

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

A Lecture on its Use and Misuse—Its Existence as an Educating Factor Defined.

The American newspaper is the best index of American life and the fairest representative of the people. Whoever would form a correct estimate of the spirit, genius and life of Americans must study the newspapers. Our virtues, our vices, our thoughts and opinions, our politics, our trade, our push and pride, our weakness, strength, creeds, customs and civilization, all are imagined in our periodical publications. The American newspaper has no rival on earth in the volume and variety of its issues. More than 10,000 papers appear each week from our newspaper press. More than 1,000,000,000 copies are circulated annually. They cover the whole field of human thought and interests. Every department of business, manufacture and trade has its advertiser. Schools, scientific, moral, educational, religious, political and charitable societies and organizations publish newspapers devoted to their interests and filled with their ideas. But stating the number of newspapers does not tell the whole story. One must note well

THE GREAT ARMY OF WRITERS

who help to fill their columns, the editors, assistants, reporters, correspondents, critics and contributors of all kinds, which, paid and unpaid, include a large portion of the talent of the country. The best brain of the nation speaks through the newspapers. The latest and freshest thought of the people is to be sought in the last paper issued. Malice, meanness, fanaticism, folly, falsehoods and frauds, which mix with our daily life, cannot be shut out from the paper. But truth, wisdom, practical sense and love of the public good, solid learning and courageous criticism are also in force in the newspapers, so that we may easily forget the bad elements which mingle with them. It is the business of social science to take account of all great public forces, to mark their exact character and tendencies, and to learn their amount and direction of power for good or evil. The newspaper is at once the product and exponent of the American mind—no better, no worse. The good probably exceeds the bad in newspapers in a larger proportion than among the people; for vice seeks seclusion, not publicity. In no other country does the newspaper exercise such power as in America. Americans live, work and think through the newspapers. Acting as

A PUBLIC CONSCIENCE,

it places its seal of shame or honor on each chapter of our history as it transpires. No American forgets it. It watches to reward the good and punish the bad. Good men trust it and bad men fear it. The power of the newspaper is not the mere force of printed thought. It is the embodied power of the public life of the day. Each reader feels that he is surrounded by an unseen multitude who are reading the same lines, and he grows excited with imagined responses. All forces of current history prove themselves through the press. Force never remains idle. It is impossible that so gigantic a force as the American newspaper should exist without exerting a corresponding influence upon the characters, affairs and destinies of the entire people. All things educate us. Country, climate, scenery and society, business and pleasure and environment exert power on our minds and characters. While few have deeply considered the depth and extent of the influence of the newspapers, few will deny it. A free press is necessary as the complement of free schools. Without schools the press would lack readers. Without the press

SCHOLARSHIP WOULD FAIL

of half of its uses. The newspaper is a public agent. It offers to the people for pay certain services, and in this work as advertising agent and public herald it depends for its support; but to reckon it only as public enterprise would insult public intelligence as much as it would trifle with public interests and rights. In its public character the paper enters into the rank of the world's teachers. Education has two chief factors—culture or discipline, and knowledge. The one comes by fit exercise or training; the other by whatever furnishes information, by observation, by reflection, and most of all by reading. With all our schools we could never be an intelligent people without newspapers. They are the people's libraries, the cyclopaedia of the millions. Scholars and professional men must read books; but woe, woe to them if they read not the newspaper. Even the fragmentary and ephemeral character of its articles lends additional charms, if not additional utility, to it. The freshness and variety of articles lure the reader on. It talks to men of their business, their political party, their church, themselves. The men it describes are their contemporaries, their neighbors. It thus adds something of dignity to their daily lives. The newspaper of to-day chronicles the movements of thought as well as those of men and nations. All find place in these

PERPETUAL SCHOOLS AND TEXT BOOKS of popular learning. Facts will sustain this estimate of the educating power of the newspaper. Other things being equal, the man or family who read a good newspaper will be more intelligent than their neighbors who do not. Sift from the American people the foreign importation of non-reading masses, and the remainder will be found to be the best read and most intelligent population of the globe. The newspaper is not advocated

as a substitute for schools, but as a complement to them. The American press, directed by men of educational minds, will find its way into school rooms. The scholars will be taught the case. Let the gigantic force of the newspapers be turned upon the work of secular education. Let the schools introduce this new text book, and we have at work an agency never surpassed to make an enlightened and free people.

