

were the grandsons of signers of the Declaration of Independence were often pointed out as men of family; wit sometimes secured a man membership in a Club when money would n't. Girls fell in love with a pair of blue eyes, a rakish air, or what you will, and left St. John's Park elegance to live on nothing a year. Young bucks understood the significance of what the great Dr. Johnson has said about claret, port, and brandy. "If brandy was to be left for heroes, why not begin with claret and port?" was their answer. Still they read their Bibles on the Seventh Day and were apt at quotations when their parents were not expecting them. All the town took to nightcaps before the stroke of midnight, except at New Year's birth. It had somewhat of an English flavour about it, that town of yesterday. Very few of its inhabitants went to Bond Street for habiliments, but they treasured the traditions of their red-coated grandsires. And one thing I have forgotten, — the girls were fair, yes, dangerously fair;