

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1896.

JERUSALEM THE HOLY.

PIERRE LOTI'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

The Apperance of the People Seen in the Streets—The Facade of the Holy Sepulchre—A Labyrinth of Sanctuaries—The Impressions of a Visitor.

On foot, and accompanied by an Arab for my guide, I left my hotel to go at last to the Holy Sepulchre. It is almost in the heart of Jerusalem. I passed through little, narrow and tortuous streets, between walls of houses old as the Crusades, without windows and without roofs. On the damp pavements and under a sky still obscure appeared the castums of the East, worn by Turks, Bedouins, and Jews. The women looked like phantoms with their long veils.

The town still remains Saracen. On the way I noticed that we were passing through an Oriental bazaar, where the stands were occupied by vendors wearing turbans; and in the shadow of the covered little streets there moved along slowly a file of enormous camels, which compelled us to take shelter in the doorways. A little further on we were again obliged to stand aside to make room for a long and strange procession of Russian women, all about 60 years old at least. They walked rapidly, leaning upon sticks or umbrellas, and wearing faded dresses and fur cloaks. Their faces, with an expression of fatigue and suffering, were framed, as it were, by black handkerchiefs, presenting a dark and gloomy picture in the midst of the high colors of the Orient. They moved along with an excited and at the same time an exhausted air, jostling everything and everybody without noticing anything like somnambulists with fixed eyes, as if in a celestial dream; and old moujiks by hundreds succeeded them, with the same expression of ecstasy on their faces. Upon their breasts were many medals, indicating that they were old soldiers. They had entered the Holy City the day before, and were coming back from their first visit to the place of adoration, where I was going. Poor pilgrims! they come here by thousands, travelling on foot, sleeping out doors under the rain or snow, suffering from hunger, and leaving many of their dead upon the roads.

As they approach, the Eastern objects upon the stands disappear to give place to objects of obscure Christian piety—beads by the thousand, crosses, religious lamps, images, and icons. And here the crowd becomes greater. The pilgrims stop to purchase the little beads made of wood, and little two-cent crucifixes, which they carry away as relics to be held sacred forever.

At last, in an old wall, rough as a rock, there appears a shapeless opening, narrow and low, and by a series of descending steps we come out upon a place overhung by high, sombre walls in front of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Here it is customary to uncover, as soon as the Holy Sepulchre comes into view. People pass there bareheaded, even when simply crossing it to continue the route through Jerusalem. It is crowded with poor men and women, praying pilgrims, and vendors of crosses and chaplets who spread out their wares upon the venerable and worn flags. Among the pavements and among the steps appear here and there the soles, still embedded, of columns which formerly supported basilicas that were razed long ago at periods hard, if not impossible, to fix. All is a heap of ruins in this city which has undergone twenty sieges, which every fanaticism has sacked. The high walls, whose stones of a reddish brown form the sides of the place, are convents or chapels. One might fancy that they were fortresses. In the background, higher and more sombre than all, stands the broken and worn mass which forms the facade of the Holy Sepulchre, and has all the appearances of irregularities of a great rock. It has two enormous porticoes of the twelfth century, bordered by ornaments strange and archaic. One is walked up, and the other, wide open, leaves in view in the city of the interior thousands of little flames. Chants, cries and discordant lamentations, lugubrious to the ear, escape from the opening mingled with the odor of incense.

On entering we find ourselves in a sort of vestibule revealing the magnificent depths where innumerable lamps are burning. Turkish guards armed as if for a massacre, occupy the entrance. Seated like sovereigns on a large divan, they look with scorn upon the passing adorers of this place, which, from their point of view, is the disgrace of Mohammedan Jerusalem, and which the ferocious among them never hesitate to call el Komamah (filth).

