of the Arabian tale.

The Story of the House of Cassell

I confess that my emotion overcame me as I looked upon this hunted fellow-being, who had committed no crime, but who, in this so-called land of liberty, had shown himself worthy of his freedom by the intelligence, the courage, and the fortitude he had displayed in his endeavour to obtain it. I conversed with him and found him a most valuable piece of property, whether owned by himself or another. He was a blacksmith, and had fled from Tennessee. His anxiety was great, owing to the fact that his master was on his track, and he had only escaped capture by the perilous feat of swimming across the Ohio. I am happy to say that this man afterwards got clear off to British territory."

In 1859, during the period of semi-partnership with Petter and Galpin, Cassell crossed the Atlantic for a longer business visit. Convinced that he could do a highly profitable trade with America, he had no hesitation in leaving La Belle Sauvage to the care of his associates for a considerable time while he developed the interests of the firm in the New World. His wife and daughter accompanied him on what proved to be a most interesting journey through the United States and Canada, fruitful not only of business but of much sagacious reflection and comparison.

New York had grown enormously in the five years since Cassell last saw it. But the great city did not impress him favourably. The municipal spirit, which even then was strong in England, seemed to have a frail existence in America, and the public amenities of an English town were nearly all absent. "The state of the streets," he said, "was so bad as to surpass ordinary powers of description. The arrangements for removing dust from the houses in the best part of the city would be ridiculous if not cruel. On rising in the morning and looking from my window in the hotel, I observed a number of carts passing to and fro, a man being in the shafts of each cart, and three dogs underneath. These carts were the recognized means by which rubbish was removed from the

New York in the 'Fifties

houses of the wealthy; its removal from the dwellings of the poor being considered unnecessary. During the first weeks of our stay our rest was continually disturbed by the fire-bells booming slowly through the still, clear air. I frequently got out of bed in the early hours to watch the firemen as they dragged their engines, with much toil and difficulty, through the miry streets, and shouted and urged each other on. During the day there were many volunteers to draw the engines, so that the firemen reached the scene with less fatigue, but it is evident that by day or night much valuable time must be lost by this primitive method of moving the engines from place to place."

Cassell's business placed him in close relation not alone with publishers and booksellers, but with authors and journalists, and with other and various types of trader and professional man. His letters strongly recall Dickens's earlier accounts of Uncle Sam's institutions in the time before the Civil War.

"So strong a feeling exists against exclusiveness in any form," he wrote, "that privacy is a luxury rarely to be enjoyed. There are no private offices, for instance, in the country; a man's place of business is a public thoroughfare. Beggars enter large establishments, walk round and solicit alms from each person without hindrance. In my own office I have interviews during the day with numerous unexpected visitors. An apple-woman insists upon selling me some of her fruit, and scarcely has she retired when a vendor of steel pens selects a vacant spot on your table for the display of his goods; a short interval occurs, and my quiet is invaded by a determined match-seller, and so on through the whole day. Some of my visitors who call on business are equally obtrusive and more difficult to get rid of. On one occasion a Yankee walked into my room, and after depositing some tobacco juice on the floor, seated himself at my agent's desk. I happened to be called away for a short time, and during my absence our Yankee friend observed, at one end of the room,

The Story of the House of Cassell

a washing-stand with blacking brushes underneath. Desirous to occupy himself usefully, he took these articles from their hiding-place, and on my return I found him with one foot on a chair polishing off his boots. When he had completed that operation we proceeded to business."

Among the editors he met, Cassell specially notes Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, whose career was not unlike his own. "Popularly known as '*The Tribune Philosopher*,' he is one of the most remarkable men in America. Originally a journeyman printer, he has become by dint of great energy and ability one of the guiding spirits of American politics." But on the whole Cassell was not enamoured of American newspaper methods. No conservative and no stickler for convention, he yet caught his breath at "the light, dashing manner" in which the most important subjects were turned off, and complained of the "apparent absence of earnestness and sincerity in what is written."

American politics made hardly more appeal to him than American journalism, except on one side: its highly efficient "publicity" system appealed strongly to his business instinct. When he arrived in the country, having left England in November, 1859, the Lincoln election campaign was in full swing.

"One of the most remarkable scenes which I witnessed," he wrote, "was a torchlight procession of 'Wideawakes,' members of the Republican party, so called, I believe, from the kind of hats which they wear. They numbered 12,000, each man, in the costume and hat of the party, carrying a pole with a blazing lamp at the end of it. They assembled in Madison Square, which, together with the streets at the sides and the Fifth Avenue, became completely filled. So dazzling was the glare of light that the whole sky appeared illumined. Presently they formed a line six abreast and passed along the Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Eighth Street. As the square gradually became empty the men from the side

American Electioneering

streets poured into it, and followed in the line. Proceeding down Broadway and round the City Park, the procession returned along the parallel thoroughfare, called the Bowery, and the van had reached a point opposite to where we stood before the rear had left us. The effect of such a multitude of lights passing through the crowded streets was very fine."

The English observer, accustomed to election demonstrations on a lesser plan and in a milder tone, described with gusto how the public prints flowed over with panegyrics of their own candidates and violent diatribes against the opposite side, the "stumping" feats of public orators, the war of rival colours in the streets, the illuminated transparencies at the club-houses, the bonfires and the fireworks, and all the paraphernalia of a hot contest. Both parties expended "so much powder, fuss, and firing that the whole country became worked up into a fine pitch of excitement." Abraham Lincoln, however, Cassell observed, held aloof from it all.

Cassell's curiosity extended to every subject of popular interest or public controversy. He resumed his investigations into the slavery question; he touched the fringe of the "Woman's Rights" movement, then quite active in the States, but was not attracted to it; he became enthusiastic both for the American system of State education and for the public spirit of the individual citizens who endowed educational causes so generously. He met Peter Cooper, the founder of the Cooper Institution for "the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art," and expressed unstinted admiration of such work.

But his largest encomiums were reserved for the public school system; it was an honour to America that "every child is educated at the expense of the State" and that "to the children of America, knowledge is as free as the air they breathe." To all reforming Englishmen of sixty years ago the ideal of free and universal education, not realized in England for another forty years, was very

The Story of the House of Cassell

dear ; to Cassell, with his bitter memories of boyhood, it was a passion. He constantly inveighed against the sloth that delayed public action on this question ; he constantly used our lamentable education statistics in his campaign for free paper and in his advocacy of private educational enterprise.

Among the American institutions Cassell did not like was the pirate publisher. At Washington, he endeavoured to put in an argumentative word or two for international copyright. He found that what international copyright wanted at Washington was not argument, but cash. When he pointed out to the politicians the justice and expediency of international copyright, they cut him off short : " If you English publishers will only subscribe a sum of so-and-so to work the lobby," he was told, " the measure could be carried. You know that there are certain houses here which are deeply interested in the reproduction of English books : what are a few thousand dollars to them, expended to defeat any attempt to interfere with a system by which they have become millionaires ? "

When at last Cassell turned his face homeward, his mind full of new and sharp impressions and startling contrasts, with an overwhelming sense of the mighty potentialities of the American nation, he felt that one of his first duties was to warn his countrymen against the danger of passing judgment on communities they did not know, and the almost equally pernicious practice of criticizing a country on slight acquaintance.

" Had our observations of American manners and customs," he wrote, " extended no farther than New York, how erroneous would have been our views ! . . . Although we saw much in that country which jarred with our English prejudices, yet upon the whole we left its shores filled with wonder and admiration. The surprisingly rapid progress of the North and North-West, the appearance of well-doing on every hand, and the moral and intellectual advancement of the people, keeping pace

J. B. Gough's Eloquence

with their material prosperity, the numerous and costly places of public worship erected and sustained by voluntary effort, the national educational machinery by which the poorest child may obtain an equal education with the richest—these and many other characteristics of American civilization could not be regarded with any other feelings than those of very high gratification.”

On his eastward voyage across the Atlantic, Cassell came into accidental touch with the Temperance movement again: he was a fellow-passenger with J. B. Gough, the teetotal orator, so famous in his day. Some of the passengers asked Cassell to persuade Gough to speak in the saloon. Gough had first to be satisfied that he was not thrusting his views forward where they would be unwelcome; then he agreed. “I never,” wrote Cassell, “heard him address an assembly with greater power and effect—so much prudence displayed in bringing the subject for the first time before the audience. One gentleman who had been pointed out as very fond of cards and grog was deeply affected. . . . All were enchanted by the power of Mr. Gough's eloquence. . . . An impression was made upon numerous minds for the first time that it is to be hoped will prove lasting; several who had been in the habit of taking a nightcap in the shape of a glass of toddy went to their berths without their customary whisky and water.”

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST YEARS

ON his return from America, Cassell entered into full partnership with Messrs. Petter and Galpin. They brought a valuable store of business experience and capacity into the concern, and supplied qualities complementary to Cassell's daring and pioneering spirit. Assisted by a staff of capable and ardent men (all the heads of departments were enthusiastic believers in Cassell), the firm prospered amazingly. It continued to be particularly successful in the production of illustrated editions of great books. The long list included "The Pilgrim's Progress," richly illustrated by H. C. Selous and Paolo Priolo, "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Gulliver's Travels." But perhaps Cassell's greatest achievement in this kind was the series of Doré books. To have secured Doré's services at all was a triumph. When the thing was accomplished the House set itself to the task of doing the great artist justice, and it succeeded perfectly—that is, up to the limit of possibility in illustration at that time. The "Inferno" with Doré's pictures was published in 1861. The next of the series was the "Don Quixote." To get his material for this Doré spent two years in Spain, and he gave the public of his best. Later on, the question arose whether Doré should be commissioned to illustrate the Bible. The Art Editor of those days had very serious misgivings about the proposal, as witness the following letter to John Cassell in Paris :

"MY DEAR SIR,—Can you make it convenient while in Paris to see M. Gustave Doré? Although his style of composition is not in general suited to the illustration of the Bible, there are subjects, now and then, which it would be an advantage

Cassell's and Napoleon III

to have from his pencil. Such is the vision of the Resurrection of Dry Bones in the Book of Ezekiel. This subject (full page size) is now required, and no one could do it so well as Doré, if he would undertake to avoid anything grotesque, and give sufficient solemnity to its weird figures. There may be a few more subjects before we get to the end of the Revelation, but this is the only one we can name at present for M. Doré, and if you will kindly arrange for it, some trouble will be saved."

Whether Doré toned down his style to meet the Art Editor's views, or the Art Editor plucked up his courage to swallow Doré's ideas, there is no record to show, but Doré's Bible was published in 1865-6, and the public welcomed his weirdness and his solemnity and never complained of his grotesquerie.

Another notable book undertaken by the firm was the English translation of the third Napoleon's "Vie de César." This work was done by arrangement with the French Emperor himself, and while the book was in course of printing, he visited the Yard and passed some of the sheets for press in the composing-room.

The announcement that Cassell's were to introduce the Imperial biographer to the English public created a flutter in the London dovecotes. The firm had made a speciality of "popular" literature, and that Napoleon III should have sought its help in bringing out his study was a cause of startled speculation in the Press. They sought any explanation of the phenomenon but the right one. Thus the *Guardian*:

"We understand that the English translation of the first volume of the Emperor Napoleon's 'Life of Julius Cæsar' has been entrusted to the hands of Mr. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., to which initials he will be entitled to add 'Knight of the Legion of Honour,' in addition to substantial pecuniary recompense. The work in its English dress is to be published, it seems, by Messrs. Cassell, a house for cheap publications, to whom the Imperial author was recommended to apply—somewhat strangely and eccentrically, we think—by Lord Brougham, who possibly forgot at the moment the existence of other publishers."

The Story of the House of Cassell

The provincial papers followed suit. One of them reprimanded Lord Brougham for his lamentable violation of the proprieties of publishing, and reproved "the Imperial author" for passing over Mr. Murray, Messrs. Longman, "and the great dignitaries of Paternoster Row," and giving his patronage to "a firm which has never yet given a book of high standing to the world"!

All this farrago of nonsense was destroyed in due course by the *London Review*, which related the facts as they were :

"Private letters from Paris speak of the large paper edition of Vol. I of the Emperor's 'Vie de César' as being ready . . . The number of copies which the Emperor thinks of giving away to the crowned heads of Europe and the principal officers of State is about 1,500. Paragraphs have appeared in several contemporaries reflecting somewhat on the good taste of the French Emperor in selecting Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin as the publishers of his 'Vie de César,' when such old and famous firms as Messrs. Longman and Murray represented the highest interests of English literature. We beg to say that the matter of publication was one of open competition, the highest bidder for the privilege receiving the appointment, and that Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, or anybody else in Paternoster Row might have become the publisher if sufficient money had been offered. The publishing arrangements were left entirely to M. Henri Plon, the Paris publisher, who, from a strictly commercial point of view, listened to that money offer which was highest."

Upon this the *Guardian* hastened to withdraw as "without foundation" the suggestion that Lord Brougham had anything to do with the matter, and apologized "for the imputation . . . against so respectable and influential a firm."

The business had now reached great dimensions. Cassell was its spring and inspiration. But he had the defects of his qualities. For the patient organization of a huge business concern he had no special capability. This he was content to leave to Petter and Galpin, and to the able men of business on the staff. His spirit was

A Pioneer of Petroleum

essentially adventurous, and he found it difficult to turn away from ideas even when they diverted much of his energy into by-ways and blind alleys.

Thus it was that in one of his frequent visits to Paris to attend to the Continental business of his firm, his eager mind caught at the commercial possibilities of petroleum. A new source of artificial light was coming into extensive use, and he saw in it princely fortunes for those who had the foresight to exploit it. He told his dreams to his partners, but failed to infect them with his enthusiasm, and finally they declined to join him in the enterprise. Undaunted, he went ahead alone, building distillation works at Hanwell, fitting up a miniature distillery at his house in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, and throwing himself energetically into the new venture.

But this time the sanguine temperament which had so often justified itself in his career betrayed him. In spite of all his efforts the venture failed, and though it did not involve financial embarrassment, it brought him some loss and much anxiety. Moreover, the demands which the two businesses together made upon his time and energy were excessive. He would be up in the morning long before anyone else in the house was astir, take a hurried breakfast prepared by himself, and be at the Hanwell works by the time the "hands" arrived. After hours of strenuous toil he would hurry off to Ludgate Hill, often leaving his lunch until late in the afternoon, when he would repair to a neighbouring coffee-house for a hasty meal. Then back to La Belle Sauvage to work, which, but for the petroleum, would have been done earlier in the day. This crowding of two days' work into one could not last. One who was associated with him in the business at Hanwell wrote long afterwards that there could be little doubt "that his closely continued application to this extraneous business, and the anxiety it entailed, were largely instrumental in causing his early decease." This may not actually have been so, for the cause of his death was an internal tumour, but it is certainly matter for

The Story of the House of Cassell

regret that the last stages of so brilliantly successful a career should have been clouded with disappointment.

The late Bonavia Hunt, for many years editor of the *Quiver*, recorded a glimpse of Cassell in the last few months of his life: "His visits to the Yard were then so infrequent that his private room was occasionally used by others, the accommodation for the growing business of the House being more and more crowded; and I, as the last editorial 'fresher,' was given a small table in Mr. Cassell's room, which I might use on days when he was not expected. But the unexpected always happens; and one day he marched into the room with his attendant and caught me writing there. 'Ah!' he cried, 'who is this young man, and how dare he intrude himself here?' Instantly I snatched up my papers and bolted, but peace was made for me, and in future I was allowed the use of the room under specified conditions. After his death I was permitted to have the small table in my own office as a memento of the man and the incident, and I retained it till I left the House forty years afterwards—1905. I always had a sentimental regard for that table."

Cassell spent the Christmas of 1863 at Cannes with his wife and daughter, who were passing the winter there. Soon after his return it became evident to all that something was seriously wrong with his health. Various methods of treatment were prescribed, but they proved unavailing, and he continued to lose strength, although with characteristic courage he went on working hard, undertaking journeys to Scotland and Ireland; and he wrote to his daughter with much of his old buoyant cheerfulness. Up to within three days of his death he continued to dictate letters to his secretary.

Then, on April 2, 1865—the day also of his friend Cobden's death—the end came. It is said that he had begged to be moved from the bed to his favourite couch. As this was being done he whispered: "It is very dark." Presently his face brightened, and he murmured: "No! it is all light now." Six days later he was buried

John Cassell's Work

in Kensal Green Cemetery. There were many signs of widespread sorrow for his death. His widow survived him twenty-two years; his daughter, "my beloved Sophia," died in 1912.

Sir Sidney Lee reminds us that Ariosto imagined that at the end of every man's thread of life there hangs a medal stamped with his name, and that as Death severs the thread with the fatal shears, Time seizes the medal and drops it into the river Lethe. A few, a very few, of the medals, as they fall, are caught by swans, who carry them off and deposit them in a Temple of Immortality. Ariosto's swans are biographers. By what motive, asks Sir Sidney Lee, are they compelled to rescue any medals of personality from the flood of forgetfulness into which they let most of them sink?

It is not pretended that John Cassell's life, apart from his work as publisher, gave him a claim to a place in the Temple. He raised himself from extreme poverty to moderate wealth, but many others have done that. The factory lad at the time of his early death at the age of forty-eight was the head of a firm with five hundred employees; but there was nothing rare in that—other men had amassed greater wealth and created bigger businesses. He was a Temperance Reformer; but there were many more notable advocates of Temperance Reform. He was sincerely religious; he was a devoted husband and father; he was a good employer and an exemplary citizen; he had high courage and fine principle; but happily he shared those characteristics with a multitude of men. Perhaps the swans of Ariosto would not have caught John Cassell's medal, even adorned with so handsome a record. But there is something to add to this. Cassell did much to raise the moral and intellectual level of the mass of the people long before State education was inaugurated; as was said at his death, "he founded an Empire of literature in the hearts and homes of the working man"; he was a pioneer of a system of self-culture which benefited millions of his fellow-citizens and delivered from obscurity many who

The Story of the House of Cassell

rose to eminence as national leaders and political and social reformers. Add to his personal qualities such fruitful services to the community as these, services multiplied in the generations which still profit by his enduring enterprise, and we have a record which surely ought not to drop into the waters of forgetfulness.

Surrounded by influential admirers, the friend of statesmen, his name known over a great part of the world in the most honourable connexions, this simple-minded man was never ashamed of his humble origin. Born of the people, his greatest ambition was to elevate them, not merely by improving their material environment and increasing their wages, but by the wider diffusion of moral and intellectual light. In his own person, too, he showed what self-culture could accomplish. Practically without any schooling, with little or no help from tutors in later years, he mastered the various literary and business knowledge required by a publisher. He conceived and carried through large schemes involving the expenditure of tens of thousands of pounds, and was able to direct the multifarious details of the editing, production, and distribution of illustrated magazines and serial publications, and of books. His greatest business gift was an instinctive knowledge of what the common people wanted to read, although, as we have seen, his judgment, especially at the beginning of his publishing adventures, was by no means infallible. To this *flair* he added a shrewd insight into capacity and character, and he could so rule over men as to win their goodwill and turn their talents to the best account. He worked long hours himself, with close concentration and an undaunted determination to succeed, but he was considerate to those in his service, none of whom remembered an instance of harsh treatment or of more than passing irritation.

Self-culture had given him self-control and a sane and tranquil spirit. It saved him alike from the foolish pride that sometimes accompanies success, and from the arbitrariness that is often mistaken for strength.

PART II
THE HOUSE OF CASSELL

CHAPTER I

CASSELL, PETER AND GALPIN

CASSELL died leaving to his partners something more than a large business. He bequeathed to them an ideal. His ambition had been to bring good literature to the millions who did the rough work of the world, to project some ray from the golden lamp athwart the bricklayer's hod and the miner's pick. Fortunately his legacy descended to men who were able and eager to realize it.

A memoir of Cassell which appeared in the *Illustrated Family Paper* was censured by the *Bookseller* of that era on two grounds. One was that full justice had not been done to the commercial talents of his surviving partners, to whom the success of the firm was said to be largely owing; the other, that some of the commercial failures of Cassell's earlier time were even more praiseworthy than his greatest successes, since they were the best evidence of his sincere resolve at all costs to enable men to break through "poverty's unconquerable bar" into the realms of knowledge. However mistaken the *Family Paper* may have been in its too generous application of the rule *de mortuis*, Cassell himself never failed to give to Petter and Galpin full credit for their contributions to the common stock. Their qualities certainly blended into a happy business combination which assured to the House a long period of extraordinary prosperity.

George William Petter, a Devonian, born at Barnstaple in 1823, narrowly escaped becoming a country draper. A moneyed aunt snatched the apprentice away from the counter and secured for him a partnership with a Mr. Duff, printer, of Playhouse Yard. Mr. Duff retired, or was bought out, and Petter, looking about for a partner, was introduced by Mr. Pare, the Dublin engineer, to

The Story of the House of Cassell

Thomas Dixon Galpin. Galpin had spent his early youth as a sea-rover. Had he not, while serving on a West Indiaman, fallen in love with Miss Pare, and had not Mr. Pare objected to his daughter marrying a sailor, Galpin would probably have died a seaman, and the history of Cassell's would have been differently written. The fresh colour of this tall, well-built, open-air man clung to him all through his life in the City. He became the business expert, the financial adviser. Petter assumed general control with a special eye on the editorial side of the work.

“Petter,” wrote the late Bonavia Hunt, “was a man of excitable brain, indomitable will, and boundless energy. He possessed that rare combination of faculties, a grasp of high policy and a grip of the minutest detail. Except under the most trying circumstances he rarely lost command of himself, but when he did he was a living tornado. His storm, however, was not thunder and lightning, but a blizzard of sarcasm. The object of it emerged from his employer's presence seared and crumpled, and yet if he was anything of a man the ultimate effect of this discipline was to brace him to fresh efforts rather than to deter and discourage him. And if any member of the establishment, however humble his position, had any personal ailment or domestic trouble, no one could be kinder or more sympathetic than he who was known amongst us as ‘the Great Man,’ as well as by other and more sportive epithets.

“His personal appearance was not commanding or awe-inspiring from a merely physical standpoint; yet it was not without a certain dignity of bearing. In middle life his face was full and of a natural healthy colour; the brow was lined and well developed, and the shape of the crown indicated a good-sized brain. His speech was clear, and his diction rapid and voluminous, almost bewildering in its swift transitions from point to point; at times the listener would be inclined to recall Disraeli's gibe at Gladstone that he was ‘intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity’; but like the Great Man of the nineteenth century, our own Great Man seldom



GEORGE WILLIAM PETER

A Petter Story

failed to hit his mark and to fix on his hearer's mind the exact impression he intended to leave there.

“His special department was the editorial; and although there was at that time, as always since, a chief or managing editor, it was clearly understood that any member of the staff might be sent for by Mr. Petter himself, who thus retained his grasp of all the details of the work. From the first he took a special interest in me, which I then did not so heartily appreciate as afterwards. He made up his mind that I should be thoroughly trained in all the auxiliary matters affecting the production of a magazine, and to that end placed me first in the composing-room and the reader's closet, then in the electrotyping department, and lastly in the machine-room. This 'prentice work was relieved by the devotion of a few hours each day to the minor duties of an editorial office, such as the keeping of a register of manuscripts received and retained or returned, making *précis* of readers' reports or of the plot of a serial story.”

Petter's constant energy of character was manifested not merely in business, but in his political, religious and social activities as well. He was an ardent Protestant, a fervent Evangelical, an indefatigable speaker on all occasions. He became the figurehead and chief spokesman at any ceremonial affair in which the firm was concerned, though he resisted all invitations to stand for Parliament. He seems to have been generally defective in the sense of humour. One precious story is told of him. It was the custom of the partners and heads of departments to take lunch together in a room on the premises, apparently so that the discussion of the affairs of *La Belle Sauvage* should not stop during any moment from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. At one lunch after the publication of Cassell's "History of the Franco-German War," Petter had been denouncing war as un-Christian and declaiming with such vigour that nobody ventured to put in a word for Mars; but as the party broke up, Henry Jeffery, the chief of the counting-house,

The Story of the House of Cassell

thinking he was unheard by the senior partner, said in his loud, piercing and emphatic voice: "It's all very well for Petter to talk about war in that way, but he should remember the thousands we have made out of the Franco-German War!" As it happened, Petter was still in the room, and within hearing, and, instead of laughing off the contretemps, waxed full of wrath at Jeffery's outspokenness.

Another member of the staff relates that he once wrote a paragraph for the *Live Stock Journal*, one of the firm's papers, about the "Lion Sermon" annually preached in a City church to commemorate Sir John Gayer's escape from a lion in the seventeenth century. The incident was not treated very seriously, and a friend of Petter's with a keen nose for heresy wrote complaining that one of his papers was casting doubt or ridicule upon the story of Daniel in the lions' den. So Petter sent for the author, who without difficulty persuaded him that no reference was made or implied to the Biblical story. Having intimated that he was quite satisfied, Petter begged the contributor to co-operate with him in giving a religious tone to the *Live Stock Journal*!

Nevertheless, the apparently stilted and strait-laced Petter was not only a wonderfully effective business man, but a keen sympathizer with Cassell's ideal. He kept it in view throughout his connexion with the House, and in his last public speech held it up for the emulation of their successors, "as one and another of the old guard fell out of the ranks." Amid all the great tasks he undertook and carried out with such success, nothing gave him so much pride as the publication of Lord Shaftesbury's "Life." A newspaper writer remarked, when Petter went into retirement, that it must be consolation to him to know that "his work had been so prolific of good"—and the effort he selected for special praise was the Shaftesbury. Without Petter, he said, there would have been no "Life," for it was Petter who persuaded Lord Shaftesbury to agree and Edwin Hodder to write the book. There can



Photo. Treadell and Young

THOMAS DIXON GALPIN

T. D. Galpin

be no doubt that the Shaftesbury always seemed to Petter to set the seal on his career as a teacher of altruism to the masses.

Galpin was less in the public eye. He was at once the foil and the completion of Petter; an excellent man of affairs, assiduous and tactful, and keeping careful watch on finance. But he was generally disposed to follow the line of least resistance and willing to defer to his partners in questions of literature and art. He brought the scent of the sea into La Belle Sauvage, and much of the bonhomie of the sea-companionship. Jovial and affable, he loved his own little joke so much that it could always be seen broadening his face into a smile before it was born in speech. But all through his thirty years at the Yard he displayed most valuable qualities of even judgment and constant common sense. His staff were loyal to him because they knew he would hold the scales justly in any cause of disagreement.

In 1879, the Henry Jeffery to whom allusion has been made, one of the managers at La Belle Sauvage, was taken into partnership, in company with Mr. Robert Turner, who had been first conspicuously successful in the conduct of the New York branch, and subsequently as general manager in London. The firm then became "Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co." But this was a mere phase of transition. It lasted only till 1883. Then, following the irresistible trend of large business, the firm, in the month of April, converted itself into a limited liability company. Galpin undertook control, Petter retaining a seat on the Board, and Turner remaining as general manager. But a new and notable name was introduced: Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster became secretary of the company. Forster's adoptive father, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, took the chair at the meeting of the staff held in Exeter Hall (on June 9, 1883) to celebrate the transformation of the business. He had invested in some shares and was pleased to be allowed "to take a seat in the fresh coach," chiefly, as he said with customary candour, because he had

The Story of the House of Cassell

no doubt he would get good interest for his money: he "did not believe in business that did not pay." There was a modern note in his observation that the arrangement for enabling members of the staff to acquire shares was "calculated to bring about good feeling between capital and labour, and offered a good example to employers generally."

In the next few years came a rapid break-up of the old associations. Petter died in the autumn of 1888. He had kept at work long after most men would have ceased to struggle. Towards the end Bonavia Hunt visited him where he lay in a private hotel in Piccadilly, and took his farewell after praying with him at the dying man's request. Turner had retired from the management in 1885, but remained on the Board. Galpin held the managing directorship till the year of Petter's death, when, at the age of 60, he resigned his active work, though he kept his seat as a director for another ten years. He wished his working colleagues good-bye and received from them a present at a meeting in 1889 in Exeter Hall, with the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella in the chair. Galpin was succeeded in the chairmanship of the Board by Turner, who presided for three years, to be followed by the late Viscount Wolverhampton (then Sir Henry Fowler), who held the post from 1891 to 1903, with the exception of his three years as a Minister in the Government of 1892-95. He gave place to Sir Clarence Smith.

In 1885, after Turner's retirement, Edward Whymper had been appointed general manager. The famous explorer and mountaineer had, some years before, as a member of a firm of engravers established by his father, undertaken to illustrate "Picturesque Europe" for Cassell's, and did it to their complete satisfaction. But it soon became clear to him that he did not, and would not, like managing, and he resigned. The directors filled the position in 1887, by the appointment of Sir Wemyss Reid, who became for eighteen years the central figure in the concern.

Wemyss Reid

Wemyss Reid was already a publicist and journalist of note. He had made his mark as editor of the *Leeds Mercury* long before he became associated with Cassell's, and at the time of his engagement had undertaken to write the authorized biographies of W. E. Forster and Lord Houghton. These works appeared, the one in 1888, the other in 1890, and were followed by two other biographies, his "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair," in 1899, and the Life of his close personal friend, William Black, in 1902. A remarkably fluent writer, he was also a capital *raconteur*, an easy and graceful after-dinner speaker, and a popular clubman, who lived to become chairman of the Reform Club, an office in which he took great pride and delight. But no one, however great his admiration of Sir Wemyss Reid's gifts and qualities, could assert that he was adapted for the management of a great publishing house in difficult times.

In 1890, even before the Life of Lord Houghton was off his hands, he had started the *Speaker*, which was published by Cassell's, though not their property. For ten years he edited this review, and wrote its chief political articles, and when his connexion with the paper ceased he regularly contributed a political survey of the month to the *Nineteenth Century*, the publication of his last article almost synchronizing with the announcement of his death. For this division of interest and energy the times were peculiarly unsuitable. At an earlier period he might have held the general managership with credit. He was a popular figure among authors and journalists, and was able to secure for the House the books of some notable authors, such as J. M. Barrie. But during the 'nineties the people were forming new tastes in reading, spirited rival firms were springing up to minister to them, and no publishing house, however long established, that catered for the masses could afford to rest upon its laurels. It is not surprising, therefore, that the later years of Sir Wemyss Reid's period of management were marked by a serious ebb in the fortunes of the House.

The Story of the House of Cassell

Long before his death his health had begun to fail, and the last year or two of his life was a gallant struggle against physical infirmity. It was characteristic both of his courage and of his love for writing that when the physicians told him he had only a few months to live, he should have set to work upon his "Recollections." In this race against time his rapid pen was the winner. The first volume was published in the year of its author's death (1905); the second volume is being kept back until its piquant political revelations can be made public without indiscretion.

With the death of Wemyss Reid we reach the end of the third epoch in the direction of the House of Cassell, and the beginning of its modern history. Before approaching it we turn to some outstanding figures and their achievements in other departments.



SIR WEMYSS REID

CHAPTER II

SOME EDITORS AND ARNOLD-FORSTER

IN a house of such size and with so great a diversity of publications, the Chief Editor is necessarily a personage of importance. It was not long after Cassell had laid out his lines of development that the Chief Editor's post had to be created. The first occupant of whom there is any record was John Willis Clark, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Academically brilliant, he was no editor—"a square peg in a round hole," as Bonavia Hunt said. He was the first to recognize his own unfitness. In the due efflux of time he returned to Cambridge to become Registrar of the University and Town Clerk of the City.

His successor, the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, was a different manner of man, and successfully filled the office of Chief Editor for about twenty years. He had graduated young at Trinity College, Dublin, and gone on to Oxford. Having come down too early for ordination, he resolved to try to get some literary work in London, and presented to the firm at La Belle Sauvage letters of introduction from Napier, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Doctor F. J. Waller, editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, whose daughter Shore afterwards married. Invited at once to act as an assistant editor under Clark, he soon became editor of the *Quiver*, which Bonavia Hunt took over when Shore was promoted to the chief editorship. The young Irishman thoroughly enjoyed his work. He revelled in his intercourse with literary lions and celebrities of other breeds who visited the Yard, and was *persona grata* to the staff. Among his frequent callers were Boyd Carpenter, later to become Bishop of Ripon and Canon of Westminster, but then one of the minor clergy in a suburban parish of Kent, who was constantly writing for

The Story of the House of Cassell

one or other of Cassell's publications; Clement Scott (who prefaced his career as a dramatic critic by writing "appropriate verses" for Cassell's wood-cuts); Bishop Ellicott, one of the Company of Revisers of the New Testament, who was now engaged on the monumental "Bible Commentary for English Readers"; and Professor E. H. Plumptre, of Oxford and King's College, afterwards Dean of Wells, who was editing the "Bible Educator" for Cassell's.

Teignmouth Shore was a man of enormous energy. After his engagement at the Yard he proceeded to ordination and took clerical duties, being incumbent of St. Mildred's, Lee, in the early 'seventies, and then, from 1873 onwards, of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. This courtly and eloquent Hibernian contrived to put in regular attendance at his office and to do his editorial duties conscientiously, and at the same time to become a favourite Society preacher and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria. He not only directed the literary activities of the firm, but for some considerable time, until the Art Department became independent of editorial control, had the final word as to the drawings that should be accepted or rejected. When Mr. Edwin Bale took over the Art Department, Shore met him one morning in the long corridor leading to his room, invited him in, pointed to his table, which had absolutely not a scrap of paper on it, and said that his day's work was done. It was not his business, he remarked, to do details, but to put all such matters into the hands of people competent to deal with them and receive their reports on the result. He warned Mr. Bale that if he attempted to perform the detailed work of his department it would kill him; he should refer it to his clerks and see that it was promptly carried through. But for such delegation Teignmouth Shore would not have been able, as he was said to do, to leave the Yard at 4 P.M., go westward into another sphere, and forget the existence of serials and magazines till next day. He seems to have thought his position in the City was nothing

Teignmouth Shore and John Williams

to be very proud of, and, though he was diligent and excellent at his work, with nothing of the *fainéant* about him, nevertheless, his real world was the West End.

Fortunately for the success of this theory of life, Shore had a wonderful helper in John Williams, his second in command. Educated at Marlborough and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar, Williams brought to La Belle Sauvage an exact knowledge of the classics and a high degree of literary ability. With such a man at his right hand it was small wonder that in the later years of his chief editorship Shore was able to present the object lesson just mentioned. No proofs, whether of books or magazines, went to press until they had been initialled "J. W." When Shore retired Williams was his inevitable successor. But his reign lasted only three years, a rare nervous disease carrying him off in 1891 while he was still in his prime. It was Williams who laid out the schemes of the great topographical works issued in the 'seventies and 'eighties—"Picturesque Europe" and the rest of the series, as well as "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales." He was especially happy in the choice and invention of titles. Mr. W. W. Hutchings, the present editor of medical books, who was Williams's assistant for three years in the early 'eighties, mentions that among his inspirations was "Noughts and Crosses," the taking name of "Q's" first collection of sketches and short stories.

"Long before Teignmouth Shore's retirement," says Mr. Hutchings, "it fell to Williams to do most of the bargaining with authors. His endless fund of good stories was freely drawn upon to smooth the path of negotiation, and the author usually went away smiling, if not satisfied. His self-control was remarkable, and I have known it to be proof against even extreme provocation from men whom he liked and for whom he could make allowance. To strangers his manner sometimes leaned, perhaps, to severity rather than to the irresistible suavity so characteristic of Teignmouth Shore; but he was essentially a man

The Story of the House of Cassell

of much more than usual kindness of heart. A son of the parsonage, he was interested in ecclesiastical architecture, but he found his chief delight in music. At one time he wrote a good deal of musical criticism, and on social occasions his 'cello was much in request. He was a capital reader of 'Pickwick,' and was not without a tincture of Bohemianism; but he sang in the choir of his parish church, and often helped the incumbent and pleased the congregation by reading the Lessons with admirable elocution. Altogether, he was one of the most capable and most versatile men who have served the House of Cassell, and had his ambition been equal to his abilities he might conceivably have done greater things than ever he attempted."

When John Williams passed away Sir Wemyss Reid advertised for a successor, and found one in the late Arthur John Butler, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a ripe scholar and an expert in education. Brilliant as were his gifts, Butler, like Willis Clark, was out of his proper place as chief editor of a publishing house mainly concerned with popular literature. After less than three years' service he withdrew, and presently found a more congenial sphere in the Record Office. He left behind him none but pleasant memories; a more loyal or more agreeable colleague there never was. His biography has been written by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who at this time and for some years afterwards was "reader" to the House.

The post of Editor-in-Chief was now filled for six years by the late James A. Manson. Relating his own story, Manson said his connexion with La Belle Sauvage arose from what Sir Frank Burnand would have called "a happy thought." "On September 21, 1870, I sailed from Granton for a fortnight's holiday in London. When I had spent a week in sight-seeing it suddenly occurred to me that as there was really nothing to keep me in Edinburgh—I was only attending the Arts course at the University and coaching the boys for the Royal High

An Editor's Recollections

School, my old school, of an evening—I might get something to do in London. Mentioning the matter to my father's old friend, Thomas Wilson Reid, the manager of the *Sportsman*, which was then issued from Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, I received from him an introduction to Mr. John Hamer, Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin's publisher, who passed me on to Mr. Petter. As luck would have it, there was a vacancy—caused by the transference of my late friend, Daniel Gorrie, the well-known Orcadian, from the editorial staff to the charge of the Country News Department—and Mr. Petter, after subjecting me to a stiff examination, intimated that I might stay with the firm for a fortnight 'to see how I liked it, and how the principals liked me.'

“The period of probation ended, I was duly enrolled a member of the editorial staff. I began at the bottom of the ladder and climbed to the top. And here, may I be allowed to say, in reply to the favourite taunt that Scotsmen never ‘gang back,’ that I can produce documentary evidence that one Scot, at any rate, came to London with a bona-fide intention to go back to his native land, for my return ticket now hangs in a frame on my walls!

“A brief summary, curtailed and condensed as it is, will suffice to show what an excellent training-ground an editorial berth at Cassell's afforded, though, thank God, none of us came out either prigs or Admirable Crichtons. Each editor, excepting those in charge of the permanent magazines, was entrusted, subject to the direction of the chief, with the care of two or three of the serials, and was also required to see a reasonable quota of volumes through the press, to read and report upon MSS. submitted on approval, and to ‘fill up’ by revising re-issues of serials, of which there was always a good number on hand. The editing of a new serial was, naturally, his most onerous work. In such cases he had to prepare the ‘copy’ for the printers and select the illustrations.

“Before the Art Department was founded all the arrangements for drawings and engravings went through

The Story of the House of Cassell

the hands of a specified editor, whose colleagues sent to him orders for the illustrations. It was seldom that an artist declined a commission, but on one occasion William Small did. His drawing on wood was so beautiful that it always seemed a pity to cut it; he was among the very first illustrators of the day. The subject which Mr. Small could not undertake was the old ballad of 'The Queen's Maries.' Those who remember the poignant pathos of the poem will readily appreciate Mr. Small's feelings. Few can read it dry-eyed.

"No editor could go through such a routine as I have roughly sketched without being the better for it. He had the advantage of a varied experience, his judgment and taste were matured, and business-like aptitude and method grew if he lacked them at the start."

James Manson's genius for *camaraderie* won for him hosts of friends at La Belle Sauvage, and when, in 1900, his term of office ended, his colleagues presented him with an album of signatures to an affectionate address and a purse of two hundred pounds. He returned to the Yard for special work during the Great War, and died in February, 1921, a few weeks after his war task was completed.

Manson's successor, after an interval of a few months during which the department was carried on by Mr. John Hamer, was Mr. Arthur D. Innes, a one-time scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, who held the post until the death of Sir Wemyss Reid, in 1905, when he returned to the writing of history, in which he had already begun to specialize. He now has to his credit many scholarly works dealing with various periods and aspects of British History.

Under the long line of Chief Editors, from Teignmouth Shore to A. D. Innes, a number of notable personalities were associated with the staff. In the late 'seventies they included Sir Sidney Low and Mr. Lloyd Sanders, who was afterwards one of the editors of "Celebrities of the Century." Like Mr. Charles Whibley, who joined the staff a few years later, they quickly tired of office routine,

H. O. Arnold-Forster

and preferred to sail the more exciting seas of journalism and authorship, in which all three have gained distinction. Other members of the former editorial staff who migrated to Fleet Street were Mr. J. Penderel-Brodhurst, who became assistant editor of the *St. James's Gazette* and editor of the *St. James's Budget*, and is now editor of the *Guardian*, and Sir Philip Gibbs, who began his literary career in the 'nineties as a member of the Educational Department, but was not long in finding his way, though not by the most direct route, to "the Street of Adventure."

One of the outstanding personalities at the Yard in the 'eighties was, of course, the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster. Although he began his work at La Belle Sauvage as Secretary of the Company, and afterwards had a seat on the Board, it was as director of the Educational Department that he made his mark there. Mr. George Tasker, who was his private secretary not only in the Cassell days, but afterwards at the Admiralty and the War Office, describes Arnold-Forster's work at Cassell's as providing him at first with an acceptable change from the turmoil and danger through which he had passed as private secretary to W. E. Forster during the tragic years of his Irish Chief Secretaryship from 1880 to 1882. "But the duties were not enough for his tireless energy, and before long, in succession to Mr. Lyttelton Gell, he took charge of the Educational Department—a most congenial and appropriate office for the grandson of Arnold of Rugby (under whom he had studied at school), and for the adopted son of the statesman who founded our system of elementary education. Nor did it suffice that he should direct the work of that Department, for he contributed largely and effectively to its catalogue. His first school book, the "Citizen Reader," published in 1886, was an immediate success, and over half a million copies of it have been sold.

