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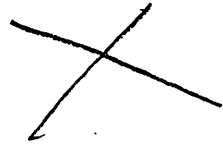
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Rockwood Review.



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The Rockwood Review.

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 5.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1899.

No. 11

LOCAL ITEMS

The REVIEW has not appeared as promptly as we could wish during the last few months owing to the indisposition of the compositor who has been compelled to give up work for the present. We trust that the numbers will come out on time, as the new compositor is a "hustler" of no mean order, belonging to a family whose name is known in every language—a family that claims more distinguished men than that of any other name. It might be Brown, Jones or Robinson but it is not.

The people of Sidney, Cape Breton have appointed Mr. Hugh Walker, Superintendent of Anglican Sunday School. We feel assured of Hugh's success and popularity and would like to hear his first address to the teachers and children. It is bound to contain up-to-date ideas and sentiments—worded in breezy English.

Dr. Goodwill of Charlottetown P.E.I. is studying Hospital methods at Rockwood

The Nationals should not feel discouraged by their experiences in London. It is a difficult thing for boys to travel such a distance and win games on a strange field.

The history of the Granites should be remembered by the Nationals.

Arctic three toed woodpeckers are still with us and a Purple Grackle was seen last week. Wild ducks are still plentiful in the market, the chief varieties being Whistlers, Least Scaup Ducks, Black Ducks, Mallard, Redheads and Buffleheads. A Pileated Woodpecker was offered for sale on the market a few days since. It is not many years since these birds were regularly offered for sale in fairly large numbers.

Mr. A. Crimmins has been appointed messenger in place of R. Painter. Mr. Crimmins is a son of the late Patrick Crimmins who was for many years an Attendant at Rockwood.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Robinson of Toronto Asylum are grieved to hear of the unfortunate accident which happened to their son Teddy.

Two colts of the Rockwood Tennis Club, viz.: Dr. Watson and C. Y. Ford, are giving a good account of themselves in the tournament at Queen's and are in the finals. Mr. C. Y. Ford in singles and Dr. Watson and Mr. C. Y. Ford in doubles. We have wondered why the last two weeks of fine weather have not been taken advantage of to finish the series but our genial Clinical informs us that the Committee is waiting for a snow storm.

King Ben is supposed to have secured a large tract of land north of Lake Ontario Park with the idea of making a golf links with an attractive club house and everything else to match. The locality is an excellent one and we know of two or three bunkers to puzzle even greater experts than the Kingston Club can boast of. As for Caddies, Newcourt and Portsmouth can furnish dozens but we hope the Golfers will be happier in their experiences than we were. We laid out a most attractive course of twelve holes but the Portsmouth juvenile showed undying opposition and filled up the holes by night when we made them by day. If King Ben succeeds in educating the youths to better things his golf links will not have been wasted.

Dr. J. McCallum of Toronto visited Dr. Webster on November the eighteenth.

The Rockwood Review.

The REVIEW has in the past taken a deep interest in Football matters, largely because it wished to help in a modest way, in keeping a manly game clean and free from the demoralizing taint of professionalism and other bad influences. In doing so it has followed a course that has not always commended itself to those who lose sight of the fact, that winning games is not the only thing to be aimed at in sport. We are well aware that in order to cater to the local desire to win, we must gloss over much that makes unpleasant reading, and loudly applaud every move and gesture of the chosen heroes of the crowd, who very frequently are not the real heroes of a game. A few truthful remarks in last month's issue, were severely commented upon by two of our local contemporaries; and yet every word written by us was not only true, but was a very mild statement of facts so well established, that it is a matter of surprise any one should attempt to deny them. We can surely believe what we actually see and hear. As far as our loyalty to the Intercollegiate League is concerned, we believe that a careful perusal of the files of the REVIEW, will show that it was probably the first paper in Ontario to advocate the formation of such a League, and one of the most enthusiastic believers in the necessity for such an organization. We quite agree that the Intercollegiate League has come to stay, and if in our anxiety to see football matters placed on the highest plane possible, we are forced to speak unpleasant truths at times, let no one misunderstand the motive. A very superficial reading of the sporting columns of our daily papers will reveal the fact that we cannot place our ideal too high. On the whole the Intercollegiate League is to be congratulated upon the success of its season's work: The football played has perhaps not been up to the best form to be expected, but it has on the whole been free from roughness, bad temper and unpleasant wrangling, and it is

