

stationers, but they sold only paper, almanacs, ballads, and a few common school books. Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books to England."

The first English newspaper printed in America appeared in Boston in 1690. It was entitled, "Public Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestic." It was suppressed by the authorities, so that a second number did not appear. In 1704, the *Boston News Letter* was started. This was printed by Bartholomew Green, and published and edited by John Campbell, postmaster of Boston. The next paper in the colony was established in 1719, by William Brooker, and others appeared from time to time. In 1719, Campbell complained that his *News Letter* had a circulation of only 300 in Boston, which, when the first number was issued fifteen years before, had a population of 8000.

The newspaper press has become a mighty power in this country from small beginnings. This was true, even half a century ago. De Toqueville on "Democracy in America," wrote in 1835, of this agency: "Its influence in America is immense. It is the power which impels the circulation of political life through all the districts of that vast territory. Its eye is constantly open to detect the secret springs of political designs, and to summon the leaders of all parties to the bar of public opinion. It rallies the interest of the community round certain principles, and it draws up the creed which factions adopt, for it affords a means of intercourse between parties which hear and address each other without ever having been in immediate contact. When a great number of organs of the press adopt the same line of conduct, their influence becomes irresistible, and public opinion, when it is perpetually assailed from the other side, eventually yields to the attack. In the United States, each separate journal exercises but little authority, but the power of the periodical press is only second to that of the public."

What vast strides have been made in all respects in connection with the periodical press since the French student of our institutions wrote. We live in a wonderful age and country, and one of the most remarkable features is the printing press. We see this the more after glancing as we have at the past.

Knowledge is now within the reach of the many, for which we may thank the art of printing. None need be ignorant; good literature never was so cheap, and public libraries are constantly increasing. The press has sent the schoolmaster abroad, so that all, in an important sense, can be educated. Through the press, the pen becomes "mightier than the sword." (REV.) J. MOORE.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

GIORGIO SGAMBATI.—Among the Italian musicians of our time, there is none more eminent than Giovanni Sgambati, a Roman by birth, and now in the enjoyment of the best years of his life. He is undoubtedly one of the leaders in the new scientific path of music, and he is also one of the few Italians who is struggling hard to assimilate his Italian ideas and Italian style with the scientific tendencies of the Germans.

Sgambati has for years studied German music, and has modelled his own works on German models of thought and ideas. But in order to prepare his countrymen to understand him, he first introduced either in piano recitals or as orchestral conductor the works of Beethoven, Weber, List, etc., and himself trained his orchestra for these works.—*American Musician*.

The value of any article in this world is determined not only by its intrinsic worth, but by its scarcity and by the effort to be expended in procuring it. Now, music as an art has more intrinsic worth than any common branch of education, since it serves a higher and nobler purpose. It is compared to any of these common branches as gold to iron, more fine, more valuable, though not as useful in every-day life. Like gold, it is rare. Comparatively few natures are so constituted that they can comprehend its heights and depths. And those few, even though they possess by nature the highest musical gifts, must spend a lifetime in weary and tedious groping, for the very ethereal and æsthetic class of phenomena known as musical impressions, before they come into full light and knowledge of the subject, so as to be able to assist those who are still in darkness. No one who has not passed through the ordeal has any idea of the amount of labor and self-sacrifice involved in getting a musical education. And really no amount of money charged for teaching can repay the effort. The proof lies in the fact that nearly all musicians are poor men, while others that have invested one-quarter the mental capital in real estate or commerce are wealthy. Compare, if you please, the musician's fees with that of other professionals.

The doctor feels of your pulse and scribbles a word or two which only one other man can translate, and blaudly says, two dollars! Two dollars in five minutes. This is not the end of it. You take your hieroglyphics around the corner to the other wise man, and he translates it, puts it in a bottle, shakes it up and says, one dollar! Now all this has occupied ten minutes; you pay the three dollars without a grumble. How much has Miss Noodle earned in this time in your parlor teaching Susie where to place her fingers on the piano or Jennie how to write Dominant 7th chords? About eight and two-thirds cents, more or less, and yet you feel the burden of the music teacher's bill far more than the doctor's bill.—*Elude*.