"In order that he might make himself acquainted with the technicalities of the business, he wrote, composed, and

The Story of the House of Cassell

printed a book by himself. This characteristic was further exemplified a few years later, when, hoping to join the board of the Great Western Railway, he constructed a model railway with rolling stock complete, and studied the working of trains and points—to the great joy of his children.

“There were two subjects in which he revelled—geography and history. He wrote ‘This World of Ours’ as an introduction to the study of geography, and then began his series of histories, to which he gave the title of ‘Things New and Old.’ The seven books of this series took three years to complete, and they were then combined into ‘A History of England.’”

Mr. Tasker gives us a picture of Arnold-Forster at work. “In the early days he had either written his MS. in draft or dictated it, to be transcribed afterwards on ‘the’ typewriter, at that time the only typewriting machine in the House. As time progressed he dictated direct to the typist, meanwhile pacing up and down his room. The words came at an even rate, and there was very little retraction, owing, doubtless, to the fact that he had read up his authorities and was spinning the story from his notes, or with the book open in front of him. He did not bother about dates or other details, but kept his mind fixed on the story he had to tell—leaving the blanks to be filled in afterwards and the facts to be verified.”

To commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, in 1897, the House of Cassell prepared a set of pictures illustrating scenes and places in all parts of the Empire. For this collection, which made two large volumes, and was published under the title of “The Queen’s Empire,” Arnold-Forster provided the text. Some of the pictures were puzzling to describe, for no information about them could be got from gazetteers or any other source, but he had a wide and intimate knowledge of the Empire, and he was never at a loss for some appropriate legend. “Our Great City,” the story of London, published in 1900, was his last school book. In



RT. HON H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER

Phot. R. 1881

Arnold-Forster in South Africa

that year Lord Salisbury appointed him chairman of the Lands Settlement Commission, and he went out to South Africa. Before leaving England he gave his secretary written authority to destroy all his papers if he did not return alive—for the Boer War was still in progress. He had, in fact, several narrow escapes from capture by the enemy. He was recalled from South Africa by Lord Salisbury's offer of the post of Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, which he was proud to accept.

It may be added that for many years Arnold-Forster represented the House of Cassell on the London Chamber of Commerce, and was one of the chief members of the Council of that body.

CHAPTER III

DEPARTMENTAL MANAGERS

GALPIN was not less well supported by his business managers than Petter by his editors. By Henry Jeffery, for example, head of the counting-house for five-and-twenty years. He had previously been with Petter and Galpin in Playhouse Yard. A good deal of managerial work came into the hands of this keen, hawk-eyed, forceful man, who concealed a really kind heart behind a demeanour ranging from severity to savagery. He was a tireless worker for the firm, a driver of hard bargains, a discerning judge of business chances. But occasionally he came to grief.

One notable instance of this is concerned with a book since famous. The idea of a "History of Our Own Times" was conceived at La Belle Sauvage, and the work was commissioned to Mr. Justin McCarthy, then a leader writer on the *Daily News* with a certain reputation in Fleet Street. While he was writing the book the future Nationalist leader became deeply involved in Irish politics, and, before he had finished it, was Member for Longford and a prominent figure in the Home Rule group in Disraeli's last Parliament. This development greatly alarmed Jeffery. He scented heresy which might be dangerous to the reputation of the House. Cassell's was identified in the public mind with the cause of Protestantism and English orthodoxy. Again, could a Home Rule M.P. who was agitating for the innovation of a Parliament in Dublin possibly be a dispassionate historian of the events of his time? Combining the two objections—the peril to the bloom on Cassell's Protestant fame and his own scepticism about Mr. McCarthy's qualifications as an impartial historian—Jeffery succeeded in communicating his panic

A Censor of Charles Reade

to the partners, and they abandoned the scheme. Sir John Robinson, of the *Daily News*, was called in as arbitrator between author and publisher, and awarded McCarthy a considerable sum in compensation.

It was a bad mistake, as the subsequent history of McCarthy's immensely successful book demonstrated only too clearly. There is this to be said for Jeffery, that his time was much less tolerant of unfashionable views than ours. Charles Reade once agreed under contract to write a story for *Cassell's Magazine*. He sent in a tale entitled "A Terrible Temptation," at which some delicate noses in Scotland sniffed, with the result that for a considerable time the House lost an important account with a certain firm. Thus the censorship worked in those days. Though Jeffery made one or two mistakes of this sort, he did much valuable work, and ended his connexion with the firm as one of the partners. After the formation of the company in 1883 he became auditor. As head of the counting-house he was succeeded by his lieutenant, the late W. J. Woods, who carried through the conversion of the business into a limited liability company, and was afterwards appointed secretary.

Another notable figure in the earlier history of the House was John Hamer, a Yorkshireman, who at one time owned a bookselling business in Leeds, but joined the staff of Cassell's in the 'sixties. He was publishing manager from 1867 till 1900. An alert and vivacious man, abounding in ideas, he did a great deal to promote the success of the firm's enterprise. He particularly interested himself in Cassell's National Library, and he was responsible for the nomination of Sir (then Mr.) Malcolm Morris as general medical editor. He had heard Sir Malcolm address a medical meeting and immediately saw that the speaker had the sound judgment combined with fertility of ideas that a medical editor needed, and took the steps which resulted in the appointment. Mr. Meredith, who was for some years Mr. Hamer's assistant, gives us an attractive picture of him in the prime of life. "Short in

The Story of the House of Cassell

stature and spare of frame, he had a fine head, a long, flowing beard, and a wealth of hair already turning grey. In his office, with John Cassell's old-fashioned book-case in the background filled with the productions of the House, he presented a dignified figure. His manners were quick and emphatic."

Hamer was a tremendous worker. For years he imposed upon himself, in addition to his ordinary duties, the editing of the *Live Stock Journal* and *Land*, and did book-reviewing for them as well. He was a voracious reader and a good judge of books. Among his miscellaneous interests were those of a Justice of the Peace for the County of London, a "Savage," a "Whitefriar," and a prominent member of the committee of the National Liberal Club. He was honorary secretary of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor, worked for the Children's Holiday Fund, and served on the board of management of the London Fever Hospital. Only a constitutional optimist could have faced such a life cheerfully. In truth, Hamer was the most hopeful man in the world—about everything except the efforts of rival publishers. According to Mr. Max Pemberton, he prophesied the failure of every new venture that did not owe its origin to Cassell's, and, "had I believed him, my friends Lord Northcliffe, Sir George Newnes, and Sir Arthur Pearson would have all been found in the Bankruptcy Court in a very brief period from their first ventures." He retired from the Yard in 1901 and died in 1906. His successor was Mr. S. H. Lewer.

The head of the Printing Department for twenty-eight years was John Farlow Wilson, who was in the service of John Cassell for a time in the Strand, but went to Petter and Galpin in Playhouse Yard when Cassell migrated to La Belle Sauvage. On the amalgamation of the firms he found himself back in Cassell's employment again. Wilson was the most widely popular man in the House, commanding universal confidence, while his name was held in high respect throughout the printing trade in London. He

An Old Printer

was very business-like and very kind. In the words of Mr. Edwin Bale, he "kept everybody up to the scratch, from the editor-in-chief to the office boy." Punctuality was his deity. He was never known to miss publishing day, and whenever there was a narrow shave the defaulter received a large piece of his extremely vigorous mind. His judgment was quick and his criticism incisive, but none the less he had so impartial a sense of justice that the youngest boys in the place would fearlessly take their troubles and grievances to him, and always accept his decision. This rapid, active mind resided in a restless body. His walk was almost a trot; his rapid glance flashed through spectacles from side to side, seeing everything and missing nothing. Before the days of telephones a messenger-boy was too slow for Wilson; he fled along corridors and up the staircases, doing his own messages, his movements heralded by a whispered warning of "Bogey!" from one youthful delinquent to another. The nickname became hallowed into a term of endearment in the course of years.

Farlow Wilson cultivated educational and philanthropic movements, was one of the founders of the Hospital Saturday Fund, and organized outings and social meetings for the workpeople. He was a ready and piquant speaker, so that no House gathering was complete without him, and on his retirement in December, 1896, he was given the place of honour as chairman at the annual dinner held that month. He had been since 1895 a director of the Company, and retained his seat on the Board till the end of 1908. In 1896 Farlow Wilson printed for private circulation his "Recollections of an Old Printer." It was characteristic of him that he would not have the book produced by the House because he wanted to present a copy to everybody at the Yard, and wished it to be quite fresh to the reader when he received it. He died in 1916 in his 87th year, leaving a most fragrant memory.

The Publicity Department also owes a great deal to a member of the Old Guard, J. H. Puttock. He was

The Story of the House of Cassell

responsible for suggesting the designs and for the production of the noble posters of Cassell's publications which adorned the hoardings of the kingdom. He it was who carried out John Cassell's idea of adapting the French cartoon, "The Child: What Will He Become?" to the advertising of the "Popular Educator." Puttock was one of the boys who never grew up. He lifted or pushed everybody around him out of the dull rut of mechanical routine. Full of schoolboy tricks and fond of ragging, he delighted especially in playing jokes upon members of the staff who lost their tempers or were inclined unduly to stand upon their dignity. He was a famous peacemaker. His method of settling a quarrel was to lure the adversaries into his room together and amuse them with a comic caricature of their own dispute, so that there was nothing for it but to laugh and shake hands. He had a nickname for everybody in the place, however exalted his position. The quips and cranks of Cassell's court jester, as Bonavia Hunt said, "are tenderly and gratefully remembered by those who writhed under his labels."

Puttock's great achievement was the development of a new style of literary advertising. The *Bookseller*, announcing his death in October, 1896, remarked that before Puttock's time book-advertising might be read by those who sauntered, but not by those who ran. "It was the attention of the latter class that Puttock sought to arrest by a style of advertising hitherto disregarded or untried. The boldness of his views was cordially supported by the firm, and a system was developed by which Cassell's publications were the best advertised in the trade."

Puttock's mantle fell upon F. J. Cross, a buoyant personality and a very hard worker, who remained in charge of the Publicity Department until 1905, and was then on the literary side of the House until his retirement in 1908.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW ORDER

CASSELL'S was no more immune from the law of life than any other business. Progressive in youth, vigorous in maturity, it was the expression of its own epoch. That epoch was superseded by a new one with new aims, methods, needs. To survive, Cassell's had to adapt itself to changing environment, and failure to do so brought about first a check in its growth and then a decline. It attempted too long to live on its reputation. Age is respectable; reputation is valuable; but these alone are not enough for success. There was wit in the legend hung out in Cheapside by a new-comer in business: "Established Since the Flood."

When the Company was formed in 1883 the prospectus referred with becoming pride to thirty years of unexampled prosperity and to expansion of the business which made it imperative to transform it into a public company, with a capital of £500,000. The document set out that the profits for each of the previous five years would have been sufficient to pay more than 10 per cent. upon the share capital of the new Company. And the implied expectation was realized. The profit of the Company's first year was £38,415. The next year it increased to £40,852. In 1885 it was £39,651; in 1886, £40,381; in 1887, £41,154; in 1888, £39,116; and in 1889 the high-water mark of prosperity was reached with a profit of £44,616. The dividend until this year had been 10 per cent. There was now added a bonus of 1s. 8d. per share, which was repeated in 1890, when the profit was slightly less at £42,911. In 1891 the profits fell to £40,048; in 1892 to £37,167. A period of depression set in, which with certain fluctuations continued till 1904, when 4 per cent. was paid with great difficulty.

The Story of the House of Cassell

For some time before this it had been only too plain that the business was not on the right lines. An important financial newspaper roundly declared that the House once renowned for bold and successful enterprises had "become more famous for the excellent works they reject—only to hand them on to more enterprising rivals, who seldom fail to turn them to profit—than for the works they issue. This," the critic continued, "is a regrettable policy, which only the presence of a strong man at the helm can stop."

The strong man was found in Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Spurgeon, who brought to his task wide experience, abundant tact and patience, a singular gift for organization and for gathering about him loyal and capable helpers. Though more favoured in birth and education than John Cassell, he had started life on leaving school at seventeen as an apprentice to journalism in the office of the *Eastern Daily Press*. Seven years later he was managing editor of the *Lowestoft Weekly Press*; in 1894 he became Literary Manager of the National Press Agency; and in 1905, on the death of Sir Wemyss Reid, he was appointed General Manager of the House of Cassell. The death of Sir Wemyss Reid rendered vacant not only the post of General Manager, but also a seat on the Board. This vacancy was filled by the appointment of Sir Malcolm Morris.

The first three years of the new management were crowded with difficulties. The House had been aptly described as a "house of problems." And so the new general manager found it. He was confronted by the need for a reorganization of the staff, a reform of administration in every department, and the launching, doubly difficult at such a crisis, of a more generous and popular and up-to-date programme. He set himself also to establish a closer relationship between the House on the one hand and its shareholders, and authors, and salesmen on the other hand—to cultivate that sense of combined effort and responsibility which had been one of John Cassell's ideals.

A New Spirit

Some disappointment was expressed on the part of a few shareholders that the results for the first year under the new management were not more satisfactory financially, but to those who understood the enormous difficulties with which Mr. Spurgeon had to contend, the ground already gained was encouraging. "Some have thought," said he in reply to a resolution of thanks to himself and the staff, "that by waving a sort of magician's wand I could bring forth a harvest without any preliminary seed-time sowing, but I assure you I have complete faith in the future. My motto is 'Make haste slowly,' and I am sure in the end this will prove the wisest policy."

One of his first efforts was to improve the magazines, and two new periodicals were also launched. The year 1907 witnessed the birth of a series of threepenny novels, and the starting of the "People's Library." The demand for the latter exceeded all expectations, and the number sold ran into millions.

Even to outsiders it was clear that a new spirit of enterprise was animating the editorial and commercial departments like a freshening breeze from the sea. The serious problem created by copyrights standing at too high a figure in the balance-sheet was boldly tackled, and they were brought down to safe proportions. For several years the shareholders went without dividends while the business was being pulled together. The corner was turned at last. In 1910 not only was the output of the House greater than ever before, but substantial profits were made.

The General Manager had been confident that new and energetic methods would secure this result. He had great faith in the reputation of the House, and made the most of it as a foundation for enterprise on modern lines. "When John Cassell started providing cheap literature," he said, "he builded better than he knew; he struck deep down into the imagination of the English-speaking world. Wherever you go you find people speaking well of John Cassell and his House." And he quoted by way of proof

The Story of the House of Cassell

high eulogies he had heard from statesmen and officials in Canada and the United States. His belief was abundantly justified.

Prosperity and profits continued to grow until the Great War came to check them. At the annual meeting in March, 1914, the directors had marked their gratitude to Mr. Spurgeon for the earnest and arduous work and the signal organizing skill which had so magnificently rehabilitated the Company by asking him to join the Board. The outlook was rosy; there would have been a record balance-sheet in 1915 but for the international upheaval, which threatened to shake down business of all kinds and was particularly trying for the publishing business. The feeling of loyalty and co-operation throughout the House was strikingly manifest shortly after the outbreak of war in August, 1914, when the entire staff of more than a thousand employees met on their own initiative in La Belle Sauvage Yard and resolved to work short time so that nobody should be discharged, and to stand loyally by the firm. The same spirit was shown in what the General Manager called "the outposts of the Cassell Empire"—the branches in Melbourne, Toronto, and New York. When the call for men for the Army came the staff was voluntarily and heavily depleted. It paid a high toll in life, as will presently be told.

Meanwhile the management struggled through the critical and difficult year of 1915, experienced a little revival of trade in 1916, and by 1917 had adjusted the business to the new conditions. In the next year, indeed, the profits reached with a bound the record figure of £50,000, and in 1919 were still higher. The wisdom of the conservative policy pursued in respect of the reserves and copyrights accounts was felt in those critical days of Treasury restrictions upon the raising of capital. Expansion continued rapidly. The printing department was unequal to the demands upon it. To meet this difficulty, in 1919 an interest was purchased in large works in the country, and in 1920 the mechanical resources of La Belle

Some Notable Tributes

Sauvage were reinforced by the acquisition of a large printing business close by.

The New Year Honours List of 1918 announced that a knighthood had been conferred on the General Manager. Sir Arthur Spurgeon had found time, amid all his pre-occupations, to do a good deal of public work, notably as a magistrate for the County of Surrey and a member of its County Council, and he had become a prominent figure in the worlds of business and of books. But it was understood that this honour was due especially to the delicate and important services he had given to the Government during the war in connexion with certain matters concerning which he had expert knowledge and experience. His staff and colleagues welcomed the recognition of his qualities and his record with more than their customary warmth. He had already received many evidences of his popularity—a gold cigarette case representing the penny subscription of every one of the 1,676 employees of the firm at home and abroad, presented to him on his fiftieth birthday; a complimentary luncheon from the managers and editors when he was made a Justice of the Peace; and so on. But on this occasion the directors combined with the managers and editors in their congratulations, which were conveyed at a complimentary luncheon to himself and Lady Spurgeon at the Trocadero. Sir Clarence Smith, as chairman of the Board, presented him with a silver inkstand, while Mr. Bernard Jones, for the managers and editors, handed to him an album containing an address and their signatures.

The tributes to Sir Arthur Spurgeon culminated in 1919 with a remarkable expression of the gratitude of the shareholders for the work he had done in reviving the fortunes of Cassell's. There had been a movement towards this purpose in 1914, but the War suspended it. Now, in the presence of a distinguished company, with the Lord Mayor, Sir Horace Marshall, in the chair, at a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, Sir Clarence Smith presented to the General Manager, on behalf of the shareholders, a

The Story of the House of Cassell

canteen of silver, and to Lady Spurgeon some handsome jewels. Sir Arthur had, he said, saved the House of Cassell from possible disaster by his ability and energy and his power of prompt decision. That was felt by all who heard it to be not the language of exaggeration. The occasion was marked by some delicate compliments to Lady Spurgeon and congratulations on her happy recovery of health after a very trying illness. Sir Arthur referred to these with deep feeling; they had touched, he said, "the tenderest chords of his heart." The company of men of business and letters listened in sympathetic silence to his one allusion to a personal tragedy: "We have passed through anxious times together; the War has not left us unscathed, but, fortified by your kindness and inspired by your generous appreciation, we shall go forth hoping and believing that 'the best is yet to be.'"

Though for the first three years after his appointment as General Manager Sir Arthur Spurgeon was absorbed in the difficult business of reorganization in London, he did not lose sight of the "outposts of the Cassell Empire," and when the pressure was eased a little in 1908 he paid his third visit to America to investigate the position of the Company's affairs in New York and Toronto. He found not only that Cassell was a name to conjure with still, but, judging by the newspaper accounts of his visit, that his own personal fame had preceded him. The peculiarly catholic outlook of a man equally intimate and sympathetic with authors and journalists, publishers and newspaper proprietors, was realized not merely by the keen-eyed Pressmen of the Western continent, but by business people in general, and his counsel was frequently sought on the prospects of new ventures. He paid a further visit in 1910. Two noteworthy incidents marked his journey through Canada. In Toronto he was entertained by the Empire Club, spoke on the Canadian position in literature, and enunciated the theory that the character of a community could generally be judged by its newspapers. With the discriminating eye of an old

Canada's Literary Future

newspaper man, he pointed out the high quality of the Press in Toronto, and, taking a larger view over the field, predicted a great literary future for the country. "You have the men, the material, the atmosphere for great history and great fiction." But he warned Canada against any narrow exclusiveness, pointed out the disadvantages of the taxes on imported books, and eloquently advocated "free trade in literature," not merely on economic but on educational grounds, and because the free circulation of books between the various parts of the Empire was the best way of fostering Imperial sentiment.

Shortly afterwards the news of King Edward's death was received, and by special request of the Canadian Club at Winnipeg, Sir Arthur Spurgeon, who had promised to be their guest, agreed to address them on "Edward the Peacemaker." This speech, with its graphic account of the King's Coronation, its appreciation of King Edward's restraining influence upon the would-be disturbers of the world, and its solemn warning against the dangers and consequences of warlike attitudes, national aggrandizements and international misunderstandings, made a deep impression. It was put into print and circulated all over Canada.

In October, 1913, while returning on the *Carmania* from another visit to America, he was momentarily plunged back into his old business of journalism, and that in a highly sensational fashion. In mid-Atlantic the *Carmania* received a wireless call for help from the steamer *Volturmo*, which, with 657 people on board, was on fire seventy-eight miles away. Very heavy weather prevailed, and though ten ships, including the *Carmania*, steamed to the rescue, they could do little for many hours. Sir Arthur Spurgeon, who was editing the daily newspaper on the *Carmania* during his trip, sent by wireless to the Press Association a description of the tragedy and its sequel, and when the *Carmania* reached Fishguard he telegraphed a full story. The message from the ship was the first account of a great disaster to be sent

The Story of the House of Cassell

by wireless from the scene. This feat of an old journalist, in whom the instinct for a "scoop" was still lively, aroused the admiration of London Pressmen, who appointed a committee to organize a presentation. It was made at a luncheon at the Trocadero on January 21, 1914. The Hon. Harry Lawson (now Lord Burnham) presided over a company of 120 newspaper proprietors, journalists, and others, among them Signor Marconi. Mr. Lawson proposed the health of the guest and presented him with a painting of the *Volturno*, by Thomas H. Hemy, a library desk, chair, and clock, with an address, while to Lady Spurgeon he handed a rose-ring of diamonds and emeralds. He spoke in admiring terms of Sir Arthur's achievement, and was supported by Signor Marconi, Sir Joseph Lawrence, and others. "When I left Carmelite Street for the classic shades of La Belle Sauvage and exchanged writing for newspapers for the making and selling of books and magazines," said Sir Arthur in the course of his reply, "I thought my journalistic career had been extinguished; but the events of October showed that the fires were only slumbering." It may be added that Sir Arthur had declined to take the fee of a hundred guineas offered him by the Press Association, but had suggested that the Association might, if it pleased, make a contribution to the Newspaper Press Fund or to the orphan fund of the Institute of Journalists. The suggestion was adopted, and each of the funds benefited to the extent of fifty guineas. Sir Arthur Spurgeon expanded his story into a little illustrated book published by the House; of this the entire profits were handed to the gallant Captain Inch, of the *Volturno*, for distribution among the survivors of the disaster.

Sir Arthur Spurgeon having, as a good citizen, taken his share in work for the welfare of the community, has still found time to cultivate the social qualities which help to smooth the path of business. In November, 1912, on the occasion of the publication of his biography, Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was entertained

Leaders of the Campaign

by him at a dinner at the Devonshire Club, and, in responding to the toast of his health, spoke enthusiastically of the House of Cassell, and paid the tribute to the "Popular Educator" which has been quoted. A year later, as Prior of the Whitefriars Club, of which at one time he was for several years hon. secretary, Sir Arthur Spurgeon welcomed the late Dr. Page, then the newly appointed American Ambassador in London, as the guest of the evening. Another notable guest at this dinner was Captain Inch, of the *Volturmo*.

In every public reference to the progress of the House of Cassell, Sir Arthur Spurgeon emphasized the part played in its development by the staff at La Belle Sauvage. "It is because I have secured the devotion and loyalty of able and brilliant men that we have been able to do what we have done," he said over and over again. The leaders of the campaign under the new order were Mr. Thomas Young, J.P., and Mr. Newman Flower.

Mr. Young had been appointed Advertisement Manager at the end of 1907, in the third year of Sir Arthur Spurgeon's management. He proved a most valuable acquisition to the staff, and speedily won great results from his work. In 1915 he joined the Board of the Company, and four years later was made Deputy General Manager. Mr. Young was an active member of the Board of Trade Committee on Paper Supplies during the war—a fact which testified that his fame as a clear-headed man of level judgment and unbending integrity had gone abroad.

The advent of Newman Flower to the Yard in 1906 was racily described by Sir Arthur some years after at a Cassell gathering. "One day a young man entered my room by appointment, and after a short conversation I learned he was anxious to join our Editorial Staff. I explained the position, and when I pointed out the difficulties he seemed to grow more keen. I at once decided he was just the man I wanted. I offered him the chance of solving one of the stiffest problems I had to deal with. He accepted without a moment's hesitancy, and that was

The Story of the House of Cassell

how Newman Flower became a Cassellite. He soon demonstrated that he was a man after my own heart. Quietly but effectively he unravelled tangled skeins; he submitted new propositions; he turned failures into successes; and in due course Newman Flower became our Chief Editor, and later a valued member of the Board of Directors. There are two familiar lines written by a comparatively unknown poet named Chalmers :

‘For up and down and round,’ said he, ‘go all appointed things,
And losses on the roundabouts mean profits on the swings.’

“But Newman Flower has done better than that, for he has wiped out the losses on the roundabouts and added to the profits on the swings.”

Mr. Flower’s first charge was the *Penny Magazine*; later he took control of other periodicals. He went from strength to strength, and in 1919 he received the responsible appointment of Literary Director.

Other changes in the personnel may be briefly noted. Mr. E. J. Golding became secretary to the Company in 1906 in succession to Mr. Woods, and in the same year Mr. D. G. Milne became printing manager. In 1908 Mr. Cross was succeeded in the Publicity Department by Mr. Robb Lawson, who left ten years later to take up cinema publicity work. The office is now filled by Mr. Walter Haydon. It may be added that the Production Department, one of the vital organs of the business, has long been conducted by Mr. W. H. Mellor. It furnishes estimates of costs, is responsible for the quality of the work produced, and for carrying it out according to programme. Its head has been humorously described by Mr. Max Pemberton: “Armed,” he says, “with a foot rule, a number of blue pencils, a Whitaker’s almanack, and the ‘Lives of the Popes,’ to which was invariably added a most pleasant smile, Mr. Mellor demonstrated to a tick the impossibility of selling a penny for three farthings; in other words he was the Wizard of the Costs and Production Cave.”

Development Overseas

Just before the Great War Mr. Arthur E. Watson was appointed to take charge of the Book section of the Publishing Department, and almost simultaneously with the official ending of the War he was promoted to the headship of the department. In special recognition of his services he was subsequently elected a member of the Board of Directors.

In the autumn of 1920 another stage was reached in the Cassell history by the acquisition of the bulk of the shares by Sir William Berry, Bart., and his brother, Mr. J. Gomer Berry, who had already made their mark in the publishing world. The offer put forward was so attractive that the Directors had no hesitation in recommending its acceptance by the shareholders, who, with practical unanimity, acted on the advice given. One of the conditions of the arrangement was that the management should be continued on the lines which had proved so successful in recent years, and only one or two changes took place in the Directorate. Sir Clarence Smith retired from the Chairmanship, and his place was taken by Sir Arthur Spurgeon.

The linking up of Cassell's with the Berry group brought fresh power to the House, and one of the first results was an extension of its operations in the Dominions, particularly in Australasia. The Cassell outposts under the Southern Cross have from the first been most successful—due largely to the enterprise and ability displayed by Mr. Charles Gardner and by his son, who followed his father in control. Mr. Charles E. Gardner, the present Manager, entered upon his duties in 1915, and it is due chiefly to his initiative that recently new and more commodious premises have been erected as the Cassell headquarters both in Melbourne and in Sydney.

CHAPTER V

FORTY YEARS OF ILLUSTRATION

MOST people of a certain age remember the palmy days of the *Magazine of Art*, its literary brilliance under W. E. Henley, its artistic abundance under M. H. Spielmann. The germ of all this was Cassell's discovery of the public interest in pictures during the Great Exhibition and his development of the mechanical art of illustration. The great success of the *Illustrated Exhibitor* tempted Cassell to carry on the paper as a weekly. He enlarged its title to the *Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art*, which in 1853 was contracted to the *Magazine of Art*. Though it was the first paper to deal mainly with art subjects, it was not exclusively devoted to them, but included contributions on matters of general interest from such writers as the Howitts, Miss Meteyard ("Silverpen"), and James Hain Friswell. The first editor was Millard. He was assisted by Thomas Frost as sub-editor, one of whose "sub-editorial" duties was to translate the book on the old masters written by Charles Blanc! When Professor Wallace resigned the editorship of the "Popular Educator," Millard undertook to conduct both; but the *Magazine of Art* did not pay, and Cassell stopped it at the end of 1854. It was revived for a little while during the second Exhibition (1862), but otherwise lay dormant until 1878.

In the latter year the Paris International Exhibition was made the occasion for re-issuing it under the editorship of Mr. (afterwards Sir) A. J. R. Trendell, of the Science and Art Department, the first number appearing on April 25. It was published at sevenpence, in a small quarto size. It had, as was inevitable, a strong South Kensington flavour, among the early contributors

Herkomer's Poster

being R. H. Soden Smith, the Keeper of the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum, Hungerford Pollen and George Wallis, as well as Sir Wyke Bayliss, Sydney Hodges, Henry Blackburn, Professor A. H. Church, Wilfrid Meynell ("John Oldeastle") and Mrs. Meynell, W. W. Fenn, and Leonard Montefiore. During the next three years other names were added—Alan Cole, "Leader Scott," Henry Holliday, Godfrey Turner, Lewis F. Day, Percy Fitzgerald, J. Forbes Robertson (father of Sir John Forbes Robertson) and Phipps Jackson; while original drawings were made by Sir John Millais, Randolph Caldecott, Percy Macquoid, W. H. J. Boot, and other artists of note.

Within three years the magazine was firmly established. The page was then enlarged and the price raised to a shilling. This change was demanded by the general desire for a more complete representation of the varied branches of art, and from this time forth the magazine became a review as well as a record of art, past and present. The circulation at once rose, and it was decided to include in each number a frontispiece consisting of an etching, a photogravure, or a steel plate. It was about this time that Herkomer designed his famous poster for the magazine. It represented the Genius of Art acting apparently as the tutelary divinity of the magazine, spreading its benefits among the eager public, while, in the background on a terrace of the Temple of Art, the Great Masters looked on with grave if languorous approval. The Rev. Eric Robertson, who succeeded Trendell as editor in 1881, had called in at the rooms of the Society of Arts one afternoon to hear part of a lecture by Herkomer upon some such subject as "Art for the Streets." A day or two thereafter, with the consent of Cassell's, he visited Herkomer at Bushey and suggested to him that he might design a large poster to advertise the *Magazine of Art*. He seized the idea at once, and covenanted to design the poster and procure the assistance of his father to engrave it on wood for the total sum of £70. Father and son

The Story of the House of Cassell

attacked the subject lustily, doing much of the wood-cutting with common jack-knives. The result was a contribution to the embellishment of hoardings which held its own for some years and was regarded as the first truly artistic English poster on a large scale, with the exception of Fred Walker's splendid advertisement for "The Woman in White." For the enlarged magazine Lewis Day designed a new wrapper, which won admiration as an extremely graceful piece of work.

This is but one indication of the spirit with which the magazine was run. Expense was scarcely considered in its production, and the *Magazine of Art* was, in fact, regarded as the "flag of the House." Gradually many new features were introduced, and, while absolutely independent in its criticism, it sought to interest the art lover and the art collector, to please while instructing "the man in the street," and to appeal to the student, not only by placing before him illustrations of modern art but also by reproducing the finest works of the Masters. One of the most popular contributors was an artist who had lost his sight, W. W. Fenn, already mentioned, author of "A Blind Man's Holiday." When he became blind his wife, a woman of trained discrimination, led her husband round the picture galleries, feeding his mind with accurate and sympathetic observations, which, interpreted by his own knowledge, enabled him to produce articles more welcome to the average reader than those of many a critic with eyes wide open.

Of course artists were not always easy to please. For instance, when a proof of an engraving of one of William Linton's landscapes was, as a matter of courtesy, sent to him to ascertain whether he was satisfied with it, he testily replied that he had never painted such a subject. It was only after considerable toil that the history of the picture was traced and Linton, then a very old man, could be convinced that he had forgotten his legitimate offspring. Once satisfied about the pedigree of the picture, he warmly praised the reproduction.



W. E. HENLEY

W. E. Henley as Editor

When Robertson was appointed Principal of the Lahore University and resigned his position, W. E. Henley was brought in as editor of the magazine.

Henley's succession marked another stage in advance. He quickly infused vitality into the magazine, not only by what he himself wrote but also by gathering around him a great company of eminent writers and artists, including R. L. Stevenson and his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, Richard Jefferies, Sidney Colvin, Mandell Creighton, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Comyns Carr. The artistic was now separated from the literary editorship, and was undertaken by Mr. Edwin Bale. The pictorial section had become highly important, the quality of the wood engravings had immeasurably improved, there was much fine drawing and careful painting.

Mr. Bale said of Henley that he had a fine instinct in art matters, but "the Barbizon School was his ideal in painting, and Rodin his god in another branch of art." The extent to which he carried his partiality and allowed it to influence his magazine was well illustrated in a remark made to Mr. Bale by George Howard, afterwards Earl of Carlisle. He said he liked to see the magazine month by month, and if he came across a page that hadn't on it the name of Millet or Rodin he read it, but such pages were few. Henley was a strong personality, a born fighter. "If you did not like him because of his prejudices," said Mr. Bale, "you had to like him in spite of them. He was the best of comrades, would fight for all he was worth for his ideals, and was always the same good-natured, genial creature when the fight was done as before it began."

A new feature of the magazine under Henley's editorship was the publication of original verse, surrounded by a design suitable to the subject of the poem, and among the early contributors some names appeared which have since become notable. One of Henley's greatest gifts, which found still more scope in later years, when he became editor of the *National Observer*, was the insight

The Story of the House of Cassell

which enabled him to discover budding genius. Besides securing R. L. Stevenson as a contributor,* he sponsored his cousin, whose first efforts in art criticism appeared in the *Magazine of Art*. If Henley's antagonisms in art were not conducive to large circulation, nobody can doubt that he put his best work into every number. There is no need here to recall the tragedy of this "godlike being" hampered from youth by suffering and physical deformity, in spite of which he left so rich a legacy, not only in his own work but in that of others which saw the light largely through his generous encouragement.

Henley's successor as editor of the magazine in 1886 was Mr. Sidney C. Galpin, a son of Mr. T. D. Galpin, but in the course of a few months he was obliged by serious illness to give up the task. Then came Mr. M. H. Spielmann, who, with Mr. Arthur Fish for his assistant, controlled the destinies of the magazine for seventeen years, until, in fact, it was discontinued. Spielmann's editorship was not less distinguished, though more catholic, than Henley's. He prevailed upon many of the leading artists of the day to give public expression to their views on the art tendencies of the time. In this way Millais, G. F. Watts, J. W. North, J. T. Hodgson, Val Prinsep, Herkomer, Benjamin-Constant, and many other painters of note contributed articles of great value to students and art lovers. John Ruskin also was a contributor. Mr. Spielmann tells the story of Ruskin's essay on "The Black Arts":

* It may be of interest to record that the contributions of R. L. S. to the *Magazine of Art*, made during the years 1883-6, were as follows:—"Byways of Book Illustration: Two Japanese Romances," vi. 8; "A Modern Cosmopolis," vi. 272; "A Note on Realism," vii. 24; "Good Night," vii. 198; "Shadow March," *ibid.*; "In Port," *ibid.*; "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," vii. 227; "Fontainebleau: Village Communities of Painters," vii. 265, 340; "The Land of Counterpane," vii. 367; "The Wind," *ibid.*; "The Cow," *ibid.*; "Foreign Lands," vii. 459; "Good and Bad Children," *ibid.*; "A Visit from the Sea," viii. 21; "It is the Season," viii. 53; "A Song of the Road," ix. 94; "To a Gardener," ix. 320.

Ruskin and "The Black Arts"

"In the autumn of 1887 Ruskin was in London, staying, as usual, at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, whence a two minutes' walk would carry him to the National Gallery. His window overlooked the gallery—'where the Turners are,' he said markedly; but not caring for the light, he sat with his back towards it, drawing himself up into one side of his chair with knees and feet together in his characteristic attitude. When I told him that the editorship of the *Magazine of Art* had just been confided to me, he clapped his hands and cried, 'Bravo! I'm so glad,' and immediately proposed to contribute an article to its pages. It was agreed that the article in question should appear in the January number, and that it should be followed by at least one other. Then he went off to Sandgate to recuperate, whence he wrote: 'When do you want your bit of *pleasant* writing? Did I say it would be pleasant? I have no confidence in that prospect. What I meant was that it would not be deliberately *unpleasant*; and I will further promise it shall not be technical. But I fear it will be done mostly in grisaille. I don't feel up to putting any sparkle in—nor colour, neither.' 'For one thing,' he wrote on another occasion—for he had now grown quite enthusiastic over the *Magazine*, and was offering a good deal of very acceptable advice—'I shall strongly urge the publication of continuous series of things, good or bad. Half the dullness of all art books is their being like specimen advertisement books instead of complete accounts of anything.' Then followed the announcement, 'I have finished the introductory paper; you will see it chats about a good many things.'"

When the article arrived it had no title, and, as the press was waiting, a telegram was dispatched to Ruskin asking him to supply the omission. The characteristic reply came: "I never compose by telegram, but call it 'The Black Arts,' if you like." A subsequent letter of confirmation supplied as a sub-title, "A Reverie in the Strand"; and after protesting against the telegram, which "always makes me think somebody's dead," he replied

The Story of the House of Cassell

to a question as to the amount owing to him for the article: "You are indebted to me a penny a line; no more and no less. Of course, counted twopence through the double columns." Later letters contain further counsel and criticisms in respect to the *Magazine of Art*, and details of the articles which were to follow the first. They were to bear chiefly on "body-colour Turners," as a contrast to the introductory letter, and on "pure composition, as far as I can without being tiresome; and there will be something about skies and trees, and I'll undertake that the drawings I send shall be presentable, and not cost much in representing." But a period of indisposition followed, during which he subscribed himself: "And I'm ever your cross old J. R." Another spell of illness made him again seek complete rest, upon which it would have been cruel to break in. And so his intended series of papers remained incomplete, and "The Black Arts" remains as much a fragment of an intended whole as "Proserpina," "Our Fathers have told Us," and even "Præterita" itself.

In his coming-of-age article Mr. Spielmann expressed himself with cautious hopefulness about the future of the magazine. "What," he remarked, "is to be the degree of its prosperity in the future—what, indeed, is to be the term of its existence—depends wholly upon the encouragement and support awarded to it by the public. To deserve this support will, of course, continue to be the object, and as a good deal more than merely commercial considerations and business interest are involved in the publication and editing of the magazine, it is confidently hoped that practical encouragement will not be denied." The hope was not realized. The publishers' expectations were not excessive: they would have been content to continue the magazine if it had made a quite moderate return. It failed to do so, and in 1904 the editor, in a dignified valedictory notice, said farewell to his readers, as well as to the public and the critics who had "taken a kindly interest in the fortunes of the magazine" through-

M. H. Spielmann's Farewell

out the seventeen years during which he had controlled it. "In the course of that period," he said, "the magazine has sought not only to serve the interests of Art and artists, and of all art-lovers, and to maintain a high level of taste—in accordance with its traditions ever since its foundation in 1878—but also to take a line in art politics, independent, healthy and just, at a time when a section of the Art public were showing a tendency to be swept too far away. Its maintenance of principles has laid it open to the threat of more than one action for libel, but before a firm attitude these menaces came to nothing; and now, the Editor believes, the magazine has none but friends who will regard its discontinuance, or change, with friendly regret. To them he ventures to express a sympathetic farewell, and to those who have helped in so many ways to raise the standard to which it has attained, the most cordial and appreciative thanks."

The success of "process" reproductions and the cheapness of method compared with the older form of reproduction had led, in 1888, to the inauguration of a supplement to the *Magazine of Art*, under the title of "Royal Academy Pictures," consisting of process reproductions of the chief works in the annual exhibition at Burlington House. It was a great success, and it continued to be published for years after the *Magazine of Art* passed out of existence—until, in fact, it was superseded by an "official" publication in 1916.

An attempt in 1893 to popularize the chief pictures shown at the annual exhibitions on the Continent was not a success. "European Pictures" was published in 1893 and 1894 and was then discontinued. The Continental Art of that day excited little popular interest here.

It would have been impossible to attempt the *Magazine of Art* without the plant and organization for the production of printed pictures which had sprung out of John Cassell's early experiments. Before the magazine assumed its later form, and then alongside it, there grew up a great

The Story of the House of Cassell

Art Department, equipped with every new appliance for illustration as it came forward. In the beginnings of art work at Cassell's the editor of each periodical or serial made his own arrangements for illustrations. The multiplication of the work as time went on made this method cumbrous. There was a transition stage when one of the editors was appointed to be the medium of communication between the artists and the editorial rooms. Finally, an Art Director was chosen and a separate department constituted under his control.

Though he was not the first Art Director, the man under whom the department began to assume its modern proportions and importance was Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I. When the demand for illustrations had become so great that the existing arrangements broke down, Galpin asked Mr. Sparkes, the Principal of the School of Art at South Kensington, to give some of his time to the firm and inaugurate an adequate art control. This he was unable to do, but he advised Galpin to see Mr. Bale. His pictures were then filling Mr. Bale's thoughts and his time, and no idea of joining a business house had entered his head. At the moment when Galpin called, at the end of March, 1883, he was showing to a party of friends his work for the Royal Academy and the Royal Institute, almost ready to be sent off to the exhibitions. Galpin joined in the inspection of the pictures, and afterwards, in the studio, made his proposal. In a week or two Mr. Bale called at La Belle Sauvage, and was formally asked to give the firm the benefit of his "art, taste, and judgment" as superintendent of the Art Department. Being then unprepared to give up his private work as a painter, he offered to attend at the Yard two days a week for three months as an experiment. Before the first month was up he was in practical control, and at the end of six months was so satisfied with his pleasant work that he entered into an agreement for a term of years, which ultimately extended to a quarter of a century. Mr. Bale was, indeed, an ideal Art Director, and he himself was perfectly suited with a

Edwin Bale as Art Director

post which kept him in touch with his artist friends on the one hand, and on the other afforded him experience of the business world of which the artist usually knows so little. He was elected to the Board in 1886.

