

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1838.

## PUBLIC CEMETERIES AGAIN.

We thought proper, on a late occasion, to call the attention of our readers to the utility and beauty of an ornamental cemetery, for the metropolis of Nova Scotia. How many years will elapse before the people will be awakened to a due sense of the importance of the subject we know not! It is quite possible that we may continue dead to our own interests in the matter, for a long time to come. This may prove a source of regret to many, and of inconvenience to all. For our own part, we have endeavoured to condole with ourselves in the knowledge of the resurrection of other places. In many parts of Great Britain the spirit of speculation has been directed to the establishment of cemeteries, and wherever established, they are found to gratify the popular taste. Every fresh importation of news brings the intelligence of the formation of new cemeteries. A company has recently been incorporated by Act of Parliament, called the London Cemetery Company, who are empowered to establish cemeteries on convenient sites in the northern, southern, and eastern suburbs of the metropolis. From a late report of the directors of the company, we learn that they have for the present confined their operations towards the completion of the cemetery at Highgate, a beautiful village in the vicinity of London; after which their attention is to be devoted to the formation of their southern and eastern cemeteries. We have an engraving now before us, representing the entrance to the Highgate cemetery. Over the gateway is a large room lit by a bay window at each end; from the roof rises a small octangular tower of three stories, surmounted by an ornamental dome, terminating with a splendid finial. To the right of the gateway, the building contains the lodge and clerk's office; and to the left forms a small but elegant chapel, the windows of which are beautifully ornamented with stained glass. Within the enclosure is the cemetery garden, the terrace, catacombs, Lebanon sepulchres, and other objects of commanding interest. SCOTLAND, we are pleased to observe, is not behind England in this good work. A very late number of that increasingly useful work, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, gives an animated account of the Glasgow Cemetery. An extract or two, we feel certain, will prove acceptable to our subscribers.

The Necropolis (City of the Dead) of Glasgow occupies a rising ground on the northern outskirts of the city, and a little to the east of the cathedral, from which it is separated by a rivulet. Over this stream is thrown a handsome one-arched bridge, as an approach to the funeral mount. Immediately before you, on crossing the bridge, a handsome arch or gateway is seen, standing against the side of the hill. This is intended as an entrance to an excavated passage through the hill from one side to the other. Turning to the left hand, or to the north of the gateway, the visitor to the Necropolis enters the walks that wind hither and thither around the hill, over a space of twenty-four acres, neatly laid out and wooded. The tombs begin immediately to the north of the gateway; and indeed this is the only part of the grounds where they are yet plentiful—the idea of making the place an ornamental cemetery having only been adopted in 1831. Some of the tombs which have been laid down are extremely beautiful, and present a great variety of architectural tastes. They are arranged in rows on each side of the various walks that creep, serpent-like, athwart the declivity, and every monument has in front of it the small plot—enclosed by painted rails, chains, or other devices, and bedecked with plants and flowers—where the bones of the departed are laid. Pillars, and pedestals, surmounted by urns and palls, of many shapes and sizes, and executed for the most part in a beautiful white, or in a slightly bloom-coloured freestone, meet the eye in all directions. Sometimes the architectural fancy exhibited is curious and striking. One monument consists of a handsome pedestal, surmounted by a column broken abruptly off, at the height of two feet or so. One is inclined at first sight to ban some unknown defacing hand, but a narrower inspection shows that the fracture is not a thing of accident, but intention. The architect or his employer has taken this mode of imaging forth that abrupt termination of a youthful life which was the fate of him who sleeps below.

In the most northern point of the Necropolis, close upon the bank of the Molendinar burn, stands a tall columnar monument, indicating the burying-place of the Jews, one of whose race had the honour of being first laid in these burying-grounds. Behind the pillar, which is of considerable beauty, there is an aisle, in which the Hebrew population of the west are laid, with all the sepulchral rites of their ancient race. The east-iron gate leading to the aisle, is remarkable for having some appropriate verses from Scripture inwoven into the centre of it, in a most elegant manner. It is considered by judges a rare piece of casting, we believe. Passing upwards from the Israelitish place of sepulture—a miniature valley of Jehosaphat—many fine tombs are found on the declivity, which require one to move backwards and forwards, in order to see them all. The larger monuments are towards the top of the hill. One of the most prominent of these is one erected

in honour of William McGavin, a merchant of Glasgow, and author of a controversial work called the Protestant. It is a solid structure, surmounted by a statue, and seems in all (at a rough guess) to be between twenty and thirty feet in height. The statue is a little above the natural size, and is well executed, and imposing in aspect. The whole is in good freestone. \* \*

