

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

There is a park, whose grand old trees  
Lift up to Heaven their giant arms,  
Scarcely moving in the summer breeze,  
Stirred only by the greatest storms.

High on the cliff at whose grey feet  
St. Lawrence rolls his mighty tide,  
Lies this lone park where many meet,  
Whom naught in this world can divide.

Here, reared on high, are sculptured urns,  
And stately monuments of grief;  
While lower down, among the ferns,  
Are mounds clothed by each falling leaf.

Hung on each urn, strewn on each mound,  
Are flowers,—the offerings of love—  
With sweetest culture all around,  
And God's own choristers above.

Here sleep our friends,—the loved and lost;—  
Not lost—but only gone before.  
God grant, that when life's journey ends,  
We may be with them evermore.

E. L. M.

Montreal, May, 1875.

## JUNE DAYS AND NIGHTS.

It is the season of flowers, and spite of me, I am possessed with its spirit. Imprisoned within this big city, I am condemned to view only the unfavorable aspect of the summer weather, the dust of the streets, the sultriness of unventilated rooms, and the glaring reflection of the sun on brick pavement and high slate roof. So I take it out in reading and writing about green fields—not a very refreshing process—or in sitting back and dreaming on the days when I rambled through the country, and had my fill of fun and frolic in the open. But you, O happier Contadino! off to the shadowy woodlands where the leafy banners wave in the breath of the lukewarm winds, where, under green arcades, you may rest on the fresh grass, and, in half unconscious listlessness, see all the sights of summer and listen to the forest music. A thousand flowers bloom around you; creepers and parasites balance from the trunks of the trees; birds of golden plumage and sweetest note chirrup from their nests; bright insects glide and murmur among the mosses; white-bosomed clouds sail in the spaces above, and, down in the glen, the waters of the spring grate gently over the red pebbles. What a delightful panorama, what a concord of sweet sounds!

Off to the pasture or the plain, where the corn is ripening for the sickle; where the grateful odor of hay mingles with the strong but not unpleasant smell of the hardier field flowers. The wild-eyed cattle are quietly browsing, or resting in the shade of the clump of elms. The hay-makers, mayhap, are reaping the fruit of their toil and sweat, and as you hear their distant cries and the clink of their steel implements, you are filled with the poetry of the harvest; you go back to the Saturnian reign, to Syracusan slopes where Theocritus sang; ay, back even to the ancient Hebrew days when the long-haired Ruth gleaned in the corn fields of Boaz; when *cantos about of gleban videntes, semina sicut; reventes molas, reventes cum exultatione portantes molas, pulvis cois*—the brethren of David, going west and wept, casting their seed, but coming, they came in exultation, laden with golden grain.

But the June day is waning and the June night sets in. Before we go, let us visit the graves of our dead and strew them with loveliest flowers. Sad and desolate as is the churchyard in autumn and winter, it is invested with melancholy beauty in the mellow summer. Yonder, where those we love are sleeping under the blades, the last ray of the setting sun lights up the marble slab, clothing it with glory, which, let us hope, is a faint reflection of that which our departed enjoy in the better land. It is that blessed sun which so many sensitive, poetic men have desired should shine upon them when dead. This wish I find recorded in Shakespeare and in the Minstrel of Beattie. It is expressed by Bryant in one of his minor poems. It was attributed to the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, in a song entitled "Bury me in the Sunshine." Guided by this light let us kneel down beside the ashes of our own and cover them with flowers.

"Maurus date lilia phœbis."

It is an affecting action, a deed of love and prayer.

"While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
Thou sweetest thy sad grave, though shaft not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The aureol bare bell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander  
Outsweetened not thy breath."

In summer nights there is a variety of special sounds which the comparative silence renders very impressive. But this northern climate of ours is not so favored in this respect as are more southern regions. There are as many fine night birds in the tropics as there are day birds. The latitudes from Virginia to Florida boast of one particular species, and that is the mocking bird, who is a whole orchestra in himself. Those who have never heard him in his native woods can form some idea of his wonderful powers by reading the magnificent description of him in the second part of Longfellow's Evangeline. He is the best substitute for the unrivalled nightingale, which, I believe, cannot be acclimated here any more than the European lark—that marvellous bird who is to the morning what Philomel is to the evening. I cannot refer to any particular attempt to introduce the nightingale, but I remember that, a few years ago, a gentleman of Wilmington, Delaware, brought

over from England seventy-five sky larks, which he let loose and never heard of afterwards.