evident that even better things are in store for the league when the last of the evil influences of other days have been dispersed. It is said that we have joined in a desire to shoulder undue blame on Queen's students for roughness in games. Queen's students have no more loyal supporter than the REVIEW, no warmer friend, and when they win fairly and honourably, we rejoice in their success. It has been a matter of satisfaction to see proper ideas of sport gaining ground in their midst, and we are quite certain that the students who wish right to prevail, do not resent criticism of anything done by players to lower the high standard aimed at. In connection with this, it might be suggested that the Athletic Associations of both Queens University and the R.M.C., would do well to cultivate a more kindly and considerate feeling towards each other than is at present the case. It would at least be one step in advance, and when the spirit of reform and good fellowship is in the air, let the change take place. No one wishes to see the bitterness of last year's Hockey matches repeated, and now that the football season has been finished with a fair amount of good feeling, let even better things be done in the future.

On Tuesday, Nov. 21st, a most delightful entertainment was given in O'Reilly Hall for the patients. The programme consisted of Statuary, Music and biographical pictures. The living pictures were excellent, and the performers deserve great credit for the way in which they took their parts, while the arrangements of the stage and light were perfect. The following pictures were presented:—Faith, Miss E. Bamford; Hope, Miss Jaquith; Charity, Misses E. Porter and E. Courtice; then Faith, Hope and Charity were shown grouped together. These were followed by the Tambourine Girl, Miss N. Jackson; the Gleaner, Miss W. Nicholson; the Fates spinning the Thread of Life, Misses Bamford,

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Courtice, Jaquith; Diana after the Chase, Miss E. Bamford; Crown-
ing of Victory, Misses Stoness
Shields, Reilly and Sears; the
Inconvenience of Single Life, Jas.
Shannahan; the Convenience of
Married Life, Jas. Shannahan and
Miss I. Sears; Florence Nightin-
gale, Miss D. Nugent and Ed.
Gilmour; Hands Across the Sea,
G. Stephenson, A. Carey and Miss
W. Nicholson; Rock of Ages, Miss
E. Pooler. Mr. Malcolm sang,
Soldiers of the Queen, during
the last lines of which a group called
Britannia appeared. Those taking
the parts in this picture were Misses
M. Donaldson, Shields and Reilly,
Messrs. Woods, Gilmour and Leg-
ault. The Orchestra then played
several selections, which were fol-
lowed by a song entitled Miss
Clancy, by Wm. Woods. Mr. John
Shea sang Ave Maria, with violin
obligato by Dr. C. K. Clarke. Mr.
Wm. Shea gave his latest song,
"I happened to be there." After
a short wait the entertainment was
closed by a series of Biograph
pictures, shown by Mr. J. Halliday.

Mrs. Ed. Cowan, of Gananoque,
has been visiting her mother, Mrs.
Nicholson, of Portsmouth, and has
renewed many old acquaintances
at Rockwood.

Several Pheasants have been set
at liberty in Rockwood grounds.
If they should wander further
abroad, it is hoped that local
sportsmen will not molest them, as
it is desired to give the birds a
chance to increase in numbers next
year. Up to the present some of
them have returned to the coops
nearly every day to be fed. Two
have been injured by thoughtless
small boys, and it is feared that
the others will receive little mercy.

Popular enthusiasm ran high over
the winning of the senior Football
Championship by the Granites.
This team has been cleverly man-
aged all year, and has given ample
proof of the fact, that the highest
development of football can only
be expected in players trained in

the intricacies of the game from
childhood. In Kingston every boy
plays Rugby from the time he can
toddle, and the result is that the
game is understood as it is nowhere
else in Canada. Under ordinary
circumstances, the skill of the
Granites would win from the brute
strength of the Rough Riders nine-
teen times out of twenty. Almost
all of the players on the Granite
team were born and brought up in
Kingston, the Rough Riders have
been gathered from far and near.

An exciting billiard tournament
for a fine cue is in progress at
Rockwood. As it is a handicap
some gallison finishes are looked
for.

Mrs Peirce although still very ill
is slowly improving.

Bursar Cochrane called on Nov.
25, and received a warm welcome
from his many friends.

