

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

## IN THE CITY OF SILENCE.

WHERE OUR FRIENDS FIND REST AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

Their Last Resting Place one of the Most Beautiful Spots in the Province—Where the Sailors Sleep—The Place Graphically Described—Pretty Illustrations.

In the City of Sleep on the hill,  
Fall the sunbeams, the shadows and showers,  
Comes never a vision of ill,  
And the years glide away like the hours;  
For the sleepers reck not of the strife,  
The sorrows and heart-aches that fill  
To o'er flowing the goblet of life,  
In the City of Sleep on the hill.  
There the day-time and night-time are one,  
The seasons of blossom and snow,  
The light of the moon and the sun,  
The gladness of earth and its woe;  
We may garland their pillows with flowers,  
And water with tears if we will,  
But they heed not such sorrows as ours,  
In the City of Sleep on the hill.  
O the City of Sleep on the hill!  
Tis a City of Refuge for all,  
Who, weary with struggle and ill,  
By the way-side are ready to fall;  
For Rest is the cry of the world—  
A cry that has never been still,  
And Rest has her banner unfurled  
O'er the City of Sleep on the hill.

—H. L. Spencer.

Shut in by tall dark trees, whose murmuring branches chant a ceaseless requiem, the quiet dwellers of Fernhill have an ideal resting place. Though their home looks out over a broad expanse of country—valley, hill and plain—and a never ending stream of humanity flows past its gates, the city on the hillside retains an unbroken calm. In its broad avenues the step of the visitor falls more softly, the voice takes a hushed and tender tone as though fearful of breaking the dreamless rest of the sleepers on every side. Truly this home of the dead is "unprofaned by sordid thoughts or hurrying feet," and here "each and all have found the boon of slumber soft and sweet." There is only one sound that is never stilled. In storm and sunshine the sentinel trees talk ceaselessly on. What is it the fluttering leaves whisper to the spreading branches, and why do the trees and the wind sigh when they hear the secrets imparted to them. What are those messages from the unseen world? To the fanciful, imaginative mind there is plenty of scope for play suggested here.

To the outward eye there is all that is pleasing and beautiful in Fernhill; the care bestowed upon the grounds by Superintendent Clayton and his assistants making it a beautiful spot, in fact one of the city's show places, and this summer an unusually large number of strangers have visited it. The first interment in the cemetery took place in 1848,—not a very long time as the age of such places go, but still long enough to effect some wonderful changes. The visitor notes the broad tree-lined avenues, well kept and orderly, the smooth velvety sward, the uniform terraces, neatly cared for lots, and general air of thought and care which is apparent in every section of the cemetery. The only portion of it which calls forth a feeling of regret is that allotted to the sailors. It is one of the most dismal and weird places imaginable, but is full of sad interest to the thoughtful visitor. The sunlight never forces its way through the thick overhanging trees, and the weather-beaten wooden slabs that mark the last resting place of those who have died far from home and kindred are half hidden by the tall rank grass and weeds. The boards are nearly all of a size and shape, and the black lettering on each tells simply the name of the man beneath and the date of his death. A brief record surely—he lived, he died. This lot is in an isolated part of the cemetery and because of its wild uncanny air and the gloom which prevades it, it has very little interest for the outside world. The birds hold undisputed sway, and when during an afternoon visit to the cemetery this week PROGRESS wandered for a while among the sailors graves, a little feathered denizen of the woods was dislodged at almost every step. On every board there is painted a black anchor, and on one, on which the somewhat lengthy inscription is in a foreign language two flags are painted; these and the lettering on the slab are in red.

The perpetual care section near the fountain is one of the prettiest spots in the cemetery, lots only being sold there to those who will place them under perpetual care. The price for a lot in this portion is from \$137.50 to \$140.50 which ensures everlasting care without any extra fee. Between Elm and Spruce avenues there is a single grave section, perpetual care also being given by the cemetery company.

A new—or annual care section—has recently been opened between Cedar and Central avenue for which the prices are \$300 for a full lot and \$200 for a half lot. The Freemasons ground is under annual care, and presents a remarkably well kept appearance.

Hill Avenue has lately been widened and terraced and a new shelter house erected. An interesting feature of the latter is the fact that it is built on a solid rock. It has broad

## AS SEEN BY ENGLISHMEN

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CUBANS AND THE SANTIAGO FIGHTING.

Unfavorable Opinions of the Cubans Held by English Newspaper Correspondents—Picture of the Storming of El Caney—Fluck of the Wounded.

Here are some of the impressions made by the war upon the correspondents of various London papers. They are of in-

clothes in flames. A comrade hastily tore the clothes off the wounded youth, and, lashing him to a spar, threw him overboard in the hope of saving his life. The Cubans saw this and came to the conclusion that the wounded man must be an officer of some importance. Instantly a score or more of them began shooting at the poor burned and wounded figure as it drifted about among the breakers. This horrible brutality was too much for the chivalrous

soldiers, not laborers. I forbear giving the comments of Gen. Shafter.

