

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.

## A GERMAN CARNIVAL.

WHAT A NEW BRUNSWICKER FOUND TO ENJOY IN IT.

The Land Where Great Minds Can Find Delight in Childish Pleasures—How the Carnival Spirit Infects the Strangers as Well—Bright Features of It.

Warmer winds are blowing up from the Rhine. In them the tiny green leaf fans, which the bushes have just unfurled, are fluttering vigorously, and by them that precious commodity, March dust, is whirled aloft in the air and conveyed with admirable precision into our eyes. The tree branches are shaking out chenille-like fringes, and the lawns and garden plots look as if a rainbow had broken up into small pieces and fallen in a heavy shower over them, so brilliant are they with the many colored crocus heads which have started up "all a blowing and a glowing."

The other day I had some wild violets give me and the maids are busier than ever, as they clatter about the house with their long handled brushes and immense pails of water. Already the Rhine has had its annual freshet and for a time it was the fashion here to walk down to the bank of that noble stream to see how the waters had reached almost up to the Academy, how the blocks of ice which they carried down had a variety of miscellaneous articles on them—household furniture horses and once a poor dog—and how the lamp-posts which standing high on the river banks and their light a good distance out, stood now, half length in water with a ridiculous air of having waded out to soak their feet.

All these are signs of Spring, and yet the month is still March, and Lent is still with us, and the memory of Carnival is still fresh—so much so indeed that it is the subject that now comes most naturally to my pen as I begin to write.

Was there not once a great man who said that the greatest minds were those which still preserved its keen appreciation of childish pleasures? Something to that effect I have a dim recollection of having read, and if my memory plays me false, all I can say is, that if it has not been said by a great man, it should have been, so full of truth is it. As it is, I venture to bring it forward as an assertion, although I am not a great man, and never expect to be one. It is besides a comfortable article of faith for us who have enjoyed the Dusseldorf Carnival, and there is no shirking the fact that the enjoyments of that season had all the simplicity of childish pleasure. Perhaps that very circumstance gave novelty to the whole. It is not in every city that one can see for four days in the year the entire population in that mood of infantile rapture in which it is "pleased wi' a rattle, tickled wi' a—peacock's feather."

Peacock's feathers. They were everywhere. Through the long vistas of the streets their delicate leathery "eyes" waved, a cloud of dusky blue and bronze green over the heads of the brilliantly dressed crowd of people who beguiled the golden hours by stroking each other's faces with the harmless little weapon; not a very exciting amusement truly and yet the "maddening crowd" found intense delight in it. Evidently they had the "great minds" with the "keen appreciation of childish pleasures." It is possible also for strangers to take some pleasure in it. We at last entered into it with a zest born of delight in the novelty of the thing, although there was possibly not one among us who if it had been foretold to them that they would take the least interest in anything of the kind, could not have treated the prophet with the pitying compassion one must ever extend towards the harmless insane.

It is epidemic, that carnival spirit, and one might easily contract something far worse, so good-natured and free from rudeness is it. Every body in the throng is privileged to speak to whom they will. License like that in Canada would I fancy be regarded by the roughs at home as their opportunity for distributing insult right and left. Here, however, it is different, nearly everybody converses freely with you on the streets, and yet we heard of not one case of rudeness.

Ridiculously as it may impress a stranger, it is nevertheless something one cannot help admiring the Germans for. A nation that can produce Heine, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and such like men, can afford to be childlike once in a while if they choose. It is a comfort to think that anybody can be so simple in their enjoyments nowadays. In these days of mad rushing after something new, and of involved emotions one is inclined to feel that the Arcadian spirit is something to be cultivated, if only for the novelty of the thing. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong," seems to be the modern idea about pleasure as well as of some other things, and going by the spirit of the times, one for-see for the future that the survival of the fittest, will fill the world with a horde of people whose thirst for sensation will be so extreme, that, in order to gratify it, they will have to commit "a crime a day" like the gentleman in Ruddygore. It is well to make the most of anything that will tend to counteract the influence.