Miss Jaquith has resigned from
the staff of Nurses and been suc-
ceeded by Miss Marian Taylor.

M. A. Powell and Mr. W. Jones
took in the Granite excursion to
Toronto on Nov. 24th.

Mr. R. Painter severed his con-
nection with Rockwood at the
beginning of November.

Several Screech Owls have taken
up their residence in the Rock-
wood grounds.

The Viola and Iris have gone
into winter quarters but the Gerda
is still in the water.

The ice boat enthusiasts are
already making arrangements for
the coming season. The mosquito
fleet is likely to receive several addi-
tions. Mr. Bush McCormack will
have to look to his laurels even if
he has been studying naval
architecture during the summer
and building torpedo boats on the
back road.

The Rockwood Library is about
to receive an addition of two or
three hundred books.

The Rockwood Review.

A SOUTH AFRICAN INSECT.

In the Eastern province of Cape Colony there is an insect which attacks animals and human beings. It seems to be plentiful and very troublesome, and people there call it a tick. To begin with it is about the size of a pin's head, and this they say is the head. You may get it on you by passing through grass or weeds, and a young farmer in British Kaffraria told me that after a day's reaping, he would have to look his legs over carefully to see that he had not one on his skin, because if left, it would bury itself in the flesh. One day I met a well-dressed man riding a finely groomed horse, and I saw about eight of these ticks in a patch on the horse's shoulder. They had leathery bodies full of blood, and some looked almost as large as a five cent piece. I said to some of the people there, "Why does not that man take those ticks off his horse?" They said, "Because they cannot be got off, if you pull away the body, the head will remain and sink into the flesh." The insect seemed so unpleasant that I did not attempt to capture one or examine. I have been told by people here that there is an island in the St. Lawrence near Cornwall, infested with ticks of this description. I am inclined to doubt the existence of this tick in Canada or the States.

R. S. KNIGHT,
Lancaster.

Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea has commenced the season well—his new topical songs, the best he has had for years.

Mr. Saml. Stephenson as John Bull, in Hands Across the Sea, looked his part, but was not as cordial with Brother Jonathan as the occasion demanded. Evidently he is a little suspicious of the Anglo Saxon alliance.

"Jack the Giant Killer," a musical extravaganza, will be given at Rockwood on Xmas night.

Mr. C. Y. Ford, Cynologist, is in New York on matters Cynological.

Mrs. Mullin, Hamilton, was the guest of Mrs. C. K. Clarke for a few days.

CELON Burke, Belleville, and Rev. C. Y. Young, Lansdowne, called at Rockwood this month.

Mr. Shea's artistic efforts in the development of the Classico Grecian pictures were most commendable, and Billy's excursions into mythology must have been numerous, to enable him to arrange the groups with such strict regard for the classical requirements. We were hardly prepared though for the first impromptu picture, which was certainly not on the programme. When Mr. Shea in his enthusiasm succeeded in having a lighted candle fall on his head, the clever patient in the corner murmured, "Ladies and gentlemen, the first picture is called the Destruction of Greece."

The R. M. C. Cadets, are to be congratulated on winning the Intermediate Football Championship, in the Canadian Intercollegiate League. It is many a long day since a championship has been won by them, but this year they played consistent and brilliant football, and won every match in the series.

On the occasion of the first British victory in the Transvaal, Mr. Shea will sing Hearts of Oak in costume. It begins to look as if he may have to wait until Xmas.

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SEASONAL COMMENTS IN BURFORD TOWNSHIP.

The October and November season brought out many interesting displays of the Tipular gnat gyrations. Our children noticed them and spoke to their elders about the curious phenomenon.

The gnats come out mostly in calm sunny afternoons, and sportively swarm to the number of a hundred or more in each group, three to four feet above the surface of the grassy town.

The movements indicate gayety and exhilaration, quite as much so as the activities of a higher order of beings in the mazy intricacies of the ballroom; in the gradual rise of the gnat gyrating party, the curves of flight of the individuals show much uniformity, and although to the sightseers a tangle, there is no collision or confusion, and they seem to have learned the art of "keeping out of one another's way," to perfection: and the simultaneous drop of the entire assemblage to a two feet or so, lower level, is accomplished with promptness and precision—then the uprising part of the programme is again resumed.