'Such,' the letter concludes, 'are some of the characteristics of the people for whom the United States has sacrificed the lives of hundreds of her sons and expended millions of treasure. A more worthless race or one less fitted for freedom does not exist, and it will be an evil day for Cuba and her civilization if the insurgents ever obtain unrestricted domination in that unhappy island.'

Here are some pen pictures by C. E. Hands, the correspondent of the Daily Mail. He saw the fighting before Santiago—from what he describes as 'a front row seat,' on El Poso. Here, while watching a battery demolish a Spanish blockhouse and drive the Spandiards from their trenches, Mr. Hands had his first experience of shrapnel:

'Bang! went our gun. I clapped my glasses to my eyes and watched the distant trench to see the Spandiards bustle away. Boom! went some other gun at a distance. Before there was time to wonder what or where it was there came a sound in the air like the hiss of some awful firework serpent. It filled the entire atmosphere. As it approached the hiss became a shrill whistle, and the whistle a terrifying scream.

'Shrapnel!' cried an officer, as he threw himself flat on his face. 'Crack!' went something overhead, and cries of consternation came from the Cuban rendezvous in the ruined mill at the foot of the hill. Boom! again, scream, whistle, crack; down we all went on our faces as close to the ground as we could. 'Field hospital, quick!' yelled some one from the battery.

'Screech! again; this was too awful. The little cluster of spectators had separated at the first shot. I made my way back to a spot which, while not exactly a front-row seat, was not quite the centre of the Spanish shrapnel field.'

He was also fortunate enough to see the splendid storming of El Caney, the Balclava of Cuba.

'When afternoon came—I lost exact count of time—there was still a jumble of volleying over by Caney. But in front our men were away out of sight behind a ridge far ahead. Beyond there arose a long, steepish ascent crowned by the blockhouse upon which the artillery had opened fire in the morning.

'Suddenly, as we looked through our glasses, we saw a little black ant go scrambling quickly up this hill, and an inch or two behind him a ragged line of other little ants, and then another line of ants at another part of the hill, and then another, until it seemed as if somebody had dug a stick into a great ants' nest down in the valley, and all the ants were scrambling away up hill. Then the volley firing began ten times more furiously than before; from the right beyond the top of the ridge burst upon the ants a terrific fire of shells; from the blockhouse in front of them machine guns sounded their continuous rattle. But the ants swept up the hill. They seemed to us to thin out as they went forward. It was incredible but it was grand. The boys were storming the hill. The military authorities were most surprised. They were not surprised at those splendid athletic daredevils of ours doing it. But that a military commander should have allowed a fortified and intrenched position to be assailed by an infantry charge up the side of a long exposed hill, swept by a terrible artillery fire frightened them, not so much by its audacity as by its terrible cost in human life.

'As they neared the top the different lines came nearer together. One moment they went a little more slowly; then they nearly stopped; then they went on again faster than ever, and then all of us sitting there on the top of the battery cried with excitement. For the ants were scrambling all round the blockhouse on the ridge, and in a moment or two we saw them inside it. But then our hearts swelled up into our throats, for a fearful fire came in from somewhere beyond the blockhouse and from somewhere to the right of it and somewhere to the left of it. Then we saw the ants come scrambling down the hill again. They had taken a position which they had not the force to hold. But a moment or two and up they scrambled again, more of them, and more quickly than before, and up the other face of the hill to the left went other lines, and the ridge was taken, and the blockhouse was ours, and the trenches were full of dead Spandiards.

'It was a grand achievement—for the soldiers who shared it—this storming of the hill leading up from the St. Juan River to the ridge before the main fort. We could tell so much at 2,560 yards. But we also knew that it had cost them dear.

'Later on we knew only too well how heavy the cost was. As I was trying to make myself comfortable for the night in some meadow grass as wet with dew as if there had been a thunderstorm, I saw a man I knew in the Sixteenth, who had come back from the front on some errand. 'How's the Sixteenth?' I asked him.

'Good, what's left of it,' he said; 'there's fifteen men left out of my company—fifteen out of a hundred.'



THE RUEL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN FERNHILL CEMETERY.

granite steps leading to the front and sides and is painted in dull shades of red and yellow. It is fitted with comfortable seats, and beside it is the open space where the Knights of Pythias hold an annual service in commemoration of their departed brethren. Not far from this new shelter house is the fountain erected by Mr. J. R. Ruel in honor of his late wife and his son Ernest; every one who has ever visited Fernhill knows how it beautifies the Cemetery. The fountain is nearly 15 feet high and around it is a walk eight feet wide, and adjacent are tastefully laid out flower beds, the spot being one of the prettiest imaginable.

