

her darling son, should rehearse in broken accents the virtues of his father; and kneeling o'er the tomb, his little hands clasped together, he would breathe a prayer that he might in his voyage through life resemble him whose dust was the object which brought them thither.—There might the lover bedew with tears the lonely bed of his mistress, and the coy maiden might indulge the grief of her gentle bosom without fear of molestation. There we might imitate the beautifully simple and poetical custom of the Swiss peasantry in adorning the graves of our departed friends with shrubs and flowers. What volumes of fidelity might be registered in these precious mementoes? to teach us by a silence more eloquent than words, the sweet morality of affection that delights to cherish the remembrance of those who sleep in silent death.

Let no marble monument mark my resting place! "no storied urn or animated bust" point out my mouldering form; but may some gentle hand entwine the sprig's sweet flowers around my cemetry and teach them to blossom o'er my silent bed.

"May flowers that blossom on my bier,  
Need us dew green to dress them;  
Their dew should be the widow's tear,  
While bending orphans bless them."

In some countries much has been done in the improvement of their public repositories for their dead which reflects the highest credit upon them. It is a genuine proof not only of their good taste but of good feelings, and it requires no prophetic spirit to foretell its good effects on society at large.

While indulging in reflections of this sort, and when meditating on this subject the question has often occurred why would it not be well to adopt some shrub, flower or plant, by which to decorate the graves of the departed individuals, and which by being well chosen, it might be emblematic of the persons over whose dust it was placed. Where its waving foliage might not only serve to embalm their memories for their friends or relatives—but where its typical resemblance would point out to the eye of the passing stranger the country or profession of him who slept below.

The *Virgin rose* might adorn the last dwelling of the loveliest of her sex—while the *modest violet* should point out the remains of the retiring yet beautiful maiden. A *nole me tangere* might decorate the grave of a blue stocking aunt who had passed her "grand climacteric," and who would require an interpreter to tell who rested under the sod which should be covered with *Bachelor's Buttons*? A native of Caledonia would soon discover the spot where slept his countryman, by "the bonnie thistle," and the son of St. Patrick would repose no less sound if his lonely cell were shaded by "*his own native Shamrock*." The Welchman should have his *Leak*—the Dutchman his *Kitefoot*, and the Turk his *Poppy*. The *fleur de lys* should blossom on the ground of the Frenchman—and the "flush'd Lancastrian Rose with York's pale blossom" should unite on the beds where sleep the sons of old Albion. Some *Medical herb* should designate the lonely dwell-