

pose. If we determine the tendencies of our literature, we determine at the same time the taste of the people. Newspapers were never printed until there was a demand for news, neither is anything printed now for which there is no demand. The supply must in some measure meet this demand. Let us glance first at our daily papers. You will say at once their leading and characteristic topic is politics. Then the people are interested in politics. Certainly they are, to an extent never before known, and in this one fact lies the safety of our government. Let those who cry out against party papers beware. So long as the side in power is kept in check by the vigilant surveillance of the other, so long only may we expect our government to be in every respect constitutional.

If the managers of these papers would keep strictly to what they believe to be truth all would be well. But unfortunately this is not always the case, and we find the less cultivated indulging in all manner of abuse directed against their opponents simply because they are opponents. This is altogether inexcusable, nothing can justify the atrocious falsehoods that sometimes appear; take, for example, the late discussions on the N. P.

Another item is the news, foreign and domestic. The despatch with which this is obtained and becomes known far and wide is of the greatest advantage. What would have become of Ireland if her cry for help had not speedily reached the farther ends of the empire? and how can a man obtain enlarged ideas of human work and destiny if his mind is continually wrapped up in petty home interests?

As an advertising medium every one will admit that our papers are becoming daily more useful.

The custom of inserting a number of "Personals" prevails to a great extent in United States' journals, and is being gradually introduced here also. It is thus described by Widow Greene:—

"I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say how ye be? or borrow a pin,
But them 'tarnal papers 'll have it in;
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a' Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone
Down to Barhamstead to see her son."

Great Jerusalem! Can't I stir
'Thout raisin' some fellers fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more'n ef this was the judgment day."

This, in our opinion, is to be deplored. In the first place, because it encourages gossip, which is a virtue applauded by none. In the second place, it is a transgression of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would," etc. It is by no means the wish of every man to become a public character merely to please his neighbors.

Now comes a difficult part of the subject. This is the custom of detailing at length all the murders, suicides, and other frightful crimes that are perpetrated; going into the minutest particulars; raking up the whole family history, and even procuring pictures of the leading characters. And more than this, viz., the placing of these on a bulletin board in some conspicuous place, as was done in this city during the examination into the Biddulph tragedy. What a generous act! Surely the man that instituted it should be considered a public benefactor! What beautiful characters to be placarded for our imitation! Does any one know of a man who by contemplating a character worse than his own was led to reform? No. The opposite is true in every case. By examining the pure and good in nature, and in man, we are led to see our own weakness in comparison, and yet, to feel that man if he will but try in the right spirit, is capable of great things.

The publishing of these tragedies in which the murderer is often made a hero, is an outrage against refined society. It not only does not prevent crime but tends rather to increase it, and often facilitates the escape of criminals. Nothing but the voice of the people will stop this great evil, and at present there is no sign of the cry being raised against it.

Having glanced at one of the evil tendencies of our periodicals, we will take up the only other which time permits. This is the pernicious dime novel style of reading that fills a great many of our weeklies and monthlies. The love of such reading grows on those who indulge in it, until it is to them what the intoxicating cup is to the drunkard. Many sad examples of this are all around us. People who spend their whole lives in dreaming. They forget that