THE LONG AGO.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the minutes are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And summers, like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June's with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are forms of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we love them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And the part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that waved where the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before
When the wind on the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul" be in sight.

SOME ONE PAYS.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER I.

"Brindisi, August.

"Dear Harry,—Our plans are all formed. We start from this on Tuesday for Corfu, where we have secured a small cutter of some thirty tons, by which we mean to drop down the Albanian coast, making woodcocks our object on all the days pigs do not offer. We are four—Gerard, Hope, Lascelles and myself—of whom you know all but Lascelles, but you are sure to like him when you meet him. We want you, and will take no refusal. Hope declares on his honor that he will never pay you a hundred you lent him if you fail us; and he will—which is more remarkable still—book up the day you join us. Seriously, however, I entreat you to be one of us. Take no trouble about guns, etc. We are amply provided. We only ask yourself. Yours ever,

"George Ogle.

"If you cannot join at Corfu, we shall rendezvous at Prevesa, a little town on the Turkish side, where you can address us, to the care of the Vice-Consul Lydyard."

This note reached me one day in the late autumn, while I was sojourning at the Lamm, at Innspruck. It had followed me from Paris to Munich, to Baden, to Ammergau, and at last overtook me at Innspruck, some four weeks after it had been written. If I was annoyed at the delay which lost me such a pleasant companionship, for three of the four were old friends, a glance at the postscript reconciled me at once to the disappointment—Prevesa, and the name Lydyard, awoke very sad memories; and I do not know what would have induced me to refresh them by seeing either again. It is not a story, nor is it a scene, that I am about to relate. It is one of those little incidents which are ever occurring through life, and which serve to remind us how our moral health, like our physical, is the sport of accident; and that just as the passing breeze may carry on its breast a pleurisy, the chance meetings in the world may be scarcely less fatal!

I have been an idler and wanderer for years. I left the army after a short experience of military life, imagining that I could not endure the restraints of discipline, and slowly discovered afterward that there is no such slavery as an untrammelled will, and that the most irksome bondage is nothing in comparison with the vacillations and uncertainties of a purposeless existence.

I was left early in life my own master, with no relatives except distant ones, and with means, not exactly ample, but quite sufficient for the ordinary needs of a gentleman. I was free to go anywhere or do anything, which in my case at least, meant to be everlastingly projecting and abandoning—no determining on some pursuit that should give me an object or a goal in life, and now assuring myself that all such determinations were slaveries, and that to conform to the usages by which men sought success in public or professional life was an ignoble drudgery, and unworthy of him who could live without it.

In this unsettled frame of mind I travelled about the world for years—at first over the cognate parts of the Continent, with which I became thoroughly familiar, knowing Rome, Paris, Vienna and Naples, as I knew London. I then ran all over the States, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and spending above a year on the Pacific Coast. I visited China and India. I came—I will not say home, for I have none—by Constantinople, and thence to Belgrade, where I made the acquaintance of a Turkish Pasha, then Governor of Scutari in Albania, and returned along with him to his seat of government. A Vice-Governor of Prevesa induced me to go back with him to that unpromising spot, assuring me how easy I should always find means of reaching Corfu or Italy; and that, meanwhile, the quail-shooting, which was then beginning, would amply reward me for my stay.

Prevesa was about as wretched a village as poverty, sloth and Turkish indifference could accomplish. The inhabitants, who combined trade and fishing ostensibly, really lived by smuggling, and only needed the opportunity to be brigands on shore. Their wretched "bazaar" displayed only the commonest wares of Manchester or Glasgow, with Belgian cutlery or cheap imitation jewelry. But even these had no buyers; and the little stir and life of the place was in the cafes, where the brawny natives, armed to the teeth, smoked and lounged the livelong day, and, to all seeming, fulfilled no other duty in existence.

I suspect I have an actual liking for dreary and tiresome places. I believe they somehow accommodate themselves to a something in my temperament which is not misanthropy nor mental depression, nor yet romance, but is compounded of all three. I feel, besides, that my imagination soars the more freely the fewer the distractions that surround me; but that I require just that small amount of stimulant human life and its daily cares suggest to prevent stagnation.

