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HISTORIAN B. NYE.
HE QUOTES FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE ROMAN PUNCH.
In Which the Senate of Old Is Laid Out Cold in Masterly Words That Stir the Heart—Does History Repeat Itself?
[Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.]
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Thirty-four years ago Albert Edward, heir to the throne of Great Britain and emperor of India, paid a visit to this country and was entertained in a most hospitable manner by the president, who invited him to bring his trunk to the White House and remain as long as he could be spared from home.
It is said that Miss Harriet Lane, the president's beautiful niece, was a blond, with deep violet eyes and golden hair. Her features were purely classic in outline and her expression perfect and captivating. She was not only beautiful, but her nature generous and candid



and her heart full of genuine kindness and benevolence. Once as a little girl her uncle, James Buchanan, in the village of Lancaster, surprised her in a back alley pushing a wheelbarrow load of wood and coal which she had captured from his wood shed and hoped to smuggle to a poor family near by who were suffering from cold.
The prince was charmed with the sunny hospitality of Miss Lane and the president and so impressed by it that he was very enthusiastic in describing his visit to his mother. She also appreciated it fully and sat right down to write the following letter to President Buchanan:
"WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19, 1860.
"MY GOOD FRIEND—Your letter of the 6th inst. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and the United States has been fully appreciated.
"He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country and the friendly manner with which you have received him. And while, as a mother, I am most grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled at the same time to express how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally toward myself which his presence has called forth.
"I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made uppermost and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity."
This letter is so genuine and so hearty in its general tone that one is naturally impelled to forgive the grammatical construction of the opening sentence. Of course we in the raw, crude and nebulous condition of a new nation, just sprouted into the great universal garden of nations, a tiny bud that had barely broken ground, as it were, at the feet of the gigantic forest of sequoia principalities, a timid little jonquil in the shadow of patriarchal empires, naturally looked toward the greatest of English speaking or civilized kingdoms, the parent of our own prattling republic, for the purest of English, for whether should we turn unless to the sovereign of that proud nation which gave the English language birth?
But we will let that pass.
Only we would like to have our English brethren of the pen and press treat us in a lenient and gentle manner whenever reproof may be hereafter necessary. We know that our early advantages have been few, and most of us are self made men, unless we happen to be women, and early associations are bound to have their effect upon us in later years, so that when unduly excited we often return to the crude expressions which permeated the atmosphere of our childhood, and so we feel cheered and gladdened at heart when a monarch who has succeeded for over half a century in harmonizing belligerent nations fails to harmonize her verbs and nominatives.

discovered that it is only an address on horticulture and perfectly harmless. I am sorry to reveal this game of the senator's, but by the time this is printed no doubt it can do him no harm.
Senator Quay is in some respects the senatorial end man of this congressional olio. He is the gravest looking man on the floor, and a stranger expects to hear the deep bass of Daniel Webster when Mr. Quay rises to address the chamber, but instead of that a little thin Punch and Judy voice squeaks out upon the still air like the spontaneous statement made by a mouse with its tail shut in the door.
While still referring to the senate, permit me to close with a copy of an editorial taken from The Roman Punch and read before the Gridiron club last month before Mgr. Satolli, late of Rome. It is against the rules of the club to report any of the speeches made there, but a special permit has been issued in this case by President Stevens, and it is published at the request of Mgr. Satolli.
It shows conclusively that the press criticised the Roman senate as freely as our own newspapers criticize the congress of today:
EDITORIAL IN THE ROMAN PUNCH.
It is due the enormous army of readers who look to the editorial columns of this paper that we speak today calmly but frankly of the financial condition of Rome and the general apathy and indolence of the Roman senate.
We have before taken occasion to speak our mind upon national affairs, and the free and full indorsement of the people, as shown by our increased circulation and the average number of want advertisements, which have grown from 153 per week to 165 within the past three years, has been our reward.
Since the publication of The Roman Punch began three years ago we have repeatedly asserted without successful contradiction that the Roman senate is falling off year by year, and from an exhibition of forensic eloquence it has become simply a social gathering of petted out politicians, who meet, smoke, swap immoral stories, collect their mileage and go home.
Where are the silver tongued orators whose speeches have ornamented the Fourth Readers for centuries before Christ?
Where are the men who placed their country first and their pocketbooks last? Where are the senators who once held the attention of all Rome, yet never had more than one toga in the wash at one time?
They have given place to ordinary business men, many of whom do not advertise.
The Roman Punch has always been fearless and hewed to the line, let the chips fall where they may. To that we owe an increase of circulation which is phenomenal, and a growth of the number of our want ads. from 153 to 165 average per week, and all within the brief period of three years.
The latest indignity offered to the people of Rome comes in the shape of Aqueous Aurelius, the manager of the Coliseum, who aspires to a seat in the senate.
Is it surprising that at such an insult The Roman Punch should assert itself and say to all Rome this is the time to call a halt? [Also, dinna ye hear the slogan, and other statements of a like character?] Aqueous Claudius Quintus Aurelius has no more idea of statesmanship than the subconscious wild ass of the desert has of melody.
And in what way, forsooth, hath he succeeded? Hath he not perverted the great amphitheater of the Eternal City and turned the mighty Coliseum under his management from a moral zoological exhibit and congress of wonders to a rude aggregation of living pictures at 2 sesterces admission to all parts of the house?
And because The Roman Punch saw fit to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may, did not Aqueous Claudius Quintus Aurelius take out his two column display ad, and with flashing eye and quivering breath not only refuse a box to our editor, but hurl defiance in our teeth, and later on, at 1432 Appian Way, northwest, with haughty mien and with wicked utterance hissed through his clinched teeth, bid us—aye, even us—to go to?
"Tis thus we hurl defiance at this man, who asks that he may sit where statesmen sit—he, even he, who when