When he took charge, wood engraving was the great agent of the illustrator. Line engraving on steel and copper was passing away, although it was far from dead, and photogravure was making its appearance. All colour work was still done by lithography. Colour pictures did not commonly appear in magazines or books; they were reserved mostly for large presentation plates, such as those issued with Christmas numbers. For this work chromo-lithography held a very strong position.

Attempts were being made in the 'eighties to provide illustrations by cheap processes, mainly of line drawings on zinc, and of this movement Paris was the centre; but wood engraving was still supreme for illustration. England stood very high in comparison with other countries for the quality of its work, and all the great engravers did work for the House of Cassell. Moreover, the House had on the premises a large staff of its own, under the direction of Mr. Klinkiecht, himself a first-rate engraver, for it would have been impossible to commission artists to turn out the quantity of blocks required each month. The great engravers were artists who could not, or would not, commit themselves to finish work to a date; they would only work when they felt the impulse, and publishing houses had to wait upon their moods to an extent that the present generation could not understand. It was largely this uncertainty as to the completion of blocks that gave the incentive to the development of process work of all kinds which ultimately eliminated the artist engraver. The tendency to illustrate topical events worked in the same direction: drawings had to be produced in haste and to time. There were various processes for reproducing pen-and-ink work, or "line drawings" as they are called technically, but the great

The Story of the House of Cassell

desideratum was a means for the rapid engraving of drawings, pictures and photographs in light and shade. Messrs. Goupil, of Paris, were perhaps the first to introduce such a system, but it was Meisenbach's process, coming a little later, which worked the revolution. In all the variety of its forms, it has retained even to this day the name of the inventor; the "half-tone" process is still sometimes called the "Meisenbach" process. He it was who made a commercial possibility of something which had been hitherto an interesting chemical and mechanical curiosity. The advances since his time have been many and great, but they have not always gone in the direction of improved quality. At first it was possible to get a process block made in a fortnight, then in a week, then in two or three days. Now, if need be, one can be obtained in an hour or two.

In the 'eighties it was customary in the House to allow a month for the production of a wood-engraving for a magazine—a fortnight for the drawing, and a fortnight for the cutting of the drawing on the wood. As the drawing was done directly on the wood block, the act of engraving cut it all away, and if the engraver scamped his work nothing was easier than to attribute the fault to the artist. It was therefore a great advantage when the photograph came into the field, for by its aid a drawing made on paper could be transferred to the wood block. This device put an end to the method of drawing on the wood itself. It possessed the further advantage of saving the drawing, which could now be permanently preserved and was valuable for reference as the engraver proceeded with his task. Among the most successful of the draughtsmen on wood were men whose names figure prominently on the roll of the Royal Academy—Fred Walker, Sir Hubert Herkomer, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir Edward Poynter, J. W. North, Henry Woods, W. F. Yeames, and Sir John Gilbert, while other distinguished artists were George du Maurier, A. B. Houghton, and George Friswell. All these contributed to Cassell's publications.

Engraving and Process Work

The House was turning out such a number of illustrations every month that the stock of wood blocks and electrotypes numbered hundreds of thousands. This led to the compilation of a catalogue containing a print of every illustration owned by the House. It was a gigantic undertaking, and years were occupied in carrying it out. A vast stock of original drawings by artists, including men of the highest eminence, was accumulated every year, and annual sale exhibitions of the best of them were held, first in a room at La Belle Sauvage Yard, and later on in the Hall of the Cutlers' Company in Warwick Lane.

Few drawings are made to-day as compared with twenty years ago. The photographer has generally taken the place of the draughtsman, except for the illustration of stories, although there is still a distinct place left for him in furnishing illustrations for medical and other scientific works and in producing diagrammatic illustrations such as those in the "New Popular Educator" and in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History." Not often, either, do artists now make pilgrimages to draw sights and scenes afar. But in the pre-process days the House sent two men to the other side of the world to make drawings for "Picturesque Australasia," while to illustrate "The Picturesque Mediterranean" a staff of the best landscape painters, which included John MacWhirter, Sir Alfred East, Charles W. Wyllie, and W. H. J. Boot, was commissioned to make drawings of scenes in the midland sea. To-day, it is to be feared, the extra charm which drawing gives to an illustration is little appreciated, and scarcely anyone thinks of having a sketch made of any natural object or subject which can be rendered by photography. The variety and individuality of the old illustration have given place to excellences of a different sort. But for many people any mechanical "realism" secured by photography was dearly bought by the sacrifice of the qualities of temperament, taste, and skill that the older style of illustration exploited.

The Story of the House of Cassell

The half-tone process developed slowly. Its first methods and results were coarse. The "screen" (the device employed for breaking up the surface of the drawing by criss-cross lines for rephotographing, which is the earlier stage of process work) was obtained by placing netting over the drawing. In later years sheets of closely ruled cross-lines were photographed and the resulting negatives used as screens. But ultimately Mr. Levy, of Philadelphia, invented a machine for ruling sheets of glass with a diamond. The machine worked automatically, and would rule screens containing three hundred lines to the inch. These diamond-ruled screens gave such a clear result that soon they revolutionized the process trade.

The cross-lined screen came to be used also for photogravure. This form of reproduction was introduced by a firm at Lancaster under the name of Rembrandt photogravure, which is an application of the lined screen to the production of an intaglio plate. The most important part of the business, however, was the machine which printed the plates. Prior to this invention photogravure plates were printed by hand like etchings, and only a very few copies per hour could be turned out, but the machine now introduced printed the plates at a rate of hundreds per hour, and thus photogravure, with its always acceptable rich brown shadings, became popular for frontispiece and other pictures in the better class of magazines and books. Of this new form of illustration the House, under Mr. Bale's guidance, took full advantage.

The last great development of process work was the invention of colour printing from blocks instead of from drawings on stone—lithography. Colour in magazine and cheap-book illustration had been always difficult to provide. Lithography had been its chief source of supply, but it was not possible with fewer than nine or ten printings to produce any sense of fullness of colour. The large colour supplements to Christmas numbers had had as many as twenty to twenty-five printings, each from a different stone. The wood-block printing, introduced by

The Three-Colour Process

Mr. Edward Evans, had supplied a little colour work, but this required the engraving of a separate wood block for each printing, and it was only, therefore, a very partial solution of the difficulty.

Next a method was devised whereby it was possible, by the introduction of screens of coloured glass between the object to be photographed and the negative, to photograph the colour value of the three primary colours separately. Blocks were then made by the ordinary half-tone process from each of the negatives, and, these blocks being printed one over the other, in yellow, red, and blue, a combination is produced which very well represents the colour of the original. The method was invented by Dr. Vogel, in Germany—or, rather, it was patented by Dr. Vogel, but, unfortunately for the patent, it had been described previously in an English journal by Mr. Ives, a well-known American worker in process. The making of colour blocks was eagerly taken up in America, and it was a certain specimen of American work which stimulated effort in the same direction on this side. Mr. Bale still has a copy of that print, and well remembers showing it to Farlow Wilson, the printing manager. It was stated to be the result of three printings on a flat bed machine, and it was as full in colour as a lithograph of fifteen to twenty printings. It seemed to be the death-knell of lithography, though lithographers, not believing that such an effect had been obtained by means so simple, scoffed. They were wrong. At the same time the problem was not yet solved in England. True, it was now possible to make colour blocks, and very good ones, but it was not easy to get good results from them. The English block-maker made the blocks, but the English printer could not print them. Accurate "register" to prevent overlapping of colour was indispensable, and English machines were not rigid enough to give this accuracy. For some time the results were so poor that several firms which experimented with the prints abandoned the effort as impracticable. At this point Mr. Bale made up his mind to go to America

The Story of the House of Cassell

to see if he could find any printing machine that could succeed where English machines had failed.

America had for long been the home of good printing. When the stream of emigration first set in a large number of the most capable printers in England went to the States, carrying with them the best English traditions. These were the men who established the reputation of the States for good printing. They were backed by the inventive genius of America in the production of machinery. Mr. Bale went up and down the States until he found at Chicago a machine which, though not quite ready for the market, appeared to possess all the requisites for accurate registration. The best printing establishments in the States were already lodging orders for it. He brought back the specifications, and the board of directors gave an order for three machines—the first Miehle machines which came to England. They have since become so popular that a company has been formed in England for their manufacture. Their chief characteristic is their rigidity and solidity, which gives the “hair-line register” promised by the makers.

The House of Cassell now had the blocks and the machines to print them, and the moment was ripe for Mr. Bale to press forward his scheme for “The Nation’s Pictures,” a serial to contain representative paintings from all the metropolitan and provincial galleries belonging to the Government and the municipalities. He made the selection personally, travelling through the country in the winter months for the purpose. “The Nation’s Pictures,” the first important example of process work in colour, was a great success, both technically and commercially, and naturally it found many imitators. Its technical merit was largely due to the fact that every picture was photographed direct from the original, and that the proofs were carefully compared with the paintings, a process involving great trouble and expense.

“The Nation’s Pictures” was the precursor of a series of similar works by means of which reproductions of the



Photo: A. F. Mackenzie

SIR J. E. MILLAIS



Photo: H. S. Mendelsohn

SIR LUKE FILDES, K.C.V.O., R.A.

An Anecdote of Millais

most important pictures in British and Continental galleries have become accessible to the public.

The development of direct colour photography has also played an important part in the art of illustration, particularly in connexion with "Nature Study" work. Although the problem of securing a contact colour-print from an autochrome negative has yet to be solved, its successful reproduction by means of the three-colour process is an accomplished fact. The wonderful plates of wild flowers secured by the late Mr. Essenhigh Corke, of wild birds by Mr. Richard Kearton, and of under-water life by Dr. Francis Ward have revolutionized the illustration of natural history text-books.

The artists of eminence who have contributed to the publications of the House are legion. Of one of them, Sir John Millais, Mr. Bale records a characteristic reminiscence. "About thirty years ago," he writes, "the House published some songs composed by Henry Leslie. They were originally in two volumes, and Millais, who was an intimate friend of Leslie's, suggested to him that he should put the two small volumes into one and add a few more new songs to give fresh interest to the work, and promised that when this should be done he would design a frontispiece for the volume. After a time Leslie wrote to Sir John to say that he had taken his advice, the new book was ready, and now for the promised frontispiece. It happened that Millais was just at that moment very much pressed with work and could not give the time to make a new drawing, but he invited his friend to go to his house and look over such things as he had and see if there was anything that would answer his purpose, generously adding that he would be welcome to anything he saw.

"Mr. Leslie came to me asking me to go over with him to Millais's house, as he was no judge of what would be suitable for a frontispiece. I knew Sir John very well, and was delighted to get the opportunity of looking through unknown sketches and drawings. We went early

The Story of the House of Cassell

one morning, so early that Millais was still at breakfast, and we were shown into the studio. In a few minutes he came in with a cap on his head filling his morning pipe, as well as he could with both hands full of letters. He began in his bluff manner, after a curt good morning, with 'Look here, boys, a man wrote me from—I think it was from Manchester—and asked me what I would charge to go down to his place and paint his wife's portrait; she was an invalid and could not travel. I wrote him that I never went out of my studio to paint portraits, and anyone wanting me to paint them must come to me. He wrote back that I hadn't answered his question, what I would charge to go there and paint the portrait. Thinking to put him off by asking a huge price, I wrote back mentioning £2,000. Now look here'—and he showed us the letter, which was simply, 'Dear Sir John,—Please come.' 'And now,' said Millais, 'the Press bullies me because I paint portraits instead of subject pictures.'

"We found a beautiful pen-and-ink drawing on the walls of the staircase, which I carried off; and it ultimately made the frontispiece to the volume 'Little Songs for Me to Sing.'"

The late W. H. J. Boot, vice-president of the Royal Society of British Artists and an honoured member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, was for twenty years, beginning in 1873, a constant contributor to the publications of the House. He attributed his entire success as an artist to reading a book published by John Cassell entitled "The History of the Painters of all Nations." It came out in fortnightly and monthly parts, and gave a short biography of the world's famous artists and a reproduction of their pictures. Mr. Boot was but a child at the time, but the aspiration of the artist was in him, and these personal records gave him courage to induce his parents to let him take up the study of art as his life work. While "Picturesque Europe" and other works of the same series were being produced Mr. Boot paid several visits to the Continent to make drawings for

Black-and-White Work

them, and highly praised the consideration and liberality of the firm on each occasion.

As the illustrated magazines and papers issued by the House multiplied a veritable school of black-and-white artists arose, and up to 1890 Cassell's was practically the only firm covering that special development of modern art.

CHAPTER VI

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

At the time of John Cassell's death the *Family Paper* and the *Quiver* were the only two magazines published by the House, both being issued in the then approved style of weekly numbers at one penny and monthly parts at sevenpence. By 1867 the circulation of the *Family Paper* had diminished, and as a consequence the title was changed to *Cassell's Magazine*, and the size of the paper reduced, but the price remained the same. The type of contents was also changed, so that the new issue resembled the good magazines of to-day rather than its more solid contemporaries of the 'sixties. The salient paragraph of the publishers' lengthy note, by which the new venture was announced, ran thus :

"The illustrations will be by the best artists. Fiction of powerful interest will form the prominent features of its pages, but with this will be associated popular articles on Topics of the Day, Striking Narratives, Biographical Memoirs, and Papers on Social Subjects, which, it is believed, will be read with interest in every family circle to which *Cassell's Magazine* is destined to find its way. It will also contain short Poems by eminent writers ; but the object of its Editor will be to avoid all subjects which, however acceptable to classes or individuals, are not of general interest."

The note ends with a flourish in which there is a personal touch foreign to most present-day advertising but savouring of the ebullient mid-Victorian time :

"With these few words, then, Cassell, Petter and Galpin commit this new undertaking to the kind consideration of their many friends, asking their assistance in the endeavour to place within reach of all a Magazine containing, in an attractive form, the thoughts of the most popular writers of our time, illustrated by the pencils of the best living artists."

Manville Fenn's Régime

The first editor under the new régime was the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who had Mr. Saville Clarke as assistant editor. The editor's MS. could have been none too easy to read, for an intimate friend of his says, "What I chiefly recall about Mr. Haweis is that his writing was worse than my own, which was so vile that my teacher, as he rapped me on the knuckles, would declare that it was worse than King John's." A year before this assumption of editorial duties Mr. Haweis had been appointed incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone. The youngest incumbent in London, and the least conventional, he quickly made his mark, drawing crowded congregations to his church. It is difficult to imagine that he had the qualifications of a successful editor, or that he could have found the work congenial. At any rate, his reign lasted a year only. The most successful of his books was "Music and Morals," and the most fruitful of his public activities his advocacy of Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries and the conversion of disused churchyards and open spaces into recreation grounds.

Haweis's successor was John Lovell, who, later, became the first manager of the Press Association. His stay also was short. The next editor was the popular writer of tales for boys, George Manville Fenn, who took the position in 1870 and retained it between three and four years. A short story of his in Dickens's *All the Year Round* first brought him to the notice of the firm. They wrote to "The Author of 'In Jeopardy'" inviting him to contribute to their periodicals, and thus began a pleasant association as editor and contributor which lasted throughout Fenn's literary life.

One of the serials which appeared in the magazine in Fenn's time was Charles Reade's "A Terrible Temptation." The storm of criticism which this story excited has already been mentioned. Good, strong stuff, with nothing risqué in it, but real and frank, it was considered improper by some readers of that demure period. While it was running Fenn had some correspondence with Reade.

The Story of the House of Cansel

They are better if the novelist has been preserved, and the style will nothing more exciting than the technique of Hawthorne. Not a the discussion of what is a better subject is the comparative merits of romantic or tragic nature, there is a number of House - number. The verbal power is like "and and children," having achieved once "a power, a dramatic situation."

"I had an idea, I generally have have a good one, and a power, as the verbal style there is no room in the future will have—over me an other matter. To be verbal, that is to say, the power of knowing that, it was the moment as well. A possibility of performance is not being a possibility of day is a time limited with the verbal of a the style. What are they making about?" (I do not want to see a new day, in other words, to write and I think, to write, but a good one is a chance to write.)

There is a beautiful moment, nearly long in the concluding paragraph:

"I had an idea, I generally have have a good one, and a power, as the verbal style there is no room in the future will have—over me an other matter. To be verbal, that is to say, the power of knowing that, it was the moment as well. A possibility of performance is not being a possibility of day is a time limited with the verbal of a the style. What are they making about?" (I do not want to see a new day, in other words, to write and I think, to write, but a good one is a chance to write.)

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While talking we also corrected a few lines. He was a regularly practicing author, and got nearly as the collection of his plan, as the 18th was corrected one and one again with particular care. After writing the last of the paper, using the 18th, the style of which, as he said, was Hawthorne, were the lines and were, as I said, a turning and they called "The House of Cansel."

It is the first chapter, the collection of the magazine, a kind of discussion and Harry Hawthorne was a well collected. He seemed larger, possibly at the end of the day. He talked Hawthorne, he was very polished

The Story of the House of Cassell

on leaving school in the late 'seventies. Hunt retained the double editorship for twenty-two years, giving up *Cassell's Family Magazine* in 1896 and thereafter concentrating upon the *Quiver*. The truth was that at this stage the magazine was not going well. It was suffering from the competition of many of the rivals which were so heartily derided by the "old brigade." Sir Wemyss Reid sent for Mr. Max Pemberton, then editor of *Chums*, and invited him to take charge and carry out a remodelling scheme. The understanding now was that the magazine should be run on broader lines, and "Family" was finally dropped out of the title, which once more became simply *Cassell's Magazine*.

Max Pemberton, assisted by Holderness Gale, set to work and kept it up for ten pleasant and fruitful years. He had the co-operation of many distinguished authors, and it was his good fortune to introduce two or three to the public. Thus, Robert Chambers, the great American romancer, made one of his earliest English appearances in *Cassell's Magazine*, while Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, then quite unknown to the public, was encouraged by Mr. Pemberton to come over from California, and soon established herself as one of the leading women authors of the day. It was in *Cassell's* that Hornung introduced "Raffles" to an admiring public and that Sir Rider Haggard gave us some of the most brilliant of his later stories. *Cassell's* also had the great privilege of publishing Rudyard Kipling's "Kim." All sorts and conditions of people helped with short stories. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, S. R. Crockett, Tighe Hopkins, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Stanley Weyman, Guy Boothby, William Le Queux, and many others, formed a magazine staff which, in those days, had rarely been equalled.

The editor's work was congenial to Max Pemberton and well suited to one whose chief occupation was fiction. His own visits to the office were infrequent, for Holderness Gale had charge there, and all the reading was done at Mr. Pemberton's own home in Hampstead. "There is

Max Pemberton in the Chair

perhaps," says he, "a prejudice against this method of doing business nowadays, but where a magazine is concerned I am convinced that the seclusion of an editor's own study is invaluable to his judgment of MSS. My own contributions to *Cassell's* during these years were many. 'The Garden of Swords' appeared there, also 'Red Morn,' 'The Giant's Gate,' 'The Hundred Days,' 'A Puritan's Wife,' and many short stories. The artists were the best we could procure, and among my treasures are many of the originals which helped the books to their success."

Mr. Pemberton's alert and energetic editorship soon told, and much of the ground the magazine had lost was recovered. One special feature of his régime was the manner in which he contrived to elevate sport to a high level of interest. The articles on sport of all kinds which appeared in the magazine in those days were examples of excellent writing and fine ideals.

After a ten years' spell of editorship Max Pemberton withdrew, and the vacant chair was offered to Mr. David Williamson, the well-known journalist, who directed the magazine, and with it the *Quiver*, from 1905 until 1909, but without the help of Holderness Gale, who resigned the assistant-editorship of both publications. Presently Gale took up an important journalistic appointment in South Africa, whence he returned with broken health, and not long afterwards died.

Soon after Mr. Williamson's resignation Mr. Newman Flower added the magazine to the publications carried on under his direction, and converted it into a fiction magazine pure and simple, the title being accordingly altered to *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction*. This change in title, by the way, formed the subject of a lawsuit, which was successfully resisted. The first number appeared on March 29, 1912, ran to 264 pages, and included twenty-three stories by first-class writers and a complete novel by T. W. Hanshew. For some years the fortunes of the publication had varied somewhat, but with this

The Story of the House of Cassell

radical change there came an end to its vicissitudes, and before long it had firmly re-established its old position as one of the first favourites of the magazine public.

The inception of the *Quiver* was John Cassell's, and its name came to him in a flash of inspiration. During his American tour he conceived the idea of a periodical which should supply Sunday reading for the family, and straightway entered into the multifarious details of character, contents, and production. On his return he was ready and eager to realize his purpose. Previous to his departure, in 1859, he had himself conducted the editorial columns of the *Family Paper*, but during his absence this task was entrusted to Mr. Petter, and the senior partner was glad that the arrangement should continue now that his mind was full of the new project. While travelling through the States he had noticed in almost every household a semi-religious magazine for Sunday reading, containing much religious matter of a reflective kind, leavened with attractive stories. That there was ample room in England for such a magazine he was instinctively convinced. "If it prospers," he said to a friend, "I shall have done some good."

The first vital point was to discover a title. "Cassell's Sunday Readings" was suggested, but was excluded because it suggested "clippings" rather than original matter. "The Sunday Friend" and many others were written down, but none satisfied him. One morning, however, as he came into the office, he exclaimed: "I have got the title, the *Quiver*—a case for arrows, and we can have long arrows and short arrows—arrows, however, which shall wing their flight and tell their tale, all coming from this quiver of ours." Thus the new periodical was baptized, and as the *Quiver* it went forth.

The first number appeared on September 7, 1861. It was a twenty-four-page penny magazine, set in small type and without illustrations. No word of introduction accompanied the first issue, but an advertisement of the

The "Quiver"

new venture described it as "John Cassell's New Weekly Journal, designed for the Defence and Promotion of Biblical Truth and the Advance of Religion in the Homes of the People." "The *Quiver*," it was added, "will be evangelical and unsectarian in its character, having for its grand aim the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of its readers. Its staff of contributors will include some of the ablest writers in the sphere of religious literature, irrespective of denominational differences."

The first page of the new publication started off with a leading article on "The Bible, Christianity, and the Church," followed on the second page by an article on "Religion in the Home." Further on we find the first instalment of "The Channings," by Mrs. Henry Wood, while a "Youths' Department," a "Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events associated with the Christian Church," and "The Half-hour Bible Class" make up the rest of the issue.

Undistinguished and somewhat heavy as the magazine would appear to present-day readers, it immediately leapt into popularity. Its early years were marked by a rapid growth both in size and in circulation. Evidently it appealed successfully to those who keenly followed the movement towards popular education and the sweetening of life for the poor.

In 1864 a new series adapted to a wider public was started. The prospectus was written by Cassell himself, and was issued as a poster advertisement. "Our object," he said, "is to make this magazine a devout yet cheerful publication, to be read in every home—ministering to the wants of each member of the family and advancing their moral and spiritual welfare. Our aim has been to make men feel the reality of religious things: of God, of their duty to Him, and of eternity."

A special feature of the *Quiver's* work from the beginning to the present day has been its fruitful appeals for the support of humane institutions and the promotion of philanthropic efforts. In the £15,000 or thereabouts that

The Story of the House of Cassell

its readers have contributed to various funds are included £2,662 to the Lifeboat Institution, £2,167 to the Bengal Famine Fund, £1,378 to a *Quiver* "hammocks fund" for the Training Ship *Chichester*, and £1,528 to the Silver Thimble Fund.

During the war the *Quiver* readers were particularly active. They raised sufficient money to buy and equip two motor ambulances for service to the wounded, these costing some £1,400. They also generously subscribed to St. Dunstan's and other war relief funds.

Another phase of the work of the *Quiver* ought to be mentioned. The "servant problem" was debated with warmth so far back as the 'nineties. At that time it was alleged that the old-time domestic servant who was faithful in her attachment to the fortunes of one family was practically extinct. As a means of testing the accuracy of this statement, the editor published a scheme for a new Order for Honourable Service, to consist of domestic servants of either sex who had held their present situations for seven years and upwards, with a special class of distinguished members who could show an uninterrupted record of fifty years' service in the same family. This latter provision was looked upon by many as not very seriously intended, and it was thought that the publishers would find few claimants of the "handsome Family Bible, published at one guinea," which was offered. Month after month, however, two or three duly authenticated cases of fifty years' service in the same household appeared in the list, making a very respectable muster-roll of veterans at the end of the first year.

As soon as this movement had given evidence of vitality H.R.H. Princess Christian consented, at the editor's request, to become the Patron of the Order, and when about 2,000 members had been enrolled they enthusiastically adopted the suggestion that they should offer the Princess a token of their appreciation of her support of the movement. Their little keepsake took the form of a gold brooch, the setting of which held the

Writers for the "Quiver"

device of the Order, and the presentation was accompanied by an illuminated address. Further accessions to the Order were stopped by the exhaustion of the ample fund placed by the proprietors at the editor's disposal, but even now applications continue to come in from servants with thirty, forty, and even fifty years' record of service.

A few years ago Mr. David Williamson, during his editorship, offered prizes for handicraft and needlework of any kind made at a cost not exceeding one shilling. In a few weeks thousands of articles from all parts of the world poured into the editor's room until it became a veritable repository. The whole stock of articles was divided equally between Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Church Army, after the prizes had been awarded.

Although the magazine celebrated its jubilee in 1911 the editorial chair has had comparatively few occupants. John Cassell's successor was the Rev. Henry Wright, who was followed by J. E. Gore, and he by J. Willis Clark. Then came the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, and after him his assistant, Bonavia Hunt, who was associated with the *Quiver* as sub-editor and editor for forty years. He was followed in 1905 by Mr. David Williamson, and on his retirement in 1909 the present editor, Mr. H. D. Williams, was installed.

The literary history of the *Quiver* has been distinguished. Not only have many of the most notable writers of the day contributed to its columns, but many authors of world-wide reputation received from it their first commissions. For instance, Dean Farrar began writing for the magazine when still a master at Harrow, and continued his contributions over a period of more than thirty years. Among divines who have written in its pages are Thomas Binney, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, John Cumming, Morley Punshon, Henry Allon, Hugh Macmillan, and P. B. Power; among novelists, Mrs. Henry Wood and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; while present-day writers whose contributions appear in it from time to time

The Story of the House of Cassell

include Dr. John Clifford, Dr. R. F. Horton, Sir Rider Haggard, Gertrude Page, H. A. Vachell, Baroness Orczy, David Lyall, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Annie S. Swan, E. F. Benson, Harold Begbie, etc.

One by one the great magazines contemporaneous with the *Quiver* have ceased publication, or entirely altered their character, and observers of the times have sometimes wondered at the fact that this publication should have held its own without undergoing radical modification. The fact is that, without ceasing to be a religious magazine, it has known how to advance and keep in touch with the times. In quality of authorship, art, and general production it can claim to be the equal of any of the monthlies. More than once its Christmas number—always a great feature of the year—has been distinctly superior to those of some of the most successful secular magazines of the day, at least in its illustrations. The result of this sustained but progressive policy has been that the *Quiver* has been able to hold its ground during the changes that have come over the religious world. “I shall leave the public a legacy in the *Quiver*,” was among the last sayings of John Cassell; and nearly sixty years after his death the public are still in the enjoyment of the bequest.

To many “grown-ups” of the present generation the title of *Little Folks* awakens memories of long ago—a cosy fireside on a winter evening, a shady bank on a summer day, a nursery filled with eager voices all wanting to look at the new number at once.

For the christening of this new fledgling thanks are due to Bonavia Hunt, who, in spite of his many and various duties as magazine editor in those days, gave a kindly thought to the children. Until it had attained its thirtieth number he nursed it with diligent care and solicitude. It was then passed on to the no less capable control of Miss Clara Matéaux, who had written the leading story in the first number, entitled “Nellie: A

The Story of "Little Folks"

Story for Careless Little Folks." Miss Matéaux contributed largely to the various Cassell publications for many years, but she was never so happy as when writing stories for children or discoursing to them in her charming manner on the science of everyday things.

When the magazine first appeared, in 1871, a child was regarded as a creature whose duty it was to be "good," which meant chiefly rendering explicit obedience to its elders and not asking inconvenient questions. And although the new magazine struck a lighter vein than was common in juvenile publications, such titles as "Cousin Willie's Fireworks: A Warning to Boys," "Maggie's Disobedience, and What came of it," and "Only a Penny: One or two pages about a Little Girl's Temptation," suggest that there was nothing revolutionary in its point of view. In the Preface the editor describes it as a "pleasant and instructive companion," and expresses the hope that readers will not only be "amused but improved." It was "intended to make its readers happy and bright, as all good boys and girls should be," and they were mildly exhorted to be "as good, gentle and industrious" as their best friends could wish.

For several years *Little Folks* appeared as a weekly paper of sixteen small quarto pages, with a full-page wood engraving on the first and last pages, and two full-page wood engravings in the middle. Other pages were illustrated with smaller engravings, so that there was only a limited space for letterpress. Yet the editor managed to get a good deal of variety into its pages. Besides cautionary stories, there were instructive articles on natural history, nonsense stories, true tales of heroism and animal intelligence, verse of various kinds, puzzles, and letters to the editor, together with many prize competitions. One must not compare the illustrations of the 'seventies with those of to-day, or one will fail to realize the inexhaustible delight which the pictures in the early numbers of *Little Folks* gave to less sophisticated children of fifty years ago.

The Story of the House of Cassell

In 1875 the size of the magazine was enlarged and a colour frontispiece added to its increasing attractions. In 1877 it became a monthly issue, and it was now that the well-remembered blue and red cover was first adopted. About this time Miss Matéaux retired, and was succeeded by George Weatherly, a popular member of the regular editorial staff—a cousin, by the way, of the song writer—who had a distinct gift for appealing to the child mind. In 1880 the firm started a weekly paper for boys, under the title of the *Boy's Newspaper*, and in order that he might concentrate upon it Weatherly was relieved of *Little Folks*, which was put into the hands of Ernest Foster, another member of the editorial staff, under whose control it remained for several years and made great progress. In 1886 another cover was designed for it, the beautiful design in blue printed on yellow paper, by which it was known for ten years, and in 1887 the magazine was modernized. In the course of Foster's editorship, which lasted till the 'nineties, some of the best work of Mrs. Molesworth appeared in *Little Folks*, and there was also a serial by Clark Russell.

The next editor, Mr. S. H. Hamer, made some striking advances. To him is due the credit of discovering Arthur Rackham and Harry Rountree; he also introduced two-colour pictures into the body of the magazine, and founded the "Little Folks Ward and Home Scheme" and the "Little Folks Nature Club," both of which developed beyond all expectations. The Ward and Home Scheme was conducted by Miss Bella Sidney Woolf for ten years, and under her guidance the readers of the magazine established in 1904 a ward of fourteen beds in the Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road, London, and in 1911 presented the same hospital with a fully equipped seaside branch with accommodation for thirty patients, which they have now set themselves to maintain. The enthusiasm with which the little folks took up the idea of giving a second chance to the children of the slums was remarkable. They subscribed their own pence, they

Frances Power Cobbe

collected other people's, they formed leagues in the interest of the scheme; they raised a first thousand pounds quickly, then another, and still went on subscribing. A big house with eight acres of ground was bought at Little Common, near Bexhill, and became the seaside home of the sick slum children of London—always full of pathetic patients who see beauty at Bexhill for the first time and learn what freedom and wide spaces mean, who suck health and strength out of a new life in lovely surroundings, well fed and housed, equipped with every appliance of play that is dear to a child's heart. *Little Folks* readers not only established the Home, but have provided more than eight thousand pounds of their pocket-money to keep it going.

In connexion with schemes to interest children in their fellows, mention must be made of one of the earliest of all, founded on behalf of Dumb Animals and known as the Little Folks Humane Society. In reply to a letter addressed to Miss Frances Power Cobbe on the subject, she wrote:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am quite delighted at your 'Little Folks' Humane Society. What an admirable use you have made of your periodical to inspire this feeling among so many children! You will be able also to keep it up month after month. I wish we could make some universal organization for this special work . . . we ought to amalgamate in some way or other. Judging from your list, however, I gather that your 'little folks' are of the upper classes, while our Bands of Mercy are all, I think, village children.

"It is so pleasant and encouraging to see so much being done to lay the foundations of humanity in our social world. If this can only be done, the next generation will make a clean sweep of any cruelties now in vogue. . . . I can, unhappily, do little or nothing on these happy lines myself, being absorbed up to and beyond my powers in opposing the worst of all cruelties to animals.

"With warm thanks for your kindness in writing to me,
—Sincerely yours,
FRANCES P. COBBE."

A pretty story is told by that well-known author for girls, Mrs. L. T. Meade, in connexion with one of her

The Story of the House of Cassell

books, "Beyond the Blue Mountains." "That story," she said, "I had first told to my own children on Sunday evenings, and when I went to the editor of *Little Folks* and explained to him the nature of the tale, he immediately arranged that I should give him the story. As I went home, however, I was troubled. The editor wanted the story at once, and I had not a word of it written; I had absolutely forgotten the first part. My son, however, came to my relief. He was a little chap of about ten years old at that time. 'Never mind, mother,' he exclaimed, 'if you have forgotten the first part, I remember it'; and he told it to me there and then, word for word."

During Mr. Hamer's editorship the magazine attained a higher level than it had ever reached before. Meanwhile, new forces were at work. Ideas on education were changing, and people were beginning to realize that greater attention must be given to the natural needs and tastes of children. There were writers who, dissatisfied with the books and magazines of their own childhood, wished to give the children of a later day the things they had longed for themselves; artists were producing a new kind of picture for children, and new methods of printing were being evolved. These new forces were brought to bear on *Little Folks* by Mr. Hamer, by Mr. Chas. S. Bayne, his successor, and by Mr. H. D. Williams, the present editor. The best work of the best writers for children is keenly sought for, children are not written down to, and the serious articles are no longer obtrusively instructive or hortatory. Similarly, the Little Folks Nature Club has been developed along the lines of modern Nature study, with the result that an enthusiasm has been aroused which threatens nearly to overwhelm all the other features of the magazine. Competitions have been retained to give readers an opportunity of exercising their budding artistic talents. There are rising authors who owe to having received their first encouragement by winning a prize in a *Little Folks* story competition; and a well-known mayor and alderman of one of the oldest

The Origin of "Chums"

provincial towns has for years contributed some of the most amusing poems and pictures to the magazine, and still looks upon it as one of his own "children." The pseudonyms, or initials, to be seen from time to time beneath some of its pictures and articles hide the names of business and professional men who still retain the happy hearts of children and find it a pleasure to amuse and interest the children of a later generation than their own. So it has come about that to-day the magazine represents the life and thought of the child in a thorough and wholesome manner.

To Max Pemberton the thanks of many a youngster of yesterday and to-day are due for the idea of launching *Chums* on the stream of literature for boys. He himself relates the origin of the paper:—

"My connexion with Cassell's was accidental. I had devised a scheme for a popular penny newspaper, and everything was ready but the money. Unfortunately I did not discover a multitude of intelligent people competing for the privilege of financing me. The scheme went into the City, where so many good schemes go every day, and somehow or other—I have never yet discovered exactly in what way—it came to the notice of the late Mr. Galpin. He took it to Sir Wemyss Reid, who was then managing director of the company, and in due course I was asked to make my second appearance at La Belle Sauvage. The first had been far back in the historic past, when, as a mere undergraduate, I had bearded the then editor of the *Saturday Journal* in his den, and sold him a story. At this early achievement I thought my fortune was made, but, unfortunately, before I could perpetrate a second assault upon the *Journal* sanctum the editor had vanished and the castles in Spain were shattered.

"Sir Wemyss Reid, having considered the scheme, found it to be good and promptly proceeded to ignore it. The fact was that Cassell's were then contemplating a boys' paper, and whether it was that I looked juvenile

The Story of the House of Cassell

enough for the job, or, on the contrary, wore a paternal air of gravity, the undertaking was offered to me. Of course, I accepted it. I would have cheerfully edited *The Times* at that moment, and dismissed the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' with a laugh. We set to work, and I called to my aid all the talent that I knew. Mr. D. H. Parry was the first, and then the late Mr. Henty, and others who were acquainted with this kind of work. *Chums* eventually appeared (1892) and sold some hundred odd thousands of its first copy. I thought then, and I think now, that the paper would have had a gayer start if my own ideas had been more generally accepted, and its two-column *Chums* format had been changed for one of three columns, with the corresponding opportunities for illustration. However, the paper jogged on very well, and therein I wrote 'The Iron Pirate' in the hope of stimulating the activities of a flagging public. This it certainly did, and, incidentally, permitted me to abandon editorship for the time being and devote myself exclusively to fiction.

"Of course I saw much of Sir Wemyss Reid. The meetings with him were invariably amusing. He would listen to the scheme I had to propound and then proceed to tell me a story of Bismarck or the Prime Minister. Once when I went down to discuss the enlargement of *Chums* he told me an amusing story of a Cabinet Minister of the day who, from motives of curiosity, thought he would like a penny ride upon a bus. He did so, and was fortunate enough to obtain a seat by the driver's side. They discussed many things, and as they went down Park Lane, the Cabinet Minister pointed to his own house and asked the bus driver if he knew who lived there: 'Why, yes,' he replied, 'the most immoral family in London, male and female.' Sir Wemyss, indeed, always had an anecdote, and it was a pleasure to introduce distinguished visitors to him because of those rare conversational gifts in which he had few equals then in London."

When Mr. Pemberton vacated the editorial chair of

An Editor and the Boys

Chums in 1894, the late Ernest Foster became editor, and for the next thirteen years put the same energy into conducting a boys' paper that he had already shown in the management of *Little Folks* and the *Saturday Journal*. In his reminiscences, published under the title "An Editor's Chair," Foster writes: "If I were asked what portion of work as Editor of *Chums* stood out in my recollection as the most remarkable . . . I should have little difficulty in answering the question. It was the friendly relationship, the good fellowship that existed between the readers and myself. I have never known readers who identified themselves so closely with a publication. . . . They were untiring in the personal efforts they made to increase its circulation . . . and, furthermore, they criticized with the fullest freedom everything that was provided for them."

Now and then an already well-known story was republished. One was "Treasure Island." Foster found that though many of his readers had, of course, read the book, they were not the less delighted to have it anew as a serial. When the last instalment appeared the words "The End" were followed by an "In Memoriam" paragraph; for it happened that at the very moment when Foster was sending to the printers the sheet containing the final chapters of the story, the news arrived that Robert Louis Stevenson had died in Samoa. The correspondence of the boys was one of the joys and curiosities of editorship. "When boys wanted little things," said Foster, "they had no hesitation in asking for them, whether they were picture postcards, or the foreign stamps which came on letters to the office, or portions of authors' MSS., or their autographs, or, indeed, whatever fancy might decree. On one occasion Lord Roberts had been kind enough to write a short note for publication in the paper, telling, in reply to an inquiry, where and when he had won the V.C. After it appeared I received four or five applications from different boys for the original letter, and I have no doubt they all expected to get it."

The Story of the House of Cassell

The successful editorship of a magazine for boys calls for much tact and consideration and for sympathy with boy-life and with its manifold aspirations which are only half understood by the boy himself. Manville Fenn, in an interview in the interests of *Chums*, spoke excellent sense when he said: "I think that boys do themselves a lot of harm by reading a great deal of stupid trash. In my opinion a tale for boys should possess plenty of good, stirring adventures without any preaching. Boys don't like being preached at. By writing a good, wholesome story you can alter a boy's character and make him a better lad in spite of himself. You don't want any bosh about love sentiment in boys' books. If you have a villain, show that he is a villain, and don't hold him up as a model of what a man should be."

This has constantly been the policy of *Chums*, and it is the basis upon which the magazine was built up and has maintained its position among periodicals for boys. Many rivals have come into the field, but under Mr. Newman Flower's direction it still holds its own, finding among its present-day adherents the same loyal and gay spirit that is illustrated in Foster's recollections.

In October, 1898, the *New Penny Magazine* made its bow to the public. Its *raison d'être* was thus explained in a prefatory article written by Sir Wemyss Reid:

"The pioneer of the cheap periodical Press was the *Penny Magazine*, originated by Charles Knight and dear to the reading public in the days of our fathers. Mr. Knight's publication has been dead for more than a generation. In issuing the *New Penny Magazine*, we are seeking to adapt to the tastes and requirements of the present day the idea which Mr. Knight embodied in his great publication. We propose to supply week by week a magazine fully equal in the quality of its contents to any of the popular monthly magazines; whilst the quantity of reading matter and the number of illustrations will be fully one-half of those given in publications costing six or even twelve times as much."

The "Penny Magazine"

No one can charge the projectors of the new weekly with lacking a robust belief in its deserts and its fortunes :

"In the *New Penny Magazine*," the editorial pen proceeded, "readers will find themselves in possession of a treasure-house of literature old and new, both solid and entertaining. Articles of exceptional interest, stories of adventure, thrilling records of gallant deeds, vivid pages from history, anecdotal accounts of novelties, curiosities and famous personages, and graphic descriptions of Nature's most wonderful scenes, will find a place in our pages. Each number will also contain one or two complete short stories and a serial tale by the best writers. Some of the richest gems of recent years will be found side by side with the masterpieces of the present day ; and the whole will be embellished by illustrations from the pen, pencil, or brush of the leading masters of black and white art.

"Excellence will be our guiding principle, and the high standard which we set before ourselves will be steadily maintained, our intention being to secure for the *New Penny Magazine* the proud position of being the best and cheapest that has ever been produced."

