

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893.

SIGHT-SEEING IN PARIS.

WHAT A YOUNG LADY FROM ST. JOHN HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

Impressions Made by Famous Places and Their Visitors—At the Church of the Madeleine—Notes on the Old Masters and Their Creations.

[The following extracts from the letters of a young lady of this city, now in Germany, give bright and readable glimpses of the journey of herself and her sister from Paris to Switzerland. The letters were written to members of the family in St. John, in the way of ordinary correspondence, but the bright and original way in which they treat of foreign travel will be likely to interest a large circle of readers.]

Paris has a limitless capacity of looking dismal when circumstances don't suit it. Dull weather is rather becoming to London. It is a Mark Tapley of a city, and can be exceedingly jolly under the circumstances. Poor Paris can't; she is as wretched under grey skies as she is bright under sunny ones, and that, you will admit, is saying a great deal.

We started off to buy a few trifles at the Magazin des Louvre, and I was looking forward to my first glimpse of the "Palais Royal." My impression of the Magazin des Louvre is artificial flowers and people. It was crowded, and as we made our way—or rather were carried by the stream through the various departments—we acquired a far better idea of the many varieties of French faces than of the goods and wonders, in the way of fashionable materials, that hid the counters. My head began to swim at last. The close atmosphere and the constant movement of the crowd would have proved trying to a stronger than I.

I counted myself lucky in being able to get to the door and get out in the air before I made a scene there. The pure air was a relief, but I felt fearfully tired after that little episode and we wended our way slowly towards "the glittering Palais Royal." We walked down the sheltered sidewalks, taking a near view of the glitter, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds! Real on one side and sham on the other. The whole thing would have been a tempting allegory. Here were the monsters of Modern Commercial Greed, Bourgeoisie Prosperity and Sham Splendour, stalking rampant among the relics of former royal glories, the ideal grandeur of the past. It was like a picture I had once seen of wild beasts prowling about among the ruined temples and palaces of some deserted city of the East. What a sight to make that valuable and painfully ubiquitous individual—a lover of progress rejoice—what a sight to rend the heart of the aesthetic and ideally minded.

It is only the philosophers who can hear it with calmness. This being the case A—, and I must have been philosophers. We admired the glitter, the exquisite jewelry, silverware, miniature brooches—they were all the rage then—and then we sat on one of the benches to rest, staring with the usual lively interest at the pathetic looking flower beds and trees which adorned the middle of the enclosure, the valuable nursery maids, and the babyish boys—great big fellows between fourteen and seventeen—playing with a top and throwing a great deal of childlike enthusiasm into the amusement. Some of those boys had they been "raised" in America would at their age have been exercising their manly brains in the cultivation of moustaches and sweethearts.

We went into the church of the Madeleine on our way home. It looked beautifully clean compared with other churches, and the lightness and prevailing whiteness conveyed an impression of "prettiness." The effect was very good as we peeped in that evening. A service was about to begin. As we had to stand near the door, and view the church from that standpoint, I should imagine that it then looked its best. The lights on the altar were lit, and the gilt flowers, with which it was adorned glittered brilliantly. They didn't look tawdry then.

Seated near the altar, were a great many of the white-capped Sisters of Charity, and among them knelt several girls in the white dresses and veils of the first communicants. It was a pretty sight. We moved as quietly as possible in the space between the door and the seats, passing from one tiny altar to another, and conversing in whispers about the beautiful pictures painted above them. The Church of the Madeleine is a relief after the others. It throws a satisfactory amount of cheerfulness, which one appreciates after the sadness and often painfulness of the other chapels. The service began and we went out, but stood for some time at the outside, admiring the richly-ornamented doors, wonderfully handsome pieces of work they are. Presently we found that we were not alone, a number of English and Americans who were likewise "wrapt in admiration." The former pronounced the doors "nice"; the latter decided that they were "just lovely." It makes one feel loquacious, or glib, to stand among an adjective crowd of people, who are, like yourself,

seeing things for the first time. I don't like the sensation, and so we immediately left them to their own enjoyment, and returned to Avenue d'Jena.

We went to the Louvre. It was not far, and there was still much of it that we had not seen, and in view of the journey that we were to take that evening, it was the most restful piece of sight-seeing we could think of.