Oh, that unexpected and never-to-be-forgotten impression which one receives on entering there for the first time! Here is a labyrinth of dark sanctuaries of all periods and of all aspects, communicating by bays and porticoes, superb colonnades, little doors, and openings like the entrances to caverns. Some are elevated like high

tribunes, where we notice in obscure corners groups of women wearing long veils; others, underground, where we brush against spectres along the sides of the black and damp rock; and all this in a sort of half night, except here and there great rays of light, which intensify the neighboring obscurity, the whole infinitely starred by the little flames of golden and silver lamps which descend in thousands from the vault. And everywhere we find crowds moving along, or standing grouped according to their nationalities around the tabernacles.

Psalmodies, lamentations, and joyous chants fill the high vaults and vibrate in the sepulchral sonorities below—the nasal melopoeia of the Greeks, broken by the shouts of the Kopts—and in all these voices there is an intermingling of grief and prayers, blending the discords in a manner indescribably strange, and sounding like the great wail of humanity, the last cry of its distress in the presence of death.

The rotunda with a high cupola, into which we first enter and from which we can imagine the obscure chaos of the other sanctuaries, is occupied in the centre by a grand kiosk of marble of semi-barbarous beauty and loaded with silver lamps. It encloses the stone of the sepulchre. All around this holy kiosk the crowd gathers or remains stationary. On one side there are hundreds of moujiks and matouchkas kneeling upon the flags. On the other are the women of Jerusalem standing upright and wearing long white veils. One would take them to be antique virgins in this dreamy penumbra. Further on we find Abyssinians and Arabs prostrated, with their foreheads on the flags; Turks with drawn sabres, and people of all communions and of all languages.

One does not remain long in this almost suffocating portion of the Holy Sepulchre, which is the very heart of this mass of basilicas and chapels. Processions pass on in single file, each individual bowing his head. The entrance is through a little marble door carved and ornamented. The sepulchre is within, encased in marble, upon which there are innumerable icons and lamps of gold. At the same time with me there passed a Russian soldier and a poor old woman in rags and an Oriental woman dressed in garments of brocade. All kissed the tomb and wept. Others followed them; indeed, there is an eternal procession of pilgrims, touching and moistening with their tears those very same stones.

There is no fixed plan in this cluster of churches and chapels around the holy kiosk. Some are large and marvelously sumptuous; others little, humble, and primitive, crumbling with old age, in obscure corners cut into the rock of Calvary appears in the midst of rich and archaic ornaments. The contrast is strange between so many heaped-up treasures—icons of gold, crosses of gold, and lamps of gold—and the rags of the pilgrims, the dilapidation of the walls and pillars, worn, deformed, and greasy from the constant contact with so much human flesh.

The altars of all the different faiths are so thoroughly mixed here that priests and processions go astray. They force their way through the crowd, carrying censers, and preceded by soldiers in arms, who strike the sonorous flags with the ends of their halberds. "Room there!" Here comes the Latins, that pass like a golden chasuble. "One side!" Leading his flock, here comes the Bishop of the Syrians with a long white beard. Then come the Greeks, still wearing Byzantine ornaments, or Abyssinians with their dark faces. They march on in their sumptuous vestments, preceded by children carrying censers, and the crowd makes way for them. Accompanying this human tide there is a kind of continuous rumbling, the incessant sound of psalmodies and little bells. Almost everywhere it is so dark that, in order to get along, it is necessary to carry a little candle; and under the high columns and in the dark galleries a thousand little flames move in streams and eddies, constantly going and coming. Men pray aloud and sob, passing from one chapel to another, here to kiss the rock where the cross was planted, there to kneel down where Mary and Magdalene wept. Priests call you by signs, and lead you through little doors. Old women with wild eyes and cheeks wet with tears come from the darkness where they had kissed the stone of the sepulchre.

