

JULIUS CAESAR

Julius Caesar is a dubious character in history, but not justly so. Some will have it that he was a bad, selfish, ambitious man, full of lust for conquest, power and dominion, without any redeeming quality that would venerate the baser qualities of human nature; that after his immense conquests that cost the price of blood and treasure and the enslavement, imprisonment and desolation of great cities and nationalities, that his mind was still at unrest and that he sought the absolute and unqualified dominion of Rome and all its conquered provinces, its dominion, power, and unmeasured wealth, that he sought a crown, and would convert Rome into a kingdom and rule it himself; that he was slaughtered at the foot of Pompey's pillar in the new Senate House that Pompey had erected for the benefit of Rome; that many of the conspirators were his warm personal friends, but they could not tolerate his desperate and remorseless ambition, not that they loved Caesar less but Rome more. This quotation from his friend, Brutus, who helped slay him, has much in it of an alleviating character. If Caesar had been, as many suppose, a remorseless tyrant, would Brutus have used this language toward him? Nay, verily, and who was this Brutus? He had been in the service of Pompey against Caesar. He was among the prisoners taken by Caesar after the battle of Pharsalia where Pompey ended his great military career, fled to Egypt and was beheaded. Instead of Caesar executing him as a traitor, he spared his life and crowned it with honors; received him into his own service, gave him the government of the richest province and after his return from it, loaded with wealth and honors. Caesar made Brutus praetor of the city of Rome. He had done about everything to make Brutus a trustworthy and devoted friend, and yet this man Brutus, was one of the conspirators.

No wonder Caesar exclaimed in his dying moments, "and thou too, Brutus," and then sank in death at the foot of Pompey's pillar—the Pompey he had so signally conquered. Out of the twenty-three wounds, only one was a mortal one, that showed with what reluctance they sought to kill Caesar, and how each conspirator sought to avoid making the mortal one and yet carry out each one, the compact seemingly of the murder of Caesar. We are told the horses, with which Caesar had passed the Rubicon, living in honorable retirement in a splendid park which Caesar had provided, by some mysterious instinct, had warning of their great benefactor's end and refused their food and walked about with melancholy and dejected looks. His wife, Calpurnia knew there was trouble ahead, yet it did not prevent Caesar from going to the Senate House on the fatal "Ides of March" 44 B. C. The people preferred a Caesar to a Senate to govern them. It was jealousy and envy that killed Caesar, and the conspirators, after the murder, had hard work to keep themselves safe from the fury of the Roman people. They fled in dismay and sheltered themselves as best they could and many of them afraid to venture to their homes, and hid among friends.

Now unfolds the true nature of Caesar. His will was read by his friend, Anthony, to the public. Its provisions were of such a character as to renew feelings of sympathy for the fate of Caesar and a realization of the people's loss in his taking off. His vast estate was divided chiefly among the children of his sister—no children of his own—while the very men who had been most prominent in his assassination, were named as trustees and guardians of his property; and one of them, Decimus Brutus, the one who had been so urgent to conduct him to the Senate House on that fatal day, was a second heir! We are not done with Caesar, even after they cremated him on the field of Mars, and after the conspirators to mollify the people made a grand pageantry of his funeral.

Read what Marc Anthony says of Caesar in his short funeral orations, that he was a worthy man, a good man. All honors, human and divine had been ascribed to Caesar by the decrees of the Senate and were read at his funeral. The fire at his cremation was extensive. The people lighted torches by the fire and went to the houses of Brutus and Cassius, threatening vengeance upon them for the murder of Caesar. The Roman people erected a column to the memory of Caesar on which they placed the inscription; "To the Father of his Country." They killed a Cinna, thinking it was the Cinna, who helped kill the Caesar.

Caesar had made great plans to embellish Rome more grandly than she was, and also, Capua, the second city then in Italy. The people lost a great benefactor and friend. He and Alexander were men of noble impulses. Caesar was murdered. So was Socrates and men of our own day and nation.

E. J. BOWMAN

The Next Best Thing.

From the Boston News. The prince, then, is coming to America to see Niagara, and no one seems to know the object of his visit. It is evident enough. Unable to reign himself, he wants to see something pour.

Pattison Talks.

SAYS THAT THE STATE AUTHORITIES WILL TRY TO ENFORCE THE LAW.

