

Discovery of Rome's Ancient Altar Stone

Explorations made this year in the buried ruins of ancient Rome have resulted in the discovery of an archaeological treasure which will take its place in the very first rank of Roman antiquities. This is the altar stone of the old Romans. It was brought to light in the course of the excavations made by Prof. Boni of the Italian department of antiquities and the work of deciphering what remains of the inscription has just been completed and announced by Signor Domenico Comparetti, one of the most learned antiquarian scholars in Italy.

The site of the discovery is near the spot where another highly important find had been made a short time before; the column erected over the spot where Julius Caesar's remains were buried. Near the base of the column Prof. Boni unearthed a pavement of smooth black stones. He immediately concluded that he had come upon the famous "Black Stone," which according to some of the old Latin writers, marked the grave of Romulus. Nobody in this age expected to find the bones of Romulus under the stone or anywhere else, as the wolf-bred founder of the Eternal City and his twin brother have long since been relegated to the limbo of myths, but a monument on the spot where the old Romans believed Romulus to have been buried was of the greatest archaeological interest. Underneath this pavement, however, a discovery was made which relegated Romulus' possible monument to a place of minor interest.

Stone a Sacred Monument.

In the midst of debris lay two columns of tufa. One, perfectly preserved, is without inscription. The other, broken off short, is chiselled on its four sides with an archaic inscription, the oldest extant Latin known. The sculptor who made the inscription was dead and forgotten centuries before the birth of Christ, and now in the last year of

kingly functions were united in Rome was the sixth century, B. C., and this, together with the archaic character of the letters, would place the date at least as far back as that. An interesting point in regard to the lettering is the Greek character of the letters, showing that even as early as the sixth century B. C. the literary influence of the Greeks was felt in Rome.

Signor Comparetti's deciphering of the inscription proves that this lettered obelisk marked the entrance to an ancient temple, possibly the first of the temples held in reverential awe by the early Romans. This was a place of refuge. The altar became the site of the later rostrum from which a man pleaded for his life before the people assembled to judge him. In later days the rostrum became the center of the political life of the Romans, but in primitive times it was the religious center. It is well known from other discoveries made before in this neighborhood that the rostrum of the Forum was regarded as a sacred spot, and that the sacrificial idea was connected therewith is evident from various references thereto in Roman literature. The Tribune of the People, when seated in the Forum, was inviolable, not subject to arrest for any crime whatever.

That the actual history of the site marked by the obelisk was forgotten when it was buried, and that the myth of the burial of the remains of Romulus, the founder of Rome, beneath the black pavement was treasured up as accounting for the sacredness of the spot, is not in the least surprising to the student of the development of myths. The burial of this obelisk is easily accounted for by the burning of the temple there, which took place at least twice during the first 400 years of Roman rule. The connection of this temple with the old fable



RUINS OF THE ROMAN FORUM.

the nineteenth century the fragmentary words of the broken legend have been brought to light and read. Long and patient study by Signor Comparetti brought out enough to show that the stone is a sacred monument of the earliest period of Roman history. It is regarded as one of the great archaeological "finds" of the century.

All that remains of this column is from seventeen to twenty inches high. It is an eighteen-inch cube at the base, sloping gradually toward the top, like an obelisk. The corners are broken more or less and the inscription is somewhat worn.

The obelisk, when intact, was probably no taller than six feet, so it is clear that about half of the inscription is lost. As the inscription ran lengthwise, there remains only the lower part, giving but the beginning of the lines of writing. So large are the characters that they would have been, when new and clear cut, legible at a distance of several paces. Owing to the fragmentary condition of the lines an exact reproduction of their sense is impossible—still there are enough suggestive words yet legible to indicate plainly the character of the column and of the spot marked by it.

The first line reads "Quoi honce" (to whom this) and the second "Sacros esed" (be cursed), which being filled in with the missing words may be taken to mean in substance "Cursed be he who knowingly violates this place." The sacredness of the spot is further suggested by the words, found further along, "Iter per—diou ested" (road through—be sacred). Then, too, the word "sord" (sordes, the sacred lots cast at the altar) shows that the monument marked the sacrificial altar of early Roman times. Sheep and oxen were the common sacrifices of the Romans, and around the obelisk were found the bones of these animals together with small bronzes and other relics of votive offerings. On the monument is found the word "boivievod," evidently a combination of the Latin words for oxen and sheep (bos ovis).