The idea that lay behind the new magazine, though not very explicitly stated, was that in the various publications of the House there were mines of permanently valuable matter which could be worked for nothing. At first, therefore, the paper was made up chiefly of reprint, more or less adapted to the taste and requirements of the day. It was in that way that it was possible to produce so large a magazine for the coin from which it took its name. A diligent and skilful editor was found in the late Wood Smith, who up to that time had belonged to a non-literary department of the House ; and it made a capital start, and held its ground successfully for a few years, the proportion of original matter having, however, to be gradually increased until the reprint almost entirely disappeared. In 1906 Wood Smith joined Messrs. Harmsworth's staff, and Newman Flower left their staff to succeed him. The paper, now known simply as the *Penny Magazine*, has ever since been under Mr. Flower's direction, and

The Story of the House of Cassell

although he is now, as Literary Director, with a seat on the Board, ultimately responsible in a literary sense for all the publications issued by the House, the *Penny Magazine* has been one of his pets, and is watched over with an indefatigable keenness to keep it up to concert pitch all the time.

It was in 1887 that the late Oscar Wilde accepted the editorship of the *Lady's World*, a monthly magazine "of Fashion and Society," as it styled itself, which had been issued for a year under the direction of a departmental manager. In his first number, November, 1887, he changed the title to the *Woman's World*.

At first Oscar Wilde took his work quite seriously, and eleven o'clock every Tuesday and Thursday saw him entering the portals of the Yard; but after a few months his arrival became later and his departure earlier, until at times his visit was little more than a call. "After a very short time in my association with him," says Mr. Arthur Fish, who was his assistant, "I could tell by his footfalls along the resounding corridor whether the necessary work to be done would be met cheerfully or postponed to a more congenial period. In the latter case, he would sink with a sigh into his chair, carelessly glance at his letters, give a perfunctory look at proofs or make-up, ask, 'Is it necessary to settle anything to-day?' put on his hat with a sad 'Good morning,' and depart again.

"On his cheerful days, however, which were fairly constant in the spring, everything was different: there would be a smiling entrance, letters would be answered with epigrammatic brightness, there would be a cheery interval of talk when the work was accomplished, and the dull room would brighten under the influence of his magnetic personality."

As contributors to the *Woman's World* Wilde secured a brilliant company which included the leaders of feminine thought and activity. Literary quality so high and various had never before been attained by any such pub-

Oscar Wilde as Editor

lication. The names in the first number included Lady Archibald Campbell, the Countess of Portsmouth, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Jeune, George Fleming, and Amy Levy. Among later contributors were "Ouida," Lady Dorothy Nevill, "Carmen Sylva," Olive Schreiner, and, indeed, every writer who counted for anything in the literary world of women.

It was, of course, expected that the editor's own contributions would form a chief feature of the magazine, and it was arranged that he should write "Literary and Other Notes" for each month's issue. These duly appeared in the first four numbers, but, alas! then there came a falling off, so that the first annual volume contained but five contributions from the editor's pen. His second and last volume contained six, the result of a direct hint from the publishers that the editor was not sufficiently in evidence. But these contributions demanded great effort, and oftentimes press day found the printers awaiting "copy" for the pages left for the editor to fill.

These Notes are probably not generally known. They contain some piercing and characteristic shafts of criticism, and at least one notable appreciation. Before the first number of the *Woman's World* was actually published, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," died, and one of the Notes was devoted to her and her work. "Mrs. Craik," Wilde wrote, "was one of the finest of our women writers, and though her art had always what Keats called 'a palpable intension upon one,' still its imaginative qualities were of no mean order. There is hardly one of her books which has not some distinction of style: there is certainly not one of them that does not show love of all that is good and beautiful in life. The good she perhaps loved somewhat more than the beautiful, but her heart had room for both. . . . Her last work was done for the magazine which I have the honour to edit. She was very much interested in the scheme for the foundation of the *Woman's World*, suggested its title,

The Story of the House of Cassell

and promised to be one of its warmest supporters. . . . Few women have enjoyed a greater popularity than Mrs. Craik, or have better deserved it. It is sometimes said that John Halifax is not a real man, but only a woman's ideal of a man. Well, let us be grateful for such ideals. No one can read the story of which John Halifax is the hero without being the better for it. Mrs. Craik will live long in the affectionate memory of those who knew her, and one of her novels, at any rate, will always have a high and honourable place in English fiction. Indeed, for simple narrative, some of the chapters of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' are almost unequalled in our prose literature."

In the same number, reviewing a novel written by a woman, he describes characterization as "the enemy of literary form." It is "such an essential part of the method of the modern writer of fiction that Nature has almost become to the novelist what light and shade are to the painter, the one permanent element of style." In the third series of Notes he develops at greater length his views on English fiction. "In England," he writes, "we have had no schools worth speaking of. The fiery torch lit by the Brontës has not passed on to other hands; Dickens has only influenced journalism; Thackeray's delightful superficial philosophy, superb narrative power and clever social satire have formed no schools, nor has Trollope left any direct successors behind him, a fact which is not to be regretted however, as, admirable as Trollope undoubtedly is for rainy afternoons and tedious railway journeys, from the point of view of literature he is merely the perpetual curate of Pudlington Parva. As for George Meredith, who could hope to reproduce him? His style is chaos illuminated by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language; as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story; as an artist he is everything except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of 'Richard Feverel' stands abso-

Wilde on Henley

lutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us philosophy through the medium of wit, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can tread his labyrinth, no Œdipus solve his secret."

One of the best of Oscar Wilde's contributions is "A Note on some Modern Poets," in which he writes of W. E. Henley's verse: "His little 'Book of Verse' reveals to us an artist who is seeking to find new methods of expression, and who has not merely a delicate sense of beauty and a brilliant fantastic wit, but a real passion for what is horrible, ugly, or grotesque. No doubt everything that is worthy of existence is worthy also of art, at least one would like to think so, but while an echo of the mirror can repeat for us a beautiful thing, to render artistically a thing that is ugly requires the most exquisite form of alchemy, the most subtle magic of transformation. Some of the earlier poems of Mr. Henley's volume, the 'Rhymes and Rhythms in Hospital,' as he calls them, are like bright, vivid pastels; others like etchings with deeply bitten lines and abrupt contrasts and clever colour suggestions. In fact, they are like anything and everything except perfected poems, that they certainly are not. But it is impossible to deny their power. They are still in the twilight. They are preludes, inspired jottings in a notebook, and should be heralded by a design of 'Genius making Sketches.' Rhyme gives architecture as well as melody to verse; it gives that delightful sense of limitation which in all arts is so pleasurable, and is, indeed, one of the secrets of perfection; it will whisper, as a French critic has said, 'things unexpected and charming, things with strange and remote relations to each other,' and bind them together in indissoluble bonds of beauty; and in his constant rejection of rhyme Mr. Henley seems to me to have abdicated half his power. He is a *roi en exil* who has thrown away some of the strings of his lute, a poet

The Story of the House of Cassell

who has forgotten the fairest half of his kingdom. . . . However, Mr. Henley is not to be judged by samples. Indeed, the most attractive thing in the book is no single poem that is in it, but the strong human personality that stands behind both flawless and faulty work alike, and looks out through many masks, some of them beautiful, and some grotesque, and not a few misshapen. In the case of most of our modern poets, when we have analysed them down to an adjective we can go no further, or we care to go no further; but with this book it is different. Through these reeds and pipes blows the very breath of life. It seems as if one could put one's hand upon the singer's heart and count its pulsation. There is something wholesome, virile and sane about a man's soul. Anybody can be reasonable, but to be sane is not common; and sane poets are as rare as blue lilies, though they may not be quite so beautiful. . . . Mr. Henley's healthy, if sometimes misapplied, confidence in the myriad suggestions of life gives him his charm. He is made to sing along the highways, not to sit down and write. If he took himself more seriously his work would become trivial."

It is tempting, by way of rejoinder to Wilde, to recall an almost unknown letter Henley wrote to a friend: "I have never babbled the *Art for Art's sake* babble. If I have, I'll eat the passage publicly. *What* I've said is, the better the writer the better the poet; that, in fact, good writing's better than bad."

The two men were, of course, radically antipathetic. Mr. Edwin Bale, deploring the antagonism between them, did his best to bring them together. He invited them to dine at his house to meet each other and certain well-known artists. The result was, in Mr. Bale's words, that "Wilde completely won over Henley, the latter insisting that Wilde should drive home with him to Chiswick, and at three o'clock in the morning they left together in a hansom cab. I saw Wilde the next day and he told me that they 'sat and babbled' at Chiswick till nine o'clock

Dr. Anna Kingsford

in the morning. One remembers how Jack Wilkes won over Dr. Johnson by his wit and gaiety when Boswell brought them together at the dinner-table."

During his two years in the editorial chair, only on one occasion was Oscar Wilde known to be angry. This was when John Williams, the Chief Editor, came to see him waving a copy of Marshall P. Wilder's book, "People I have Smiled With," of which Cassell's were then preparing an English edition. In a paragraph dealing with Oscar Wilde the American "smiler" wrote: "The first time I saw Oscar he wore his hair long and his breeches short; now, I believe, he wears his hair short and his trousers long." Striding up and down the room, Oscar Wilde ejaculated, "Monstrous! Perfectly monstrous!" and to appease him the offending paragraph was deleted.

Some of the letters from the contributors to the *Woman's World* are not without interest. A month or two before her death Mrs. Craik wrote, "For myself, whatever influence I have is, I believe, because I have kept aloof from any clique. I care little for Female Suffrage, and have given the widest berth to that set of women who are called, not unjustly, the Shrieking Sisterhood. Yet I like women to be strong and brave, both for themselves and as helpers, not slaves and foes of men."

Dr. Anna Kingsford wound up a letter by asking, "Are you going to have stories in your magazine? Because I have just perpetrated a little tale suggesting an incident I saw at Monte Carlo. Shall I send it to you to look at? It is very light and . . . pathetic. At least I think so. Well, at all events, here it is. You will see at a glance whether it suits you. If not, please send it back as soon as you can, because I don't make any rough copies of the stories I write. I write them down first hand, just like letters, so if MSS. are lost they are like children drowned or run over."

Oscar Wilde's attitude towards his editorial colleagues was always cordial. His pleasant relations with Mr. Arthur Fish, who assisted him with the magazine,

The Story of the House of Cassell

developed into a friendship which survived his departure from the Yard, and was expressed in letters, inscribed copies of his books, a wedding present—little attentions that relieved the drab routine of business life.

The *Woman's World* was continued, after Wilde ceased to be editor, on the same lines; but the publishers had virtually given up hope of success, and the third volume was the last.

The *Story-Teller*, started in April, 1907, with Mr. Newman Flower as editor, was the first considerable periodical to be launched by Sir Arthur Spurgeon after his accession to the General Managership. It is an "all-fiction" magazine, and proved an instant success. Its course from the beginning to the current number has been one of unchecked prosperity.

The *New Magazine* was born in 1909. It is differentiated from the *Story-Teller* in not consisting entirely of fiction, and in not dispensing with the aid of illustration. Its most distinctive feature is an attractive theatrical supplement, printed in tone on art paper and consisting of scenes and personalities from the principal play of the month. The *New Magazine* has been as brilliant a success as the *Story-Teller*.

True to its traditions, the House of Cassell has never lost touch with technical literature and journalism. One of its most interesting periodicals is *Work*, a weekly published at a penny originally, but now at threepence. The first number appeared on March 23, 1889, its editor being Francis Chilton Young, who had made a name for himself as the author of books on handicraft.

The son of a Devonshire clergyman, Mr. Young, on leaving Cambridge, became a schoolmaster. At Kingsbridge, his native place, he formed evening art classes for workmen, and taught them drawing so that they might be able to commit their ideas to paper before proceeding to work them out. Later he became con-

Technical Publications

nected with Cassell's, editing a new edition of "The Popular Educator," and other works. For several years he edited a technical publication for another firm, and was then engaged by Cassell's to start *Work*. Its success was instantaneous, and has been well maintained. It is the mechanic's and handicraftsman's weekly companion, instructing him in a thousand matters of direct and practical interest. One of its most important features is its "Questions and Answers" pages, in which experts, retained for the purpose, clear up difficulties and give directions to correspondents in need of them. What was probably the first industrial exhibition ever organized by a newspaper was held at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, in December, 1890, under the auspices of this paper. The opening ceremony was performed by Sir John Lubbock (afterwards Lord Avebury), then M.P. for the University of London. In 1893 the editorship of *Work* was assumed by P. N. Hasluck, who founded the well-known series of "Work Handbooks." The present editor, Bernard E. Jones, succeeded him in 1909, and under his vigorous initiative the paper has prospered exceedingly.

Periodicals and books on gardening have been issued under the editorship of W. P. Wright and H. H. Thomas, and works from their pens have been greatly appreciated by all interested in horticultural enterprise.

Many of the older contributors to Cassell's periodicals have the liveliest and kindest recollections of their associations with the House. Mr. D. H. Parry, who has been one of the most valued writers for it, sent in thirty years ago the first story he ever wrote. He is writing for Cassell's publications still. "My recollection, extending over two distinct régimes," he says, "is one of unbroken courtesy and kindly consideration. The first Editor-in-Chief with whom I came into contact was the late A. J. Butler, sometime Fellow of Trinity, a scholar and a gentleman. I remember giving him something of a shock in the tiny den where the E.-in-C. was kennelled in those

The Story of the House of Cassell

days—conversation being continually interrupted by the passage of locomotives close to the window. Our talk was of Napoleonic History, and I made some allusion to Marbot's Memoirs. 'What! You know your Marbot, do you—in the original, I hope?' he added sharply. When I admitted the soft impeachment he was greatly relieved. 'I am glad of that,' he said. 'You alarmed me for the moment, for I have just finished what I believe to be the first English translation ever done.'

"When my old friend Max Pemberton suggested *Chums* to the firm, he was not long down from Caius, full of energy, a keen boating man, and a great exponent of the old high bicycle. It was my privilege to write the first serial that appeared in that best of boys' papers, and turning over the earlier volumes to-day there is a breezy freshness about them that is truly Pembertonic. He afterwards edited *Cassell's Magazine*, and had an able coadjutor in poor Holderness Gale, who, alas! has 'gone aloft.'

"Retrospection is always sad work, and death has removed many once familiar faces from the famous old Yard. Ernest Foster, of the *Saturday Journal*; Bonavia Hunt, of the *Quiver*; John Hamer, the publisher; Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent; Colonel Knollys, Major Griffiths, John Augustus O'Shea—that fiery old Zouave and confirmed Fleet-Streeter, G. A. Sala, Sir Robert Ball the Irish astronomer, Sir Richard Temple—all these and many more I have met there and shall never meet again on this side of the 'Great Divide.' But happily others, though no longer at La Belle Sauvage, are still in the land of the living—Richard Kearton, accomplished naturalist and born poacher; S. H. Hamer, of *Little Folks*, affectionately known to his colleagues as Sam; and Frederic Whyte, who, among other works, edited 'Battles of the Nineteenth Century,' and whom it was an absolute pleasure to work for.

"I was a very young man when my first contribution

A Reminiscence

was accepted; since then the House has published several military volumes of mine and many editions of these, serials innumerable and articles and short stories the very number of which I have long forgotten, and through it all I have the recollection of the same abiding courtesy, the same prompt payment, and friendships that remain unbroken."

Interesting sidelights on some of those who wrote for the House are given by Mr. Charles Harrison, among whose contemporaries at Cassell's were Charles Peters and F. J. Crowest. "Peters was a choir boy, and ladies used to say when he wore his surplice that 'he looked like an angel.' But he put on flesh as he grew older, and I hardly think the resemblance was then so obvious. Nevertheless, he ran the *Girl's Own Paper*, of which he was the founder and editor, with great success. Mr. Crowest was afterwards Mr. Petter's private secretary. He, too, took to music, and sang a tenor song with very considerable charm. Presently he became manager of the Walter Scott Publishing Company.

"As I entered the Yard, John Proctor was leaving it, to begin that career as a cartoonist in which he was so successful. George Manville Fenn, who held an editorial chair for some years, was a skilled reader of the public taste. Other members of the staff were W. B. Tracy—who subsequently went to Manchester—and J. A. Manson, John Williams, Lewis Wright, Daniel Gorrie—whose brother, Sir John, became Chief Justice of Fiji—George Rose Emerson, one of those handy men who were as indispensable to a big publishing house years ago as they are to-day; jolly A. H. Wall, who was afterwards custodian and librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon; and Miss Clara Matéaux, a delightful woman who had an extraordinary aptitude for writing for children.

"A great many outside contributors were constantly coming to the Yard, and of these I can still see in my mind's eye Dr. Francis Waller, one of the most distin-

The Story of the House of Cassell

guished of Dublin's literary coterie, and father-in-law of Teignmouth Shore; John Timbs, a dear old boy, a Brother of Charterhouse, who used to give me a shilling every time I got a cheque cashed for him; and Edmund Ollier. Godfrey Wordsworth Turner, a writer of extremely graceful verse, often called on his way to the *Daily Telegraph*; and many a chat I have had with Captain Mayne Reid and with W. H. G. Kingston, both of whom had real sympathy with lads. Dr. Robert Brown was another regular visitor after he came to live in London; and W. C. Bennett, a little man with long grey locks, constantly wrote verses for the *Quiver* or *Cassell's Magazine*, and used to leave his 'copy' with me. Among the novelists the biggest men in my days were Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade and Sheridan Le Fanu. Reade wrote a splendid hand, and though there were no literary agents in those days, both he and Wilkie Collins were excellent men of business."

The A. H. Wall of whom Mr. Harrison speaks was not only one of the early contributors to Cassell's periodicals, but for some years a member of the staff. Born in Charterhouse Square in 1828, he died only a few years ago after a particularly varied career, in which he had been author, editor, actor, scene-painter, miniature painter, and finally librarian at Stratford-on-Avon. Another old contributor whose career showed astonishing like variety was Matthias Barr, a native of Edinburgh, who died in South London in 1911, in his eighty-first year. "I was always a Jack of all trades and master of none," he said in an interview shortly before his death. "First I was a flautist and violinist and 'cellist. Then an artist, the only picture which remains to-day as a result of my dabbings being retained for the frame's sake. Next I was a clay-modeller, and again I produced just one work of art as a memorial of my student days—a statue of Sir William Wallace. Then I turned my attention to the theatre, and the manager of the Royal, Edinburgh, staged one of my plays, which retained the boards for six

A Cold Berth

weeks." After this he came to London and found himself on Blackfriars Bridge on the last occasion but one on which the Lord Mayor proceeded to Westminster by water. "Evening," he said, "found me still on the bridge, and I fell asleep on one of the side enclosures which were a feature of the old structure. Suddenly I was awakened by a stentorian voice sounding in my ear. 'A cold berth, this, my friend.' It was the voice of a recruiting sergeant, who not unkindly sat down beside me. 'Come,' he urged, seeing that I was shivering; 'I'm going for a hot meal. Come with me.' I went, and joined the army." In his later years the old poet wrote verses, chiefly about children and home, which had a wide vogue.

Mr. Robert Leighton recalls the association between Cassell's and the Whitefriars Club, of which many of their editors, a large proportion of their contributors, and not a few of the authors for whom they have published, have been members. "In conversation over lunch and at dinner, or round the club fire, a member or his guest would say something betraying a special knowledge of some particular subject, and afterwards (for business was never obtruded into the social communion) he would be buttonholed by an editor or receive a letter asking him to write a book or an article on that subject. As an instance, I remember that William Senior had written a graphic article in the *Daily News* about the wreck of the *Northfleet*. John Williams recognized the hand, and asked him to write a book on 'Notable Shipwrecks.' That, I think, was Senior's first book. Then, I myself one day," Mr. Leighton proceeds, "happened to say at lunch that I had just come from Cruft's Dog Show, where I had won a prize for one of my terriers. Sir Arthur Spurgeon, who was present, discovered that I knew a good deal about dogs, and he led the talk on to a discussion of existing books on the subject. I argued that they were mostly out of date, that even Vero Shaw's 'Book of the Dog' was not of great use, since so many new canine breeds had become fashionable and so many old ones had become

The Story of the House of Cassell

extinct. A day or two afterwards I was asked to go and see Mr. Cross at the Yard—the result being that I was engaged to write ‘The New Book of the Dog.’” Mr. Leighton adds that the present General Manager is “more universal” than any of his predecessors, allowing no restriction of personal taste to interfere with the range of the literary output of the House.

CHAPTER VII

THE FIRST HALFPENNY NEWSPAPER, AND SOME OTHERS

THE House of Cassell has been concerned in the publication of only one daily newspaper, but that one was a portent. The *Echo*, started by the firm in 1868, was the first halfpenny evening paper, and will have a permanent place in the history of journalism.

The scheme originated with John Cassell himself, but it was not materialized till three years after his death. Then, with Galpin superintending the arrangements, the new paper was launched on December 8 just as Gladstone was forming his first administration. The editorship had been offered to Moncure D. Conway, but he was unable to accept it, and the place was given to Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Arnold, while Mr. Horace Voules became the first manager. It need hardly be said that the political outlook of the *Echo* was Liberal, but its Liberalism was not hard-shell partisanship. It gave support to Gladstone and his politics—when they happened to be in accord with its own views; but it was always an independent mind. In its first number it “hoped for much from Mr. Gladstone”—but promised to criticize him impartially. There is more than a touch of the Cassell spirit in the first leading article:

“With regard to all our institutions, we shall fearlessly try them by the question, What are they worth?—not being ignorant of the great value of tradition, or of influences that refine and elevate a people; but in the government of England tradition will not henceforth be accepted as a good title to stability. . . .

“As the greatest of our national needs, we shall look to Mr. Gladstone for the immediate establishment of universal education. . . . Hitherto the State has insulted

The Story of the House of Cassell

moral conviction by seeming to promulgate the doctrine that it might wilfully neglect an alliance with education while it must teach some form of dogmatic religion. . . . We wish that every child should receive religious training, but we maintain that the State has no rightful claim to select a particular form of faith. There are good citizens attached to every form of Christianity, but the fulfilment of duty to the State is impossible without mental cultivation, and as the State demands this duty of everyone, it follows that it is the function of the State, if necessary, to educate all children to the ability of fulfilling this requirement.

“These and many other measures of internal reform await the attention of the new Ministry, and abroad we look to them to consolidate the policy of non-intervention. . . . The territory of Europe is not yet apportioned with one regard to the interests and wishes of the people . . . but it is evident that the interests of the governed will in future exercise more sway than any dynastic considerations, and we shall best further the surest safeguard of peace by permitting its development.”

The first office of the *Echo*, from which this proclamation issued, was in Catherine Street, Strand: the building had originally been the Pantheon Theatre. Arnold thus records the reception given by the public to his first number: “There was a small crowd in Catherine Street where I had placed a trusty friend to catch the first criticism. ‘It ain’t ’arf as big as the *Telegraph*,’ was the earliest comment. This sense of inadequacy was just, and on January 12, 1869, when the *Echo* was little more than a month old, the size was doubled, and the journal, though differently folded, attained the bulk it ever after preserved. Our first difficulty was sale; the railway stalls were unfriendly; the penny postage prohibitory. We started with a brigade of boys in *Echo* uniforms, but their tunics were soon disposed of without regard to our interests, and the *Echo* boy dressed as he pleased. . . . The trade absolutely declined to have any-

The Franco-Prussian War

thing to do with a 'halfpenny rag,' as the *Echo* was euphemistically called. Regardless of every persuasion, of every temptation, including the delivery to them of the paper in a manner that evening papers had never been delivered before, they said, 'No; we make little enough out of the penny papers, and we are not going to ruin ourselves and give ourselves double work by selling halfpenny ones.' And sell the *Echo* they would not. The public, too, who had never been accustomed to recognizing the value of halfpennies, did not seem at all anxious to assist us by persisting in having the paper. Matters looked serious, but buoyed up by the belief that there was an opening for halfpenny papers in London, it was decided to fight the matter out. At last the *Echo* caught on; public opinion turned in its favour, and on this account the trade were obliged to supply it."

"I may, perhaps," says Mr. Voules, in an article relating to his share in the enterprise, "take a little credit to myself for having thus overcome the opposition of the newspaper trade to a halfpenny paper. I know that it is a great responsibility to feel that one has been, to a certain extent, the originator of the newspaper street boy, but this feeling is greatly modified by the satisfaction of knowing that one has been at the same time associated with the originating of the halfpenny daily paper in this country. . . . During the Franco-Prussian War the machines were kept running day and night, and the sale of the paper extended not only through the whole of London but throughout England. For instance, in Birmingham alone we often sold 40,000 copies in the course of the day."

Naturally, this state of affairs soon brought competition, but competition in this instance was useful, as it assisted in educating the people to understanding that a trustworthy, readable, and interesting paper could be produced even at a halfpenny.

By the close of the first half-year a very pronounced success had been attained. Soon afterwards the news-

The Story of the House of Cassell

paper postage was reduced to a halfpenny. Apropos of this, Mr. A. J. Mundella related, at a Cassell meeting in 1889, how twenty-one years before, when he entered Parliament, he was advocating the reduction of postage for printed matter, and, ignorant as he was of the rules of the House, held up to the gaze of the Speaker a copy of the *Echo*. His argument was that, now that at the very doors of the House an excellent and admirably produced newspaper was sold for one halfpenny, it was absurd to charge a penny to transmit it from one side of London to the other. The next year this reform was carried.

Before accepting the editorship of the *Echo*, Arnold had contributed to journalism only as an outsider; but his aptitude was soon evident, not only from the articles he himself wrote, but from the discrimination with which he chose his staff. Save for a suggestion now and again from the proprietors, he was given entire control of the paper. George Barnett Smith was for some time the chief sub-editor. Among the contributors and leader-writers were the Rev. H. R. Haweis, one of whose articles on Mr. Bradlaugh began, "There is no God, and Mr. Bradlaugh is his prophet"; William Black, the famous novelist; John Macdonell, later a Master of the Supreme Court; and George Shee, a son of the distinguished Judge. "One day there came to me," said Sir Arthur Arnold, "a tall young man, whose card bore the undistinguished name of 'Mr. Bottomley.' He asked for work as a writer. Both himself and his introduction interested me. I said my leaders were sufficiently numerous, but he might take up some special subject, and suggested the Government of London. He said he knew nothing of the subject—an advantage upon which I sought to improve by letters to John Stuart Mill, then engaged in Parliament upon the first London Government Bill, and to Mr. Beal, the Regent Street auctioneer, a well-known authority at this time. Mr. Bottomley, who soon added Firth to his name, and was afterwards well known as M.P. for Chelsea and first Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council, pre-

A Woman Leader-Writer

sently sent me a copy of his great work on 'Municipal London,' inscribed not only with his kind regards, but 'with further remembrances of the fact that the work is due to a suggestion made by you.'"

In its earliest years the *Echo* owed much to a woman of great literary power, endowed with a splendid enthusiasm for humanity—Frances Power Cobbe. She had acted as correspondent of the *Daily News* while in Italy, and was well known as a contributor to the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, and the *Examiner*. She was invited by Mr. Arnold to write leaders three days a week, and she accepted with alacrity. "To be in touch," she wrote, "with the most striking events of the whole world, and to enjoy the privilege of giving your opinion on them to 50,000 or perhaps 100,000 readers within a few hours—this struck me, when I first recognized that such was my business as a leader-writer, as something for which many prophets and preachers of old would have given a houseful of silver and gold. And I was to be *paid* for accepting it! It is one thing to be a *vox clamantis in deserto*, and quite another to speak in Fleet Street, and, without lifting one's voice, to reach, all at once, as many men as formed the population of ancient Athens, not to say that of Jerusalem!

"But I must not magnify mine office too fondly! My share of the undertaking was that on three mornings of every week I should write a leading article on some special subject after arranging with the editor what it should be. For the seven years of my engagement I never once failed. Sometimes it was hard work for me; I had a cold or was otherwise ill, or the snow lay thick, and cabs from South Kensington were not to be had. Nevertheless I made my way to my destination; and when there, I wrote my leader, and as many 'Notes' as were allotted to me, and thus proved, I hope, once for all, that a woman may be relied on as a journalist no less than a man.

"My first article appeared in the third number of the *Echo*, December 10, 1868, and the last in March, 1875. I

The Story of the House of Cassell

wrote, of course, on all manner of subjects, politics excepted. One day, just after September 29, I wrote an article on extreme Ritualism and 'topically' gave it the head-line 'Michaelmas Geese.' Next day, to my intense amusement, there was a letter at the office addressed to the author of this article, in which one of the 'geese' whom I had particularly attacked, and who naturally supposed me to be a man, invited me to come and dine with him, and 'talk of these matters over a good glass of sherry and a cigar!' The worldly wisdom which induced the excellent clergyman to try and thus 'silence my guns' by inducing me to share his salt, and his idea of the irresistible attractions of sherry and cigars to a 'poor devil' (as he obviously supposed) of a contributor to a halfpenny paper, made a delightful joke. I had the greatest mind in the world to accept the invitation without betraying my sex until I should arrive at his door in the fullest of my feminine finery, and claim his dinner; but I was prudent, and he never knew who was the midge who had assailed him.

"I wrote on the whole more than a thousand leading articles, and a vast number of Notes, for the *Echo* during the seven years in which I worked upon its staff. There were, of course, subjects on which a Liberal like Mr. Arnold and a Tory like myself differed widely; and then I left them untouched, for (I need scarcely say) I never wrote a line in that or any other paper not in fullest accordance with my own opinions and convictions, on any subject great or small. The work, I think, was at all events wholesome and harmless. I hope that, now and then, it also did a little good."

On the first anniversary of publication day, the editor thus addressed his readers:

"It was in order that the public should enjoy the possession of a newspaper fitted for general circulation, at one-half the price of those already existing, that we undertook the difficult task of establishing a journal at a price unknown . . . and it is with pleasure that we record of the British public their superi-

The Later Days of the "Echo"

ority to those vulgar considerations which it has been falsely asserted were paramount in matters of this sort. We commenced our issue last year avowedly as an evening journal; we claim now the distinction of having changed the fashion of evening newspapers. When this journal appeared, the morning journals had, it may be said, the day to themselves. No evening paper had more than an insignificant circulation. In these days it has long been little less than absurd that the people of this great country should have no new medium of information as to the news of the world from the midnight hour when what are called morning papers are made up. We observed that England was singular in this respect; that her people alone had no chance of learning the doings of the current day; and that in every other European State the journals which have the largest circulation are unlike English morning papers—made up on the day of their publication; and we resolved, in our own case, to abandon the ground of an exclusively evening paper when we had gained a circulation infinitely the largest in the annals of the evening press. We decided to undertake the wider function of a journal commencing publication about mid-day, and reaching by regular and well-organized conveyance to all parts of the country by night-fall."

In 1875 the paper was sold to Mr. Albert Grant, commonly known as "Baron" Grant. It was said, of course, that the *Echo* was got rid of because it was not a financial success, but this was publicly denied by the firm. On the conclusion of the purchase Mr. Arnold resigned his editorship, and for about a year Mr. Horace Voules both edited and managed the paper. Presently Mr. Grant disposed of it to Mr. Passmore Edwards, who in turn sold a two-thirds share of the property to Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Samuel Storey, and soon afterwards bought it back. It was then disposed of to a syndicate, and finally, in 1901, the controlling interest was acquired by Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who edited it from 1902 until 1905, when it was discontinued.

The *Echo* was the earliest of a multitude of halfpenny dailies, morning as well as evening, and until the War came to bring about unthought-of changes, nothing

The Story of the House of Cassell

seemed less likely than that the day would ever return when no newspaper could be got for less than a penny.

In 1874 the House started the *Live Stock Journal* as a paper for breeders and keepers of farm stock, etc., including poultry. For the first three years the editor was Lewis Wright, who had been added to the editorial staff at the Yard in 1871 to write a book on poultry. Under his vigorous control the paper was a decided success; but the animation which he threw into controversial questions led the firm to desire a "safer" editor, and he made way for John Hamer, the Publishing Manager, but maintained a connexion with the paper as a much valued contributor. The arrangement worked satisfactorily, and the paper continued to prosper, but it was felt that so specialized a publication could not be run to the fullest advantage by a general publishing house, and in 1883 it was disposed of.

The *Boy's Newspaper* was started in 1880 in the faith that boys could be interested in public affairs. There were, of course, stories of adventure and school life, and ample space was found for athletics and school news, as well as for informing articles on general subjects likely to be interesting to boys; but a genuine attempt was made to supply information and guidance concerning the events of the day. George Weatherly was in control, while the "outside" editor was Thomas Archer, a singularly lovable *littérateur* who had kept much of the spontaneity and freshness of boyhood. As a courageous attempt to break quite new ground the experiment was an exceptionally interesting one. The hopes built on it, however, were not realized. The first number was published on September 15, 1880; the number for May 4, 1881, contained the announcement that the paper had been sold, and no great while afterwards it ceased to be.

While the *Boy's Newspaper* was running, a more ambitious scheme was being elaborated. In the late 'seventies the land question in Ireland had led to violent social convulsions, and the agitation in that country had

The "Speaker"

repercussions on this side of St. George's Channel. The time was therefore considered suitable for launching a sixpenny weekly to record and discuss matters affecting the proprietorship and tenure and management of the land. It was started in 1881, as *Land*, a title which at any rate had the merit of brevity. A non-party organ, with a temperate bias in favour of things as they were, it was admirably written and excellently produced. Mr. Hamer, as has been mentioned, exercised a general supervision over the paper, and threw himself into the work with enthusiasm; he had an efficient collaborator in Mr. Penderel-Brodhurst, able pens were engaged in the service of the paper, and its only defect was that the public did not want it. So, after making a brave show for three years, it unostentatiously dropped out of the race.

The *Speaker*, the famous Liberal weekly review, was established in 1890 by Sir Wemyss Reid. Though published by Cassell's, it was not, as has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, one of their ventures, for the proprietor was the late Sir John Brunner. No money was spared to make of it a success. The Foreword in the first number was written by James Payn, Mr. Gladstone contributed to this and to several later issues, and the editor now, or later, had able editorial coadjutors in J. S. Mann, "Q," Barry O'Brien, and G. H. Perris. Many brilliant pens, such as those of Lord Acton, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Augustine Birrell, James Bryce, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Wm. Barry, Herbert Paul, J. A. Spender, Sidney Webb, A. B. Walkley, H. W. Massingham, J. M. Barrie, L. F. Austin, Richard Le Gallienne, and Barry Pain, were at his command. The paper, however, lacked unity and never carried weight, although every number contained much delightful reading. It remained under Sir Wemyss Reid's editorial control until 1899; Sir John Brunner then sold it, and neither its first editor nor the House of Cassell had any further concern with it. Enough to say that after a gallant struggle, in which its *format* was changed, it went the way of so many other

The Story of the House of Cassell

sixpenny reviews. Some of the names that have been mentioned will suggest that Sir Wemyss Reid was quick to encourage fresh talent, and many authors still look back gratefully to the hospitality which the *Speaker* gave to their fledgeling efforts.

The story of the newspaper activities of the House would not be complete without reference to the department known as Cassell's General Press. More than half a century ago—to be precise, in 1861—Cassell's Country Newspaper Department introduced the idea of partly printed papers for localizing purposes, and many journals which started in this way are now most successful country newspapers. In addition to these news-sheets, Cassell's General Press makes available a great variety of special articles on all kinds of subjects, sending them out in proof or stereo for the use of the enterprising provincial editor. The most popular novelists of the day have contributed to the General Press service of serial and short stories, which has enabled newspaper readers throughout the world to enjoy fiction of the highest class. In the course of sixty years the Country Newspaper Department of the House of Cassell has developed to such an extent that "the World's Newspaper Agency" is not a misnomer for it but an expression of fact. Cassell's General Press owes much of its success to the editorial *nous* and business ability of Mr. B. Whitworth Hird, who has directed it for many years. Extensions of the department determined the firm in January, 1921, to transfer it to a special building in Fleet Lane and amalgamate it with the Riverside Printing Works.

CHAPTER VIII

SERIALS AND BOOKS

THE House of Cassell was the pioneer of serial publication, and owed its extraordinary and rapid development mainly to the success with which it worked this vein. A "serial" is commonly an illustrated work of sufficiently wide interest to command a considerable sale in Parts—monthly Parts they were at the beginning, but afterwards, as life became more hurried, fortnightly, and, in these bustling days, more often than not, weekly. The great advantage of this mode of publication is, of course, that expensive works become available to multitudes who could never afford to pay many shillings, running it may be into pounds, in a lump sum. A number of large books were thus published during John Cassell's life. But the great period of serial productiveness was in the decade from 1871 to 1880. In those ten years at least thirty new works were issued on the Monthly Part plan, and there were many re-issues. In the next two decades, if the production was somewhat less than in the 'seventies, it was not because the serial had begun to lose its vogue but because the number of first-class subjects appealing to the serial public was not unlimited.

With the dawn of the present century the serial undoubtedly lost ground. One reason probably was the multiplication of popular weekly papers and magazines; another, the enormous scale upon which cheap reprints were produced as popular "Libraries"; and some change in the mental habits of the people, indisposing them to the long perseverance implied in subscribing to a publication over a period of many months—some of the early serials published by Cassell's ran for five years!—may also have been a contributing influence. There is still a place left for the

The Story of the House of Cassell

serial form of publication, as is shown by the reception enjoyed by such works as the "New Popular Educator" and "Electrical Engineering"; but the list of publishing dates of Cassell & Co. is little likely ever again to include serials by the dozen, as it did in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Of the many Cassell editions of Shakespeare, the most notable are those associated with the Cowden Clarkes and with Furnivall, which, in altered forms, are still in publication. The edition annotated by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke was brought out in 1864, in weekly numbers at one penny and in monthly parts at fivepence and sixpence. It was several times re-issued, and appeared in 1886 under the title of "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," the illustrations being from drawings by H. C. Selous. The "Leopold" Shakespeare was a reprint of the text of Delius, and was dedicated to Prince Leopold, but colloquially it was often spoken of as "Furnivall's Shakespeare," a testimony to the impression made by the elaborate Introduction contributed by Dr. Furnivall. That famous essay was composed with difficulty. Furnivall habitually undertook more work than he could get through, and he was naturally dilatory. His copy was so often very late, or not forthcoming at all, that Manson, who was putting the book through the press, had to beard him daily in his den at Primrose Hill and insist that he should dictate something. Thus was the work, as he said in his preface, "dragged out of him when in a Hamlet-like mood of putting off," and "amid constant injunctions to be short." He was candid enough to say some years later that, but for Manson, the "Introduction" would never have been written.

The Delius text was also used for the "Royal Shakespeare," issued serially in 1880-85. The Introduction to the "Leopold" Shakespeare was published separately in 1908, under the title of "Shakespeare: Life and Work," being the preliminary volume of the "Century Shakespeare," in

A Letter of Thomas Hardy

twenty-nine volumes, each play having an Introduction which was the joint work of Dr. Furnivall and John Monro.

Another early effort in popularization was "Gleanings from Popular Authors," a compilation by Manville Fenn, who also compiled "The World of Wit and Humour." Among the authors to whom he wrote for permission to make extracts from their works for the "Gleanings" was Thomas Hardy, who replied:

"DEAR MR. FENN,—An accident has delayed for a day or two my reply to your letter. Any episode from 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' that you think good enough for your purpose is at your service; the scene you mention would, I should think, be as good as any. I should tell you that the one volume edition contains the finally revised text.

"I am so glad to perceive how successful your 'Gleanings' have been hitherto, particularly, I think, in the country, where people take them, even if they possess the original works—to save themselves the trouble of using their own judgment, I suppose. The world gets indolent in its reading, and there seems now to be quite a demand for trained minds as pioneers.

"I was not aware till now that *The Echo* critique was yours, and I take this late opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks for it. Indeed, if any fault could be found with your critiques at that time, it was that you were too kind.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

"P.S.—I hope you don't forget the birds in the whirl of your critical writings. I am expecting a big work from you some day embodying those tender essays on the humbler creatures that you seem to have a special gift for writing."

An important and most fortunate association of the House was that with Prof. Henry Morley. Popular and successful though he was as a teacher, it is questionable whether Morley quite succeeded in doing justice to his gifts. Like most other men of abounding energy, he was apt to undertake more work than he was able to get through without a good deal of hurry. It may not be generally known, though the fact is noted in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that he began his

The Story of the House of Cassell

career as a medical man, but turned schoolmaster when the dishonesty of a partner had brought him to the brink of financial disaster. Some contributions of his to *Household Words* attracted the notice of Charles Dickens, who induced him to come to London, and for some years he was engaged upon the staff of that paper, and then upon *All the Year Round*. In 1865 he was appointed Professor of English Language and Literature at University College, and in 1882 Principal of University Hall. Between these two dates, in 1873, the House published his "First Sketch," a compendium which, several times revised by its author, and since his death by other hands, has always been, and still is, a favourite with students. Cassell's were not slow to see that Prof. Morley could do them good service, and arrangements were made with him to edit "The Library of English Literature," which was issued serially in 1878-81, and ran to five volumes. It consisted of specimen extracts from English prose and poetry, with brief comments.

In 1886 Morley entered upon a still more considerable undertaking, that of editing a series of reprints in three-penny volumes under the title of "Cassell's National Library." It is not the fact, as is stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that Morley "induced" the House to embark upon this enterprise. The scheme originated with the late Sir W. Laird Clowes, at that time editor of the *Saturday Journal*, having been suggested to him by a cheap series of German reprints, and it was welcomed enthusiastically by John Hamer and other managers. The commission was offered to Morley by telegram, and it turned out that if the House had relied upon the post it might have been anticipated by another firm. The series ran to 214 volumes, issued weekly, and each containing an Introduction from the pen of the editor. Although these Introductions had often to be written in haste, they were admirable as enabling the reader to make the necessary mental adjustment, and many of them were perfect. Taken together, they testify



Photo—H. and D. Jewany

HENRY MORLEY



Photo—Nichols

DEAN FARRAR

Bright and the National Library

convincingly to the writer's breadth of knowledge, his catholic sympathy, and his insight into the moral content of literature. The venture was a signal success. More than six and a quarter million volumes have been sold, the average being 30,000 copies per title, and though the price has had to be substantially raised, selected volumes of the series are still selling. At the end of 1886 a complimentary copy of all the volumes published up to that time was sent to John Bright, who made the following acknowledgment :

“ ONE ASH, ROCHDALE.