In profound obscurity we go down to the chapel of Saint Helena through a wide staircase of about thirty steps, worn, broken, and dangerous, looking like a tumble-down ruin, and lined with crouching spectres. Our candles, as we go by, light up those vague creatures, immovable and of the color of the side of the rock. They are maimed beggars, demented creatures, devoured with ulcers, all sinister looking, with their hands under their chins, and their long hair falling down about their faces. Among these frightened objects is a blind young man enveloped in his magnificent blond curls which cover him like a

cloak. He is marvellously handsome, and might pose for a Christ.

In the background the chapel of St. Helena appears in the pure rays of the day which come in pale bluish tints through the openings of the vault. It is certainly one of the strangest pieces of this whole place which is called the Holy Sepulchre. Here we experience in the most striking fashion the sentiment of the terrible past. It was silent when I came there and it was empty under the gaze of the phantoms that occupied the staircase of the entrance. There was an indistinct sound from the bells and the chants above. Behind the altar another staircase, occupied by the same kind of personages with long hair, reaches further down into the darkness. Four pillars, short and strong, of a primitive Byzantine style, heavy and powerful, sustain the cupola, from which hang ostrich's eggs and a thousand barbarous pendants. Fragments of paintings on the walls still indicate saints with golden nimbus, and in attitudes stiff and naive. Everything here is in a state of dilapidation. From the depths below there comes a procession of Abyssinian priests, looking like ancient Magi coming from the bowels of the earth. In the distance, near the altar, the kiosk of the Sepulchre, the rock of Calvary appears. It supports two chapels, into which one enters by about twenty stone steps, which for the crowd form the chief places for prostration and sobs.

From the peristyle of these chapels, as from an elevated balcony, the view commands a confused mass of tabernacles, a labyrinth of churches. The most splendid of all is that of the Greeks. Upon a nimbus of silver, which shines out in the background like a rainbow, there appear in life size the pale images of the three crucified ones—Christ and the two thieves. The walls disappear under the icons of silver, gold, and precious stones. The altar is erected at the precise place where the crucifixion took place. Under the altar rail a trellage of silver leaves in view in the dark rock where the cross was planted, and it is there that the pilgrims crawl on their knees, moistening those sombre stones with their tears and their kisses, while a soothing sound of chants and prayers incessantly comes from the churches below.

And here for now nearly 2,000 years the same scenes have been enacted in this place, although under different forms and in different basilicas, with interruptions of sieges, battles, and massacres, only to be reproduced again more passionately than ever. Here is the same concert of prayer, the same ensemble of supplications and of triumphant acts of grace.

ON THE BRINY OCEAN.

How a Lady Passenger Made the Voyage Pleasant.

A transatlantic greyhound that swung away from her pier last Saturday carried, among other passengers, a party of five young women who, by special arrangement, had their bicycles stored in their state rooms. They managed this by firmly tethering the safeties to a number of hooks in the walls of their tiny sleeping apartments.

"Now in reality," said a good natured stewardess, who had been assisting in this operation, "those machines ought to have been crated and stowed below, but the young ladies not only wish to have them handy to strike out on their wheeling tour directly the vessel reaches her dock, but they intend to have a race on the ship's deck.

"It will be allowed, the promenade deck is wide, some afternoon steamer chair loungers will clear a way and the bicycle race will be welcomed as a delightful contrast to the hackneyed concert. We had one the last trip over in which nearly a dozen young men and women took part. Everybody bought the right to make guesses as to the winning among the various prospectants, on the payment of twenty-five cents and the proceeds were turned into the steamer's fund. There was a huge ribbon badge given the young man and the young woman, selected by the voters to defend the choice of the passengers and then he and she retained their badges or handed them over to whoever proved, against wind and wave, to be the speediest cyclist in the racing contingency.

"As far as I know bicycle racing is about the newest diversion offered yet for amusing our ship's passengers," continued the friendly stewardess, "for no matter how quick the voyage there is always a great majority, most especially the young people, who, directly they struggle up from their sea sickness, demand recreation in some form or other. They are not content to roll away in rugs in a sheltered corner and read novels as the ideal traveller does, but Americans demand diversion and exert their wits to find amusement pretty much after the fashion of all land lubbers.