Indication of Date of Monument.

Indication of the date of the obelisk is found in the words "fas" and "regel," having respectively the meaning of priest and king. The period at which the priestly and

of Romulus and Remus having been reared by a wolf mother is best proven by the statue of the wolf which was found in the subterranean chambers of the capital, the figures of the boys being evidently a later restoration.

Excavations are now going on in the vicinity of the spot where the sacred monument was found, and it is expected that other ancient objects of great value and interest will be unearthed. Though many explorations have been made before into the earth where ancient Rome is buried, Prof. Boni's is the first that has been scientifically conducted, and the discovery of the altar stone is alone and in itself a justification for the labor and expense of the project.

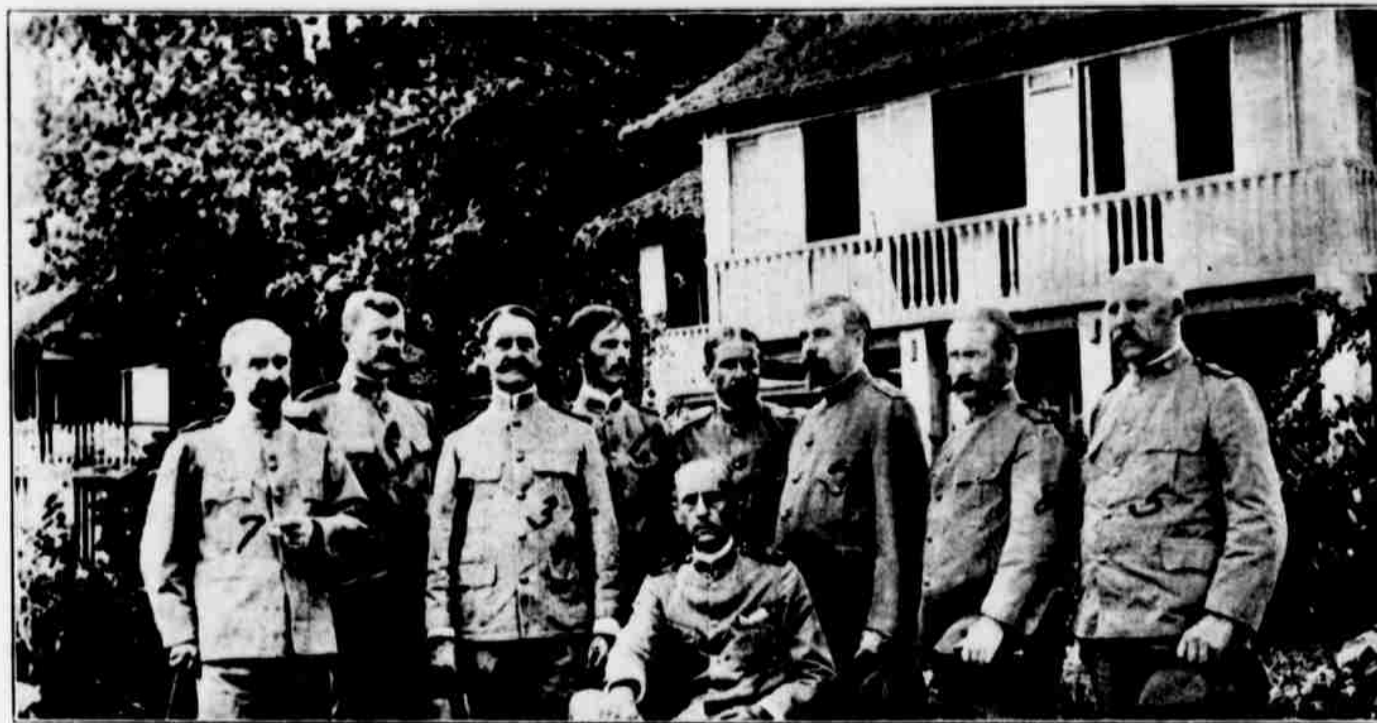
Mosby of the Boers

Christian Dewet is a man of Moltke-like taciturnity. Long since his government ceased to ask him for dispatches, writes a correspondent of the London Mail.