We had been prepared for the abnormal hilarity of carnival, weeks beforehand. Our hostess who although English, has acquired a somewhat cosmopolitan turn of mind by several years of continental life, is enabled by her experience to explain the spirit of the season to her guests, as each year bringeth it round. This is necessary for most strangers—especially the English—use their prejudices as a medium through which to regard foreign customs. Apparently it is like looking through the large end of opera glasses—behold, everything they see is very small. It is therefore necessary to soften the usualness of things for them. Fortified by her remarks we entered into the thing heartily, not even deterred by the rain which began on the very first day, and except for an occasional brief pause "for rest and refreshment" continued with admirable perseverance until the dawn of Ash Wednesday, which was radiant. But we didn't mind. Like everybody else we tramped about cheerfully beneath the pattering drops, and were no safer from the attacks of the ubiquitous feather beneath the shelter of our umbrellas than it had been fair weather. With the same engaging aimability we stood in the mud to behold the procession which "did the town" on the Monday. A series of cars and chariots, grotesque and artistic, gay and hideous, of length sufficient to make it necessary to occupy about half an hour in passing, made a triumphal progress to the unbounded enthusiasm of the dense crowds which received with yells of delight the bon-bons which a very soggy prince carnival, from a very much ornamented, but also soggy chariot, threw to them.

The hotels were crowded and at their windows an hilarious gathering of men who regarded the people outside with a joviality born of the wine which evidently ran as freely indoors as the rain did out. Trifles amused them. In the window of the Breidenbacher hof one man had set a little dancing doll in motion. In the intervals, between their glass clinking and wine drinking, these full grown specimens of the lords of creation crowded about the little puppet and laughed ecstatically at them. The people outside joined in the mirth. It was "innocent glee" with a vengeance. But it is really very easy to be amused when one sets one's mind on it.

To tell of the carnival ball and what I saw and heard there will be next in order.

## BUSY DAYS IN NEW YORK.

Preparing for a Big Demonstration on the Sea and the Land.

NEW YORK, April 24.—A very noticeable feature of New York is the great hurry everyone seems to be in, the business men especially. There is no better way to judge of this than on a street car in the morning. The business man buys his paper while hailing a car, jumps on board before the car stops, unfolding his paper, knows just where to look for what he wants to read and in ten minutes has read a paper which would take me a day, and by the time his office or place of business is reached has read three or four papers and is well informed as to the current events of the day. Perhaps he has brushed against his father, almost stepped on his brother's feet, and knocked his knees against his partner. They all being so busy reading as not to notice each other.

Just now the city is surfeited with royalty, the Duke de Veragua has been here for some days and has been given the freedom of the city. He is a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus. The Duchess de Veragua is with him and a large suite. They occupy thirty-eight rooms at the Waldorf on 5th avenue. Another visitor is Prince Serge Wolkosky, educational commissioner from Russia to the World's Fair. He will remain for a few days at the Victoria. The Princess Shakhosky who has charge of the women's exhibit of Russia at the World's Fair, will also remain a few days before going west. The Duke of Newcastle is staying at the Brunswick, he is accompanied by his friend Mr. Gambier Bolton.

The topic that is probably most discussed by New Yorkers at this time is the great naval demonstration which will take place here on the four days beginning to-day and ending April 28. This is shown by the fact that every available tug, yacht and pleasure boat has been engaged by the people who propose to witness the manoeuvres of the fleet of warships. At least forty-two warships will take part in the review. Of these eighteen will be United States, and the others those of foreign countries. England has sent some of her best ships. The full armored cruiser Blake will be the flagship of her squadron. The protected cruiser Etna will be Italy's flagship. Spain will send three vessels, two cruisers and a torpedo boat. Brazil sends a battle ship and gunboat and a cruiser. Germany has sent two vessels and Holland one. Russia is represented by three cruisers. France has also sent three fine cruisers. This will be the most imposing naval parade ever witnessed, as never before has so many powerful warships been assembled at one time on the coast of the United States.

The land parade will be equally imposing in its way, all the sailors and their commanders in full uniform march through the principal streets on the 27th, thus giving the populace the chance to see the different uniforms of the nations of the world.

PERK.

## FADS OF SUPERSTITION.

PEOPLE WITH A HANKERING FOR SPOOKS AND GOBLINS.

Queer Fancies of Intelligent People in the Nineteenth Century—Mike's Reflections on Them, and the Moral Ruminations that They Suggest to Him.

