

ROMAN FORTUNES.

What Was Called "A Pill" in Olden Times.

Some Big Sum - The Riches of Those Old Romans.

The Quarterly Review.

The Roman fortunes would not be thought extraordinary at London, Paris, or New York. A French financier, reputed to have left between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000, on hearing that the senior partner of a well-known English house had left only 1,500,000 exclaimed, "Ah, je le croyais plus a son aise." Crassus used to say that no man was to be esteemed rich who could not out of his own revenue maintain an army, but his fortune is estimated by Pliny at less than 2,000,000. He added to it by commercial enterprises and the skilled labor of slaves; but the rich Roman commonly lived upon his capital; investments were precarious; to save was to invite proscription; and when popularity led to power and power to wealth, the patrician demagogue, bent on making a fortune, began by spending one. Caesar owed nearly 300,000 before he filled any public office. The debts of Clodius were computed at double the sum. Mr. Trollope, in his able and spirited defence of Cicero, contends that he did not owe more than a Roman of rank might or ought to owe, and a partisan of Wilks maintained that he did not squint more than a gentleman ought to squint. Cicero, after buying one of the finest horses in Rome with borrowed money writes: "Know then that I am so much in debt that I should be willing to conspire, if any one would accept me." We recollect from his letters that he had "several villas" besides his town house. He speaks of them in the tone of the nabob who ordered "more phactons" to be brought round. His Tuscan villa had belonged to Sylla. A house of Clodius sold for 80,000. Cælius Isidorus bequeathed 4,116 slaves, 3,600 yoke of oxen, 27,500 head of other cattle, and 60,000,000 of sesterces (500,000) in money. Owing probably to the insecurity of tenure, nothing is set down for land. This Cælius was not a man of taste, or jewelry, or plate, and objects of *virtu* would have formed no inconsiderable portion of his possessions. Profuse expenditure was one of his stepping-stones of ambition, a matter of calculation or necessity in an aspirant to high office or command. Crassus, when a candidate for the Consulship, gave a feast of 10,000 tables, to which all the citizens of Rome were indiscriminately invited. Caesar, to celebrate the funeral of a daughter, gave one of 22,000 tables, with accommodation for three guests at each table. The entertainment was repeated and exceeded for his triumph. He brought together more gladiators and wild beasts than were ever produced on any former occasion in an amphitheatre, but his exhibitions of this kind were so completely outshone that it was a waste of time to dwell upon them. In a document annexed to his statement Augustus states as a title a public gratitude that he had exhibited 8,000 gladiators and brought more than 3,500 wild beasts to be killed in the circus. In the course of the festivities instituted by Titus to celebrate the opening of the Colosseum 5,000 wild beasts were let loose and killed by the gladiators. The Emperor Probus collected for a single show 100 lions, 100 lionesses, 100 Libyan and 100 Syrian leopards, 300 bears, and 600 gladiators. Having caused the circus to be planted with trees to resemble a forest, he let loose 1,000 ostriches, 1,000 stags, 1,000 does, and 1,000 boars, to be hunted by the populace, who were to keep whatever they could catch or kill. The fiercer animals were encountered by the gladiators. It does not appear how long this show lasted. Although given to illicit pleasures in his youth, Augustus was temperate in his habits after he became Emperor, and he tried to check the progress of corruption, but it was in the bosom of his own family that it proved irrepressible. His daughter Julia was the centre of a gay and glittering throng of young patricians, and became so conspicuous for her dissolute behavior that he had no alternative but to exile her. When reproached by a friend for her extravagance in dress, she replied: "My father does not know how to preserve his dignity. As for me I know and shall never forget that I am the daughter of the Emperor."

Blisters Not a Monopoly!

