

EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

"KEIN'SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WEIT."

Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Bright imaged on my mind.

When the daybeams pierce the night,
Off I think on Jesus' light
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as the moonlight softly steals,
Heaven's thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the awful thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the booklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute with quivering strings
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words, "Maria's Son."

Sweetness fills the air around
At the echo's answering sound:
Far more sweet than echo's fall
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, "mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Let Thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround;
From my mind its idols chase,
Wean from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold Thee as Thou art.

—Translated from the German of Angelus
Silesius (Johann Angelus Schemler) by
Frances Elizabeth Cox.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER

AND THE ORIGIN OF JOURNALISM.

The Venetian "Gazette,"—The Roman
"Acta Diurna,"—The Growth
of Papers from Early Ages
to the Present.

I have visited more than one national museum, to try to find out which was the first newspaper. The conclusion I have arrived at is that the first (printed) newspaper was the official *La Gazzetta* of Venice. It was born about the year 1566; not indeed in its magnificent toilet of black letter-press, but in a very homely swaddling attire of fair hand-writing. The object of it was to enlighten the Venetians on the progress of hostilities with the Turks; and, at the first, only one copy was authorized. From this one copy some government functionary read "the news" to an eager and painfully thronging public audience,—the first day of the month being appointed for the reading, and the occasion being looked forward to with enthusiasm. But it was not till twenty-eight years after *La Gazzetta* was started that a copy of it was printed for distribution; and then it became the leading journal of the continent, and remained so for about half a century. Thus the first printed newspaper was Italian and Catholic; nor was it till about sixty years afterward that the first English (printed) newspaper, *Butler's News* of the week, was born, in 1623. If we go back to the very earliest suggestion of a newspaper—in the sense, that is, of the publication of daily news—I suppose we may assume that the Roman *Acta Diurna*, to which Tacitus, Suetonius, and Seneca made allusion, was the first (historical) fragment of the kind. This newspaper, published both under the Republic and under the Empire, was practically identical with our modern newspapers; the writers, *actuarii*, reporting speeches, pleadings in the law courts, and stirring events; and even descending to such vulgar particulars as

AN ASSAULT CASE

before a magistrate, or the "fining of Titus Lanius for short weight." Indeed the news was very like that of our evening papers; for we read, in certain issues, that "an oak was struck by lightning on that part of Mount Palatine called *Summa Velia*"; that "Tertinius, the Olfid, fined the butchers for selling meat which had not been inspected by the overseers of the market," and that "this fine was to be employed in building a chapel to the temple of the goddess *Tellus*." Moreover, there is an announcement that "a fray happened in a tavern, in which the keeper of the 'Hog and Armour' was dangerously wounded," from which fact we may infer that the principle of total abstinence was not popularly accepted in ancient Rome. In this brief paper—the subject being a large one—it may be desirable to speak chiefly of English journalism, and of this only as to the more important developments; yet what is true of English journalism is true of all journalism; that we may write down its whole history in six stages; covering a period of rather more than three centuries. Let us put the order in this way, as to the succession of developments; dating back from the early days of Henry VIII. (1) The written news-letter, furnished for payment to official persons, or to persons of large fortune; (2) the song or the recited call of news; (3) the news pamphlet, not periodical but irregular; (4) the periodical sheets of news, weekly, monthly, but not daily; (5) the periodical sheets of news plus short criticism and advertisements, but never with the smallest attempt at a leading article; (6) the daily newspaper, with one (or more)

LEADING ARTICLES.