But what we lack in nature's music is made up by that growing taste for art which we have derived from the old classic lands of Germany, France and Italy. There, on such nights as these, gondolas dance over the moonlit waters in time to the strophes of the gay barcarole, and, under festooned balconies, Il Trovatore sings a ditty to his Leonora, and some loving heart, stealing the inspiration of genius, repeats with ecstasy the incomparable serenade, *com'è gentil*, the gem of Don Pasquale.

The custom of serenade, carried on with propriety, appears to me full of charm. At no time, does the human voice, especially the tenor, sound more sweetly; at no time does the violin vibrate more sympathetically. I fancy that a flute accompaniment is never so effective as in a serenade, and it is remarkable that basses have a mellowness in the damp night, which is often sadly lacking at other hours. "Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony," whispers Lorenzo to Jessica. As winter evenings are associated with chit-chat and social parties, so summer nights are remembered and loved for their low music in the silent woods and the concert of fine-toned instruments and voices in the solitary streets.

J. L.

## BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The uninitiated imagine that the drama is a lucrative profession. For the gifted few it is, for the useful many it is not. Clara Morris, the greatest of emotional actresses in America, gets \$750 a week when engaged, and \$1000 when starring. But out of this, she must furnish her dresses—a big "item." Fanny Davenport, witching and pretty, does better. She gets \$750 a week from Daly, and \$1000 when starring, besides two new dresses for each play. Rose Eyttinger got \$350 a week; Ada Dyras, \$250; Kate Claxton, \$175; Jeffreys Lewis, \$100; Rosa Rand, \$75; Sara Jewett, \$75; Emily Rigg, \$75; Irene Burke, \$75; Georgiana Drew, \$60; Ida Vernon, \$100; Rose Wood, 50; Rose Lisle, \$50; Marie Gordon, \$75; Ida Jeffries, \$50; Sydney Cowell, \$75; Edie Gernon, \$90; Mrs. Gilbert, \$100; Marie Wilkins, \$75; Mary Wells, \$75; Mine Ponsi, \$100; Mrs. John Sifton, \$100.

The men, as a rule, do not fare so well. George Clarke, \$150 a week; John Gilbert, \$150; Wm. Davidge, \$100; D. Harkins, \$125; James Lewis \$150; Stuart Robson, \$150; Harry Beckett, \$150; C. E. Thorne, Jr., \$250; John Brougham, \$200; H. J. Montague, \$225; Charles Fisher, \$150; C. A. Stevenson, \$75; J. W. Carroll, \$75; George Rignold, \$250, gold. Sothen plays on shares, one-half the house after the expenses; and Lawrence Barrett gets the same terms, and \$750 a week when on salary. Edwin Booth is the only American actor who gets a clear half of the house. George Fawcett Rowe gets \$200 a week; George Honey, \$250, gold; E. L. Davenport, \$500; Fechter used to get \$1,000 a week, but does not now. Joseph Jefferson was once paid as much as \$3,500 a week, and his managers were said to have made money by his engagement. Charlotte Cushman used to have half the whole house. Adelaide Neilson used to get \$1,000 a week; she now gets half the whole house. Mrs. Rousby, when in New York, got \$1,000, gold, a week. Lester Wallack, when playing on salary, under engagement to his father, used to get \$125 as actor and \$25 as stage manager. Barney Williams used to play on shares. Mr. and Mrs. Florence together get \$500 a week when on salary.

For any man who keeps his eyes open it is clear that there has been a revival in musical taste in this city within the past six months. Beside the foreign artists who come to us and are heard with the double appreciation of large houses and applause in the right place, we have had our own musicians coming to the fore in splendid style. In many respects Prume is a great violinist; in a few respects he is unsurpassed. We shall go far to find a better pianist than Lavallée. He lacks repose, indeed. He is a rather cavalier and ungallant lover of his instrument. He does not woo and coax it enough. He slaps it about too much. In other words, he is somewhat nervous and brusque. But his execution is clear, brilliant and full of variety and the man's little body absolutely tingles with inspiration.

