

THE STORY OF A SONG.

Perhaps the most popular song ever written was "Ever of Thee."

It is not untrue to state that no song ever had such a sale, and certainly no publisher ever reaped so much profit from a song as did Mr. Turner from the publication of "Ever of Thee." But there is a romance attaching to it which until now has not been written.

It happened in this way: On a cold day in the January of 1850 the door of Mr. Turner's music shop, in the Poultry, London, was nervously opened, and a most unclean, ragged specimen of humanity dragged himself in. He looked as though he hadn't been washed for months. His beard was unkempt, and dirty, and matted. For boots he wore some folds of filthy rags, and in all he was a specimen of the most degraded class of the community.

One of the clerks said to him: "You get out of here."

Two ladies who happened to be in the shop noticed his woe-begone look, and were about to offer him some money, when a Mr. T— (a clerk in the establishment) seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and apparent hunger, pitied him and brought him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the stove. A few minutes after, Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and, seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted, and "who allowed him in?"

"I did," said Mr. T—; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable I couldn't send him out in this piercing wind without giving him a warm, and, besides, he says he has got some business with you."

"Business with me?"

"Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to."

Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed outright.

The miserable looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be allowed to play the air of his song, which he then unearthed from his rags and handed to the music publisher. Turner looked at it and said:

"Who wrote this?"

"I did, sir," came from the rags.

"You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I'd prefer to play it for myself."

"What! you play? Well, bring him up to the piano room when he gets warm and we'll humour him."

In a few minutes the bundle of rags was seated at the concert grand piano, and "Ever of Thee" was played for the first time by its composer, James Lawson.

His listeners were electrified when they heard this dilapidated looking tramp make the piano almost speak. His touch was simply marvelous, and his very soul seemed to be at his finger tips. When he had finished he turned to his little audience and said:

"I'd like to sing it for you, but I have a terrible cold. I haven't been in bed for five nights. I'm hungry, sir, and I feel I could not do it justice."

Turner was almost dumb with amazement. The air would take; he knew it would be a success, and he decided that this man had a history which, perhaps, might advertise the song. So he determined to cultivate him, and in flattery (as he thought) pressed him to sing "just one stanza." Lawson protested, but finally agreed, and it was with a gasp when he heard him play, he was positively enraptured when that hungry voice, hungry with love, hungry physically, poured out in the sweetest of tenors the first stanza of the song in which his soul lived.

It was the story of a lost love, but he cherished it, and as he sang it was easy to see that he lived and breathed only for that love. "Ever of Thee" has never been so sung since. But that trial verse made its success, and to the experienced publisher, Mr. Turner, it was decidedly apparent that he had secured a great song.

Addressing Mr. T—, he said: "Mr. T—, take this man along; get him a bath, a shave, some decent clothes; in fact, fix him up like a gentleman, and then bring him here and we shall see about this song."

T— "took him along." He took him to a bath, and while the unclean was being made clean, he bought for him a shirt, a pair of shoes, some socks, collars, cuffs and underwear. Then he had him shaved. Then they hied to a clothier's, and having removed the rags, Lawson was quickly clad in fine raiment. The change was beginning to tell.

Already the tramp seemed to be the guide and treasurer. He was a splendid looking fellow and had quite a distinguished appearance. But the bat was still there, and a mirror like chimney pot was purchased to complete the make up. T— laughed when all was finished. He was in his working clothes, and this unfortunate looked like a duke. The good clothes fitted him, and they suited him and his appearance much too well to continue the assumption that Mr. Lawson was a tramp. He was a gentleman all over, and he looked it. T— said to him:

"Mr. Lawson, I wish you would go into the shop before me. They won't know you, and it will be such a joke."

"I don't mind that, Mr. T—, but

won't you let me have a drink? I want it— please let me have a drink."

T— refused to stand the drink; he told Mr. Lawson that it he wanted a dinner he could have it, but drink he could not have. Finally the two went into the Ship and Turtle dining rooms, and over chocolate and sirlon steak the author of "Ever of Thee" told the following story:

"I was once rich, Mr. T—. You know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I gained any comfort for the past twelve months. It brought back to me the days when I was rich, loved, looked up to and happy. Of course it has its sad side for me. But the memory of what it recalls is the dearest thing in my existence."

T— interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was growing late.

"Please bear with me," rejoined his companion. "Let me tell you how and why I composed the little song. Two years ago I met a girl in Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come on earth she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return the affection. I escorted her everywhere, was at her beck and call morning, noon and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone."

"Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good looking man, and was promenading the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, 'How do you do, Miss Blank?' she quickly replied:

"I'm well, Mr. Lawson, but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly I thought I should never see you again. You left no address, never called again, and—well, I am married."

"To whom?" I gasped.

"To Mr. Prize," she replied, pointing

at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream was gone. I left the hall, went to a low gambling place, and in drink and gambling endeavored to kill my grief. It lasted but a little time, for in four months I was penniless."

"Then came my trial. The men who played with me shunned me. My friends shut their doors, and a few days later my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless and unhappy as it would be possible to make a human being. For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee houses; then I was considered a nuisance, and some doorstep served me for a bed. I pawned every trinket, decent suit of clothes—everything, and finally I spent three months in a work house under an assumed name."

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us such gifts as tobacco, warm clothing, etc. I was hungry and didn't look at the visitors, when suddenly a voice I knew said to me, 'My good man! which would you prefer, some warm clothing or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the fields, and there I was found, hours after, insensible."

"In my bed, there in that workhouse hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and sick of the life I left the place and became night watchman at some new building where they were putting up in Aldersgate street. While there the music of my song came to me. I got a scrap of manuscript music paper and jotted it down, and for a time I was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night watchman who answered their indolent questions."