“*2nd January, 1887.*”

“ DEAR SIRS,—Your wonderful Library for the year just ended has reached me. I thank you for it, and for the service you are rendering to the education of our people by giving them so much that is of inestimable value for a sum of money so trifling in amount. I hope your efforts may meet with a great and growing success.—I am, very truly yours,

“ JOHN BRIGHT.”

Many readers will recall Mr. Arnold Bennett's reference to the National Library in “Clayhanger.” He describes Edwin Clayhanger as reading a volume of a new series of reprints “which had considerably excited the bookselling and book-reading world”; while in “Mental Efficiency,” expressing his gratitude “to the devisers of cheap and handy editions,” he writes :

“ The first book I ever bought was the first volume of the first modern series of presentable and really cheap reprints, namely, Macaulay's ‘Warren Hastings,’ in Cassell's National Library. That foundation-stone of my library has unfortunately disappeared, but another volume of the same series, F. T. Palgrave's ‘Visions of England’ (an otherwise scarce book), still remains to me through the vicissitudes of seventeen years.”

For more than thirty years before his death Henry Morley had kept before his mind the idea of a systematic History of English Literature, and it was in reference to this that he entitled his volume for students “A First

The Story of the House of Cassell

Sketch.” In 1864 he published the first volume of “English Writers,” an account of the writers before Chaucer, with an introductory sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature. This was presently divided into half-volumes, and followed, in 1867, by a third half-volume, which brought the story down to the invention of printing. As at this time large annual additions to the knowledge of our early literature were being made, Morley decided to suspend his *magnum opus* until the results should become available, and it was not until 1887 that he returned to his task, having, as he characteristically says, learnt in the twenty intervening years of study that he knew “less and less.” The new work was so laid out as not to exceed twenty volumes, since “no labourer plans in his afternoon for a long day’s work before nightfall.” His hope was that, issued in crown octavo half-yearly volumes of about 350 pages each, the work would go on steadily to its close, but the end of his active and fruitful life came when he was engaged upon the eleventh volume. Just a fortnight before his death he had written to Mr. Hutchings, who had editorial charge of the work, a letter whimsically describing his state of health and his hopes for the future of his task :

“CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

“1st May, 1894.

“DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I wasn’t equal to writing a letter, or I should have explained to you, long before this, the disappearance of copy and proofs of ‘E. W.’ I have had a very serious breakdown in health. A chill established acute inflammation of the left lung. My old friend diabetes, who generally wakes up for a bit of mischief when anything goes wrong, complicated that, tried for the weak places, and asserted himself also at large. He struck at the nerve force, reducing the strength of my legs to a child’s, and leaving to my brains the animation of a suet pudding. Time, patience, and a good doctor, with a healthy, vigorous circulation and a sound digestion that has, in spite of bad usage, helped me over many a stile, are bringing me on day by day. Diabetes seems preparing to quiet down into its usual unaggressive state, and when it

Henry Morley's Last Work

will do that the storm is over. I am told that if I take right care of myself there should be another eight years' work in me. But proper care means life at Carisbrooke quietly occupied with work on 'English Writers' and allied writings. I shall resign every engagement made in London this year for meeting or lecture, resign my place on the London Library Committee, and be no more Chairman of Council at College Hall, wipe the whole slate clean except one item: I hope to complete my service with the Apothecaries by proceeding to the office of Master and doing its duties until August, 1895, when I resign finally from my work there. This arrangement of my way of life brings 'English Writers' to the front, my strongest wish will be to complete it, and, with care of health, I do not see how I could fail to produce easily the two volumes a year. I think what I have said puts you where I stand. My hope is that in about a fortnight I shall be at work again on Vol. XI. At present I only try to write each day about a letter more than on the last.

"With kind regards, believe me, dear Mr. Editor,—Yours
always sincerely,
"HENRY MORLEY."

The eleventh volume was completed by one of Morley's most brilliant students, Prof. Hall Griffin, who has long since followed his teacher into the silence. He spent many days at the British Museum compiling the Bibliography which appears at the end of the volume, but it was a labour of love. In the Preface he pays a beautiful tribute to the master whose fine spirit he had caught. "To him," he writes, "a book was no dead thing. . . . He felt, and was able to make others feel, the humanity which pulsates in a true book, so that literature became instinct with life and a source of spiritual inspiration; the written words of the past he valued because he felt in them a power which could touch the life of the present and influence the future. . . . Large-hearted and broad-minded, he would not seek to trammel in others the love of literary study which he had inspired. And as one modern teacher has declared, 'No true disciple of mine will ever be a Ruskinian; he will follow not me, but the instinct of his own soul and the guidance of its Creator,'

The Story of the House of Cassell

so in like spirit Professor Morley watched the growth of his literary children, rejoiced in their developing individuality, desired them reverently to follow their own bent as he had followed his, and cheered them along their chosen path, although he might not walk therein. Hence his students, though they may differ widely from him in their modes of work, will ever look lovingly towards the sacred hearth at which the vestal fire was kindled, and will strive in their day, as he strove in his, to keep the flame clear and bright."

The National Library was neither the first nor the last of the "Libraries" issued from La Belle Sauvage. So long ago as 1851 John Cassell, as we have seen, had begun the issue of "Cassell's Library of History, Biography, and Science," in sevenpenny volumes. After the National Library came the Red Library, consisting of reprints of famous works of fiction and poetry, dressed in flaming scarlet. More recently, as one of the schemes devised under the new management, was launched the "People's Library," referred to on an earlier page; it consisted chiefly of masterpieces of fiction, though not limited to them, and was designated by the *Times* "the last word in cheap reprints." It has run to 120 volumes, originally published at 8d. Of this Library over three million copies have been sold.

From very early days the House concerned itself with the production of dictionaries. So far back as John Cassell's time the catalogue contained French, German, and Latin Dictionaries, which have successors in the present list. The most considerable undertaking of this kind was the "Encyclopædic Dictionary," in fourteen divisional volumes, with illustrations. The editor and chief compiler was the Rev. Robert Hunter, the very type of the unworldly, reclusive scholar who finds his reward far more in his work than in what it brings. Born at Newburgh, Fifeshire, in 1823, he graduated at Aberdeen in 1840. His earliest bent was towards educational work,

The Dictionary-Makers

and he received an appointment which took him to Bermuda, where he lived for two years. During this time he became a keen naturalist, and did work so valuable that it attracted the attention of Sir William Hooker, of Kew, and Sir Richard Owen, both of whom urged him to devote himself to natural science. He, however, was irresistibly drawn to the ministry, and in 1846, having been ordained in the Free Church of Scotland, he became the colleague of Stephen Hislop, head of the Free Church Mission at Nagpoor, Central India. In 1855 he was compelled to return to England for his health, and presently was appointed resident tutor in the Theological College of the Presbyterian Church of England in London.

Dr. Hunter spent seventeen years in preparing the "Encyclopædic Dictionary." The office editor was John Williams, who chose the illustrations and exercised a general oversight of the work; the sub-editor was Henry Scherren, of whom something is said in another section of this chapter as a writer on natural history. Dr. Hunter, who also compiled for the House the "Concise Bible Dictionary," first published in 1893 as "The Sunday School Teacher's Manual," was not often seen at the Yard, but one who remembers his visits speaks of him as entering the office with bashful timidity and doffing his hat before being actually shown into Williams's room. "He was a man," says another, "of vast learning and scientific knowledge, of retiring disposition and of genuine piety."

The "Encyclopædic Dictionary" was ready for publication in 1889. Several editions were issued, among them one in 1895 by the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle* as "Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary." The work is now published in eight volumes, a supplementary volume having been added in 1903. From this work was compiled by Mr. Scherren, under the supervision of Mr. Williams, a one-volume English Dictionary, which remained in publication until, in 1919, it was replaced by "Cassell's New English Dictionary," edited by Dr. Ernest A. Baker.

The Story of the House of Cassell

The first of many editions of Dr. Cobham Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" was published in 1870. To this industrious, if not meticulously accurate compiler a room was assigned in the Yard. "He gave constant evidence," wrote Bonavia Hunt, "that he thoroughly enjoyed his work, and became quite pensive and sentimental when his allotted task was done. He bequeathed to me the china inkstand, of fountain pattern, which he had used in his work; and I kept it in affectionate memory of our editorial intercourse, using it myself until the day of my departure from the scene of our mutual labours, more than thirty years afterwards. That so fragile a memento should have escaped destruction all those years is a testimony to the careful handling of many generations of office boys." This book is known all the world over, and so long ago as 1897, when Dr. Brewer died, it had gone through twenty-five editions.

Another notable work of reference, "Cassell's Book of Quotations," narrowly escaped untimely extinction. The author, Mr. W. Gurney Benham, thus relates the story of its adventures:

"It took me over twenty years to compile the book—not twenty years of incessant toil, but of continuous research and application extending over that period. Its origin was simply the frequent consultation of other compilations and finding them wanting—excellent and interesting as they were in other ways. It was with no thought of publication that I began to collect and compile. The original notion was simply to have a collection at hand for my own personal use, and to ransack those authors whose works I happened to possess. Towards the end of 1896 the book was nearly finished. The manuscript stood nearly 5 feet high, and when I calculated what it meant in print I wondered whether any firm of publishers would take more than one hasty look at it. From the first I had thought of only one firm, that of Cassell & Company. To them I broke the news as gently as I could in an insidious letter. Mr. James A. Manson, then Editor-in-Chief, invited me to submit the manuscript. When I brought it to La Belle Sauvage in a cab, and when it had been carried by the strong men of the establishment into Mr. Manson's office, I could see that it was a shock

A Colossal Manuscript

even to him, accustomed as he was to manuscripts of many sorts and sizes. However he had one of the enormous bundles opened; and having attentively examined samples of it, he pronounced it 'workmanlike,' and after putting some searching questions, desired me to leave the tremendous pile for him to investigate more closely.

"He did not keep me waiting very long. In a few weeks he had thoroughly analysed my production, and with infinite labour and care had gone through it. He made some useful and acceptable suggestions, and then strongly recommended it for publication. For some time the matter remained under consideration, but in July, 1897, the Directors decided against the book.

"In the disappointment of the moment, my chief desire, when the MS. had been deposited once more at my door, was to hide the accursed thing from sight. Luckily it was too big for consumption in an ordinary fireplace, or it would certainly have perished by fire. It was stacked away in a dark lumber cupboard, and there it survived several spring cleanings. I had almost forgotten it when, on August 14th, 1905, a letter came to me from an old friend, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, who had recently been appointed to take control of the House of Cassell, telling me that he wanted a Book of Quotations and had been informed that I had offered such a work to the House some years before. On making inquiries, I ultimately discovered that Mr. Sam H. Hamer, a member of the staff, had written to Mr. Manson, who had retired from the House, to know if he would care to undertake a Dictionary of Quotations. Mr. Manson declined, but added that if the House meant business he could tell them where to get the best book of the kind ever compiled, practically ready for press. He referred them to his report, which was found. I was then requested to submit my work, which was in due time accepted, and published in 1907. One of the first letters of congratulation which I received on the appearance of the book was from Mr. Manson, in which he eloquently expressed his pleasure that my 'unconquerable zeal and heroic devotion had at last been fully recognized.' The book was a costly production, but the House has had no cause to regret the decisive action of its General Manager."

Mr. Gurney Benham has followed his "Book of Quotations" with "Cassell's Classified Quotations," issued early in 1921.

The Story of the House of Cassell

From the time when "Picturesque Europe" was sumptuously begun and carried out in 1876, the Cassell catalogue has contained many important topographical works. The "Picturesque" series, describing in turn Europe, America, Canada, the Mediterranean, and Australia, employed many famous artists, writers, and travellers, and was on a high level of illustration and production.

"Picturesque Australasia," begun in 1888, was smaller in format, less sumptuous in style and less exclusively scenic in character than the other works; it was not, indeed, regarded as belonging to the series. Scenery, however, received due attention, and artists were sent out to provide drawings. The editor was the late Prof. E. E. Morris, of Melbourne University, a brother of Sir Malcolm Morris. His numerous contributions were among the best in the work, but he was ably supported by a large band of the most graphic writers on Australasia, among them Mary Gaunt, who has since won fame as author and traveller. The work was a mine of valuable information bearing upon Australasia, past and present, and deserved more than the moderate measure of success which it realized.

"Countries of the World," "The Story of Africa and its Explorers," and "Cities of the World," may be bracketed with "Picturesque Australasia" rather than with the "Picturesque Europe" series in that they relied for interest at least as much upon the text as upon the illustrations. The first and second were the work of Dr. Robert Brown, whose name appears among the contributors to "The Picturesque Mediterranean"; the third, in four volumes, was written by Edwin Hodder, afterwards the authorized biographer of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. In this group of books may be placed "Egypt: Descriptive, Historical and Picturesque," translated from the German of Ebers by Clara Bell, with notes by Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum. It was embellished with reduplications of the original illustrations, and made a very handsome volume.

Walter Thornbury's Handwriting

The "Old and New" series of volumes started gallantly with "Old and New London," in 1872. The commission was undertaken by Walter Thornbury, whose writing was so execrable that the compositors successfully demanded "time and a half" for setting the MS. In another sense his writing, for a popular work, left little cause for complaint: it was lively and graphic and epigrammatic. His health broke down when he had done only two out of the six volumes, and the narrative was finished by Edward Walford, whose elegant and leisurely style blended but ill with his predecessor's. As soon as Walford had completed this task he set to work upon "Greater London," which was well received. In 1909 the House published "London Town, Past and Present," from the pen of W. W. Hutchings, who had edited the later editions of Thornbury and Walford's works.

As a pendant to "Old and New London" may be mentioned "Living London," the idea of which was conceived by the late Ernest Foster. Mr. G. R. Sims was invited to edit the book, and no better choice could have been made, for he had an unrivalled acquaintance with bizarre, out-of-the-way phases of London, and he knew the best writers to choose for a set of vivid sketches of contemporary London life. It ran to three volumes, was lavishly illustrated from drawings by a large staff of artists and from original photographs, and enjoyed a large sale.

Naturally, the topography of the United Kingdom as a whole received attention. "Our Own Country" was begun as a serial, freely illustrated with engravings, in 1878. The chief contributor was Prof. Bonney, who was also the editor of and a leading contributor to "Cathedrals, Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales," finding in writing such as this a pleasant relief from his more exacting work as a professor of science. "Our Own Country" contained much descriptive and historical matter of more than fugitive value, and it went through many editions. At last, in 1904, it was super-

The Story of the House of Cassell

seded by "The British Isles," an entirely new work, lavishly illustrated from photographs. This opened with an eloquent Introduction from a virile pen which failed to make its due impression upon an otherwise appreciative subscriber, who wrote to the editor to say that he was particularly delighted with the introductory article, and was sure, from the charming sentiment that pervaded it, that the writer was a lady! "Rivers of Great Britain" was another considerable topographical work, in three volumes, one dealing with the rivers of the East Coast, another with those of the South and West Coasts, and the third with the Thames, "the royal river."

Another group of topographical works consisted of large full-page photographic reproductions, with explanatory text in the legend. They included "The Queen's London," "The Queen's Empire," already mentioned in connexion with H. O. Arnold-Forster, and "Pictorial England and Wales." With them may be included a work by a very expert amateur photographer who was fortunate in his opportunities; it was published under the title of "Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures: Records of National Life and History," in two volumes, one devoted to festivals, ceremonies and customs, the other to Parliamentary scenes and portraits. These works also were very popular.

The "Illustrated History of England," of which something has been said already, was the first of many histories published at La Belle Sauvage. Several of them were from the pen of Edmund Ollier, who may be said to have been born into the literary life, for he was the son of Charles Ollier, well known in his day as a publisher and romance writer, and it is recorded of him that "he beheld Charles Lamb with infantile eyes and sat in poor Mary Lamb's lap." He was a man of considerable attainments, and though it cannot be claimed for him that he did original work in history, he knew to what sources to go for his material. The first piece of work he did for the

An Emergency Man

House was to write a memoir of Gustave Doré for the "Doré Gallery." His historical work began with a "History of the War between France and Germany." A "History of the United States" followed in 1874-77, a "History of the Russo-Turkish War," and a "Universal History," and at the time of his death, in 1886, he was engaged upon the "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," of which he had written the first eleven chapters.

This work, published 1886-88, was concluded by the late Robert Wilson, a clever journalist who had been a god-sent assistant to Henry Kingsley when the novelist was vainly endeavouring to edit the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. Wilson attracted widespread attention by a powerful memoir of Sir James Young Simpson, of chloroform fame, which appeared as an obituary notice in that paper. Shortly afterwards he was invited to London by the *Daily Telegraph* with a view to becoming a leader-writer. He used to relate how, as a test, he was given a Government Blue Book issued that morning, and told to write a leader on it there and then in Peterborough Court. It was a simple thing to him. Wilson had already done some work for Cassell's. He had revised Louis Figuier's book on the Human Race, and later he edited "Great Industries of Great Britain," securing an unusually fine staff of writers, amongst them Dr. Rabagliati, of Bradford; James Henderson, afterwards Chief Inspector of Factories; W. D. Scott-Moncrieff, the inventor; A. E. Fletcher, who became editor of the *Daily Chronicle*; John Forbes-Robertson, the art critic and father of the famous actor; and Robert Smiles, brother of "Self Help" Smiles.

When Ollier died, no copy for his "Queen Victoria" had been accumulated, and it was essential to keep faith with the public. Wilson accepted the job of completing the book, and did it with all the facility of the ready journalist. Wilson was a hard worker and a great talker. He had no small change of conversation, but a Scotch passion for debating first principles which he fed even

The Story of the House of Cassell

after a long night's newspaper work, if he could get anybody to listen to him, till dawn. He passed from the *Daily Telegraph* to the *Standard*, and thence to the *Daily Chronicle*, where his old associate Fletcher was now installed.

Another writer who did good service in this branch of the firm's activities was James Grant, most prolific as a romance writer as well as a writer of history. He was proud of his Jacobite sympathies, as he was of his blood relationship, through his mother, with Sir Walter Scott. Besides having held a commission in the 62nd Regiment for three years, he had studied military science, and was therefore able to speak with some knowledge on disputable questions in "British Battles on Land and Sea," published in 1873, and in the continuation of that work, "Recent British Battles on Land and Sea," published in 1884. In the interval between the two works he had written the "Illustrated History of India," and afterwards in 1880 came "Old and New Edinburgh." In spite of his enormous productivity—he wrote as many as fifty-six romances and novels besides a large quantity of miscellaneous literature—he died penniless.

In 1895 the war books were continued by "Battles of the Nineteenth Century," the work of a large band of contributors assembled by the office editor, Frederic Whyte, prominent among them being Archibald Forbes, G. A. Henty, Major-General Bland Strange, Colonel W. W. Knollys, Major Arthur Griffiths, Captain W. V. Herbert, of Plevna fame, D. H. Parry, and E. H. Knight. A vivid description of the defence of Rorke's Drift was contributed over the pseudonym C. Stein by the late Major-General Sir J. Cecil Russell, who had been attached to Lord Chelmsford's relieving force. In 1915 Sir Evelyn Wood undertook the editorship of a new edition of "British Battles on Land and Sea," and threw himself into the task with a zest and energy amazing in a veteran of seventy-seven.

Perhaps the most notable of the historical works pro-

“ Social England ”

duced at La Belle Sauvage was “ Social England,” of which the first edition appeared in six volumes in 1894-7. According to Mr. J. S. Mann, who took a leading part in the shaping and execution of the scheme, the idea originated with Sir Wemyss Reid about the end of 1890, and was suggested by the success of J. R. Green’s History. It was felt from the first that it could only be carried out by the co-operation of many contributors, and H. D. Traill was invited by John Williams to take the editorship. Mr. Mann had recently given up a college lectureship at Oxford and was regularly writing for the *Speaker*. In February, 1891, he joined Cassell’s staff, and was asked to help in producing the book.

“ I was sent,” says Mr. Mann, “ to talk over the plan, about which various eminent people had been consulted, with Mr. Traill, then and for some years afterwards editor of the *Observer*. As all the contributors were to be men of some eminence, it seemed advisable that they should each take a subject—politics, religion, army, navy, literature, learning, trade and industry, or social life—and write a section on it, in each chapter, which should cover a certain period. This arrangement made the sections rather short, as space was a great difficulty, but it greatly increased the authority and value of the work. But other difficulties soon cropped up. The contributors took divergent views, and we had, with their leave, to tone down the differences; and some of them, being very busy, were perforce unpunctual. Then, their contributions sometimes overlapped each other, and with their permission we had to adjust matters. Later we avoided this overlapping by printing a preliminary sketch of each volume and sending it out to intending contributors with the request to suggest improvements and to arrange the limits of their contributions. This proved satisfactory, and there was very little revision or reduction needed in the sketches.

“ With the rarest exceptions, the contributors took the utmost trouble to meet our views, and I cannot be too grateful to them for their cordial and helpful co-operation. Many of them helped us in other ways, by suggesting subjects and writers on them, and other historical scholars, who did not themselves contribute, gave most valuable aid and advice. Still, we had

The Story of the House of Cassell

some rather odd difficulties. Uniformity in the spelling of names was one; again, modern political controversies intruded themselves into early history. Welsh Disestablishment somehow got mixed up with the question of the primitive inhabitants of Wales; sharp divergences of views appeared as to the origin of the English and Germanic land systems; while of the religious history of the seventeenth century we despaired of getting an impartial account, so we got a Churchman and a Nonconformist to write, each from his own standpoint.

“After the book was published, the first volume was partly rewritten, as some sections of it proved to be more ‘popular’ and a good deal less accurate than the rest. Mr. Traill was consulted about all arrangements, and wrote the Introduction and some admirable sections on nineteenth-century literature, and I could not have wished for a better or pleasanter chief; but my connexion with Oxford enabled me to find most of the contributors, and the arrangement of the book and the details of the editing fell to my share.

“‘Social England’ was generally well received, and has, I have been told, proved decidedly valuable at Oxford and elsewhere, especially in suggesting new points of view and collecting information only available otherwise to those having access to large libraries. It is a history of conditions rather than of events and persons, and of society rather than politics.

“About 1898, after the book was completed, Messrs. Cassell decided to illustrate it, and asked me to superintend and re-edit the new issue. At the same time parts of it were revised or rewritten. For the first two and a half volumes we had expert aid, but later this became unnecessary. Every illustration was selected to emphasize some passage of the text—though occasionally a passage was added to give occasion for a very telling illustration—and fanciful illustrations were, very properly, rigorously ruled out by the Publishers. The wealth of material available surprised even experts, but I believe I have about three or four times as much in my old notebooks unused. Practically everyone asked was most helpful, and I do not recollect more than three or four refusals.

“When I began looking for illustrations, Sir E. Maunde Thompson significantly remarked to me that ‘there were pitfalls.’ There were; though we tumbled into some of them, we usually managed, with expert help, to scramble out before publication, and I cannot be too grateful to a number of people, especially the officials of the British Museum, and above all

More Historians

the late Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, for the trouble they took to ensure that our selection and descriptions should be correct."

For the illustrated edition of "Social England," published in 1901-4, the work was reset in a larger page, but the number of volumes was six, as before. It was illustrated in colour, as well as in black and white, and was as sumptuous in style as it was valuable historically.

Another historical work of the 'nineties was Dean Spence's "History of the Church of England." This also was illustrated in part from original sources, and on a lavish scale, but the text, it must be conceded, lacked attractiveness, and the work was only a partial success.

In the previous decade the House had published, in three volumes, Charles Alan Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," which at once gave its author a high place among living historians. The work, based on original research and moulded by much reflection, was produced slowly, and when, in fulfilment of promise, Fyffe would bring John Williams an instalment of "copy" it was often of comically small dimensions. But if rallied upon his slow output he was well able to take care of himself, and his glancing ripostes are still remembered with delight by one who was present at the interviews. The first of the three volumes appeared in 1880 and the last in 1890. Not long afterwards, under a terrible stress to which he was exposed, Fyffe's health broke down, and he died in 1892.

In more recent days the largest historical work undertaken by the House was H. G. Wells's "Outline of History." In this book the most versatile writer of his time broke new literary ground for himself and put forward a new philosophy of history which originated much piquant controversy.

Among other history books a word may be said about the "History of Music," started in 1881 as a serial. It was a translation, by Ferdinand Praeger, one of Wagner's intimates and biographers, of a learned work by Emil Naumann, and was edited by Rev. Sir F. A. Gore

The Story of the House of Cassell

Ouseley, who added to it much valuable matter on the history of English music. The success of the book was hindered by the irregularity with which the Parts appeared, owing to delay in the production of the original. A frequent visitor to the room of John Williams (who, being keenly interested in the subject, himself took charge of the work), Praeger showed himself to be a man of the sunniest disposition, whose temper was proof against all irritations.

The future historian of the last quarter of the nineteenth century will find *memoirs pour servir* in Sir Henry Lucy's "Diaries" of the Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, and Home Rule Parliaments, which were published 1874-96. He will have to go for his material to many sources less entertaining than those witty and graphic chronicles.

As a pendant to historical works may be named a few notable works on sociology and political geography. Pride of place must be given to Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," of which the first edition dates from 1877. As originally written, it was not on lines that promised success, and it owes something to the insight of Teignmouth Shore, from whose suggestions many authors were glad to profit.

Sir Donald's relations with the House of Cassell began accidentally. He relates the circumstances thus :

" In 1876 I had returned from a continuous residence of six years in Russia, bringing with me a gigantic MS. treatise on the history and actual conditions of the country. As I had been to a great extent educated in Germany, I had adopted German methods of authorship, so that the treatise was very comprehensive, very methodical, very thorough, and very unreadable. As to its being very unreadable, all the publishers to whom it was submitted were quite unanimous. The literary adviser of one of these firms—a very distinguished man still living—expressed the opinion that no man, woman, or child in England would ever read it.

" Much disappointed with this unsuccessful result of my prolonged labours, I determined to condense what seemed to

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace

me the most valuable portion of my big manuscript into a small volume for private circulation. While engaged on this condensation, I received one day a visit from an old friend, Mr. Ralston, of the British Museum, who was known as a writer on Russian folklore and Turgenief's novels. He had been invited, he said, by Messrs. Cassell to write a popular book on Russia, but he felt that I was much more competent for such a task, and he had spoken in this sense to Mr. Teignmouth Shore. That gentleman, he added, wished to see me, and I consented to call on him without delay.

"At first the interview was very unpromising, because what was wanted by the firm was a thoroughly popular book, and that was not at all the sort of book I wished to publish. At considerable length he explained to me that when the public are invited to a banquet the viands must be cooked to suit the tastes of the guests. Such arguments had very little effect upon me for some time, but I gradually succumbed. 'If,' I rather vainly argued in my mind, 'this gentleman imagines that my reluctance to follow his advice proceeds from inability on my part to write in a popular style, I will show him he is wrong!' Thereupon, influenced more by egotism of youth than by sound reasoning, I gradually capitulated, and before leaving the room I had undertaken to write an instructive work on Russia, in popular form, within the short space of three months.

"I fulfilled my engagement, and in the first two days of January, 1877, 'Russia' appeared in two stout volumes. Its immediate success was largely due to the fact that at that moment the Tsar was on the eve of going to war with Turkey, and the European public followed with intense interest the development and results of the struggle. In the course of a few months the two volumes were translated into half a dozen European languages—French, German, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Russian, Croatian—and afterwards into Finnish, Turkish, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali, and Gurmukhi. How many editions and reprints were issued in England and America I do not know, but I have been assured that the publishers have no reason to complain."

They have not. The work, it may be added, thoroughly brought up to date only two years before the outbreak of the war, will be invaluable to future historians

The Story of the House of Cassell

as a description of the social and political life of Russia just prior to the great upheaval which destroyed the system it describes.

Teignmouth Shore had a good deal to do also with another book on Russia, Colonel Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva," as he records in his "Recollections." "I was dining one evening," he writes, "at Albany Street Barracks with my friend Captain Fred Burnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards. He had just returned from an adventurous tour in Russia, which afterwards became famous as 'A Ride to Khiva.' He told me some of the incidents of it, and I suggested that he should write a full account of his adventures. His only objection was that he was not an author. I begged him not to aim at authorship as if it were some sort of profession, but just write down, in the simple way in which he had repeated it to me, a description of his tour; and I offered to guarantee his work being accepted by Cassell's. He did so, and it proved one of the popular and successful books of the day." It was published in 1876 at a guinea, ran through seven "editions" in twelve months, and has been on sale at various prices ever since. There is still a demand for the adventurous recital. Yet another book which made a good deal of stir at the time of its appearance was W. T. Stead's "Truth about Russia." That so enthusiastic a democrat should play the part of interpreter of the Autocrat of All the Russias to the Western world was a circumstance of some piquancy, which, added to a fervid and picturesque style, gave the book considerable vogue.

Of the thousands of articles about travel in different parts of the world which have flowed from Sir John Foster Fraser's graphic pen, the first was published in one of Cassell's periodicals. After he had been vagabonding along the shores of the Mediterranean for six months, some twenty years ago, he returned to England with a bag full of articles and photographs. At once he started "pitching them at the heads of editors of magazines,"

Travellers' Tales

as he himself has described the operation. The first to accept any of them was the late Holderness Gale. About this time Sir Henry Lunn was starting a little magazine called *Travel*, and asked Gale if he knew any writers who could supply him with suitable articles. Gale recommended Foster Fraser, who in consequence was invited to become a contributor. Out of that relationship grew the scheme for a bicycle ride round the world, and thus "F. F." became a world-wanderer. The earliest record of these journeys to be published by Cassell's was "The Real Siberia," a book which took the public fancy from the start, and has passed through a number of editions. It has been followed by many others. With the exception of the first two, all Foster Fraser's books, indeed, have been published by the House. "The relationship between the firm and myself," he once said, "has been cemented because I have the highest regard for the managing director, Sir Arthur Spurgeon, whom I look upon as the finest organizer in London."

Among other books on Russia which have been produced at La Belle Sauvage are Stephen Graham's "Russia and the World," which appeared first in 1915, and soon went into a popular edition. To this have been added, from the same pen, "Through Russian Central Asia" and "Russia in 1916." Another book which proved a great success was Mrs. Philip Snowden's "Through Bolshevik Russia," issued in 1920.

"The New Far East," by Arthur Diósy, published in 1898, was the result of a proposal from the House. It was thought that one who could lecture so entertainingly on Japan ought to be able to write a popular book on the subject. This confidence was not misplaced. The book made delightful reading, and its attractiveness was enhanced by the charming illustrations with which the Japanese artist, Kubuta Beisen, embellished its pages. But the book was as accurate as it was graphic. When Mr. Diósy visited the Far East, shortly after the volume appeared, he carefully went over each chapter with the

The Story of the House of Cassell

highest native authorities on the various subjects, and he found, as he playfully boasts, that it was not necessary to alter a single comma! Some critics, it is true, disliked his views and many questioned his prophecies, but the prophecies were soon fulfilled, and on all hands the book was regarded as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of China, Korea and Japan. Another valuable book on the island nation was "Everyday Japan," written by Arthur Lloyd, after twenty-five years' life and work in that country, with an Introduction by Count Hayashi, a former Japanese Ambassador in London. It went into a popular edition in 1911.

The last of the representative books of this section which need be mentioned is "Women of All Nations," by T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, profusely illustrated from photographs and from colour plates by Norman Hardy. Published in 1908-9, it was one of the first of the more important serials to be launched by the House under the new management.

Turning to biography, the House published in 1879 a "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," by G. Barnett Smith. The author had put plenty of industry into his task, but the book, it must be allowed, lacked spirit. It was, however, sufficiently well received to justify the publishers in issuing an enlarged edition serially a few years later. After Gladstone's death a much more readable biography, edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, was published. It was the work of many pens, but the purely biographical chapters were brightly written by F. W. Hirst, then at the beginning of his career as publicist and economist.

It was not without fitness that the House of Cassell should produce the authorized Life of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, for Shaftesbury was for many years a sympathetic observer of its operations. The book, in three large volumes, was written by Edwin Hodder, a Civil Servant who had done a good deal of literary work for Cassell's, including "Conquests of the Cross," a serial

The Biography of Bismarck

which told the story of missionary operations, and "Cities of the World." The Shaftesbury appeared first in 1886, and later there was a condensed edition in one volume.

The story of Charles Lowe's biography of Bismarck is curious. His association with Cassell's began in 1878, and came about through his friendship with Robert Wilson. Mr. Lowe was then a sub-editor of the *Times*, and Wilson, an old Edinburgh fellow-student, would go to gossip with him over a pipe in his chambers in the Temple.

"Dropping science, Wilson had drifted into journalism," says Mr. Lowe, "and was a copious contributor to various serial publications of Cassell's. At this time Cassell's were bringing out an 'International Portrait Gallery,' and knowing the nature of my work on the *Times*, and my special devotion to foreign affairs, Wilson suggested to the editor of the former that he might ask me to do several of the biographies for him. He did so, and assigned to me for subjects Bismarck, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and Count Andrassy. This work I did as well and carefully as I could, and, on getting clean proofs of the three articles, sent them to Mr. Macdonald, the manager of the *Times*, who had given me a footing on the paper mainly on account of my knowledge of French and German, to show him what I could do in the way of positive writing myself. At this time the Berlin Congress was sitting, and Macdonald presently returned me my articles without comment—for he was a man of few words. But towards the end of the year, what was my stupefaction one day at receiving from him a brief note begging me to lose no time in repairing to Berlin, there to represent the *Times* as its resident correspondent in place of Dr. Abel, retired. Whether my appointment to Berlin was *propter hoc* or only *post hoc* I never knew for certain; but I was always inclined to think that those biographical articles, shown both to the manager and to Mr. Chenery, editor of the *Times*, had been a determining element in my selection for the post.

"That was shortly before Christmas, 1878, about the time of the death of the Queen's second daughter, Princess Alice of Hesse; and fifteen months later, in March, 1880, I was instructed by my editor to proceed to Darmstadt and send him a special account of the confirmation of the widowed Grand Duke's two eldest daughters—Victoria and Elizabeth, one of whom was afterwards to marry her cousin, Prince Louis of

The Story of the House of Cassell

Battenberg, and the other the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, Queen Victoria herself, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, was to be present at the ceremony, and the *Times* wanted to have a special account of the whole affair. So off I started from Berlin, and reached Darmstadt just in time to join the four o'clock table-d'hôte dinner at the sleepy little old 'Traube' (Grape) inn, opposite the Schloss.

"On the doorstep of the inn my heart warmed at the sight of a figure who wore the garb of an English clergyman, while I could note that he, too, eyed me with evident curiosity. I concluded that he must be there in some official capacity, and that he might perhaps be useful to me in the execution of my mission. What was my delight to find myself placed beside this interesting cleric at the dinner-table!

"A newspaper correspondent can never afford to stand on ceremony with the people he comes across, and so we had hardly finished our soup before I had revealed my professional identity to my neighbour. He reciprocated by disclosing himself to be the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, who had been religious instructor of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was through his Marlborough House connexion that he had become favourably known at Darmstadt, and thus received a special invitation to the ceremony which I had been sent to describe. That was how I met my literary fate at the table-d'hôte of the 'Traube,' where, in addition to being an orthodox theologian, my new clerical friend soon showed himself to be an excellent judge of Rhenish.

"After that we continued to correspond; and that same autumn—being most intelligently interested in military matters, more so than any man of his cloth I ever met—Mr. Shore came to Berlin, and accompanied me to the Army manœuvres. Soon after returning to London he wrote to me on behalf of Cassell's, asking whether I would undertake for them a work about Germany, similar to that of Mackenzie Wallace on Russia. I suppose I must have demurred to the proposal, as being less congenial to me than a regular *Life of Bismarck*, which I was already meditating. Anyhow, after some little correspondence my counter-suggestion was adopted, and before the year was out I had signed an agreement to write a biography of Prince Bismarck in one volume (demy octavo) of not less than 500 pages, for which I was to receive the handsome honorarium of £500, or £1 per page of about 300 words.

"One clause in our agreement stipulated that the complete

Archibald Forbes

manuscript was to be delivered not later than 31st December, 1881, or, in other words, within a year. But I found it quite impossible to do this, and it was not until the end of 1885 that my work was published. By this time the scope of the thing had expanded from one volume of 500 pages to two volumes, each of 640 pages—and all because, while content to let my fee remain as at first agreed, I had been bitten by the ambition, wise or unwise, to complete the work on the scale which the importance of its theme seemed to demand.

“Soon after I had severed my connexion with the *Times* (in 1891) and settled down in London, Archibald Forbes did me the honour of recommending me as a desirable contributor to ‘*Battles of the Nineteenth Century*,’ for which he himself wrote some noteworthy articles, and that was how I came to resume my relations with the great publishing house which had been the first to employ my humble pen.”

Mr. Lowe’s reference to Archibald Forbes recalls the fact that the prince of war correspondents not only contributed to “*Battles of the Nineteenth Century*” but wrote for the House a “*Life of William of Germany*” (the first Emperor), published in 1888, and afterwards a “*History of the Black Watch*” (1896). He was often at the Yard in those days, and always ready, in scrupulously chosen and precisely enunciated words, to draw upon his remarkable store of reminiscences.

The year 1890 was rendered memorable by the publication of the famous “*Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff*,” translated by Mathilde Blind. This extraordinary piece of self-revelation, of which many a reader must have been reminded by Barbellion’s “*Journal of a Disappointed Man*,” soon went into a popular edition.

Early in the ’nineties was published, in two series, each consisting of two volumes, “*The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus*,” which the House had induced him to write. The author was, so to speak, born into the diplomatic service. While the Court was at Brighton during the winter of 1835-36 he was presented to William IV., his mother being Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide. “To my great con-

The Story of the House of Cassell

sternation," he writes, "I was invited with my parents, on two occasions, to dine at the Pavilion, and at the age of eighteen it is permitted for an Irishman to feel shy and nervous. On the first occasion I was summoned after dinner to approach the King, when his Majesty, with that genial kindness which was his nature, and which completely put me at my ease, asked me what profession I was destined for. I replied that I hoped to serve his Majesty in the Diplomatic Service; to which the King replied good-naturedly: 'And so you shall, my boy, and I will look after you.' These royal words, also kindly spoken, were most encouraging, and they inspired me with hope and gratitude."

To the 'nineties belong also George Augustus Sala's "Life and Adventures," written by himself, Sir Richard Temple's "Story of my Life," and Moncure D. Conway's "Autobiography." The last of these works, written by the most tender-hearted of iconoclasts, is full of generous sentiment most gracefully expressed, and abounds in appreciations of famous men on both sides of the Atlantic. It is strange that it should have been not even a moderate success.

Early in the next decade appeared the autobiography of Major Arthur Griffiths, a charming and many-sided man who had had a career in the Army, had then become Prison Governor, afterwards an Inspector of Prisons, and finally a journalist and author. From his long connexion with prisons he was an expert criminologist, but he was not lacking in humanity, and to him a criminal was something more than a mere "specimen," created in order to be dissected, classified and punished. His experiences in many parts of the world had furnished him with a store of piquant memories. One of the incidents he was fond of narrating illustrated the peculiarities of dialect which he came across in his dealings with convicts. At Wakefield a prisoner complained to him of the severity of his sentence, and on hearing from the man that the term was twelve or eighteen months for "insulting" a policeman,

Modern Biographies

Griffiths was inclined to agree with him. "What did you say to the policeman?" he asked. "I said nowt," was the reply; "I knocked him down wi' a bit o' iron."

In 1898 the House published Griffiths's "Mysteries of Police and Crime," in which he told over again many stories of famous crimes. The book was afterwards issued serially, and altogether went through four editions. But it did not bring unmixed gratification to its author, for it led to an action for libel, in which the publishers were joined with him as defendants. The action failed, and a new serial issue of the incriminated work was at once begun.

More recent biographical books have included the Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, by his widow, Mr. Beekles Willson's Life of Lord Strathcona, and Sir George Forrest's "Lord Roberts." The late Sir Evelyn Wood's delightful memoirs have been published under the title of "Winnowed Memories." Sir George Reid's "Reminiscences" and von Hindenburg's "Out of My Life" were two notable volumes of political and military experience and adventure. The connexion of the House with Napoleon III, previously mentioned, is recalled by the publication of M. Augustin Filon's "Recollections of the Empress Eugénie."