Young Boucher, a lad of only fourteen, gave a concert last week, which was well attended. He is a pupil of Prume, and has caught many of his master's tricks. He bows firmly, even proudly. He is at home with his instrument, not in any artificial fantastic way, but with budding consciousness of power. Master Boucher goes to Brussels to perfect himself. *Bon voyage!* I like the spirit and ambition that pushes our young men and women to higher fields of culture. From the promise which he gives already, there is no doubt that M. Boucher will return a finished artist and a useful professor.

On the same occasion Mr. A. J. Boucher gave us a taste of his orchestra called that of the Society of Operatic Concerts. I am glad that such a society exists. There are familiar faces in it—Mr. Maffré violin; the ubiquitous and ever-ready Tom Hurst, flute; M. Lavallée *père*, cello; Dr. Leclerc, double-bass; A. Lavallée, cornet. Mr. Boucher has a large experience as a conductor, being steady, correct and conscientious, and he ought to be able to make the present body the nucleus of a grand orchestra. The two overtures—Tannhäuser and Guillaume Tell—were given with much homogeneity and spirit.

The principal artists of this city have offered M. Prume a farewell concert. It is well. He deserves it both for his consummate merits and because he has ever been so ready to volunteer in the aid of others. But why should M. Prume leave us? He is a capital professor, and should have pupils into the bargain. Critics are reproaching the city with this. But it is hardly fair. I have made some inquiries and find that M. Prume might easily get a class, if he knew how to go about it. Perhaps he is not a practical man. Perhaps he does not know how to put his talents in the market, not in any vulgar, commercial sense, but in justice to himself. If so, Montreal is not so much to blame after all. But wherever the fault is, the fact remains that the loss of M. Prume is a serious one, and he will not soon be replaced.

HOFFUNG.

## LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD OSBORNE HEWITT,

ROYAL ENGINEERS, COMMANDANT CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE.

Among the many heroic deeds recorded in English history few surpass in romantic interest that performed by the young and valiant Edward Osborne, who, three centuries ago, leaped from London bridge and rescued from drowning the beautiful daughter of Sir William Hewitt, who afterwards bestowed upon her gallant preserver that most precious of woman's gifts—her hand and heart. It was the noble youth who was afterwards created first Duke of Leeds, and thus became the founder of one of England's most honorable and ancient houses.

The distinguished military officer, Lieut.-Col. Edward Osborne Hewitt, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers—as his name indicates—is a direct descendant of the hero Edward Osborne, and was born in 1835, at Ty-mab-Ellis Glamorganshire, Wales, the country seat of his father, Col. John Hewitt, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Glamorganshire, who distinguished himself upon many occasions, during a long military career, and notably during the American War of 1812, when at the forlorn hope, though successful issue, at Oswego, he gallantly, amid showers of bullets, ascended the mast and took down the enemy's colors. This gallant veteran died a few years ago, at the advanced age of 84. The subject of our sketch was educated at Cheltenham College, England, and entered as Cadet in the Royal Military College, Woolwich, in 1851, obtaining his commission in the Royal Engineers, in August, 1854. In 1861, during the "Trent affair," he was ordered to Canada where he was stationed in command of the Royal Engineers at London, Ont., where he remained until 1863, when he proceeded with his command to Halifax, N. S., returning in England in 1867. The subsequent military career of Col. Hewitt, from what we can gather from Army records, seems to have been as arduous and variable as it has been highly honorable. Besides his active services in the West Indies, and spending a considerable time upon a tour of observation with the armies of the North and South, during the American war, and travelling throughout every portion of British North America, and the United States, he has identified himself particularly in the development of the higher branches of the military sciences and art, having held the responsible position of Professor at the Military Academy, Woolwich, Eng. We also find that Col. Hewitt had charge of the construction of the celebrated fortifications defending Spithead at Portsmouth. These Forts—four in number—are the largest, most powerful, and perhaps the most wonderful in the world, being built in deep water several miles from the shore and armed with 150 guns of the very largest calibre, viz: 81 ton and 35 ton guns, and each Fort protected by about 10,000 tons of iron armour. Not alone in the art of war has the Colonel distinguished himself, but with the more gentle weapon of the painter he has found time to cultivate a skill that is of the highest order of merit, and which will doubtless have an important influence in developing the artistic talents of the military Cadets who will be so fortunate as to come under his supervision. Col. Hewitt married in 1864, in Toronto, Miss Biscoe, daughter of Colonel Biscoe, Royal Engineers, who saw active service in Canada. Mrs. Hewitt's grandfather, an officer in H. M. Service, was killed in carrying dispatches for the Governor General of Canada, during the war. Canada is fortunate in having at the head of its new Military College an officer ripe with the practical experience obtained during an extended career of activity, and, lastly, while guiding with his intellectual powers one of the greatest military engineering achievements of the age. In connection with Col. Hewitt's administration at the Military College, we will add that he will be most ably assisted by Captain Ridout, who served with distinction in several Indian campaigns. This gentleman is a member of an old Canadian family, and has been for many years on the staff of the School of Musketry, Hyth, England. He is also widely known by his connection with the staff at Wimbledon, at the annual competition open to all comers.