I was at least six days at Prevesa before I was aware that her Britanic Majesty had a representative there. It was in a chance ramble down a little alley that led to the bay I came upon the British arms over a low doorway. It was a very poor-looking tumble-down house, with a very frail wooden balcony over the door, distinguished by a flagstaff, to be doubtless decorated on occasion by the proud flag of England.

Framing I forget what imaginary reason for inquiry, I entered and knocked at a door inscribed, "Consular hours from ——" and then a smudge of paint obliterating the rest and leaving the import in doubt. Not receiving any answer to my summons, I pushed open the door and entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves and slippers was asleep on a very dirty sofa, and so soundly that my entrance did not disturb him. A desk with some much-worn books and scattered papers, a massive leaden inkstand, and a large official seal, were in front of him; but a paper of Turkish tobacco, and a glass of what smelt to be gin, were also present, and from the flushed cheek and heavy breathing of the sleeper, appeared to have been amongst his latest occupations.

It is not necessary I should record our conversation. In his half-waking and not all sober state he had mistaken me for a British sailor who had been left behind somewhere, and was importuning to be sent on to England, but whose case evidently had inspired scant sympathy.

"I'll not do it!" grumbled out the Consul, with his eyes more than half closed. "You were drunk, or a deserter—I don't care which. My instructions are positive, and you may go to the d—for me. There now, that's your answer, and you'll not get any other if you stayed there till dusk."

"I suspect you mistake me, sir," said I, mildly. "I am a traveller, and an English gentleman."

"I hate gentlemen, and I don't love travellers," said he, in the same drowsy voice as before.

"Sorry for that, but must ask you all the same if my passport permits me to go into Italy?"

"Of course it does. What sort of traveller are you that does not know that much, and that if you wanted a visa, it's the Italian should give it, and there's no Italian or Frenchman here. There's no one here but a Prussian, Strantopsky—d—his eyes—good morning;" and he again turned his face to the wall. I cannot say what curiosity prompted me to continue our little promising conversation, but there was something so strange in the man's manner at moments—something that seemed to indicate a very different condition from the present—that I determined at all hazards to linger on.

"I don't suppose the sight of a countryman can be a very common event in these regions," said I, "and I might almost hope it was not an unpleasant one!"

"Who told you that, my good fellow?" said he, with more animation than before. "Who said that it gave me any peculiar pleasure to see one of those people that remind me of other times and very different habits?"

"At all events I, as an individual, cannot open these ungracious recollections, for I never saw you before—I do not even now know your name."

"The F. O. list has the whole biography. 'Thomas Gardiner Lydyard, educated at All Souls' Oxford, where he took first classics and law; was appointed cornet in the 2nd Life Guards, 6th——, 18—; sent with Lord Rayford mission to Denmark to invest His Christian Majesty with the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Contested Marcheston——, 18—, and was returned on a petition.' I'll finish what's not in the book—backed Queen Mab at seven to two—got a regular cropper—had to bolt and live three years in Sweden—took to corn brandy and strong cavendish and ended as you see—V.C. at Prevesa. Is not that a brilliant ending for a youth of promise? Do you remember in your experience as a man of travel that you can match it?"

By this time he had risen to the posture, and, with his hair rudely pushed back by his hands, and his face grown red with passion, looked fierce and passionate as high excitement could make a man.

"I've heard your name very often," said I, calmly; "Close and St. John used to talk of you constantly; and I remember Moresby saying you were the best rider of a flat race among the gentleman of England."

I was better, ten times better, across country. I could get more out of my horse than any of the so-called steeplechase riders; and as I seldom punished, the betting men never knew when my horse was distressed. Close could have told you that. Did he ever tell you that I was the best cricketer at Lord's What's that?" cried he suddenly, as a small door at the end of the room opened and closed again almost instantly. "Oh, it's dinner! I suppose if I had any shame I should say luncheon, for it's only two o'clock, not to say that the meal itself will have small pretentions to be called a dinner. Will you come and look at it?