Among the groups of books touched upon in this chapter none has been more successful or has won greater distinction than those issued from the medical books department. The publication of medical books by the House began in the 'seventies, but the organization of the department on its present basis dates from the early years of the next decade, when, in succession to Dr. Sidney Ringer, Mr. Malcolm Morris, who had not long entered upon his career as a dermatologist, was appointed medical editor, an office which he still fills, with the added authority of a seat on the Board of Directors. Cassell's Medical Catalogue is sufficient proof of the acumen and sound judgment which the new medical editor brought

The Story of the House of Cassell

to his task. Here we see the titles of many books that have long taken their place as medical classics. At the present time, including Sir Malcolm Morris himself, who received his K.C.V.O. in 1908, the Medical List contains the names of no fewer than fifteen authors upon whom titular honours have been conferred, and in almost every instance their inclusion in this company of authors long preceded the official recognition of their claims to special distinction. One of the first to join the band was Mr. Frederick Treves. The most monumental of the medical works with which this great surgeon's name has been associated is the "System of Surgery," which he edited, and to which he was one of the chief contributors. Since Sir Frederick Treves, still in the prime of his powers, retired from active professional work, this "System" has been replaced by another, of which the general editor is Mr. C. C. Choyce, and the pathological editor, Prof. Martin Beattie. It is significant of the extraordinary development which surgery, both as a science and as an art, has undergone during the last twenty years that while two volumes were found sufficient for the earlier work, three volumes were required for the later one. Sir Frederick Treves's name still appears in the Medical Catalogue as the author of two books, of the earlier of which some sixty thousand copies have been sold. In the General Catalogue of the House will be found the titles of some of the highly successful works that have beguiled such leisure as is left to him by the public work to which, since his retirement, he has devoted himself in connexion with the reorganization of the nation's ambulance services, and in other directions. The literary skill which gave distinction to such works as "The Land of 'The Ring and the Book'" and "The Riviera of the Corniche Road" was no surprise to those who were familiar with his medical books, in which there is a happy mingling of conciseness, lucidity and grace.

Another great name that until recently shed lustre upon the Medical Catalogue was that of the late Sir

Medical Works

Jonathan Hutchinson, whose fruitful work in many fields of medicine won for him enduring renown. Yet other notable names in the Catalogue are those of Sir Patrick Manson, the veteran authority on tropical medicine; Sir Henry Morris, sometime President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Sir George Newman and Sir Arthur Whitelegge, eminent for the service they have done the State in hygiene and public health; Sir George Savage, the alienist; Sir John Bland-Sutton, a leading authority on tumours; Sir Alfred Pearee Gould, Dr. Mitchell Bruce, Dr. William Hunter, Dr. Robert Hutchison, and Dr. Luff. More recent additions are the names of Lord Dawson of Penn, the first practising physician to be made a peer; Sir StClair Thomson, Sir Robert Jones, Dr. Raymond Crawford, Professor Dreyer, of Oxford, Professor Sir Arthur Keith, and Sir John Thomson Walker, among others.

In catering for medical men the House has not forgotten the claims of their loyal helpers, the nurses. Besides publishing many separate books on nursing subjects it has produced for the Waverley Book Company, under the title of "The Science and Art of Nursing," the only encyclopædia for nurses ever issued, written by medical men and a large staff of nurses.

The well-known Manuals of the British Red Cross Society may be regarded as occupying a position midway between Cassell's medical works and those which make their appeal to the general public. Of these Manuals, four by medical authors have now been published; three of them, the First Aid, Nursing and Training Manuals, are from the pen of Sir James Cantlie, the fourth, on Hygiene and Sanitation, is the work of Major-General Guise Moores, of the A.M.S. The British Red Cross Society, which now works in alliance with the St. John Ambulance Association, was inaugurated under Royal auspices in 1905, and it was to facilitate the training of its members in ambulance work, nursing, sanitation, etc., that the Society promoted these Manuals, of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold.

The Story of the House of Cassell

The demand for them during the War was unprecedented in the history of such manuals.

The House has always had in its list a number of books that aim at the dissemination of hygienic knowledge. So long ago as 1883 it published two large volumes that come into this category—one "The Book of Health," edited by Sir Malcolm Morris, the other "Our Homes and How to Make Them Healthy," of which the editor was Mr. (now Sir) Shirley Murphy, at that time Medical Officer of Health for St. Pancras, afterwards for many years Medical Officer of Health for the London County Council. Contributors whose co-operation was enlisted included some of the most eminent medical men and civil engineers of the day, and both books made their mark. In the 'nineties the House published Sir John Simon's "English Sanitary Institutions," one of the classics of Public Health literature. Of late years it has helped to give publicity to the revelations and recommendations of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases, by issuing a book entitled "The Nation's Health: The Stamping Out of Venereal Disease," from the pen of Sir Malcolm Morris, who served on the Commission. Since then it has launched the English Public Health Series, edited by Sir Malcolm, who is the author of the introductory volume, "The Story of English Public Health," which sketches the evolution of our Public Health Service from its beginnings down to the creation of the Ministry of Health. Other notable works in the category of popular hygiene are Dr. Ballantyne's "Expectant Motherhood" and Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "Doctor in War," an animated account of the achievements of medical organization and surgical skill in the great conflict.

Not the least eminent of the social services rendered by the House of Cassell has been the popularization of science. Early in the 'seventies it secured the aid of one who, to a very wide knowledge of science, added a great gift of lucid exposition. He was known as Robert Brown, of

Robert Brown of Campster

Campster, in Caithness, to distinguish him from the earlier Robert Brown, the botanist. Born in 1842, he had a distinguished career in Edinburgh University, and ultimately devoted himself particularly to Botany, Geology, Zoology, and Geography in its widest sense. He carried out extensive explorations in Greenland and several of the Arctic islands, and was the first to point out the cause of the discoloration of the Arctic Ocean. He also conducted Government Expeditions into the unknown interior of Vancouver Island, and explored, at the hazard of his life, the primeval forest in vast regions of North-West America, now covered with thriving towns and villages. Brown Range, Mount Brown, and Brown's River in Vancouver Island, and the peninsula of Cape Brown in Spitzbergen perpetuate his name on the atlas. In 1870 the University of Rostock conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Letters in recognition of his services to science and geography. Later in life Dr. Brown became one of the foremost authorities on Morocco, a country with which much travel had made him intimate, and his monograph on the subject, compiled in conjunction with Sir Lambert Playfair, is a lasting monument of his knowledge of the Moors and their land.

As an expositor, Robert Brown wielded the wand of an enchanter. The first of the great books which he wrote for the House was "Races of Mankind," in five volumes, afterwards expanded into "Peoples of the World." "Countries of the World" was published in 1876-81, "Science for All" in 1877-82, and "The Earth and its Story," based on Kirchhoff's "Allgemeine Erdkunde," in 1887-88. Mr. Thomas Seecombe, in his article on Dr. Brown in the "Dictionary of National Biography," justly says of these works that they "were commended in the Press, proved widely popular, and did much to disseminate the results of geographical science." Dr. Brown was also a spreader of the light through the daily Press, being on the staff of the *Standard* as a leader-writer. There can be little doubt that his life was cut

The Story of the House of Cassell

short by his excessive industry. He died suddenly, in his fifty-fourth year, on October 26, 1895, and a leader which he had written the night before appeared in the *Standard* on that day. In private life he was one of the most charming of men. There was always a warm corner in his heart for those who had faced danger, and he was at his best when listening to other men's experiences and capping them with his own. He never paraded his erudition, and was essentially Bohemian, although a non-smoker and almost an abstainer.

With Robert Brown's books may be associated Professor Bonney's "Story of Our Planet," published first in 1893, to present to men and women of good general education, in terminology as little technical as possible, the conclusions of geology as to the processes by which the earth was built up into its present form. In the Preface the author gives a remarkable indication of his indebtedness to his favourite science. "The study of geology," he says, "has added much to the happiness of my own life; it has taught me to appreciate more fully the beauties and the marvels of Nature; it has often restored me, when weary and jaded, to bodily health; it has helped me in bearing those trials which are the common lot." The book was issued as a serial in 1897.

Another well-known man of science who did good work for Cassell's was Dr. Martin Duncan, appointed Professor of Geology at King's College in 1870 and afterwards at Cooper's Hill College. He was the editor of "Cassell's Natural History," first published in 1876-82, in six volumes, and contributed to it some of its most important sections. Like Robert Brown, he also was a tireless worker, and at his death had to his credit over a hundred scientific papers. A later writer on Natural History was Henry Scherren, who for many years was a member of the editorial staff. His "Popular Natural History" still appears in the Catalogue. He also wrote for the House a history of the Zoological Society of London, the first attempt to tell the story of that society at any length.

Lewis Wright's Work

Reference to Lewis Wright's "Illustrated Book of Poultry" and to similar works that followed in its train may be introduced here. Mr. Wright, who has been mentioned in connexion with the *Live Stock Journal*, joined the editorial staff in 1871 expressly to write this book, and remained a member of it until the end of the century. He was a man of vigorous mind, with a keen interest in philosophy and theology and politics, and, as his work in microscopy showed, an unusual capacity for mastering technicalities. For some years he was a reviewer for the *Nonconformist*, and in that capacity championed the theory of evolution in days when it had not yet found general acceptance. When the "Illustrated Book of Poultry" was published as a serial, in 1872, it had a very large sale. It confirmed its author's rank as one of the two leading authorities on poultry, the other being W. B. Tegetmeier, the ornithologist, who was for so many years on the *Field*. The book was revised and reissued many times during Lewis Wright's life, and since his death has been edited by Mr. S. H. Lewer. When its author's regular connexion with the House ceased, he became associated with his brother's firm, the well-known medical publishers at Bristol. A few years afterwards he met his death in an accident on the railway.

The success of the poultry book encouraged the production of other works on canaries and cage birds, in which Fulton and Lewer as well as Wright were concerned, and there were books on horses and dogs by S. Sidney and Vero Shaw, now replaced by the well-known works of Charles Richardson and Robert Leighton.

For books on wild flowers and garden flowers the House had the good fortune to find, in the late Professor Hulme, an author who was both botanist and artist, and took a genuine delight in communicating his knowledge to the public. The son of a landscape painter, he became Art Master at Marlborough College, and afterwards Professor of Geometrical Drawing at King's College, and held other art appointments. He was a lover of nature rather

The Story of the House of Cassell

than a botanist in the scientific sense, and had accumulated large stores of plant folk-lore. He supplied beautiful drawings for the colour plates of his "Familiar Wild Flowers" and similar books. Professor Boulger was enlisted for a book on trees, and in later times the works of Professor Groom and Mrs. G. Clarke Nuttall in the same category were illustrated by the wonderful colour photographs of Mr. H. Essenhigh Corke.

But it is more than time to refer to the famous series of works by Richard and Cherry Kearton, who have achieved widespread fame by their nature studies of birds and beasts. Their books on bird-life are full of intimate observations of the habits of the feathered world, while the photographs are of the highest quality. Bird-life, as a study, was the "first love" of Richard Kearton, and he has never forgotten the fascination of winged life. In a communication he has been good enough to make he has recorded the beginning of his connexion with the House. "Through the kindness of Mr. Sidney Galpin," he says, "I obtained a berth on the staff of Cassell, Petter and Galpin in October, 1882. I came straight from a farm on the Yorkshire moors, and the manager of my department, J. H. Puttock, induced me to start writing on natural history subjects. My brother Cherry joined the staff of Cassell & Co. in the autumn of 1887. In April, 1892, I conceived the idea that natural history books required illustrating with greater care and fidelity. My brother purchased a cheap camera and commenced his photographic career on the 10th of that month, and our work, they say, has left its mark throughout the world."

Shortly before his death F. J. Cross, the successor of Puttock, recalled that Richard Kearton's first entrance into the field of literature was at the time Swaysland was preparing his book on Wild Birds and he has put the circumstances on record. The book was in charge of Lewis Wright, and one day he came on a voyage of discovery to the publicity region. He had

Richard and Cherry Kearton

heard of some young man who was an egg collector. It was Richard Kearton. Notes were wanted for the eggs which were to be the subjects of separate plates in Swaysland's book, and Kearton undertook the job, performing it, as he did all his work, with thoroughness.

The brothers had already begun to take photographs which were obviously of rare excellence. When Mr. Cross showed them to Sir Wemyss Reid he was fascinated by them. Richard had cherished very modest ideas, and would have been quite satisfied with a five-shilling or seven-and-sixpenny book. But the firm was convinced that they deserved a much better setting, and the rapid sale of the guinea book which was produced proved the firm to be right.

The life of Richard Kearton shows that things which seem disastrous may be just the reverse. His throat troubled him, and he was advised to see a physician, whose verdict was that he must leave London at once to dwell in purer air: there was no chance of a cure while he remained in the dusty City. That same day he left the office for his home in the Caterham Valley. Thus cut off from his daily work he began lecturing, and immediate success attended his efforts, while his books grew rapidly in popularity.

Cherry Kearton, without losing his interest in bird life, presently developed another ambition: he wanted to photograph big game. And before long he embarked upon that enterprise, and came back with an abundance of thrilling photographs to illustrate his adventures. Later, he journeyed across Africa on foot, from east to west, taking a number of unique camera pictures, which were published in a fascinating volume in 1915. A long succession of books written by one or other of the brothers—or both, in collaboration—has been issued from La Belle Sauvage Press, and some even of the earliest still command a steady sale.

Of works on Astronomy done at La Belle Sauvage the most popular have been those of the late Sir Robert

The Story of the House of Cassell

Ball, Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in the University of Cambridge. The earliest of them was "The Story of the Heavens" (1886), a singularly lucid and entertaining exposition of the science which, of all sciences, is perhaps the most difficult to render intelligible to untrained minds. Ball's son and biographer, Mr. W. Valentine Ball, records that his earliest recollection of his father's literary life was of his lying at full length on the floor of his study writing this book; he was suffering from lumbago, and that was the only position in which he found it possible to write. The work made a great mark, and brought its author the warmest congratulations from brother astronomers such as Piazzi Smyth, at that time Astronomer-Royal. "The Story of the Sun" followed in 1893, and "The Earth's Beginning" in 1901. Between these two was interposed a smaller book, "Starland," a series of "talks for young people," which was read with delight by Mr. Gladstone, little as he was drawn to natural science. All these works were highly successful, and there is still a regular demand for the three larger ones. It was appropriate that Mr. Valentine Ball's *Life of Sir Robert* should be issued by the House which had published most of his works. Among the rough memoranda left by this most genial Irishman was found the injunction, "Try and give everything a kind twist!"

A work on one of the byways of astronomy, by an even more distinguished astronomer, was Sir Norman Lockyer's "Dawn of Astronomy," an ingenious study of the temple worship and mythology of the ancient Egyptians. It was written with admirable lucidity, and merited more success than it achieved.

To these notes on scientific publications may be added a few sentences about technical books. The first considerable work in this section to be issued by the House was a serial which bore the title of the "Technical Educator," first issued as "The Technical Series of 'Cassell's Popular Educator.'" The enormous success of the latter work obviously suggested a serial dealing with

The "Amateur Mechanic"

applied science. Among the contributors were men who afterwards rose to eminence—Professor A. H. Church, who wrote on such subjects as the chemistry of the fine arts; Professor Robert Ball, who expounded applied mechanics; Sir William White, whose subject was ship building; Professor Charles Cameron, Professor Delamotte, Philip Magnus, and T. C. Hepworth. The work found much favour, was several times re-issued, and only dropped out of the Catalogue a few years ago when technical subjects were dealt with in many separate volumes. The latest series of these separate books is that started by Mr. Bernard Jones, the editor of *Work*, early in the war, under the title of the "Amateur Mechanic." Both during the war and afterwards these volumes were found to meet one of the peculiar needs of the time. The dearth of workmen and the high cost of labour led to a demand by the householder for practical information on making, mending, decorating, and similar humdrum but necessary processes in which, before the war, he took but little interest. The "Amateur Mechanic" volumes met this want by means of lucid text and explanatory pictures, and so great was its success that it established what is probably a record in sales of works of this size and class.

The only other technical books which need be specifically noted are the large works on electricity. In its first form, "Electricity in the Service of Man" was a translation from the German, edited by Dr. Wormell, and was published in 1888. Of the work which now bears this title Dr. Walmsley is the author. "Practical Electricity" was the work of the late Professor Ayrton, to whom electricity is indebted for so many ingenious inventions. It would appear that his father, a considerable linguist, wished him to specialize in languages, and tried to get him to speak a different tongue (including Hebrew) on each day of the week. But the boy's bent towards science was not to be denied. Between 1887, when "Practical Electricity" first appeared, and 1908, when its author died, his book went through eleven editions. It was then

The Story of the House of Cassell

committed to the charge of Professor Mather, whose name appears as joint author on the title-page of the later editions. "Electrical Engineering," from the pen of Harold H. Simmons, first appeared in volume form, in 1908, and afterwards serially. Revised and enlarged by Alfred H. Avery, it has recently been issued as a serial.

As we have seen, the House of Cassell in its early days was active in the production of religious books, publishing a large Illustrated Bible, a Doré Bible, an enormous work called "The Altar of the Household," still occasionally met with in cottage homes, and a reprint of Matthew Henry's "Commentary" in three ponderous tomes. It also issued a Bible Educator. In 1874 it produced Dr. Wylie's "History of Protestantism," written in an uncritical spirit but in a vivid, animated style which kept it in brisk demand for many years. But the firm's greatest success in this kind was secured with the books of the late Dean Farrar, beginning with the "Life of Christ." The origins of this work are told by Canon Teignmouth Shore in the book from which we have already quoted. "There was," he says, "a very feeble old book called 'The Life of Christ' which used to be sold by canvassers, who offered the work for sale at private houses. In 1873 Cassell & Co. suggested to me that a modern work on such a subject, written popularly by a real scholar, might be a success. I thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that there was an opening in this direction, and selected as the man to do it Dr. Alexander (afterwards the brilliant and revered Archbishop of Armagh). I entered into negotiations with him, having already been honoured with his friendship, and the matter was arranged. Shortly afterwards, however, Dr. Alexander was promoted to the bishopric of Derry, and felt it would be for many reasons impossible under the new circumstances for him to carry out such a task. I had again, therefore, to look around for an author, and I selected the Rev. F. W. Farrar, then an assistant master

Farrar's "Life of Christ"

at Harrow. I spent more than one delightful day with him at Harrow discussing the matter, which was finally settled."

The book was seen through the press by John Williams, who found that his author had a schoolmaster's natural disinclination to be set right on the rare occasions when his scholarship limped. It appeared in volume form in 1874. The demand for it, both in this country and in America, was prodigious, and for months the printing presses at La Belle Sauvage could only with difficulty keep pace with it. Within a year twelve "editions," as they were then called, were exhausted, and when the first "run" upon the book had ceased it was still in such active demand that it had frequently to be reprinted. The "Life and Work of St. Paul" followed in 1879, and the series was completed by "The Early Days of Christianity," issued in 1882. The second of the three works also had an enormous sale, but the third was less successful, partly perhaps because the subject was less appealing, and partly because the author's style, under the stimulus of success, had become more and more flamboyant.

In 1890 Archdeacon Farrar, as he then was, in a paper read at the Church Congress on Commercial Morality made a reference to "sweating publishers, which was interpreted by many to be directed against the House of Cassell. It led to the appearance in the *Times* of October 8, 1890, of a letter from the House (it was written by Sir Wemyss Reid, who, however, had nothing to do with the making of the arrangements which he defended):

"More than twenty years ago," it ran, "we projected a work which was to be a popular Life of Christ. The whole scheme of that work, as well as its general character, was conceived in this House. . . . It is no disparagement to Archdeacon Farrar's present position to say that at that time (1870) he was comparatively unknown. . . . We offered him for the copyright of this work the sum of £500, with an additional sum of £100 as a contribution towards the expense of a visit to the

The Story of the House of Cassell

Holy Land in connection with the writing of the work. This offer he accepted, and ultimately produced the book which has since attained so wide a fame. . . . Archdeacon Farrar duly received in 1873 the sum we had agreed to pay him for writing 'The Life of Christ,' but in consideration of the success of the work we paid him in 1874 an additional sum of £200, in 1875 a further sum of £350, besides an honorarium of £100 for the preparation of an index; in 1876 £200, in 1877 £250, in 1878 £250, and in 1881 £100. Thus for the work which we had covenanted to pay only £600 we voluntarily paid in addition £1,450, making a total of £2,050 in all.

"This, however, does not exhaust the story of our dealing with Archdeacon Farrar. He agreed to write for us a similar Life of St. Paul. By this time both he and ourselves knew the pecuniary value of his work. For the 'St. Paul' we agreed to pay him the sum of £1,000 down. Subsequently Mr. Farrar informed us that, in consequence of the great success of the 'Life of Christ,' he had received an offer of £2,000 and a royalty from another firm of publishers for a similar book. Although under no compulsion to do so, we at once raised our payment to the same money; with the result that he has received up to the present date, including a royalty of £2,333 17s. 1d., a sum of £4,333 17s. 1d. for this particular book. We leave your readers to judge whether there was anything inequitable in a bargain which had results such as these for the author."

Sir Walter Besant, as chairman of the Society of Authors, entered into the correspondence and invited the Company to state what profit *they* had made out of the transactions. By other correspondents it was urged that this fact was irrelevant: the scheme had originated with the House, and had it resulted in a loss to them they would not have looked to the author to compensate them for their bad bargain. On October 10 Mr. Galpin, as the only surviving partner, invited Archdeacon Farrar, through the *Times*, to repeat to the world what he was reported to have alleged against the Company behind their backs. The appeal was not successful: all that the Archdeacon would say was that in his remarks at the Church Congress he had never dreamt of the most distant reference to himself or to them, and that he had never said

The End of an Incident

anything of them which he had not said plainly to them. Repeating his appeal, Mr. Galpin asked the Archdeacon's permission to publish the letters which the latter had addressed to him personally from time to time. This request also was disregarded.

It has been necessary to take this brief notice of the correspondence lest it should be thought that the House has anything to regret in connexion with it, which is certainly not the fact. That it left no lasting ill-feeling on either side may be inferred from the fact that two years later an agreement was entered into of which the fruit was the publication, in 1900, of "The Life of Lives: Further Studies in the Life of Christ." This book was not a great success, nor, it may be admitted, did it deserve to be: probably it left most readers with the impression that in "The Life of Christ" the author had said virtually all that he had to say on the subject. Like "The Early Days of Christianity," it has now fallen out of publication, but the two earlier works are still on sale, each of them in several different forms. A smaller work of Farrar's, "The Three Homes," a "tale for fathers and sons," as the sub-title describes it, was originally published in 1873 under the pseudonym "F. T. L. Hope," which stood in the author's mind, as he long afterwards explained, for "Faintly Trust the Larger Hope." It was many times reprinted, and has only recently disappeared from the list. Yet another work from the same prolific pen was "My Object in Life," a volume in the dainty "Heart Chords" series, devised by Canon Teignmouth Shore, who himself wrote for it the volume on "Prayer."

Farrar's was not the only Life of Christ to be published by Cassell's. In 1884 Dr. Cunningham Geikie arranged with them to publish his "Life and Words of Christ" and other books, which up to that time had been in the hands of another house, and the work appeared as a serial as well as in volume form. In July, 1885, they commissioned him to visit the Holy Land and write for them "The Holy Land and the Bible," the MS. to be

The Story of the House of Cassell

delivered by the beginning of 1887. Dr. Geikie was a rapid worker, and his MS. was ready by the time appointed, and the book was published in that year in two volumes, and was issued serially, with original illustrations, two years later. In both forms it did very well, remaining in publication until 1910.

Probably the most considerable enterprise of the House in religious books was the Commentaries upon the Old and New Testaments, edited by Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester, the learned Chairman of the Company of Revisers of the New Testament. Of this undertaking also Canon Shore has something to say. The Bishop, who was deep in his revision labours, confined his editing to reading the proofs, though this he did with punctilious care. "Professor Plumtre (afterwards Dean of Wells)," says the Canon, "was one of our ablest contributors . . . but was given to introduce little pieces of criticism which rendered it necessary to be careful with his proofs. For example, when commentating on the passage 'Tell it to the Church,' he wrote as explanatory to it: 'i.e. Take the opinion of the general body of Christians on the subject—or as we should say nowadays, Write to the *Times*.' In sending the proof to the Bishop for his supervision I called his attention to this, and he wrote the following note: 'Perfectly true, but a little premature, and might be misunderstood.' I always aimed," Canon Shore adds, "at getting for such work 'coming' men, not men who had already 'come'; and thus succeeded in obtaining their best from my authors."

The Commentary on the New Testament appeared in 1878-9, in three volumes, that on the Old Testament in 1882-84, in five volumes, and a combined edition was published in 1897. An abridgment of the New Testament Commentary, in fourteen volumes, for use in schools, was issued in 1878-83.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties a good deal of attention was attracted by books written in defence of the literal accuracy, scientific and historical, of the Old Testament,

Reproductions of Pictures

by Dr. Samuel Kinns, and published on commission. Dr. Kinns, after carrying on a private school in North London for some thirty years, was ordained a priest of the Church of England in 1886. The first of his two books, "Moses and Geology," was in its twelfth thousand by 1891, when "Graven in the Rock," designed to prove the harmony between the Bible and Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, appeared. This book also had a large sale. Dr. Kinns had been industrious in beating up subscribers, and he showed immense industry also in the compilation of his books, especially "Graven in the Rock." While engaged upon it he is said to have spent six hours daily on five days in the week at the British Museum for the space of three years. His literary style was a marvel of discursiveness, and his books were pervaded from beginning to end by an entirely inoffensive egotism, which only brought into relief his enthusiastic belief in the theories he had espoused. Personally he was one of the most amiable of men, who probably never made an enemy. But the success of his books must be regarded as one of the curiosities of literature.

It is impossible to enumerate the art works produced at La Belle Sauvage, but in addition to those mentioned incidentally elsewhere two may be specified as representative, one of colour, the other of black-and-white reproduction—"The Water Colour Drawings of J. M. W. Turner" and "The National Gallery," edited by Sir E. J. Poynter. The former consisted of fifty-eight of Turner's subjects, with descriptive text by Theodore Andrea Cook; the latter contained a reproduction of every picture in the Gallery at Trafalgar Square and that at Millbank, two of the volumes being concerned with the Foreign Schools and the third with the British Schools. A numbered edition, published by arrangement with the Trustees, won unstinted admiration. As a pendant to this work appeared "The National Portrait Gallery," in two volumes, edited by Lionel Cust.

The Story of the House of Cassell

Lovers of porcelain have been delighted with exquisite reproductions of specimens of the ceramic art, such as Bahr's "Old Chinese Porcelain" and Hobson's "Chinese Pottery and Porcelain," the latter in two volumes, in a limited edition presently priced at £21.

Nor have those who want to be technically instructed in drawing and painting been overlooked. In the Catalogue appear MacWhirter's "Sketch Book" and his "Landscape Painting in Water Colours," Wyllie's "Sketch Book" and "Marine Painting in Water Colour," Sir Alfred East's "Art of Landscape Painting in Oil Colour," and the Hon. John Collier's "Art of Portrait Painting." The House, too, has been the medium of making Professor Duval's "Artistic Anatomy" available to English readers.

The books just named belong to the educational section, wherein are many works for schools, primary and secondary, among them Arnold-Forster's animated books, of which many hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold—his "Citizen Reader," his "Things New and Old," and his "History of England"; also expositions of hygiene for boys and girls, and delightful books on botany and nature study, including the well-known "Eyes and No Eyes" series, by Arabella Buckley (Mrs. Fisher). This gifted writer has explained how she came to undertake it. "In May, 1900," she writes, "Mr. Arnold-Forster wrote to me saying that the Education Department were going to make Nature Study a feature in the Board Schools, and that Cassell's wished to bring out at once six books on plants and animals suitable for the six school standards. I accepted the task for the love of the children, and it has been a great pleasure to me to find that it has done the work I hoped to accomplish. This was no doubt partly due to the beautiful illustrations produced by Mr. Muckley, with whom I had most pleasant relations."

There are few branches of publishing in which

The Marquis of Lorne

Cassell's have not engaged. They have produced books on Cookery and Household Management, among them the well-known works by Phyllis Browne and Lizzie Heritage; books on Nursing and Hygiene; books on Politics and Social Economics; books for boys and girls, including the adventure tales of Edward S. Ellis, the stories of Mrs. L. T. Meade, and the famous collection of songs by John Farmer; books on Sports and Pastimes, and also Guide-books. Among a multitude of books of this last genre is one that was notable from its authorship and character. This is how the House came to publish "The Governor's Guide to Windsor Castle," by the Marquis of Lorne, husband of Princess Louise, and presently ninth Duke of Argyll.

One day towards the latter end of 1894, when almost everyone was out at lunch, a clerk went to Mr. Manson's room at the Yard to say that a gentleman who called himself the Governor of Windsor Castle wished to see someone about a book. Manson did not know who was the Governor of the Castle, but asked the clerk to bring in the visitor. Thereupon he withdrew to the door and, going into the corridor, waved his hand, calling out, "Walk this way, sir." The Chief Editor noted that he was uncommonly like the Marquis of Lorne. However, they fell at once to business.

"If you will kindly run your eye through this book," Manson remarked, taking down Vol. I of Robert Wilson's "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" from a shelf, "you will see how well we could illustrate your book at small cost."

The visitor turned over the leaves and paused at the portrait of the eighth Duke of Argyll, remarking, "I see you have my father's portrait." That settled the question of the visitor's identity.

From the day the terms were settled the Marquis sent in his MS. at frequent intervals, sometimes from Windsor, at others from Osborne, or Kensington Palace, or Inveraray, or from an hotel *en route* to and from one of his

The Story of the House of Cassell

numerous halting-places. It seemed as if he were obsessed by the work and could not rest until it was finished. He was most amenable to suggestions, and often adopted them when he would rather have followed his own bent. He was ever anxious to defer to the wishes of Queen Victoria. Manson remembered his answering some query in these terms: "I don't object to Henry VIII being called the Defender of the Faith, but I am sure the Queen would also not object to his being called the murderer of his wives!" His book has great literary charm, and faithfully reflects the simple and unassuming character of its author.

A brief paragraph may be added about War Books. Cassell's took more than a full share in ministering to the demand of the public for books relating to Armageddon. Just before the war broke out they had published a translation of von Bülow's "Imperial Germany," of which a new edition was issued in 1916, with a Foreword by J. W. Headlam that brought out the significance of the work in relation to the origins of the war. They also issued in 1918 a translation of Dr. Muehlon's Diary, in 1919 a translation of Count Czernin's "In the World War," and in 1920 translations of von Hindenburg's "Out of My Life" and of Admiral Scheer's "Germany's High Sea Fleet in the World War." Among the notable books by British protagonists are Viscount Jellicoe's "The Grand Fleet" and "The Crisis of the Naval War," Sir Frederick Maurice's "The Last Four Months," and Sir Douglas Brownrigg's "Indiscretions of the Naval Censor." Works by observers include Major Corbett Smith's "Retreat from Mons," "The Marne and After," etc., and, last but not least, "Sea Fights of the Great War," and "More Sea Fights of the Great War," depicted by the pencil of W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and described by M. F. Wren. Among books dealing with the causes and significance of the war are Viscount Haldane's "Before the War," H. G. Wells's "War and the Future," and Major

The Waverley Book Company

Haldane Macfall's "Germany at Bay," besides several volumes from the pen of Princess Radziwill. "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War" stands by itself as an exposition of the humour and heroism of the trenches and of the home front, which richly deserves its enormous vogue.

The outstanding feature of the year 1909 was the formation of the Waverley Book Company for the development of the sale of éditions de luxe of standard works, and of medical, technical, educational, and specialist "big books."

The Waverley Book Company is the natural outgrowth of the old subscription book trade, when Messrs. Cassell's travelling "colporteurs" carried the firm's publications in monthly parts to places far afield, collecting the money on delivery and afterwards "lifting" the parts for binding in simple or elaborate volume form, according to the taste and means of the book-buyers. "Cassell's Family Bible," the "Illustrated History of England," the famous "Popular Educator," the "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," and many old favourites were sold extensively by these methods.

With the appointment of Mr. A. Bain Irvine as Manager in 1909, the former antiquated Subscription Department was speedily transformed into a great sales organization, efficiently staffed, dealing directly with the book-buying public and run entirely in accordance with modern business conditions.

In the autumn of that year, after the registration of the Company, offices were taken at Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, and in a very short time thereafter—Mr. Irvine having already fully demonstrated the possibilities of his system and the certain success of his methods—the Waverley Book Company removed to larger premises in the Old Bailey, where it remained until the end of the war.

A striking feature of the Waverley's big advertising campaigns is the Free Examination Offer, whereby

The Story of the House of Cassell

sets are sent for the inquirer to examine at home or in his place of business without charge or obligation to order. This earnest of the Waverley Book Company's confidence, both in the value of its books and in the honesty of its customers, has been wonderfully justified, free examination methods being now known far and wide as "the Waverley way."

An outstanding feature of the Company's success is the "Waverly History of the Great War," edited by Newman Flower, a work planned and arranged for within fourteen days of the outbreak of hostilities.

Soon after the signing of the Armistice larger premises still were secured in Farringdon Street, and here a bigger trade than ever is being done, and this in spite of strikes and frequent industrial complications which have on occasion threatened to upset Mr. Irvine's biggest advertising campaigns—for his appeals are invariably to the book-loving democracy.

The latest addition to the Waverley premises is in Tudor Street. This extension was found necessary in order that the constantly increasing volume of business might be more satisfactorily dealt with. The Company, which is the latest offshoot of Messrs. Cassell's many activities, has become the most successful of all, due primarily to the untiring energy and daring initiative of Mr. Irvine, supplemented by the enthusiastic co-operation of a band of loyal colleagues.

CHAPTER IX

THE NOVELIST: "R. L. S." AND OTHERS

THE most notable episode in the history of Cassell's as publishers of fiction is that which associates them with Robert Louis Stevenson. It was their high distinction to publish in book form his first story, "Treasure Island," and most of its successors.

How "Treasure Island" came to La Belle Sauvage in the spring of 1883 is told by Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, who at that time was in editorial charge of the educational books. "I well recollect," he says, "the first introduction. W. E. Henley limped into my room and threw down a bundle of ragged, ill-printed, faded newspaper cuttings, crying 'Just read that and see if it is not the right stuff!' Next day, in his impetuous way, he hurled on to my table the few volumes of essays, etc., which R. L. S. had then published. Later Lord Milner called—we were going on the river—I had not finished work, and he sat down and read a volume. R. L. S. was new to him, and he was greatly struck."

The "ragged, ill-printed, faded newspaper cuttings" were the instalments of "Treasure Island," from *Young Folks*, a story paper for boys run by Messrs. Henderson and Sons as an offshoot from the *Weekly Budget*, and now no longer in existence. The instalments began on October 1, 1881, and ended on January 28, 1882. Cassell's made the author an offer which moved him to write to his father and mother the following letter:

"CHALET SOLITUDE. 5th May, 1883.

"MY DEAREST PEOPLE,—I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for 'Treasure Island'—how much do you suppose? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so.

The Story of the House of Cassell

Shall I? Anyway, I'll turn the page first. NO—well—A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? . . .—Your loving and ecstatic Son,
TREASURE EILAN.

It is curious to notice that Stevenson was so enraptured with the prospect of receiving a round hundred pounds on publication that he ignored the fact that that sum was to be on account of royalty. It may be that he omitted this prosaic fact because it would not fit into his dithyramb. But it is more probable that he had so little faith in the success of the book that he did not reckon upon the sale reaching a point at which royalty would bring him still more of the “jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid.” Certainly, he had at that time a very poor opinion of “Treasure Island,” and Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that the story, after its serial publication, had a narrow chance of being forgotten. From that fate it was saved by Henley's good offices.

It has been stated that the title of the book was changed to “Treasure Island” by Mr. James Henderson. On this point Mr. James Dow, who read the proofs of the story for *Young Folks*, bears the following testimony:

“Mr. Stevenson wrote on a sheet of notepaper (not his usual copy paper) four alternative titles—evidently for Mr. Henderson's selection—the first of which was ‘The Sea Cook; or the Voyage of the *Hispaniola*.’ All but the first were cancelled, and that was put in type as the heading of the story, though I was informed that it was only temporary, as the correct title would be supplied later. Eight or ten days afterwards I received from Mr. Henderson a slip proof on which he had deleted ‘The Sea Cook’ and above it written ‘Treasure Island’; and so the story went to press.”

Mr. Dow adds that in an interview he had with Stevenson he referred to a remark in the *Saturday Review* critique of the book—that “John Silver, Pirate,” would not have been an inappropriate title, and that Stevenson replied, “But Mr. James Henderson wished the title to be ‘Treasure Island,’ and I deferred to him; he is the



Photo. H. Walter Barrett

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Writing of "Treasure Island"

proprietor." There seems to be no doubt, therefore, that the title "Treasure Island" was Mr. Henderson's choice, but it does not follow, of course, that it was his invention.

How Stevenson came to write "Treasure Island" he has himself related. In a letter to Henley, written in August, 1881, he says: "I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd,* this one; now see here, 'The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys.' If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day." Then follows an outline of what he proposes for plot and the names of his characters, and the letter proceeds: "Two chapters have been written and tried on Lloyd with great success. . . . No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blithe to obey? It's awful fun, boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain."

In the *Idler*, in 1894, Stevenson describes the actual beginning of the writing and the pleasure the story yielded to him and his father:

"At Castleton of Braemar, on a chill August morning, by the cheer of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began 'The Sea Cook,' for that was the original title. Day by day, after lunch, I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye. I had counted on one boy; I found I had two in my audience. My father caught fire at once with all the romance and childishness of his original nature. His own stories that every night of his life he put himself to sleep with dealt perpetually with ships, roadside inns, robbers, old sailors, and commercial travellers before the era of steam. He never finished one of these romances; the lucky man did not require to! But in 'Treasure Island' he recognized something kindred to his own imagination; it was his kind of picturesque: and he not only heard with delight the daily chapter, but set himself acting to collaborate. When the time came for Billy Bones's chest to be ransacked, he must have passed the better part of a day preparing, on the back of an envelope, an inventory of its contents, which I exactly followed; and the name

* His stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

The Story of the House of Cassell

of 'Flint's old ship'—the *Walrus*—was given at his particular request. And now who should come dropping in, *ex machina*, but Dr. Japp, like the disguised prince who is to bring down the curtain upon peace and happiness in the last act; for he carried in his pocket, not a horn or a talisman, but a publisher—ready, in fact, to unearth new writers for my now old friend Mr. Henderson's *Young Folks*. Even the ruthlessness of a united family recoiled before the extreme measure of inflicting on our guest the mutilated members of 'The Sea Cook'; at the same time we would by no means stop our readings; and accordingly the tale was begun again at the beginning, and solemnly redelivered for the benefit of Dr. Japp . . . when he left us, he carried away the MS. in his portmanteau."

Dr. Japp's own account of the visit was written to Sir Sidney Colvin:

"R. L. S. had often heard of me through his friends in Edinburgh, and when I printed a letter in the *Spectator* about Thoreau, he wrote to me wishing to know me personally. . . . Accordingly I went to the Cottage Castleton of Braemar as invited and stayed some days—days that are delightful to me to think of. The best part of the afternoon was the reading of a chapter of a romance of adventure . . . and in Stevenson's little attic there, where he wrote and worked, I listened to the reading of those earlier chapters. And such reading—dramatic, varied skilfully in tone and inflection as his slim body gently swayed in his characteristic fashion; MS. in hand as he read; and now and then swaying too—as I shall never forget. His father was as keenly interested in the story as Sam (Lloyd) Osbourne was; his enjoyment was shown in his expression, and his judgment in occasional suggestions offered during the reading; and sometimes Mrs. Stevenson would put in a sagacious word, too. It was a delightful *mélange* every way. I had thus heard the whole of the story in the first pencil draft before I left. One half of the story, which had been revised carefully and recopied, I brought away with me in my portmanteau, with the view of ensuring that it should be printed, and not lost to the world as dozens of Mr. Stevenson's former story efforts had been."

It was Dr. Japp who disposed of the story, for serial use, to Mr. James Henderson.

The Map of Treasure Island

In preparing "Treasure Island" for book publication Stevenson altered it a little. No member of the editorial staff who had to do with his books is left at the Yard, but some years ago a correspondent of the *Academy* wrote that the alterations were inconsiderable. "Here and there he struck out a paragraph, here and there added one. He softened down the boastfulness of Jim Hawkins's personal narrative, and Dr. Livesey, who was originally somewhat frivolous and familiar in his language, he made more staid, as became one of his own profession. In only one instance was a chapter heading altered—'At the Sign of the Spy Glass' being substituted for 'The Sea Cook.'"

One of the characters of the story was, in a sense, moulded from W. E. Henley, to whom Stevenson thus gaily confesses the sin: "I will now make a confession. It was the sight of your maimed strength and masterfulness that begot 'John Silver.' Of course, he is not in any other quality or feature the least like you; but the idea of the maimed man, ruling and dreaded by the sound, was entirely taken from you." There are still many in the House who remember the thump of Henley's crutches along the corridors, but the suggestion that Henley was "dreaded" is playfully aloof from truth.

Something must be said about the map that appears in "Treasure Island." No map was used in *Young Folks*, and it seems pretty certain that the one in the book was not done from the original sketch which Stevenson drew with such glee from young Lloyd Osbourne's rough outline, for there are those at La Belle Sauvage who remember a wordy storm which raged around its loss before it had been reproduced. Another was drawn, and the later destination of this second drawing was for long uncertain. Its existence, however, was traced in an unexpected manner. A few weeks before Christmas, 1915, a desire was expressed by a private person to secure and sell the map for the benefit of the Red Cross War Fund. Inquiries were made, but without success, among those still living who were associated with Stevenson's work, but on

The Story of the House of Cassell

ranging farther afield the map was at last discovered. The reserve of nearly £100 put upon it by its possessor made it impossible to carry out the idea, but at any rate the fact that the map was still in existence was established.

Stevenson had strongly objected to the single woodcut which appeared in *Young Folks*, but he was particularly delighted when it was decided to illustrate his book. Writing to his father on October 28, 1885, he says: "An illustrated 'Treasure Island' will be out next month. I have had an early copy, and the French pictures are admirable. The artist has got his types up in Hogarth; he is full of fire and spirit, can draw and can compose, and has understood the book as I meant it, all but one or two little accidents, such as making the *Hispaniola* a brig. I would send you my copy, *but I cannot*; it is my new toy, and I cannot divorce myself from this enjoyment."