The gyrating swarm at a short distance has the appearance of a small whiff of smoke or vapour and despite the small corporeal organization of the gnat tribe of insects they possess the element of permanency the texture of things to an equal extent with the growing grass or with the running streams and seem to survive the blizzards of winter and the scorching summer heats with the aid of the mould microbes and shelter of grass and weed foliage about fences and shade trees and their range of habitat extends through all temperate climes.

A neighbour complained that putorius vison had paid a midnight visit to his poultry coop, and fatally

bitten TEN of his Hamburg fowls he, next night set several traps around the scene of slaughter of the previous night, but to no purpose, and on narrating the circumstance to an acquaintance the latter announced his belief that the four legged prowler was still about the building, and sure enough, on taking off some of the boards of a double partition the sanguinary thief was ousted from the side of a dead hen that he had managed to forcibly drag into the vacant space the house dog being one of the spectators of "the breaking cover" soon put the final act to the scenic performance;—near a small rivulet on the same farm several weeks ago, some ducks and even a goose or two were victimized, a trap was set near a planked culvert that was supposed to afford harbourment to the verminous slayer or slayers, and sure enough, a two pound weight mink was in the steely embrace the next morning, but from suspicious impressions on the muddy margin of the rivulet the presence of another putorius was rendered certain, so the trap being moved to the opposite side of the bridging place, the following morning revealed a mink's toe nail in the relentless jaws of the trap, this was re-set for a time, but just under the surface of the water with some chicken entrails pegged down in the water, near by as a bait, and during next night, Mr. Mink got caught in the decoy, and daybreak was found drowned as a result of desperate struggles for liberation. The fine mink skins are thought to be worth two dollars each. All three were males.

About the sixth of November numerous flocks of wild ducks were seen about here, mostly flying in a southeasterly direction—the curving and wavering line of their formative group is in incessant change when in flight overland; quite different from the arrow-head phalanx of flocks of wild geese in transitu. The ducks were plainly of the species known as Whistle Wings.

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IN A SICK ROOM.

The voices of the common day—
The sparrow's chirp, the children's glee
Sound faint and strange and far away:
The squirrel in the hickory tree
Scolds shrilly from his perch,—but we
Within this shaded silent room
Are in a world of tender gloom.

Outside the tide of life goes on,
But here, unmarked of moon or sun,
The days and nights—sunset and dawn
Mingle together, and are one,
Where speech and song are over and done,
A strange dim corner out of the way
From the world of work, and laughter and play.

For this still form, and this dear head,
These languid hands, these weary feet,
By sleep and silence comforted
From fevered pulses' weary beat,
And cooled with roses, dewy sweet—
This makes a world of gentle care,
And tender trouble seem sweet and fair.

O angel of the touch divine,
Whose white hands health and healing shed,
Give us of thy ambrosial wine,—
Fold thy strong wings beside this bed—
Stoop down and bless this drooping head,
And for the languor and the pain
Give health and life and joy again!

K. S. McL.

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ZETTO.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

He was the pleasantest rogue I ever met—and rogues are many and pleasant in Italy, where he lived. He didn't know his real name; I learned it long afterwards from an old woman who knew his mother. It was Marcantonio Pallachivone; but the neighbors had called him Zetto, in the Italian way, from some peculiarity as a child, which I never understood.

I met him first down in the ruins of the old Roman Forum. I had escaped the pestering of guides and fakirs and beggars, and was examining a bit of marble tracery, beautiful and delicate as lace-work, when there was a sudden desperate scramble, a rattling of boots on stones near by. Somebody came sliding down the massive inclined wall that once banked the great drain, the CLOACA MAXIMA of the Roman kings, landing in a heap at my feet. Before I had recovered from the surprise of the proceeding, he was smiling, hat in hand, before me.

"Do you want a guide, Signore?"

"Thanks, no. I have just escaped ten. Look out the guard doesn't see you. It isn't allowed to come in that way."

"Oh, but when he sees me now he'll know that I'm your guide, you know."

"Oh, but you're not, you know." I turned abruptly to the marble again.