Captain Kensington and Prof. Ferguson are also members of the Military College Staff, and are widely known, the former having served five years in Canada with his regiment, and was subsequently Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, England, while the latter is Professor of Modern Languages and History at the Queen's College, Kingston.

## THE GLEANER.

THE Prince Imperial is expected shortly to make a tour of America.

A bicycle, driven by a small steam engine, is the latest novelty of the manufacturing districts.

It is proposed to amend the Constitution of Connecticut by adding a section making nine members of a jury competent to render a verdict.

ONE of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 is to be the largest balloon ever made. It will contain 10,000 cubic metres of gas, and is to be twenty-three to thirty-four metres in diameter. The car will hold fifty persons.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

As the summer, without a night of calm, would have no jewellery of dews, but a world of languishing flowers instead; so he, who cannot surrender his nights to balmy sleep, will have garlands of withered fancies, and thoughts parched and shrivelled with the fever of the heart.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be prevailed upon to rise, but immediately shines forth, and is received with universal salutation; so neither do you wait for applauses, and shouts, and praises, in order to do good; but be a voluntary benefactor, and you will be beloved like the sun.

It is into the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

How many to-night, through the length and breadth of the land, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away; and how many more, soul-sick of deceit, and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting-place for a weary, over-tried heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them, and sleep their last sleep.

MEN live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on for a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, then drop off. By-and-by one is sure to come along, that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.

THE following suggestion is worthy of the consideration of parents: "Nervousness with a child is almost always a matter of the stomach. A crust of bread will usually put an end to the most obstinate perverseness. Children, for this reason, should never be allowed to go to bed, after a fit of crying, with an empty stomach. A bit of bread and jelly, or a cup of custard, will bring back smiles and happiness when all the moral law fails, and for the soundest of reasons."

WANT OF CONSIDERATION AND TACT.—There is this difference to be observed between want of consideration and want of tact, that the one can be cured by care, watchfulness, regard for personal interest, or an enlarged benevolence, but the other never. Want of tact is an incurable infirmity; nothing can mend it, nothing can prevent its unreasonable exhibition. It is a sense wanting, whereas inconsiderateness is only a sense dulled from want of practice. In the one case it is a mere want of thought, in the other it is innocent persistency in wrong saying and doing.

YOUTH.—Youth, like everything else, must be cherished, not squandered; and, if we waste it in idle, frivolous dissipations, age will come before years. The faster we travel the sooner we will get to the end of our journey. Enjoy youth in every reasonable way whilst you have it, but always remember that every time you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt which must be repaid with heavy interest in the future. Retain youth as long as you can, neglecting nothing which will assist you in doing so, but scorning everything which is false or deceitful. And when old age comes—as come it will, despite all your efforts to the contrary—accept the inevitable gracefully, and attempt neither to disguise nor to disown it.

BEING "OUT OF SORTS."—Undoubtedly many of our readers know what it is to be neither sick nor well, but "out of sorts." The distinguished physician, Sir William Jenner, is of the opinion that too little attention is paid, alike by physicians and sufferers, to this general debility. He calls it "out-of-healthiness," and describes it as an imperfect general nutrition of every part of the body. Those who suffer from it are not chronic invalids, but persons who, previous to its manifestations, were in good health. Sir William ascribes the state of "out of sorts" to one or more causes, such as overwork, anxiety, over-feeding, over-stimulation—that is, moderate drinking—want of food, bad air, deficiency of exercise, and deficiency of stimulus. When the body is in a low state of health from a general deterioration of nutrition, all the members suffer, but the weakest members the most. The danger is that some one member or organ which is constitutionally weak may be unable to resist the general debility, and thus become so affected as to bring about an organic or a severe local disease. The conclusion of the matter is this—avoid the causes which put you "out of sorts."