

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION)

CHATHAM ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Through Canadian Glasses

Miss Edith Northwood Writes a Charming and Chatty Letter—A Trip to the Land of William Tell—Visit to Studio of Famous Painter.

Miss Edith M. Northwood, daughter of J. M. Northwood, is spending a year on the continent. The Planet is indebted to Miss Northwood for the following very interesting and entertaining letter:—

It was with the greatest delight that I set out for Dresden, the capital of Saxony, was fortunate enough to have two delightful German ladies and also Mrs. MacIntyre, of Chatham, as companions. In addition to this, we had glorious autumn weather, and in Germany the weather is a very important thing, for the sun may be shining brightly at eleven, but that is no indication of what it will be doing at twelve.

Dresden is a beautiful city, situated on the winding River Elbe. Here the King of Saxony holds his court. At present, the royal family of Saxony is Catholic, although the country is Protestant. It was not long ago that the Crown Princess eloped with her children's tutor, leaving the children motherless, so I am afraid the royal family is rather in ill-odor. We didn't discuss this subject openly, but my German friends happened to be Prussians, so they told me a little of the feeling in Germany.

I was quite amazed to find the difference in language and sentiment, between the Prussians and Saxons. One of my friends told me it was quite difficult to understand some words, but I suppose that is the same as the different dialects in England and the United States, too. There were some Southern girls in our party this summer, who talked "Mississippi or Alabama" English, and I was rather amazed at a Scotchman, whom we met on Loch Lomond, when he told me that he was really ashamed, but he couldn't understand half my friends said. It is needless to say that the Prussians consider their language the only pure German, and as I am living in Prussia, I must be of the same opinion. However, Hanover also claims the purest accent, so it's a disputed subject.

The day after we arrived in Dresden we took a trip into the Saxon, Switzerland, within an hour's ride of the Bohemian border. If this is a taste of Switzerland, I shall not be contented until I see more of it. We took a most delightful walk through the woods, up hill, down into ravines, along winding paths, until, by a round-about way, we arrived at the Bastel—a place away up on the rocks, one thousand feet above sea level, looking down on the winding Elbe. The sun shining on the gray sandstone rocks made them positively dazzling, while an autumn mist hung over the distant mountains, half veiling them from sight.

Although the scenery was so sublime, we were quite ready to eat our dinner and admire it—the scenery—between courses. After the walk I could have enjoyed black bread, raw ham, sausages or any other German dish. By-the-way, I quite astonished my German friends the other day by eating sauerkraut, and enjoying it. They say most English people will not touch it.

Our descent from the Bastel was not so round-about. We clambered down hill and down steps cut in the natural rock, through caverns, where the echo resounded delightfully, and through wet ravines, until finally, at the end of an hour and a half, we were on a level with the railroad, and we were very glad to take a train, getting back to Dresden in the evening. I was rather amazed when an Englishman at the table told me we had walked about twelve English miles.

Dresden is famous for its picture gallery, which contains Raphael's beautiful Sistine Madonna. This picture is indescribable—one must see it to admire it, because no copy gives you an adequate idea of its beauty. The Madonna, holding up the infant Christ is seen as if in a vision, surrounded by invisible angel heads, while in mute adoration kneel Pope Gregory and Saint Catharine. At the base of the picture are two beautiful cherub heads, but after you've seen the picture two or three times you find that all your attention is riveted on the Virgin and the child. Her face is so young, so beautiful and yet so maternal, while the child is so human, having the same beautiful brown eyes as the mother. A picture alone quite alone in a large room, which has become almost a sanctuary. Everyone walks quietly. I saw many gentlemen remove their hats, and although I vis-

ited the room six or eight times, I didn't once hear it decorated with loud talking. Everyone seemed to sit in rapt admiration.

There are two famous Raphaels in the London National Gallery—one of them belongs to J. Pierpont Morgan, but he can't get it into the United States on account of the duty—but neither of them appealed to me in the same way as the Sistine at Dresden.

The gallery is rich in works of the old Italian and Dutch masters. Guido Reno's beautiful cross-crowned head of Christ is here. Murillo, Titian, Correggio, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyke are all well represented, and one could spend weeks in this one gallery alone.

