THE ORIGINAL HOME of THE SUN, 222 WILLIAM STREET. ARROW POINTS to the HOUSE WHICH WAS TORN DOWN 20 YEARS AGO.

BENJAMIN H DAY
AT the TIME HE OWNED the SUN

(Continued From Preceding Page.)

circulation of perhaps 2,000 had come unsolicited.

The first unemployed person to apply for a job selling SUNS in the streets was a ten-year-old boy, Bernard Flaherty, born in Cork. Years afterword two continents knew him as Barney Williams, Irish comedian, hero of "The Emerald Ring," and "The Connie Soogah," and at one time manager of Wallack's old Broadway Theatre.

When Day got some regular subscribers he sent carriers on routes. He charged them 67 cents a hundred, cash, or 75 cents on credit. The first of these carriers was Sam Messenger, who delivered THE SUN in the Fulton Market district, and who later became a rich livery stable keeper. Live lads like these, carrying out Day's idea, wrought the greatest change in journalism that ever had been made, for they brought the paper to the people, something that could not be accomplished by the six-cent sheets with their lofty notions and high prices.

The Third Day of The Sun.

On the third day of THE SUN'S life, with Wisner at the pen and Barney Flaherty "hollering" in the startled streets, the editor again expressed, this time more positively, his yearning that something would happen:

We newspaper people thrive best on the calamities of others. Give us one of your real Moscow fires, or your Waterloo battlefields; let a Napoleon be dashing with his legions through the world, overturning the thrones of a thousand years and deluging the world with blood and tears, and then we of the types are in our glory.

The yearner had to wait thirty years for another Waterloo, but he got his "real Moscow fire" in about two years, and so close that it singed his eyebrows.

Lacking a Napoleon to exalt or denounce, Mr. Day used a bit of that same page for the publication of homelier news for the people:

The following are the drawn numbers of the New York consolidated lotteries of yesterday afternoon:

42 6 53 46 61 34 65 37 8 42

Police Court News.

So Horace Greeley, with his smaller paper, could not have been keeping all of the lottery patronage away from THE SUN.

Over in the police column Mr. Wisner was putting over a few gems like the following:

A complaint was made by several persons who "thought it no sin to step to the notes of a sweet violin" and gathered under a window in Chatham street, where a little girl was playing on a violin, when they were showered from a window above with the contents of a dye pot or something of like nature. They were directed to ascertain their showerer.

The big story on the first page of the fourth issue of THE SUN was a conversation between Envy and Candor in regard to the beauties of a Miss H., perhaps a fictional person. But on the second page, at the head of the editorial column, was a real editorial article approving the course of the British Government in freeing the slaves in the West Indies:

We supposed that the eyes of men were but half open to this case. We imagined that the slave would have to toil on for years and purchase what in justice was already *his own*. We did not once dream that light had so far progressed as to prepare the British nation for the colossal stride in justice and humanity and benevolence which they are about to make. The abolition of West Indian slavery will form a brilliant era in the annals of the world. It will circle with a halo of imperishable glory the brows of the transcendent spirits who wield the present destinies of the British Empire.

An Attack on Slavery.

Would to Heaven that the honor of doing the way in this godlike enterprise had been reserved to our own country! But as the opportunity for it passed we trust we shall at least share the everlasting disgrace of long refusing to imitate so bright and glorious an example.

THIS THE SUN came out for the freedom of the slave twenty-eight years before that freedom was to be accomplished in the United States through war. THE SUN was THE SUN of 1833, but the hand was the hand of Wisner. That young man was an Abolitionist before the word was coined.

Wisner was a pretty smart young fellow, said Mr. Day nearly fifty years afterward, "but he and I never agreed. He was rather democratic in my notions. Moreover, whenever he got a chance, he was always sticking in his damned little Abolitionist articles."

