

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

III.

PARIS, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe my last was devoted to crows, and I am afraid it had little to interest you. Cork presented a strange sight. There was not a modern-looking structure of any kind to be seen within a circuit of several miles. The original houses had been extended with wings and elevations at so many different times, and in such a variety of devices, that all semblance of regularity, uniformity, or purpose of the original design had vanished long ago. The roofs are all pitched, and at every conceivable angle, and covered with slate of different degrees of thickness, varying from two to four inches. Much might be written about Cork; but I must hurry along.

After a general view of the tower, the most interesting trip by jaunting-car is to Blarney Castle. I will not wait to tell you about the charming scenery on the way to the famous old ruins, but will repeat a dialogue with the carman—a very ordinary-looking chap, with a wheedling voice, who seldom or never smiled during the drive, but whether designedly or not I cannot say:

(Give the replies as much of the brogue as you know how, and I promise you a laugh.)

Myself—What force have you over there? (pointing to the Cork barracks.)

Carman—Three thousand men or upwards, sir; more than formerly, sir, she having called in the reserves, sir.

Myself—Can you kill those crows I see flying about everywhere?

C.—No, sir. There is a law, sir, that doesn't require us to carry fire-arms, sir.

Myself—What is that large building on the hill?

C.—An asylum, sir.

Myself—Will you drive up there and let us see it?

C.—I would not advise you to go there, sir.

Myself—Why not?

C.—It is a dangerous place, sir.

Myself—But why is it dangerous?

C.—It is a lunatic asylum, sir, and they might lock you in, sir.

Myself—Is there much snow here in winter? Have you any sleighing?

C.—There does not be much latterly, sir. The climate in Ireland is very mild, sir; but they have a skating rink beyond, sir!

Myself—How do they freeze the water, then, if they have so little frost?

C.—By some combustibles they have for the purpose, sir.

Myself—You have lots of rain in Ireland. It seems to me to rain every day.

C.—Yes, sir, some days.

On the way to the castle the air was black with crows, while they were by thousands in the fields, on the fences, and in the roadways. Fearing neither man nor beast, they merely slipped aside, or rather hopped aside (crows don't slip), to let the car pass, and on the hedges they struck the most impertinent attitudes, looking down disdainfully as the passer-by walked past within arm's reach. These birds have a peculiar interest for me in view of many and many a tramp for hours at a time, in a vain endeavour to get on shooting acquaintance with members of the Canadian branch of their family.

After Blarney Castle, I went to the beautiful Lakes of Killarney, surrounded by most delightful scenery, which want of time prevents me from making any attempt to describe.

From Killarney I went to Mallow, Dublin, Belfast and the Causeway, spending at each place sufficient time to get a fair idea of their various attractions.

The Ireland of my dreams was a poor, poverty-stricken country, badly farmed, and peopled by a down-trodden race, but I found it everywhere beautiful; the soil, for the most part, well cultivated, and, although the houses of the peasantry are behind the times, yet the people as a whole are as contented and as prosperous as you will find anywhere. Only those are disloyal who represent the discontented class the world over—those who are too lazy to work, but not too honest to steal.

Taking the steamer at Belfast, I went to Liverpool, then to Preston, Manchester, and London, remaining in the metropolis fourteen days, seeing those sights of which I will tell you something in my next.

IV.

DIVONNE, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As I promised to give you something about London in my next letter, I will pass it altogether for the present, and give you, instead, a glimpse of Paris. In selecting a route from London to the gay city of the French, I found it difficult to decide between the competing lines *via* Ostend, Dieppe, Calais, and Boulogne. I chanced Dieppe, without any definite reason whatever, for each has its admirers. The country between London and the coast has nothing of surpassing interest. It is, nevertheless, pretty, for splendid trees, well-kept hedges, and beautiful fields, make all England pretty. At Newhaven we embarked on a rather unpretentious-looking craft, that was neither a steamship nor a steamboat proper, but, having in a very poor way, features of both, and, being rather dirty to permit of any admiration, my ideal floating palace vanished in a twinkling. I will not tell the time-honoured fib by saying

the sea was like glass, but it was really very smooth, and, in consequence, I had a very good appetite for the very bad lunch, or dinner, or whatever they might choose to call it. With all its disappointments, however, the Captain was a good-hearted, sympathetic, kind old man, and he did an act of charity that made the passengers quite oblivious of personal discomforts. Outside Dieppe there was a becalmed fishing-smack, and our noble-hearted old Captain went away out of his course to do for the poor little boat what the elements seemed to deny it. Had you seen the faces of that crew of poor fishermen when the kind intentions were signalled to them, I am sure you would have said "Bravo! Captain."