The following paragraph from the *Daily News*, will probably give rise to a controversy as to whether Montreal or Birmingham has the right to the credit of having originated the blister system of punishment:

A few days ago an enquiry into the Birmingham Workhouse scandal was opened by Mr. Henley and Dr. Mout, two of Her Majesty's inspectors. Mr. Henley, the senior inspector, stated that they would thoroughly examine the medical administration of the workhouse next month. At present they would investigate the specific charges against the medical staff of using the shower-baths, blisters, and padded room for punishments, contrary to the official regulations. Dr. Simpson, the senior medical officer, was represented by counsel. Mary Ann Skeet, an inmate of the epileptic ward, swore that shower-baths and blisters had been several times administered to her as a punishment and that she was constantly threatened with them. She was unable to sleep at night when she knew she was so to be dealt with. She was in pain for six weeks after one of the blisters had been put on the neck. An under nurse who has since left the workhouse gave evidence that the head nurse threatened to get the patients a blister or shower-bath for the simplest thing even for using soap extravagantly. She had known blisters inflicted immediately after these threats. The blisters always made Skeet have bad fits. Skeet swore she had to be forced into the shower-bath. Mr. Hill, master of the workhouse, produced the books in which should have appeared all cases of shower-bath or padded-room treatment. Many entries appeared to be altogether omitted. He was entirely ignorant of such punishment being inflicted. The enquiry was adjourned.

EXPENSIVE.—It is all right to toll a bell, but it makes a difference how you do it. A Cornish man once told a belle he would marry her, and it cost him \$2,000 because he did not.

What is Money?

What is money? How did it come into the world? Obviously—incontestably—it is a tool, an instrument, nothing else. It is not an object sought for its own sake, to be kept and used. It is acquired solely for the sake of the work it does—a mere machine. The sovereigns which a man carries about in his purse are distinctly intended to be given away in exchange for something else. Money is the tool of exchange, the instrument of obtaining for its present possessor some commodity or service which is desired. But how did the necessity arise for inventing such a tool? Many economists answer that a measure of value was needed, a contrivance which should enable men to compare with each other the several values or worths of the commodities they handle. The farmer required to know how many sheep he ought to give for a cart. Thus money was devised to meet this want. But this is an entire mistake. A measure which should tell accurately the worth of one commodity compared with that of another was not created by civilization as it developed itself. A far more urgent need made its appearance at an earlier period. Money got over the greatest difficulty which the social life of men encountered. Human beings, unlike almost all animals, were formed to make different commodities for each other; how were they to be exchanged? How could the men who mutually wanted each other's goods be brought together for exchanging? A farmer was in want of a coat, but the tailor had no desire to obtain a calf; he was in want of shoes. Here were two sellers and two buyers, and yet neither could procure what he needed. Money came to the rescue. The farmer sold his calf to a butcher for money, and with that money he procured the wished-for coat from the tailor. The tailor repeated the process with the shoemaker. Thus money solved the difficulties. Four exchangers were brought together instead of two, and two articles were sold and two bought with money; and by this employment of a common tool for exchanging, the greatest principle of associated human life was established—division of employments. It is plain that the money first bought the calf and then travelled on to buy the coat. It circulated—it remained permanently in no hands. It fulfilled its one service—to exchange, to place two different articles in different hands. Each man who obtained the money intended to pass it away in turn. Thus the conception, tool, comes out transparently. It performs its functions by substituting double barter for single: the farmer first barter his calf for money and then barter away the same money for a coat. This conception of money dives into its essence: that money is a tool must never be left out of mind; it governs every thought every word, about money. If money was never thought of but as a tool, the world would be saved a vast amount of idle speaking and writing.

The Force of Imagination.

They worked a racket on young Grifph at his boarding house recently. They detected him raiding the pie closet, and found that he had got away with a mince-pie, some cookies, some dough-nuts, and some cheese. The landlady and her daughter together resolved on vengeance. They waited till Mr. Grifph had devoured the food that he had taken and made his appearance in the sitting-room. Then the landlady said to her daughter, "Mary you know that mince-pie that we made out of the meat we bought of the strange butcher, and which proved to be mule meat?" "Yes, mother," "What did you do with it?" "Put it aside to give to tramps." That made Grifph, who overheard, uneasy. "And Mary, you know those cookies that the cook carelessly spilled the kerosene over—what did you do with them?" "Put them with the pie," Grifph recollected that there was a queer taste to those cookies, and kind of felt like a man who had just started in on the miseries of a first sea voyage. But he tried to shake the feeling off. "And Mary," continued the old lady, "you know the cook carelessly used some very bad eggs to make some dough-nuts?" I put the dough-nuts aside for tramps, too; and I guess when they come to eat 'em they'll think they've swallowed an earthquake." Grifph felt that he had. The sea-sick feeling seemed to grow instead of shaking off. He grew pale and shivered. The ladies were delighted. "Mary," said the old lady, "when you give those things to the tramps, don't give them the cheese that's with 'em, for I put poison in to kill rats." Then Grifph wanted to be sick. With a melancholy howl he sprang up, rushed up to his room and took an emetic that, nearly brought his feet up. And he had a chill and a headache, and went to bed and stayed there for two days. And most of the time the landlady and her daughter laughed consenually.