There is little doubt that Wisner wrote the article facing THE SUN on slavery while he was waiting for something to turn up in the police court. Then he went to the office, set up the article, as well as his piece about the arrest of Eliza Barry of Bayard street for stealing a washtub, and put the type in the form. Considering that Wisner got $4 a week for this break o' day work, he made a very good morning of that; and it is worthy of record that the next day's SUN did not repudiate his assault on human servitude, although on September 10 Mr. Day printed an editorial grieving over the existence of slavery, but hitting at the methods of the Abolitionists.

That same issue was full of lively little "sunny" pieces, for instance:

Passing by the Beekman Street Church early this morning we discovered a milkman replenishing his lacteous cargo with Adam's ale. We took the liberty to ask him, "Friend, why do ye do thus?" He replied, "None of your business"; and we passed on, determined to report him to the Grahamites.

A poem on Burns, by Halleck, added literary tone to that morning's SUN.

In the next issue was some verse by Willis, beginning:

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!

Then, and for some years afterward, THE SUN exhibited a special aversion to alcohol in text and headlines. "Cursed Effects of Rum!" was one of its favorite headlines. Another heading, "Double Distilled Villainy!" savored of the same idea.

First Dramatic Criticism.

THE SUN was a week old before it contained dramatic criticism, its first subject in that field being the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood at the Park Theatre in "Cinderella," a comic opera. The paper's first animal story was printed on September 12, recording the fact that on the previous Sunday about sixty wild pigeons stayed in a tree at the Battery for nearly half an hour.

On September 14 THE SUN printed its first illustration—a two column cut of "Herschel's Forty-Feet Telescope." This was Sir W. Herschel, then dead some ten years, and the telescope was on his grounds at Slough, near Windsor, England. Another knighted Herschel with another telescope in a far land was to play a big part in the fortunes of THE SUN; but that comes later. In the issue with the cut of the telescope was a paragraph about a rumor that Fanny Kemble, who had just captivated American theatregoers, had been married to Pierce Butler of Philadelphia—as indeed she had.

Broadway seems to have had its lure as early as 1833, for in THE SUN of September 17, on the first page, is a plaint by "Citizen":

They talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labor of the city for such woful pleasures. Oh, Broadway, Broadway! In an evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of New York? What landscape more flowery than those of the print shops? And what water was made by man equal to the Hudson?

An Essay on "Suicide."

This was followed by uplifting little essays on "Suicide" and "Robespierre." The chief news of the day—that John Quincy Adams had accepted a nomination from the Anti-Masons—was on an inside page. What was possibly of more interest to the readers, it was announced that thereafter a ton of coal would be 2,000 pounds instead of 2,240—Lackawanna, broken and sifted, $6.50 a ton.

On Saturday, September 21, when it was only eighteen days old, THE SUN adopted a new headline. The letters remained the same, but the eagle device was supplanted by the solar orb rising over hills and sea. This design was used only until December 2, when its place was taken by a printing press shedding symbolical effulgence upon the earth.

THE SUN'S first book notice appeared on September 23, when it acknowledged the sixtieth volume of the *Family Library* (Harpers), this being a biography of Charlemagne by G. P. R. James. "It treats of a most important period in the history of France." THE SUN had little space then for book reviews or politics. Of its attitude toward the great financial fight then being waged, this lone paragraph gives a good view:

The *Globe* of Monday contains in six columns the reasons which prompted the President to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank, which were read to his assembled Cabinet on the 18th instant.

Nicholas Biddle and his friends could fill other papers with arguments, but THE SUN kept its space for police items, stories of authenticated ghosts, and yarns about the late Emperor Napoleon. The removal of William J. Duane as Secretary of the Treasury got two lines on a page where a big shark caught off Barnstable got three lines, and the feeding of the anaconda at the American Museum a quarter of a column. Miss Susan Allen, who bought a cigar on Broadway and smoked it while she danced in the street, was featured more prominently than the expected visit to New York of Henry Clay, after whom millions of cigars were to be named. Whether Mr. Clay ever arrived this record shall not say, but for the satisfaction of universal curiosity it must be reported that Miss Allen was discharged.