The memorials of respect or love that mark the last resting place of those who have gone before, are varied in their style and the different designs show a wide range of taste and thought. The simple graceful shaft, or more elaborately designed monument of to-day rears itself high above the flat, substantial stone that speaks of a by gone age. The inscriptions too, vary as do the thoughts and ideas of the people by whom they were conceived.

Many of the graves over which are erected costly monuments bearing recent date, have a cold bare look; there are no tender little touches to show that those beneath are still held in loving memory—nothing indeed but sad signs of forgetfulness on the part of the living.

A query on the part of PROGRESS elicited the information that widows are less prone to forgetfulness than others. When asked as to those who came longest and most frequently to visit the graves of departed relatives the reply came promptly from three different sources: "Widows. A husband as a rule usually pays several visits just after his wife dies; then he only comes at very long intervals or ceases altogether; a parent, son or daughter comes for a time but gradually their visits grow few and far between. It is not that they forget or grow indifferent, but other interests spring up which interleave with their coming. But a widow, oh well somehow its different; she always continues to come regularly to her husband's grave until she dies—or marries and even after a second marriage, she usually comes frequently." A strong tribute thus to the strength of woman's affection.

If you are taking a fattening diet in order to cure thinness, take care to have plenty of sleep. It will greatly aid the process.

terest not only in themselves, but also as showing how men and matters have struck the English observer. On the whole scant sympathy has been expressed in this country with the Cuban forces. Their conduct in dealing with their deliverers has frequently, indeed, been painted in the blackest colors. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph describes the Cubans as incapable of realizing what true liberty means.

'Here and there,' he says 'a man like Gomez or Maceo has some power of realizing it, but the overwhelming majority desire not liberty but domination. They desire to possess themselves of the offices and power now held by their Spanish rulers, and if they are permitted by the United States government to become unrestrainedly possessed of them they will repeat, on an exaggerated scale, all the cruelties and oppressions of which the Spanish have been guilty.'

He goes on: 'The plain truth of the matter is that sooner or later the United States will be obliged to lick the Cubans into something resembling a civilized community, and the sooner the work is undertaken the better. During the last few weeks of the war I saw a good deal of the Cuban soldiers, and if they are to be taken as a fair sample of the race to which they belong they are as unfit for freedom or constitutional government as the savages we routed out of Coomassie a couple of years ago. These armed insurgents are little better than a horde of undisciplined thieves and murderers. Like most mongrel races, they possess all the evil qualities of both the races from which they have sprung with little or none of their good qualities. They have all the cruelty of the Spaniard, without his chivalry and bravery, and like him, only in a more inordinate degree, they are filled with an insane vanity, which they mistake for pride. With their negro blood they have inherited an unbounded capacity for lying, and they are expert thieves, while they possess none of the negro's jollity and good nature.'

He then describes a number of acts of cruelty he witnessed. One of them happened on the memorable day when Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and the correspondent thus describes the incident, which he saw himself:

'A young Spanish officer on the Maria Teresa, who had been wounded by a shell, was lying on the burning deck, with his

American officers and sailors engaged in the work of rescue, and the guns of the Gloucester and the Iowa opened fire on the murderous wretches of Cubans and drove them off the beach into the woods. I have since heard that bitter complaints were made by the insurgents that the work of slaughter was not permitted to continue.'

But it was in the fighting round Santiago that the Cubans are described as appearing at their worst. A correspondent says: 'About 4,000 of them were present under Garcia and Castillo, but for effective fighting purposes they were not worth forty American soldiers. They are all right for a treacherous ambush or fighting behind cover, but they seem incapable—with their present training, at any rate—of standing in a regular line of battle.'

'There was a fine lot of things lying around loose, and the brave Cubans made an excellent use of their time. While American soldiers were fighting the Spaniards on the hill of San Juan or among fields and hedges at El Caney, their Cuban allies were sneaking about the rear, picking up the overcoats and valises that the soldiers had lain down so that they might be less hampered in the charge up the steep slopes for Cuban liberty. During the battle I saw Cubans coming back in fiftens and twenties with full cartridge belts—not a shot expended—and full sacks of soldiers' belongings on their backs, which they were hurrying with to their own encampment. These ruffians were so busy looting that they refused point blank even to help the wounded, and I know from the evidence of my own eyes that they did not hesitate to rob the bodies of the American dead. A colored United States cavalryman came upon one of them robbing the body of a dead American officer, and to the everlasting honor of the negro he brained the Cuban scoundrel with the butt of his rifle and killed him on the spot.

'Neither would the Cubans work. After the battle, when the United States troops were laboring night and day, repairing the roads, digging trenches and building earthworks, Gen. Shafter asked that some Cubans should be sent to assist in the work in order that Santiago might be more speedily reduced and that food and ammunition might be more easily and rapidly conveyed to the front. Senor Garcia sent back a reply stating that he would be glad if the American commander would remember that the Cubans were