A Story of our next President.

At an immense Republican gathering at Kalamazoo, Michigan, recently, one of the prominent speakers was Mrs. Hazlett, a lady orator. She spoke for two hours, and the novelty of listening to a lady stump speaker, and the brilliant rhetoric and eloquence which clothed her fervid language, held the audience spell bound until eleven o'clock.

In the course of her remarks she related that she was once riding on a railroad, and shortly before reaching Erie a man got on the train, having on an army overcoat. He appeared sick and feeble, and went through a terrible chill. Soon after the chill left the fever came, and he was parched and weak. The hectic flush came upon each cheek, showing that he was in the last stages of consumption. At the next station a gentleman came into the car, took a seat opposite to the sick soldier, and at once noticed that he was ill. The gentleman at once threw down his valise, went to the soldier, and addressed him thus:

"My poor fellow, are you sick? Let me help you in some way. Where are you going?"

He replied: "I am going to Erie—going home to die—going to see my mother, and die there. I have been in the army. I have not seen my mother for years, and going back with this decaying frame, to have it buried with my people's dead. I am not the man I was when I left the old home; but I must not complain—I have helped to save our country;" and then he looked up with a smile more than earthly.

The gentleman said: "You have had a bad fever," and he drew from his pocket a fine linen handkerchief, went to the water-tank, soaked it in cold water, and returned and placed it on the soldier's brow. Soon the moisture of the handkerchief was absorbed by the parched heat of his brow, and the gentleman, taking it from his head, unfolded the handkerchief.

"And there," Mrs. Hazlett said, "I saw worked into the handkerchief, in one corner, the name of James A. Garfield."

The scene in the hall at this point cannot be described. Col. Phillips rushed to the front of the stage and called for three cheers for Garfield, and the whole audience rose as a man and gave such mighty cheers as were never heard in that place before, and probably never will be again. The scene was thrilling in the extreme.

The Czar's Bride.

The Emperor Alexander has been in love with the Princess Dolgorouki for more than twelve years. He first met her at the residence of her sister-in-law, the princess Dolgorouki-Vulcano, a most honorable Neapolitan. Struck with the grace of the Princess Catherine, a blonde of charming simplicity and great beauty, the emperor declared his love, and the affair soon became the talk of St. Petersburg. He established her in apartments on the English quay, and here he has visited almost daily for past ten years to seek solace in her society from the cares and worries of state affairs. The Princess Dolgorouki has given birth to several children, all of them being authorized by imperial ukase to bear the titles of Count and Countess de Gourine, the name of the extinct branch of the Romanoffs. The princess followed the emperor to the banks of the Danube under the name of Mme. Kilejer during the late war with Turkey. Of course the empress knew all about it, but her jealousy and the coldness of her nature caused her to shut her eyes to the real state of the case. But when the czar desired to legitimize the princess' children, the empress, czarowitz, and the grand duke declined to accede. The czarina determined to leave Russia and find at Cannes a refuge from the insult offered her. The czarowitz avoided the winter palace as much as possible. The influence of the Princess Dolgorouki grew daily stronger in the czar's household. The emperor yielded so completely to its fascination that he even showed anxiety to obtain a divorce from the empress and to marry the princess. Now that the marriage is accomplished, it is almost certainly of the kind known as "mongeratic" in which the bride stipulates that she and her children will neither assume the rank nor inherit the possessions of the husband. These alliances are not over frequent, but the *Europe Diplomatique* occasionally furnishes us with a list of such marriages entered into by the princes of the royal houses of Europe. Besides Victor Emmanuel, Leopold I, of Belgium, and Frederick VII, of Denmark, the latest list embraces some fifteen prince's names, a large majority of whom belong to the reigning house of Germany and Austria.