There was nothing very hearty in the invitation, as little was there any courtesy; but the strange contrast of this man's shabby exterior and the tone in which of a sudden he had burst out to speak, excited an intense curiosity in me to see more of him; and though I was not without some scruple as to my right to be there at all, I followed him as we walked into the inner room.

A young girl, whose pale, careworn face and gentle look struck me more than the elegance of features I afterward recognized, curtsied slightly as we entered.

"A distressed B. S. Marion," said the Consul, introducing me; "my daughter, sir—I'm not aware of your name"

"Lowther."

"Lowther, then—Mr. Lowther, Miss Lydyard; that's the regular form, I believe. Sit down and let us have our soup"; and as he spoke he proceeded to ladle out a smoky compound in which rice and fragments of lamb were freely mingled.

"This is all you will get for dinner, Mr. Lowther, and so secure what solids come to your share; and here is such wine as we drink here. It comes from Patras, and has its fine flavor of resin."

I ate and drank freely, and talked away about the place and the people, and at last induced my host to speak of himself and his own habits. He fished and shot, he said, some years before, but he had given up both; he also had an Arab nag or two, but he sold them—in fact, as time wore on, he had abandoned everything like pastime or amusement, and now droned away life in a semi-stupor, or between gin and sleep.

"Capital fellows these Albanian brutes for letting a man have his way. No one asks how you live, or with whom. The hogs in a sty are not less troubled with a public opinion. Except once that the Pacha sent me an offer for Marion, I don't know that I have ever had a State communication since I took up my post."

The young girl's face flushed crimson, but she never spoke, nor had I yet heard the sound of her voice.

"My Russian colleague," continued he, with a savage laugh, "grew half terrified at the thought of my influence here if my daughter became a Sultana, and got some fellow to write a letter in a Paris newspaper to denounce the British intrigue, and declare that I had become a Mussulman; and the F. O. people wrote out to me to inquire if it were true; and I replied that, as I had not owned a hat for five and-thirty years, I wore a turban when I went out, but as that was an event that didn't happen above twice or thrice a year, they needn't mind it, and that if her Majesty made a point of it, I'd not go out any more.

"I'm sure that the official fellows, who seemed to have forgotten me before, never gave me any peace—asking for returns of this and reports of that. How many piastres the Pacha gave his cook—how many kids went to a pilaff—how many wives to a small harem—what was the least a man could live on in the English service—and whether keeping men poor and on the prowl was not a sure measure to secure them of an inquiring and inquisitive disposition.

"I take it, they must have liked my dispatches, for not a month passed that they did not poke me up. At last there came a young fellow this way; he was on a walk down to Thessaly, he said, to see Mount Olympus; he hurt his foot, and he stayed here several weeks, and he wrote them a dispatch in my name, and said what a stunning fine thing it would be to make all this country and the Epirius Greek; and that we should checkmate the Russians by erecting a rival State and a heterodox Church, and I don't know what else. He got up his Greek theology from Marion, here—her mother was from Attica—and he made believe that he knew all the dogmas."

I stole a look at Marion, but as quickly withdrew it, for she was deadly pale, and looked as if about to faint.

"Marion knows," continued he, "all the fine reasons he gave for the policy, and how it was not to be confounded with what the Greeks call the *Grand Idee*—no Byzantian renaissance humbug at all, but some sort of protectorate State, with England, France and Italy, I think, as the protecting Powers; and, in fact, he got to be so plausible and quoted such marvellous names, that F. O. rose to the bait and asked to have further information; but, by that time, he had gone away, and we never saw more of him."

The young girl rocked to and fro in her chair, and fearing she would fall off in a faint, I half arose to catch her, when a look so imploringly sad as to go to my heart arrested me, and I sat still, and to avert attention from her, asked the Consul some questions as to the value of the project he had written about.

"I suppose it was about as wise as such things generally are," continued he; "it may have had its little grain of sense somewhere, and all its disadvantages required time to develop. He was a shrewd sort of a fellow that William Hope—that was his name; he borrowed £20 of me, and he sent it back too, and a very pretty writing-desk to Marion, and a box of books; and he said he'd come back some fine day and see us, but he has apparently forgotten that, and it's now two years and a half we have never heard of him. Is it not, Marion?"