A Remarkable Curiosity.

Hermann, the celebrated pyrologist, on his recent return to Vienna from a long and exhaustive professional tour through South America, presented the Imperial Museum of Natural History with a large number of curious articles picked up by him at different times in the course of his Transatlantic wanderings. The qualities object in this interesting collection is a war trophy of the Jivaros, an Indian tribe inhabiting the State of Ecuador. It consists of the entire scalp and face-skin of a warrior, carefully boned and dried by interior applications of heated stones. The flowing hair, bushy eyebrows, and strongly-marked features are carefully preserved; but the last, in consequence of the peculiar treatment to which they have been submitted, are shrunken so small that the whole face is little larger than a baby's clenched fist, and looks like a well-executed miniature carving. It is, moreover, as hard as wood and extremely light. These dried and contrasted masks are by no means inconvenient to wear as trophies of victory, and possesses the paramount advantage that they tell their own story. In the case of mere scalps one resembles another so closely that their enviable proprietor may readily experience some difficulty in identifying such souvenirs of triumph from their original owners. But there can be no mistake about a relic which preserves the features, however reduced in size, of a vanquished foe. Nothing except, perhaps, his photograph, can remind one more vividly of a dead enemy than his own face prepared in the Jivaros fashion.

WILL RUSSIA FALL TO PIECES?

Half of the Czar's Hundred Million Subjects not Loyal—Has the Revolutionary Struggle Entered upon a New Phase?

New York Sun.

Many Russians are partially proud of the fact that their country is the largest in the world. No State, ancient or modern, except the Roman Empire, can stand comparison with the Russian empire in size, and therefore they say it is perfectly proper that the autocrat of all the Russias should be called the Czar, which is a short form of Caesar. The analogy between the empire of the Czar and that of the Caesars of ancient times, and the dissolution which befell the Roman empire is surely in store for Russia. In fact, all the Russias have never been one country in either a political or a social aspect, and all the attempts of a Moscovite statesman to Russinize the numerous peoples living under the Czar's sceptre have so far utterly failed.

Finland is now as foreign to Russia as it was at the time of its forcible annexation to the Czar's dominions. Its language, religion, customs, and very administration are different and quite distinct from those of Moscow. Finland is governed by its own, which is independent to the Senate of Russia. The Fins have money, postal and custom stamps, and official documents of their own, and their hatred to Russian rule is as strong as ever.

Poland, though officially it does not exist, is nevertheless a perpetual scarecrow for the Czar's Government. Repeatedly the population of Poland has been decimated, repeatedly the streets of Warsaw have been flooded with Polish blood, and the Siberian mines packed with Polish patriots; and yet the Poles stand firm. Their watchword is revenge, and their national song is, "Yet Poland has not perished." It is doubtful whether Poland can ever be restored as an independent State, but it is yet more doubtful whether the Poles and the Russians can ever be reconciled to one another.

The population of the provinces which constitute White Russia is Russian only in name, being of a different race from the Muscovites, and having its own religion and language. The White Russians have always lived under the Polish influence, for the reason, as the Poles claim, that the science, art and literature of Poland are as yet superior to those of Russia.

The memory of their country's independence is not yet extinct among the population of the beautiful part of Russia known as Little Russia. The Cossacks of the Dnieper have a glorious, even a heroic, history of their own. Once it was in their power to destroy either Poland or the Moscovite State; being orthodox, they joined the latter and Catholic Poland was doomed. But the treacherous Muscovites poorly rewarded their ally; the Muscovite generals were granted the best land in Little Russia, and the Little Russians of to-day are strictly forbidden to use their language in schools, in public offices, or in literature.