I must not forget to tell you of the one celebrity I have met. Heinrich Hoffman, the painter of "Christ in the Temple" and "Christ and the Rich Young Man," lives in Dresden, and he receives visitors to his studio every Sunday from twelve to one. I was delighted to hear this, because I have always been a great admirer of his heads of Christ, and it was with delight that I saw the originals of the two pictures I have mentioned above, also Christ in Gethsemane, as well as many other half finished pictures standing on easels, etc. Mr. Hoffman is a delightful, courteous gentleman of nearly seventy. I should say. He spoke some English and told us he had many American visitors. Asked him if he had had a model for his Christ, but he said no. It was wrought from Jautasie. When I looked at this sweet, kind face I didn't wonder that his ideal was so beautiful. On his desk was a little money box for the poor. I dropped some change in it and he gave me his autograph with the date of our visit on it. When we thanked him for the pleasure he had given us, he quite assured us that we were conferring the honor on him by coming to look at his pictures.

Of course we went to the Hofkirche on Sunday, but the King was not there. The seats were reserved for members of the church, but as I got so tired of standing in the crowd in the aisles I didn't enjoy the music, which is very fine, as some of the grand opera singers always take part.

The opera at Dresden is delightful, even finer than in Berlin, although the Berliners will not admit it. The opera house is beautiful, the staging good, the singing and orchestra exquisite. I had the pleasure of hearing Sig. Mignon, Schumann and Dailah, and Il Trovatore. In the latter opera the court singer, Schumann Benik, took the leading role, and her reception was most enthusiastic. Although the mother of a large family her voice is still magnificent. She says she is very fond of America because it gave her her handsome income.

Did I tell you that Dresden was quite an American city? I was surprised to hear English on all sides of me at the opera, in the parks, on the street everywhere. In the pension where I stayed English held full sway at table, fortunately there were three Germans living in the house spoke good English. In the learning of foreign languages the Germans are far ahead of us. They can't understand the Englishman, who says, "Why! everyone must learn English, why should I bother learning other languages?"

We spent another delightful day at Meissen, going through the great Royal Porcelain Factory, where the "Dresden China" is made. The process which this most beautiful China goes through before it is ready for sale or exhibition, are marvellous. We went from one room to another, and saw it going through the different hands, until we left it in the hands of the artists, who were painting the most delicate "Dresden" china—cups, saucers, etc., on it. I shall never wonder at the price of rare China again. The afternoon spent in the factory was very interesting. I spent just such a day in Delft, Holland, where the famous Delft ware is made. Both Meissen and Delft are quaint old towns.

It was with quite a feeling of regret that I left Dresden, although I expected to spend the next week in Berlin, the capital of the empire. It is also a beautiful, modern city, and after Dresden seems very stirring and businesslike.

What struck my eye first in London, strange to say, were the advertisements. Every bus is literally covered with ads, and "Nestlé's Milk," "Booril," etc., are far more conspicuous than the destinations of the omnibuses, which is rather confusing for a stranger. In Berlin, I think one notices almost immediately the uniforms. Of course there are innumerable officers and soldiers stationed in the city. Then the cab drivers, omnibus drivers, street car conductors, policemen, mail carriers, are all under police control. All wear different kind of uniforms. It gives the city quite a smart and festive appearance.

It's impossible for me to tell you much about the many attractions of Berlin in this letter. Last Sunday, however, I was in at the English Church, an old felt quite like home.

This church was built for the late Empress Frederick, when she came to Germany a bride, and before she was so disliked by the German people. It's a very pretty church, and seems to have a good attendance.

After leaving the church and walking over to "Unter den Linden" we caught a glimpse of the Emperor and his court returning to the palace. He had been unveiling two beautiful statues of his father and mother, the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and of course, was riding in state. In the procession were the Crown Prince, now over twenty-one, his three brothers, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Empress and jords and ladies of the court. It was a very

imposing cavalcade, and "Unter den Linden," one of the most beautiful avenues of Europe, is worthy of such a procession. Innumerable officers and soldiers brought up the rear.

I consider myself very fortunate, for I also saw our own King and Queen the children of the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria, when I was in London. They set out in state from Buckingham Palace on their way to Ireland.

When I write again I shall tell you more about Berlin, for it is very fascinating.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH M. NORTHWOOD.
Eiberswalde, bei Berlin, Germany,
Oct. 24th, 1903.



