

The Rockwood Review.

have got might tired of lookin' round at sech a ridiculous show. There was one big chunk of dirty marble our Yankee friend nearly had a fit over. He called it the "Hercoolian Torsar," whatever that is. This says he is the famous fragment that Mr. Mike Angelow got his inspiration from, and worshipped all his lifetime. Well says I, your friend Mike was jest as big a fool as we have nowadays, and what he could see to worship there, is more nor I can tell. We have heaps of stones a great sight prettier nor that in the ten acre field behind our old barn at Ile Springs, and if we had not sold the farm, John was to had 'em blasted this spring. I'm afraid Mr. Angelow must have been a little light in his upper story. From his name I suppose he was Irish, and its jest as I've often told John, the Irish always are a little light headed, and no doubt when Mike had his crazy spell comin' on, he thought this "torsar" was the blarney stone and Irish like fell in love with it. Another group was called Layocoon. Why it got this name is ahead of my time, because there was no coons there as I could see, and I was too independent to ask that Yankee feller for information. There was an old farmer with snakes all around him and two boys. The snakes wasn't in their boots, for they hadn't any on. I guess the three of them were havin' a pretty rough time of it, for the snakes were ropin' them. I don't jest exactly know how the fight was to end, but thinks I to myself them snakes is foolish if they swallow the old man, for he looks jest as tough and gristly as a ten year old rooster, and it would take a camel to digest him. We went flyin' around and around, seein' this group and that, when the Yankee said we had not yet seen the Cistern Chapel. I was a kinder thirsty, and as I always drink soft water to hum, thought I might get a drink there. So off we went. When we got there, I

did not see any cistern, but did not say anything about the drink, as I was independent as usual. The walls were all daubed up, and in my opinion were badly in need of a good coat of whitewashin', and I said as much to our guide. As usual he nearly had a fit at my suggestion, and seemed a kinder insulted. Why says he, here we have some of the finest paintings in the world, paragorical pictures, which are marvellous. I took a good squint at these things he was blowin' about, and could see nothin' but a lot of daubs of blacksmithy lookin' fellers, with big legs and arms, and the whole pile on 'em lookin' as cross as sticks and generally upset like. There were other pictures of men flyin' on clouds, and hangin' on stars by one toe. The whole thing put me a good deal in mind of circus pictures, only there was no clown, and the colors wasn't half so bright and nice. The worst of it was the paintin's looked like circus bills half torn off a fence, and dabbed with splashes of mud. A good coat of clean paint is what I would advise, says I. The Yankee was awful mad at this, and says I guess there ain't no use showin' you any more, for you hardly appreciate high art. No, says I, we don't—and I'm proud of it. We were pushin' along for the front door pretty lively, when I sees a fancy dressed feller a loafin' in one of the halls. What's that monkey in clothes, says I? Oh, one of the Papal Zonaves, says the Yankee. Well says I, I am goin' to give him a bit of advice for his master. I couldn't go the Italian, but thought it didn't make any difference, so walking up I said in as mild a voice as possible. Young man, I wish you would tell Mr. Pope that he should be ashamed of himself, for having such a disgraceful place as this, and the sooner he gets all this rubbish cleaned out the better. If he wants to get the walls whitewashed, I'll give him a receipt out of the Weekly GLOBE, (I wanted to