"Often, when all was still, I poured out my soul in this little song, and after awhile the night gamins used to come and listen to me. It pleased them. To me it brought back the memory of a dead love and a ruined life. But you are tiring of my story. There is little more to tell."

"I could not endure the solitary meditation of my past. I again began to drink. I lost a situation, and as a last resort I thought that perhaps my little song was worth a few shillings, and brought it to Mr. Turner."

At this the poor fellow burst into tears. He was by himself again they went out, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. Turner, addressing Lawson, said:

"Mr. Lawson, here is ten shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here, and I shall give you a good position in my warehouse. As for your song, I want you to remember this: If you keep sober I will pay you a good royalty; but if you spend this ten shillings in drink, not another penny will you get."

Lawson left the shop, and did not make his appearance for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone, his boots were exchanged for old ones, his hat—was well, it was an apology for a hat. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tight around his collarless neck, and his face was

unkempt and unshaven, as unclean as it was five days ago.

Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of bad rum sufficiently told him all he wanted to know. He took a half crown from his pocket, and handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel. Addressing Mr. T—, he said: "If this man comes here again put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" immediately left the shop, and heaven knows what his fate has been. Certain it is that he never called at Turner's again.

Men, women and children of every colour and clime sing the song of the tramp, Lawson. And the composer and his sad life are forgotten and unrecognized in the dear old song, "Ever of Thee."

IN ROYALTY'S ROOMS.

Things Rich and Rare to be Seen at Windsor Castle.

The state dining-room in the Prince of Wales's Tower. It was redecorated shortly before the Jubilee in gold and white, after a very tasteful design chosen by Princess Beatrice. The furniture is of a Gothic pattern, and is said to have been designed by Welby Pugin. The doors are ornamented with most exquisite Chippendale work. In the centre of the North Window, which looks out on the North Terrace, the Home Park, and Eton College, is displayed a massive gold punch-bowl, which was designed by Flaxman for the Prince Regent. The ladle, which is a very fine piece of work, is made in the form of a trochus shell. The whole cost 2,000 guineas. This room was destroyed by fire in 1853, and again by water in 1891. It is only used on grand occasions, when the Queen's party is over sixteen. When it is under that number the Queen prefers to dine in the oak room, which looks out on the inner quadrangle, and contains fine pictures of the Queen's four daughters-in-law. When the party is too large for the dining-room St George's Hall is used.

The three drawing-rooms are connected with the dining-room, with the corridor, and with each other by folding doors, and all the doors are decorated with the same unique Chippendale work. The three drawing-rooms face the east and look down on the splendid East Terrace and gardens over the broad expanse of the Home Park towards Datchet, Old Windsor. The crimson drawing-room is next to the dining-room. It is decorated and upholstered in crimson satin brocade, which, together with the richness of the embellishments and the wealth of gilding with which it is adorned, gives this room a very gorgeous appearance. Superb carvings, the finest ormolu work, and the most exquisitely inlaid cabinets line the walls, and conspicuously placed in one of the windows is a large malachite vase, which like the one in the grand reception room, was given to the Queen by the Tsar Nicholas of Russia.

The crimson drawing-room opens into the green, which is similarly decorated, and furnished in the richest satin brocade, but the prevailing colour, as might be expected, is green, by which I do not by any means mean *en de Nil*, but green of a somewhat crude shade. The principal feature of this room is the magnificent collection of Sevres china, which is said to be the finest in the world. This is another product of the extravagant tastes of George IV, and the sight of the innumerable lovely pieces, delicately moulded and coloured, is enough to make a collector mad with envy. However, as a rule, collectors have not much time to examine very closely, for it is only on rare occasions, such as a State dinner-party, or by special favour, that her Majesty's subjects are admitted into the green drawing-room.

The white drawing-room is furnished in crimson and gold damask, with white walls decorated in an essentially French style. The walls of this room are hung with numerous portraits of the Royal family, while a number of exquisitely worked cabinets and a table beautifully inlaid with Florentine mosaic in the form of flowers and fruit are among the principal ornaments. It is in the white drawing-room that the Queen holds private investitures of the knights orders, when a few Ministers are summoned from town in order to form a council for the occasion. Luncheon is held first in the dining-room. The Queen then proceeds by the corridor to the white drawing-room, while the company pass through the crimson and green rooms to the same destination.

The drawing-rooms were cleaned not very long ago, and the furniture rearranged, but otherwise they have been left untouched. The hangings and stuffs with which the chairs and sofas are covered might with advantage be altered, for though they are very rich the style is old-fashioned, belonging to the early period of her Majesty's reign, and shows only too clearly and somewhat painfully to the eye the advances that art has made since then. The Queen, however, is very conservative in her tastes, and she likes the old fashions. One of the

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of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and a variety of Novelties on the first day of March, 1893. To give you a chance of getting a portion of the \$100.00 we invite you to come to our New Store opposite the Golden Ball Corner and allow us to place your name and address on our register. The street cars pass our door every five minutes, so that many can ride for a five-cent fare. If you cannot find it convenient to come, drop us a postal card with your name and address written plainly and we will register it on our Book, and send you a list of the articles to be given away free with our plan of distribution. We cannot accept more than one name on each letter or postal card. Remember it will cost you nothing. The gifts are free.

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After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Halifax, 13:30; for Sussex, 16:30 for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 16:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:25; from Quebec and Montreal (Monday excepted), 10:20 from Point du Chene, 10:25; from Halifax, 9:00; from Halifax, 12:30.

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Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

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WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Fall Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. 12.10 p. m. Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arriving at Weymouth 4.35 p. m.

LEAVE ANnapolis—Express daily at 12.55 p. 4.55 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.00 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.25 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.35 a. m.

At Annapolis with trains of CONNECTIONS—Windsor and Annapolis Railway; at Digby with Steamer City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

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