Attacks Gambling House.

On October 1 of that same year—1833—THE SUN came out for better fire-fighting apparatus, urging that the engines should be drawn by horses, as in London. In the same issue it assailed the gambling house in Park Row and scorned the allegation of Capt. Hamilton, a British traveller, that the toothbrush was unknown in America. Slowly the paper was getting better, printing more local news; and it could afford to, for the penny SUN idea had taken hold of New York, and the sales were better every week.

Wisner was stretching the police court pieces out to nearly two columns. Now and then, perhaps when Mr. Day was away fishing, the reporter would slip in an Abolition paragraph or a gloomy poem on the horrors of slavery. But he was so valuable that, while his chief did not raise his salary of $4 a week, he offered him half the paper, the same to be paid for out of the profits. And so, in January of 1834, Wisner became a half-owner of THE SUN. Benton, another SUN printer, also wanted an interest, and left when he could not get it.

Before it was two months old THE SUN had begun to take an interest in aeronautics. It printed a column editorial October 16, 1833, on the subject of Durant's balloon ascensions, and quoted Napoleon as saying that the only insurmountable difficulty of the balloon in war was the impossibility of guiding its course. "This difficulty Dr. Durant is now endeavoring to obviate." And THE SUN added:

May we not therefore look to the time, in perspective, when our atmosphere will be traversed with as much facility as our waters?

"An Editor's Closet."

In the issue of October 17 a skit, probably by Mr. Day himself, gives a picture of the trials of an editor of the period:

SCENE—An editor's closet—editor solus.

"Well, a pretty day's work of it I shall make. News, I have nothing—politics, stale, flat and unprofitable—miscellany, enough of it—miscellany bills payable, and a miscellaneous list of subscribers with tastes as miscellaneous as the tongues of Babel. Ha! Footsteps! Drop the first person singular and don the plural, WE must now play the editor."

Enter Devil—Copy, sir!

Enter A—I missed my paper this morning, sir, I don't want to take it——

Enter B—There's a letter "o" turned upside down in my advertisement this morning, sir! I—I——

Enter C—You didn't notice my new work, my treatise on a flea, this morning, sir! You have no literary taste, Sir——

Enter D—Sir, your boy don't leave my paper, sir—I live in a blind alley; you turn out of ——— street to the right—then take a left hand turn—then to the right again—then go under an arch—then over a kennel—then jump a ten foot fence—then enter a door—then climb five pairs of stairs—then fourteen corners—and you can't miss my door. I want your boy to leave my paper first—it's only a mile out of his way—if he don't, I'll stop——

Enter E—Sir, you have abused my friend; the article against Mr. ——— as a candidate is intolerable—it is scandalous—I'll stop my paper—I'll cane you—I'll——

Enter F—Mr. Editor, you are mealy mouthed, you lack independence, your remarks upon Mr. ———, the candidate for Congress, are too tame. If you don't put it on harder I'll stop my——

Enter G—Your remarks upon profane swearing are personal, d—n you, sir, you mean me—before I'll patronize you longer I'll see you in——

Enter H—Mr. ———, we are very sorry you do not say more against the growing sin of profanity. Unless you put your veto on it more decidedly, no man of correct moral principles will give you his patronage—I, for one——

Enter I—Bad luck to the dirty scowl of him, where does he keep himself? By the powers, I'll strike him if I can get at his carcass, and I'll kick him anyhow! Why do you fill your paper with dirty lies about Irishmen at all?

Enter J—Why don't you give us more anecdotes and sich, Irish stories and them things—I don't like the long speeches—I——

Devil—Copy, sir!

The day after this evidence of unrest appeared THE SUN printed, perhaps with a view to making all manner of citizens gnash their teeth, a few extracts from the narrative of Col. Hamilton, "the British traveller in America":

In America there are no bells and no chambermaids.

I have heard, since my arrival in America, the toast of "a bloody war in Europe" drank with enthusiasm.