From the spot where the monument to Knox is situated, a most excellent view can be got of the whole city of Glasgow. On the side of the hill to the east of Knox, there have as yet been few or no tombs erected. On the side towards the city there are many more tombs, some of large size, to be seen by walking to and fro among the winding ways. A burying spot, belonging to a family, and containing the remains of several persons, is calculated to attract the notice of every visitor. It is about midway down the hill, and is, like many others, reached by a short path leading from it to the main one. It is a square space measuring several yards each way, situated in a sort of recess, and half surrounded by curious stones of all kinds, plentifully mingled with rock-flowers, such as are usually seen in grottoes. A painted railing also goes round the whole, and around this are trained various plants of a beautiful kind. The whole of the central ground is likewise covered with a variety of flowers, all (at present) in the bloom and blow of summer. "Here," the visitor cannot help saying, "here is a spot in which to sleep the sleep that knows no awaking! So sweet, so peaceful, so cool, so fragrant! With these rocks to ward off the storms of winter, with these shrubs to temper the excesses of the summer ray, with but one friend's hand to root out betimes the choking weeds, who would not wish such a nook as this for his last repose!"

"The Necropolis is rapidly becoming one of the very greatest attractions of the city of Glasgow, and the more so, because its charms are of a character to which no parallel is yet to be found in any other of the capitals of the empire. It is true, that we have not yet the tombs of many distinguished men to throw a halo over this cemetery, but this source, too, of interest, will be added soon—too soon. Genius is not rare in our land, and its inspired sons fall thick. But lately, the mortal remains of one of the sweetest of her songsters, William Motherwell, were laid in this Pere la Chaise of Scotland, and an appropriate monument will ere long, it is to be hoped, point out the place of his rest. Additional pleasure will certainly be derived by the admirers of greatness and worth, when many such names are seen by them on the sepulchral stones of these grounds; but although the Necropolis contained records of none but the comparatively humble and obscure, it would still be a source of deep interest and delight. Can we but wonder that cemeteries of this kind should yet be so rare, when we think in what a different position we are placed by them with respect to departed friends? As funeral matters are usually ordered, we seem to part for ever from those we have loved and lost. We consign them to the cold, dark, untended ground—the place of their rest is locked up from our sight, or trodden only by strangers—and, ere long, the lank grass, the nettle, and the rank weed, choke up their unvisited graves. How different is it with cemeteries of the character of Pere la Chaise! When we lay down a loved one there, we can still hold sweet communion with him. We can show our affection by planting the loveliest flowers of summer above his head, and please ourselves with the belief that the tribute is not unheeded or unappreciated. We can pull a flower from the place of his repose, and carry it about with us, gratified with the thought that, if we cannot have our friend again, we have something, at least, that has sprung from his dust. The place of death is no longer in our eyes an abode of gloom, desertion and sorrow, at the bare idea of which we shudder with horror and dismay. It is an agreeable resting-spot, to which we retire at the close of life, still to be visited, and gazed on, and cared for, by those we held dear. Such is the change in our feelings on this subject which these beautiful cemeteries are calculated to effect; and assuredly it is a change adapted neither to make us worse men, nor to render our days less happy. When we have before us, besides, the monumental tributes raised by their country above the honoured dead—when we see the reward bestowed on worth, talent, and virtue, even when life is over—the spectacle is well fitted to excite in us a noble emulation, and to rouse us to exertions that may earn a similar fate for ourselves. Every way do these beautifications of the grave appear to be commendable and useful, and, before many years pass over, we hope to see in the land of Britain many a Pere la Chaise—many an ornamental cemetery—like that adorning the Mistress of the Clyde."

