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and jealousy. Cæsar fell to the lot of the smallest fellows in the crowd, who afterwards developed into passable low comedians. Brutus proved to be a giant of six feet two, and Marc Anthony, represented by the champion kicker in the local football team, was universally voted to be a daisy. But a night of Cæsarisms, however thrilling, was thought to be a rather meagre entertainment. The usual ollapodrida of a country concert was suggested as a time-killer, but rejected on the ground that it wasn't sufficiently dramatic. So a display of Minstrelsy was agreed to, and those ambitious ones disappointed of high positions in the play were pacified by being converted from representatives of mere members of a Roman populace into interlocutors, endsmen, banjo players, violinists and tambourinists. A greater question arose as to the order of procedure. Should Cæsar come first, or the Minstrel troupe play its pranks before a fresh and expectant crowd? One member sank into insignificance because he hinted that the best things ought to be kept in reserve, and so should let the minstrels have the last of it. Another urged that white faces were needed by Roman citizens, and that it was hard to wash minstrels clean, and that the colored representations should therefore be kept for the second part. On the other hand, it was urged by the Shakespeareans, that Italian faces were brown, not white, and that a little smudge would be just the thing. But good sense finally prevailed, and it was wisely resolved that the all conquering Julius should first appear. The eventful night arrived all too soon, and the public Hall was crowded with an appreciative crowd of friends and fellow citizens. The stage made of planks placed upon trestles, and covered with carpet, was elaborately decorated with white sheets, blue flannel and turkey red, cleverly and artistically draped by a pair of enthusiastic

dry goods clerks and their lady friends, while the pedestal, as important as the pump in the days of Crummles, was built of boards carefully covered with white calico, which in turn was delicately veined with black paint, to represent marble, and striped into panels by one of the village tombstone men. The real thing couldn't have looked more like reality. The bust to be set atop of this structure was another cause of difference of opinion, which threatened to be wide and fatal, as Cæsar's gaping wounds. One member gloried in the possession of a bust of Queen Victoria, done in terra cotta, and thought that a trifle of effective drapery and a wreath of evergreens, would convert it into a fair representation of the great Roman, while another gentleman was the happy proprietor of a phrenological head, duly manufactured for, and divided into all the prevailing propensities, by the never to be forgotten Fowler, and which he feelingly asserted, was the dead image of the most eminent of the early members of the Imperialist party, existing even now. Phrenology carried the day over mere loyalty, and when Cæsar fell, it was before a representation of himself, which showed him to have possessed the best balanced head of the time. Add to the decorated stage, the bust and pedestal, and half a dozen kerosene lamps, arranged as foot lights, and you have a scene of splendor which still lives in the memory of that Rockton audience. And the performance outdid the scenic wonders. Cæsar, arrayed in a purple robe, converted for the purpose, by the skilled hands of a fair friend, who temporarily sacrificed a fashionable skirt, strode noiselessly across the stage, thanks to a well worn pair of rubbers—the best obtainable substitute for sandals—and suiting his corney feet, while Brutus, the villain of the piece, slunk around in a sheet decorated with ample stripes of turkey red. Marc Anthony, the