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MUST HUMANITY STARVE?

How Shall the Increasing Population of the World be Fed?—An Illustration.
The troubles at the leading centers of population, the agitation of questions which are closely connected with wage earning, are all harrowing indications of storms ahead. What shall be done with the rapidly increasing population of the world and how it shall be provided for so as to reduce the friction of bread winning to the minimum, are grave problems which may enlist with profit the leading minds of civilized countries.
Mr. Edward Atkinson, in the Forum, enters into a consideration of the doctrine of Malthus and Ricardo. If their concepts are to be received as demonstrations of science, what good, he asks, will result from the efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, to prevent war, to stop famine and to save life from diseases? If human passions and human nature lead to a disproportion of population in ratio to the means of subsistence, or if the mind of man applied as a factor to production cannot provide for this tendency of population to increase, without resort either to violent or to purely artificial means of checking it, we might as well "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die" without taking any thought for the future of the race.
With these pessimistic doctrines Mr. Atkinson takes issue. He thinks they are based upon very narrow observation. If Malthus or Ricardo had conceived that within a short period, says Mr. Atkinson, ironstone would be converted into food for man and beast, by grinding into powder the phosphoric slag, which is the waste product of the iron furnace, neither would have ventured to present such hypotheses. Malthus held that the population of the world would increase faster than means of subsistence could be found for the additional number. Ricardo's theory was that a given area of land of high fertility when cultivated for a series of years in a certain manner would yield diminishing returns in proportion to the amount of labor and capital expended upon it.
Mr. Atkinson reviews these hypotheses very elaborately, and finally concludes as follows: "The mind of man when applied to the direction of natural forces is the principal agent in material production; in fact, the controlling element. Those who claim that labor is the source of all production are utterly misled, because they do not admit this fundamental principle. May it not, therefore, be more consistent with the concepts of an enlightened faith of any type in which order is recognized in the universe to present an hypothesis as to the mental faculties of a man are more developed and more intelligently applied to the conversion of the waste of material products, the general struggle for life will become less and not greater?"
Mr. Atkinson takes the right view. It is optimistic, but at the same time is based on the experience of oriental nations. The soil is the great reservoir of man's subsistence. It is the foundation upon which all other industries are based. If the earth were rocky, and so sterile as to be absolutely unproductive, man himself could not exist. He lives virtually on the soil. There could be no animal life without the soil. For even the carnivorous animals indirectly draw their sustenance from mother earth. The soil supports those animals on which the meat eaters live.
Granting that the soil is the basis of all life, what is the proportion of danger that the theories of Malthus and Ricardo will ever be realized? It seems to be very small. Man is yet in the adolescent period of his intellectuality. He will in the future know much more about the forces of nature and how to govern and to practically apply them than he does now. All this knowledge will be turned into useful channels. We will understand how to fertilize and cultivate the soil so that it can never be exhausted and will produce the maximum. So long as the soil is productive so long will there be no fear that humanity cannot be supported.
Take, as an illustration, the case of China. The area is not more than one-third the size of the United States. It supports, however, six times as many people as we have in this country. It takes care of the increase without any difficulty. The most careful system of fertilization is observed, and the farmer there bestows as much care on his farm, which is more in the nature of a garden than a farm, as the flower gardener in the United States bestows on his exotics. Even Germany, as sterile as it is in many parts, can supply millions more people than it does now. The director of the German statistical bureau has recently submitted some very interesting figures on this subject. His conclusions, which are based on the statistics gathered, are that without any effort Germany will be able to care for its increase in population for a time so long in the future that it is removed from the realm of human speculation.
Think of the unoccupied lands in Asia, in North and South America, in Africa. It will be centuries and centuries before these lands are even all partially tilled. When it is tilled there can be no limit to the industries which will be supported by it and the people which will find in these industries their employment and happiness.—Detroit Free Press.

The Grandest Instrument on Earth.