We got in among the pre-Raphaelites first—those pot-hooks and hangers of art, and I walked through the room marvelling at their excessive ugliness of its contents not only the expression but also of the ideas. How dreadful it must have been for the artists to have had such visions before they were expressed on canvas. Surely the individual who painted those hard featured Madonnas crowned with solid looking nimbis, not unlike large brass pans, and surrounded by podgy bishops and saints, must have been the victim of a perpetual nightmare. I went out of the pre-Raphaelites room without any lingering regret. The name of Cimabue as well as that of Giotto sends a cold shudder through my frame.

We spent a long time in the salon, the principle feature of which is Peter Paul Rubens' progressive pictures—it one may so flippantly describe them, of the life of Mary de Medicis. He has given every event in the life of that remarkable but corpulent female in a series of splendid pictures, occupying the centre row on each side of the salon, wonderful in the richness of their coloring and fidelity of detail. Judged by modern ideas the use he has made of his imagination in these is slightly ridiculous. To me the gods and goddesses, in their usual meagre allowance of clothing, mixing "promiscuous like" with the mortals who were apparently very dressy and devoted to crinoline, and that without attracting the least attention did violence to one's sense of probability, not to speak of propriety. The idea of the immortals taking part in the life of humanity is more fittingly described in poetry than in painting I think. Venus Minerva and all the nurses presiding over the birth of the Princess, Cupid carrying her train at the wedding while Jupiter gives the bride away; Apollo, Mars and Mercury, not to speak of the other gods, giving her assistance counsel and confidence through the various events of her life. The idea is perhaps beautiful, but the profane mind as yet untouched by the esoteric meanings of art is apt to be moved to mirth thereby.

Another picture that amused me was the Angels' Kitchen. A monk comes down into the kitchen accompanied by two cavaliers—time of Charles I—and finds the apartment occupied by an angelic contingent who are doing his kitchen work—cooking, carrying water and wood, etc.; whereupon the monk dances in the air, regardless of the want of dignity he displays and of the very ungraceful way his monkish robes flop about as he does so. It is a remarkable picture in many ways. I was delighted with it.

We saw some more Murillos that afternoon, also several of Vanduyke's wonderful things. I felt quite in love with the faces he painted, delicate, gentle and refined ever, always with large sombre dark eyes, I could not help wondering whether he chose sitters for those peculiarities or whether the world was particularly rich in people of that type in his days, or whether he idealized everybody who came to him in that way. We spent considerable time down stairs among the statuary, and sat for about a quarter of an hour in the curtained off apartment which contains the Venus of Milo, which seemed to have before it a perpetual knot of worshippers. It is not for me to comment on it. I am too ignorant, and it would seem impertinent. A— said the nose was too long, but to me it was one of the most perfectly satisfying things I had ever seen, not dazzling or bewildering, but just satisfying. Then we took up the rest of the time wandering among the rest of the huge figures, Apollos, Jupiters, Neptunes, Minervas and Cupids, among the strange Ethiopian figures and Egyptian Sarcophagi.

If one remains quite quiet when walking there and allows the fancy free play it becomes quite a creepy proceeding after a while. I worked myself into the cold shudders trying to imagine what the place was like at night when long cold shafts of moonlight flooded it, and made these ghostly relics of by-gone power, genius and life still more ghostly. Supposing on some such night the power was given to them to speak—to tell their stories—to hold counsel or comment on modern life. I began to think that would be a good plan for a series of stories but in order to make them thoroughly in keeping with the idea, I began to conjure up such ghastly tales and to imagine them being told in such hollow blood-curdling tones echoing through the great salons that I actually terrified myself.

It was good to emerge in the open air in the warm sun among my dear substantial; comfortably, common place fellow creatures. We arrived back at the pension to find ourselves an object of interest—one always is when going away and *pour boires* become a near possibility. We had dinner half an hour earlier than the regular time, and took it in company with three antiquated females, who were also going on to Switzerland that night. They conversed with A—, becoming very much interested when she had confessed that she knew several places in Switzerland. They questioned her quite freely and were evidently exceedingly charmed with the extent of her information for they expressed a wish that we should occupy the same carriage, a wish which we were not particularly enthusiastic in following up. We left amidst a shower of *pour boires*, everybody who has ever left a pension on this side of the Atlantic knows how it is. Every body had some kind little service to bestow upon us at the last and contrived by their manner to convey the idea that they had always been especially attentive to us. It was charmingly disinterested.

