

open this copy of the Times you read—the thrilling yet soberly told account of one of History's ghastliest tragedies, the execution of Louis XVI. of France, There too, you may find edification, in reading the last will and testament of the unfortunate victim of Royalty, who had nothing to bequeath, in the way of earthly goods but who had some good thoughts to communicate anent the world's uncertainties. Most touching is the request he makes his son, the poor little dauphin who was never to know what had become of his papa. Among other counsels, is the following: "I recommend my son, should he ever have the misfortune to become King of France, to consider he ought to sacrifice everything to the happiness of his fellow-citizens—that he ought to forget all animosities and resentments, particularly those which relate to the misfortunes and disappointments which I experience, etc."—this noble document is sufficient apology for the kingship of the best if not the greatest of the Bourbons. Among the "*Notes of the Day*" it is said "M. de Sèze is dying of a broken heart" he was one of the counsel of Louis XVI., "M. de Malesherbes is no better."

The *Times*, however, is a product of yesterday compared to some of the other newspapers, none of which were dailies, yet all of which seem amply sufficient unto the good and evil to be told by a weekly. To note them all, would stretch out this talk beyond even an Owl's patience. I will note but a few as bearing on some of the most thrilling events of English History. There is a copy of the *Gazette* "comprising the sum of foreign intelligence, with the affairs now on foot in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland, for information of the people from Thursday, Sept. 2, to Thursday, Sept. 9, 1658." It was the organ of the Whigs, and whiggy it is, to be sure; a glance at the account of Cromwell's death (which occurred on September 5), suffices to show which way the wind blew. How is this for *hero-worship* and cheek? "Being gone, to the unspeakable grief of all good men, the Privy Council in assemblee and being satisfied that the Lord High Protector was dead, and upon sure and certain knowledge that His late Highness did, in his lifetime, according to the *Humble Petition* and *Advice* declare and ap-

point the most noble and most illustrious, the Lord Richard, eldest son of His said Highness to succeed him, it was resolved *nemine contradicente*, that His late Highness hath declared and appointed the said most noble and illustrious lord to succeed him in the government—*Lord Protector*," etc., follow assurances that the army and navy are for Richard. This son, says the *Gazette*, "is in all respects and appearances, the lively image of his father, the true inheritor of his many Christian virtues and person, who by his piety, humanity and other noble inclinations hath obliged the hearts of all and thereby filled his people with hope of much felicity through God's blessing," etc. Alas! poor Richard! the felicity and the blessing and yourself agra,—what of them? Is the following "book notice" sufficiently tinged with the *couleur locale* to vouch for the Puritanism of those days? "*A Few Sighs from Hell*," or "*The Groans of a Damned Soul*," being a commentary, says the author," on the 16th chapter of *St. Luke*." It would be interesting to know how much "filthy lucre" this dealer in brimstone realized. No doubt he had one eye on the proceeds, on whatever else the other eye may have set itself. The blueness of the above "ad" is relieved by the following: "Be it known that at the sign of the BOAR'S HEAD and the NAKED BOY at the end of Bread street are to be had the usual medicines prepared by the *Art Pyrotechny* according to the doctrine of Paracelsus & Helmot, by which is perfectly and safely and speedily cured all distempers incidental to human nature," so if the *Gazette* holds out sulphur, etc., for the soul, it is equally generous in pledges of blissful immortality for the body! there is only *embarras du choix*. The *Intelligencer* asserts itself as "a perfect diurnal of some passages of parliament and the daily proceedings of the army under His Exc. Lord Fairfax." This number vouches for "the Newes from Munday, 27 Jan., to Munday, 9th Feb., 1648, collected for the satisfaction of such as desire to be *correctly* informed (the 8th commandment hadn't been voted out of the press then). The news given in this issue was the Execution of Charles First, it reads very much like Pepy's Journal and Agnes Strickland's "Henrietta Maria," painfully, unavoidably realistic.

The awful reality of the "Great Plague"