Professor George Davidson, of the United States geological survey, accompanied by several friends, visited the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, Saturday evening, by invitation of Professor Holden. The night was a splendid one for observation, but owing to the fact that 117 persons were also on the mountain, it being visitors' night, no length of time could be spent at the great telescope, as that is always for the great attraction for visitors. It was the first peep through the 36-inch refractor that Professor Davidson enjoyed since the completion of the observatory, and to say that he was pleased with the experience is only half saying it.
"Yes, sir," he said the other day, when spoken of about the matter, "it is the greatest and grandest instrument on earth. I am not at liberty to divulge just now what I saw and what has already been accomplished by the astronomers on Mount Hamilton. That glory belongs to the astronomers themselves, and when they do make public their discoveries, which I hope will be soon, it will astonish the astronomical world as much as any one else. Some of the discoveries they have made are, in fact, so novel and wonderful that Professor Holden and his assistants are really timid about announcing them to the world until they are entirely satisfied that they really do exist and are not illusions of some sort. Important discoveries have been made in all of the departments—nebula, double stars, planets, etc.—and questions which have been subjects of doubt and speculation for generations have been entirely put at rest and accounted for. The telescope exceeds my most extravagant hopes and imaginations, and the only way to beat it is to build a bigger one, put it on a higher mountain and in a clearer atmosphere, all of which would be a difficult combination to get together."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Death and Burial in China.

When the Chinese wish to declare the extreme "vegetation" of any piece of work they say: "It is more trouble than a funeral." The observation of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experience.
Infants are buried summarily, without coffin, and the young are interred with few rites; but the funeral of the aged, of both sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the number of the descendants and to their wealth. When a childless married man dies, his widow may perform all the duties of a son toward him, may remain in his house and may adopt children to rear as his heirs and worshippers of the family manes. If his widow proposes marrying again, a young male relative may, with the consent of senior members of the family, undertake the services expected from a son and inherit the estate of the deceased.

Evils of Chewing Gum.

A physician tells me that chewing gum is a practice in which grown people should not indulge and which parents should not tolerate in children. "Is it worse than chewing tobacco?" I asked. "A thousand times," was the reply. "A girl will do enough chewing on a cent's worth of gum to masticate her food for a whole week. The linges of the jaw are made for the ordinary work of an ordinary life and they won't stand any more. Chewing gum is something like drinking whisky—one nip calls for another and one crumple begs another. It excites the nerves which lie about the jaws to a kind of perpetual motion, which doesn't cease until their strength is exhausted. We haven't been chewing quite long enough to see its ill effect, but our jaws are made like the jaws of other people, and we might learn a true and useful lesson from history."—Chicago Tribune.

The Output of Our Mines.

It is a very imposing showing that the bureau of mining statistics makes in its report of the production of metals in the United States for 1887. The aggregate value of the output of our mines is set down at \$388,056,345—figures whose significance can only be fully grasped by comparing them with values in other departments of production. It is difficult to estimate the amount of labor that went to the making of this enormous total. The census of 1880 ranked as miners some 234,588 persons, not including 7,340 oil well operators, and not counting all the well engaged in the care of mining machinery. It would probably be safe to put at 350,000 the number of those who are now directly engaged in all departments of mining industry, and such a calculation may at least serve as a basis for determining the productive value of the army of laborers thus employed.—The Epoch.

Five Years Without Winding.

A clock has been invented, and is coming into use in Europe, which is warranted by its manufacturers to run for five years without either winding or regulation. The Belgian government placed one in a railway station in 1881, sealed with the government seal, and it kept perfect time ever since.—The Argonaut.

Evolution of Words.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of words and expressions. Cultivate people say: "How do you do?" Those who are less precise say: "Howdy!" In the backwoods of Tennessee they say: "Howdy?" The noble red man of the west says: "How?" While the cat on the fence says: "Ow!"—Norwich Bulletin.

SCENES OF SENSUOUS BEAUTY.

Interesting People Who Loiter Their Hours Away in West Indian Tropics.
Hindoo, coolies; men, women and children—standing, walking or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same kriting of the brows, and the keen, strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we Occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark glitter like its fixed form the eye gleams like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress, the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half way down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes and wear a colored head dress. These are babages, priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave, talk in low tones and seldom smile. Those you see with very heavy, full beards are probably Mussulmans; they have their mosques and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are in their close clinging, soft, brief robes and tantalizing veils, a costume leaving shoulders, arms and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded; the silver circled ankle always elegantly limt to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect always suggests lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.
A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a very pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb; its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statue of Kama, the Indian Eros. The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets, some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

When One is About to Die.