The word, newspaper, did not come into use until the news-sheets began to be numbered and also dated. Another

novelty in the newspaper was that it treated of home affairs, of events that were taking place in the native land; "foreign news," having been the sole pretext for the news-sheets, and all home news having been strictly tabooed. Still, the main point of the newspaper was that it was a regular publication, or at least that it gravely affected to be so. It was far from fulfilling its good purpose. Thus, *Butler's News* of the week, first numbered, and first dated, May 12, 1623,—was not only very irregular in its issue, but was also painfully undecided as to its title. The *Last News*, The *Weekly News* Continued, or *More News*, were among the tentative titles of this venture; showing the struggle which the editor and the staff had to go through, in order to bring out their paper up to date. Moreover, the prejudice and the ridicule which the gentlemen of the press had to endure, when English journalism was first feeling its way, was enough to make them afraid of going to press at all; since they knew what bitter sarcasm they would have to face from official persons, as well as from competitors and from the public. No one "believed in newspapers" in the seventeenth century, so that the hardest task before poor Butler, the proprietor of *The Weekly News*—and he must be regarded also as the father of the English newspaper—was to get his readers to believe that he was not romancing, even in his gravest statements of dry facts. And to make things worse for his enterprise, the Public Licensor cut his profits sheets all to pieces, instead of passing them as strictly legitimate information. Indeed the time came when poor Butler could stand it no longer, and deciding to let his paper die of a broken heart, he wrote in a final issue: "Courteous reader; we are obliged

TO GIVE OVER

our foreign advisers, for the Licensor will not oftentimes let pass apparent truth; and in things will oftentimes so cross and alter; which makes us weary of printing." Poor Butler! In our own day, an editor and a sub-editor do all the "crossing and altering" for themselves, but what would be their feelings if, after they had done their work, the Public Licensor were to cut them down to nothing! An interesting historical enquiry is: what was the attitude of kings and governments towards the new power which dared to criticize all powers? To speak of England alone, I should sum up the royal attitudes as being, at least approximately, as follows: the Tudors hated the press; so did the Stuarts; Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth seeking to crush it under their heels, as being an impious affliction of personal power. Charles I. sought to regulate and direct it, as a weapon which might be used for his own advantage; but Charles II. tried to crush it altogether; probably because it dared to comment on his gaiters, and to report the unseemly reveries of Whitehall. Indeed Charles II. carried his warfare so far as to allow no printing-presses in any town in his dominions save in London, in York, and in the Universities. James II. enslaved the press, because he could not win it to his own side; but Queen Anne found the press practically useful in its glorifying of the victories of Marlborough; so she restrained only libels, comments on individuals, but warmly encouraged panegyrics on victories. But the Prince of Orange became the royal patron of the press; he "took in" *The Orange Intelligencer*, which appeared about 1688; and he paid court to the English journalists as his best friends; regarding newspapers and the parliament as two mediums for reaching the people, and so seeking to

CONQUER BOTH ALLIES.

And now let us go to Oxford and have a look into the old libraries, and see what we can find in the way of newspapers. If I may speak of myself, I have seen and handled some queer old newspapers in the libraries of All Souls, Corpus Christi, and the Bodleian; and some of their titles were as dull as they were suggestive. I have heard also, or read of such wonderful titles (in these libraries as *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the *Parrotting Mercury*; *Mercurius Vendicus*, or *Vendicus Mitis*; but *Canalicus*, or *Honest Britannicus*; *Mercurius Diabolus*; *Mercurius Inanus*; *Mercurius Insensibilis*—with a host of other hair-brained inventions. Again, in the British Museum, are such wildly headed leaflets as *True News*, *Laudable News*. The world is mad, my masters; and one sheet heads its attractions with this sensational announcement, "News, and Strange News, from St. Christopher's, of a tempestuous Spirit called *Harrycane*, or *Whirlwind*; wherunto is added the true and last relation (in verse) of the dreadful accident, etc." Now the way to account for the absurd headings is as follows: Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century all newspapers were sold by peddlers who had to fly into the only grove that was left to them: wild nonsense or downright imbecility; the distracted editors taking vengeance for not being allowed to publish "news" by publishing the most wretched attempts at humor. Nor was it till the eighteenth century was well advanced that newspapers began in earnest to sober down; the rivalry between editors having been confined to startling headings rather than spread over the whole.