There was a silence for several minutes. Then he said, very politely:

"But I will make all the explanations, your Excellency. I will make them well, and very cheap. That head of a boy there—look please, your Excellency—that was found under the arch of Constantine down yonder. He was a boy who leaped down into the arena of the Colosseum when he saw the lions spring upon his father. The lions killed him instead; and the Emperor—"

I stopped to look at him, cur-

iously. This was no ordinary guide, but a boy of perhaps sixteen; of the streets, clearly; and, therefore, dirty and disreputable; but with a face that might have descended straight from Curtius.

"You make up history beautifully," I said. "I am sure those people over there with the guide-books will be glad to hear it. It's interesting, too, and new; but I can't listen just now. I don't want a guide; I know a great deal more about this place than you do. Go away." I turned to the marble again.

"Oh, but your Excellency is mistaken, surely. You are a foreigner; I am a Roman, ecco!" Still not the slightest trace of ruffle or vexation. I whirled for a last charge.

"Look," I said, pointing to a mound of earth with the scant remains of a marble wall in front; "tell me all about that."

"That is the Rostrum of Julius Cæsar, your Excellency. He built it to address the Romans in the Forum."

"Is that all?"

"That's all, your Excellency—all that anybody knows."

"Then listen; and tell this to the next strangers"—I rattled off a lot, all that I could remember of this historic place, ending with a stirring bit of Shakespeare from Marc Antony's address over the body of Cæsar, which was delivered here. It was mostly "bluff," mostly guide-book; and the address I had just read, by the merest chance, in Italian. He listened smiling and attentive.

"That is excellent, most interesting, your Excellency. Now shall I explain the next ruin?"

There was no resisting that.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Zetto, Signore, at your service."

"Then listen, Zetto. I don't want a guide, but I do want somebody to talk Italian with, when I am inclined. I'll give you a franc and a dinner of macaroni to stay with me the rest of the afternoon. Is it a bargain?"

"VA BENE, Signore; it is a

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bargain."

That was the beginning of our acquaintance. Afterwards we went out several times together, and I found him useful, though I could never depend on him. Once, I remember, in trying to trace the course of the old Servian wall which defended most of ancient Rome, I was convinced that it must have crossed a busy square, or rather under the square, which is now built over the ruins. My friend, the wise archæologist, said no, impossible. Half joking, I appealed to Zetto. He listened attentively to what we wanted, then led us straight to a den where he sometimes slept, under an old cellar beyond the square. The theory was proved. The cellar wall was twenty-five hundred years old; and the den was the top of an arch of Servius Tullus. So said the archæologist, looking curiously at the ragged boy who had corrected an error in a learned book.

Gradually I grew to like Zetto, and became thoroughly interested in him. He was a waif, and earned his living in various ways, some of which would not bear investigating. Still, I was kind to him, and he seemed to like me after a time. Then I made a suggestion occasionally; tried to get him out of evil ways and away from evil companions. Often, still, when I am thinking about him, I find myself wondering if the suggestions, the kindness, ever had any influence. Perhaps they did; I think so; though I never saw the evidence.

Late one afternoon I was on my way home from beyond the Tiber, when I stopped at the historic island in the river to "nose" round a minute for anything of interest. Zetto appeared suddenly, surprising me not a little; for I had seen him with some companions miles away earlier in the afternoon. They had all dodged into an alley before I could speak with him.

He was unusually quiet that afternoon, I remember. Generally he was bright and chatty. But I found an old inscription, and

speedily forgot him, trying to make it out. It grew late and cold. A shiver passed over me in the lonely place, and I straightened up abruptly. As I did so I saw a coat-tail vanish behind an old wall near.

"Your 'Father Tiber' was a dirty god at best, Zetto," I said, shivering again. "He will give us the fever if we stay here another minute. Come on!" I started for the bridge at a quick walk; for it is dangerous to get chilled in Rome at sunset. Zetto followed, reluctantly, it seemed.

On the bank of the river I stopped suddenly.

"By the way, Zetto, the old Romans made bulwarks all around that island to protect themselves from the floods. They made it look exactly like a big ship. That broken obelisk over there was once the mast; but the bulwarks are all gone. Have you ever seen a bit of smooth wall there, old, and rounded like a ship's side?"

Zetto thought a moment; then he glanced past me, and his face lightened.

"I don't know, Signore, but there are two gentlemen yonder. Perhaps they live here, and can tell us."