When one is about to die he is removed from his couch to a bench or to a mat on the floor because of a belief that he who dies in a bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into the next world. He is washed in a new pot in warm water in which a bundle of incense sticks is merged. After the washing the pot and the water are thrown away together. He is then arrayed in a full suit of new clothing that he may appear in hades at his best. He breathes his last in the main room, before the largest door of the house, that the departing soul may easily find its way out into the air. A sheet of spirit money, brown paper having a patch of gilding on one surface, is laid over the upturned face, because it is said that if the eyes are left uncovered the corpse may count the rows of tiles in the roof, and that in such case the family could never build a more spacious domicile.—Adele M. Field in Popular Science Monthly.

Norway's Land and People.

The forest land in Norway is in extent as compared with the arable land as thirty to one. Of course the exportation of timber is one of the chief resources of the country, but the woods are well preserved, a forester resides in every district, and no want or destruction of such valuable possessions is allowed, as has unfortunately taken place in America. The land that is cultivated, except in a few favored spots, seems poor, and the people themselves have, evidently, few of the luxuries of life. There are not many villages, Norway differing from Sweden in that respect; the farmhouses are scattered, and the dwellings of the peasants are usually small wooden huts, and often are ruinous.
But, though poverty is great, there is no beggary. We have never been importuned for alms, nor have fees been expected for trifling services, as in Italy or the rural districts of England. The people have a somewhat sad, or rather a subdued look, such as solitude often gives. The women, with handkerchiefs pinned over their heads, look at us with grave eyes. The little white haired children never shout after the passing carriage, or play monkey tricks to earn a cent. They are a gentle and quiet race, civil and pleasant spoken, but not jolly and talkative like the Germans. Their voices are of a peculiar melody—a musical rise and fall in the pronunciation of their words, which has been analyzed by the students of such peculiarities, and which it is impossible for a stranger to imitate.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A Popular Summer Fashion.

That suitable garment for a tropical climate—the light woolen shirt—is fast making itself popular in our tropical summer weather. But the mandate of fashion still is that the woolen shirt is "not gentlemanly" in town or on the cars—the two places where it is most needed. A gentlemanly dress will never offend the sensibilities of others. A neat flannel shirt is certainly less offensive than the sweat soaked handkerchiefs with which the wearers of laundered linen try to hide the wilted rag that was once a glossy and heat inclosing collar. A car full of gentlemen with pocket handkerchiefs used as bibs is a ridiculous commentary on slavery to a foolish fashion.—New York Evening World.

Willow and Oak.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Sir Walter Scott.

COMMUNION!

Love for a moment makes life whole; Nothing is common or unclean, Where I and my sweet friend convene, In that still chamber of my soul.
—Joseph Dana Miller in Boston Transcript.

TRAVELING IN SIBERIA.

Miserable Horses of the Yakoots—The Gentle Reindeer and His Driver.
Reindeer are much swifter and more reliable than dogs or the miserable horses of the Yakoots. And yet these horses are not to be despised, for they supply a need that it would be difficult to reach with other animals. They are very hardy and require scarcely more attention than the wilder animals in that country. It is not necessary to provide food or shelter for them. They thrive and do much hard work upon dead grass, twigs and dried leaves that in winter they find by pawing off the snow from the ground. In summer it would be impossible to keep up communication with the Russian outposts in Siberia without these horses of the Yakoots. Upon them is packed the merchandise for trade with the outlying tribes, and they bring back the furs that have been gathered during the winter season. Upon the obscure trail through those wild Siberian wastes the summer traveler often meets long lines of these animals trudging patiently along, sometimes twenty-five or thirty in number, each one tied to the tail of his file leader.