"Two years and eight months," said she calmly; but her lips trembled in spite of her.

I was not sorry when our chibonoks were introduced, and the young girl had a fair pretext to steal away; for I saw with what a struggle she was controlling her emotion, and what a relief it would be to her to escape notice

The Consul was so pleased to have any opportunity to relieve his mind that he talked away for hours, and of his most intimate concerns. In inveighing against the hard lot that sentenced his wearing out of his last years of life in such a place, he told me his whole history. There was but one point of any doubt; whether Marion's mother had been a wedded life or not, I could not discover. She was dead some years, and he spoke of her with more feeling than he seemed well capable of showing. She had died of that peculiar form of disease which is found in the low-lying lands of Greece, and the seeds of the disorder he had already detected in Marion. "There is a little short cough, without effort, but when I hear it, it goes to my heart," said he. "for I know well that there lurks an enemy nothing can dislodge. You hear it now, listen!" cried he—and he held up his hands to impose silence, but I heard nothing.

I sat on till evening, chatting, as smokers will do, in that broken and unconnected fashion that admits of anything being taken up, and as lightly abandoned. There was not a little to interest in a man whose mere incongruity with his station imported a strange turn to all his opinions and judgments, and who even in his banishments tried to follow the events of a world he was never to share in. For many a year he had thought of nothing but how to escape from this dreary spot—to exchange with anyone and for anything; but now with something like a dread of civilization he hugged himself in the thought of his exile, where he could be as barbarous, as neglectful and as degenerate as he pleased.

Of this same savagery one trait will suffice to indicate the extent. Prevesa was formerly a yacht station, where men frequently came in the woodcock season or for the quails; but a terrible brigand outrage, in which two Germans and an English naval officer were killed, put an end to all such visits. Lydyard declared that he never regretted an incident that freed him from all intrusion of strangers, and averred that he at least owed a debt of gratitude to the Klephts.

When I wished him good-night he was far too deep in the gin-flask to make his words impressive; but as he told me he'd like me to come up often and sit with him, I determined to accept his invitation so long as I lingered in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER II.

I stayed on five weeks at Prevesa, for though I gave my evenings to the Consul, I passed every morning with Marion. I never saw a girl whose society had the same charm for me. Heaven knows there could scarcely have been so dreary a spot, nor one where life had fewer pleasures; but there seemed a capacity for enjoyment in her mind, which, whether for sun or sky or shore, for breezy mountain or dark nestling wood, could extract its own delight and be happy.

I had seen enough even on the first day I met her to be aware that Hope had not made a merely passing impression on heart, and I was cautious to avoid all that might revive the memory of his name. This reserve on my part seemed actually at length too much for her patience, for in one of our long walks she suddenly asked me if I had never known him.

"No," replied I, "never; and I have been guardedly careful not to ask you about one of whose intimacy with you I feel jealous."

"How do you mean jealous?" asked she, turning on me those large full eyes that reminded me of the Homeric simile, the "ox-eyed."

"Perhaps my word was ill chosen," said I, in some confusion; "but what I tried to convey was the discomfiture I felt on thinking that there had been one who walked with you where we are walking, and whose words, it might be, interested you as much, or more, than mine."

"Yes, it is true," said she, softly.

"Which is true?" said I, in a low voice.

"That he loved me!" said she, in the same unaltered tone.

"And you——;" but I caught myself at once, and, shocked at the ungenerous daring, turned it off by saying, "I should like to hear more of him; tell me what you know of his history or belongings."

"I know nothing, except that he was poor as ourselves; that whatever he should become in life must be his own achievement; that he was friendless and alone."

"He was a gentleman?" said I, inquiring.

