

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

## SEEN AFOOT IN EUROPE.

GLIMPSSES OF LIFE AS FOUND IN PICTURESQUE PLACES.

Memories of Valdemusa—Contentment of the European Peasantry—Some Galician Shrines—Continental Railroad Travel—Across the Island of Cuba.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—If your own wanderings ever lead you to Gibraltar, to Barcelona or to Marseilles upon the Mediterranean coast, do not fail to engage passage in one of the pretty steamers which ply between these cities and the slumberous port of Palma in the little Spanish isle of Majorica. It is quaint than Spain, more Moorish than Algiers, and its pleasant folk are the most hospitable in all the world. A visit to its half ruined ancient monastery of Valdemusa and the wild and marvellous north-coast scenery are alone worth a trip to the island.

With as magnificent and far more classic surroundings as those of Vallombrosa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in so extraordinary and picturesque a way as to seem at a distance like a gray old cloud-kissed nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the aerial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who once were there.

An indescribable sadness lingers about this splendid Majorican relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay mock conventional life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps within these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of these two strange sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

I have passed the greater portion of the last seven years among the peasantry of Europe. Not only has this association been with the lowly upon the road beside their shrines; at public fountains where the back-breaking loads are drawn; among the men and maid servants of great hotels and little inns; with the varied clods in fields and vineyards; among the shepherds of the mountains and plains; and with this manner of folk from the cabins of Shetland to the huts of Apulia into which shines the sun from across the Ionian sea; and I think the honest thing to be said about these people is that there is general content among them.

It is difficult for Americans to understand this, for it is inconceivable to us how we could be thus contented. When you get close to the European peasant you will find that it is equally as difficult for him to conceive of any other condition than that in which he exists. To illustrate, in any half hour's ride by rail through Bavarian valleys you are certain to whiz past some pretty field-lane and see a Bavarian peasant driving a cart to which are yoked a little heifer and a coarse woman. As they stop near your passing train, you will notice that the heifer is the only animal chafing under its yoke, for the woman looks up and smiles and the male removes his pipe for a hearty laugh.

They are simple, childish folk one and all, content in their severe labor; satisfied with their, to us, niggardly recompense; loving the very earth they dig with unutterable affection; happy in the few holidays the year brings about; patient under the tithing of king and church while proud that the one protects and the other shrives; and quite radiant, at the end, to lay aside the working clothes of the sodden days behind for the promised finery of the eternal holiday beyond.

Nowhere else in Europe can be seen such a variety and wealth of roadside shrines as in Austrian Galicia. In the two or three thousand miles of its great stone roads a huge wooden or stone crucifix, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, may be found on the average at the distance of every half an English mile. Most of the crucifixes are of wood hewn out of beach or oaken logs. Whether of wood or stone, as if from some great burden, every one leans, and this very leaning lends a strangely suggestive sadness and loneliness to the landscape.

They are most frequent in districts nearest the Carpathians which form the Hungarian boundary. The Ruthenian peasants being of Russian stock are all Greek Catholics, and the Polish Galicians are without exceptions Roman Catholics. They are equally pious, and you can never pass crucifix or shrine without witnessing a group of both in rapt devotion, many of whom are groveling prostrate upon the earth before the sacred reminders of Calvary. At Whitsuntide one will see crowds of these simple and pious devotees crawling upon all fours, while trailing huge wooden crosses

from their necks and shoulders, around every roadside shrine in all Galicia.

After one gets over the first flush of rebellious resentment at the system, there is a good deal of grim humor to be got out of continental railway travel. You will find the same little carriages as in England, comprising from four to six compartments, each holding eight people in the first and second, and ten persons in the third-class compartments. In Bavaria there are even fourth-class cars, or carriages, principally for use in time of war. They are all marked: "To contain ten horses or thirty-six men."

Except in France, Italy and Spain, the service is about equal to that in England. One has personally to see his luggage in the luggage van, and not only give trengeld or portboir to have it labeled but to have it put on board. While the monarch of the train, the guard, cannot take money for a fare, he would accept a bribe from anybody for any service; and even an officer of the line thinks it quite the proper thing to pay tribute to the guard, should he desire to occupy an entire compartment.