The three Baltic provinces, Kurland, Estland and Livland, are German in name and fact, and they steadily propagate German ideas among the Russians of the neighboring provinces. They scorn everything Russian, and defy the Russian administration, being sure of protection from Germany.

The lands of the Don Cossacks, the Ural Cossacks, and the Kuban Cossacks, though they have been under the Czar's rule for centuries, are, in fact, self-governed, and every attempt to put these countries on the same footing with the rest of the Russian provinces has met with bloody opposition. True to the traditions of their ancestors, the Cossacks love freedom a great deal more than pleases the Czar.

The Caucasus, with its 5,000,000 warlike people, belonging to a dozen different tribes, is as yet held by the Czar on the footing of a conquered country, and a large army is constantly kept there, which not only consumes all the taxes collected in the Caucasus, but also draws annually several million roubles from Russia.

Turkestan and other Asiatic provinces recently annexed to Russia are looked upon even by the Russians themselves as temporary possessions, which can only be kept under subjection to the Czar at a great and continual loss of men and money.

Last of all, Siberia, one of the richest lands on the globe, turned by the Czar's despotism into a purgatory, nay, into a very hell, is that country loyal and true to the Czar? It would be unreasonable that those who live amid endless tears, tortures, and bloodshed should feel anything but repugnance to the authority in whose name these horrors are committed.

Of all the Russias, then, only great Russia, the central part of the empire, remains true to the Czar. Thus Russia disappears, and Muscovy re-appears. It is no secret here that all the above mentioned provinces can by no means be counted as loyal to the Czar. The aggregate population of those provinces amounts to about fifty millions, or just a half of the population of the Russian empire. Therefore the Czar has to turn a half of his people into soldiers, policemen and spies to watch over the other half, and thus to preserve his authority. It is evident that under such circumstances even a single conspirator is of great importance, for it may depend upon him to turn the balance in favor either of loyalty to the Czar or of revolution. This explains why the Czar, as soon as he discovered a handful of daring conspirators proclaimed the state of siege, suspended the common law, created at once half a dozen minor Czar, utterly neglected the interests of agriculture and industry, and directed his huge army, two millions strong to hunting out that handful of conspirators. Yet it was all in vain.

There is a rumor that the revolutionary struggle here has entered a new phase; that the conspirators now have in view not the killing of another Czar, but the killing of Czarism itself; for their ideal, the federation of the free Russian States, cannot be realized before the absolute empire is destroyed. Are we about to witness the dissolution of that huge, inordinate, and already partly paralyzed political body that men call Czarism?

It has been a long time since an Enoch Arden case was reported in the newspapers. Are the old chaps who come home and look into the windows after night fall rather glad on't, or are they hiding their grief?

THE LIME-KILN CLUB

Detroit Free Press.

"What I was gwine to remark," said Brother Gardner, as the back end of Paradise Hall grew quiet, "was to say to you dat de pusion who expects to enjoy dis life mus' make up his mine to strike de world on de general average. He who neglects to do so will meet wid daily sorrows and disappointments. Doan' expect dat de man who happens to agree wid you on de weather an' sartin to agree wid you on politicks. It doan' foller dat de man who agrees wid you on politicks will feel bound to accept your kind of religion. De fact dat you lend a naybur your shovel doan' bind him to lend you his wheelbarrow. Itc who looks for honesty whar' he finds gray ha'rs will be as sadly disappointed as he who argues dat an old coat am de sign of a thief or a beggar. Put faith in human natur', an' yet be eber ready to doubt."

"I expect to meet about so many mean men in de course of a yar."

"I expect de summer will be hot an' de winter cold."

"I expect to nave chilblains in December an' shakes of de ager in April."

"I expect dat a sartin per cent, of dis world's populashun will lie to me, steal my cabbages, frow stones at my dog an' hit me wid a brickbat as I go home from de lodge."

"On de odder hand, when I come to strike de average, I ken put my hand on men who will lend me money, go on my bond, speak well of me an' sot up all night to protect me."

"No man am perfect. He may strike you at first sight as werry good or werry bad, but doan' decide until you average him. He may beat a street kyar company an' yit be honest wid a butcher. He may crawl under de canvas to see a circus, an' yit pay his pew rent in advance. He may lie to you as to how he voted, an' yit tell de truf about a spawined horse. He may cuss on de street, an' yit be a tender father at home. He may encourage a dog-fight, an' yit walk a mile to restore a los' child to its parents."