HAZLETON, Pa., Feb. 29, 1892. Hon. Robert E. Pattison, Harrisburg, Pa.:

YOUR EXCELLENCY: As a friend of the Administration, I enclose a few newspaper clippings, and deem it further incumbent to inform you that a deep seated dissatisfaction approaching alarm exists throughout this section of the State toward the late, so called, Reading deal. Opinions are also openly expressed that the State authorities have been censurably wanting in promptly bringing to account the parties guilty of alleged violation of the constitution by the merging or leasing of parallel or competing lines. It is further asserted that there is wide difference between your mode of procedure in the attempted South Penn and Beech Creek lease, and the present Lehigh-Central Reading deal. With an abiding faith in your integrity as Chief Executive and satisfied in my mind that the Administration will be found to have taken a tenable position, I respectfully ask that you confer the honor of such information as will enable me to refute the aspersions cast upon an administration of which, as citizens of the Commonwealth, we have just reason to feel proud.

Very respectfully, MATTHEW LONG.

The following reply was received by Mr. Long and it is the first outspoken expression yet made by Governor Pattison and is the only authoritative expression given to the public and it shows that Governor Pattison is not committed in the matter in any way except to enforce the law:

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, HARRISBURG, March 1st, 1892. MATTHEW LONG, Esq., HAZLETON, PA.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 29th ult., with newspaper clippings enclosed, have been received and contents noted. All the authority of the State will be exerted for the enforcement of the Constitution, XVII Article regulating railroad and canal companies is a very wise provision of the fundamental law. It commands nothing but what is right, and forbids nothing but what is clearly wrong. The Law Department of the State will contend vigorously for its execution.

Section 12 of the same Article provides "the General Assembly shall enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this Article." Action by the Legislature providing for penalties of imprisonment and fine would prove a much speedier remedy than the one now offered.

Very Respectfully, ROBERT E. PATTISON.

I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for years. Ely's Cream Balm is the only remedy among the many that I have used that affords me relief.—E. W. Willard, Druggist, Joliet, Ill.

I have been troubled with catarrh for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M., Quonochawtaug, R. I. 3-4-2t

Bob Fitzsimmons whipped Peter Maher at New Orleans last week Wednesday night, in twelve rounds. Some money changed hands in Bloomsburg on the result, bets being taken at two to one on Fitzsimmons.

EXPULSION OF THE INTRUDER.—That disease is propagated by the innumerable microbes, germs, etc., which fill the air we breathe and water we drink, there can be no question. These microbes attack the human body and breed poison in many shapes. Recent experiments read before the congress of surgeons at Berlin leave no doubt that the way to clear the system of these germs is to force them out through the pores of the skin. S. S. S. does this in the most efficient way. It cleans them out entirely, and the poison as well.

Mr. F. Z. Nelson, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska, suffered for years with Scrofula, and it continued to grow worse in spite of all treatment. Finally, four bottles of Swift's Specific cured him. He writes: "Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of Swift's Specific."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Supremacy of the Foreigner

From the Brandon Bucksaw. Tommy (to new boy)—"You wasn't born in this country, You can't never be the President!" New Boy.—"No, but I can be a policeman some day, and you can't."

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"s one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan our men buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at C. A. Klein's drug store.

Little Bob Stood the Test.

The "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, says a writer in the Youth's Companion, and an anxious looking young woman put a small boy inside. "Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you, don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub, asked a mischievous looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?" "To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket." The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belted horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter.

The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of pretty gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Bob's mother, but, no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

De Med.

German commentators are said to find in Shakespeare's plays many things which the author never dreamed of putting there. And if German scholars may do this, why not an English schoolboy?

The late Major Bartelot was educated at Rugby, and is still remembered there as the hero of a funny blunder.

"What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?" asked the master.

Various wild guesses were hazarded by different members of the class, and then it came young Bartelot's turn. Without hesitation he replied:

"A place to put cats into."

Every one laughed, and the master, who was as much mystified as his pupils by the strange answer, called the boy up at the end of the lesson and asked what had put such an idea into his head.

"Why, sir," said Bartelot, "doesn't it say in Shakespeare, 'Like the poor cat in the adage'?"

Dentists say that is a physical impossibility to set diamonds in teeth.

Rev. Wm. Hollinshed,

Pastor of the Presbyterian church of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily writes strongly in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "Nothing I know of will cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver or stomach like this remedy. I know of scores and scores who have been helped or cured by it."

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A Chance Shot.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Brother Gotrox," said the Rev. Mr. Wiggins, "did you ever reflect that your wealth is not really your own—that it is but committed to your hands as a trust yet to be accounted for?"

"That is the way I got hold of most of it," answered the great man, surprised into sudden candor, "but I don't see how you discovered it."

Invisible Secrecy.

Stranger.—What's the matter? Where are all these men running to? Citizen.—These gentlemen are politicians. They have just been holding a private conference. They are now hurrying to find a newspaper in whom to confide the secrets which they do not consider themselves able to keep unaided.

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