Astrology, which is defined as false astronomy, has been a pleasant and a profitable occupation to its talented professors, who covered their tracks through forests of humbug with leaves of mystery and pretence, and were clever enough to levy a heavy assessment on, and to bamboozle venerable maids and stale bachelors; and sharp enough to delude the ancient youngsters of both sexes, who lived sufficiently long in single wretchedness to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversaries of their birthdays, but still did not despair of procuring partners matrimonial, in this vale of ill-assorted conjugalities and baby carriages.

Even in this the meridian, or perhaps I should say the twilight of our boasted nineteenth century civilization, superstition is rife amongst us. Some talented writers for the newspapers deal largely in the supernatural or the marvellous, and claim that what the Celt calls "pishogues" are inherent to mankind, more or less, the world over; that in the dark catacombs of the human breast, germs of an undefined something lie hidden, which from unknown causes, on certain occasions, and under sundry suitable conditions, make the heart pulsate with greater force than obtains in its normal state; make the blood flow more quickly through the tubes arterial than it does when mind and body are in perfect repose; and in extreme cases make the hair, on heads that are not hopelessly bald, perform the wonderful feat of standing on end.

How much of the foregoing is fiction, or how little fact, those who can may answer, but some intelligent colonists residing here, who can reason lucidly enough on the current events of this epoch; have full faith in the national policy, and imagine that St. John is becoming the "Liverpool of America"—grow nervous in the gloaming; have decided objections to the charms of solitude in the witching hours when the stars twinkle; avoid lonely localities after dark, and have a kind of repellant hankering after spooks and goblins.

Others there are who unswervingly believe in omens, good and evil, and no inducement would be sufficient to make them start on a journey by land, set sail on a sea trip, or begin any important undertaking on a Friday. Others suppose that a crowing hen, a howling cur, a whistling woman, or a man that parts his hair in the middle, such a cane, or wears stays is uncanny. Others are firmly convinced that thirteen is a fatal number to dine with; and that ladies who are anxious to dip into the matrimonial grab-bag for prize packages, should not glide beneath that harmless contrivance a ladder. Others claim that a certain affinity exists between auburn haired ladies and white horses; and others will stoutly assert that it would be positively unlucky to "take the horse-shoe from the door."

Lives there in this paradise of female perfections a maiden under five and forty, who in the deep recesses of her fresh young heart will not be charmed to consult the fortune teller, and blushing believe the old, old story? No, thank heaven! the brilliant eyes, blooming cheeks, rosy lips, graceful movements and joyous laughter of our ladies, prove conclusively that the questionable advantages of the ponderous and impossible curriculum adopted by the board of education; and the absurd grading system in vogue in the public schools have not spoiled the darlings; and have not been sufficient to shake their faith in the merits of the soothsayer; and the indications are that the ladies nowadays are as eager to have their fortunes told, by the scanning of palms, the tossing of tea-cups, or the shuffling of cards as ever their mothers were.

The ancient astrologer who pretended to read the destinies of mortals in the star studded page of the firmament, has, the authorities say, invariably been a monetary success, until education and scientific research into the amplitude of space sapped the foundation walls of his delusions; and the astronomer with his abstruse calculations, his wonderful discoveries, his grand conceptions, and his convincing theoretical certainties, soared upward beyond the charlatan, forcing him to step down and to don the regalia of witchcraft, to perform the tricks of the necromancer, the feats of the conjuror, the sleight of hand of the wizard, the deceptions of the spiritualistic medium, or the illusions of the modern mind reader, which make him a constellation of equivocal magnitude in the zenith of humbugs in this age of fads.