I had not noticed the "two gentlemen" before. They were sitting on the broad slab above the river wall, apparently watching the sunset—a thing I had never seen Italians do before. They belonged to Zetto's class, undoubtedly, but were older and better dressed.

I approached and asked the same question. They sprang from the wall, hats in hand, all politeness on the instant. My first thought was that I had misjudged them. A rapid conversation ensued. They drew close about me, offering their service, pointing out where I could find the thing I wanted (and I found it, too, afterwards, just where they said). With Zetto they were apparently perfect strangers.

Even yet I can only admire the artistic way in which the thing was done. It was too late to go back; for the fever rises in low places at

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sunset. I told them so; whereupon they pointed out again, with much carefulness, the place where I could find a side of my stone ship. Then I said good-night, and thank you.

"We are your Excellency's servants," they said, in the beautiful Italian of the Roman upper classes. Zetto stayed with them.

Fifty feet away a curious conviction struck me without any warning whatever; for I was thinking of something else.

"Those beggars have picked my pockets," I said to myself suddenly; "and it's mighty lucky that it is only that."

Still walking, I slipped my hand into an inside coat pocket where I kept my money. It was gone. Then down to a side pocket where I kept my change; to my watch—gone too!

Like a flash the thought came, "If I turn suddenly, they will know I have missed things. They can get into the narrow streets before I can reach them."

I took out my note-book and began to write, turning gradually as if for more light. They were moving off slowly. I wrote on. They moved further and further away, looking back at me slyly. When they thought I had forgotten them, they turned and walked rapidly, their three heads close together, examining the booty. Then I made a dash, running swift on my toes.

I was almost upon them when Zetto turned. I heard a name yelled, probably a rendezvous; then they vanished into three different alleys among hundreds of poor people coming from work. One might as well have chased three cats in an alley with the hope of catching them.

I went home slowly, half humorous, half sad. There were only a few francs in the pocketbook, and the watch was a cheap one kept for traveling. It had all been done so cleanly, so artistically! "We are your Excellency's servants," I kept saying, trying to catch the accent of exquisite politeness. And I had been such a

perfect young gull! Lucky, too, perhaps, to get off without a nasty scrap! But Zetto—it was sad to lose a soul like that. I wondered if it were partly my fault; if I might not have done more to save him.

That night I had forgotten the incident, under circumstances that might well make one forget anything. After sundown it had been wild and stormy; but at ten the clouds broke and the moon came out. I would have but one day more in Rome. The desire swept over me to see the ruins of the Colosseum again by moonlight, and alone, if possible. Yes, the storm would keep what tourists there were in Rome snug at home. I would have it to myself to dream over. Yes, I must go.

At eleven I was there alone, on a broken column, drinking in the wonder of it. By daylight the ruin is stupendous, impressive beyond words, beyond all other works of man; by night it is marvellous, wonderful; too great, seemingly, for human hands to make or mar. And I see it alone at last, flooded by moonlight. Its vastness overpowers me.

Before me stretch the sands on which so many thousands have poured out their lives; gladiators, in the fierce lust of blood; captives, in the fiercer lust for freedom; Christian martyrs, women, little children, with the charging roar of lions in their ears. I see them marching, their faces lifted, an endless throng. Beyond are deep-holes, vaults, and tumbling arches where excavation has laid open the dens of the beasts under the arena by scores and hundreds. Above them, tier on tier, rise the seats, up and away to the sky on every side. I see them filled with the rabble of Rome and the princes. The lust of blood is in their faces; their thumbs are down remorselessly.

Over all hangs the moon, clear, still, impassive—that saw it all.

The place is full of creeping shadows. Down in the dens there, under that broken arch, is a tiger,

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the moonlight striping his skin with dark bands. Out there lies a broken pillar, like a man dying, his knees drawn up. A cricket chirps; the cue owls cry; a roosting crow croaks in his sleep. The sounds are magnified in the intense stillness of the great tunneled corridors. I hear the beasts growling in their dens. How many good men and women, whose only crime was their belief in God, have heard that same hungry, awful growling beneath their feet, here in this very spot, and shuddered in horror!