LARSEN'S BOSTON LETTER

SOME BOSTONIAN SPOUTERS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

Bigger than Our Big John Collins—Tom Rogers' Boston Prototype—A Few of the Queer Characters Seen Every Day in the Busy Hub.

Boston, April, 11.—The boys around the Intercolonial depot on Mill street, used to think Officer Collins a pretty big man lengthwise, and with Officer Stevens' remarkable energy, the two made a pair of rushers, which no ordinary individual could contend with very long, when they took a notion to land him on the sandy garden, enclosed by the wooden posts.

I remember one evening, however, when Officer Collins looked small. He realized the fact, too, and put the reporters on to it, and all the papers had a paragraph about tall men, the next morning.

There was a stranger at the depot, who towered above Officer Collins, and somebody suggested would have to get a spy-glass to get a view of Officer Stevens.

He was a Nova Scotian, who had been in Boston, and was on his way home. I have seen the same individual almost daily since I came to Boston, and he is one of a class of men here, who, although familiar to the people, are nevertheless interesting.

The tall Nova Scotian is sputter for an auction store on Scullay Square, his sole duties being to stand in the doorway, hit the toe of his boot with a cane, made for a shorter person, and chew tobacco, while he draws out, in a sleepy sort of way, a long yarn about the "auction sale, now goin' on,—watches and jewelry sold at auction today. Step right inside, to the great sale—must be closed out," and so on, all over again, with no variations.

This sing-song performance is kept up all day. There is no snap to it like the genuine dime show, or soap selling fakirs have, but a dreary repetition, that becomes a part of the hum of the street, much the same as the rattle of the electric cars.

The bell man, however, attracts attention, and people look up to see where the noise is coming from, with an idea perhaps that the sputter is leaning out of a second story window.

But the sale inside goes on all day, and there is usually a crowd.

There are a number of these sputters in Boston, and some of them have grown old in the business, and like many queer street characters are as much a part of the store fronts as John O'Brien's Indian is a part of Mill street.

There is one sputter on Washington street who has always been more or less of a mystery to me.

I first noticed him when I was in Boston four or five years ago. He was standing in front of the store telling the people about the "great auction sale now going on," and wore a brown overcoat with derby to match and in his hand was a folded newspaper, with which he waved the crowds toward the door. His face was red and bloated, and he looked like a man about filled to the neck with equal parts of bad rum and tobacco.

There he stood all day, telling his story without letting up for a moment.

The next time I came to Boston he was still there, the same man, the same overcoat, the same derby, apparently the same folded newspaper, and decidedly the same story about the auction sale.

That was three years ago.

He is there yet, and there is still no change. Everything the same.

During the last six months, I have passed that store at every hour in the day, and that sputter has always loomed up. I have never seen the post deserted during business hours. He is invariably in that condition popularly known as "pretty well loaded," and the mystery is, how he manages to keep supplied with the "ardent" necessary to keep in that condition, if he never leaves his stand.

There are queer characters in every city, who by sticking everlastingly to it, at one time or other, become almost a part of the city itself, or some particular section of it. They are found in high life and low life, and the more peculiar the business the more interesting the men.

People eventually take them as a matter of course, and some day when they shall off this mortal coil, an enterprising newspaper man will write them up. Then the obituary of a humble man or woman will be more widely read and discussed than that of a prominent citizen.

In a large city those people—those in a peculiar line of business—are more numerous, of course, but the rule holds good everywhere.

Everybody in St. John knows Tom Rogers; everybody on Prince William street knows Paddy Condon. If Paddy did not show up for a couple of days, everybody, from the mayor down, would want to know what was the matter.

Perhaps it is unfair to refer to two such hard-working men, in connection with the walking advertisements of Boston, but I do so simply to illustrate a point.

Fancy Colored Shirts

are the correct thing for gentlemen this year. We are now showing over 25 different styles and

ALL NEW.

Regatta Shirts, elegant patterns, collars attached. Regatta Shirts, collars and cuffs detached. Shirts with colored fronts and cuffs and white bodies. White collars are worn with these. Oxford Shirts, collars attached. Fancy Cotton Shirts, soft bodies, starched collars with Ties to match. Zephyrine Shirts with the latest style of Short Fronts. Zephyrine Shirts, soft bodies and starched collars. Soft Finish Undressed Colored Shirt Matelasse Cloth. Fancy Flannelette Shirts, collars attached or detached. Extra qualities of Fancy Striped Cashmere Shirts. White Cashmere Shirts, laced fronts, very choice. White Flannel Shirts. White Shirts in every style. Boys' Shirts, white and colored.

