

years, it might be forever." The people did not care where he got the money, so long as they were amused, and to enable him to do it some more they elected him P. M. (not post master, but Pontifex Maximus.) We are told that he used to get very angry if he were called Ponty, and insisted on getting his full title. He then began to imagine he was a great warrior, though he had never fought but once, and that was when somebody said his pants were pulled too soon. He therefore went to Gaul (now France,) as leader of the Roman army. Few people know that when they speak of others "having gall" they refer to Jule's appointment. Here he gained some victories, and, confident in himself as usual, he crossed over to England. This is the first time that the roar of foreign guns was heard by the citizens of London, Collier to the contrary, notwithstanding. After a time the Senate wished to take his army from him, but he would not give it up. So he crossed the Rubicon, a small river that then separated France from Italy. While he was away, Pompey, (the rest of his name was positively not Snow, nor was he the man that Vesuvius erupted upon) a son-in-law of his own, had grown very powerful, and wished to oppose him. But our hero was too smart for him, and gave him such a beating that Pomp would never hold up his head again; so it was taken off and brought on a charger to Julius. We next hear of him in Egypt, making love to a red-headed young lady, Miss Cleo Patra. He succeeded here with such ease, that he reported the news to the Senate in a pure compound sentence to be found in every

Grammar. He soon returned to Rome, and devoted his energies to the work of reform. He first undertook to make the year ninety days longer than it ought to be, for he found that the Romans were living so fast that they were three months ahead of time, and house-rent became due too quickly, and holidays came round too soon. He also obliged the school boys to read his own books in school—a practice that has come down to the present day. Though he did much good, he had many enemies, who laid plans to murder him. One day in the Capitol these surrounded him, and Mr. Casca struck the first blow. Caesar showed fight, and with no weapon but a pen, which in this instance was not mightier than the sword, he withstood their attacks for some time. Finally seeing Mark Brutus, who ought to have been his friend, among the conspirators, he gathered his toga together (no pun) and fell "even at the base of Pompey's statua, which all the while ran blood." It is generally admitted that like most women he had the "last words," but what they were is not certain. Most authorities, the author of this among others, now agree that he said; "Come one at a time and I'll lick the crowd and chew Brutus." He left behind him a will and a ghost. The latter has been of great service to mankind. "Great Caesar's ghost" has prevented many a good man from swearing.

We have thus followed the career of Julius from the cradle to the grave. We do not wish to hurt the feelings of his relatives or we might follow him farther. If any of the facts given above seem to any of our readers strange, we would tell them that we