"Was he not a gentleman! Was not every word, every opinion he uttered, the soul of honor and high feeling! When he spoke of what he read, he knew how to praise all that was noble, and truthful, and worthy, and to decry whatever was ignoble or mean. When he helped a beggar on the road, he gave his alms like one whose happier fortune it was to aid a brother, and who might himself accept assistance to-morrow. And so through all he did, the world seemed like some flowery meadow, where, if we would, we might stroll or stretch at ease, each happy with each."

"Was he ambitious?"

"If you mean of honor, fame and good repute, yes, as I never heard of any one; but of that success that includes wealth and state, luxurious living, and the rest of it, he could not have been, for he has said over and over at our homely board, 'That is indeed what delights me! It is here I begin to feel how unworthy are the vulgar slaveries rich men submit to.'"

"He had, then, some experiences of the life he had censured?"

"I don't know that he had except from hearsay; but he had read, and conversed almost as much as he had read."

"Had he served as a soldier?"

"No; he could not bear any settled career. He called it a bondage, and that all men who followed any distinct calling lost their identity in the craft; he would laughingly say, 'they become smaller than women.'"

"He loved you very much, Marion, and ——"

"Why has he not returned?" said she, as her eyes flashed fiercely. "Say out your words, or if you have no courage for them, let me say them. It was this you would have asked."

"I had not any right."

"Of course you had not; but I will give the right, that I may shame the questioner. If he has not come back will you be prepared to say he may not come to-morrow? This very night? At first, in every footfall on the road, in every voice I heard—I have grown wiser now, and I can wait."

"Such trustfulness honors you," said I, thoughtfully.

"It is no more than I owe him. There, look there!" said she; "there is a Levanter coming in already, and but a moment back that sea was like a mirror! Is not life just such another ocean, and can he who plans a voyage be more certain of his weather? How can I know what difficulties he is now combating, what barriers oppose him?"

"I should be glad to feel that some one would, one day, trust me in that fashion."

"So she will, if you inspire her with the same love. A woman's heart can be as good or as bad as you like to make it. She has but the keeping of it; the culture is another's."

This was the tone of many a conversation we had together, through all of which I could gather how a girl of a strong-will and an untried nature had been gradually moulded to opinions so new and strange to her by one whose temperament and character were stronger than her own.

That she loved him with her whole heart—that she felt toward him that almost worship with which a fervid imagination will inspire its object of devotion—was clear enough. But I own that my greater anxiety was to learn, if I could, who was this man, what was he, and how he came here? It was not difficult to believe that even a man of culture and refinement might have fallen in love with this girl. She was, with certain traits of delicate health and palor, of great beauty; her large lustrous eyes, more expressive from the dark color of the orbits round them, could change from a melting softness to a glance of wild defiance; and her mouth, of which the teeth inclined slightly inward, had a character of winning sweetness there was no resisting. Her figure might be called faultless; all I had ever seen of statuesque in symmetry was realized in that little and graceful form, which even under the coarse drapery she wore, betrayed in every pose and movement the perfection of form. And just as the conscious grace of the beautiful woman blended with the bounding elasticity of the happy girl, so in temperament she united all the thoughtful moods of a reflective mind with fresh, wild impulses of the child.

"I know," said she to me one day, "I see it; you are puzzled about William Hope."

"I own it," said I, half sorrowfully.

"And you cannot imagine how this man of refinement—this creature of gifts and graces, this eminent gentleman, for I know your comprehensive phrase—could have loved such as me."

"Far from it, Marion; my wonder is how he could tear himself away from you, even for a season."

"That was duty."

"But what kind of duty? He had no ties—no cares or any calling; how could he explain a necessity where there was no pressure?"

"What he said was enough for me. And," added she after a pause, "it would have been a bolder person than either you or me who would have dared to question him."

This chance speech explained in full the ascendancy that his more powerful nature had gained over her, and how it was easier to her to believe than to distrust him.

"Does he write to you?"

"No."

"Nor you to him?"

"No; he did not ask it!"

"And still you know he will come back?"

"I know it;" and she nodded twice, with a little smile that seemed to say how sure she felt in the avowal.