The whole population of the Southern and Western States are uniformly armed with daggers.

At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union and still be regarded in many parts of Europe, especially in Germany, as a man comparatively ignorant.

The editorial suggested that the Colonel "had better look wild for the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." THE SUN seems to have had a very poor opinion of the English. Mr. Day took a double whack at Britain and the Abolitionists by printing, with reference to Albion, this verse:

Where tender hearts are sighing,
As negro's wrongs are told;
While the white slave is dying
To gain the Englishman his gold.

Perhaps this is the first time that the phrase "white slave" appeared in print, although it was not used in the sense of the Mann act, but probably referred to the victims of the factory system.

"We cannot give credence," the article added, "to the stories that are told of the excellence of the climate of England."

The First "Pork Barrel."

The union printers were lively even in the first days of THE SUN, which announced on October 21, 1833, that the *Journal of Commerce* paid its journeymen only $10 a week, and added:

The proprietors of other morning papers cheerfully pay $12. Therefore the office of the *Journal of Commerce* is what printers term a rat office—and the term "rat," with the followers of the same profession with Faust, Franklin and Stanhope, is a most odious term.

The "pork barrel" was foreshadowed in an item printed when THE SUN was just a month old:

At the close of the present year the Treasury of the nation will contain $12,000,000. This rich and increasing revenue will probably be a bone of contention at the next session of Congress.

At the end of its first month THE SUN was sometimes printing six pages a day instead of four and was getting more and more advertising. Its news was lively enough, considering the times. Rum, the cholera in Mexico, assassinations in the South, the police court, the tour of Henry Clay and poems by Walter Scott were its long suit. The circulation of the little paper was now about 1,200 copies, and the future seemed promising, even if Mr. Day did print, at suspiciously frequent intervals, articles inveighing against the debtor's prison law.

The Astor House—just now a ruin—was at first called the Park Hotel, for THE SUN of October 29, 1833, announced editorially:

THE PARK HOTEL.—Mr. W. B. Astor gives notice that he will receive proposals for building the long contemplated hotel in Broadway, between Barclay and Vesey streets.

An advertisement which THE SUN saw fit to notice editorially was inserted by a young man in search of a wife—"a young woman who understands the use of the needle and who is willing to be industrious." The editorial comment was:

The advertisement was handed to us by a respectable looking young man, and of course we could not refuse to publish it—though if we were in want of a wife we think we should take a different course to obtain one.

Next day THE SUN printed this extract from the New Haven *Telegraph*:

CAUTION TO PRINTERS.—We lost a subscriber and an advertising fee the other day for refusing to advertise a WIFE *bottom upward*. Reader, we don't mean the *wife* bottom upward, but the advertisement.

Sometimes the police items, flecked with poetry, and presumably written by Wisner, were tantalizingly reticent, as:

Maria Jones was accused of stealing clothing, and committed. Certain affairs were developed of rather a singular and comical nature in relation to her.

Nothing more than that. Perhaps Wisner rather enjoyed being questioned by admiring friends when he went to dinner at the American House that day.

Ship News Lacked Snap.

Bright as the police reporter was, the ship news man of that day lacked snap. The arrival from Europe of James Fenimore Cooper, who could have told THE SUN more foreign news than it had ever printed, was disposed of in twelve words. But it must be remembered that the interview was then unknown. The only way to get anything out of a citizen was to enrage him, whereupon he would write a letter. But THE SUN did say, a couple of days later, that Cooper's newest novel, "The Headsman," was being sold in London at $7.50 a copy—no doubt in the old fashioned English form, three volumes at half a guinea each.

THE SUN blew its own horn for the first time on November 9, 1833:

Its success is now beyond question, and it has exceeded the most sanguine anticipation of its publishers in its circulation and advertising patronage. Scarcely two months has it existed in the typographical firmament, and it has a daily circulation of upward of 2,000 copies, besides a steadily increasing advertising patronage. Although of a character (we hope) deserving the encouragement of all classes of society, it is more especially valuable to those who cannot well afford to incur the expense of subscribing to a "blanket sheet" and paying $10 per annum.