ALL NEW.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

SCHOOL SUITS, full of good wearing qualities in Blues Greys and Drabs.

For the little shaver from 3 to 10 years they come at \$2.25 and \$2.50. For the bigger boys—Coat, Pants and Vest Suits we get \$3.50, \$3.75 and \$4.00.

In sending for suits it is better always to send the breast measure of the boy and his age. That's all that's necessary—except the price.

If you wish a Suit at three or four dollars and send us the money—you may be sure you'll get your money's worth. Try it.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., Cor. King and Germain Sts.

TWO KING & UNION STORES. STREETS.

Nearly opposite the Globe office, on Washington street, three or four men, with plug hats and long coats, stand on the curbstone all day long. They are covered from head to foot with reading matter, advising young men to go west, and telling them how to get there on cut rates.

They make a motley looking crowd, and to a stranger would represent the extremes to which man will submit himself in taking the place of an inanimate object. But they apparently like the business, for they never throw up their jobs. The same men have been inside those coats ever since I first arrived in Boston, and I do not know how long before.

Another, a sandwich man, has been standing in the door of a corn and bunion curing establishment on Tremont street, for an equally long period, and a more forlorn specimen of humanity I never saw. He sometimes wanders away as far as Winter street.

He may be called lazy for submitting himself to such indignity, but the faithfulness with which that man has kept those bill boards—fastened before and behind him—within view of the people during the long and severe winter, was worthy of a better cause.

These he stood day after day, while people were trembling with the cold. He had clothes enough on him for three men, and all that could be seen of his face was his nose and blonde mustache. But he came out of the ordeal a great better than the West End street railway, and if the people of Boston suffered from corns and bunions, it was not his fault.

The severe winter drove a number of familiar faces from the streets, although they fought the cold long and well. They have appeared again with the spring.

Along the walk on the common which leads from West street to Park square, are two men whom everybody knows. One is a poor looking man all doubled up, and a placard says he was the victim of an explosion. A picture of the explosion evidently done by an amateur sign painter accompanies the information.

All through the summer, this unfortunate sits bare headed beside a small music box and grinds out the most sorrowful music one hears in a year, but he keeps it up all day, and there are always coppers in his hat. This man is a specimen of neatness and cleanliness seldom seen in street characters and his hair is always parted at the side with greatest precision. When the first cold spell came he was forced to put on a fur cap, and he finally disappeared altogether. But he earns all he gets, poor man.

So does the blind soldier near the Park square entrance. He has his stand on the same walk, and the people who pass that way divide their charity between the two.

I might go on, writing of these people who form part of the life of Boston, but they are much the same everywhere. St. John has his blind man with his ancient street piano which breaks off in the middle of a tune, and the winter has probably been too much for him, as it was for the Boston unfortunates.

But one by one these people, now so familiar, now as much a part of the common, for instance, as the frog pond, will disappear. People will forget that they ever existed, but the same newspaper man will want to know what has become of them.

A little item in the paper the next morning, will tell the story. It will be read with interest by thousands. They knew the man, and the notice will tell them more than they ever knew, or cared to know, before.

R. G. LARSEN.

First Mature Maiden—Mr. Smith looks quite young and jaunty since his marriage, doesn't he? Second Mature Maiden—Yes, so he does. He looks almost as young as he did when I refused him. He was 25 then. First Mature Maiden—Indeed? I had no idea he was 50.

EARLY GLOBE-TROTTER.

The Grave of a Contemporary of the Bold Sir Walter Raleigh.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—You thought my notice of the Barber Jewel worthy of insertion. I am therefore encouraged to send you another curiosity. The Jewel had its origin, Nov. 7, 1558—the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The present State of Virginia, was, of course, named after the Virgin queen—and now I send you a copy of the inscription on a brass, which refers to Virginia, within the sanctuary rails of the church in which I officiate. The subject of the monument was doubtless born in the great Queen's reign, and was a contemporary of Sir Walter Raleigh. Who knows if he did not sail with the gallant knight.