If there seems scant delicacy in the way I dared to question her, let me hasten to say that our intimacy warranted the freedom, which her manner besides invited; for I have not given here the details of those conversations that occurred between us, nor told how we were led on from word to word to closet confessions.

Strange girl in every way! she would suffer me to walk with my arm around her waist, and yet would fire indignantly if I dared to call her "Marion mou," as in Greek phrase Hope had called her.

Anything more hopeless than the attempt to gain her affections I could not imagine; but the conviction, strong as it was, did not save me from feeling desperately in love with her. In honest fact, the glimpses I had caught of her nature, when revealing to me her love for another, had completely enraptured me; her warm fidelity, her unswerving faith, and her sustaining pride in the man she loved, needed less loveliness than hers to make her a prize to be striven for.

And so it was, I did love her, dreamed of her by night, and canvassed in my mind by day what way to win her. There was not living a man who had less count to render to his fellows than myself; I was actually without kith or kin or belongings of any kind. That I should marry a girl in the humblest condition was purely my own affair. There was not one to question me; but, above all this and beyond it, I owned the one great difficulty, how should I gain her love? The very mode in which my intimacy with her had been effected would make it a sort of treason were I to try to win her affections; and I could fancy that scornful banter in which she would meet my addresses, and ask me what sort of memory was mine? I could picture her raillery too on the nature that could deliberately raise its hopes on the foundation of affection laid by another, and make what, to an honest mind, would be jealousy, minister to his own passion.

It was all true, and except some advantages of a purely worldly kind, and for which I knew she would have little value, I had nothing in my favor. The only question then that remained was, should I better break the spell that was on me by incurring a distinct refusal; or should I fly at once and leave the place forever?

The latter seemed the wiser resolve, and I came to it as I slowly walked homeward to my inn at night. Instead of going to bed I sent for the landlord, and engaged with him to furnish me horses and a guide to anywhere on the coast by which I might take shipping for Italy or the shores of the Adriatic. There was a return caravan with a strong armed party bound for Salonica to start at midnight. I made my bargain and within two hours afterward was on the road.

I have little more to add. We were nearly three weeks on the way, and I was thoroughly exhausted, weather worn and very ragged, when I entered at nightfall that dirty seaport which I am now told is to become the greatest commercial mart of the Levant. One of the first sights that struck me as I came in was a party of yacht sailors with the word "Marmion' on their glazed habits.

The Marmion was the crack yacht of Cowes—the fastest cutter, it was supposed, ever built, and lately bought by the Duke of R——, whom I had known intimately at All Souls. Having learned that he was bound for the Piræus, I sent off a few lines, asking, if not utterly inconvenient, that he would give me a passage to Greece.

A letter from the Duke with a most cordial invitation, answered me within an hour. He was on his wedding-tour, and had a small party of friends, but ample room, and a hearty welcome for me.

If I were painting a picture *de genre*, I might linger to sketch some of the scenes, and one or two of the characters of that yacht party; but though there was a very pretty and attractive bride, and more than one bridesmaid of striking beauty, and some half-dozen very assiduous young men of great fascination and faultless costume, I was too much under the shadow of my late discomfiture to emerge into the broad sunlight of their gay converse.

"What is the matter with you?" said R—— to me one night, as we walked the deck alone; "I never saw you before in such low spirits."

I made some pretext of health, and changed the theme, when he asked me where I had been, and how I had come to that little-visited spot—Salonica.

"As for that," I said, "I have been sojourning in scores of places not fit to compare with it; places you never so much as heard of—Yanina, Arta, Corstatacu and Prevesa."

"Prevesa! the little bay opposite Corfu?"

"Yes; how do you know it?"

"Because I passed three months there. It was in that little dreary fishing village where I lived on sardines and boiled rice, I wrote a marvellous State paper, that the fellows at F. O. used to say made it a crying shame for me to leave diplomacy. I was then attached to my uncle embassy at Constantinople."

"What year was that?"