We are told that in olden times every well appointed court had a king's fool, whose duty it was to make his royal patrons, as well as the rest of the court gossings, smile. The public, as the newspapers are fond of calling any aggregation of people in this enlightened era, have gradually been adopting many royal foibles. Like the old

## THE KLEINERT DRESS SHIELDS.

We are indebted to America (the Kleinert Rubber Company) for the seamless Dress Shields, which are said to have the largest sale of any in the United States. They have this advantage over most others, that they are made by a special patented process, so that they fit the arm, thereby saving a great deal of inconvenience. They are light, durable and thin and peculiarly soft. In the Stockinet Dress Shield the Indian-rubber Cloth is covered with a fine stockinet, has a slight scallop at the edge, and can be had, if desired, of gigantic size. The "Gem" Dress Shields are odorless and elastic, absorb freely, and dry quickly, and can be washed and yet retain their shape. These should be worn in carefully through the binding only. They present the usual brown color inside, and outside are covered with fine nainsook. The "Feather Weight" Dress Shields are covered inside and out. The makers guarantee every pair, and are prepared to be responsible for damage done to any dress by the use of these shields. The rubber is vulcanised by a patent process, and will stand any amount of stretching, not having been treated with any acid or chemical. [Extract from *The Queen*, London, March 25th.

THE ABOVE DRESS SHIELDS FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

time kings, they have their jesters, whom it would be a mistake to term fools. The public I may as well tell you are willing to pay for their amusement, if complimentary tickets cannot be procured, and so they cast their quivers into the pouches of the itinerant dilettante of *leger de main*, or the "black art," or any of the fakirs that put in periodical appearances amongst us, to amuse and to humbug us, but above all to rake in our surplus bullion. This demonstrates that the human mind whether it deliberates in the bosom of a cobbler, or the breast of a king, is only human after all; that the cobbler has his feelings as well as the king, and that the plebeian masses are ready to ape the fashions, and indulge in the follies of old time aristocrats, with prodigal pertinacity.

Nearly four decades of annuities have trundled past the turnstile on the ferry of time, since a famous wizard paid his respects—all he ever did pay here—to a St. John audience in the Mechanic's Institute. His clever delusions were much enjoyed by his patrons, his mechanical tricks being clean cut, his jugglery perfect, and his feats of sleight-of-hand faultlessly performed.

Along toward the end of the programme one evening, a volunteer from the audience was called for, and, in response, an urchin who occupied a seat in "the swamp" presented himself on the platform.

The wizard held up a crown piece sterling in full view, and seemingly placed it in the boy's hand, telling him to hold it fast. He then stepped a few paces to one side, and said, "What did you do with my money, sir?"

"I've got it in my hand," was the answer. "I'll bet a crown that it is in your right hand pants pocket," said the artist.

"Done," cried the lad.

"Remember my little man that you must pay me five shillings sterling, if I succeed in taking the crown out of your pants pocket, and if I cannot do so, I am to pay you the same amount; do you agree to the terms of the wager?"

"I do."

"All right; open your hand;" the crown had disappeared; "now for the pocket," said the wizard.

"There's nary a pocket" grinned the youngster; and true enough the garment was pocketless, but the coin was ultimately found in one of the lad's shoes. The wizard joined in the laugh against himself; admitted his mistake; complimented the boy; and amid the vociferous merriment of the audience paid over the amount of the wager.

Moral: success is often the measure of greatness. In many important transactions humbug is the parent of success. Every knave has a particular perch in the hencoop of society from which he cackles in the way deemed most profitable. The population of shandom is on the increase, but all the honest men have not joined the exodus; don't rely on appearances, persons and things are not always what they seem.

Yours, deceptively, MIKE.

## Some St. John Jokes.

It was a very bright little boy who wanted to know if, when the cow jumped over the moon, she found the milky way.

At the Poultry Show.—He—Your brother seems to be well read in poultry lore. She—Yes. In fact you might say turkey-red.

It was the same bright little boy who asked if the sun rose in the yeast.

Why should a woman learn to carve? Because how else can she prove a help-meet to her husband.

The Age of Chivalry.—The Adorer—I was going to call this meeting an unexpected pleasure; but that cannot be. The Adored—What; the pleasure? The Adorer—No. The unexpected.