At Dieppe we experienced a decided improvement in the baggage system and the conduct of the Custom House officers. They weighed the parcels, and for every twenty pounds charged five centimes, or one cent, for a hundred miles, giving, as a voucher, a paper check bearing a number corresponding with its counterpart pasted on the package. The Customs officer stood on a platform, and as the passengers approached to claim their trunks, they were merely asked if they had any tobacco, and a negative answer entitled them to their property, with a polite bow, that had nothing of a suspicious appearance, nothing but innate French courtesy.

The cars resemble those in England, each being divided into three compartments, intended to accommodate ten persons, sitting five on either side, facing each other. The whistle of the locomotive makes the most fiendish noise I ever heard in all my life; it is the shrillest kind of a screech—a scraggy, harsh, and mournful yell that threatens to shatter the very drums of your ears, and it is repeated oftener and continued longer than would be endurable were it musical. It is a fortunate thing, indeed, that the journeys are not very long here, for it is quite conceivable that a person with sensitive nerves might be driven stark mad under the infliction of such a torture.

At Rouen, where I stopped only thirty-six hours, I visited the Cathedral, which, I freely granted, was very grand, but rather because everybody else said it was, than as the result of my own judgment. However, I am getting so that I can endure a long look at these antiquities, and perhaps before I go home I will have learned how to appreciate some of their beauties. There is at Rouen a *Bonsseours* church, full of stained glass and complimentary tablets to about one hundred and nineteen modern saints—ordinary kind of sinners, no doubt, who remembered the church in their wills. It is situated away up on a hill that furnishes a very good *coup d'œil* of the city and the quiet Seine, studded with beautiful islands. In a ramble through the town you see a monument erected to Jeanne d'Arc, with wreaths of fresh flowers hanging all about it, which tell that the memory of this wonderful maid is still dear to the French.

You will find a few modern streets and many ancient ones, narrow and crooked, and fronted with old gabled houses that seem reaching over to each other, as if in their decrepitude they would lean on their fellows for support. They have this advantage: a cat concert-troupe might perform in different parts of the town on the same night without the expense in time of leaving the roofs. In walking through these old streets the residents look very sociable, especially when you find them sitting on their door-steps, and playing French checkers with their neighbours opposite on a table in the middle of the street. Overhead you see little ragged strips of skylight that add to the quaintness of the place. Some of the novelties of Rouen are white-capped garlic-peddling women in heavy wooden shoes, and clean, naked children.

The only evidence I could find of the day being the Sabbath, was the sight of a few people with books in their hands, straggling into church. I joined the devout company and witnessed the service silently performed by a priest and a small boy, whose duty it was to elevate the tail of his master's robe, and ring a table bell at intervals of quarter of a minute to indicate some new stage in the proceedings. The jingling of this bell was the signal for the people to kneel or rise, and they did their worshipping with a precision and uniformity that gave evidence of long training and thorough discipline. After this preliminary part of the service was concluded the main feature was initiated by a woman who circulated systematically amongst the congregation, getting from each a *sou*, and insisting with rare honesty on giving the necessary change when a larger coin was offered. When this young person had concluded her labours, a gorgeous church collector carrying a silver plate, and accompanied by a church policeman with a cocked hat, proceeded to take up the collection proper.

On the way from Rouen to Paris there was nothing to be seen worthy of mention, except evidence of fertile soil and bad farming. The fields looked rough and irregular; there were no hedges, or fences, or anything whatever to show where one farm ended or the other commenced. I saw three women herding three cows, each animal being kept in check by means of a string tied to its horns. It looked to me as if female labour must be a drug on the market when they could afford to give the undivided attention of a full-grown, able-bodied woman to a \$35 cow.

My first sight of Paris almost took my breath away. It fairly stunned me, for I was not prepared for such marvellous beauties. There is everything there that constitutes a magnificent city; beautiful buildings, clean, broad streets

with ample sidewalks, a pure atmosphere, the very best of lighting, and shops whose windows, for taste of decoration, abundance, variety and novelty of contents, can defy the world. How tame, dull, dingy, and even dirty London seemed after Paris, you cannot well imagine.

I will mention a few of the particular objects of interest in the order in which I saw them, but I will not promise more than enough to give you a very faint idea, for a description would be impossible.

