

THE OWOSSO PRESS.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1885.

THE EMPEROR NERO.

Bill Nye Chats Gracefully About the Ancient Fiddler—How Nero Punished Offensive Partisanship.

Nero, who was a Roman emperor from 54 to 68 A. D., was said to have been one of the most disagreeable monarchs to meet that Rome ever had. He was a nephew of Claudius, the emperor, on his mother's side, and a son of Domitianus Anthonatorus, of St. Lawrence county. The above was really Nero's name, but in the year 54 A. D. his mother married Claudius, and her son adopted the name of Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus. This name he was in the habit of wearing during the cold weather. Battered up in front. During the hot weather Nero was all the name he wore.

He married Octavia, a daughter of Claudius, and went right to housekeeping. Nero and Octavia did not get along first-rate. Nero soon married his young wife, and finally transferred her to the New Jerusalem.

In 54 Nero's mother, by concealing the rightful heir to the throne for several weeks and doctoring the returns, succeeded in getting the steady job of emperor for Nero at a good salary. His reign was quite stormy, and several long, bloody wars were carried on during that period. He was a good, vicarious fighter, and could successfully hold a man's coat all day while the man went to the front to get killed. He loved to go out riding over the battlefields, as soon as it was safe, in his gorgeously bedizen band chariot, and he didn't care if the wheels rolled in gore up to the hub, providing it was some other man's gore. It gave him great pleasure to drive over the field of carnage and gloat over the dead. Nero was not a great emperor, but as a gladiator he has no rival in history.

Nero's reign was characterized, also, by the great conflagration and fire-works of July, 64, by which two-thirds of the city of Rome was destroyed. The emperor was charged with starting this fire in order to get the insurance on a stock of dry goods on Main street.

Instead of taking off his crown, hanging it up in the hall, and helping to put out the fire, as other emperors have done time and again, Nero took his violin up-stairs and played "I'll Meet You When the Sun Goes Down." This occasioned a great deal of adverse criticism on the part of those who opposed the administration. Several persons openly criticized Nero's policy and then died.

A man in those days would put on his overcoat in the morning, and tell his wife not to keep dinner waiting. "I am going down-town to criticize the emperor a few moments," he would say. "If I do not get home in time for dinner, meet me on the evergreen shore."

Nero, after the death of Octavia, married Poppaea Sabina. She died afterward at her husband's earnest solicitation. Nero did not care so much about being a bridegroom, but the excitement of being a widower always gratified and pleased him.

He was a very zealous monarch, and kept Rome pretty well stirred up during his reign. If a man failed to show up anywhere on time, his friends would look sadly at each other and say: "Alas! he has criticized Nero."

A man could wrestle with the yellow fever, or the small-pox, or the Asiatic cholera, and stand a chance for recovery, but when he spoke sarcastically of Nero it was good-by, John.

When Nero decided that a man was an offensive partisan that man would generally put up the following notice on his office door:

"Gone to see the emperor in relation to charge of offensive partisanship. Meet me at the cemetery at 2 o'clock."

Finally, Nero overdid this thing and ran it into the ground. He did not want to be disliked, and those who disliked him were killed. This made people timid, and muzzled the press a good deal.

The Roman papers in those days were all on one side. They did not dare to be fearless and outspoken for fear that Nero would take out his ad.

So they would confine themselves to "The genial and urban Afranius Burrhus has painted his new and re-cherde picket fence last week;" or, "Our enterprising fellow-townman, Caesar Kerikee, will remove the tail of his favorite bull-dog next week, if the weather should be auspicious, or."

"Miss Agrippina Bangleline, eldest daughter of Romulus Bangleline, the great Roman rinktist, will teach the school at Eupatorium, Trifoliatum Holler, this summer. She is a highly accomplished young lady, and a good speaker."

Nero got more and more fatal as he grew older, and finally the Romans began to wonder whether he would not wipe out the empire before he died. His back yard was full all the time of people who had dropped in to be killed, so that they could have it off their minds.

Finally, Nero himself yielded to the great strain that had been placed upon him, and in the midst of an insurrection in Gaul, Spain, and Rome itself, he fled and killed himself.

The Romans were very grateful for Nero's great crowning act in the killing line, but they were dissatisfied because he delayed it so long, and therefore they refused to erect a tall monument over his remains. While they admired the royal suicide, and regarded it as a success, they censured Nero's negligence and poor judgment in suiciding at the wrong end of his reign.

I have often wondered what Nero would have done if he had been emperor of the United States for a few weeks and felt as sensitive to newspaper criticisms as he seems to have been. Wouldn't it be a picnic to kill off a few journalists who had adversely criticized his course? The great violin virtu-

oso and light-weight Roman tyrant would probably go home by return mail, wrapped in a coffin, accompanied by a note of regret from each journalist of New York, saying with the remark that "the master of life we are in detail, the life we are in detail is the subject."

HIS FIRST FUNNY LECTURE.

