

happy and thriving. There was nothing to cause us the slightest misgiving, and we imagined that it was under the same conditions we were placing poor George Green. It appears, however, that the death of the brother, George Findlay, at the beginning of the present year, led to an entire and disastrous change, and everything about the place seems to have fallen into neglect and wretchedness. Can anyone suppose that if we had had the slightest idea of this state of affairs, we would have allowed any boy to go to such a place, or that we should not have removed him at once if he himself or anyone else had told us how he was situated?

The whole occurrence is surrounded with awfully distressing and painful circumstances, and, for the time being, it has cast a shadow of the deepest gloom over our whole work.

IN OLD, OLD DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR UPS AND DOWNS BY FAITH FENTON.

I came across it one day in an out-of-the-way corner—this paper-covered copy of old historical records and newspapers.

"Reprints of the Times and Other Early English Newspapers and Documents."

So runs the title page; and within the yellow covers a curious and most interesting collection of ancient records is gathered—carefully photographed and reprinted from copies, possibly, in the British Museum and old English libraries.

Can anything bring back the past as vividly as an old newspaper, I wonder? It reflects so clearly the life of the people, it chronicles so truly the events of the time, that the passions of a bygone race seem to glow beneath the faded, crooked letters, and our hearts tremble with the fervor that flushed our forefathers.

To read stirring national events as they appear in cold compress in a volume of history, is one thing; but to read these same events as they were recorded in the rough type newspapers of the time, is a very different and much better thing; and I have been pouring with intense interest over accounts of the Spanish Armada, the death of Cromwell, the Great Plague, the battle of the Nile, as told in these quaint old sheets, which, written on smooth pages in modern English, would concern me but little.

The first document I unfold is a *fac-simile* of the Magna Charta.

"Johannes Dei Gratia Rex Angl.—." The queer shaped lettering and my stock of Latin fail me at this point, and I turn to the modern translation. It is a voluminous document—this charta of British liberty—and we are willing to take its many provisions for granted, especially since we have been reaping the fruits thereof for centuries.

Next comes a *fac-simile* of the "Warrante to Execute Mary, Queen of Scots, A.D. 1557."

This is decipherable by patient study, some guessing and much comparison of letters. It is quite as intelligible as much of the professional handwriting of the present day. Elizabeth's signature and seal are affixed at the bottom of the warrant.

A copy of the "English Mercurie," "published by authority for the prevention of false reportes," dated 1588, and containing an account of the Invasion of the Spanish Armada, is a quaint little sheet.

The pages are about eight by ten inches, and in appearance it resembles a pamphlet.

As printing was introduced into England in 1490, this little time-stained Mercurie is probably one of the earliest English newspapers extant.

The account of the sighting of the Armada is most naively told:—

"But about one in the afternoon, they (the English ships) came in sight of the Spanish Armada, two

leagues to the westward of the Eddystone; sailing in the form of a half moon, the points whereof were seven leagues assunder.

"They cannot be fewer than one hundred and fifty ships of all sorts, and severall of them, called galleons and galeasses, are of a size never before seen on our seas."

The staunch little Mercurie, after describing the preparations made to receive the uninvited visitors, says:—

By God's Blessinge, there is no doubt but this unjuste Enterprise of the Kinge of Spayne will turn out to his everlasting Shame and Dishonour.

THE WEEKELEY NEWES.

"Printed for Jeffrey Charlton, and are to be sold at his shop at the great North Door of St. Paul's, Munday, 31st January, 1606."

Contains an account of the execution of Guy Fawkes and his accomplices, also the "Great Speech of his Majestie's Sergeant at-Law, when he opened the indictment."

I wonder what our modern lawyers would think of that speech. Like an old-style sermon, it is divided and sub-divided in most stately and solemn fashion. Here is the introduction:—

The matter that is now to be offered to you, my Lords the Commoners and to the Trial of you the Knights and Gentlemen of the Jury, is a matter of Treason, but of such horror and monstrous nature, that man never before now—

The Tongue of Man never delivered.

The Ear of Man never heard.

The Heart of Man never conceived.

Nor the Malice of Hellish or Earthly Devill ever practised.

For if it be abominable to murder the least,

If to touch God's anointed be to oppose themselves to God,

If (by blood) to subvert Princes, States, and Kingdoms be hateful to God and Men, as all true Christians must acknowledge,

Then how much more than too, too monstrous shall all Christian Hearts judge the horror of this treason to murder and subvert

Such a King,

Such a Queen,

Such a Prince,

Such a Progeny,

Such a State

Such a Government.