This guard-bribery is universal. I recently saw a train of thirteen carriages capable of accommodating 450 people move out of Cologne with but 37 passengers, who had in this manner purchased almost exclusive compartment accommodations, upwards of 100 persons having been left behind at the station. The most serious opposition to the general introduction of modern sleeping-couches for night service comes from these bribers and bribed. A five-mark or a five-frank piece, or less, slipped into the hand of a night-train's guard will secure an entire compartment, or an entire side of one, for your individual use, and is far preferable to a berth in the vile little four-compartment sleeping-coach which has latterly crept into service, where the guard conductor and porter in one, insists at all hours of the night on your purchase of bad viands and worse wines.

In Germany will be found the most grotesque officialism, but the best coaches, and the prettiest railway station in all the world. The government wholly conducts all German railway lines. Every employe, even the waiters at the station dining-room has been a German soldier, and the entire regime is military. Each station has a captain in a red cap and gorgeous uniform. The station guards and porters are also uniformed, with dark blue caps. When a train halts the captain and his station guard will be found drawn up in line in front of the main entrance. The train-guard alights and salutes the station-captain, who with his men return this salute, when the loading and unloading of luggage is begun.

As far as convenience of arrangement, cleanliness and comforts, the German railway station is immeasurably superior to the old board hovels called depots along most American lines. They are invariably models of neatness, tidiness and comfort. They are not infrequently the prettiest structures to be seen during an entire day's travel. They always have a lovely bit of lawn about them, in which are often fountains, flowers and tidy hedges. Many are covered by ivy or creeping and flowering vines. Flowers in windows and in lawn-plats are always in view of the tired passengers. And nearly all are supplied with chimneys of bells; not clanging, jangling, wrangling bells, but voiceful, melodic bells, which—when the train-guard has taken a whistle from his belt, blown upon it thrice, and again saluted the station-master and men—seem to say as you move away:

Well—good—bye!  
Then—good—bye!  
Friends—good—bye!

In the brief trip across Cuba by rail the traveler is furnished abundant material for observation and reflection. Wherever your train may halt, in pours a dismal troop of beggars, lottery-ticket sellers, dulceros with all manner of sickening sweets of which the Cuban ladies buy freely and eat voraciously, and peddlers of glow-worms and beetles, guava, green cocoanuts and fresh country cheese similar to the German schmeerkase.

If one alights for refreshment, another savage horde of "eros" with all sorts of edibles and refescas are to be battled with; and if a meal at a cafe is taken, you are unblushingly charged from one to two dollars in gold. But all these annoyances are as naught when one considers the glorious tropical panorama provided in this trip across the island. The loneliness of the northern coastwise country disappears on leaving Matanzas, and of a sudden your train is whirling through a veritable nature's garden. Great orange groves are as common as pine woods in Maine. Vast pine-apple plantations fill the space between.

Here the view sweeps across river, valley and vast reaches of cane-grounds, the last cuttings being hurried to the massive and growing machinery with the splendid villas behind, the whole surrounded by stately cocoa-trees and the lordly palm. There, for miles, stretches another valley, a plain of puce and yellow where the "last cut" of

tobacco is being piled by the operarios upon the cajes or curing-racks, or carried from these before the dew falls at three o'clock, to the great casas de tabacas, where are other noble houses, palms and fruits and flowers untellable. Here and there, are ranches and herds like the shining-horned hosts of Camaguay, with mounted vanqueros and monteros and their wonderful dogs, in picturesque groups, with the great palmetto-palisaded corralles for the "round-ups" and again by these, porticoed houses and quintas, like palaces.

Upon every stream at the mouth of flower embedded canons, or set like brown Gipsies upon mountain-side, are the poor guajiros' palm-thatched cabins. And everywhere are such luxuriance in soil and forest, vine and flower, that when you reach the splendid city of Cienfuegos as the shadows fall, and the moonbeams begin to dance upon its matchless bay, one feels as though the day had been a vision of some dreamland isle where the weird in men and the glowing in nature have blended in magical spell with indescribable bloom and song.