FIELD OF INFORMATION.

Next, let us inquire into the origin of advertisements: those real financial supporters of the press, without which, in these days, no newspaper could prosper, if indeed it could hope to exist. Our old friend, *La Gazzetta*—that first printed newspaper to which I made reference at the beginning,—does not appear to have even thought of advertisements till it reached the twentieth year of its existence. Even then its advertisements were not "put in" as advertisements, but as brief notices on the part of the editor. On the other hand, a Spanish newspaper, about the year 1710, went so far as to advertise for advertisements; with what result I am unable to say. As to the English papers, the *Mercurius Politicus*, in the month of January, 1652, contained an advertisement from an English bookseller of a new heroic poem, which is stated to be elegantly composed. About this time also, April 9, 1680, the *Mercurius Librarius* gave a "fraternal account of a books and pamphlets," and the proprietors offered

sixpence for the loan of every new book, which they promised to return immediately to the publisher. For a long while only booksellers, and vendors of quick medicines, made use of the new method of publicity; but, in 1657, The Public Advertiser was started; and in the issue of Sept. 30, 1658 (now preserved in the British Museum) will be found the following attractively worded notice: "That excellent and by all physicians approved China drink, called by the Chinese *Tee*, by other nations *Tay*, and also *Tee*, is sold at the Saltana's Head Coffee House." And we may also notice when running the eye down these early issues, the advertisements of anxious friends in regard to persons "lost in setting out from London on great and perilous journeys into the provinces"; the journeys referred to being such as a modern tramcar would be considered a sufficiently brave

CONVEYANCE TO ACCOMPLISH.

Two points remain to be touched on: (1) The origin of the Leading Article. (2) The first Daily Paper. But I will just mention, before referring to these two points,—as the subject bears intimately on the extension of "public liberties" which we undoubtedly owe to a free press,—that the publication of the debates in the English Parliament was first attempted in the year 1641. In that year, on the second day of November, appeared "Diurnal Occurrences and Daily Proceedings of Both Houses." This was the first endeavor to make the British public aware of what was being done for them, or against them, by their legislators, and it was naturally thought to be a bold venture, and was at first disapproved by the House of Commons. Within two years, however, monthly and even weekly Reports followed on this first attempt at an Annual. And now as to the origin of the Leading Article. I believe that the origin of it was English. The Curators of the British Museum are of this opinion. When the Times newspaper in its earliest days, was called the London Daily Universal Register, it had its own private reporters stationed at Gravesend, to forward the earliest possible news from home-bound ships. The government took offence at this reporting, and went so far as to intercept the Register's messengers. The Register, being angry, protested in large type, though only to the extent of a few lines. The government continuing adverse, the Register continued protesting; and week by week added more lines of explanation. Thus was the first Leading Article evolved; a pure accident leading to the development of a system which has made no little difference to the

FATE OF NATIONS.

Lastly: Which was the first daily paper—the first printed and regularly issued daily paper? Some Frenchmen think that France took the lead—I believe that Le Petit Gardien was the first—yet some English believe that their Daily Courant led the way; and perhaps it would be difficult to disprove this. The Daily Courant was started in 1709, and was contributed to by the best writers of the time. It was about this period that the names of such shining lights as Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift were growing into household words of literary fame; so that it seemed fitting that a daily organ of at least intellectual fascination should give the world some passing glimpses of its stars. In 1709 there were about eighteen London newspapers, but there was not one which came out every day. So that the advent of the Daily Courant was a boon from its regularity, as well as from the superiority of its contributors. Seventy-six years after the birth of the Daily Courant the London Daily Universal Register was started; a paper destined shortly to be converted into *The Times*, and to appear under that title in 1788. Briefly, let it be added that, in its very first number, *The Times* presented sixteen columns to its readers; with sixty-three advertisements, but no leading article—a feature which was to be developed out of resentment.

