

bitten, we have greatly less of that blue-devil inspiring weather, of which the term "Scotch-mist" is the best description we can think of in the rapid flight of our pen. So, let us not complain over much! It is quite certain, that our climate, from November to February, (both months inclusive) is far less repulsive than that of England. If we require buffalo and bear-skins more, we require fewer macintoshes and umbrellas; and then we have not such an army of blue-devils and infernal hobgoblins, to fight withal, as the honest John Bull. This is a great boon—a very great one indeed. If any one of our readers has ever had the misfortune to encounter the goblin force, he will admit, we are sure, that the *real* horrors our gallant countrymen passed through, in their terrific encounters with the desperate soldiers of the Punjaub, must have been mere moonshine and child's play, in comparison with the *unreal* horrors, a "Scotch-mist" atmosphere engenders. They may sing in Old England as much as they please, about "the glorious sea," but they cannot have one half our experience of "glorious old Sol," notwithstanding we have five months of winter.

We regret much that our own *time*, and the restricted *space* of this Record of Odd-Fellowship, prevent further dalliance with so splendid a theme as Spring; and we bid adieu to the beauteous subject, in the words of a beautiful poet:—

SPRING.

"Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring,
Hitherward cometh like hope on the wing,—
Pleasantly looketh on streamlet and flood,
Raiseth a chorus of joy in the wood;
Toucheth the bud, and it bursts into bloom;
Biddeth the beautiful rise from the tomb;
Blesseth the heart like a heavenly thing!
Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!"

Song—sweetly saluteth the morn!
The robin awaketh and sits on the thorn,
Timidly warbles, while yet in the east
Twilight from duty hath not been released;
Calleteth the lark, that ascendeth on high,
Greeting the sun in the depths of the sky,
Telleth the talented blackbird to sing,—
Welcome! oh welcome! beautiful Spring!

Life! love! in gladness serene,
Wander in innocence over the green;
Dwell in the garden, and meadow, and wood,
Sing on the mountain, and shine in the flood;
Smile on the bud as it bursts into bloom,
Welcome the beautiful, fresh from the tomb;—
How the heart blesseth each fair living thing!
Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!"

II.

(For the Odd Fellows' Record.)

THE CEMETERIES OF MONTREAL.

MANKIND are always disposed to judge favorably of themselves, or those whom they love, or of things they love. We see this in the domestic circle; in love of country; in politics; in every thing. However harsh may be one's tone towards others, it is sure to be quite musical and soft, when speaking of one's own offences, or the offences of one's wife, or of one's children,—so with regard to one's home, or one's country. However repulsive may be the climate of one's birth-place,—however barren its soil,—however rude and barbarous one's countrymen,—however ugly one's countrywomen,—they will, notwithstanding, be defended

and their pretensions be maintained, as of old, knights-errant did the fame of their "faire ladies," against all, maligners, or against any who doubted their supremacy. It is a feeling indigeous to the soil, and cannot be extirpated.

These remarks are made, preparatory to a few observations in respect of the Cemeteries of Montreal. It cannot be pretended by the warmest lover, or greatest admirer, of our "good old town," that its Cemeteries are calculated to win for it golden opinions. He might be full of excuses to the stranger, or the fault-finder from abroad, for such a state of things as exists,—he might preach by the hour about our poverty,—the injury to society from the difference of races among us, &c. &c., but he would candidly admit, if asked by "one of us," that our Cemeteries are discreditable, nay, disgraceful, to our citizens.

The grave, under any circumstances, even when surrounded by flowers, is a fearful object to contemplate. Some poet has written, "disguise it as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught!"—the lines may more strongly, greatly more so, be applied to Death. However full of hope may be the occupant of the dying couch of a joyful resurrection, it is, nevertheless, a dark and dreary hour, that of "the body parting with the soul,"—however resolute the soldier—no matter how familiar he may have been for years with grim-visaged war, and all its fearful realities,—its bloody fields of battle;—though he may have come to pass by his dead companion without a sigh; or his dying comrade, writhing in all the agony of crushed limbs and ghastly gashes, without a tear; yet, when his own last hour is ringing, when the dark shadows of the grave, like the pall of night, are fast falling around him, even *his* hero-heart will faint—he will feel to the inmost recesses of his manly breast, a creeping, crawling, nauseous fear. The coward dares not look upon it,—the brave man shudders at its contemplation. He may be more than willing to die a thousand deaths, rather than be disgraced once,—he might rush into the grave with frantic joy, rather than be dishonored, but even then, its terrors would freeze his heart and congeal his blood. Yes, the grave is indeed a fearful thing!

But why should it be made more fearful?—why should we omit to do what may rob it of some of its repulsive features? Why not substitute for dank grass, beautiful flowers? Why, instead of ditches half-filled with muddy water, not have a receptacle for the beloved though inanimate form, that shall be, at least, dry? At present, the relatives of a deceased person are fated to see the mortal remains of one cherished and beloved, defiled, ere yet the grave be closed. Does a father stand by, whilst the undertaker and his assistants are preparing the cords to sustain the coffin that contains the body of a dear child, whilst being lowered into the last resting-place of mortality—what does he behold?—A hole, of which the bottom is a puddle of muddy water! and, into that liquid filth, he is about to see plunged, the box that contains the remains of one,