found, are we about to witness thy decline?
No senator of thine declines, O Rome! And why shouldst thou?
Again we say that it is time to call a halt.
We say it not alone in "lower case," but with italics and astonishers. Aye, e'en our whole job outfit, double leaded everywhere, we utilize to state that up and down thy rushing Tibor everywhere we violate no confidence to say that it is time to call a halt.
Arise, ye men of Rome, and on those seven historic hills snow under Mr. What's-his-name, and 'neath his massive, ever moving jaw bestow a Roman punch.
'Tis sad to say, but Rome is poor.
Our sesterces are lonesome in the public vault. The woods are full of savage, armed constituents. Each voter hath a dagger up his sleeve, and while he knoweth not what 'tis he wants he'll kill somebody if it isn't done.
It is a time for introspection and for tears.
Along the Tiber's dark, forbidding shore, darker than any twilight heretofore, in the back yard of glowing constituents, The Roman senatorial pett hangs on the fence. He who loquuted us with his silver tongue And to the breeze his bright Kentucky banner flung.
Upon the lecture platform tossed, Is greeted every evening by a frost. And when perchance an audience meets Somebody gobbles all the box receipts. Ah, whom shall Rome rise up to thank, Preserver of her equilibrium at the bank? Who shall bring better days to Rome? Or comfort those who stay at home?
He Wasn't That.
He was an old fellow past 40, and he was trying to win a girl of 20 under the direction of a lady who loved better than life to make matches. He hadn't met with marked success, however, and the lady was taking him to task about it.
"What the mischief," she said, "did you insist upon telling her that you were at the age you are, and furthermore trying to impress it upon her that that was very old? You might just as well have said you wore the Ancient Mariner and been done with it."
"That's it. That's it," he said hopelessly. "It was the ancient marrying her that knocked the whole business sky high."—Detroit Free Press.

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Is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "MOTHERS' FRIEND" was used it accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the Breast known, and worth the price for that alone. Mrs. M. M. BIKWESTER, Montgomery, Ala.
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Bring your watch, clock and jewelry repair work, your engraving and your old gold and silver to me.
THOS. PENMAN
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Chalcheter's English Diamond Brand. PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine. Nausea, dizziness, biliousness, indigestion, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and all other ailments of the digestive system. Take one or two pills after each meal. Take one or two pills before going to bed. Take one or two pills after each meal. Take one or two pills before going to bed. Take one or two pills after each meal. Take one or two pills before going to bed.

AT THE GRIDIRON CLUB.
he smites his palms together doth think that he can make us hop around like senatorial pages before the holidays.
Aye, we whose circulation is indeed phenomenal. This one time sticker up of unclashed bills upon the dead walls here of Rome; this common, vulgar business man who sold his lions off, and from the treasury department hired his girls to pose as living pictures after hours—he seeketh now to muzzle us, with our new perfecting press! Us, with our editorial we and massive pull!
And now, forsooth, he seeketh fame, and in the seat of some historic man whose bones are dust would like to rattle to and fro.
O Rome, thou tender nurse in former times to men of giant mind and massive