SICILLIENNE AND PEARL BUTTONS.

The feature of the costume is the use of different sizes of pearl buttons as decoration. Of brown-colored Sicillienne the blouse coat is pleated into a curved belt, and the long skirts are adjusted with hip darts. The walking skirt is in inter-length with a binding at the foot. The white Mexican straw sailor is simply trimmed with a scarf of white silk.

Buried Treasure in Harwich

Legend of Concealed Wealth on the McGeachy Homestead—Many Efforts to Locate it Meet Little Success.

Every community has its story of buried treasure—and Chatham is no exception. Capt. Kidd furnished good material for the circulation of such stories on the Atlantic Coast, but, locally, despite the fact that there was no Capt. Kidd in the case, still there has been material in the past history of this town to furnish good grounds for such stories. Such traditions appeal very forcibly to the small boy and the average Chatham youth can tell you the place where the treasures are buried even if he cannot locate the exact spot.

In the eighteenth tradition had it that there was a pot of gold buried back of where the Public General Hospital now stands. The exact location of the spot was never found, but rumor said that the wealth was buried in a clump of willow trees that stood on the high bank near the ditch that flows into the river at that point. Many holes attested to the vigorous search that had been made for the concealed wealth. Every lad who visited the old "Blue Clay" swimming ground knew the story. It was rumored that one of the well known Dolson family had lived at this point and that he had buried the treasure.

There is still another place where there is reported to be a fortune buried and that is the farm of N. A. McGeachy, which lies south of Maple Leaf cemetery in Harwich. Probably no hidden treasure has been more energetically sought after than this one. This is probably due to the circumstance that the tradition upon which the story is founded has some basis on facts.

The McGeachy family think nothing of going out in the morning and finding a huge hole dug at some spot on the farm. When they see such excavations now they only smile, though at first they were puzzled to know how these holes came in the night. The only tangible benefit which Mr. McGeachy has received from the treasure on his place was in having a tree, which he wanted removed, dug up by the roots. Two treasure seekers came to the farm one day and wanted to look for the pot of gold. The owner gave his permission and so Jack McGeachy took the two men into his confidence. He knew the exact spot where the money was but the money place unfortunately was right beneath a large tree which his father wanted removed. Of course no mention was

Continued on Page Ten.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet files from March 11, 1857, to April 6, 1857.

The Brantford Courier starts a semi-weekly publication.

Navigation was opened between Chatham and Detroit on March 25.

D. McCall, the town clerk, took a great interest in the ship canal project.

Rev. A. McCall delivered an address to the Mechanics Institute on "Macaulay and his History."

Madam DeMark, clairvoyant and seeress, visits Chatham and many consult her as to the future.

William Benjamin Wells, father of W. B. Wells, clerk of the Division Court, held County Court in Chatham.

John Mercer, who was then sheriff of the County, issues a writ for the spring assizes.

A new theatre costing \$30,000 was erected on the corner of Brush street and Jefferson avenue, Detroit. The theatre was four stories high.

The fastest time on record made by a race horse was made by Lady Kate in a trotting match on ice at Chicago, Ill. She completed the last mile in 2.20.

A soiree in connection with Rev. A. McCall's church was held in the Baptist church. K. Urquhart, Mr. Davidson and D. McNabb were the committee who had it in charge.

Married, at the residence of the bride's mother, in this town, on Monday, 30th ultimo, by Rev. F. W. Sands, Mr. Horatio Nelson Jenkins, of Windsor, to Miss Sarah Nelson, of this town.

On Sunday last a child of John Blackmore, who lives a mile below Chatham, drank a quantity of boiling water and consequently died in a very short time after suffering intense pain.

We have been informed by A. McKellar, Esq., that Mr. Pearson, a heavy lumber and timber merchant of this town, is about concluding the chartering of a vessel to load with lumber at the mill of McKellar and Dolson, and to sail direct to Liverpool without breaking bulk.

A public meeting was held at Newbury to discuss the advisability of forming a new County. It was decided to petition for a County composed of Mass, Elfrid, Metcal, Zone, Euphemia, Brooke, Orford, Aldboro and Dunwich. Geo. J. Smith was chairman of the meeting and E. Little secretary.