As I turned the corner of one of the boulevards, on my first ramble, I was startled by the appearance of a building that seemed to me the grandest I had ever seen. It looked musical all over, and no one, at all capable of joy on beholding the grand, the majestic, the sublime, could see that building for the first time, at any rate, without experiencing a most thrilling emotion. I will not attempt a description of it, for the thing I could build on paper would fail to give you the slightest conception of its grandeur. It was the National Academy of Music, built by the Government at a cost of thirty millions of francs, and it is a building that in all its details is thoroughly characteristic, and well may the French be proud of it. Le Louvre, which is well worthy of its world wide celebrity, is devoted to painting, sculpture, mosaics, and antiquities of all kinds, including human and animal mummies, jewellery, household articles of the ancient Egyptians, the arms and ornaments of barbarous tribes and nations; in fact a perfect city of art treasure, where a person of the right turn of mind for these things might spend weeks, and even months, in a way that I can easily believe quite enjoyable.

Adjoining the Louvre are the magnificent Palaces of the Tuileries, or at least, as much of them as escaped the ravages of the ruffianly Communists. Then follow the garden of the Tuileries, *La Place de la Concorde*, *L'Avenue de la Grand Armée* and *Le Bois de Boulogne*, with its shaded drives and walks, beautiful lakes, military review grounds, race-courses, and arrangements of all kinds for the amusement of the public. From the gardens of the Tuileries, along the Seine to the outward limits of the *Bois de Boulogne*, are embraced the pleasure grounds of Paris, in a continuous stretch of six miles. Here you find people riding, driving, walking, according to their tastes, and, in some cases, according to their means. You will find here panoramas, hippodromes, museums, open air theatres, dance gardens, cafés, boulevards, fountains, and statuary with beautiful trees and charming flowers.

In that part where the *Champs Elysees* end, and the avenues begin, is placed the *Arc de Triomphe*, designed and commenced by the first Napoleon in honour of the French army. It has inscribed on it the names of only ninety-six victories, but the whole structure, which cost eleven millions of francs, seems to attest the pride of the then victorious French. The boulevards are great wide streets, about forty in number, running around the city, and across the city, here running parallel, there diverging from a circus, or a square. They are lined with beautiful shops, and in most cases have their distinct roadways, and four distinct walks, or promenades, lined with prettily-trained trees that form continuous arches, for miles together.

The abattoirs are immense sheds constructed of stone and iron, and covering a space of sixty-seven acres, where nearly all the slaughtering is done for the city. There are employed there upwards of a thousand men, who butcher about twenty thousand animals a week. Adjoining the abattoirs is the great cattle market with accommodation for thirty-two thousand animals. The sewers are marvellous constructions in their way. They are intended to drain the city, and to be used as a means of military communication in times of civil strife. Visitors are accompanied by a staff of Corporation employes into the bowels of the earth, where for about a mile they are carried in a comfortable *bateau*, and from thence much further on rail cars, through a great tunnel, sixteen feet high, and seventeen wide, containing the water distributing pipes, and telegraph wires of the city.

L'Ecole de Médecine is a perfect chamber of horrors to which the nervous visitor pays a very short visit indeed. The Palace of Luxembourg, with a beautiful garden, is devoted to painting and sculpture. The *Hôtel de Clugny* is another of those interminable museums, where twenty thousand objects of interest so confuse and confound the mind of the casual spectator, that he remembers very little about it. The *Hôtel des Invalides* is the home of decayed soldiers and sailors. I do not mean that it is a graveyard; the French, and English too, use this word to designate the men who have fought their battles and who through loss of limb, or burden of years, are unable to fight again. Strictly speaking, the word may not be used in this sense improperly, but I think they might find a more poetical one for such a use.

La Bourse is the name of the stock and merchant's exchange where the stock gamblers run a sort of bedlam from twelve to three, to be succeeded by a milder class of lunatics called merchants, from three to five. The *agents de change*, sixty in number, have the entire control of the stocks, railroad shares, and bills of exchange, while sixty *courtiers de commerce* certify the price of goods and silver, fix the price of merchandise, and rates of freight, and the *courtiers d'assurance* fix the rates of insurance. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is undoubtedly a fine old pile (I believe that is the correct phrase). My mind had got so thoroughly educated to a proper appreciation of tombs and trinkets,

stained-glass, and statuary, that I gave it up freely and unreservedly to an inspection of the place for a whole quarter of an hour. You can see all the outside, and nearly all the inside for nothing, but to take the gift of their generosity they charge for admission to the sacristy, where a verger, haughty from a sense of his high calling, opens a series of presses and cupboards containing an immense amount of gold appropriated in the lavish decoration of Bishop's robes, a vast amount of religious relics, and the gowns of some saints which were not much to look at, and would have been scorned by a second-hand clothes dealer.