In conclusion we may be permitted to remark that the penny press, by diffusing useful knowledge among the operative classes of society, is effecting the march of intelligence to a greater degree than any other mode of instruction.

The same article called attention to the fact that the "penny" papers of England were really two-cent papers. THE SUN'S price was announced as "one penny" on early numbers, but on October 8, when it was a little more than a month old, the legend was changed to read "price one cent"—a more exact description of the amount for which it had been selling.

A Serial on Crockett.

THE SUN ran its first serial in the third month of its existence. This was "The Life of Davy Crockett," dictated or authorized by the frontiersman himself. It must have been a relief to the readers to get away from the usual dull reprint from foreign papers that had been filling THE SUN'S first page. In those days the first pages were always the dullest, but Crockett's lively stories about bear hunts and the like greatly enlivened THE SUN.

Other celebrities were often mentioned. Aaron Burr, now old and feeble, was writing his memoirs. Martin Van Buren had taken lodgings at the City Hotel. The Siamese Twins were arrested in the South for beating a man. "Mr. Clay arrived in town last evening and attended the new opera." This was "Fra Diavolo," in which Mr. and Mrs. Wood sang at the Park Theatre. "It is said that Dom Pedro has dared his brother Miguel to single combat, which has been refused." A week later THE SUN gloated over the fact that Pedro—Pedro I. of Brazil who was invading Portugal on behalf of his daughter, Maria da Gloria—had routed the usurper Miguel's army.

On December 5, 1833, THE SUN printed the longest news piece it had ever put in type—the message of President Jackson to the Congress. This took up three of the four pages and crowded out nearly all the advertising.

On December 17, in the fourth month of its life, THE SUN announced that it had procured "a machind press, on which one thousand impressions can be taken in an hour. The daily circulation is now nearly FOUR THOUSAND." It was happy Christmas for Day and Wisner. THE SUN surely was shining!

More Local Items.

The paper retained its original size and shape during the whole of 1834 and rarely printed more than four pages. As it grew older it printed more and more local items and developed greater interest in local affairs. The first page was taken up with advertising and reprint. A State election might have taken place the day before, but on Page 1 THE SUN worshippers looked for a bit of fiction or history. What were the fortunes of William L. Marcy as compared to a two column thriller, "The Idiot's Revenge" or "Captain Chicken and Gentle Sophia"?

The headlines were all small and most of them italics. Here are samples:

INGRATITUDE OF A CAT. PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON. WONDERFUL ANTICS OF FLEAS. BROUGHT TO IT BY RUM.

The news paragraphs were sometimes models of condensation:

PICK POCKETS.—On Friday night a Gentleman lost $100 at the Opera and then $25 at Tammany Hall.

The Hon. Daniel Webster will leave town this morning for Washington.

John Baker, the person whom we reported a short time since as being brought before the police for stealing a ham, died suddenly in his cell in Bellevue in the greatest agony—an awful warning to drunkards.

James G. Bennett has become sole proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia *Courier*.

Colonel Crockett, it is expected, will visit the Bowery Theatre this evening.

RUMOR.—It was rumored in Washington on the 6th that a duel would take place the next day between two members of the House.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Ann McDonough of Washington street attempted to drink a pint of rum on a wager on Wednesday afternoon last. Before it was half swallowed Ann was a corpse. Served her right!

Bayington, the murderer, we learn by a contemporary, was formerly employed in this city on the *Journal of Commerce*. No wonder he has come to an untimely end.

DUEL.—We understand that a duel was fought at Hoboken on Friday morning last between a gentleman of Canada and a French gentleman of this city, in which the latter was wounded. The parties should be arrested.

LAMENTABLE DEATH.—The camelopard shipped at Calcutta for New York died the day after it was embarked. "We could have better spared a better critter, as Shakespeare doesn't say.