In geometrical stone work is set a coat of arms, and beneath the arms the following inscription:

HERE LYETH THE BODYE OF ROBERT MASTERS GENT: LORD OF THIS MANNOR WHO TRAVELED WITH THE CANDLISH ESQ^r TO VIRGINIA AND AFTERWARD ABOUTE THE GLOBE OF YE WHOLE WORLDE & AFTER HIS RETURN MARRIED WINNIFF^r DAUGHTER OF THO^s CORNWALL OF BUCKLAND GENT BY WHOM HE HATH 2 SONES AND 7 DAUGHTERS. HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 3^d DAY OF JUNE A^d 1619.

A figure of a globe on a stand.

The coat of arms above the inscription has the lion rampant of the Cornwalls of Moccas Court, descended from Richard de Cornwall, illegitimate son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, second son of King John. The present Baronet, Sir George Henry, is in Holy orders, and Rector of Moccas, in this county.

D. C. M.

Burghill, Hereford, Eng.

PROPERTIES OF JEWELS. Some of the Traditions Connected With Precious Stones.

Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has for remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny, it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to possess the latter virtue. Beside the diamond, several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

The ruby was considered good for derangement of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

The turquoise, although not credited with either remedial or protective properties so far as disease was concerned, was nevertheless regarded as a kind of sympathetic indicator, the intensity of its color being supposed to fluctuate with the health of the wearer. The latter moreover, by virtue of the stone he carried, could, it was said, fall from any heights with impunity. The Marquis of Vilena's fool, however, was somewhat nearer the truth when he reversed the popular superstition in his assertion that the wearer of a turquoise might fall from the top of a high tower and be dashed to pieces without breaking the stone.

The opal was looked upon as a thunder stone, and although many women are now given to a strong superstitious prejudice

against wearing one, it was in bygone days held in the highest estimation, for it was supposed to compine the virtue of several other gems. On the other hand, the onyx—so named on account of its resemblance to the finger nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear; for, according to medieval superstition, it rendered one particularly susceptible to annoyance from nightmares and demons.

Temperance advocates, if they have any regard for the beliefs of the Greeks and Romans, might seriously consider the advisability of distributing amethysts among drunkards, for it was supposed that these stones prevented intoxication.

Coral was made use of by the Romans as a protection against the evil eye, and popular superstition has credited the topaz with the power of depriving boiling water of its heat.

Perhaps the most wonderful properties, however, were ascribed to the chimerical stones which many creatures were supposed to carry in their heads. Most of our readers have no doubt heard of the precious jewel which the toad carries in his brain box, and so-called toad stones, which were in reality the teeth of fossil fish, were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poisons.

It was thought that the best stones were those voluntarily ejected by the living toads; but, as the latter were addicted to freely giving up their treasures in that way, it was necessary to procure the coveted articles by other means, and the recognized method was to decapitate the helpless batrachian at the instant he swallowed his breath. The fact naturally demanded considerable celerity, such as could only be acquired by constant practice, and it is not reasonable, therefore, to assume that altogether the endeavors to gain possession of the jewels were perhaps numerous, they must invariably have been unsatisfactory, especially to the toads.

The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone, which was efficacious in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tongue, would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyena.

The head of a cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all, could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.

Dwelling In Trees. The Delta of the Orinoco river, in South America, is for a considerable part of the year deep in water. Yet this tract is inhabited by the Waran tribe, who find in their only mode of escape from the terrible bites of the mosquito. The Warans, therefore, make their habitations in the Ita palms, which loves moisture and grows abundantly in this delta, connecting several of the trees together with cross beams and laying planks upon them for the flooring. The natives of the Philippine Islands and Borneo sleep in trees. The ape men of India, the Veddas of Ceylon and the Yukones of the Andaman islands also live in trees. Many years ago Dr. Moffat, the famous missionary, while in South Africa, saw one tree in which there were no fewer than twenty conical huts of a Kafir tribe.

It is a rule in Austria and Germany that all the members of the Imperial family, boys and girls, shall learn a trade. On account of this the Queen of Spain was enabled to do a little unpremeditated act of cleverness which greatly added to her popularity with working people. Visiting the other day the famous factory of mosaics at Oriu, she stopped to watch one of the workmen for a few moments, and asked him to let her finish his job for him. Then, taking his seat, she completed in the most deft and workmanlike manner the mosaic he had commenced, according to the methods she learned when a little archduchess, with no idea of ever becoming a queen.