"Of course it don't take long for the steamship companies to recognize their duty in this direction, and now all the popular and properly equipped vessels own a wonderful amount of paraphernalia for occupying the idle hours of their valuable patrons. So imperative has the demand for amusements be-

Ladies' Whitewear Department. LADIES' NIGHT GOWNS, full size and length, at 57c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00, up to \$4.25 each. LADIES' CORSET COVERS, high, low square and V necks, at 29c, 35c, 37c, 39c, up to \$1.65 each. LADIES' CHEMISE, at 40c, 50c, 75c, up to \$1.90 each. LADIES' SKIRTS, embroidery frills, at 85c, 95c, \$1.25, up to \$5.75. LADIES' DRAWERS, embroidery frills, at 40c, 50c, 75c, up to \$1.75 per pair, including extra wide widths. Also Plain Skirts, with 10 inch lawn frills, at 75 cents each. We have also placed on counters in our Ladies' Room a special line of LADIES' NIGHT GOWNS, at Reduced Prices.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

come that many of the ships carry beside good libraries and bands of music lockers full of good deck games, cards and games for the



THE RACE ON SHIPBOARD.

ladies' saloon and I hear on one line where some new vessels are planned an important feature will be a bit of a dainty concert hall where chapel service and amateur theatricals can be held.

The average experienced travellers, however, who are going to Europe in a snug little private party, usually bring their own collection of play things along and an air gun is sure to be one of the weapons of defense against boredom. They have the right to store it in safely and use it when they please, while the ship supplies all the requisites for shuffle board and one of our line has an excellent arrangement for bowling. A good long bit of deck is staked off with a moveable wood moulding, that forms the boundaries of the alley; the pins are lightly pegged in place and on a calm day, when the ship is running on an even keel an excellent game of ten pins can be played.

But bowling on that boat during the last trip fell into absolute scorn and neglect before the amazing interest of kite flying. There was a party who brought on board with them a wonderful set of folding French kites, and the third day out there was scarcely a man, woman or child who wasn't whittling, pasting, and experimenting, with more or less success at both the manufacture and sailing of those trifling amusing bits of paper. Even the crack shots, who sat glued to the railing all day in hopes of sighting a school of fish or porpoise to blaze away at, deserted their posts to make carrier kites, cover them with messages and cut them loose on a strong breeze. Now there is a theory that when properly made these airy things will float in the air for weeks and be possibly overtaken by a ship, their messages read, appreciated and responded to.

"Occasionally on a voyage," said the stewardess, "we will happily carry a passenger who with fertile brains and quick wits will scheme out diversions enough to keep in good temper and buoyant spirits a shipload of idle men and women, who by fog or stormy weather are cabin bound.

"We once carried a feminine philanthropist on a slow boat, who did so much to help her companions through a tedious voyage that she got three cheers and a tiger when she boarded the tender at Queens-town, where she left us, and carried with her a round robin of thanks from her grateful fellow travelers of both sexes.

"She began, I remember, by secretly pinning on the jamb of the dining saloon door one morning a bit of paper, asking a conundrum and offering ten cents to any one who could guess it. Nobody knew her as the author of the device, but every one copied down the conundrum, and all the forenoon men and women sat contemplating bits of paper in corners or muttering under their rugs. I never saw people work with such frantic eagerness the door jamb, signed it, bragged all day,

for a dime, and the man who discovered the answer burst out of his stateroom with a rear of triumph, posted his answer on



and found a dime on his plate at luncheon. He was as pleased as if he had discovered a gold mine.

"Well, directly one puzzle or conundrum was guessed, another was pinned up by the steward, and for one whole day the passengers were as pleased and well amused as children over new story books. In the afternoon the author of the game revealed her identity and some of the passengers found they had secured fifty cents or a dollar on their exact guesses. Most of them doubled their earnings out of their own pockets and gave the sum to a sailor, injured in the storm.