We do not wish to mar the solemnity of these beautiful thoughts by a reference to any thing worldly and sordid, or we would for once, sermonize on the text, "one of the very greatest attractions of the city of Glasgow." We could soon form from this scrap of discourse three heads, and as many minor subdivisions; and having clothed our skeleton, we might close with a splendid peroration on the financial advantages of cemeteries to towns and cities. But, seriously, in expectation of the grand experiment of steam, what attractions have we to present to travellers to induce them to visit this port? There is our noble harbour, the first in the world; and our Province Building with its lofty apartments and few noble portraits; our citadel hill, and military pageants,

ever reminding us that man is still a beast of prey ready at the sound of the trumpet to slaughter and destroy;—a few drives round the Peninsula, and we give, with few exceptions, all the lions of Halifax. A fine hotel, worthy of the name, we hope soon to see completed; a large public museum ought to be immediately commenced;—some elegantly constructed marine baths are indispensable; a number of slightly steamboats to ply up and down the harbour and basin must be set afloat;—and last though not least a beautiful cemetery must be formed. As to the latter, an ornamental funeral ground would be visited by strangers as well as the inhabitants of the place, and we think with equal benefit to both. We do not enumerate other requisites for fear that our readers should charge us with jesting. But our abridged space admonishes us to close, and we do so, earnestly begging all our friends to consider well, the necessity that exists for a HALIFAX CEMETERY.

## THE PEARL FOR 1839.

Our *jeu d'esprit* of last week under the above title has proved a stone of stumbling to one of our readers. He says, "I have puzzled myself exceedingly to comprehend your paragraph entitled, The Pearl for 1839; it is the most mysterious enigma I have ever met. Pray tell me what you mean?" We have no objection to answer the prayer of such a petitioner. Our paraphrase of the enigmatical text will read something in this fashion.

We are making some headway in our voyage—have arrived to the 45th number of our second volume—and are constantly receiving new passengers on board—nearly every week adding new subscribers to our list. So far our fellow voyagers, (judging by their constancy) have had a pleasant trip with us—but few persons have discontinued their subscription, which bespeaks that the Pearl is regarded as a favourite paper—they have found ample accommodations in the vessel—have had during the year 360 large quarto pages of readable matter in the Pearl—and most, (if not all) the arrangements to their taste—have approved in general of the mode in which the paper is conducted—Additional decorations—a better plate for a heading, etc.—and fresh painting—a new font of type—will be required for our next voyage—our forthcoming volume—and these will be duly attended to—are expected to be received by the end of the present year. We do not know whether we shall not propel the Pacific Pearl by steam after the commencement of the new year—it is hoped that the Pearl will be enabled to keep pace with the rapid strides of modern science and literature. But steam or wind, boilers or sails—whether science and literature outstrip us or not—we promise our companions—our subscribers—that there shall be no slunder—no reproachful falsehoods against foes—no ill-will—against those who differ from us—no war—no calling names, no personalities, no angry expressions—on board—in the columns of the Pearl. On the raging sea of politics—which too frequently courage people one against another—we shall not hazard our vessel—the Pearl shall not be a political paper—nor will we cast our bark on the stormy ocean—our paper shall not take part in any scenes of commotion—of religious controversy—it will not range with any party on the exciting topics of religious differences—or anti-religious controversy—in an overwhelming majority of instances modern controversies about religion are connected with so much personal resentment, induce so many wrathful expressions, such poignancy of satire, such a sense of infallibility, so much pertness and petulance, such a sneering contempt for the opinions of opponents, and so grievous a want of the spirit of modesty and of benevolence, that it is a serious question with us whether they are not anti-religious—whether they do not bring disgrace on a religion so peculiarly eminent for its inculcation of that charming quality, love. Politics—we shall leave to those who are better informed and more patriotic than ourselves—the political papers in the country are edited by persons better qualified for the task than we profess to be, and it is far from our intention to invade on their province;—and religious controversy, if it must exist, we commend to those who have more meekness of wisdom than we possess—a heart full of love as well as a head full of knowledge—or, a greater degree of gentleness which always accompanies true wisdom, and renders it so excellent—and are better able to speak the truth in love than ourselves—have a superior government of the passions, so that when employed in defending what is deemed as truth, they can do it without having the temper ruffled, the heart vexed and angered, or the mind discomposed and agitated. We would rather have love, even with many wrong opinions, than truth itself without love! But if any can defend the truth in a loving spirit, and treat their differing brethren as they would friends, and try to reclaim them from any errors without the employment of terms of denunciation and wrath, they are the men for controversy, and we wish them all success in their work. To continue with our paraphrase; Our track will be down some quiet inland river where no foaming waves will impede our progress, and where every thing on its green and sunny banks will remind us of a religion of love and peace—one great object of the Pearl will be to publish pieces whose direct tendency will be to induce all to love as brethren, and by this means to have at all times before the community the great fact that christianity is, emphatically, a revelation of love.