This reminds me that in Paris, as in London, you can see a great deal for nothing, and will have to pay to see a very little. They have catch-penny side shows in their cathedrals, churches, abbeys and museums, where innocent strangers are "taken in" a score at a time.

The *Rue de Rivoli* is perhaps the most remarkable street in Paris. It consists of a series of uniform arcades, extending from the Tuileries for a distance of two miles. It has a lamp every five feet, and when illuminated, is a beautiful sight. It cost one hundred and fifty millions of francs. I tell you the cost of these things because I myself can always appreciate a picture or a park better when I know how many dollars it represents.

After all these churches, museums, and monuments, I visited the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, to see the tombs of the men who had designed and constructed most of those attractions. When you read about cemeteries as "Cities of the Dead," you do not properly understand its meaning, until you have seen *Père la Chaise*.

The sepulchral chapels and temples, with their reception-rooms, and empty chairs, look, for all the world, like little streets of a miniature city. Many tombs with their wreath and tinsel decorations, bear record of repeated visits by friends who come to mourn and to weep over the ashes of those with whom perchance they quarrelled in life.

Ah! if we could but love and cherish the living reality, as we pretend to do its memory, how sweet might be the life that oft is made so bitter! There, too, I felt and understood the vanity of our ambition, with all our thirsting for applause and glory. There you may figure out the chances of even the great intellects of the world. How few amongst the thousands of tombs, alas! how very few, are even remembered by a nation. Fifty graves or less, and you have seen all that the general public of Paris itself cares to see, and even these, with one or two exceptions, are more the object of curiosity than of respect or affection.

In my next letter I shall try to tell you some more about Paris.

ARTISTIC.

Mrs. BUTLER (Miss Thompson) is likely to have two important canvases in next year's Academy.

MR. ROBERT CUSHING has finished a clay model for the colossal bust of Thomas Moore, to be erected in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, United States. There is said to be a smile "lurking about the mouth."

THE French Government, so says the *Chronique*, has ordered a statue and two busts to be executed representing M. Thiers. The statue is to be placed in the Musée at Versailles, and to be the work of M. Guillaume. The busts are to be set up, one in the Institute, the other in the statesman's native town.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, the well-known painter of "The Casual Ward," and "The Last Muster," and who obtained the *grande médaille d'honneur* at the Paris Exhibition the other day, shares the opinion that Liverpool, hitherto famous as the most industrial of towns, is likely to become a second Athens in the creation and encouragement of art.

A COLLECTION of interesting coins of ancient date has been found a short distance north of Drontem, in Norway. The collection consists of 3,260 coins, most of them dating from the time of King Harald Haardrade, of Norway, who died in 1066. There are also some German coins bearing the superscription of some Emperor Henry, (though it has not yet been ascertained which Henry it is), and some few Anglo-Saxon coins.

IN the collection of pictures and sketches contributed by English artists to the Royal Patriotic Fund, and exhibited in 1855, nothing was regarded with so much curiosity and interest as the water-colour drawing by Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, representing a dead or dying grenadier in the arms of his wife. We hear that it is shortly to be engraved. The effect of light and shade being broad and simple, and the composition being well-balanced, it is well adapted for translation into black and white.

A SERIES of eight drawings by the distinguished Berlin painter Pannschmidt have lately been exhibited at Stuttgart and have excited great attention. These drawings deal with oft-repeated themes from the New Testament—such as Dives and Lazarus, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and the Crucifixion and the Resurrection—but the treatment is such that a new interest is awakened by them. Herr Pannschmidt's drawing is chiefly distinguished by a grand severity of outline united to a true feeling for the beauty of human form.

HAMILTON ENTERPRISE.—The "Ambitious City" seems determined to continue to deserve the designation of "The Birmingham of Canada." To its already complete assortment of manufactures, has recently been added THE DOMINION TIE FACTORY. Mr. S. G. Treble, an enterprising young merchant, is the proprietor, and the factory is now turning out silk and satin ties, of every description, which are supplied to the trade only. There are but one or two similar factories in the Dominion.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.