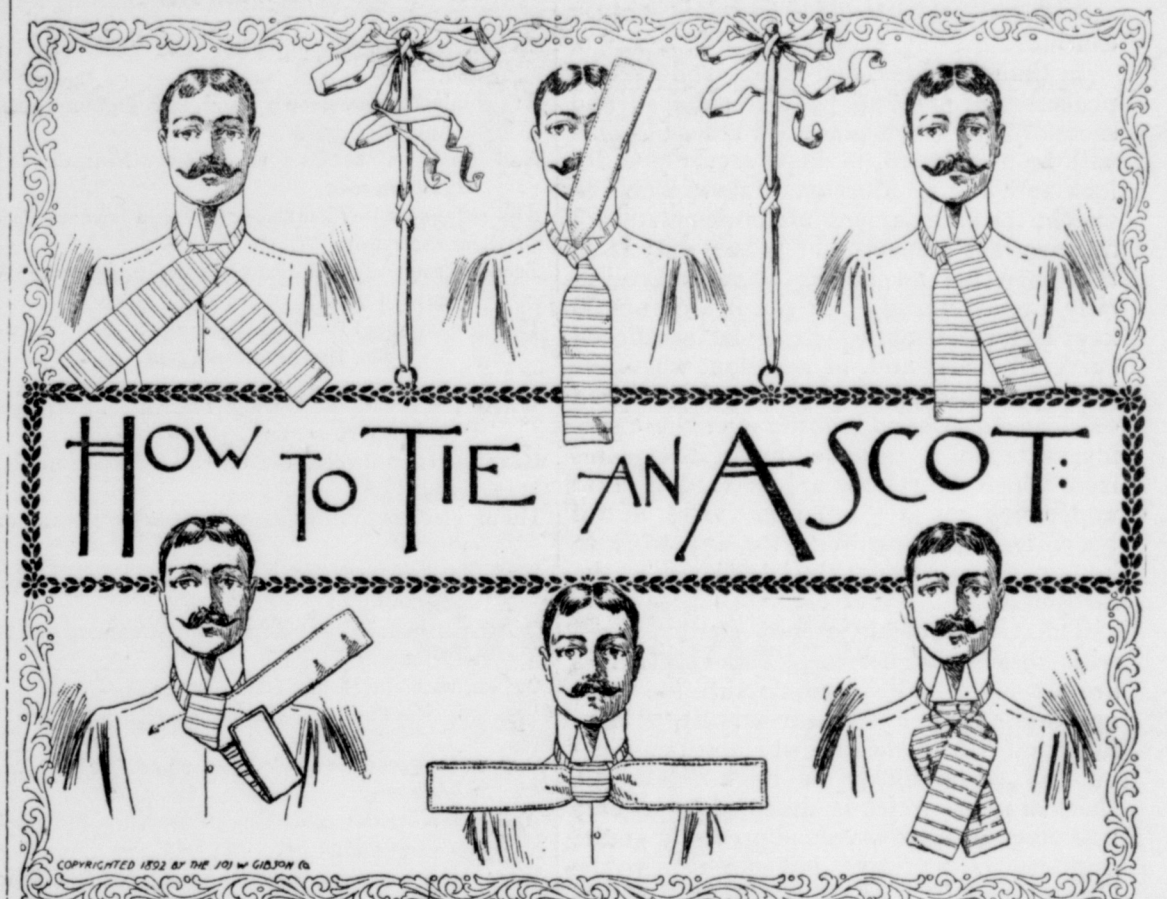
There is a story going about town which is some one's best attempt at originality, yet I met a woman to-day who gravely assured me it was correct, because she had "heard it from four different people!"

"There's a chiel amang us taking notes"—the pick-pocket.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of"—cold mince pie.

When is it dangerous to be abroad? When "time and the hours run through the roughest day."

MIGNON.



Cut this out.

New York Ascots in stock. Two OAK STORES, { HALL.

Newest patterns and shades.

Scovil, Fraser & Co., King St., St. John, N. B.

## MUSINGS OF MARTIN.

The Editor of Butler's Journal on Men and Matters in General.

The first number of Butler's Journal gives a further amount of the wanderings of the poet, pedlar and editor, some extracts from which are appended. It will be remembered that his winter business trips are made in company with his famous hand-sled, "The Pennic Prancer."

Having mailed the March number of the journal and attended to some other business in Fredericton, he made a break for the country. Reaching Manguerville, he found himself in great luck in getting an invitation to a social gathering at the temperance hall.

Why He Was Uncomfortable. The entertainment consisted of speeches, dialogues and recitations, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, supplemented by a substantial supper to which the crowd did ample justice, and I must give the Manguerville ladies the credit of setting before me the most appetizing pie, the most luscious cake and the most satisfying doughnuts that I have ever tasted.