"In the evening that woman filled the saloon with people who had joyfully consented to play progressive patience for prizes. While the storm raged outside they sat, every one over his or her own pack of cards, trying to get through any lay out of solitary preference. At every twelfth foot on the fog horn changes had to be made. Every one moved on, no matter in what condition the lay out might be, and undertook to finish up his neighbor's game. Whoever had closed up neatly the largest number of games within a certain number of changes received the first prize, and a baby gift went to the most unlucky player.

"The next day, I remember," added the stewardess, "there was, for the benefit of the officers and sailors, a fire and boat drill ordered, and this enterprising lady, not to lose her chance, promptly organized an emergency drill among the passengers. The men and women entered into the spirit of the enterprise heartily and the captain and officers assisted. The alarm was given, and in ten seconds the ship was in an uproar. Some of the most zealous passengers even went as far as to crawl into their bunks and at the word of alarm scrambled out, put wrappers and dressing gowns over their ordinary costumes, snatched up whatever they most highly prized, and the drill only ended at the railing, with the officers and some of the gentlemen travelers forming the women in line to fill the boats. Of course everybody was saved, the fire extinguished and the passengers went down to dinner not only in quite an agreeably excitement, but really knowing something of what they should do in case of genuine danger.

"On another rainy, foggy evening this philanthropic woman and five of her special friends highly amused the salon by appearing in the most remarkable guises, representing as nearly as possible, not only the costume of beggars in five European countries, but their special methods of entreating and cajoling for alms. They waxed a very respectable booty in the form of watches, knives, thimbles, rings, pins, cigarette cases, etc., from the soft-hearted passengers, who were permitted to redeem them by playing at the new game of X ray that she insisted them into. But,

bles my soul," ejaculated the garrulous angel of the sea (sick wards, "there's the first gong going," and she unceremoniously hustled off the reporter, who is still unhappily unable to tell prospective travelers how Roetgen's discovery may be utilized for ship-board diversion.

MILICENT ABBOTPOINT. GUNS MADE OF PAPER.

The Process Briefly Described—Pulp Guns the Latest Idea.

We spoke recently of artificial teeth being made of paper, says The Golden Penny. Still more remarkable is the fact that guns are made of the same uncompromising material. For some time guns have been made of wood, pulp, and also of leather pulp bound by hoops of metal. To make guns of paper pulp is the latest idea. The pulp is, of course, hardened, and there is a core of metal set inside the gun. The lightness of the paper gun is an essential feature. But the principal aim has been to secure a material which is elastic, so that the force of a heavy discharge may be broken gradually. The paper possesses more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough. The exterior of the paper cannon be bound with wire five layers of copper, brass, or steel wire being firmly bound on. The process briefly described is this: A special grade of paper pulp with a long fiber is chosen. It is well agitated, and litharge, wax, tallow, white lead, and blue are mixed with it to harden and make it tough. The pulp is then run into the moulds of the proper shape, the steel core is put in, and the wire bound round the whole. Outside the covering of wire, bands of brass are fixed. These bands are set with uprights through which rods extend parallel with the gun. These rods being of steel possess a degree of spring, and as they are fastened to the bands the result is a gun which will give way slightly at each discharge, yet cannot burst. The pulp, although exceedingly durable, will give way enough to prevent a break.—N. Y. Press.

He Has Had His Day.

The days of the baggage smasher on the Grand Trunk railway are at an end. The new general superintendent, Mr. McGuigan, has issued a circular addressed to station men and baggage-men. "The numerous complaints and claims received at this office on account of baggage damaged by rough handling while being loaded and unloaded from baggage cars of the company indicate a degree of carelessness not commendable. We shall expect an improvement in this service at once, and hereafter will hold each and every employee personally responsible for any damage done to baggage, or any other property by carelessness. Any complaint which is clearly established, of damage as a result of carelessness, will subject the employee to dismissal from the company's service."

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