Middle-aged, middle-sized, middle broad and middle-complexioned, Dewet attracts one only by the bright restlessness of his eye. Like a bird, he notes everything within a circumscribed horizon. He is the highest development of the Boer hunter, as Louis Botha is the highest development of the Boer soldier.

He knows nothing of the maneuvering of troops, of the marshaling of brigades, of the handling of an army. He is but a blunt Boer peasant, who knows every yard of his native country and can adjudge the strengths and weaknesses of a position at a glance. He fights always on "the passive offensive," waiting for his enemy to make a move and pouncing upon him at the place and time of his greatest weakness.

He has no orderly idea of his own tactics. Days after a battle I have waited upon him and failed utterly to recognize his plans and description of a fight we have seen together. To him an opposing army is a herd of springbok, with a capacity for inflicting injury. This latter quality redoubles his watchfulness, but does not alter his strategy. He has all



GENERAL WILLIAM A. KOBBE WITH STAFF—TAKEN AT ZAMBOANGO, P. I.

1. Brigadier General William A. Kobbé, commanding. 2. Major J. J. Pershing, adjutant general. 3. Captain Benjamin H. Randolph, inspector general. 4. Major J. N. Morrison, judge advocate. 5. Captain Thomas Swobe, chief quartermaster. 6. Captain Theodore B. Hacker, chief commissary. 7. Major R. W. Johnson, chief surgeon. 8. Charles E. Stanton, chief paymaster. 9. F. W. Kobbé, aide-de-camp.

the qualities of a Robin Hood, learned in the same hard school under a similar master.

Curiously enough no account of Dewet I have read has been written by a man who has seen the hero of the Free State. When I last saw him he wore a beard and I doubt if the exigencies of his later experience have led to his discarding that national trademark. I never heard him utter a word of English and I know he was never further from Bloemfontein than Pretoria in his life.

The Christian Dewet who took his B. A. at Cambridge is a much younger man, a member of a totally different family, from the colony, who acted as press censor in Pretoria and left there on June 4 for the east. To him I have to render much thanks for journalistic enterprise gone to waste.

The one man who in any way answers the description of the Dewet pictured by the correspondents is Hoofd Commandant Piet Dewet, the brother of the commanding general. Piet Dewet is a younger man, speaks English and always acts in concert with his now more famous relative, Louis Botha and Lucas Meyer are the only Boer generals who can ever be called "polished gentlemen." Christian Dewet is the most useful and the most successful type of the Boer leader—a peasant who is unable to express his own ideas of leadership.

A Remarkable Case

There is a case in Atchison of a man failing in love with his wife. Shortly after their marriage, relates the Atchison Globe, the wife discovered that "Home, Sweet Home" did not appeal to her husband and that he preferred the companionship of his men friends down town, so set to work to win him. She did not try any of the recipes for winning a husband's love found in the women's papers, which are mixtures of pretty dresses, a smile and a kiss at the door upon the arrival of the victim; a kiss as he is about to leave after having eaten his supper (which is to be dainty, with a bunch of his favorite flowers in the middle of the table); she is also to go to the piano and win him back by singing the songs he admired during their courtship. The sensible Atchison woman discarded all such recipes. She said nothing about her husband's lack of appreciation, but simply put her shoulder to the wheel and helped him along. He was in debt. She was thrifty; he got out. She excelled in housekeeping. His meals are substantial and on time. She made his home so comfortable in an unobtrusive way that he now hates to leave it, and hurries back after business hours. The woman has one of the most devoted husbands in town. She does not brag of it, but just jogs along doing the things he likes.



HASTINGS, Neb. VOLUNTEERS—SQUAD OF SCOUTS UNDER GENERAL GRANT

Famous Feast For British Officers

Some of the elders will remember, says a writer in the Times-Herald, that it was not until shortly after the close of the civil war that the first twinge of the controversy between Great Britain and the United States over territory in the northwest passed away. When the line at forty-nine degrees was settled upon as the boundary the question of the ownership of the islands between Washington Territory and Vancouver was still unsettled. The United States by terms of the treaty was to have the islands east of the channel. There were two channels and the question as to which was meant was left to the emperor of Germany to decide. If the western passage were meant there belonged to the United States several islands which would be lost if the treaty were construed in its wording to mean the passage to the east.