THE SUN, although read largely by Jacksonians, did not take the side of any political party. It favored national and State economy and city cleanliness. It dismissed the New York Legislature of 1834 thus:

The Legislature of this State closed its arduous duties yesterday. It has increased the number of our banks and fixed a heavy load of debt upon posterity.

Circulation Hits 8,000.

Nothing more. If the readers wanted more they could fly to the ample bosoms of the sixpennies; but apparently they were satisfied, for in April of 1834 THE SUN'S circulation reached 8,000, and Col. Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer* was bemoaning the success of "penny trash." THE SUN replied to him by saying that the public had been "imposed upon by ten-dollar trash long enough." The *Journal of Commerce* also slanged THE SUN, which promptly announced that the *Journal* was conducted by "a company of rich, aristocratical men," and that it would take sides with any party to gain a subscriber.

The influence of Partner Wisner, the Abolitionist, was evident in many pages of THE SUN. On June 23, 1834, it printed a piece about Martin Palmer, who was "pelted down with stones in Wall Street on suspicion of being a runaway slave," and paid its respects to Boudinot, a Southerner in New York who was reputed to be a tracker of runaways. It was he who had set the crowd after the black:

The man who will do this will do anything; he would dance on his mother's grave; he would invade the sacred precincts of the tomb and rob a corpse of its winding sheet; he has no SOUL. It is said that this useless fellow is about to commence a suit against us for a libel. Try it, Mr. Boudinot!

During the anti-Abolition riots of that year THE SUN took a firm stand against the disturbers, although there is little doubt that many of them were its own readers.

The Cholera Scare.

The paper made a vigorous little crusade against the evils of the Bridewell in City Hall Park, where dozens of wretches suffered in the filth of the debtors' prison. THE SUN was a live wire when the cholera reappeared, and it put to rout the sixpenny papers which tried to make out that the disease was not cholera, but summer complaint. Incidentally, the advertising columns of that day, in nearly all the papers, were filled with patent "cholera cures."

THE SUN had an eye for urban refinement, too, and begged the Aldermen to see to it that pigs were prevented from roaming in City Hall Park. In the matter of silver forks, then a novelty, it was more conservative, as the following paragraph, printed in November, 1834, would indicate:

EXTREME NICETY.—The author of the "Book of Etiquette," recently printed in London, says: "Silver forks are now common at every respectable table, and for my part I cannot see how it is possible to eat a dinner comfortably without them." The booby ought to be compelled to cut his beefsteak with a piece of old barrel hoop on a wooden trench which has been licked by the house dog!

Not even abolition or etiquette, however, could sidetrack THE SUN'S interest in animals. In the one issue it dismissed the adjournment of Congress in three words and, just below, ran this item:

THE ANACONDA.—Most of those who have seen the beautiful serpent at Peale's Museum will recollect that in the snug quarters allotted to him there are two blankets, on one of which he lies, and the other is covered over him in cold weather. Strange to say that on Monday night, after Mr. Peal had fed the serpent with a chicken, according to custom, the serpent took it into his head to swallow one of the blankets, which is a seven-quarter one, and this blanket he has now in his stomach. The proprietor feels much anxiety.

An Obstreperous Actor.

Almost every newspaper editor in that era had a theatre feud at one day or another. THE SUN'S quarrel was with Farren, the manager of the Bowery, where Forrest was playing. So THE SUN said:

DAMN THE YANKEES.—We are informed by a correspondent (though we have not seen the announcement ourselves) that Farren, the chap who damned the Yankees so lustily the other day, and who is now under bonds for a gross outrage on a respectable butcher near the Bowery Theatre, is intending to make his appearance on the Bowery stage THIS EVENING.

Five hundred spirited citizens gathered at the theatre that night, waited until 9 o'clock, and then charged through the doors, breaking up the performance of "Metamora." As THE SUN described it:

The supernumeraries scud from behind the scenes like quails—the stock actors' teeth chattered—*Oceana* looked imploringly at the good for nothing Yankees—*Nahmeokie* trembled—*Guy of Goderich* turned on his heel, and *Metamora* coolly shouldered his tomahawk and walked off the stage.