The author of the words of the song "Home, sweet home," John Howard Payne, is said to have given the original manuscript to a lady, Miss Mary Harden, the daughter of General Harden, of Savannah, to whom he was engaged, but whom the Fates ordained he was never to marry. She kept the precious manuscript, as a memory of her early love, and would never show it to any one. It was therefore assumed, though she never denied,

nor ever admitted it, that the poem contained a number of additional lines of a personal character. The lady, who is said to have cherished a great affection for the poem and its author, though reduced in circumstances, refused every offer to sell it or show it, until after her death.—*Musical Times*.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

JOTTINGS ABOUT MILL VILLAGE AND PORT MEDWAY.

There is in this region, nearly one hundred miles from Halifax, a very interesting, picturesque little place called Mill Village, so styled because of its lumbering business and manufactures. It once abounded with saw mills, but only two have an existence at present. The decline of this industry was occasioned by destructive forest fires, which rendered the obtainment of the raw material difficult and costly. The two remaining are, however, doing a good business, giving employment to fifty or sixty men. They are running day and night, cutting sixty or seventy thousand feet of lumber and deals every twenty-four hours. The logs are brought down the Medway River from forty to fifty miles, 80,000 having come down since last spring. The place would be very lonely without these mills, the ringing of the upright and circular saws making very agreeable music. The drought of summer silenced them about three weeks, and the effect was desponding.

The River Medway is famed for its salmon, which are caught in abundance in the spring of the year. Sometimes as early as February the first are taken, when the price is 75c. per pound. These soon find their way to Boston and New York. After a time the price is reduced to 50c, then to 20c, and by the first of June to 10c., and even 5c. Then the poor man has a taste as well as the rich.

About five miles from the village, up the river, there is a pulp mill, preparing material for paper from spruce wood. It is constantly in operation, employing ten or twelve men, and makes a very superior article, said to be the best that is made in America. The whiter and purer the pulp the better. Three horse teams, taking three loads a day about six miles, of about one and a half tons each, are constantly employed. It is paying expenses, and promises, of late, to do something for the company, who have invested in the concern nearly \$20,000.

Port Medway, five miles from this place, is a large village. It has a very good harbor, and is the shipping place for Mill Village. Like this place, it does not continue to grow as in the days of ship building. The intellectual and moral interests of the people are well cared for in this direction. Good schools in good school houses, and preachers too numerous to be supported as they ought to be. Like many other small places, denominational feeling must be gratified, even if the preacher has to do without roast beef. Port Medway could, without much difficulty, support handsomely one minister, but its people are helping to pay four. This is one of the evils associated with our christianity in the 19th century. But the rumor of organic union is in the air, and a good preparatory sign of its ultimate realization is the denominational friendliness and intercourse of the present day. AMICUS.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

A succession of apologies is most obnoxious to a guest. And yet this is a breach of good breeding more difficult to avoid than almost any other. It is certainly a great temptation when one invites a friend to dinner, and everything happens to go wrong on that particular day, to speak of it, and apologize for it; but it does not mend matters, and only makes the guest feel uncomfortable. The well-bred host passes over unfortunate circumstances, such as the undercooking of a roast, the spilling of soup or gravy, the breaking of a glass, with the least possible notice. An apology only directs attention to the mishap, and does not do away with it. Some people will begin the moment a guest enters their household, and make an apology for every room the guest enters—for every meal eaten. It is, "I intended to have that sofa fixed last week," or "this fire should have been made," or "I am about to change my cook," "my butcher will not have an opportunity to send me such another piece of meat." Such references are a mark of ill-breeding, and a failure to notice all delicacies is the mark of a gentleman or a lady.

Three great loves dominate the world—the love of self, the love of money, and the love of right. The first classification embraces the vain and frivolous, the proud and passionate; the second includes the hardened and miserly, the grasping and ambitious, the schemers, plotters and villains; and the third takes in the noble, the true and the good. To which class do we belong? Perhaps the majority would answer "To all three," and it would not be impossible for such an answer to be correct, as many characters are so negative or mixed in qualities, that they are swayed by no dominant love or controlling motive in anything.

Just as every coin has two sides and two faces, so is every faculty of the human mind. Love and hate are only opposite sides of the same mental and moral capacity. Hate is love turned over, and he or she who basely forfeits another's love, is sure to encounter an equally strong hate. Usually, the deeper the affection, the more bitter and intense the enmity that follows. Let thoughtless and reckless persons make a note of this.

A good temper is a jewel extraordinary, and a worker of wonders. One of the old chroniclers tells of an irresistibly amiable monk who for some misdeed was sent to hell and released again, because Satan could not provoke or torment him.—*Louise Imogen Guiney*.