

over whom, perhaps, for years, he had watched with a tenderness and love, such as none but a parent can imagine; a tenderness which has bound his heart with cords so strong, that the bursting of them is as the rending earthquake; he is fated to see the object of unspeakable affection, infinitely more valuable to him than the most precious of worldly goods,—deposited in muddy water! There is no help for it; no Cemetery of Montreal presents anything, in the shape of a grave, less offensive to the eye—less breaking to the heart. We have supposed the case of the burial of an infant, because it is the one from which the writer of these lines has most recently suffered,—but the observations apply with perhaps greater force, where a husband performs the duty of burier of the dead to the wife of his bosom; or a son to the mother, whose memory is enshrined in the most profound affection—the deepest veneration.

There are few amongst us whose hearts will not acknowledge the fidelity to nature of the picture we have drawn. There are few who have not realized the dreadful sensation excited by the capping horror we have described, at a moment when the proudest spirit is humbled in the dust. It is a needless horror, heaped upon us at a time when we are least able to confront it; when sorrow has weighed us down, and the usually buoyant spirit is sunk in the dreary, fathomless, depths, of desolating grief.

Yet, with that cruel treatment of the soul, our citizens have put up, from the foundation of the City to the present hour: glimpses of a rising sun of worthier feelings, however, begin to be perceived. Advertisements in the newspapers show that natural affection is at work to emancipate itself, in respect to sympathy for the feelings of the living for the dead, from the icy chain of apathy. We hear of the Trafalgar Cemetery, and we see that the purchase of one hundred acres is contemplated by the Trustees of the Protestant Burial Ground, for a place of interment. This is highly gratifying. Sincerely do we hope, there may be no impediment to the consummation of these projects, but that we shall soon be able to point out to the stranger the proof of the existence amongst us, of that exquisitely tender sentiment,—sympathy for the dead.

It is a strange fact, that the Heathen or Pagan world should have presented greatly more of that sympathy, than the Christian;—the ashes of his fathers were guarded as a precious deposit by the Roman,—the bones of the ancestral dead, were preserved and watched over by the barbarians of the northern hive. In modern times, we see the North American Indian, driven from his hunting grounds by Republican cupidity, and that remorseless spirit of aggrandizement, that characterizes the British democracy of America,—we see that Indian weeping over his afflictions far away in the prairies of the vast West, and the chiefest of those afflictions is, that the bones of his tribe are insulted by the foot of the Christian spoliator. We see the Mohammedan, whom Christians term the Infidel, we see him reverence the resting-places of the dead; cy-

presses wave their mournful branches where they repose, and affection waters the sacred earth with tears.

The Parisians, reputed so volatile, so mercurial, and reproached by the Briton for frivolity and shallowness of heart,—mark how they honor their dead! At no time, no season of the year, shall the traveller or the tourist, visit the great Parisian Golgotha, and not perceive abundant evidences of an undying affection for the dead. The aged, the young—the rich, the poor—the happy, the wretched, are there seen mourning;—the father, the mother, hang wreaths of *immortelles* on the memorial marble; the widow ornaments the tomb of him she vowed to love,—and little orphans are to be seen bearing flowers through the gates of Père la Chaise, to strew them over the grassy grave, where sleeps their fondly-remembered, tender mother, whom they shall never behold again on earth. It is a touching sight to see the little helpless things, in charge of their *Bonne*, sitting on the mound beneath which is buried the only one that prized them beyond all earthly price, sobbing for “*chère Maman qui ne reviendra plus*,” to guard and protect them when waking, to watch over them asleep, to shelter them from the freezing winds of relations’ care! These are sights we do not see in Montreal! Go to our burial-grounds,—you see no flowers there;—you see scarce an object to furnish the slightest evidence, that parent, or brother, or son, or daughter, or friend, has ever looked with tearful eye and swelling heart, upon the little mound of earth that marks where sleeps and moulders the “coffined one,” unless it be the cold memorial marble, whereon one’s taste is often shocked to see much stronger evidence of human vanity and adulation of the living, than of an ever-living, never-dying affection for the departed. Go to our grave yards, and there you see the dead packed so closely in rows, that one cannot but think the earth for which money is given, is deemed far more valuable than the earth which was once a father, a mother, a brother, a daughter, an infant angel. Ah! this is not as it should be! Parents of Montreal, awaken! Citizens of Montreal, be astir! Let the stain of neglect of the dead be washed from our shield.

H.

EXTRACT OF A SPEECH DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON BY J. BURROWS, M. D.

OUR Order is no political association. We are united by no political bond. We give no political pledge. We entertain no desire for political power. I wish myself to be perfectly understood, under the solemn responsibility of my situation, as a public expounder of the principles of the Order, I pronounce before the law, that we know each other only as citizens, we show each other no peculiar favor, nor divest the community of any of their just rights.

To the strong ground assumed by the opponents of secret associations—the extra-judicial character of their obligations—I declare ours requires no fealty which compromises the high and exalted duty we owe our country, in any station which we may be called upon to act as citizens. In all controversies, whether legal or political, we are impartial witnesses, impartial advo-