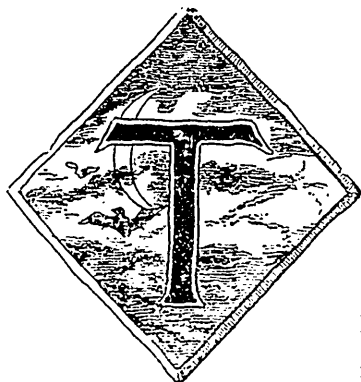


## NEW AND OLD MORTALITY.

(Continued.)



O look at these fragments from a mere literary point of view, or rather

from a historical view, a very peculiar interest is awakened, on reading over some of the "Ancient Scrolls," (the early newspapers,) relating thrilling events in the *present-tense*. From a mere newspaper point of view, it is amusing to note the soberness as to headings and descriptive adjectives used in relation with happenings which, if told after the fashion of to-day, would swell into 28-page supplements.

The order of time is ignored by the undersigned in mentioning some of the antiquated journals. Let us begin with some of the early copies of the *London Times*. There is one bearing the date *June 15, 1815*, telling in a dignified, subdued, rising inflection tone of the BATTLE OF WATERLOO; the report is intensely graphic however, comments supposed to be the reader's business. In the issue for *August 15, 1821*, we read, with a conviction that the *Times* is progressive, the details of the wrangling over the coffin of poor *Queen Caroline*: an interesting funeral that, whichever side you take, with the government against the parade, or with the people for it, some very ugly and unchivalrous characteristics are obvious on the part of the opponents, whatever their wise (?) reasons may have been for objecting to a peaceful exit of the dead Queen from a land where, surely, she had not found "joy unalloyed." In the *Times* dated *Nov. 1, 1805* we are given in a few lines the details of the last moments of LORD NELSON; we learn that "when Lord Nelson was shot and was set in the arms of the men who were supporting him his eye caught the tiller-rope which was unusually

slack. He exclaimed with great emphasis: 'Tighten that rope' an eminent proof," says the reporter, "that his professional ardor still survived the brilliancy of the flame of life." When he saw his secretary and his friend, Mr. Scott, thrown overboard, uncertain in the disfigurement and the confusion of the fight, whether it was him or not he inquired with affectionate ardor, "Was that poor Scott?" An impression seems to have been made on Lord Nelson, for as the men were carrying him down the cock-pit he said: "Dont throw me overboard, tell Hardy to carry me home." Just below this condensed grandeur are some "ads" suggestive of a slight change in some things since then; for instance, under the head of '*wanted*' we may feast on such a bit of cynicism as this: "A *genteel* youth is anxious to learn the PROFESSION of *Printer*; well educated" etc, Profession! mind, and he's *genteel*. No less interesting an *etude de mœurs*, are some of the notices of things *Lost*,—this among many others: "An old pointer dog has strayed away, he is white, with red spots, answers to the name of *Basto*, almost blind, in fact one eye quite gone. Any person bringing said dog to 153 Swallow St. Piccadilly shall receive one guinea reward, all reasonable expenses paid. *N. B.* No greater reward shall be offered,"—where's that dog a-waggin his tail now? and the owner and the finder where are they?—do they come under the head of '*Lost*, too? It is more comforting to go on with the paper, for we learn that "chill-blains are prevented by Whitstead's 'ESSENCE OF MUSTARD.'" A certain pathetic yearning for *Auld Lang Syne* comes over one on reading in the *Times* of *Jan. 26, 1793*, that "Mrs. Siddons makes her appearance in JANE SHORE, Hay market theatre—doors open at *half past six*. Play begins at *half past seven*. Side by side with this announcement is the equally pleasing one that: "THE GENUINE PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY is a sure cure for CONSUMPTION. If you