Since those days the book has been illustrated in black and white by Wal Paget and in colour by John Cameron, whose pictures have also appeared in a numbered *édition de luxe*. There are, further, a popular, a school, a library, and a pocket library edition, and altogether not far short of a million copies of the book bearing the imprint of the House have been sold. These figures do not include the very large American sales. The authorized American edition was published by Messrs. Scribner, in pursuance of an arrangement with the author; there was also a cheap pirated edition.

It is curious that the story which has so established itself in the affections of boys failed to please the readers of *Young Folks* while it was running through that paper. Its success in book form was the turning point in Stevenson's literary life. Up to that time no book of his had sold more than 750 copies. Now he had the assurance that he could support himself by his pen. Thus the House of Cassell is associated with the first vindication of his decision to devote himself to literature, and with

“The Black Arrow”

the ending of the tacit reproaches of his people at the choice he had made.

The next story of Stevenson's to be published by the House was “Kidnapped,” which was issued in July, 1886, after running through *Young Folks*. Its first title was “Balfour.” Stevenson planned it as the result of the accidental inclusion, in a parcel of old trials sent down to him from London, of a report of “The Trial of James Stewart in Aucharn in Duror of Appin, for the Murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure.” In this report was bound up a map of the Appin country, and Stevenson's imagination, as Mr. Gosse records, was always fired by a map. To his father he spoke of “Kidnapped” as in his judgment “a far better story, and far sounder at heart,” than “Treasure Island.” In another letter, written after the book was finished, he wrote: “I began ‘Kidnapped’ partly as a lark, partly as a pot-boiler; and I found I was in another world.” In a letter to Mr. Gosse (July 17, 1886), he said of the book: “It is my own favourite of my works, not for craftsmanship, but for human niceness, in which I have been wanting hitherto; Alan and David I do really like.”

The third of the Cassell Stevensons was “The Black Arrow,” published in July, 1888. It had been written in 1883, before “Kidnapped,” in order to capture the fancy of the juveniles who took in *Young Folks*, for Stevenson was piqued by the failure of “Treasure Island” to touch their imagination. He admits that he wrote in rivalry with Mr. Alfred R. Phillips, and he gracefully concedes that he did not displace that writer from his “well-won priority.” His idea was to combine correct historical colouring with what he calls “tushery,” i.e. clap-trap dialogue. He appears to have found little pleasure in the task, for he wrote to Henley:

“The task entirely crushes
The spirit of the bard;
God pity him who tushes—
His task is very hard.”

The Story of the House of Cassell

And he took so little pride in the result of his efforts that he allowed five years to go by before issuing it as a book. He once said that he could amuse himself by re-reading all his other books, but could never give this a second reading. It was no doubt owing to the little interest he took in the task that he forgot to account for one of the four arrows, and had to be reminded of the omission by Mr. Dow, the proof-reader of *Young Folks*, in the following letter :

“ RED LION HOUSE.

“ *To the Author.*

“ DEAR SIR,—At the risk of incurring your displeasure, I venture to point out to you what may be an intentional omission but which, I think, is probably an oversight. There were four black arrows, to be used with deadly intent. Three have been accounted for. In this concluding instalment the fourth is not mentioned ; nor is there any indication of the fate of Sir Oliver, for whom the fourth arrow is evidently intended. This has occurred to me all the more forcibly because Sir Oliver’s dreadful terror of a violent death has been on more than one occasion so vividly represented.

“ Believe me, Sir, to be, not your critic, but your servant,
“ THE READER, Y.F.”

Of this very important service Mr. Dow received the following generous acknowledgment :

“ LA SOLITUDE, HYÈRES-LES-PALMIERS, VAR.

“ *To the Reader.*

“ DEAR SIR,—To the contrary, I thank you most cordially ; indeed, the story having changed and run away from me in the course of writing, the dread fate that I had originally designed for Sir Oliver became impossible, and I had, I blush to say it, clean forgotten him.

“ Thanks to you, Sir, he shall die the death. I enclose to-night slips 49, 50, 51 ; and to-morrow or next day, after having butchered the priest, I shall dispatch the rest.

“ I must not, however, allow this opportunity to go by without once more thanking you—for I think we have, in a ghostly fashion, met before on the margin of proof—for the unflinching intelligence and care with which my MS. is read. I have a

“The Master of Ballantrae”

large and generally disastrous experience of printers and printers' readers. Nowhere do I send worse copy than to *Young Folks*, for with this sort of story I rarely rewrite; yet nowhere am I so well used. And the skill with which the somewhat arbitrary and certainly baffling dialect was picked up, in this case of the 'Black Arrow,' filled me with a gentle surprise.

“I will add that you have humiliated me: that you should have been so much more wideawake than myself is both humiliating and—I say it very humbly—perhaps flattering.

“The reader is a kind of veiled prophet between the author and the public—a veiled, anonymous intermediary: and it pleases me to greet and thank him.—Your obliged servant,

“ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

“(alias Captn. George North).”

Mr. Dow adds: “Months afterwards, when travelling by short stages from Edinburgh to Bournemouth, he stopped in London to see me, and unheeding Mr. Henderson's entreaties not to attempt to mount the flights of stairs necessary (he was exceedingly ill), said ‘I will ascend the stairs and see the reader, though I die for it!’ But he was so exhausted by the effort that when he entered the reading-closet he was speechless.”

The fourth of the Cassell Stevensons, “The Master of Ballantrae,” was published in August, 1889, having begun to appear serially in *Scribner's Magazine* in November, 1888. It was begun at Saranac, in the last months of 1887, was taken across the American Continent to San Francisco, and was finished at Honolulu. Stevenson always referred to it as “my favourite.” “*Catrina*,” the last complete romance Stevenson wrote, was published in September, 1893, after having run in serial form as “*David Balfour: Memoirs of his Adventures at Home and Abroad.*” It was written at Vailima amid fierce distractions, for the Samoans were seething with civil war, and constantly appealing to Tusitala for counsel and help. As Mrs. Stevenson says: “His every action misconstrued and resented by the white inhabitants of the island, the excitement and fatigue of my husband's daily life might

The Story of the House of Cassell

have seemed enough for any one man to endure without the additional strain of literary work."

In the years that intervened between "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Catriona," four other books of Stevenson's had issued from the Cassell Press. The first was a private edition, now exceedingly rare, "The South Seas," of which but twenty-two copies were printed and only seven passed into circulation. This was followed by "The Wrecker," in which Lloyd Osbourne collaborated with his stepfather. "As for the manner," Stevenson wrote to his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, "it is superficially all mine, in the sense that the last copy is all in my hand. Lloyd did not even put pen to paper in the Paris scenes or the Barbizon scene. . . . I had the best service from him on the character of Nares." The story was finished at Vailima in the autumn of 1891, ran through *Scribner's Magazine*, and was published as a volume in 1892. "A Footnote to History"—which R. L. S., in a letter, dubbed "a history of nowhere in a corner, for no time to mention"—came next, in 1892, and then, in 1893, the fantastic and fascinating "Island Nights' Entertainments," by Stevenson and his wife.

It was Cassell's who arranged for the complete edition of Stevenson's works which followed the famous first collected edition, the "Edinburgh." A desire had been expressed from time to time for a fresh complete edition, and one or two attempts had been made to arrange for one, but nothing matured until it occurred to the House that Stevenson's various publishers might co-operate in its production. The chief of them, besides Cassell and Co., were Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Mr. Wm. Heinemann, and Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., who all entered readily into the scheme. The edition was called the "Pentland," after the beloved hills of Stevenson's youth, and an issue limited to 1,500 copies was arranged for. The series was medium octavo in size, and contained twenty volumes, the price of the whole set being £10 10s.



Photo by C. Handley, Ltd.

SIR RIDER HAGGARD, K.B.E.



Photo by C. G. Mason

COL. BURNABY

“ King Solomon’s Mines ”

net. Some matter which had not appeared in the Edinburgh edition was included.

Leading features of the edition, which was completed in 1907, were Mr. Gosse’s graceful Preface, his Introductions to the various works, his bibliographical notes, and a series of plates—portraits of Stevenson, scenes connected with his life, and other subjects of interest to Stevenson’s admirers. Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne lent willing assistance, and the difficulties inherent to such a project were thus readily overcome.

There is a curious parallelism between the publishing history of “ King Solomon’s Mines ” and of “ Treasure Island.” In neither case had the author any great faith in the success of his creation; and “ sundry publishers,” Sir Rider Haggard says, “ turned up their experienced noses ” at “ King Solomon’s Mines ” before it was offered to Cassell’s. Stevenson, as we have seen, was overjoyed at the prospect of getting £100 for his story, and would probably have accepted that sum even if it had been unaccompanied by a royalty; Rider Haggard nearly accepted a small sum for the copyright of his book, and, as he himself tells the story, only elected to publish on the royalty system on the unsolicited advice of a subordinate member of the staff while the latter’s principal was giving instructions for the agreement to be drawn up.

Again, it was W. E. Henley who brought the story to Cassell’s and strongly recommended acceptance. Mr. W. W. Hutchings, who at that time was assistant to John Williams, the acting Chief Editor, writes: “ There seems to have been a fine consistency about Henley’s manner of offering MSS. to the House. I recollect his hobbling into Williams’s room one afternoon in 1886 and flinging the MS. of ‘ King Solomon’s Mines ’ down on the table with a half-defiant ‘ There’s a good thing for you!’ Williams took home the MS. that evening and found that Henley was right.”

Both books, too, are fortunate in their titles. “ King Solomon’s Mines ” has, it is true—so its author says—

The Story of the House of Cassell

been bought by old ladies under the impression that it is a Scriptural tale, and it has been included in theological catalogues; but this is one of the cases in which ambiguity in a title is a merit rather than a disadvantage.

Finally, similar legends have grown around the terms for the publication of the two books. It has been repeatedly stated, on the strength of his letter to his father and mother, that Stevenson sold the book rights of "Treasure Island" for £100; and in a popular weekly it was recently said that Cassell's gave the author of "King Solomon's Mines" £50 for the copyright, and afterwards sent him a cheque for £1,000 as a gift. It is true that the amount paid down in this instance was £50, but it was in advance of royalty, and the periodical cheques sent to Sir Rider Haggard ever since, amounting in the aggregate to some thousands of pounds, have been in satisfaction of his legal rights.

"King Solomon's Mines" is published in several different forms. Thirteen others of Sir Rider Haggard's books appear in the Cassell List—"The Brethren," "The Ghost Kings," "Benita," "The Yellow God," "Morning Star," "Marie," "Child of Storm," "The Wanderer's Necklace," "The Ivory Child," "Love Eternal," "When the World Shook," "The Ancient Allan," and "The Virgin of the Sun."

The connexion between the House and Sir James Barrie came about through the *Speaker*, to which he was a frequent contributor. He was often present at the weekly conferences of the literary staff of that review, and was on the friendliest terms with Sir Wemyss Reid, and thus it was that several of his books were issued by Cassell's—"The Little Minister" in 1891, "Sentimental Tommy" in 1896, and "Tommy and Grizel" in 1900. Successful as they were, it cannot be doubted that the stage is a better medium for the expression of their author's freakish and whimsical genius than the novel.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's association with Cassell's was much closer and more protracted than Sir James



Photo: Pictorial Agency

H. G. WELLS

The New Novelists

Barrie's. The first book of his to appear in the List was "Dead Man's Rock," which was in the "Treasure Island" succession, and bore one of the best titles which even "Q." has hit upon. "I began as pupil and imitator of Stevenson," he has himself admitted, "and was lucky in my choice of a master." But with the appearance of "Troy Town," in the following year, it became clear that as a story-writer he had found in the life of the delectable Duchy his true theme. A long succession of other stories from his pen followed. "Q." was on the staff of the *Speaker* from the beginning until 1899, but in 1891 he left London for Fowey, and thenceforward his work in journalism and literature was done there. "Adventures in Criticism" was the happy title of a collection of his critical contributions to the *Speaker*. In the years when he read MSS. for the House his bright and witty reports, written in his singularly neat characters, formed a delightful break in the business at the weekly meetings of managers. The reports were never lacking in sympathy, and the writer of these lines often wished that they could have come to the knowledge of young authors whose writings showed promise although they were not good enough to gain acceptance.

Max Pemberton published through Cassell's his first great success, "The Iron Pirate," and the List contains as many as twelve other books of his. The House published, in the last decade of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth century, some of the ingenious mystery stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and E. W. Hornung, the romances of Maurice Hewlett, Stanley Weyman, and Anthony Hope, and the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Barry Pain. Novels, however, in spite of the presence in the List of the distinguished names that have been mentioned, were never one of the House's "leading lines," to use the trade slang, until Mr. Newman Flower became Chief Editor in 1913. Since then most of our foremost novelists have published through Cassell's. H. G. Wells came into the List in

The Story of the House of Cassell

1916 with what few will fail to regard as the best of war novels, "Mr. Britling Sees it Through." The House has also published several of this many-sided author's philosophical and social works.

Among other famous novelists who have entered the Cassell fold are—*place aux dames!*—Ethel M. Dell, the Baroness von Hutten, Baroness Orczy, Gertrude Page, May Sinclair, and Sheila Kaye-Smith; Arnold Bennett, "Bartimeus," E. F. Benson, J. D. Beresford, Algernon Blackwood, G. K. Chesterton, James Oliver Curwood, Warwick Deeping, Robert Hichens, Compton Mackenzie, W. B. Maxwell, Sax Rohmer, H. A. Vachell, and Hugh Walpole. The House also published Alfred Noyes's first novel, "Walking Shadows."

CHAPTER X

THE MACHINERY AT LA BELLE SAUVAGE

To few people is there fascination in machinery. Cogs and wheels, and whirling cylinders, are so much confusion and nerve-racking noise. The poetry of motion with its pulsating rhythm does not call to the heart of the majority. But it is the experience of the kindly chaperons who "show the works" to the visitors that the printing machines enchain the interest of all alike. There is a magnetism of attraction as one stands on the flying balcony overlooking the main machine-room. One inky leviathan in the well below is turning blank sheets into neatly printed pages, another is converting a mass of white into a bright-red section of what will be a sheet of coloured illustrations for *Little Folks*. In another part of this orderly medley of waving racks, revolving cylinders, and mysteriously disappearing rolls of paper, magazine sheets and other periodicals are tumbling out of the forest of rollers which represent the "rotary" that produces them from the blank paper, printed, stitched and counted, ready for the hungry trolley that whisks the piles away at top speed to the lift.

Yes! a marvellous advance from the early days of the Yard, when the coaching inn was first converted into a "Working Men's University." In the 'sixties Cassell's were proud of their machinery. Just on the left, where to-day the publishing department dispenses literature to the trade, and in the basement, where now is the paper store, the first lot of printing machinery was located—twenty-three machines, which were then considered to be the very acme of progress, the high-water mark of perfection. Dear old things, rumbling away at a most sedate speed—it was marvellous then; it is almost

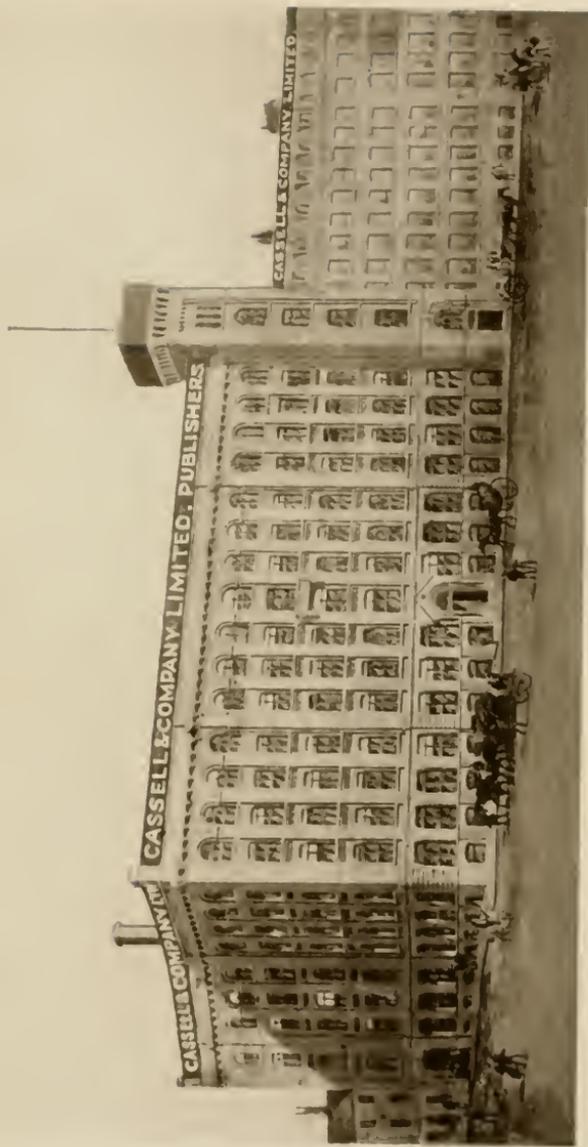
The Story of the House of Cassell

laughable now that that type of machinery has long been obsolete.

In those not forgotten but happily superseded days there were seventeen machines constantly running in No. 1 building. The best class of work was done on double platens built by Hopkinson and Cope, and by Brown and Kirkaldy. A practical printer would be interested to learn that the output of these machines was very limited—say, 500 per hour at each end—the sheets, of course, printed only on one side. They required very careful boys, both layers-on and takers-off—especially in the former case when “pointing” or perforating was being done. Undoubtedly, also, they were expensive to repair, as the crank working the platen was constantly getting out of order owing to the sudden jar of the impression.

An improved platen was invented by Messrs. Napier; the pressure being exerted by a pair of knuckle-joints. This machine was decidedly superior, but was eventually discarded owing to its limited capacity. Two Double Royal Napier machines were also in work. The large (quad royal) Anglo-French machine was at this time a general favourite, and turned out really good work. It was employed to print the *Quiver* and *Cassell's Magazine*. But the speed of these machines was only about 700 per hour, which compares somewhat unfavourably with the speedy cylinder machines and the improved rotaries of modern construction.

There was one machine (No. 7) by Dryden, a quad crown—which, to explain, indicates the size of paper it eats—continuously employed in printing the country newspapers. This machine was the quickest in the works, and ran at the speed of 1,700 per hour. There was little or no “making ready,” as high-class work was not looked for in a newspaper. No real rotary machine was then perfected; but a two-feeder by Middleton supplemented the work of No. 7. This, however, only turned out 2,000 per hour printed on one side, viz. 1,000 from each board.



FLEET LANE VIEW OF CASSELL AND COMPANY'S PREMISES

Installation of Linotype

It was, roughly, half a century ago that these many machines reigned in the dingy old corner of the Yard. After being lifted from the press, every printed book-sheet that was turned out was carried to the drying-room (the paper having been previously wetted), and after hanging on racks in a heated drying-room for several hours, removed to the warehouse, and sheet by sheet placed between glazed boards in the hydraulic press for several hours under a pressure of about two hundred tons in order that the impression marks might be taken out. This was, of course, a very considerable addition to the cost of printing. Under the present system it is entirely unnecessary.

In these days the various branches of the printing department are housed in the huge building which was reared in the 'seventies at the back of La Belle Sauvage Yard. The spacious, well-lighted composing-room is at the top, on the fifth floor. Not without reason it is called the conservatory in the summer, for the glass roof is apt to make the work trying when the sun-blinds are not drawn.

The composing frames of the case-room are arranged in a double row extending from one end of the building to the other, each set of frames being devoted to special kinds of work. This room contains about two hundred compositors. About the year 1900 the increasing number of publications of the firm necessitated the introduction of mechanical means of composition, and linotype machines were installed. Since then the installation has greatly increased, until at the present time eighteen linotype machines are constantly at work, some of them doing twenty-four hour turns. At this time of day it is hardly necessary to describe the linotype machine with its typewriter operating board, its harp-like type channels, and its pot of fuming molten metal, which is so rapidly converted into a line of type as to be welded into the solid line by a deft stroke before the metal hardens.

The Story of the House of Cassell

In some printing rooms the unwary has a time-honoured joke played on him. He is asked if he would like his name and address, and as the finished "line" is thrust out from the machine the operator gravely and with deliberation hands it to the confiding visitor, who finds it decidedly hot and drops it with more speed than dignity, to the delight of the operator, whose hands have become inured to the temperature of the "line." But the visitor to Cassell's may go *sans peur*, for their men are *sans reproche*; at least, their overseer would have us believe that gentle fiction.

The development of science has brought in yet other devices in the march of mechanical evolution. As well as the linotype, the monotype finds a home at the Yard. This last is a double machine—its brains in one room and its body in another. There is the keyboard as in the linotype, but it operates on a series of needles which have the seemingly purposeless mission of piercing a roll of paper with idly scattered perforations each no bigger than a pin-hole. As the worker is watched it is soon evident that there is a regularity and method in the stabbing process—and not a little scientific ingenuity, for when a complete roll is pin-holed to the bitter end it goes to the other room, and, as the "brain" should, "tells" the "body" what to do. If you happen to be there when the chief operator has a moment to spare, and he is in good stride, he will reel off, with a sincere desire to enlighten you, and in undeniable wealth of technicality, all about the monotype principle. Compressed air, he would say, is forced through each pin-hole, blowing molten metal into the matrix of the particular letter wanted. But of all the vicious machines—truly printers' devils—ever created, the caster, or body, of the monotype is one. It looks in a perpetual state of sustained spitefulness as, at lightning speed and with a noise that sounds like malice unrestrained, the centre of the machine darts hissingly here and there, conveying the mould to receive the modicum of molten metal necessary to make the required letter.

The Foundry

Unlike the linotype, the monotype delivers its type in separate letters—hence the name.

The same year which saw the linotype installed on the top floor saw the monotype make its home on the floor below. The monotype machine was introduced for the purpose of setting the numerous novels and magazines belonging to the House, the linotype being devoted more to the setting of weekly newspapers and serials. The monotype installation now consists of five keyboards and five casters. The result of the introduction of the linotype and monotype machines has been that the combined output of this department is over 80,000,000 words per annum.

There is still a fair amount of work which needs hand-setting, and the equipment of "cases" for "stick work" remains considerable.

After the copy has been set up, either by hand or by machine, it is passed on to the readers. In the early days of the firm the Reading Department occupied a suite of quiet rooms at the summit of a tower built at the top of the grand staircase, but the number of readers so increased that it became necessary to find accommodation for them elsewhere. They are now on the second floor, where they occupy two sides of the "well" around which the works are built. After the proofs have been read and corrected they are returned to the composing department and made into pages for printing straight from the type, or the type is sent to the stereotyping department to have facsimile plates cast from it, as is the case when more than one set of a particular job is required, or when the length of the "run"—i.e. the number to be printed—would wear out the type if the printing were done direct. The stereotyping department is distributed between the second and third floors.

The electrotyping department, which particularly caters for the illustrations, contains the most modern machinery required for this process, and the excellence of the electro plates produced may be judged from the illustrations

The Story of the House of Cassell

with which many of the works of the firm are lavishly embellished.

The stereotyping and electrotyping departments vie with each other for the distinction of being the most interesting in the House. What they achieve in strength of atmosphere, owing to the combined fumes of acids and gaseous emanations from boiling metals, needs a visit to understand, but it is worth the experiment. Machines, handled by deft workers, trim and cut stereo and electro plates like butter; illustrations are improved by hair-pointed chisels manipulated with feminine delicacy. Tiny hammers wielded by men who work with magnifying glasses remove excrescences invisible to the naked eye. Then, in the electro moulding rooms, shiny figures flit to and fro—for the plumbago clings to flesh and clothing and, in the flooding light of the casting-room, when a furnace door opens, produces weird Mephistophelean effects worthy of the Lyceum in Henry Irving's day. And so runs the tale of achievement; backing-up rooms stinging with chloride; electrotyping baths mysterious as a fathomless lake; a testing torture-chamber from which issue unscathed only blocks and plates that are perfect—such are a few of the million and one details that go to the making of an illustration.

After the type has been passed for press and thoroughly read by the readers, the formes are taken to the main machine-room in the basement. This floor space covers an area of 12,600 feet, and contains about forty large printing machines. It is lighted from the glass roof already referred to, some 60 or 70 feet above. The most striking peculiarity of this machine-room is that the looker-on sees a number of printing presses at work without being able to discover whence they derive their motion, no shafting or bands being visible, no confusion of ever-shifting belts. If he asks, he is told that each machine is driven by a properly protected electric motor directly coupled to its starting gear. The printing machines themselves are of various kinds, according to

The Paper Store

the nature of the work they have to perform, most of them, however, being adapted to the production of the high-class illustrations which characterize the publications of the House. In 1896 rotary machinery was introduced, and at the present time the majority of the magazines are printed on these machines. The rotaries are of various kinds and do a widely differing range of work, from the two-colour wrapper of the *Penny Magazine*, to printing, folding and cutting into 32-page sections the monthly pages of *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction* at the rate of 128,000 pages an hour.

It is a sort of backward sequence to go from printing machines to paper supply. Yet, as the interest is still gripped by the process of printing, the mind becomes conscious that every minute or two a trolley load of paper is run through the alley ways between the machines, coloured paper for covers and "jackets," toned paper for books, and piles upon piles of sheets glistening white in the light, coming to satisfy the appetite of the machines printing the serials which bear the imprint of the House. From the machine-room itself it is seen that the paper appears through wide swinging doors. Following the tram-lines out into the crypt-like subterranean corridor, one reaches the paper store. On the way, beneath the Yard itself, and also on the other side, the crypt is flanked by underground machine-rooms where busy rotaries sing out their ceaseless drone. But there is one gap, opening mostly to the sky, and with a hydraulic crane frowning above, whence some hundreds of reels of paper are lowered daily for feeding the rotaries, and cartload upon cartload of paper in the flat is conveyed to its temporary resting-place in the vast cellars which modestly figure in the language of the Yard as the white paper store.

All printed sheets are conveyed by electric lift to the warehouse on the floor above, where practically every sheet is carefully examined before being passed on to the stock room or sent to the binders. This remark,

The Story of the House of Cassell

obviously, does not apply to rotary work. There is also a lift constantly in motion between the machine-room and every other floor in the building, whereby a continuous supply of printed matter is flowing from the machine-room to the warehouse, and also to the binding department on the second floor.

After the sheets have been thoroughly scrutinized in the warehouse, those that are to be bound are conveyed to the binding department, where they are folded, stitched, and otherwise bound into the form in which they reach the public. The binding department is fitted throughout with the most up-to-date machinery for dealing with the class of work produced by the House, consisting of automatic gathering machines, vertical and horizontal book-covering machines, and patent trimming machines for cutting the edges of the bound books after they have been wire-stitched and the covers have been glued on.

An up-to-date bindery is an object lesson in progressive method. It is a revelation in the art of economized energy by the elimination of unnecessary steps for the workers and avoidable delays for the machine. To tell all there is of interest in this department would itself be a long recital, and we have dallied too long in watching wheels go round and describing how they do it.

One small detail only remains in this personally conducted tour, and it is the arrangements for the prevention of fire. The water supply for the whole building is derived from the New River Company. The water is stored in five wrought-iron tanks, containing altogether 80,000 gallons. There are on each floor, and on the roof, two fire cocks, and tons of water can instantly be thrown on any part of the building. Through the medium, too, of an extensive system of sprinklers in every room and warehouse, any fire could be localized with a tolerable certainty of speedy control. The means of exit are a stone public staircase at one corner of the building and a fire-proof workmen's staircase at another corner. There are



The Belle Sauvage.

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, 1921

Precautions Against Fire

five doors leading into La Belle Sauvage Yard and two into Fleet Lane, affording ample means of escape in case of fire. The passages are protected by iron doors, which are all shut at night; and in every department fire buckets are suspended and kept filled with water. A system of electric bell alarms is also installed throughout the building.

CHAPTER XI

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LA BELLE SAUVAGE

FROM early days the spirit of *camaraderie* has been strong at the Yard. It has manifested itself in many ways—in the formation of clubs, in the holding of festive gatherings, in the emulations of sport, in a rally of sympathetic colleagues when one of the band has had a stroke of bad fortune, and the like. The most ancient of the social functions was the annual wayzgoose. It had its origin in days so far back that it was the custom for the men's delegates to circularize the firm's customers—i.e. the booksellers—for subscriptions. Apparently that was a general practice in the printing trade, and at first it was not felt to be unbecoming. Presently, however, its unseemliness became apparent, and the House undertook to defray the expenses of the fixture; though in course of time this arrangement, in turn, was subjected to various modifications. "Once," records an old hand, "we went to Ramsgate, a daring project upwards of forty years ago, when the Chatham and Dover was the 'undertaker' so far as travelling was concerned. It was agreed that there was an intolerable deal of railway to the day's pleasure, and the experiment was voted 'no good.' Brighton was far more manageable, and was several times the venue, the Pavilion affording space enough to dine the largest company. The 'Star and Garter' entertained us at Richmond; and I can remember the situation when, through some unfortunate misunderstanding, the dinner was not ready at the appointed time. If 'one hungry man is an angry man,' as the proverb assures us, imagination quails

The Wayzgoose

at any attempt at realizing the united wrath of six hundred hungry men."

Gradually the beanfeast lost its popularity, and after 1894 was abandoned. It was successfully revived under the new management in 1909, when the venue was Hastings. Mr. Farlow Wilson, who had been the head and front of the function in the old days, was now present as the chief supporter of the new General Manager. A full sixty years had sped since he first became connected with the House, and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted showed that his popularity was unabated. The celebration was continued year by year, until the war came to put a stop to all such festivities. The scene of the last gathering was Dover; the time, July, 1914. There were great warships in the harbour, but no one had any inkling that they were so soon to be put into fighting trim. An inseparable accompaniment of the beanfeast was the appearance of the *Wayzgoose Gazette*, a lively sheet which left the reader in no doubt as to the literary superiority of the printing and reading departments to the authors and journalists who provided them with work.

For some years, in the 'nineties, there was also an annual staff dinner, but, like the wayzgoose, it fell through in the depressing days when the House was battling with adverse winds. This, too, was revived under the new management, as soon as the good ship had "rounded Cape Horn," but with a notable difference: the festivity was now graced by the presence of scores of lady members of the staff. When Sir Arthur Spurgeon came to La Belle Sauvage there was not a girl or woman on either the clerical or the editorial staff, but that state of things was soon changed, and now these staffs include considerably more than a hundred of the more ornamental sex. As in the old days, after the revival a paper, called the *Cassellite*, was produced for distribution at the dinner. It was not precisely a dull print, but in punning power it was always inferior to the *Wayzgoose Gazette*. At the

The Story of the House of Cassell

staff dinner there was invariably a good sprinkling of guests, including some of the authors whose books appeared in the Cassell list. It gathered popularity year by year until it, too, was interrupted by the war.

At these and other social gatherings the musical talent resident in the staff was always in evidence. For some years there existed a La Belle Sauvage Glee Party, which held no mean place among the Glee Parties of London. At one time it regularly gave Christmas concerts at Bethlem Hospital, which were greatly enjoyed by the unfortunate inmates of that old City foundation, and for some years it officiated as the choir at the Friday mid-day service at the journalists' church, St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

In past days cricket matches between teams representing different sections of the House were played. These friendly contests have ceased, but in 1920 Cassell's Athletic Football Club was started, and at once set about making fixtures for the following season. In 1908, when the late Lord Roberts was warning the nation that it might have to fight for its existence, a Rifle Club was established, with a range on the lofty roof of the works. It had a not undistinguished record, winning the Elkington Shield in 1910, and also the Printers' Rifle League Championship for 1912-13, and it continued to flourish until the war claimed its members for active service. The Belle Sauvage Swimming Club, founded in 1901, numbers in its ranks some of the best swimmers in London. It won the Team Swimming Championship of London open to the Printing and Allied Trades in 1908 and the following three years, and secured the honour again in 1921, so making a record. It also holds the 200 yards championship of the Printing Trades of London and the John Fry cup. There is, again, a Belle Sauvage Bowling Quartette which considers that it can give a good account of itself as occasion offers. The Chess and Draughts Club dates from 1912, and has a clubroom in Fleet Lane, where it matches its skill against that of clubs connected with other firms.

Provident and Pension Funds

The Belle Sauvage Freemasons' Lodge, which was consecrated in 1905, is a rallying ground for former as well as for present members of the staff.

Some notice may now be taken of the various funds for helping employees or their families when overtaken by death, or accident, or sickness. The Provident and Emergency Funds, to begin with, date from May, 1878, when Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. began to set aside for the benefit of their workpeople 5 per cent. of the profits remaining when 5 per cent. had been paid upon the capital employed in the business. When the firm was converted into a limited liability company this provision was continued, and from first to last hundreds of the employees have benefited from it. The scheme provides for payments, varying with the length of service, to the family of any employee who dies after ten years' service, and for similar amounts to those employees who, after ten years' service, become incapacitated by old age or by incurable disease. From the Emergency Fund small grants or loans are made in cases of sudden need.

In addition to these Funds, there are Pension Funds, created by the late Mr. Galpin, the family of the late Mr. Petter, and the late Mr. Robert Turner. Pensions are granted for varying short periods, the object being to help an employee who has fallen out of work, or a family that has lost its bread-winner, until other arrangements can be made. Finally, there is the Belle Sauvage Sick Fund. This derives its revenue mainly from the subscriptions of its members. When, however, a member dies there is a levy upon the survivors, and the sum thus realized may be augmented by a grant from the Provident Fund.

As a means of encouraging thrift, the House has made arrangements with the Provident Mutual Life Assurance Association by which employees can insure on either the whole life or the endowment system on advantageous terms. The premiums are paid in monthly instalments, and the usual agent's commission on the policies is divided among the assured.

The Story of the House of Cassell

Another advantage enjoyed by the employees is that of being able to obtain competent medical advice practically for nothing. Dr. Eric Bayley visits the works for this purpose once a week, and a fee of 6d. entitles every employee to his advice for three months. Dr. Bayley also supervises the sanitation at La Belle Sauvage. The works were constructed on the best sanitary principles at the outset, and there are few factories or offices anywhere which are so well lighted and ventilated and so free from sanitary defect, or in which there is a lower sickness-rate. The accident-rate, too, is one of the lowest in the City, partly because the machinery is so thoroughly fenced, and partly because of the absence of crowding. From this point of view the machine-room won the outspoken admiration of Japanese experts who inspected it not long ago.

Long service has for many years been traditional at La Belle Sauvage; and at the conclusion of the business of the shareholders' meeting in 1920 Sir Clarence Smith, on behalf of the Company, presented a gold watch or a silver tea service, at the choice of the recipient, to nine members of the staff who had been at the Yard for more than fifty years, among them Mr. W. H. Clarke, the head of the Stock Department. Twenty-five others, he mentioned, had over forty years' service to their credit.

The first War Savings Association organized in the City of London was started at La Belle Sauvage in 1916, and by September, 1921, over £17,500 had been paid in. In 1914, when it was feared that the war would lead to unemployment and distress, Cassell's Help Fund was started, with Lady Morris as Chairman, and contributions flowed in. The need for help proved to be less than had been anticipated, but there was no lack of deserving cases which benefited from its timely succour.

Of the members of the staff at La Belle Sauvage, 381 joined the King's Forces, while many others engaged in munition making and other work of national import-

The War Memorial

ance, some of them as an addition to their daily toil at the Yard. Those who returned were welcomed back by the General Manager, in presence of their colleagues, at a gathering at the Memorial Hall on May 22, 1919, when the announcement was made that in "Peace week" every member of the staff would receive double pay. The Father of the Printers' Chapel thanked the Directors for their gift and commented on the faithful fulfilment by the firm of the promise to reinstate all the soldier employees. A silent tribute was paid to the memory of the men who had perished, thirty-two in number. Of them a chaste mural memorial, provided by the Directors and staff, from the design of Mr. Sydney Tatchell, F.R.I.B.A., is to be seen on the eastern side of the Yard. Within a frame of laurel in cast bronze are engraved, in plain Roman lettering, the names of the men who fell, and below is the quotation, "Their name liveth for evermore." The memorial was unveiled by the Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Cooper, on March 1, 1920, in the presence of the staff and the relatives of those whose places at the Yard know them no more. Sir Arthur Spurgeon read out the names of the men who had won distinction in the war, and announced that in order that those who had fallen might be held in everlasting remembrance, a laurel wreath would be affixed to the tablet on each recurring anniversary of the signing of peace in all the years to come.

The community spirit revealed on such occasions has always permeated *La Belle Sauvage*, where the traditions of John Cassell are warmly cherished and the name of the House is a source of pride to all its inhabitants. Cassell was a pioneer, always reaching on to new enterprises. He set a hard pace for his successors. They have followed it, subject, of course, to the variations and limitations that beset every mundane undertaking, with consistent success. Never was the adventurous and eager spirit of John Cassell more predominant in the House than now. It was Cassell's chief merit as a business man that he not

The Story of the House of Cassell

only saw the needs of his time, but had a quick perception of their changes. Seventy years later the House of Cassell is similarly alive to literary and artistic tendencies, and adapts its methods to them without one whit abating its inherited interest in the solid and substantial educational work of its founder.