"In 18——. I seldom can recall a date, but I have clue to this one." He paused for some seconds and added: "There was a good-looking girl there that I "spooned" and got very fond of, too. That's the confounded part of those barbarous places. It is not only the onions and the black bread you get used to, but you conform to the woman, too, and if you remain over-long you end by marrying one of them. Shake your head, old fellow, but it might happen all the same." He paused for a minute or two, gave a faint sigh, and then, with a sort of shake, like one throwing of a load, said: "Come down below, and let's have a glass of brandy and water."—*Blackwood.*

NAPOLEON IN SOCIETY,

The Great Man's Awkwardness in the Drawing Room—His Rudeness to Women.

(From Prince Metternich's Memoirs.)

Simple and even easy as he was in private life, he showed himself to little advantage in the great world. It is difficult to imagine anything more awkward than Napoleon's manner in a drawing room. The pains which he took to correct the faults of his nature and education only served to make his deficiencies more evident. I am satisfied that he would make great sacrifices to add to his height and give dignity to his appearances, which became more commanding in proportion as his embonpoint increased. He walked by preference on tiptoe. His costumes were studied to form a contrast by comparison with the circle which surrounded, either by their extreme simplicity or the extreme magnificence. It is certain that he made Talma come to teach him particular attitudes. He showed much favor to this actor, and his affection was greatly founded on the likeness which really existed between them. He liked very much to see Talma on the stage; it might be said, in fact, that he saw himself reproduced. Out of his mouth there never came one graceful or even a well-turned phrase to a woman, although the effort to make one was often expressed on his face and in the sound of his voice. He spoke to the ladies only of their dress, of which he declared himself a severe judge, or perhaps of the number of their children, and one of his usual questions was if they had nursed their children themselves—a question which he commonly made in terms seldom used in good society. He sometimes tried to inflict upon them questions on the private relations of society, which gave to his conversation more the character of misplaced admonition—misplaced, at least, as to the choice of place and manner—than that of polite drawing-room conversations. This want of *savoir vivr* more than once exposed him to repartees which he was not able to return.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Prospects for a Monster Demonstration in Hamilton on the 12th Coming July.

The Orangemen of Hamilton District are already making active preparations for the holding of a monster demonstration in this city on the coming 12th of July. Some months ago invitations were issued to all lodges of the association, as well as those of Orange Young Britons, Prentice Boys and True Blue Lodges for many miles around, and the number which have already been officially accepted points to the gathering being one of the largest ever held in Western Ontario. Up to date favorable replies have been received from the County Lodges of Wentworth, Halton, Lincoln, East Bruce, West Middlesex and Haldimand, which, with the subordinate lodges in their different jurisdictions, will take part. The cities of London, Brantford, Guelph and St. Catharines, and the towns of Dundas, Milton and Ingersoll will be represented by the full strength of their lodges. The Grand Lodge of the Orange Young Britons have accepted an invitation to attend as guests of the Hamilton brethren, and it is expected that the Orange Grand Lodges will also be represented. Besides those enumerated a contingent of the Toronto brethren and a lodge from Buffalo, N. Y., will probably be present. A committee has been formed and every arrangement will be made for the successful carrying out of the details of the demonstration by the Hamilton Association.

TEACHING YOUNGEST CHILDREN.

The system of teaching pursued for some few years in the school of Quincy, Mass., has attracted wide attention, and the town is described by a leading paper as the one bright spot in the American educational system. A contemporary remarks that the chief difference—and it is a most important difference—between this system and that pursued in the best schools of Ontario is that inexperienced teachers are not put to teach the youngest children. The Quincy trustees do not allow any teacher to experiment on that which is most tender and most easily injured. They act on the opinion, "It takes double the capacity, ingenuity, patience and experience to teach a child of five years than it does one of ten, therefore, the best teachers shall be promoted to the primary department. There is also more extensive use of the kindergarten principles; but the principle laid down is worth the careful consideration of the friends of education.

—A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

Men and Women suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Impotency, Sexual Weakness, Lost Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Wasting Weakness, Lost Memory, Sleeplessness, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Blood Diseases, Loss of Power, Impure Blood, Wasting Pains, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Liver Complaint, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Leucorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Fever and Ague, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Epilepsy, Fits, Paralysis, Tremblings