

might not be;—the beloved remains were coffined—their child was gone, never more to gladden their eyes in this world—their grief was at its height ('twas thought), but there was a horror in store for them, of which they little dreamt. On reaching the burial ground, it was found the earth of the grave had caved in—the coffin was at its verge, and the digging of the sepulchral hole had to be re-commenced. The recent heavy rains had so saturated the earth, (there is no drainage) that the loosened ground was little else than a thick mud. The re-making of the grave consumed considerable time, and during the operation, the parent and his surrounding friends, had abundant opportunity of *feeling*, how *dead* are the sympathies of the *living* of Montreal, to the finer sensibilities of our nature. Religion essayed to teach resignation to the bereaved; Reason's sententious voice, in cold, yet consoling accents, attempted to subdue their grief. But Religion and Reason, both, failed to relieve the acute suffering, occasioned by the utter neglect of the common decencies of life, towards the dead, as evidenced in the sad reality that funeral displayed. Every beholder exclaimed,—who has charge of the ground? where are its guardians? is there no one to superintend the dismal ceremonies of interment? Then, there must be none to protect the grave from violation by the body-snatcher, for the purposes of the surgeon's dissecting-room! All this was but too palpable—but it was no new reality. The spectators had seen the same sight previously, scores of times. Familiarity had hardened their hearts. It was, perhaps, only the parent, of all the throng, that felt, shudderingly, the cruel apathy of the living for the dead, that has, so long, disgraced this populous city.

Such scenes need never more be seen, if people choose. The Trafalgar Mount Cemetery offers the means. The surest guarantee is there afforded, that attention the most delicate towards the feelings of relatives and friends, accompanying mortal remains to the last resting-place, shall be observed—that the body shall be protected from the purveyor for the dissecting-knife—that the eye shall not be offended by the sight of a neglected—an utterly neglected—grave-yard, which is the picture presented to the eye by every burial-ground of Montreal, at this present hour! Surely, people will no longer choose the noisome Old Burying Ground, or that of the Victoria Road, as places of deposit for remains of father, mother, sister, brother, or wife, or children, when a *garden* is offered them—a garden, too, surpassing in advantage of locality, any of the hundred modern Cemeteries, modern refinement has prepared, whether in Europe or America? The *locale* of the Trafalgar Mount Cemetery, is really superb. But it is not the splendor of its position only, which recommends it; its elevation, forming part and parcel of the Mountain itself, will always protect it from invasion by the spread of population. This circumstance alone bespeaks a preference for the "Mountain Cemetery." It is no idle apprehension, that of seeing the Old Burying Ground invaded by the City

Surveyor to lay out streets and lanes, where now *our dead* are mouldering; for, even now, the Trustees of the Ground calculate on the price its acres will bring, by Public Auction, as Building Lots, as part of the means wherewith to buy a greater number of acres, at a far distance from the City. So that it is a certainty, that many years will not elapse, before the duty of *removing* their dead will be imposed on our citizens. Most disagreeable the thought!

It is now about thirty-five years, since the dead were *removed* in Montreal. Then, the present site of Great St. James' Street, was occupied as a Burial Ground. The dead, however, were not suffered to rest in peace, until, at least, their bones had crumbled into dust. The ground was granted,—and there are yet thousands living, who remember the sad and most disgusting spectacle, that *removal* presented. Spade and pickaxe were set to work, and in a brief period the coffins were exposed (decayed wood for the most part, which could not be raised entire), and the skeleton dead, and yet decomposing bodies, to which adhered shroud and mort-cloth, were exposed to the garish light of day, and the rude hand of the labourer *shovelled* the *remains* into shells, for conveyance to their new abode, but not their last, for already, the Trustees of the acres to which the removal was effected, are projecting another *removal* of their bones, and the removal will certainly take place, for public *convenience* requires it;—and when was it that public convenience hesitated to ride remorselessly over the feelings of the heart!

Let the Citizens of Montreal select the Mountain Cemetery, as the place, or as one of the places, of deposit for their dead, and they will have assurance that public convenience will *never* require the ground for streets and lanes and building-lots. A mountain never was, and never will be, the site of a city.

The writer of these observations, begs to refer the reader to the Prospectus of the Proprietors of the Cemetery, as *the best* recommendation of it. If it should thence be inferred, that the writer is a party interested, pecuniarily, in the Cemetery, the inference will be most erroneous. The only interest in it, he has, or that he can have, is, that it will, most probably, be the resting-place of *his* dead. It is for that reason, and that alone, that he urges upon the Citizens of Montreal, the patronage of the Trafalgar Mount Cemetery! As a citizen, he would wish to see Montreal adorned by a fitting place of sepulture, and, as a man, the desire approaches even anxiety. What a gratification will it not be, to have a spot so near to us, devoted to meditation and melancholy, and sacred to mourning,—not merely divested of the unpleasant features of our present Burial Grounds, but adorned by taste, and preserved by care and attention! Grief will be softened. It will be a place of consolation to the bereaved—of relief to the afflicted. Even the minds of the unimaginative will, under such circumstances, and in such a spot, fancy a spiritual communion with their departed relatives or friends.