Up there, where the seats were, are shadows too. I shall go up presently. Zetto showed me how to scramble up by a secret stair when the gates are shut. Now I like to sit here alone, filling the place with life again. See how the poplar tops outside take strange shapes through the open arches! There is one over the Podium, swaying back and forth, with an Emperor's crown. He is sated with flattery for his entertainment, sleepy with the sight of blood. And there are two others in the second tier, grasping at a captive who is trying to escape. It is far away; but there is a murmur, as of wind in the poplars. Look! The two sway more violently. Something flashes—My God!

I sprang to my feet, hurling off the illusions. That was no cricket, but a human shriek that came ringing along the dark corridors. Another! The crows are croaking, flying over the sands from wall to wall. I gripped my heavy stick and dashed across the arena.

There was a scurry of feet in the dark as I reached the steep incline that led up to the second tier over a great arch still unbroken. Somehow I scrambled up. There were fifty feet of masonry now between me and the moon; it was inky black in the crumbling tunnel. A groan above guided me. I groped till a beam of moonlight shot in through the broken vault overhead. Then I leaped out to the tier of seats—and found him at my feet.

"Poor Zetto, POVERINO MIO!

What is it? Where are you hurt?" There was no need to ask.

He turned at the voice, his hands grasping his side.

"Is it you, Padrone? Help, take me away! No, no, too late!"

The effort exhausted him, and he fell back. I was over him on the instant, doing what I could. His head turned again. He looked up at me wondering, half doubting.

"You are good, Padrone; but it's no use. Listen—" He caught his breath sharply. "I have only a minute. I have seen a man this way before. We followed you all the afternoon to rob you if we got you in a lonely place. I'm glad we didn't. It might have hurt. We picked your pockets instead. There were seventeen francs, and we couldn't divide it even. We quarreled. Can you forgive, Padrone?"

"Oh, Zetto! don't talk. I'll have it bound in a minute. There, let me carry you."

But at the first movement there was a cry of pain, that brought the crows croaking over our heads again.

"No, no; let me be easy, so! It won't be long. I saw him before, just this way. Listen! I've been dishonest mostly, and it doesn't pay—honest, it doesn't pay ever—but this is the meanest thing I ever did; because you were kind, and sometimes fed me when I was hungry I am sorry now; but it's too late. Can you forgive, Padrone?"

There was a pleading, a softness that I had never heard before from Zetto. It was dark where I knelt, and his eyes were dim. He put up his two hands and took my face between them, feeling it as a child does. Something fell on his cheek. He pulled my face down closer, closer. A ray of light fell across it.

"What! tears, Padrone? For me?" His hands tightened their clutch convulsively. "Nobody ever did that for me before. I'm glad to see them, though; for you do forgive, and I know it. I am sure—Is, is it true, Padrone, what the

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priests say? I mean about another pardon—over there?"

"It is true, Zetto."

Tighter and tighter grew the clasp of his hands. His voice was a whisper when he spoke again.

"Closer, Padrone! Nobody ever cared for me before. Closer, till I see your face! There, I can see. I believe it now—"

There are insects whose whole life consists of a single moment in the sunshine. It was so with Zetto. In oneswift moment he had learned what suffering and sympathy and faith, in a word, what life in its greatness, means. And when the moment passed, he was dead—with his lips on my feet.—From THE OUTLOOK.

ON THE BOER WAR.

The present war seems to be little understood, here in Canada, and existing ideas about the Boers somewhat incongruous. It may be worth noting that they owe their origin as a people to the religious struggle in Europe called the Reformation. Their Dutch forefathers were of those who were harried and slaughtered by the soldiers of Philip of Spain, and like the Pilgrim Fathers, they left Europe to make a new home in a barbarous country. They were reinforced afterwards by a number of Huguenots, the French Protestants whose friends and relatives were slaughtered in the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew. People with a common tradition of oppression by the Catholic power, amalgamated readily, and the Huguenots seem to have given up their own language, and to have adopted the Dutch language. The fortune of war brought the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope under British rule, but all the Dutch did not talk kindly to it. Their previous struggles for liberty had made them intolerant of restraint, and many of them left the limits of Cape Colony, and went further back into Africa, to found a new colony, in territory then unexplored and unclaimed. In this

way was founded the Orange River Free State. In course of time the British, increasing in numbers, and pushing further into the country, asserted their authority over the Orange River Free State. The more enterprising and independent of the Boers then migrated again, and left the Orange River Free State, founding beyond its border a new State called the Transvaal. The Boers of the Transvaal might have enjoyed their independence for a long time, but for one unfortunate event—gold was discovered in the Transvaal, and in such quantities that this little province, smaller than Ontario, last year led the world in its output of gold. It is easy to imagine the result. British people and adventurers from the ends of the earth, all gathered in the Transvaal, and formed the great mining town of Johannesburg.