Breton and Languedoc lace maintain their supremacy as the popular ornamentation for bows and ties for the neck, but the novelties are Alenconpoint, and vermicelli.

At a printers' festival, lately, the following toast was offered "Woman! Second only to the press in the dissemination of news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

FASHION, FRIPPERY AND FOLLY.

A mise is as good as a smile. At least most of them are.

It is the fashion to cover the shoulders, back and bosom, with hoods, fichus, and peleries of various styles and dimensions.

Large sleeves are the universal feature of new wraps. Dolmans are called visites, and for the fall months are of light goods, lined with satins of some rich color and trimmed elaborately.

Among the novelties this season for evening gresses are satin-faced grenadines with raised designs. They come in every variety of design and tint. They are usually made up over satin or silk.

In answer to the Phrenological Journal, which tells a man when choosing a wife he must be governed by her chin, the Cleveland *Voice* says: "The worst of it is that after having chosen a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

Sleeves of gresses are now so very close at the wrist that ladies are less particular concerning long gloves, and may select three button kinds. The choice between dressed and undressed kid gloves run evenly at present; in the latter the light shades, and black for every day wear.

One of the newest polonaise designs has short fronts caught up in the centre with a long train back, which the wearer may easily arrange in more compact fashion at convenience. Ordinary loose polonaise with hoods have frequently a large prelate's cap added, and a waist cord makes the finish.

According to the English papers, dressing at Brighton is characterized by boldness rather than by good taste. At a concert recently a young woman appeared dressed like a gigantic child, wearing a short, very short, loose frock without waist, with an extremely wide bright yellow sash; it would have done capitol for a fancy ball as "Baby." Accompanying this child was a person in a wagoner's smock-frock, buckled in at the waist, the head-gear a soft felt hat, in keeping with the dress. This would have done for the "jolly wagoner."

Bonnets are artistic productions this season when made by artists, but there are a surprising quantity made to look like a decaying vegetable garden. Odd bugs and sad looking flies and beasts are fastened on clusters of carrots or peas or onions, and sometimes lizards or snakes lie curled round the absurdities called fruit and vegetables that are used for millinery purposes. Little animals like pigs or chipmunks, owl-heads, and horse-shoes; tiger's claws are the rivals of turnips, pumpkins and beets. A woman who can see appropriateness in either vegetables or fruits for bonnets or hats may have artistic taste, but such taste is not safe to follow. On the score of unbecomingness such ornaments should be ignored.

A dress for evening wear may be of dove-colored faille, trimmed with sky-blue with faille and white lace. The blue skirt is shirred up the front. Over the shirrs, placed at regular intervals, are lengthwise, narrow plaited pieces of dove-colored faille. These are fastened on the lower part to form a deep heading, falling over a narrow blue plaiting which is on the lower part of the skirt. The train is covered with narrow blue plaited finnees. The dove-colored turnique and scarf is trimmed around with narrow white lace. It is draped on the side, falling over the skirt in a point, and open in front as far as the middle of the skirt. Above this is a plaited blue scarf, forming short loops in the centre. The upper part of the turnique is a kind of small, rounded apron coming from under the basque. This is puffed, with lace between each puffing. The lace and puffing are rounded like the apron. The back of the turnique is draped and fastened in the middle under two large blue faille loops. The dove-colored waist forms in the back a double point, raised in paster shape under narrow blue loops. The points are bordered with a shell-shaped lace trimming. Down the front of the waist is a satin plaiting, terminating in a point. The neck is cut in an oval, and has a berth made of three rows of lace with blue puffings, intermixed. It is tied in front in "jabot." The sleeves terminate at the elbow, where there is a blue plaiting, and also a double row of white lace.

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