A GLIMPSE OF THE NEWSPAPER WORLD. Scenes at the Old "Herald" Office, by a From the N. Y. Ottizen.

There are tew outside the journalistic pro-

fession who have not felt considerable trepidation on entering the editorial rooms of one of Gotham's great dailies. The merchant's office and the banker's private room are less formidable than the editorial sanctum, for the simple reason that journalists, as a class, are the most irritable men in creation, and dislike being interrupted when in the mediosus of some profound political article. And then, again, it's hardly in the range of humanity to find a sufficiently sympathizing temperament to take as much interest in every axe brought to be ground as the possessor of the article; therefore, in time, the mildest-mannered man that ever had to bear with bores becomes brusque and laconic. The visitor to the editorial rooms of the Herald should keep the epigrammatical before his mental vision, and be as concise as possible in his conversation: this mode of proceeding will simplify matters wonderfully, and leave the editorial temper unruffled. Suppose the visitor is an up-town exquisite, who is used to coming down Breadway in a stage to Wall street about once in three months, to draw his quarterly income, then, the purlieus of Nassau street is to him a terra incognita, and as he winds his way past the Horse Fair, and escapes without being kicked while admiring the architectural beauties of the ornate Post Office, he will suddenly come upon the sensational bulle tin of the Evening Post, around which a gaping crowd of quidnunes are clustered. Elbowing his way through this obstacle, he passes along a narrow pavement lined mainly by saloons and lawyers' offices. After passing Fulton street he may safely be said to tread on the "Printer's Paradise." On this corner arises, amid a cloud of steam, the grim old Herald Building, that looks as if it had been built of the bricks of Babel, and might have been used by the named tribes of the aborigines as a Polyglot bureau. The visitor, on entering the building by the Nassau street entrance, winds his way up a narrow zinc-covered stairway to the side of the large advertising office, where a score of clerks are bu-ily engaged attending to advertisements, which have to be classified with care, as this journal has reduced advertising to a science, and is particularly solicitous that cooks and coachmen should be classified on the soundest principles of natural history and newspaperology. Leaving this, the mechanical department, where the employes require no more intellect than is sufficient to drive a quill, the visitor reaches the head of the first staircase, trodden time out of mind by breathless reporters, eager to dash on paper the news of the day, especially if it be a big thing on which they can spread themselves, and finds himself in a large, dingy apartment flanked on one side by a pile of paper, and on the other with windows opening into Nassan street, by eight or ten oak desks, each one marked with the name of the present occupant. In the centre is a long table having drawers that contain the yellow paper on which the reports are usually written. This paper has a peculiar orange tinge, and is supposed to be less trying to the eyesight than the ordinary white, and bundles of it are generally lying about the desks. At the extreme left-hand corner sits a lugubrious darkey, who is grand usher and footman extraordinary to the Herald. After informing this plenipotentiary of the name of the person whom the visitor wishes to see, the colored Mercury wings his way down a dark alley that seems to court burglary and garroting, to any of the editorial rooms in which the expected recipient of a visitor is located. Immediately adjoining the former apartment is the office of the Managing Editor, which, in its turn, is the ante-chamber to the sanctum sanctorum devoted exclusively to the Messrs. Bennett. Dr. Hosmer, the present Managing Editor, is here seated, and has quite a pleasant, cheerful apartment, where he can examine the editorials and other copy during the leisure time between visitors' calls, which time must be quite infinitesimal on some days. The doctor is gentlemanly and affable, and has that je ne sais quoi air of the journalist about him. He must have pleasant times of it occasionally, listening to inventive geniuses that want pulls direct for the offspring of their prolific brain, and who insist on giving an unabridged ex-planation of all its benefits and beauties, or he has to bear the brunt of abuse that criticized actors or ridiculed politicians may gratuitously heap upon his innocent head. Now it's an aspiring scribbler that wants to jump into the editorial chair, or a gifted lady with a contribution that she modestly says "might help to fill up the paper." Ah! my dear madam, that filling up is a fallacy, alas! too much indulged in by the outside world, who think a journalist is in a chronic state of hunger from a paucity of news. To our knowledge as much as from forty to sixty columns of written matter have accumulated in two or three days. Dr. Hosmer has to treat all these people politely, and get rid of them in any way his affability may suggest, not often an easy matter with monomaniaes, and like Poe's "Raven," he must often wish to see them "never more." there are several of the editors going into the sanctum. What are they going to do there? Bully the proprietor into increasing their salaries? Oh, no, they are convened to a cabinet council generally held once a day between twelve and one, in which they receive in-structions as to the tone, etc., of the next day's editorials. Here it is, according to Horace Greeley, that Mr. Bennett tosses up the penny to indicate the policy of the paper, the head and the tail representing the Presi-dent and Congress respectively. We are inclined to think that this is a myth, promulgated by those who do not understand the animus of the Herald, which, being non-partisan, has endeavored, like the London Times, to be the reflex of public opinion: it makes a good story, however, and therefore ought not to be totally discredited; nor should the one about the gentleman who desired a position on the paper from the fact that he could write an article on the same political subject for the World and Tribine, and therefore thought himself just the man for the Herald. Be these as they may, Mr. Bennett, Sr., walks up and down the apartment, hands behind his back, head leaning forward, and eyes bent down beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows, as he dictates to each what is to be written-a Napoleonic faculty that he possesses in a remarkable degree, never tangling the several threads, but keeping each clear and distinct from the other. This is how the columns of the journal fulminate in concert, though written by many different pens.