The cafes and fondas (or eating houses, for the latter are equally resorted to) are the resting places of the gay city of Havana. Their number and patronage are remarkable. They are all wide open to the street the year round. One fancies they are almost a part of it, as frequently more than one-half the cafe is underneath long, wide, huge-pillared porticos. Here chattering crowds by day and brilliant crowds by night under the flare of lamps in great, century-old metal frames, never cease cigarette-smoking, gin and wine drinking; although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill cries of the dulceros or confection-peddlers, the hoarse importunities of the lottery-ticket mobs, the ever-minor music of the wandering street minstrels, and the numberless sounds of a marvellously gay but never brutal and more than half oriental city life, the "click, click, click" of the universal and never-silent dominoes upon the marble tables, come to you as an understood staccato of myriads of unseen castanets.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## LENT AND THE SABBATH.

A Correspondent Replies to a Recent Letter on the Subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—In the last issue of PROGRESS a learned Nova Scotian signed "H. M." (Artian Magister, Annus Mundi, or Ante Meridian.) discusses Lent and the observance of it. It is evident he does not think much of it. Plainly he is one of the "protestants," (spell it with a small p) who have "left Lent and all its belongings behind them at the time of the second reformation," whatever that may mean. However that is his own affair. But in the course of his remarkable letter he gives the readers of PROGRESS some astonishing information. He tells us that the duties and privileges of every day are alike, that is all churches founded on New Testament principles every day is alike except the Sabbath, etc. He seems not to be aware or to forget that the christian church (Catholic or Historic) that brought to us and him the very scriptures he seems to know so much about, was "built" or founded, not on "New Testament principles" or even on the New Testament itself, but upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone, (Eph. 11:2)—that the church existed before the New Testament, and but for the church we could not have had a New Testament at all.

He says furthermore, "the Sabbath it we believe the Bible, is the only holy day of divine appointment;" then if he believes the Bible, and that the old Jewish Sabbath is the only holy day of divine appointment, why does he not keep it, and not the Sun or Lord's day of universal Christianity? What right has he to call the first day of the week *The Sabbath*? The seventh day is the Sabbath of divine appointment; the Sabbath of the commandment as it concerned the Israelites; *We* Christians are only bound by the spirit of the commandment—they were bound also by its letter. How can Annus Mundi prove by the New Testament that the christian Sabbath is of divine appointment. Certainly not by the New Testament, without as he calls it, the testimony of the christian church, which has handed down the observance of Sunday or the first day of the week, since the day of Pentecost—now commemorated in the church as Whit-Sunday.

True, he may say as has sometimes been said, that the Apostles or the early church changed the observance of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first. For this there is no certain evidence, to say the very least. There is not the slightest evidence that the Apostles or any of the members of the primitive church had any idea that any change of day would ever be brought about. As a matter of fact the observance of both days went on side by side. The Sabbath morning of the Apostles' days did not bring to the Apostolic mind the "fact of a risen Redeemer" as Annus Mundi says it now does

## FERRIS CORSET WAISTS.



Style 229. White Only. Ages 3 to 4 Years.



Style 215. White and Drab. Ages 7 to 12 Years.

### "GOOD SENSE."

YOUR CHILD MUST BE KEPT HEALTHY or she cannot be BEAUTIFUL.

Sensible Mothers BUY

GOOD SENSE

CORSET WAISTS.

FERRIS' Patent

Hing Buckle Hip for Hip Supporters.

Tape-fastened Buttons

—won't pull off.

CORD-EDGE Buttons

Holes—won't wear out

BEST Materials throughout.

BEST For Health, Comfort, Wear and Finish.

THOUSANDS now in use in the United States, England and Canada.

For sale by Leading Retailers.

Send for Illustrated Circular.

Ferris Bros., Mfrs., 341 Broadway, N. Y.

Style 212. White and Drab. Ages 4 to 7 Years.

"Ferris" Shoulder Brace for

SCHOOL GIRLS

in three sizes.



Style 217. White and Drab. Ages 13 to 17 Years.



Style 218. White and Drab. Ladies' Medium Form.

FOR SALE BY

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

## NOTE and COMMENT.

Note.—We have purchased the stock of R. W. Leetch's two stores, viz., the Royal and the Golden Ball Corner Clothing Stores.