INDEX

- ABBOTT, MARY, marries John Cassell, 12
 Acton, Lord, contributes to *Speaker*, 155
 Addison on London signs, 21
 "Africa and its Explorers, Story of," 168
 Alexander, Dr. (afterwards Archbishop of Armagh), 196
 Allon, Rev. Henry, 123
 "Altar of the Household," 32, 196
 "Amateur Mechanic, The," 195
 America, electioneering in, 50
 visited by John Cassell, 45, 48
 American journalism, 50
 pirate publishers, 52
 Anti-slavery agitation, 45 *et seq.*
 Archer, Thomas, and *Boy's Newspaper*, 154
 Arnold, Sir Arthur, edits *Echo*, 147, 148, 150
 Arnold-Forster, Rt. Hon. H. O., becomes secretary of Cassell's, 67, 77
 Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, 79
 in charge of Educational Department, 77, 202
 member of Council, London Chamber of Commerce, 79
 private secretary to W. E. Forster, 77
 success of his "Citizen Reader," 77
 "Artistic Anatomy" 202
 Astronomical works, 193 *et seq.*
 Atherton, Mrs. Gertrude, 118
 Austin, L. F., and *Speaker*, 155
 Australasia, Cassell outposts in, 95
 "Australasia, Picturesque," 168
 Avery, Alfred H., 196
 Ayrton, Professor, and "Practical Electricity," 195
 BAHN, A. W., 202
 Baker, Dr. Ernest A., edits "New English Dictionary," 165
 Baker, Rev. W. R., and John Cassell, 8
 Bale, Edwin, and Sir John Millais, 111
 as peacemaker, 138
 becomes art director, 72, 99, 104
 reminiscences of W. E. Henley, 99
 Ball, Sir Robert, 142, 193, 195
 Ball, W. Valentine, 194
 Ballantyne, Dr., 188
 Bancroft, Mrs., 135
 Barker, T. H., and John Cassell, 10
 Barr, Matthias, 144
 Barrie, Sir James, and Cassell's, 69, 218
 contributes to *Speaker*, 155, 218
 Barry, Dr. William, 155
 "Bartimeus," 220
 "Bashkirtseff, Marie, Journal of," 183
 "Battles of the Nineteenth Century," 142, 172
 Bayley, Dr. Eric, 233
 Bayliss, Sir Wyke, 97
 Bayne, Charles S., edits *Little Folks*, 128
 Beard, J. R., 25
 Beattie, Prof. Martin, 186
 Beecher, Henry Ward, entertains John Cassell, 46
 Begbie, Harold, 124
 Beisen, Kubuta, 179
 Bell, Clara, 168
 Bell Savage Inn, story of, 19 *et seq.*
 Benham, W. Gurney, and "Book of Quotations," 166, 167
 Benjamin-Constant, M., 100
 Bennett, Arnold, 220
 and the "National Library," 161
 Bennett, W. C., 144
 Benson, E. F., 124, 220

Index

- Beresford, J. D., 220
 Berry, J. Gomer, 95
 Berry, Sir William, Bart., 95
 Besant, Sir Walter, 198
 Bexhill Home established by *Little Folks* readers, 127
 "Beyond the Blue Mountains," 128
 Bible, Cassell's Illustrated, 32 *et seq.*, 196
 Bible Commentaries, 72, 200
 "Bible Dictionary, Concise," 165
 "Bible Educator," 29, 72, 196
 Binney, Rev. Thomas, 123
 Biographies, 180 *et seq.*
 Birch, Dr. Samuel, and Ebers' "Egypt," 168
 Birrell, Augustine, 155
 Bismarck, Lowe's biography of, 181
 Black-and-white work, 113
 "Black Arrow, The," 213
 "Black Watch, History of the," 183
 Black, William, contributes to *Echo*, 150
 Reid's Life of, 69
 Blackburn, Henry, 97
 Blackwood, Algernon, 220
 Bland-Sutton, Sir John, 187
 Blind, Mathilde, translates "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," 183
 Bonney, Professor, and his works, 169, 190
 Book-advertising, a new style developed, 84
 "Book of Health, The," 188
 Boot, W. H. J., 97, 107, 112
 Boothby, Guy, 118
 Borthwick, Peter, and the newspaper advertisement duty, 43
 Bottomley, Mr. (*see* Firth)
 Boulger, Professor, 192
 Boyle, Robert Whelan, 16
Boy's Newspaper, 126, 154
 "Brethren, The," 218
 Brewer, Dr. Cobham, compiles "Phrase and Fable," 166
 Bright, John, a characteristic note, 41
 and the "National Library," 161
 and the taxes on knowledge, 43
 visits Janet Hamilton, 16
 "British Battles on Land and Sea," 172
 "British Isles, The," 170
 British Red Cross manuals, 187
 "Britling, Mr., Sees it Through," 220
 Brougham, Lord, and John Cassell, 30, 35 *et seq.*
 correspondence with Cassell, 38, 39
 founds Mechanics' Institutes, 7, 35
 Brown, Robert, of Campster, 144, 168
 his distinguished career, 188
 his sudden death, 190
 Browne, Phyllis, 203
 Brownrigg, Sir Douglas, 204
 Bruce, Dr. Mitchell, 187
 Brunner, Sir John, proprietor of *Speaker*, 155
 Bryce, James (Viscount), 155
 Buckley, Arabella (Mrs. Fisher), 202
 Bülow, von, his "Imperial Germany" translated and published, 204
 Burnaby, Colonel, how his "Ride to Khiva" came to be written, 178
 Burnham, Lord, presides at Press luncheon to Sir Arthur Spurgeon, 92
 Butler, Arthur John, chief editor, 74
 D. H. Parry and, 141
 CÆSAR, Napoleon the Third's Life of, 55-6
 Caldecott, Randolph, 97
 Cameron, John, illustrates "Treasure Island," 212
 Cameron, Prof. Charles, 195
 Campbell, Lady Archibald, 135
 Canada's literary future, 90
 Cantile, Sir James, 187
 Carlisle, Earls of, 16, 99
Carmania steams to rescue of *Volturno*, 91
 "Carmen Sylva," 135
 Carnegie, Andrew, and *Echo*, 153
 Carpenter, Rev. Boyd, 71
 Carr, Comyns, 99
 Cassell and Company, formation of, 67, 85 (*see also* Cassell's [*infra*], *La Belle Sauvage*)
 Cassell, John, 3 *et seq.*
 a pioneer of petroleum, 57

Index

- Cassell, John, agent of National Temperance Society, 9 *et seq.*
 and a fugitive slave, 46 *et seq.*
 and Kossuth, 17
 and Lord Brougham, 30, 35 *et seq.*
 arrives in London, 7
 as factory hand, 4
 as host, 12
 as tea and coffee merchant, 13
 attends Liverpool Congress of British Association, 37
 becomes a carpenter, 5
 becomes printer and publisher 13 *et seq.*
 business difficulties, 31
 buys Cathrell's plant, 17
 compliments from Cobden and Earl of Carlisle, 16
 education and self-education, 4, 7
 enters into partnership, 32, 54
 fights "taxes on knowledge," 43 *et seq.*
 his father, 3, 4
 his room at the Yard, 30
 his teetotalism, 3, 6, 59
 illness and death, 58
 invents title for *Quiver*, 120
 marries Mary Abbott, 12
 meets J. B. Gough, 53
 meets Lord John and Lady Russell, 37
 mission to Ireland and Scotland, 44, 58
 missionary temperance tour, 7 *et seq.*
 on American electioneering, 50
 repurchases copyright of "Popular Educator," etc., 32
 visits America, 45, 48
- Cassell, Mark, father of John Cassell, 3, 4
- Cassell, Mrs. John, 12, 33
- Cassell, Mrs. Mark, 4
- Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. becomes a limited liability company, 67, 85
- Cassell, William, 3
- Cassell's, a Rifle Club established, 233
 and the Great War, 234
 art department, 104 *et seq.*
 binding department, 228
 composing-room, 223
 development overseas, 95
 expansion, 88
 found *Echo*, 147 *et seq.*
- Cassell's, instal Miehle machines, 110
 long service records, 234
 loyalty of the staff, 88, 93
 machine rooms and machinery, 221, 226, 227, 234
 magazines and periodicals, 114 *et seq.*
 paper store, 227
 precautions against fire, 228
 reading department, 225
 R. L. S. and, 207 *et seq.*
 the foundry, 225-6
- Cassell's General Press, 156
- Cassell's Help Fund, 234
- "Cassell's Library," 25
- Cassell's Magazine*, 114 *et seq.*
 editors of, 115 *et seq.*
 title changed, 117, 118, 119
- Cassell's Magazine of Fiction*, 119
- "Cassell's National Library," 160
- Cassell's Provident, Emergency, and Pension Funds, 233
- Castle, Agnes and Egerton, 118
- "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales," 169
- Cathrell, William, 14, 17
- "Catriona," 215
- "Century Shakespeare," 158
- Chambers, Robert, 118
- "Channings, The," 121
- Chenery, Mr., editor of *Times*, 181
- Chester, Bishop of, 38
- Chesterton, G. K., 220
- "Chinese Pottery and Porcelain," 202
- Choyce, C. C., 186
- Christ, Lives of (Farrar's and Geikie's), 196, 199
- Christian, Princess, Patron of Order for Honourable Service, 122
- Chums*, and its editors, 130, 131, 132
 story of its origin, 129
- "Church of England, History of," 175
- Church, Professor A. H., 97, 195
- "Cities of the World," 168, 181
- "Citizen Reader," 77, 202
- Clark, John Willis, 71, 123
- Clarke, Charles and Mary Cowden, 158
- Clarke, Saville, assistant editor to Rev. H. R. Haweis, 115
- Clarke, W. H., 234
- Clifford, Dr. John, 124

Index

- Clowes, Sir W. Laird, and the "National Library," 160
- Cobbe, Frances Power, and Little Folks Humane Society, 127 as leader-writer, 151
- Cobden, Richard, and Kossuth, 17 and the taxes on knowledge, 43 congratulates John Cassell, 16 defeat at Huddersfield, 40 his death, 58 supports temperance movement, 10, 40
- Cole, Alan, 97
- Collier, Hon. John, 202
- Collins, Wilkie, 116, 144
- Colour photography, 111
- Colvin, Sir Sidney, 99
- "Concise Bible Dictionary," 165
- "Conquests of the Cross," 180
- Conway, Moncure D., his "Autobiography," 184 offered editorship of *Echo*, 147
- Cook, Theodore Andrea, 201
- Cookery books, 203
- Cooper, Peter, meets John Cassell, 51
- Cooper, Sir Edward, unveils memorial to Cassellites, 235
- Corke, H. Essenhigh, 111, 192
- "Countries of the World," 168, 189
- Craik, Mrs., Oscar Wilde's tribute to, 135 views on Women's Suffrage, 139
- Crawford, Dr. Raymond, 187
- Craythorne, John, bequest to Cutlers' Company, 22
- Creighton, Mandell, 99
- Crockett, S. R., 118
- Crompton, Mr., and John Cassell, 31
- Cross, F. J., and an ex-prisoner, 28 and Richard Kearton, 192-3 in charge of publicity department, 84
- Crossland, Thomas, Cobden and, 41
- Crowest, F. J., 143
- Cruikshank, George, and John Cassell, 12 illustrates "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 46
- Cumming, Rev. John, 123
- Curwood, James Oliver, 220
- Cutlers' Company and La Belle Sauvage, 22
- Czernin's "In the World War," 204
- "DAWN of Astronomy," Lockyer's, 194
- Dawson of Penn, Lord, 187
- Day, Lewis F., 97, 98
- "Dead Man's Rock," 219
- Deeping, Warwick, 220
- Delamotte, Professor, 195
- Delius, Professor, 158
- Dell, Ethel M., 220
- Derby, Lord, 44
- Dictionaries and their makers, 164 *et seq.*
- "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," 166
- Diósy, Arthur, 179
- "Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus," 183
- Dobson, Austin, 99
- "Dog, New Book of the," 146
- Doré Bible, 55, 196
- Doré, Gustave, 54
- Dow, James, and "Treasure Island," 208 services of, acknowledged by Stevenson, 214
- Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan, 219
- Dreyer, Professor, 187
- Duff, Mr., partnership with Petter, 63
- Du Maurier, George, 106
- Duncan, Dr. Martin, edits "Cassell's Natural History," 190
- Duval, Professor, 202
- "EARLY Days of Christianity," 197
- "Earth and its Story, The," 189
- "Earth's Beginning, The," 194
- East, Sir Alfred, 107, 202
- Echo*, a woman leader-writer, 151 circulation during Franco-Prussian War, 149 its origin and history, 147 *et seq.*
- Educational literature, growth of, 25 *et seq.*
- Edward VII, King, Sir Arthur Spurgeon on, 91
- Edwards, Passmore, and the taxes on knowledge, 43 purchases *Echo*, 153
- "Egypt: Descriptive, Historical and Picturesque," 168
- "Electrical Engineering," 158, 196
- "Electricity in the Service of Man," 195

Index

- "Electricity, Practical," 195
 Ellicott, Bishop, 72, 200
 Ells, Edward S., 203
 Emerson, George Rose, 143
 "Encyclopædic Dictionary," 164
 "England and Wales, Pictorial," 170
 "England, Illustrated History of," 33 *et seq.*, 170
 "English Literature, First Sketch of," 160, 161
 "English Writers," 162
 Engraving and process work, 106 *et seq.*
 "Eugénie, Empress, Recollections of," 185
 "Europe, Modern, History of," 175
 "Europe, Picturesque," 68
 Evans, Edward, introduces wood-block printing, 109
 "Everyday Japan," 180
 "Eyes and No Eyes," 202
- FAIRBAIN, PRINCIPAL, 155**
 "Familiar Wild Flowers," 192
 "Family Bible, Illustrated," 32, 44, 196
Fair Paper, Illustrated, 29
 title changed, 114
 Farmer, John, 203
 Farrar, Archdeacon, 29, 123
 commissioned to write "Life of Christ," 197
 on "sweating publishers," 197 *et seq.*
 Fenn, George Manville, 143
 a letter from Thomas Hardy, 159
 and *Chums*, 132
 edits *Cassell's Magazine*, 115
 Fenn, W. W., 97, 98
 Ferguson, Dr. Robert, 25
 Fiction, prizes for, 30
 Fildes, Sir Luke, 106
 Filon, Augustin, his "Recollections of the Empress Eugénie," 185
 "First Sketch of English Literature," 160, 161
 Firth (Bottomley), Mr., 150
 Fish, Arthur, 100
 reminiscences of Oscar Wilde, 134
 Fitzgerald, Percy, 97
 Fleming, George, 135
- Fletcher, A. E., 171
 Floriculture, works on, 191
 Flower, Newman, 94, 134
 becomes chief editor and literary director, 94, 219
 his advent to the Yard, 93, 133
 joins the Board, 94
 "Footnote to History," 216
 Forbes, Archibald, 142, 172
 his "Life of William of Germany" and "History of the Black Watch," 183
 Forrest, Sir George, 185
 Forster, Rt. Hon. W. E., and Cassell's, 67
 Foster, Ernest, and "Living London," 169
 edits—*Chums*, 131; *Little Folks*, 126; *Saturday Journal*, 142
 Fowler, Ellen Thornycroft, 123
 Fowler, Sir Henry (Viscount Wolverhampton), 68
 Francis, John, and the taxes on knowledge, 43, 44
 Franco-Prussian War, the, and circulation of *Echo*, 149
 "History of," 171
 Fraser, Sir John Foster, 178
 works of, published by Cassell's, 179
 French, John, 19
 Friswell, George, 106
 Friswell, James Haln, 96
 Frost, Thomas, 96
 on John Cassell, 30
 recollections of the Yard, 23
 Fulton, Robert, 191
 Furnivall, Dr., and "Leopold" Shakespeare, 158
 Fyffe, Charles Alan, his "History of Modern Europe," 175
- GALE, F. HOLDERNESS, 117, 118**
 and Foster Fraser, 179
 resignation and death, 119
 Galpin, Sidney C., 100
 Galpin, Thomas Dixon, 64, 67
 and Archdeacon Farrar, 198
 John Cassell and, 31
 resigns active work, 68
 "Garden of Swords. The," 119
 Gardner, Charles, and Charles E., 95
 Gelke, Dr. Cunningham, 199

Index

- Gell, P. Lyttelton, 77
 on how "Treasure Island" came
 to La Belle Sauvage, 207
- George, Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd, a
 complimentary dinner, 92
 tribute to "Popular Educator,"
 27, 93
- "Giant's Gate," 119
- Gibbons, Grinling, his house in the
 Yard, 22
- Gibbs, Sir Philip, 77
- Gibson, Milner, and the taxes on
 knowledge, 43, 44
- Gift, Theo., 116
- Gilbert, Sir John, 106
- Ginsburg, Dr., 29
- Gladstone, W. E., 38
 abolishes paper duty, 45
 and Sir R. Ball's "Starland,"
 194
 contributes to *Speaker*, 155
 "Lives" of, 180
- "Gleanings from Popular Authors,"
 159
- Golding, E. J., appointed secre-
 tary, 94
- Gore, J. E., 123
- Gorrie, Daniel, 75, 143
- Gosse, Edmund, and "Treasure
 Island," 208
 preface to "Pentland" Steven-
 son, 217
- Gough, J. B., Cassell and, 53
- Gould, Sir Alfred Pearce, 187
- "Governor's Guide to Windsor
 Castle, The," 203
- Graham, Stephen, 179
- Grant, Albert ("Baron"), pur-
 chases *Echo*, 153
- Grant, James, and his works, 172
- "Graven in the Rock," 201
- Great Exhibition of 1851, the, 17,
 23
- Great War, the, books on, 204 *et seq.*
 loyalty of Cassell's staff, 88
 Mr. *Punch's* History of, 205
 number of employees joining the
 Forces, 234
- "Greater London," 169
- Greeley, Horace, meets John Cas-
 sell, 50
- Green, S. G., 29
- Griffin, Prof. Hall, a tribute to
 Henry Morley, 163
- Griffiths, Major Arthur, 142, 172
 autobiography of, 184
- Grindrod, Dr., 6
- Groom, Professor, 192
- HAGGARD, SIR RIDER, 118, 124
 "King Solomon's Mines" and
 other works, 217, 218
- Haldane, Viscount, 204
- Halsbury, Earl of, 39
- Hamer, John, as editor, 155
 his interest in the National
 Library, 81, 160
 publishing manager, 75, 81, 142,
 154
 retirement and death, 82
- Hamer, S. H., 142, 167
 edits *Little Folks*, 126
- Hamilton, Janet, 16
- Hanshaw, T. W., 119
- Hardy, Norman, 180
- Hardy, Thomas, and "Gleanings
 from Popular Authors," 159
- Harrison, Charles, recollections of
 the Yard, 143
 reminiscences of Manville Fenn,
 117
- Hasluck, P. N., and "Work Hand-
 books," 141
- Haweis, Rev. H. R., 150
 edits *Cassell's Magazine*, 115
 his public activities, 115
- Hayashi, Count, 180
- Haydon, Walter, head of publicity
 department, 94
- Headlam, J. W., 204
- "Health, The Book of," 188
- "Heavens, Story of the," 194
- Henderson, James, 171
 and "Treasure Island," 207, 208
- Henley, W. E., edits *Magazine of
 Art*, 96, 99
 introduces—"Treasure Island,"
 207; "King Solomon's Mines,"
 217
 Oscar Wilde on, 137
 Stevenson moulds a character
 from, 211
- Henty, G. A., 172
- Hepworth, T. C., 195
- Herbert, Captain W. V., 172
- Heritage, Lizzie, 203
- Herkomer, Sir Hubert, 106
 contributes to *Magazine of Art*,
 100
 designs poster for *Magazine of
 Art*, 97

Index

- Hewlett, Maurice, 219
 Hichens, Robert, 220
 Hill, Davenport, 30
 Hudenburg, von, his biographical work, 185, 204
 Hird, B. Whitworth, and General Press, 156
 Hirst, F. W., 180
 Hislop, Stephen, 165
 Historical works, 170 *et seq.*
 History—of England, Illustrated, 33 *et seq.*, 170; of Modern Europe, 175; of Our Own Times, 80; of the Russo-Turkish War, 171; of the United States, 171; of the War between France and Germany, 171
 Hobson, R. L., 202
 Hodder, Edwin—"Cities of the World," 181; "Conquests of the Cross," 180; "Life of Lord Shaftesbury," 66
 Hodges, Sydney, 97
 Hodgson, J. T., 100
 Holliday, Henry, 97
 "Holy Land and the Bible," 199
 Holyoake, G. J., and taxes on knowledge, 43
 Hooker, Sir William, 165
 Hope, Anthony, 219
 Hopkins, Tighe, 118
 Hornung, E. W., 219
 and "Raffles," 118
 Horton, Dr. R. F., 124
 Hospital Saturday Fund, 83
 Houghton, A. B., 106
 Howard, George (Earl of Carlisle), 99
 Howitt, Mr. and Mrs., 12, 96
 Howitt, William, continues "History of England," 33
 Hulme, Professor, 191
 Hume, Joseph, 43
 Humphreys, Arthur, 10
 "Hundred Days, The," 119
 Hunt, Rev. Dr. Bonavia, and *Quiver*, 71, 118, 123, 142
 edits *Cassell's Magazine*, 117
 invents title of *Little Folks*, 124
 on John Willis Clark, 71
 Hunter, Dr. William, 187
 recollections of John Cassell, 58
 Hunter, Rev. Robert, 164, 165
 Hutchings, W. W., and "English Writers," 162
 Hutchings, W. W., author of "London Town, Past and Present," 169
 on W. E. Henley, 217
 reminiscences of John Williams, 73
 Hutchinson, Dr. Woods, 188
 Hutchinson, Sir Jonathan, 187
 Hutchison, Dr. Robert, 187
 Hutten, Baroness von, 220
 "ILLUSTRATED Book of Poultry," 191
Illustrated Exhibitor, 17, 96
 "Illustrated Family Bible," 32, 196
 and cost of paper duty, 44
 its world-wide reputation, 32
Illustrated Family Paper, 29
 purchased by Petter and Galpin, 31
 title changed to *Cassell's Magazine*, 114
 Illustration, forty years of, 96 *et seq.*
 "Imperial Germany," 204
 Inch, Captain, of *Vollturno*, 92, 93
 Ingram, Herbert, and newspaper advertisement tax, 43
 Innes, Arthur D., becomes Editor-in-Chief, 76
 Ireland, Cassell visits, 44, 58
 "Iron Pirate," 130, 219
 Irvine, A. Bain, and the Waverley Book Company, 205, 206
 "Island Nights' Entertainments," 216
 Ives, Mr., and the three-colour process, 109
 JACKSON, PHIPPS, 97
 James, Henry, 155
 Japanese visitors to the Yard, 234
 Japp, Dr., and "Treasure Island," 210
 Jefferies, Richard, 99
 Jeffery, Henry, 65, 80; taken into partnership, 67, 81
 Jellicoe, Viscount, 204
 Jeune, Lady, 135
 Jones, Bernard E., 89
 and "Amateur Mechanic," 195
 edits *Work*, 141

Index

- Jones, Sir Robert, 187
 "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," 183
 Journalism, American, Cassell on, 50
 Joyce, T. Athol, 180
- KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA, 220
 Kearton, Cherry, 192, 193
 Kearton, Richard, 111, 142 as lecturer, 193 joins the staff, 192
 Keith, Prof. Sir Arthur, 187
 Kennedy, John, 25
 Kent, W. and Co., buy stock and copyright of "Popular Educator," etc., 31
 Keppell, Francis H., 30
 "Kidnapped," and how planned, 213
 "Kim," 118
 "King Solomon's Mines," 217
 Kingsford, Dr. Anna, and *Woman's World*, 139
 Kingston, W. H. G., 144
 Kinns, Dr. Samuel, 200
 Kipling, Rudyard, publication of "Kim," 118
 Klinkicht, Mr., 105
 Knight, Charles, originates first *Penny Magazine*, 132
 Knight, E. H., 172
 Knollys, Col. W. W., 142, 172
 Knowledge, taxes on, 43 *et seq.*
 Kossuth, Louis, John Cassell and, 17
- LA BELLE SAUVAGE, 19 *et seq.*
 as coaching centre, 23
 editors-in-chief, 71 *et seq.*
 Freemasons' Lodge, 233
 memorial to fallen unvelled, 235
 notable personalities on staff, 76 *et seq.*
 old-time plays in the Yard, 22
 Sick Fund, 233
 social side, 230 *et seq.*
 swimming club, 232
 war savings association, 234
 Lambarde, William, 20
 Lancashire, labour conditions in early nineteenth century, 4
 Land, birth and death of, 155
 "Landscape Painting in Water Colours," 202
 Lang, Andrew, 99
 Langford, John Alfred, 16
 Lawrence, Pethick, and *Echo*, 153
 Lawrence, Sir Joseph, 92
 Lawson, Hon. Harry (*see* Burnham, Lord)
 Lawson Robb, publicity manager, 94
 "Leader Scott," 97
 Leathes, Stanley, 29
 Lee, Sir Sidney, 59
 Le Fanu, Sheridan, 144
 Le Gallienne, Richard, 155
 Leighton, Robert, 145
 "Leopold" Shakespeare, 158
 Le Queux, William, 118
 Leslie, Henry, 111
 Levy, Amy, 135
 Levy, Mr., and half-tone process, 108
 Lewer, S. H., 82, 191
 "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," 171
 "Life and Words of Christ," Geikie's, 199
 "Life of Christ," Farrar's, 196
 "Life of Julius Cæsar," 55-6
 "Life of Lives," Farrar's, 199
 "Life of St. Paul," Farrar's, 197
 Linotypes installed at La Belle Sauvage, 223
 Linton, William, 98
 "Lion" Sermon, the, and a newspaper paragraph, 66
 Lithography superseded by three-colour process, 108
Little Folks, Bonavia Hunt and, 124 its editors, 124 *et seq.*
 Little Folks Humane Society, 127
 Little Folks Nature Club, 128
 Little Folks Ward and Home Scheme, 126
 "Little Minister, The," 218
Live Stock Journal, 66, 82, 154, 191
 Lives of W. E. Gladstone, 80
 Livesey, Joseph, a teetotal campaign, 5-6
 Cobden and, 10
 "Living London," 169
 Lloyd, Arthur, 180
 "Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary," 165
 Lockyer, Sir Norman, 194
 Loftus, Lord Augustus, 183

Index

- "London Town, Past and Present," 169
Lorne, Marquis of, 203
Lovell, John, 115
Low, Sir Sidney, 76
Lowe, Charles, and his biography of Bismarck, 181 *et seq.*
Lowe, Robert (Lord Sherbrooke), and "Popular Educator," 27
Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Avebury), 141
Lucy, Sir Henry, "Diaries" of, 176
Luff, Dr., 187
Lunn, Sir Henry, 179
Lyall, David, 124
- McAll, Rev. Dr., 4
McCarthy, Justin, Cassell's and, 80
Macdonald, Mr., manager of *Times*, 181
Macdonell, John, and *Echo*, 150
Macfall, Major Haldane, 205
Machinery at La Belle Sauvage, the, 221 *et seq.*
Mackenzie, Compton, 220
Macmillan, Rev. Hugh, 123
Macquoid, Percy, 97
MacWhirter, John, 107
 works on drawing and painting, 202
Magazine of Art, and its editors, 96 *et seq.*
 Stevenson's contributions to, 100 (*note*)
Magazines and periodicals, 114 *et seq.*
Magnus, Sir Philip, 195
Maguire, Rev. R., and "Illustrated Family Bible," 32
Mann, J. S., 155, 173
 and "Social England," 173
Manson, J. A., 143
 and Dr. Furnivall, 158
 and W. Gurney Benham, 166
 editor-in-chief, 74 *et seq.*, 203
 his death, 76
Manson, Sir Patrick, 187
Marconi, Signor, 92
Massingham, H. W., 155
"Master of Ballantrae, The," 215
Matéaux, Clara, and *Little Folks*, 124, 126, 143
Mather, Professor, joint-author of "Practical Electricity," 196
Maurice, Sir Frederick, 204
Maxwell, W. B., 220
- Meade, Mrs. L. T., 203
 her "Beyond the Blue Mountains," 128
Medical works, 185 *e seq.*
"Mediterranean, Picturesque," 107, 168
Meisenbach's process, 106
Melbourne branch, and its managers, 95
Mellor, W. H., head of production department, 94
Meredith, John, and John Cassell, 8
Meredith, Mr., assistant to John Hamer, 81
Meteyard, Miss ("Silverpen"), 96
Meynell, Mrs., 97
Meynell, Wilfrid ("John Oldcastle"), 97
Miall, Edward, and the newspaper advertisement duty, 43
Miche printing machines, 110
Millais, Sir John, 97, 100
 frontispiece for "Little Songs for Me to Sing," 111
Millard, Mr., first editor of *Magazine of Art*, 96
Milne, D. G., becomes printing manager, 94
Milner, Lord, and R. L. Stevenson, 207
"Modern Europe, History of," 175
Molesworth, Mrs., 126
Monotype machines installed, 224
Montefiore, Leonard, 97
Moores, Major General Guise, 187
Morley, Prof. Henry, 159 *et seq.*
 career of, 159
 edits "National Library" 160
 his "First Sketch of English Literature," 160, 161
 last letter, 162
 to his "English Writers," 162
Morris, Lady, 234
Morris, Prof. E. E., 168
Morris, Sir Henry, 187
Morris, Sir Malcolm, medical editor, 81, 86, 185
 his works on "The Nation's Health" and "The Story of English Public Health," 188
"Moses and Geology," 201
Muckley, Fairfax, 202
Muchlon, Dr., 204
Mundella, Rt. Hon. A. J., 68
 and postage for printed matter, 150

Index

- Murphy, Sir Shirley, 188
 "Music, History of," 175
 "Mysteries of Police and Crime," 185
- NAPOLEON III visits the Yard, 55
 "National Gallery, The," 201
 "National Library, Cassell's," 81, 160
 Arnold Bennett's reference to, 161
 John Bright and, 161
 success of, 161
 National Temperance Society, 9
 "Nation's Health," 188
 "Nation's Pictures," 110
 "Natural History, Cassell's," 190
 Naumann, Emil, 175
 Nevill, Lady Dorothy, 135
 "New Book of the Dog," 146
 "New Far East," 179
New Magazine, 140
 New York, John Cassell in, 45, 48
 Newman, Sir George, 187
 Newspaper advertisement duty, campaign against, 43
 Newspaper stamp duty, 43
 Nicholson, E. W. B., 175
 North, J. W., 100, 106
 "Notable Shipwrecks," 145
 Noyes, Alfred, 220
 Nursing and Hygiene, books on, 187, 203
 Nuttall, Mrs. G. Clarke, 192
- O'BRIEN, BARRY, 155
 "Old and New London," 20, 169
 Ollier, Edmund, 144, 170
 his memoir of Gustave Doré, 171
 historical works, 171
 Orczy, Baroness, 124, 220
 Order for Honourable Service (*Quiver*), 122
 Osbourne, Lloyd, 209, 210
 and the "Pentland" Stevenson, 217
 collaborates with R. L. S., 216
 O'Shea, John Augustus, 142
 "Ouida," 135
 "Our Great City," 202
 "Our Homes and How to Make them Healthy," 188
 "Our Own Country," 169
- "Our Own Times, History of," 80
 "Our Planet, Story of," 190
 Ouseley, Rev. Sir F. A. Gore, 175
 "Outline of History," 175
 Owen, Sir Richard, 165
- PACKET-TEA merchant, Cassell as, 13
 Page, Dr., American Ambassador, 93
 Page, Gertrude, 124, 220
 Paget, Wal, illustrates "Treasure Island," 212
 Pain, Barry, 155, 219
 Paper duty, abolished, 45
 agitation against, 43 *et seq.*
 Pare, Mr., 63, 64
 Paris International Exhibition, 96
 Parker, J. P., reminiscences, 7
 Parnell, Charles Stewart, Life of, 185
 Parry, D. H., 130, 172
 recollections of the Yard, 141 *et seq.*
 Parsons, Benjamin, 25
 Paul, Herbert, 155
 "Paul, St., Life of," 197
 Payn, James, 155
 Pegge, Samuel, 21
 Pemberton, Max, and the origin of *Chums*, 129
 as editor of *Chums* and *Cassell's Magazine*, 118
 publishes "Iron Pirate," 219
 Penderel-Brodhurst, J., 77, 155
 Pennant, on the derivation of "La Belle Sauvage," 21
Penny Magazine, editors of, 94, 133
 its *raison d'être*, 132
 Pentland edition of Stevenson's works, 216
 "People's Library," 87, 164
 "Peoples of the World," 189
 Perkins, Dr., and "Illustrated Family Bible," 32
 Perris, G. H., 155
 Peters, Charles, 143
 Petroleum, Cassell's venture in, 57
 Petter and Galpin, partnership with Cassell, 31, 32, 48, 54
 remove to La Belle Sauvage, 32
 Petter, George William, 63, 64 *et seq.*
 his death, 68
 reminiscences of, by Bonavia Hunt, 64

Index

- Phillips, Alfred R., 213
 "Phrase and Fable, Dictionary of," 166
 Phythian, Mr., 4
 "Pictorial England and Wales," 170
 Picture poster, John Cassell's first, 26
 "Picturesque Australasia," 107, 168
 "Picturesque Europe," 68
 "Picturesque Mediterranean," 107, 168
 Playfair, Sir Lambert, 189
 Plon, M. Henri, and the "Vie de César," 56
 Plummer, John, 36
 Lord Brougham and, 37
 Plumtre, Professor (afterwards Dean of Wells), 29, 72, 200
 Pocahontas, 20
 Politics, American, Cassell and, 50
 Pollen, Hungerford, 97
 "Popular Biblical Educator," 29
 (See also "Bible Educator")
 "Popular Educator," 25 *et seq.*, 141
 tributes to, 27 *et seq.*, 35, 93
 Portsmouth, Countess of, 135
 "Poultry, Illustrated Book of," 191
 Power, Rev. P. B., 123
 Poynter, Sir E. J., 106, 201
 "Practical Electricity," and its author, 195
 Praeger, Ferdinand, 175
 Prinsep, Val, 100
 Priolo, Paolo, 54
 Proctor, John, 143
 "Protestantism," Wylie's, 196
Punch's History of the Great War, 205
 Punshon, Rev. Morley, 123
 "Puritan's Wife," 119
 Puttock, J. H., 83-4
 and Richard Kearton, 192
- "QUEEN'S EMPIRE," 78, 170
 Queen's Hospital, *Little Folks* readers and, 126
 "Queen's London," 170
 Quiller-Couch, Sir A., 118
 his biography of A. J. Butler, 74
 on staff of *Speaker*, 155, 219
 "reader" to the House, 219
 works of, 218
- Quiver*, and its editors, 114 *et seq.*, 123
 funds, 122
 its inception, 120 *et seq.*
 jubilee year, 123
 Order for Honourable Service, 122
 "Quotations, Book of," 166
 "Quotations, Classified," 167
- RABAGLIATI, DR., 171
 Rackham, Arthur, 126
 Radziwill, Princess Catharine, 205;
 Ralston, W. R. S., 177
 Rawlinson, Canon, 29
 Reade, Charles, 144
 a criticized serial in *Cassell's Magazine*, 81, 115
 "Real Siberia," 179
 "Recent British Battles on Land and Sea," 172
 "Recollections of the Empress Eugénie," 185
 "Red Morn," 119
 Reid, Captain Mayne, 144
 Reid, Sir George, his "Reminiscences," 185
 Reid, Sir Wemyss, as *raconteur*, 130
 becomes general manager, 68
 founds *Speaker*, 155
 his biographical works, 68, 180
 his death, 70
 offers Max Pemberton editorship of *Chums*, 129
 replies to Archdeacon Farrar, 197
 Reid, Thomas Wilson, 75
 Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie, 124
 "Ride to Khiva," 178
 Ringer, Dr. Sldney, 185
 "Rivers of Great Britain," 170
 Roberts, Lord, contributes to *Chums*, 131
 Robertson, John Forbes, 97, 171
 Robertson, Rev. Eric, appointed Principal of Lahore University, 99
 edits *Magazine of Art*, 97
 Robinson, Sir John, 81
 Rohmer, Sax, 220
 Rountree, Harry, 126
 "Royal Academy Pictures," 103
 "Royal Shakespeare," 158
 Ruskin, John, his dislike of telegrams, 101
 writes "The Black Arts," 101

Index

- Russell, Clark, 126
 Russell, Major-Gen. Sir J. Cecil,
 172
 "Russia," Mackenzie Wallace's,
 176
 "Russo-Turkish War, History of,"
 171
- SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, 142
 his "Life and Adventures," 184
- Sanders, Lloyd, 76
 Sandon, Lord, 38
Saturday Journal, 160
Saturday Review critique of "Treasure Island," 208
- Savage, Sir George, 187
 Savage, William, 19
 Scheer, Admiral, 204
 Scherren, Henry, and Encyclo-
 pædic Dictionary, 165
 his "Popular Natural History,"
 190
- Schreiner, Olive, 135
 "Science and Art of Nursing," 187
 "Science for All," 189
- Scott, Clement, 72
 Scott, Sir Walter, reference in
 "Kenilworth" to Bell Savage,
 20
- Scott-Moncrieff, W. D., 171
 Seccombe, Thomas, 189
 Selous, H. C., 54, 158
 Senior, William, 145
 "Sentimental Tommy," 218
 Serials and books, 157 *et seq.*
- Shaftesbury, 7th Earl of, 38
 correspondence with John Cas-
 sell, 42
 Hodder's "Life" of, 66, 180
- Shakespeare, Cassell editions of, 158
 Shaw, Vero, 191
 Shee, George, 150
 Shore, Canon Teignmouth, 196,
 199
 and John Williams, 73
 chief editor, 71, 176, 177, 178
 edits *Quiver*, 123
 on Professor Plumptre, 200
- Sidney, S., 191
 Simmons, Harold H., and "Elec-
 trical Engineering," 196
 Simon, Sir John, 188
 Sims, G. R., edits "Living Lon-
 don," 169
- Sinclair, May, 220
 "Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures," 170
 Small, William, 76
 Smiles, Robert, 171
 Smith, Captain John, his burial
 place, 20
 Smith, G. Barnett, his "Life of
 Gladstone," 180
 sub-editor of *Echo*, 150
 Smith, H. Wood, first editor of *New
 Penny Magazine*, 133
 Smith, John Frederick, 30, 33
 Smith, Major Corbett, 204
 Smith, R. H. Soden, 97
 Smith, Sir Clarence, appointed
 chairman of the Board, 68
 makes presentations for long ser-
 vice, 234
 retires, 95
 tribute to Sir Arthur Spurgeon,
 89,
 Smyth, Piazzi, Astronomer-Royal,
 194
- Snowden, Mrs. Philip, 179
 "Social England," 173
 "South Seas," 216
 Sparkes, Mr., asked to become art
 director, 104
Speaker, contributors to, 155, 218,
 219
 its birth and death, 155
- Spence, Dean, his "History of the
 Church of England," 175
 Spender, J. A., 155
 Spielmann, M. H., 96, 100
 edits *Magazine of Art*, 100
 farewell to his readers, 102
- Spurgeon, Lady, 89, 90, 92
 Spurgeon, Sir Arthur, a journal-
 istic feat, 91
 addresses Canadian Club at Win-
 nipeg, 91
 appointed general manager and
 a director, 86, 88
 becomes chairman of directors, 95
 entertains Lloyd George, 92
 his faith in future of the House,
 87
 knighted, 89
- Spurgeon, Sir Arthur, presentation
 from British press, 92
 shareholders' testimonial, 89
 visits "outposts of Cassell Em-
 pire," 88, 90, 91
Standard of Freedom, John Cas-
 sell's, 14

Index

- "Starland," Gladstone and, 194
 Stead, W. T., his "Truth about Russia," 178
 Stevenson, R. L., contributes to *Magazine of Art*, 99, 100 (*note*) his death, 131
 how "Treasure Island" was written, 209
 on an offer from Cassell's, 207
 "Pentland" edition of his works, 216
 works published by Cassell's, 207 *et seq.*
 Stevenson, Mrs., on activities of R. L. S., 215
 Stevenson, R. A. M., 99, 100
 Storey, Samuel, acquires an interest in *Echo*, 153
 "Story of Africa and its Explorers," 168
 "Story of Our Planet," 190
 "Story of the Heavens," 194
 "Story of the Sun," 194
Story-Teller, and its success, 140
 Stow, John, and the Wyatt rising, 19
 Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, and anti-slavery, 46
 Strange, Major-General Bland, 172
 Strathcona, Lord, Life of, 185
 Stretton, Hesba, 116
 "Sun, Story of the," 194
 Swan, Annie S., 124
 Swaysland, W., 192,
 Swindlehurst, Thomas, 6
 "System of Surgery," 186
- TARLETON, RICHARD, 22
 Tasker, Mr., and Arnold-Forster, 77
 Tatchell, Sydney, 235
 Tea merchant, Cassell's, 13
 "Technical Educator," 194
 Teetotal campaign, Livesey's, 5-6
Teetotal Times, John Cassell's, 14
 Temperance activities, John Cassell's, 7 *et seq.*
 Temple, Sir Richard, 142
 his "Story of My Life," 184
 Thackeray, and the origin of "Belle Sauvage," 20
 "Things New and Old," 78, 202
 "This World of Ours," 78
 Thomas, H. H., 141
 Thomas, N. W., 180
 Thompson, Sir E. Maunde, and "Social England," 174
 Thomson, Sir St. Clair, 187
 Thorburn, John, and La Belle Sauvage, 23
 Thornbury, Walter, and his handwriting, 169
 and the derivation of "La Belle Sauvage," 20
 Three-colour process, the, 109
 "Three Homes," 199
 Timbs, John, 144
 "Tommy and Grizel," 218
 Topographical works, 73, 168, 169
 Tracy, W. B., 143
 Trull, H. D., and "Social England," 173
 Travel, books of, 178
 "Treasure Island," its introduction to the *Yard*, 207
 serial issue in *Chums*, 131
 the map of, 211
 Trendell, Sir A. J. R., and *Magazine of Art*, 96
 Treves, Sir Frederick, 186
 "Truth about Russia," Stead's, 178
 Turner, Godfrey, 97, 144
 "Turner, J. M. W., Water Colour Drawings of," 201
 Turner, Robert, appointed general manager and chairman of company, 67, 68
- "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," Cassell introduced to authoress, 46
 published in England, 46
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin Almanack," 46
 "United States, History of the," 171
 "Universal History," 171
- VACHELL, H. A., 124, 220
 Vaughan, Dean, 29
 "Victoria, Queen, Life and Times of," 171
 Vízetelly, Henry, and the taxes on knowledge, 44
 Vogel, Dr., and the three-colour process, 109
Volturmo, burning of, 91
 Voules, Horace, 147, 149
 edits *Echo*, 153

Index

- WALFORD, EDWARD, 169
 Walker, Fred, 98, 106
 Walker, Sir John Thomson, 187
 Walkley, A. B., 155
 Wall, A. H., 143, 144
 Wallace, Prof., and "Popular Educator," 25 *et seq.*, 96
 Wallace, Sir Donald Mackenzie, 176
 Waller, Dr. F. J., 71, 143
 Wallis, George, 97
 Walmsley, Dr., and "Electricity in the Service of Man," 195
 Walpole, Hugh, 220
 War books, notable, 204
 War Savings Association, the first City, 234
 Ward, Dr. Francis, 111
 Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 219
 "Water Colour Drawings of J. M. W. Turner," 201
 Watson, Arthur E., publishing manager and director, 95
 Watts, G. F., 100
 Waverley Book Company, 205; "History of the Great War," 206
 Weatherly, George, 126, 154
 Webb, Sidney, 155
 Wells, H. G., "Mr. Britling sees it Through" 219; "Outline of History," 175; "War and the Future," 204
 Weyman, Stanley, 118, 219
 Whibley, Charles, 76
 White, Sir William, 195
 Whitefriars Club, 145
 Whitelegge, Sir Arthur, 187
 Whittaker, Thomas, on John Cassell, 6
 on the poor of Lancashire, 4
 Whympcr, Edward, appointed general manager, 68
 Whyte, Dr. Alexander, tribute to John Cassell, 28
 Whyte, Frederic, edits "Battles of the Nineteenth Century," 142, 172
 Wilde, Oscar, as editor, 134 *et seq.*
 his tribute to Mrs. Craik, 135
 in a rage, 139
 on Henley, 137
 Wilder, Marshall P., 139
 "William of Germany," 183
 Williams, H. D., edits *Quiver* and *Little Folks*, 123, 128
 Williams, John, 143
 and Oscar Wilde, 139
 chief editor, 73, 165, 197
 his death, 73
 Williamson, David, edits *Cassell's Magazine* and *Quiver*, 119, 123
 Willson, Beckles, 185
 Wilson, J. Farlow, 9, 231
 head of printing department, 82 *et seq.*
 his "Recollections of an Old Printer," 8-9, 83
 perils of serial publication, 33
 Wilson, Robert, 171, 181
 "Winnowed Memories," 185
 Woman's Rights movement in America, 51
Woman's World, and its editor, 134 *et seq.*
 "Women of All Nations," 180
 Wood, Mrs. Henry, 12, 121, 123
 Wood, Sir Evelyn, 172, 185
 Woods, Henry, 106
 Woods, W. J., becomes secretary, 81
 Woolf, Miss Bella Sidney, 126
 Woolfield, T. R., 39
Work, and its editors, 140-1, 195
 "Work Handbooks," 141
Working Man's Friend, 15, 16
 World's Temperance Convention, 45
 Wormell, Dr., 195
 "Wrecker, The," 216
 Wren, M. F., 204
 Wright, Lewis, 143
 and *Live Stock Journal*, 154
 his "Illustrated Book of Poultry," 191
 Wright, Rev. Henry, 123
 Wright, Thomas, 55
 Wright, W. P., 141
 Wyatt rising, the, 19
 Wylie, Dr. A. J., 196
 Wyllic, Charles W., 107
 Wyllic, W. L., 202, 204
 YEAMES, W. F., 106
 Young, Francis Chilton, first editor of *Work*, 140
 Young, Thomas, advertisement manager, 93
 joins the Board and becomes deputy general manager, 93







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