An account of a railway accident at Hamilton on the Great Western is published and extends over three columns. Sixty-three passengers were killed and 15 injured. The accident was caused by the train breaking through the Hamilton bridge. It is described as the most horrible accident which at that time had occurred since locomotives were invented.

Great interest was being taken in the ship canal scheme which at that time looked very favorable. R. S. Woods, who was at the head of the project, reported that the scheme was looked upon with favor at Buffalo and he was on his way to Cleveland. The ratepayers of the city voted 150 pounds without a dissenting voice to defray the expenses of a preliminary survey.

The following were the grain quotations for March 11, 1857:

Wheat, per bus.	\$1.12 1-2 to \$1.25
Barley, per bus.	\$1 to \$1.25
Corn, per bus.	62c to 65c
Oats, per bus.	42c
Rye, per bus.	87c to \$1.00
Potatoes, 62 1-2c to 65c	
Beef, per cwt.	\$6.00 to \$6.50
Pork, per cwt.	\$8.00 to \$9.00
Mutton, per cwt.	\$7.00 to \$8.00
Wool, per lb.	25c
Tallow, per lb.	11c to 12c
Butter, per lb.	20c to 22c
Chickens, per pair.	36c to 40c
Eggs, per doz.	12c to 14c
Hay, per ton.	\$10 to \$12

Married, by Rev. W. F. English, on the 5th inst., at the Wesleyan parsonage, Chatham, Mr. James Boys to Miss Jane Irving, both of the Township of Raleigh.

By the same on the 10th inst., Mr. Henry Smith to Miss Julia La. Francis, both of town of Chatham.

By the same on the 12th inst., Mr. John Stenton, of the Township of Harwich, to Miss Mary Spencer, of the Township of Howard.

By the same on the 16th inst., at Mr. T. Larkes Hotel, Mr. Wm. Dobbyn, of Euphemia, to Miss Eliza Jane Gosnell, of Orford.

SATCHEL
-OF THE-
SATELLITE

I haven't heard of any more severe frosts in Windsor of late.

The young fellows who robbed the Joy Club don't think that place well named now.

The Guelph local news department wears this heading: "Notes from thickest and swamp."

McKeough school is getting fashionable. They had a crush on the occasion of their ticket sale.

Hens may lay eggs, but that's nothing. I saw a man laying vitrified bricks on Wellington street.

It's just possible that Monday was the King's birthday, but I saw no signs to tell around this city.

It's my opinion that the Chatham Gas Company don't think much of coal. They are always making light of it.

I wonder if somebody didn't light a match in that Ridgeway hotel to see where the gas was coming from.

The one thing that the Globe has overlooked is that a season in dry-dock is the best possible way for removing barnacles.

No, Dear Anxious One, none of the city aldermen were in Ridgeway Wednesday last. It was acetylene gas that exploded.

The money lender always takes a great deal of interest in his business. Still it is not altogether a matter of principal with him.

A citizen suggests that the Property committee should follow the example of the street lamps and light out (before election day).

I don't see why the trains aren't run on the time schedule furnished by the fire hall bell. Then people couldn't kick on missing their trains.

I didn't know that Ridgeway was so anxious to get rid of its hotels. I thought that the town on the Ridge was rather proud of its Inns.

I don't really think that the fire hall bell regulates standard time. I think that's done at Greenwich, but I may be mistaken. I have been before.

In that Ridgeway hotel explosion two men in the sitting room were killed while the men in the bar escaped. You can guess out your own moral.

I know now who gets the credit for securing that \$16,000 for the city. It was the Council. Aid. McGoig told me. It's too bad he couldn't ring in a little closer than that.

Yes, Dear Alright Yes, there were other good numbers on the program at the McKeough school concert besides the presentation of the prizes in the Planet Junior essay contest.

When they get that two by four pavement on Victoria avenue I suppose some inquisitive stranger will want to know why they paved the ditch down the middle of the street.

No, Inquiring Parent, you can't get me to express any opinion as to the business of the two school concerts. You don't get me mixing up in any fool comparisons. They were both the best.

Little Norma Wardell, the winner of The Planet Junior essay prize, has the makings of a clever writer. Her future in literature will bear watching. The Planet Junior editor thinks so.

Well, I guess I might as well let the Barron murder go along with the Jim Quirk affair. — Hamilton Spectator.

There isn't a chance of catching the man now. The Spec. mouth is baffled.