The management announced that Farren was discharged. The Mayor of New York and Edwin Forrest made conciliatory speeches and the crowd went away.

The attacks of Col. Stone, editor of the six cent *Commercial*, aroused THE SUN. A column about the Colonel ended thus:

He was then again cowskinned by Mr. Bryant of the *Post*, and was most unpoetically flogged near the American Hotel. He has always been the slave of avarice, cowardice and meanness. * * * The next time he sees fit to attack the penny press we hope he will confine himself to facts.

A month later THE SUN went after Col. Stone again:

The colonel * * * for the sake of an additional glass of wine and a couple of real Spanish cigars, did actually perpetrate a most excellent and true article, the first we have seen of his for a long time past. Now we have serious thoughts that the colonel will yet become quite a decent fellow, and may ultimately ascend, after a long course of training, to a level with the penny dailies which have soared so far above him in the heavens of veracity.

An Editorial Feud.

It must be said of Col. Stone that he was a man of literary and political attainments. He was editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* for more than twenty years.

The Colonel did not reform to THE SUN'S liking at once, but the feud lessened, and presently it was the *Transcript* to which THE SUN took its biggest cudgels. One of the *Transcript's* editors, it said, had passed a bogus three dollar bill on the Bank of Troy. Another walked "on both sides of the street, like a twopenny postman," while a third "spent his money at a theatre with females" while his family was in want. But, added THE SUN, "we never let personalities creep in."

The New York *Times* had started up, and it dared to boast of a circulation "greater than any in the city except the *Courier*." Said THE SUN:

If the daily circulation of THE SUN be not larger than that of the *Times* and *Courier* both, then may we be hung up by the ears and flogged to death with a rattlesnake's skin.

THE SUN took no risk in this. By November of 1834 its circulation was above 10,000. On December 3 it published the President's message in full and circulated 15,000 copies. At the beginning of 1835 it announced a new press—a Napier, built by R. Hoe & Co.—new type, and a bigger paper, circulating 20,000. The print paper was to cost four-fifths of a cent a copy, but THE SUN was getting lots of advertising. With the increase in size, that New Year's Day, THE SUN adopted the motto "It Shines for All," which it has used ever since.

The First Sports Story.

In the same month—January, 1835—the bigger and better SUN printed its first real sports story. The sporting editor, who very likely was also the police reporter and perhaps Partner Wisner as well, heard that there was to be a fight at Hoboken between Williamson of Philadelphia and Phelan of New York. He crossed the ferry, hired a saddle horse in Hoboken and galloped to the ringside. It was bare knuckles, London rules, and only thirty seconds between rounds:

At the end of three minutes Williamson fell. (Cheers and cries of "Fair play!") After breathing half a minute they went at it again and Phelan was knocked down. (Cheers and cries of "Give it to him!") In three minutes more Williamson fell, and the adjoining woods echoed back the shouts of the spectators.

The match lasted seventy-two minutes and ended in the defeat of Williamson. THE SUN'S report contained no sporting slang, and the reporter did not seem to like pugilism:

And this is what is called "sports of the ring!" We can cheerfully encourage foot races or any other humane and reasonable amusement, but the Lord deliver us from the "ring."

The following day THE SUN denounced prize fighting as "a European practice, better fitted for the morally and physically oppressed classes of London than the enlightened republican citizens of New York."

As Prosperity Came.

As prosperity came the news columns improved. The sensational was not the only pabulum fed to the reader. Beside the story of a duel between two midshipmen he would find a review of the Burr autobiography, just out. Gossip about Fanny Kemble's quarrel with her father—THE SUN was vexed with the actress because she said that New York audiences were made up of butchers—would lie next to a staid report of the doings of Congress. The attacks on "Rum" continued, and THE SUN was quick to oppose the proposed "licensing of houses of prostitution and billiard rooms."