During the winter, however, the gentle reindeer moves gaily along at a swift trot, two attached to each sled, and fastened by a line from the antlers of one to the sled of the next. There may be but one driver for half a dozen or more sleds, and he sits on the right side of the leading sled, guiding his team with a line attached to a halter around the antlers and under the throat of the off leader. A steady pull directs the team to the right, and a series of jerks is a suggestion to go to the left. If, however, the leader neglects the signal, the driver jumps from his seat and runs alongside of the obstinate animal, which immediately makes a rush toward the opposite direction. An active and attentive driver occupies himself incessantly in keeping his team under full headway, and for that purpose wields a long, thin stick or wand with which he continually prods the poor reindeer in the rear. Eventually he gets a little sore place there by continued prodding, and plies his relentless rod upon that tender spot with the best results. The conscience that exists even in a Yakoot or Tungus yemshik has inspired him to put a wooden or bone button upon the end of his goad to keep it from penetrating too far.

In Their First Battles.

A young Bostonian has written to several prominent generals asking how they felt in their first battles. Gen. Sherman answers that such questions are hard to answer. Admiral Porter says his first battle occurred when he was 12 years of age, and that he did not feel much afraid. Gen. Pleasanton remarks that his first battle was in Mexico in 1846, and was harassed the better he would be, while Gen. Averill says the battle of Bull Run, 1861, was his first, and that when he saw the enemy he thought that a great and useless crime was about to be committed.
—New York World.

Fountains in Trees.

The great cottonwood trees in the swamps of Tennessee contain veins of clear, sparkling water which tastes somewhat like unweakened soda water and which spurts forth as if under gaseous pressure when a vein is punctured. It is said to be deliciously refreshing, and hunters are in the habit of carrying gimlets with which to pierce the veins when they are thirsty. It is a point of honor with them to plug up the orifice when their thirst is satisfied, that the next comer may not be disappointed.—New York Evening World.

Indians of Arizona.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Presbyterian board of Indian schools to educate the Indians of Arizona. At Tucson they are building an \$8,000 school house. Fifty acres of land have been bought on the Santa Cruz river, where the young Indians will be instructed in farming, and another building, to cost \$6,000, will soon be erected, where 150 pupils can be accommodated.—Chicago News.

Catching Rattlesnakes.

A novel industry has been started by boys in the San Monica mountains in California. They catch rattlesnakes by means of a slip noose of cord, box them up and take them to Los Angeles, where they sell them. The Chinese are the purchasers. They use them as medicine, and the snakes sell for from fifty cents to \$1 each. It is said that the Chinamen handle them fearlessly and never get bitten.—Chicago Herald.

Sawdust by the Bale.

Baled sawdust is the latest output of the saw mills of Maine. It is put up in neat half cord packages covered with tar laps. A powerful hydraulic press is used to press the packages, and the entire supply is shipped to Boston, where it is used by the tree car companies for bedding for horses. A portion of it is used for packing. The cost of transportation is reduced about one-half by the building process. I expect to see the sawdust of all the mills in the northwestern lumber district utilized in this way before long.—Globe-Democrat.

Experience in Dreams.

There are some very remarkable things about dreams. In the first place they are twice as real as reality. Did you ever fall down stairs in dreams? If you have, you must have observed that it is a much more terrible experience than falling down stairs when you are awake—except that you don't have the bruises to nurse afterward. But the mental experience of falling down stairs in a dream is something awful.—Cleveland Leader.

THE OLD SQUIREL RIFLE.

