

The Rockwood Review.

says he, it is not sickness, but the effect produced upon a sensitive nature, by the wonderful works of the great masters. When he had said this he gasped, nearly emptied that ere bottle before you could say Jack Robinson, and seemed to gaze at the statutes. Well, says I, if lookin' at these bits of tom foolery (I was bilin' mad) has that effect upon you, you had better go to hum as soon as you can, and I think these masters you talk about had very little to do spendin' their time makin' such heaps of trash as we see about here. Why, Mr. Brown, if you can believe me, the whole place seemed filled with hundreds of marble statutes—and such "statutes." Some standin' around on one toe, some spearin' fish, some playin' with snakes, some with one arm off or a leg gone, and amongst the whole lot hardly enough clothes to make a dress for any respectable woman. Oh, but I was bilin' mad to think that I had been brought to such a place. However that ere Yankee chap got me calmed down a little, and said that he would show us some of the particular sights. Now says he, we stand before—I think he called it the statute of Mr. Paul Bellviderey—said by conneysowers to be the finest statute on the face of the earth. Well says I, Mr. Paul Bellviderey may be a nice enough feller, but when he goes again to the marble cutters to get his statute took, I would advise him to put on more clothes, and instead of having such a milk and water look on his face, look like a man. And if he were my boy, I should make him get his hair cut. Some people standin' near began to laugh at what they heard me say, but I didn't care for my dander was up, and I turns right round and says, if Pauly Bellviderey was my boy I would set him at farmin' for a while, and he would be a great sight better feller. The Yankee chap next took us to see some statutes made by a Mr. Canopener, or Canoverer, I forget which.

Look says he at this magnificent Pursuse, that godlike face, that perfect man. I got madder nor ever, for the statute he was a talkin' of was that of a dandified chap, who looked like one of these very delicate dolls of clerks in some of the stores—too nice to sile his hands. He had forgotten his clothes too, and was standin' there with nothing but his hat on. I don't suppose he would have had that, had he not been afraid of catchin' cold in his head—for that Vatican is jest a terrible place for drafts and is damp. Says the Yankee, what a pity it is, people of the present day can't appreciate high art. The Greeks were far, far ahead of us. Now says I, I am jest ashamed to hear you talkin' like that, for if you call this high art, I'm a kinder glad I ain't got no taste. Give me a seventy-five cent plaster cast of an angel with a big pair of wings, like we've got in our parlor to hum, and it will knock the spots off any of your Paul Bellvidereys. And talk about your sim-mit-trical figures and godlike noses, Why I believe that if your Mr. Perjuice was to have on a pair of top boots, overalls, linen duster and ten cent straw hat, he would not look any better nor any farm lad. I'm not quite sartin he'd tech some of the boys near Ile Springs for looks. I had the Yankee there, and he did not seem to like my remarks, but I didn't care. He kept us on the move, and I was gettin' sicker and sicker of the whole menagerie, and as for John, why bless you, the old man was completely tuckered out. The more statutes we came across, the more there seemed to be left, and they were in all positions except standin' on their heads. What fools the Greeks must have bin thought I—nothin' to do but make a lot of statutes with high falutin' names. As for busts of ugly critters, who are a great sight better dead and buried if like the originals, there was whole heaps on 'em, and none had no eyes, and it's jest as well for they would