"It has been a long time since I delivered a lecture," observed the major, oratorically, the other evening, "but my younger days I used to frequently deliver lectures on the subject of money-making."

"If you deliver a money-making lecture," said Mr. Badger.

"Yes, very much," said the major, "but after a while I began to feel that this thing of traveling ten months in the year, sleeping at country taverns six nights out of the week, and in the cars the other night grows tiresome after the novelty wears off."

"What subjects did you treat upon?" again inquired Mr. Badger.

"A number. When I first started out, it was to deliver a temperance lecture in Kentucky; but I didn't keep it up very long. Five nights satisfied me. I didn't mind having cabbage and eggs thrown at me, because I was getting \$75 a night; but no such sum of money could hire me to be a target for shot-guns and revolvers for more than one night in the year. It was so foolish of them, too, because I wasn't any more a temperance man than they were. After I gave up temperance I accepted another engagement as a humorist. I had often told funny stories, and my friends had told me that I might make an everlasting reputation as a humorous lecturer."

"It is a different thing to deliver a humorous lecture from merely giving your audience a scientific or temperance talk. Until you enthrone your tongue to the roof of your mouth, and you feel the way a fool looks. But when once you get the audience warmed up then all is easy, and if you had notes enough you could go on talking until midnight. It occurred to me that it would be a good thing to make a lecture of my recent experience in the temperance field. So I did so. The first town I ever delivered it in was Cairo, Ill. The audience was not large, but that didn't disturb me. I was satisfied to have anyone I could try it on. The hall was a large, gloomy room, and the echo was nearly strong enough to knock me down. I think there were about five hundred people in the front seats when I left the committee in the dressing-room and stepped out on the stage. There wasn't a single familiar face in the house. That encouraged me. I was afraid some of my temperance hearers might have come across."

"The first seat I noticed a tall man with a red face, and hair that stood up like the rays in a halo. He nodded to me pleasantly, and I began."

"I fixed my eyes on him, and determined that I should make an impression on him, and then the conquest of the whole audience would be comparatively easy. I read a page or so of my manuscript without attracting the slightest effort at applause. But the red-headed man nodded to me approvingly again when I stopped to take a drink of water, and I continued bravely. After another ten minutes a man in the back part of the hall got up and went out, and a sharp-nosed woman yawned so widely that she attracted general attention throughout the house. The red-headed man still sat impassively in the front seat, and when I stopped for more breath and another drink of water, he smiled at me encouragingly and applauded gently. So I went on—a little more fully, it is true, but not altogether hopefully."

"At the end of my first hour five men had left the room, and two others whose wives wouldn't let them go out fell asleep, and I grew desperate. I determined to give them a little pathos, and see if that wouldn't melt them. Accordingly I launched out with a touching story I had once read, and grew so eloquent over it that tears almost choked my utterance. All the effect this had was to provoke a still greater drowsiness on the part of the audience, who had been winding up my lecture, I bowed to the house and returned to the dressing-room to give vent to my feelings. When the committee called around, I remarked: 'This is a nice town. You can advertise for lecturers from now until doomsday, but you'll never catch me again.'"

"The man stared at me wondering-ly, and I began to cool down."

"Your remarks were very good, Maj. Bings," he replied, coolly; "as far as they went; but I was rather disappointed in your illustrations. Why didn't you bring your stereopticon with you?"

"Stereopticon?" I answered in surprise. "Why, I am not a magic-lantern performer; I am a humorous lecturer. But I can tell you that you have the worst audience here I ever saw in all my life."

"The audience is all right," he responded, warmly; "they are all very respectable inmates of our deaf-and-dumb asylum."

"The Dickens you say?" I replied; "But that red-headed man in front, he surely was not a deaf-mute?"

"No, that's true. It was a mistake about his getting in. He is the village idiot!" —Puck.

Don M. Dickinson, the Michigan Democratic "boss," is a man of medium height. His face is sharp and angular. A prominent nose, thin lips, and slightly protruding chin denote determination. His eyes, like turkeys, are mild and full of fire. He takes his man at a glance. He seems continually to be in a hurry.

A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce in both places.

The proper desert for an undertaker—berry pie.

The guileless banana peel can down anything but the thermometer.

There are no laughing matters of people who imagine that the world is always laughing at something. One of these would be the press, which, with its constant suggestions, would something about the world, and it would be a pity to let a philosopher's story of a man's life be drawn out by a humorist's story.

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Hints to a Young Editor.

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Singapore

Batavia

Sourabaya

Medan

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Calcutta

Rangoon

Canton

LODGE DIRECTORY.

OWOSSO CHAPTER No. 49, N. E. M. Regular Communication First Friday of each month.

OWOSSO LODGE No. 1, F. & M. B. Regular Communication on Wednesday evening next before the full moon of each month.

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THE OWOSSO PRESS.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

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EXCURSION TO DETROIT.

Thursday, September 3 - Fare \$2.00

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THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

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