"Accept no man fur his fine talk—reject no man fur his old clothes; stand him out in de sunlight an' average him. You will be sartin to fin' sumthin' bad about him, but you will also be sartin to fin' sumthin' good."

PETITIONS.

Among the thirty seven petitions recorded by the Secretary, were two from the Sandwich Islands, accompanied by a request that Giveadam Jones be sent there to organize a lodge and show the poor benighted heathen how to use the whitewash brush.

ELECTION.

Word being passed that Elder Toots had fallen asleep, Sir Isaac Walpole softly took up the bean-box and the list of candidates and passed around the hall. The following candidates were elected in twelve minutes by the clock: Disparity Smith, Elder De Hoe, Trustee Walker, Colonel Rambo June, Rev. Jeems Brown, Uncle Carter, Judge Anderson and Prof. Hoopstra Sims.

MORE HONORS.

The Secretary read the following in a voice trembling with emotion.

NEW YORK, February 14 '82
COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE GER-HAW-KEN CLUB.

Brother Gardner:

DEAR SIR,—At our annual conclave held Monday Evening, February 13, 1882, you were elected an honorary member of our Noble Order, and the title of Doctor of the Wise Book was conferred on you by a standing vote. After adopting the sunflower, with your portrait painted in the centre, as our emblem for the ensuing year, the meeting adjourned for one week.

Yours very truly

HON. CANISTER JONES,
Secretary.

The reading of the above was followed with sobs and cheers in different parts of the hall, and it was a full minute before Brother Gardner could reply to the effect that he deeply appreciated the honor and accepted the membership.

THE COMING MACHINE.

The following interesting communication was then announced:

MALDEN, MASS., February 13 1882.

Brother Gardner:

DEAR SIR,—I shall be in Detroit early in March, by a Blue Line freight car, and claim a reward of \$25 that you offered about a year ago for the best thing for itching chilblains. I shall have the machine with me, and with your consent will explain its workings before your club. It works down the bootleg, and can be applied to any foot from nine to seventeen inches long. Bijah will be left out in the cold until he gets his feet pared down. I shall at the same time apply for a pass through the bean-box, and if successful, shall present to the club my patent self-adjusting, backaction, forward snap chilblain scratcher.

Yours truly,

C. HEADOFF, M. D.

The Secretary was instructed to enter into correspondence with the New England genius at once and secure the control of the machine for the Middle States. If it works as claimed it will be worth millions of dollars to the colored race alone.

THEY WILL OBSERVE.

Giveadam Jones offered the following preamble and resolution:

"Whar'as, George Washington was de Father of his kentry an' could not tell a lie; an'

"Whar'as, De anniversary of his birth should be observed by all good an' patriotic citizens, wheder dey kin tell a lie or not; now, derefore,

"Resolved, Dat de Lime-Kiln Club sot apart de 22nd as a day of festin' an' rejoicin' an' gwine to a dance in de evenin'."

The Rev. Penstock moved to strike out the words: "Gwine to a dance in de evenin'," and substituting the words: "Take our way to prayer-meeting in de twilight," but he was voted down with a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch, and the resolution was adopted in its original form.

HONORABLE HONORARIES.

The Secretary reported the receipt of a programme for an entertainment to be given by the colored Odd Fellows of Nashville, on the 22nd, and called attention to the fact that more than twenty of the honorary members of the Lime-Kiln Club in that city were named on the programme, Messrs. Lytle and King, the chief orators, together with

the five gentlemen constituting the Committee of Arrangements, was here at the last annual election of officers.

SYMPATHY, BUT NO CASH.

A communication from William Havenip Johnson, of Port Huron, Mich., announced that he was engaged in a law suit with the gas company there, and, as an honorary member of the Lime-Kiln Club, he desired to borrow \$600 from the treasury to carry on the war. Brother Gardner instructed the Secretary to reply to the fact that, while the club extended its heartfelt sympathy to the member in his hour of trial, it could not loan its cash except on first mortgage bonds of a trunk line railroad. He was advised to call for a jury, and to get as many of his relations on the panel as seemed consistent with the spirit of justice.

HE IS A FRAUD.