We will now ramble back to the reporters'

room, which was the one first entered. As for the thirty or forty gentlemen employed in this department, probably not one in a dezen has ever entered the inner temple, or spoken to the chief, though he may have been an attache or years. The reporters here assemble in the morning at about eleven, and their first duty is

to proceed down the dark passage mentioned before, that leads to the editors' rooms, especially that of the city department, which is devoted to all news appertaining to the me-tropolis, and where it is examined and arranged before being sent to the composing rooms, which are at the top of the building. The re-porters have here a "pigeon hole" for letters, and in which particular instructions, written by the city editor, are placed. For ordinary work, however, there is kept a sort of diary containing the meetings, events, etc., about to take place during the day, and opposite each is the name of the gentleman assigned to report it, who, after ascertaining his duties, returns to the reportorial apartments. This room of the City Editor is a destructive place, for his iconoclastic pen destroys many of the most brilliant fancies of the young and gushing reporter, who, until he grows wiser, labors under the idea that a commercial report or a cholera case requires to be written in the grandioquent style, and flowery language so appropriateto dime novels, but sadly cut of place great demand. Poetical allusions and classical quotations are unceremoniously ejected, the window immediately

on a newspaper. Latin derivations here are rather at a discount, but pure Saxon is in to let out the musty aroma inseparable from the dead languages. Mr. Charles Farrel is the present incumbent, if we may use the expression, assisted by Mr. Charles Hannon-the fact-loving Charles, who has a holy horror of the hifalutin and fanciful. The post of city editor on a great daily is no sinecure, as he must be thoroughly posted on current events, and take care not to be beaten; consequently it has a tendency to keep one in a everish state of anxiety all the time, and Mr. Farrel no doubt often envies the reporter, who can get plenty of fresh air and exercise. Both these gentlemen have had scenes with obstreperous people, who insist on having articles put in the way they want them. One man is just about to open a bureau "to poke into everybody's private business," and is going to have le jeuner to celebrate the event. He is desirous that a reporter be sent to give a casual account of the feed, and a voluminous one of the institution, and the great boon it is going to be to the public. The reporter goes, sees, and feeds, and is told to make a paragraph about it. Next day bureau comes up and blackguards everybody, and wants to know why a leader was not written about his "Paul Pry institution." He is blandly told that puffs are strictly prohibited, so off he goes,

These occurrences happen every day, and are some times very ludicrous. One old fat German came in puffing, and gasped:-"Shay, Mr. Editor, Hans Skumful owe me five dollars, and he not pay me. Vill you put

thinking himself a much injured individual,

and the Herald unmindful of private interests.

The Dutchman is informed that this is not the province of the paper, and he, too, goes off indignantly, damning Hans and the Herald

alternately.

de tam plackguard in the paper; will you, Mr

If business is not particularly pressing, the reporters amuse themselves in a variety of ways; one knot is deep in a political discussion, another clusters around some returned correspondent who is telling traveller's stories of perils by flood and field, and the sights he has seen abroad, and as no man is any greater to a journalist than he is to his valet, often amusing descriptions of celebrities are given in a comical vein that shows their greatness could not blind the reporter to their foibles. Two or three in a quiet corner are listening to the last capital joke or story of the "man who writes the comical articles," who is generally a gentleman of vivid imagination, whose facts have got to wear a depressing load of fiction. Perhaps Ned Flynn favors a few with his for from boy to man he has "reminiscences," been connected with the Herald, and verily believes it to be the mainspring that makes the earth revolve. He tells how "young Jim" swallowed six niggers, knocked down a Spanish officer, and made big bets, which shows the young journalist has a good many astounding antecedents, and did not leap into fame through the Henrietta race alone.

Edward is librarian, and is supposed to be, by the colored office boys, the Vizier to the Great Mogul. Sometimes a foppish Englishman amuses incredulous listeners with his doings in London, which he, with 'much humility, ealls a small "village," and says he is related to Lord Knows-who, and other distinguished noblemen of that ilk. Of course, he kept hounds and a shooting-box in the Highlands, and did the "howling swell" generally while the money lasted. Now, none are so poor as to do him reverence apart from his connection with the press, which must and ought to command respect.