I got outside of so much that I felt uncomfortable for the rest of the night.

His Coat Tails to the Breeze.

The next day I proceeded as far as Mr. Bent's Post Office on the Manguerville side, and started for the other side of the river. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze, and the ice as smooth as a bottle, so all I had to do was to sit on a sled, steer it with my feet, and using my coat tails for sails, boom along at a lively rate. It was the most peculiar method of locomotion that ever I employed.

## Prediction About the Murphys.

My former playmate and fellow-laborer in the State of Maine, the Honorable Guy Daniel Murphy, has adopted the wise and patriotic plan of getting married to one of Manguerville's fair daughters, and has made a good start on a family. Ere long we expect to see a colony of young Murphys growing up beneath the paternal roof, which will be a good offset to the exodus.

## Giving His Father a Good Send off.

Benjamin Butler (the editor's father) has got his hair cut and whiskers shaved off and looks like a young man. He is on the lookout for a new wife.

## Business is Business.

It is needless to repeat that we cannot notice any firms, who do not patronize us. Our paper is now well taken up with local notices of our regular advertisers and three cents a month is hardly sufficient remuneration for our valuable space.

## The Truth About Faust.

Dr. Faustus is supposed to have been a physician who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was a devoted necromancer and astrologer and devoted much time to the search of the philosopher's stone and to researches in chemistry and natural history, studies, which gave him in that age, the reputation of a magician. The marvellous tales of his times naturally crystallized about him, just as stories of Indian adventure had Daniel Boone and Crockett, as their heroes. Faust legends were abundant in Germany and England, but first took a permanent literary form in the great drama by Chris-

topher Marlowe in 1604. So highly was this work esteemed in Germany, that Goethe thought of translating it, but was finally dissuaded from doing so and concluded to prepare a poem on the same subject. The idea has often been utilized by poets and dramatists and notable poems on the subject have been written.

## FISH THAT WERE SMELT.

The Theory on Which an English Landlord Fed His Guests.

An American, who was not long since journeying through the midland counties of England, relates that in a small country town he once entered an inn, rather pretentious for the place, and called for turbot—a favourite fish in those parts.

The American had had a few days of dense fog, and his appearance and manner perhaps showed that he had become a little wheezy in consequence of the climate. He was forced to have frequent recourse to his pocket handkerchief.

When the turbot was brought, the guest fancied even before it reached his plate that it was no longer fresh; and an attempt to eat it confirmed that impression.

He called the landlord, who at once sent a waiter for fresh turbot, and removed the objectionable fish.

"I beg yer parding, sir," said the innkeeper, "but we got the idee, sir, as you came in, that you had a bad cold in yer 'ead, sir."

"And suppose I had? What would that have to do with my being served with spoiled fish?" exclaimed the American somewhat indignantly.

"Heverthink, sir. We has this rule in this 'ouse: Fish as is a leetle doubtful, like that 'ere, sir—them which has lost the favour of youth, as I may say—them we serves to parties as appears to 'ave colds in their 'eads, sir; and we finds that bein' as such parties can't smell nothink, they likes the fish just as well, sir, and hotten they preters 'em!"

## New Use For Kittens.

No stranger use for a kitten, apart from its conversion into sausage, has been hit upon than that lately devised by a commercial street merchant. He owns a very docile little kitten, white as snow. One day finding that he was out of blotting paper, when he had finished a letter the kitten was used in place of it, and found to be an excellent substitute, the fur taking up the superfluous ink like a sponge, and he has continued to employ the animal in this way, of course giving it a curious piebald appearance.

## Short but Sufficient.

One of the shortest, perhaps the shortest will on record is that made by Mr. Borchardt, of St. Albans, who perished a year or two since on the Matterhorn. He wrote it in pencil on a small piece of card, addressed to his sister, a lady residing at Northfleet, in Kent. It was as follows: "I am dying on Matterhorn. I leave all I possess to you, my dear sister. God bless you."

At a recent duel near Paris, one of the principals was three-quarters of an hour late in arriving on the ground. "I am awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, messieurs," he said to his opponent's seconds, "but you really ought not to have waited for me. You should have commenced without me."