A communication from the Hon. Juniper Smith, of Colymans, Ga., announced the fact that a colored man calling himself Pickles Smith, and claiming to be a member of the Lime-Kiln Club, was in that section of the country peddling a powder to cure cats and dogs of somnambulism. He claimed that his powder was indorsed by the club and that all moneys received therefor were to be devoted to the erection of a new Paradise Hall.

The Secretary was instructed to post the fellow as an unhung villain and a waterproof imposter, and to request the people of Georgia not to hold any funeral services over his remains in case he was found dead.

THE CLOSE.

The janitor announced that both hinges of the hall stove had burned off, and that there was unmistakable signs of a general collapse. He had used putty, cement, wire and two old liver pads, to hold it together during the last month, and the time had now come when he could no longer feel safe. He was instructed not to build a fire at the next meeting, and the members were warned to bring their overcoats and carmuffs. Hot bricks will be provided as far as possible. The hour for closing having arrived, the sleeping Elder Toots received the usual supply of kicks and the meeting adjourned.

CURRENCY.

It is said that an angle worm cannot dig more than one inch per hour, but he is always an inch beyond the shovel when you want fish bait.

Fortune never knocks at a man's door at all. She simply offers him some shares in a "salted" silver mine, and if he makes a big thing out of it well and good.

It has been discovered that the poplar tree is a natural lightning-rod, and the next thing is to discover how to get one on the roof of a house and make it stay there.

Emulus of Kichelieu, Lord Lorne wants to establish an *Academie Canadienne* of eminent literary and scientific men; but where, it is asked, are the men?

A Milwaukee girl wants \$5,000 damages because she wasn't quite ready to be kissed when a man kissed her. He ought to have blown a horn or rung a bell and given her thirty seconds' warning.

No one can say why he feels an aversion towards a man who parts his hair in the middle, but it is a solemn fact that such a man no sooner rises up in a ward caucus than fifty voices instantly call out: "Sit down, Smith!"

During a dearth of news in a Western newspaper office, the office cat was jammed in the job press and the editor immediately set up the following head-lines:

DREADED ACCIDENT!

NINE LIVES LEFT!

"The man who is happy is rich," says Peter Cooper. Uncle Peter, send on your ducats and take our happiness for the next six months. We want to know how it will seem to be rich and miserable.

A calico ball was recently given in Manchester to show what beautiful designs and colors modern skill could produce. No lady was admitted to the ball whose dress was not exclusively of English calico, printed either in Manchester or Glasgow, and every one was amazed at the beauty and variety of the costumes.

TEACHER.—"John, suppose I were to be shot at a tree with five birds on it, and killed three, how many would be left?" John.—"Three, sir." Teacher.—"No; two would be left, you ignoramus." John.—"No, there wouldn't though. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away!" Teacher.—"Take your seat, John."

OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes. For instance, both a sole may lose; Both have been tanned, both are made tight by cobbler's. Both get left and right. Both need a mate to be complete. And both are made to soon feet. They both need healing, oft are sold, And both in time turn all to mold. With shoes the last is first; with men 'The first shall be the last, and when 'The shoes wear out they're mended new; When men wear out they're men dead, too. They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others, nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline, When polished, in the world to shine. And both get out—and would you choose To be a man or be his shoes?"

Walking With His Skull Fractured.

A very serious accident happened the other day at Wesley Walls, a young man employed at Hefright's stone quarry at Warrior Ridge, a short distance west of Huntington. A stone became detached from the side of the quarry, and in its descent struck him on the left side of the head, fracturing his skull. He was brought to the borough limits on a hand-car, when he walked to the Eagle Hotel, his boarding-place. After washing himself he went down town to see Dr. P. D. Miller. Upon examination the doctor saw that Wall's skull was badly fractured, and that a delicate operation would have to be performed. They returned to the Eagle Hotel, where Dr. Miller, assisted by Dr. A. B. Brumbaugh, removed four pieces of the lower table of the skull and 10 pieces of the upper. It was found that a small piece had penetrated the membrane of the brain. The hole in Wall's head measured about one and a half by one and a fourth inches, exposing the brain to view. Walls had been conscious since the accident, and, although his life may be said to be hanging in the balance, it is not altogether improbable that he will recover.