While the matter was in abeyance the two governments felt it necessary in order not to lose prestige to maintain garrisons on the disputed ground. The United States was represented by one company of the old Ninth infantry, while there were two companies of British regulars and several officers representing the rival powers. In command of the little American contingent was Second Lieutenant Michael J. Fitzgerald, who had been through the civil war as a noncommissioned officer and who had been given his step in the regular service for gallantry. When the young officer was about to leave San Francisco General McDowell, then in command of the division of the Pacific, sent for him and impressed upon him the delicate nature of his mission. As a matter of fact, McDowell was afraid from Fitzgerald's name that there might be in him enough hereditary feeling against the British soldiers to make it very easy for him to find an excuse to precipitate trouble.

"Above all things, Lieutenant Fitzgerald," said the general, "observe the rules of international courtesy." "I'll do that same, general," answered Fitzgerald promptly. "There'll be no war growing out of my treatment of the red-coats."

The next day he set sail for his northern post with his little band of followers. The American and British garrisons were only an hour's trip apart. When Lieutenant Fitzgerald was installed finally in his quarters and was feeling the full weight of being not only company commander, but commanding officer of a United States garrison, he was called upon in turn by each of the half-dozen officers stationed a few miles beyond the hill. Fitzgerald returned the calls promptly, and shortly thereafter was invited to dine with six Englishmen

as hosts. At that dinner the American lieutenant was entertained royally. There was nothing in the British garrison that was too good for him. As he put it afterward to his comrades in the states, "It was a wet night." When Fitzgerald had returned to his quarters and three weeks had passed away he thought it was about time to prepare to return in some way the hospitality of the Englishmen. The supplies at his disposal were a jug of whisky and the ordinary army rations. There was nothing good, barring that which was in the British possession, nearer than San Francisco. Fitzgerald was a man of expedients. The next boat carried some commissions to the California metropolis. Three weeks afterward six British officers and the handful of civilian officials, both American and English, that were on the island received each a communication. Lieutenant Fitzgerald was no mere dinner-giver. Upon opening the envelope containing his communication each recipient found a handsomely engraved invitation surmounted by the arms of the United States. It read as follows:

The Commanding Officer of Fort San Juan

Respectfully Requests the Presence of Captain Maurice Fitzherbert at a Banquet To Be Given Thanksgiving Eve, 1898.

A week afterward a round hundred large packages arrived from San Francisco. Fitzgerald told about twenty of his soldiers that it would not do for an American officer to be outdone in hospitality. He forthwith proceeded to instruct the twenty in duties as waiters. He picked out of the command four or five musicians and had them provided with instruments. When the British officers and the civilian contingent arrived and preliminary courtesies were exchanged they were shown into a banquet hall with a table glittering with cut glass and silver. They ate of delicacies and substantialities that none of them thought could be found nearer than New York, and they drank of wines that none other than the cellar of a connoisseur could have contained. There was a waiter for every guest and the music lagged not until the speaking began. It was all over, however, about three hours after the host had excused himself temporarily to attend reveille roll call.

Lieutenant Michael J. Fitzgerald looked at the pile of bills rendered. In amount they were \$1,400. The banquet had cost \$75 a plate. He looked at his monthly pay account. In three weeks he would have cash in hand to the amount of \$116.66. Lieutenant Fitzgerald passed the night in thought. In the morning, there was a look of relief upon his face. In an hour's time there was ready for transmission to headquarters in San Francisco some official envelopes marked in red ink and large letters: "International Courtesies." Inclosed were bills for pate de foie gras, rare old Burgundy and other things. With the inclosure went this: "Except from Major General McDowell's instructions: 'Above all things, Lieutenant Fitzgerald, observe the rules of international courtesy.'"

McDowell fumed, and tradition hath it that he swore, but he ordered the bills paid out of the contingent fund.

Unbeaten

Detroit Journal: The ingenue had had bestowed upon her a gorgeous bouquet of roses.

That was what started the conversation. "Speaking of things handed to artists over the footlights," observed the leading heavy, producing from his portmanteau a China egg, "I should like to see anybody beat this!"

All laughed heartily, for this joke was inextricably interwoven with many of the best traditions of the drama.