It must be noted that the Dutch and Huguenots when they emigrated to Africa, were an educated and even refined people. But in the course of a generation or two, they lost all this. Their grandchildren, engaged in laborious work and continued fighting with the natives, became a rough and ignorant people, as measured by European standards. Only they clung to their religious traditions, and without any general reading or information to modify the effect of their narrow religious teaching, they became what they are to-day, brutally religious. At the same time, constantly in danger from wild beasts and savage black people, they grew to be self-reliant and courageous. In the course of successive generations they appear to have acclimatized themselves, and changed by the necessities of their African life and environment, they have evolved a new type of man, so distinct from the ordinary Dutchman, that everyone who has come in contact with them has given them the name of Boers, to distinguish them from other peoples and races.

It is not difficult to see, that a people so separated from the world

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at large, and with such an origin and development, could hardly fail to clash with the somewhat dissolute and uproarious population of a mining town, thrust suddenly into their midst. This collision produced the inevitable result of personal dislike and hostility. Back of this grew the difficulty about the gold. How could it be divided satisfactorily between the Boer farmers who owned the country, and the European and American capitalists and mining engineers who put in machinery and workmen, and extracted the metal from the rocks. The British Stock Market and the Boer Government soon had each other by the throat. This led to the Jameson raid and finally brought on the present war. With regard to the Jameson raid, it seemed reprehensible that the turbulent population of Johannesburg invited Jameson to come, and then failed to rise or strike a blow to help him. And in the present war, the most of the inhabitants of Johannesburg have fled, leaving the hard knocks for the British soldiers who have no interest in the gold question. A certain number of the Johannesburg men have, however, behaved more courageously, and enrolled themselves for active service under the name of the Imperial Light Horse. It is to be feared that some of the Johannesburg people, who were not willing to expose themselves in this way, were willing enough to create trouble, which the British Government is forced to settle. And it seems plain, that the more ignorant Boers, who at first only had the idea of being independent in their own province, and wished to fight for their local rights, have now formed new designs of a crude and indefinite description. They have not hesitated to state that they intend to expel the British from Africa, and drive them into the sea. Others have announced their intention of killing all the British soldiers, and have made calculations as to how long it will take to do so. They are so evidently serious in the projects

which they have made public, that there is at present no question of any half measures or negotiations. The British have got to fight the Boers to a finish. And all the countries under the British flag have got to back the British army and navy under the present aspect of affairs. The question of the causes of the war has practically disappeared from view, and the war itself is now the question. It is said that there are at least as many English speaking people in Cape Colony, as there are Dutch, and most of these people of British origin were born in South Africa, and have as good a right to the name of Africaner as the Dutch themselves. It may be seen, therefore, that the Boers have undertaken a large contract, when they have proposed to expel the entire English-speaking population of Africa. What has led them to form these somewhat startling ideas is matter of conjecture. But it seems that their success at Majuba, and an exaggerated estimate of the gold remaining in the Transvaal, have been two causes of the ambitious schemes that they are now entertaining. There is another point worth noting, and that is, that the Boers have not only come into collision with the British army, but that they have very probably run up against the great money power of the world, including the American plutocracy. People in general can know nothing of the influence that may have been exerted by Mr. Chamberlain's American wife, and by the other American ladies who have married into influential positions in England. It is quite probable that these ladies have had something to do with the Boer business, as a political question. Time will show, and those who live will see.

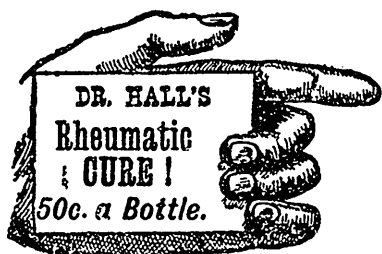
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