The *fac-simile* of the warrant to execute Charles I. is among these reprints. It is a perfectly legible document, and the sixty signatures and seals among which that of Oliver Cromwell stands prominent, are of more than passing interest. It is very brief compared with the death warrant of the Queen of Scots, yet it did its work quite as effectually.

Next comes the *Intelligencer*, a weekly journal of 1648, describing in forceful Saxon phrase the last hours of the unfortunate Charles; and the *Gazette* of 1658, containing an account of the death of Cromwell. In the latter, one small page is filled with news from various outposts, the items being from one to two months old.

Think of the laboured letter writing and the slow sailing; of the anxious hearts that waited for the incoming of the mail, and contrast it with the modern flash of electric wires—and be thankful.

The art of advertising seems to have crept in at about this date. But the modesty of the seventeenth century in no wise predicates the audacity of the nineteenth in this respect. Here are a few:—

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Windsor Stage Coach cometh every day in the week from thence by seven of the clock in the morning to the Red Lion in Fleet Street, and returneth from thence towards Windsor again at twelve o'clock the same day.

At the Sign of the Bore's Head over against The Naked Boy, at the lower end of Bread Street, are to be had usual Medicines, prepared by the Art of Pyrotechny (according to the Doctrine of Paracelsus and Helmont), by which is perfectly, safely, and speedily cured, all distempers incidental to Humane nature.

That Excellent, and by all Physicians approved, China Drink, called by the Chincians Toha, by other Nations Tay alias Tee, is sold at the Sultanness Head, a cofhee house in Sweetings Rents by the Royal Exchange London.

Also that stirring realist, John Bunyan, notifies the public in words calculated to shock the sensitive nerves of modern theologians.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF BOOKS NEWLY PUBLISHED.

"A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soule:" being an exposition of those words in the sixteenth of Luke concerning the Rich man and the Beggar, wherein is discovered the lamentable state of the damned, their cries, their desires in their distresses, with the determination of God upon them. A good warning word to sinners, both old and young, to take into consideration betimes lest they come into the same place of torment. Also a brief discourse touching the profitableness of the Holy Scriptures by that poor servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan.

The newspapers of 1665 and '66 give accounts of the disasters that overwhelmed London in those years—the Great Plague and Great Fire. Graphic and most pathetic are the contents of these small sheets, when we realize that the words were penned in the very heart of the desolation.

Concerning the great fire, the *Gazette* begins thus:—

Whitehall, Sept. 8.

The ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of Fire lately hapned in the City of London: it hath been thought fit for satisfying the minds of so many of His Majesties good Subjects who must needs be concerned for the Issue of so great an accident, to give this short, but true Account of it.

I wish our space would permit us to quote the simple, quaint, yet graphic description of the conflagration.

A *fac-simile* of the Declaration of Independence is slipped in among these English records at this point. Possibly at the time of its drawing up, it was viewed as a momentous document on both sides of the ocean, since every line of it was wrought out by the shedding of British blood.

Then comes the English newspaper, enlarged and improved, in the form of the *London Times* of January, 1793—a leap of a century and a quarter from the modest little *Gazette* of 1666.

It is a new London that this *Times* sheet describes; not the devastated, plague-stricken city; a new London and a new people. How soon the tale of each generation is told!

Four theatres advertise their attractions in this *Times* of 1793. In one, Mrs. Siddons plays "Jane Shore," and the "nobility are entreated to give directions to their servants to set down and take up at the theatre with their horses' heads turned toward Pall Mall. The door in Market Lane for chairs only."

Patent medicine advertisements, real estate and auction sales find prominent places. In fact, the *Times* of 1895 is the *Times* of 1793, plus only the mechanical improvements of a century.

There are eight copies of these *London Times*, each containing interesting descriptions of national events: the execution of Louis XVI, battle of the Nile, battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and the funerals of Lord Nelson and Queen Caroline.

The accounts of the battle of Trafalgar and the funeral of Nelson are finely written, with all the graphic power of a present public grief; and as we read them the great naval hero rises from the dim records of the past a very real and human personage.

I have pushed away the bundle at last with a positively creepy feeling—that eerie sensation that we experience when, leaving the warm precincts of the present, we enter the dim region of the past; when about us move, not the cheery realities of our own day and generation, but the shadows of that which has been.

Quaint old records of bygone days! You teach us that nations grow even as individual lives do—through passions and crudeness, through ignorance, through battles and defeats, through suffering—yet with the upward struggle in all—unto the greatest achievement, of self-knowledge and self-control.