And here, now that I am ending this brief chronicle, may it be permitted to hazard this passing comment: that newspapers, as an institution, have done more harm than they have good to the communities—well of, say modern Europe. Their harm has been this: they spread scandals, they preoccupy the "public mind" with fictitious interests; they waste time to a degree that was never paralleled by any social or domestic institution; they absorb the attention and most of the zest that should be given to the study of sound literature, and so prevent people from reading what is elevating, because they devote themselves to mere fatuity or ephemeralism. That, on the other hand, they disseminate much useful knowledge is not strictly a *quid pro quo* for their injuriousness. The scale kicks the beam for waste of time, so that a sort of chronic dissipation of both the faculty and the sentiment is the penalty which we have to pay for our enlightenment.

A. F. MARSHALL.

ART TREASURE IN A MEXICAN CHURCH.

A Supposed Work of Titian's Carefully Guarded by Indians.

Tzintzuntzan was once a great city and the capital of Tarascan kings; now only a straggling village with a group of ruined churches. I made my way quickly to the old tower where the Titian treasure is, the populace following in my wake or gazing after me with wondering eyes, says a writer in the Toronto Globe. My carefully studied salutation in Spanish, a handful of cigars and a bottle of wine soon made the padre and myself the best of friends. He seemed to know before I asked him that I wanted to see the picture, and opened the high arched door of carved wood which led to a patio or court. Here, seated on mats spread on the stone paving of a pillared and arched corridor, were fifteen or twenty women with their work, braiding mats and hats or coloring feathers. As was explained, they were doing penance. They bowed reverently as the padre passed. I thought he did not look like a hard task-maker, and perhaps, do not care how long they stayed, as his life is a lonely one at best and their penance surely was not his. A little surprised Indian boy came with a lighted candle, the padre led the

way, and a wondering little procession followed through a corridor that led up to another massive door barred and chained and padlocked. We were back in ancient feudal days, it seemed, and some old castle had opened to us. It might be that the clanking chains and rusty, creaking hinges were on our prison doors, but the boy held the tallow dip high, and showed the padre's kindly face that reassured us that we were only at Tzintzuntzan in search of a Titian.

The door opened into an inner room as dark as night. The padre unfastened a grated window and a flood of golden sunlight came from over the western hills beyond the lake and fell upon the picture. Such coloring, such feeling, could only come from a master hand, authors and artists agree. We had seen the Titian to Tzintzuntzan, and it was worth the coming for.

The padre closed the window and the door after us, locked and chained it again, the boy held up the flickering torch and we marched out, leaving the padre and his treasures as a dream too unreal to be true. An effort has been made to buy the painting, and \$50,000 was offered by the Bishop of Mexico, but the faithful, devoted Indians refuse, and the price that bought "The Angels" would be temptation. "The Entombment" is some hundred years older, is the work of an old master and is big enough (the figures are all lifesize) to make a hundred of "The Angels."

What's The Reason?

The cause of summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, over exertion, impure water and sudden chill. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt cure for all bowel complaints from whatever cause.

THE EARTH'S HEAT.

Does It Grow Constantly Hotter from the Circumference to the Centre?

Many scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geographical limits of permanently frozen soil. The British Association has collected a large amount of data on this question. They have already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlie frozen earth that never thaws.

Sometimes geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age 20,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe sweated in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Cornish mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sauto Tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Spangenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4,172 feet below 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problems of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thompson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick. The majority adhere good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that if the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for about every fifty-five feet of descent—all igneous rocks must be used at no great depth.

In fact, at this rate of increase the temperature at 200 miles is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is Professor Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicians be-

Its Action is Like Magic.