"Hallon! what's going on to-day?" whisers one reporter to another; "thunder! this s the tenth man I've seen come in with a gun in his hand. What's up? d'ye expect an attack from rowdies?" "Pshaw!" says omniscient Flynn, "it's only A.—.'s article on breech-loaders in the paper this morning; he mentioned a few of the names of manufacturers, and these are the fellows whose illustrious patronymics have not yet appeared in print." Each armed individual requested an interview with the Managing Editor, who hap pened to be, at that time, Mr. Ryan, the present Literary Editor, and on obtaining it, proceeded straightway into that gentleman's room. For some time afterwards the laughing reporters could hear the click of opening and shutting the breech, as its novelty is explained to Mr. Ryan by the enthusiastic inventor. The afflicted Literary Editor, who cared as little about small arms as he did for anything under the sun, was obliged to listen blandly to the praises of its excellence, and compelled to submit to a close examination of the deadly weapon, and have to run his eyes along the barrel and peer into the muzzle. This unpleasant proximity to implements of destruction was overlooked, but when the ingenious contriver of small arms desired to leave the product of his fertile mind in the office "to be examined at leisure," then, and not till then, the editor's soul was up in arms, and his proverbial politeness sorely tried before getting rid of the tormentor. This bore, however, only made way for a second, who, in his turn, was succeeded by a third, and so on, until a prohibition was placed upon the entrance of gentlemen carrying long, suspicious leather cases. Mr. Ryan and a high time of it examining grim-looking guns, pretty pocket-pistols, and other pleasant contrivances for suddenly helping people

into the next world. Here comes a bewildered individual with horrible account of a savage murder, who asks breathlessly for the City Editor, and on being shown into the sanctum of that potentate, tells excitedly his tale of blood. Who could picture his air of supreme disgust? Actually, the City Editor neither looks aghast nor at all disturbed; nor does he press him with questions, but simply calls a reporter, who takes down the history of the heinous deed as coolly as if he was making out a commercial report of cochineal or grey cotton. The man with the "murder" can't make it out; he had come with the expectation of being button-holed,

him anything but the reporter to whom he is assigned.

A teller in a bank came in last fall with an account of an embezzlement which he had written out. "Put it in as it stands," said he; "it's perfectly correct, I assure you."

"Quite likely, Mr. Teller, considering the amateur source from which it has emanated; but communications like these require looking into, as it is not customary, either before or after a man's conviction, to call him a rogue and a scoundrel. These objectionable phrases are stricken out, and after an alteration, in which nothing but the bare facts remain, the article is sent to the composing rooms.'

A short time previous to this, a clerk from a fur store that had been injured by fire, came the next day to give a few additional particulars respecting the conflagration, and desired the gentleman who was writing out the report to say that "the indomitable energies of Mr. G— will soon place the premises in a thorough state of repair." In this the sagacious scribe scents a puff, and wisely omits any mention of Mr. G——'s "indomitable energies."

In the midst of these conversations, perhaps, a tall, graceful young man, with a florid complexion, beckons, from the door leading to the private office, to one of the reporters, who follows him into the room. This gentleman is Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., who is quick and decisive in all his movements; and, considering how much has been done in every way, from the possession of wealth and posi tion, to spoil him, is really a very affable, gentlemanly young man, whose common sense, combined with some of the characteristic traits of the sailor, has saved him from being an egotistical, flippant, and overbearing fop. He is about to send out the person whom he called in as a correspondent, and in a short time afterwards this ambassador to a foreign court comes out with a check in his hand for expenses, and in a few hours, or the next day, is off for distant regions, taking with him a bundle of printed envelopes and a lump of yellow paper. The motto of those who go on the Herald must be "ready, ay, ready," as they are liable to be suddenly packed off to any place between Brazil and Hudson's Bay.

Let us get back to the reporters. Born ournalists, as a class, are sui-generis, and there are more pug-nosed, beetle-browed men in the profession than in any other; in fact, some of the cleverest writers have these physical peculiarities. The personnel of the reporters is not very remarkable. Like most newspaper men, they are by no means fastidious in regard to the cut of their coats, most of them being quite content with anything in the shape of garments, without being particular as to the pattern. Paper collars and woollen shirts are greatly affected for economical motives, but ewelry has no sort of a show. Some are men who have received collegiate educations, and once associated in haut-ton society; others, again, are hard-working, industrious fellows, who have risen by attention and perseverance. That noisy fellow, who is generally in a chronic state of astonishment is the Jersey City reporter. His Irish brogue is boisterously melodious, and if he has met with some extraordinary good item during the day, trolls out an account that has a strong resemblance to pumpkins rolling over a barn floor. Near him sits an "infant," a delicate, puny individual, in height about six feet seven in his shoes; the infant's foot is about the size of a child's coffin, and might be turned to some practical advantage, such as bring tests of Christianity, for were he to tread on the pet corns of the patron Christian, and that gentleman refrain from swearing, the name of such a being could safely be added to the calendar of saints. He also dwells affectionately on the R's, and even were he to act Hamlet, and soliloquized over Yorick's gibes that were wont