The Ancient Arm of a Kentucky Hunter. Loading a Flint Lock Gun.
I will describe the genuine ancient Kentucky squirrel rifle, sketches of which I have in my possession, made from the best models.
The barrel is four feet long and nearly an inch in diameter, while the bore is but little larger than a common round lead pencil; just great enough, in other words, to take into it a round leaden bullet or about one-tenth of an ounce avoirdupois in weight. The stock is of a single piece of wood, and extends from the semi-circular brass head plate to the brass half ring of mounting under the fore tip of the barrel. What is called the "drop," or bend of the breach, is very slight as compared with the fashion of the latest guns; indeed, some of the old guns have almost straight stocks and most of them have a grease pot either opening in the heel plate or in the left side of the stock near that plate. The trigger guard is of brass and fancifully curved, while the thimbles for the ramrod are placed under the barrel stock, in which is a semi-circular longitudinal groove that becomes a round hole in the wood of the lower part of the stock. The lock is the best model of flint and steel mechanism, elaborately carved and perfectly fitted into the right side of the stock near the lower extremity of the barrel. The trigger is double, the posterior one setting by a hair spring arrangement, regulated by an intermediate screw, the forward one at the least touch releasing the hammer that bears the flint, which in turn strikes open the steel pan and drops its sparks into the priming. The under part of the stock, just behind the guard, is a tiny hole into which is thrust a small quill, probably a primary quill of the golden winged woodpecker. This feather is used to put into the "touch-hole" to prevent the powder from running out during the process of loading. The ammunition for this gun is the finest Kentucky powder, leaden bullets moulded by hand and some strong, thin white cotton shirting for "patching." The bullets are carried in a pouch, the powder in a finely carved horn, and the charge is measured in a boar's tooth charger.
To load the gun, put the feather in the touch hole at the pan, pour in a boar's toothful of powder at the muzzle and then, spreading the patching cloth over the mouth of the bore, lay on a bullet and press it down even with the rim of the barrel, cut of the cloth as close to the lead as possible, and with the ramrod push the missile home to its bed on the powder. Put the ramrod back in the thimbles, take out the feather and fill the pan with powder for priming; close the pan and your rifle is loaded.—Maurice Thompson.

THE PERFORMER'S ART.

Two Processes by Which Odors are Extracted from Flowers—A Classification.
There are two chief processes by which odors are extracted and retained. One is by distillation, or what is called maceration—the essential oil or otto in which the perfume resides being extracted by vaporizing from the flowers, leaves and roots, or other portions of the plant containing it. The other, and by far more delicate and interesting, is by absorption or enflourage. This is resorted to in the case of all the more delicate flowers, such as the rose, jasmine, tuberose and cassia, where the essence is so fine that it has by practice been found to be injured by heat. The principle of odor absorption from flowers is based simply on the established law of affinity which hydro-carbons—that is, beef and mutton fats—have for perfumes. When these have been highly purified they catch, and in catching concentrate and intensify, the odors communicated to them.
The modus operandi is of the simplest and is not at all times of the cleanest. The visitor to the perfume factory would see multitudes of wooden frames having rims about three inches in depth, in which are set several sheets of glass. These frames are lifted to a bench and all the glasses are spread over with layers of pure fat, somewhat less than a quarter of an inch thick, and over this are carefully shed the leaves of whatever flowers may be plentiful at the season, fresh and full of odor. After the flower leaves are spread out, the glasses are replaced in the frame, one on top of the other, till each frame looks like a solid box of fat. Next the frames are slid into boxes made to receive them, something like our strawberry boxes, and these are then closely shut. In a very short time the fat will have caught all the odor, and having caught it will hold it, too, so that it can be conveyed unimpaired hundreds of miles.
The next question is to free the imprisoned spirit. The fat is cut up into small square portions and put into alcohol. The delicate essence at once parts from its coarser companion, and uniting itself to the alcohol is fit for the market.
Another method, but not so commonly followed, is to spread the flowers upon cloths saturated with oils, which, when the absorption is supposed to have ended, are placed in a press and the impregnated oil squeezed out.

The Man Milliners of France.

If ladies are invading the trades and professions which they could not before grasp, men are avenging themselves. Most of the French hatters now work for both sexes, and their shop windows vie with those of the modistes in exhibition of trimmed hats, smart, neat, stylish, and, in short, tempting as they can be. A hatter said to me: "I would not venture to make up flowers and flimsy stuffs into hats and bonnets. A woman's fancy and light fingers are wanted for that. But I don't fear competing with no matter what milliner when the trimmings are rich and solid. We keep an artist, who has had medals in the Salon, to design hats trimmed as you see them."
High art is running into the channels into which it flowed in the Eighteenth century, and which were left dry for a few years ago. The impetus was given by the Universal exhibition, and must I say it, the corruption of the French theatre, as well as the necessary under-which many artists found themselves of pleasing the ages found themselves of pleasing the eyes of gilded "rasquignettes," ignorant of French, and wishing to show their womenkind what Parisian style in dress was.—Paris Letter.