The success of Mr. Day's paper was so great that every printer and newspaper man in New York longed to run a penny journal. On January 22, 1835, William F. Short and Stephen B. Butler brought out a penny sheet which they called the *True Sun*. THE SUN charged that Short, "with the ingenuity of a London pickpocket," tried to steal its carrier boys, and that Butler had been arrested for insulting a woman. Therefore it denounced them "to our editorial brethren, and to the printing profession in general, as Literary Scoundrels." That *True Sun* lasted four days. When a contemporary did not fall THE SUN poked fun at it:

MAJOR NOAH'S SINGULARITY.—The *Evening Star* of yesterday comes out in favor of the French, lottery, gambling and phrenology for ladies. Is the man crazy.

The Editors Indicted.

The editor whose sanity was questioned was the famous Mordecai Manual Noah. Before entering New York journalism he made a memorable rescue of several Americans who were held as slaves in the Barbary States. President Jackson appointed him Surveyor of the Port of New York in 1832. It was he who attempted the great Jewish colony on Grand Island, in the Niagara River. He took himself very seriously, but THE SUN did not. He was not considered a rival, as his was an afternoon paper.

For their attacks on the editor of the *Transcript*, Attree, Messrs. Day and Wisner got themselves indicted for criminal libel. They took it calmly:

Bigger men than we have passed through that ordeal. There is Major Noah, the Grand Mogul of the editorial tribe, who has not only been indicted, but, we believe, placed at the bar. Then there's Colonel Webb; no longer ago than last autumn he was indicted by the grand jury of Delaware County. The Colonel, it is said, didn't consider this a fair business transaction, and, brushing up the mahogany pistol, he took his coach and hounds, drove up to good old Delaware and bid defiance to the whole posse comitatus of the county. The greatest men in the country have some time in the course of their lives been indicted.

Challenged to a Duel.

A few weeks later, when Attree, who had left the *Transcript* to write "horribles" for the *Courier*, was terribly beaten in the street, THE SUN denounced the assault and tried to expose the assailants.

In February, 1835, a few days after the indictment of the partners, Mr. Wisner was challenged to a duel by a quack dentist whose medicines THE SUN had exposed. THE SUN announced editorially that Wisner accepted the challenge, and that, having the choice of weapons, he chose syringes charged with the dentist's own medicine, the distance five paces. No duel!

It would seem that THE SUN owners sought a challenge from the fiery Col. Webb of the mahogany pistol, for they made a dig at his six-penny paper. Here is a sample:

OUTRAGEOUS.—The *Courier and Enquirer* of Saturday morning is just twice as large as its usual size. The sheet is now large enough for a blanket and two pairs of pillow cases, and it contains, in printers' language, 625,300 ems—equal to eight volumes of the ordinary sized novels of the present day. If the reading matter were printed in nice type and put in one unbroken line it would reach from Nova Zembla to Terra del Fuego. Such a paper is an insult to a civilized community.

Serious Matters Treated.

A little later, when Col. Webb's paper boasted of its "largest circulation," THE SUN offered to bet the Colonel a thousand dollars—the money to go to the Washington Monument Association—that THE SUN had a circulation twice as great as that of the big six penny daily.

It must not be thought, however, that THE SUN did not attempt to treat the serious matters of the day. It handled them very well, considering the lack of facilities. The war crisis with France, happily dispelled, the amazing project of the Erie Railroad to build a line as far west as Chautauqua county, New York; the anti-Abolitionist riots and the little religious rows, the ambitions of Daniel Webster and the approach of Halley's comet—all these had their half column or so.

When Matthias the Prophet, the Dowie of that day, was brought to trial in White Plains, Westchester county, on a charge of having poisoned a Mr. Elijah Pierson THE SUN sent a reporter to that then distant court. It is possible that this reporter was Benjamin H. Day himself. At any rate Day attended the trial and there made the acquaintance of a young man who would that very summer make THE SUN the cynosure of the world of science.

(To be continued in next Sunday's SUN)