"To set the table on a roar-r." the pronunciation of the rough letter would probably set the audience on a roar-r. The quiet-looking individual in the corner is James Restine, one of the finest descriptive writers on the New York press, and also a pleasing poet, who, in apostrophizing faded flowers, says of departed friends:-

"They now are dead, like you frail beauties of the year,"

Hopping about is the mercurial Philp, a gigantic individual of four feet nothing and a half, with merry black eyes, nez retroussé, and piping shrill voice, presenting a perfect picture of a printer's imp, which he is, of the most unmitigated species. His forte is sporting and humorous sketches. He once carried his jocose vein too far, while on a Brooklyn paper est year, having lampooned the pictures of the Art Association in such an outrageous manner that the editor, in a towering passion, summarily dismissed him. Philp is invariably in a chronic state of impecuniosity, though he writes well and gets liberally paid for it. He one day, at the Fulton Ferry, went up to a venerable-looking stranger, from whom he asked the loan of five dollars. "Sir," said the old gentleman, "what do you

take me for !" "For a d-d fool, or I shouldn't have asked you," replied the irrepressible, in his shrillest

So much for this genius, who is at present gammoning a small-sized "Kannek," fresh from the frozen-up districts, whose innocent look, as he believes implicitly all he is told, would indicate that he was a good young man, who had kept tame rabbits in his boyhood, and played all his life with his sisters. There is a heap of trouble on Kanuck's mind; he owes a board bill, and has been wearing a flannel shirt for the last two months, and not being on the regular staff, has only succeeded in making about \$3 this week. He's not thinking o working, like many mighty men, but is financing how to raise the other four dollars to pay the irate landlady. He loves poetry also, but finds it don't pay. Flitting around is gentleman Jonas, with

tight trousers and ceat, made, as he asserts, by a "swell tailor in London." "Jonas, you're a gentleman," says Clowes,

another English reporter with a fund of humor that smacks of Lancashire.

"Thank you for nothing," replied Jonas, who thinks it a self-evident proposition.

Then little Tooly takes up the cudgels he's a power on wagging, and says disagreeable things in a cool, collected way, has Cartyle at his finger ends, and flops logic in the face of his argumentative antagonist. Jonas and he are giving each other particular Jerusalem about the definition of learned words which the former is fond of using, and in his reports those six syllabics shine like Tennyson's diamonds stretched on the finger of all

Doyle, the humorous police reporter, steps in at this juncture with O'Connell; the latter, a graduate of Trinity, has just received some information respecting the loss of the Evening Star; and as he sits down to write it two men come in and ask to look at his memorandum of those saved. Suddenly they embrace and cry like children, having found a brother's name on the list. This attracts attention. Jonas and Tooly leave their discussion and crowd around; the men are overjoyed, and give a cordial invitation to all to come out and have a bottle of wine, an invitation which, and made to repeat the story and answer eager we are happy to say, was declined, as it inquiries; but nobody condescended to ask showed that Herald reporters do refuse drinks.

"Who is that on crutches, with a soldier's cap, that has just entered and asked to see Mr. Bennett?" asked one of the crowd. replied another, "is General

The General and Mr. Bennett, who happened to be on his way to the carriage, took a eat at one of the reportorial desks, and were shortly afterwards joined by Mr. Bennett, Jr., who had just had an interview with Jerome and Lorillard relative to the proposed yacht race. All sorts of people have been in this room; politicians of every party, foreign noblemen, Japanese princes, bankers and merchants, prize-fighters and Common Councilmen, actors, Aldermen, Government contractors, and such as generally live upon public patronage, long-haired literary people, the jaunty Miles O'Reilly and Mr. Ben-nett's lawyer, who smacks his lips and seems to be always washing his hands in invisible water with imperceptible soap. From 9 to about 11 at night the pens fly fast over the yellow paper, and about 12 the work is generally completed, and at 2 P. M. the paper goes to press. The tons of manuscript here written would fill an Astor Library, and if the brilliant thoughts that were ventilated but to flourish in an ephemeral daily could be but collected, what an interesting volume of ideas it would make! This ramble among the Herald's reporters having been sufficiently protracted, we beg to subscribe ourselves yours, in the freemasonry of journalism.

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