Comment.—He will close these two stores on or before the first day of May. In the meantime to lessen the stock, we offer a discount of 12½ per cent. Won't waste words talking of Bargains—but expect us to have everything you want and of the right sort.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

to ours, simply because our blessed Redeemer did not rise on the Sabbath, but while His spirit went to preach to the spirits in prison, His sacred body rested "according to the commandment" after the work of redemption, and kept the Sabbath in the peaceful grave in Joseph's garden. But he rose on the first day of the week; and so every first day of the week brings the fact of the resurrection to the mind and witness to the fact of the resurrection, and so the Jewish Christians—and for a long while all Christians were Jewish Christians—kept both days, the Sabbath, or day of rest, and the Lord's, or the day of His resurrection.

After a time Gentiles were admitted to the Christian church. The Gentiles were not obliged to keep the Sabbath as we hear no mention of it at the first church council, (Acts, xv., 6. 30.) they were not compelled to pass through Judaism on their way to christianity, and so the Gentile Christians, as a rule, kept only the Lord's Day. Soon as the years rolled on the church became less and less Jewish and more and more Gentile, or rather more and more christian (for in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile,) with the dying out of the old Jewish element the observance of the old Sabbath died out, and only the observance of the Lord's Day remained. Therefore it is today, that in every branch of the catholic or historic church, (Greek, Roman or Anglican) whatever difference they may and do have, neither few nor slight on other matters, there is no difference whatever on this question. Who ever saw on any of the innumerable calendars published and distributed annually any mention of any such day as the Sabbath (Mon. Tues. and so on till Sabbath).

In the book of common prayer Sunday is never called "the Sabbath." There are special prayers and portions of scripture for all the Sundays throughout the year. And in all the almanacs published the Sundays throughout the year are known as the Sundays in Advent, after Epiphany, the Sundays in Lent, the Sundays after Easter and Whitsunday, Trinity Sunday and Sunday after Trinity. Even the cheapest and most insignificant little patent medicine almanac observes the church's year.

One point more. Your correspondent

says "the Sabbath in winter termed Easter Sunday, viewed in the light of chronology, may or may not be the anniversary of the resurrection." In what "light of chronology" does A. M. view it? It must be in the "light" of the darkness, silence and ice of the circum-polar regions. Do they have six months cold weather and three months winter in Nova Scotia? Who ever heard of Easter Sunday coming in the winter? He must be thinking of Christmas. Why, Easter cannot fall before the vernal equinox, or the 20th of March, and only a few

years ago it happened as late as the 25th of April! Certainly no one ever claimed that Easter Sunday, being a movable festival, was always or need be the exact anniversary of our Lord's resurrection from the dead. The Jewish passover, at which time our Lord's passion, death, burial and resurrection took place, being movable, was not always the anniversary of the exodus or deliverance from Egyptian bondage, but it commemorated and witnessed to the fact just the same.

But I do not wish to be misunderstood. When we say that Sunday is not the Sabbath we do not mean that the Lord's day is not, or should not be a Sabbath.

Sabbath means "rest" and the Lord's day is and should be a day of rest for all people. Personally I wish it was more of a day of rest for me. A Sabbath or a day of rest it certainly is in a lower or subordinate sense but it is a great deal more than that. The Lord's day, or Sunday the day of the Sun of Righteousness.

With one sentiment expressed by your esteemed correspondent, I must heartily concur viz., "The sacred writers never intended us to wait a whole year to rejoice in the fact of a "risen Redeemer." No more do we. As one of our own poets has said in his Christian year:

"Oh, days shall hearts set free  
No minstrel rapture find for Thee?  
Thou art the Sun of other days,  
They shine by giving back thy rays.

"Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere,  
Thou sheddest thy light on all the year;  
Sundays by the more glorious break,  
An Easter day in every week.

"And week days, following in their train,  
The fulness of the blessing gain;  
Till all, both resting and employ,  
Be one Lord's day of holy joy."—Keble.

D. O. McDougall,

Long Reach, N. B.

P. S.—"This is the conclusion to which logic shuts us up."

Director-General George R. Davis, of the World's Fair, was the youngest colonel in the United States service when he led a regiment made up of Rhode Island toughs and criminals to New Orleans. There was only one mutiny, which Col. Davis personally suppressed. Several soldiers were shot before it ended, and within three months it was regarded as the best disciplined regiment in its division.

2  
GREAT SALES  
AT  
61 CHARLOTTE ST.,  
97 KING St.  
SEE  
This Evening's Papers.  
GEO. H. McKAY.