

found room, had it still been subject to their rule. "No sign of a churchyard to be seen! Curious! What, then, do they do with their dead?"

I continued to search along the principal streets in vain. Passing through the gates of the town, at which young, blue-coated, red-pantalooned conscripts were apprenticed as sentinels, and over the bridges, on which horses and asses are forbidden to trot, on pain of a fine, I was in the country, outside the fortifications. Not far removed were extensive suburbs, regularly built, with tall chimneys, and large manufactories established by the English, with timber-yards, canals, and baker's shops, full of great loaves a yard long, and places where one can lodge on foot as on horseback, though I prefer a night's lodging in bed. The main street was the one to follow. At a Magazine full of odd curiosities, fitted up on purpose to amuse such of the straggling English as have eyes, I looked in the window to watch a lady in a bob-tailed jacket suiting herself with a smart pair of wooden shoes of the first quality; before she had decided, a pattering and clattering was heard, which I knew must come from a large party of those females who conspire to starve the curriers by an Anti Shoe-leather League. Looking round, there was the very thing I wanted—a funeral.

It was headed by the priest, at a good stiff pace. The mourners followed, a numerous assemblage; the men by themselves, and the women with their shoes by themselves, all decently and warmly clad; earnest and serious, though their step would not have kept time to the Dead March in Saul, as we usually hear it performed. Their rapid progress seemed odd, and I was beginning to think it disrespectful to the deceased; when it came to mind that *we* now and then despatch our departed friends by Express Trains; and no great harm done either.

Why did they move so quickly? Because the distance of the cemetery from the town is so laudably great; and, because time is a matter of measurement in which there cannot be cheating. No day contains more than a certain number of hours: no life has more than a limited number of days. The duty of interment ought not to be set aside, but to dove-tail nicely with, the other duties of life.

The cemetery was some way beyond the wooden shoe-shop; and, not having pressing business to transact, I reached it leisurely. Entering, not the funeral gates, but a little side-door next, to the sexton's cottage, I found myself in a large quadrangular space, laid out on a very simple plan, and in great part filled with the little domains and narrow tenements of those who have ceased to require more space here below. The outer portion of the area, adjoining the low inclosing wall, was divided into narrow freeholds, inscribed with words to the effect that the ground is for ever unbroken, except by the family whose members repose there. Lasting monuments of marble and stone are appropriate in these permanent possessions, especially as they do not exclude the further decorations of growing flowers, and wreaths, and bouquets, as tokens of friendship, affection, and remembrance. The central portion was mostly filled by occupants not *à perpétuité*, but with a reasonable time allowed for their dissolution. Here, consequently, the memorial

tablets were almost all of wood. Those dropping nearly to decay would indicate that the bodies beneath them had, likewise, advanced in the same natural course of yielding up their elements to nature. In a sunny portion of a further part of the cemetery, the English lie, all interred together.

Even if what we call natural feeling is the same all the world over, (which some have doubted,) the modes of expressing it certainly vary exceedingly among nations. What is only conventional propriety among our people, is thought almost ludicrous by another. Here, a heart-shaped tablet is used to denote true cordial love. Some, too, will allow opinions and matters of faith to creep out, which others would conceal. Thus, after "reposes the body of Naines Gleneur," a strange apostrophe to the dead is added; "Friendship, esteem, and regrets follow thee to the tomb in the eternal night where thou hast descended. Receive, O tender daughter, a confession of grief. Thy relations, thy friends, while watching over thy ashes, will bless thy virtues, and will shed tears."

Well; tears, we know, are a frequent accompaniment of sorrow: and, accordingly, at the bottom of the inscription on most of these wooden gravestones, are painted large black tears, as fitting emblems, but looking more like bulls' eyes, or Prince Rupert's crackers, made of bottle-glass, than anything else which is usually seen. It must be a peculiarly constituted eye to keep such inky monsters. The usual number depicted is three. Sometimes, in profuse cases, there are five, and even seven; but, now and then, grief is economised, and the sad shower is represented by a single drop. There were but few painted tears on the English memorials, and those might be guessed to be not ordered, but the spontaneous work of native artists.

A "Pray for the repose of his soul," is a natural address to a Roman Catholic visitor; but French politeness finds its way even upon gravestones, when you read there, "*If you please, pray for the repose of his soul.*"

It is to be noticed, with admiration, that even on those neglected tombs, nothing is displaced which the affectionate hand has once arranged. Ornaments, which we should call childish, such as shells, painted medallions of glass, and artificial flowers, remain untouched and uninjured, as long as wind and weather permit. The wreaths of *éternelles* hang till the flowers rot off, and their straw foundation alone remains; still they are not tossed aside in scorn or mischief. The feelings of survivors, as well as the memory of the departed, are treated with respectful forbearance. And, therefore, *we* ought not to more than smile on reading the announcement near the sexton's door, that he keeps by him, for immediate supply to customers, an assortment of crowns, or wreaths, made of everlasting, ivory shavings, of feathers and everlastings, and of artificial flowers, from forty *centimes*, or a four-penny piece, as high as two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence sterling.

To linger a little longer among the tombs;—some mystery is contained in one inscription; "Well-beloved wife, unfortunate mother-in-law, \* \* \* &c. Pray God to watch over your husband, up to that moment when he comes to