Unless You Have the Gift.

To the question, how to write, I should say don't write at all, unless you are sure you have the gift, which is God given, born with you, and can no more be made to order than can a taste for music when one has no ear for it. Don't think you can write because you are fond of reading stories and devour everything which comes in your way, or because you think yourself as capable as your friend, who has achieved a success you vainly would emulate. You must have the ideal world in you and about you. You must early be familiar with the imaginary people you are to make real, and who, if you are real yourself, will come to you sleeping and waking, at day dawn and sunset, and laying their shadowy hands on yours will hold you fast until you tingle to your finger tips and can no more keep from writing than the bird can keep from singing when the dew is on the grass and the morning is at its freshest. If you have never experienced this glow of enthusiasm, if you have no imagination and are taking up writing as you would any other business, because you think it will pay, or you want fame and money, don't try to write, for if you do it will be stilted and unnatural.—Mary J. Holmes in New York Mail and Express.

Composition of Bridal Wreaths.

The Roman bridal wreath was of verbenas, plucked by the bride herself. Holly wreaths were sent as tokens of congratulation, and wreath of parsley and rue were given under a belief that they were effectual preservatives against evil spirits. The Hawthorn was the flower which formed the wreaths of Athenian brides. At the present day the bridal wreath is almost entirely composed of orange blossoms on a background of maidenhair fern, a sprig rose and there of stephanotis blending its exquisite fragrance. Much uncertainty exists as to why this blossom has been so much worn by brides; but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. The custom of using orange blossoms at weddings has been traced to the Saracens, among whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that in the East the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.—Demorest's Monthly.

A Ride in a Barrel.

The latest amusement at Brussels is riding on "Le Chemin de Fer de l'Amour," or the "Topsy-turvy" railway. It consists of an enormous barrel opened at the end, and grooved so as to run upon a set of rails which slope in the center. On each side of the barrel is a seat, and on each seat three passengers sit, being strapped round the waist, and having their feet in straps, while with their hands they hold on to the seats. The barrel is set in motion, and goes down the incline and up the other side, the passengers turning round and round with it. The journey is a short one, the barrel rolling completely over only four times, and then stopping with its passengers seated right side up again. The fare is 30 centimes. Many women ride in it, their skirts fastened by a strap at the ankle.—New York Sun.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Pioneer Journals of Great Britain and the United States.
From the first day of the meeting of the Long Parliament may be dated the beginning of journalism, writes W. A. Edgar in the *Irland Printer*. The earliest English newspaper that has been discovered is its heading a summary of raw leaves, compressed in a parliamentary proceedings from an entire year. It is entitled, "The Diurnal Occurrence, or Daily Proceedings of Both Houses, in Their Great and Happy Parliament, from the 3d of November, 1640, to 3d of November, 1641." More than one hundred newspapers, with different titles, appear to have been published between this date and the death of the King, and upwards of eighty others between this event and the Restoration. Occasionally papers were published after the civil war began, limited to local or special occurrences, as "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Tidings from Ireland." The more regular newspapers were published weekly at first, then twice and three times a week. The impatience of the people soon led to the publication of daily papers, and Spalding, the Aberdeen analyst, mentions that in December, 1653, "daily newspapers, came from London, called *Diurnal Occurrences*, declaring what is done in Parliament." In the Scottish campaign of 1650 the army of Charles, and that of Oliver Cromwell, each carried its printer along with it to report progress, and, of course, to exaggerate success. It is from this circumstance that the publication of daily papers, and Spalding, the Aberdeen analyst, mentions that in December, 1653, "daily newspapers, came from London, called *Diurnal Occurrences*, declaring what is done in Parliament." In the Scottish campaign of 1650 the army of Charles, and that of Oliver Cromwell, each carried its printer along with it to report progress, and, of course, to exaggerate success. 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