

The Rockwood Review.

to say that the meat of the slaughtered animal is sold next morning at the public mart, at a low price to the poor of the city.

The city Market is a very large building covering a whole block, and the morning scenes to a foreigner are indeed extraordinary. The trains of burros fill up the narrow street, and within sight are some thousands of these patient, tireless animals, laden with bales and barrels and sacks, until you would expect them to sink to the earth exhausted and overcome. There are from six to eight burros in each string, tied together and in control of one bare-legged driver from the country. Fruits, meats and vegetables are in profusion. Cartload after cartload of beautiful oranges, bananas, pineapples, melons, cocoa, chocolate, coffee, chickens, olives, limes, plantains, cacao, beans ten kinds and ten colors, and other varieties of eatables of which I have forgotten the name, literally cover every inch of space. The baker rides his jackass with its panniers up to the door, ringing his bells meanwhile. Meat is seldom eaten, however, as it costs fifteen cents a pound. Cake is never seen. Little butter is used. Olives, on the other hand, impregnate nearly everything you eat. You find their flavor even in the fresh eggs when you open it. How I hate olives! Sherry, champagne, claret and vermouth are taken with your meals. Cigarettes are smoked everywhere. The barber while wielding his razor, the waiter at the table, the gentleman at his wine, all smoke, always and everywhere. Everybody learns quickly how to roll his cigarette. The better class of women, it is pleasing to tell, do not smoke. But the mixed classes do. The market women smoke cigars, always with the big end in their mouths, and the small end protruding. Boot-blacks, newsboys, match boys, market servants rush about the streets cigarette in mouth. Amidst all the freedom of the individual

which prevails, women and well-dressed men are given the walk. Policemen are armed with rifles, clubs, pistols and swords. Detachments of cavalry patrol sauntering at all hours. Beggars sit on every doorstep, and are much patronized and indeed respected. Everyone lifts his hat while passing the many cathedrals and shrines. Bells are ringing, ringing, tolling, tolling, ever musical chimes are struck perpetually by relays of bellringers. On fete days the roar from the belfries is deafening, and the whole populace turns out in many colors on the way to mass. But no one can comfortably hear another speak until midnight, when the beautiful chime of the municipal bells tolls the knell of the finished day, and affords an agreeable and appreciated contrast to the monotonous clangs of the brazen ecclesiastical music of the preceding morning, noon and evening.

The hideousness of war has been brought home to us by the engagements in Cuba. That men in the nineteenth century can be found who are willing to let loose the most diabolical passions imaginable, and talk as flippantly of death and destruction as the American papers do, is at least surprising. A war undertaken, it has repeatedly been stated, in the interests of humanity, has been productive of more misery and suffering ten times over than the misery it was supposed to relieve. We wish we could believe that the cry "interests of humanity" is not being used as a cloak for sinister purposes which time will reveal. Now that it has become apparent that the real cause of the war was America's intense desire to acquire more territory, and to rob a weak nation, she has lost hosts of friends in Canada. We cannot forget that we too are a weak nation, and the day may come when an overbearing neighbor influenced by selfishness may desire to swallow us up, and