ONE TEASPOONFUL

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

In a little sweetened

water, HOT WATER

PREFERRED, taken

every half hour, will

cure any case of DYS-

ENTERY, CHOLERA

INFANTUM, COLIC,

CRAMPS, DIAR-

RHOEA, if the treat-

ment is commenced in

time.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS

SELL PAIN-KILLER

At 25 cents a Bottle.

lieve that at some unknown, but not very great depth, the increase in temperature ceases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of sciences is the fact that the mysteries of one science are sometimes completely or partly explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study. It is thus that naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail, and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that these islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.—*Goldsworthy's Geographical Magazine.*

A SOLEMN SCENE.

Celebrating Mass in a Ruined Abbey in Ireland.

One of the most touching and important religious events of the year was witnessed quite recently in the beautiful old ruin of Timoleague Abbey, County Cork. Considerably over two centuries have passed since Mass was celebrated in this famous Franciscan monastery, although some Fathers of the Order labored in Timoleague parish about fifty years ago. Three Franciscan Fathers, who have been giving a mission here, sang Solemn High Mass for the repose of all who sleep in the unmarked graves which surround the monastery and crowd its crumbling aisles. Several bishops, hundreds of priests and monks, as well as the members of the principal families in Cork, are interested in this holy shrine. The ceremony was a most imposing one.

A procession was formed from the parish church to the ruined abbey thousands of people taking part. Strange to say, the High Mass was sung by Father Egan, O.S.F., a descendant of the same family as the martyred Bishop Egan whose remains were interred in the Abbey. The Mass was according to the Franciscan rite, the same as was sung in the olden times, and the same chalice was used as was used in the Abbey just 300 years ago. Even now the ruined building retains much of its ancient magnificence, and solid masonry walls and a towering bell tower tell of the bygone days when worshippers flocked to the Mass of the Friars and knelt in prayer. The idea of closing the Mission by celebrating Mass in the old Abbey was a capital one, and the reverent crowds that lined the way from the parochial church to the Abbey as the procession moved on its way were evidence of how fully the people appreciated the excellent forethought of the good Fathers. To the latter it must have been a source of much satisfaction to see the multitude who knelt in the Abbey and its precincts when the hour for Mass approached, and in Timoleague itself there were many signs of the pleasure the people experienced in witnessing a scene which was so vividly reminiscent of a time when their forefathers suffered much for faith and country, and when the Friars continued their Christian labors in the face of the worst kind of persecution. Few could fail to have been struck with the solemnity of the spectacle as the congregation faced the altar, the bare-headed stalwart priests and the women and youths forming, as they knelt, what would prove an admirable picture of a scene in those dark days when the Holy Mass was celebrated in the mountain caves and sacred ruins. The old chalice is at present in the possession of the Rev. J. Mulcahy, P.P., Timoleague, and was given, the story has it, by Bishop de Conroy (who lies buried in the cemetery attached to the monastery) to the O'Donnell of Cape Clear, with instructions that he should not part with it until a priest set foot on the island. The saintly Friars, the ungrateful Stuarts, and the infamous, bloodthirsty Cromwells have passed away, but the humble children of St. Francis are seen here again continuing the work of the "Friars of old," leading souls heavenward, and reviving the spirit of St. Francis among our faithful people. This, assuredly, shows the power of faith, and the finger of God in preserving our holy religion, notwithstanding the fire and sword of our own persecutors for three hundred years.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but usually in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

Accidents Happen

-AND-

SICKNESS

COMES TO ALL.

How much suffering

could be prevented by

a little foresight!

Always keep in the

house this inexpen-

sive and thoroughly

reliable safeguard,

which for over HALF

A CENTURY has

stood unequalled as a

household remedy

and travelling com-

panion.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS

SELL PAIN-KILLER

At 25 cents a Bottle.

CLINTON H. MENEELY

BELL COMPANY,

TROY, N.Y., U.S.A. Manufacture Superior

CHURCH BELLS.

This Company is now making a Chime of 16 Bells to weigh 30,000 pounds, for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

CHIME OF 16 BELLS.

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