Necropolis Glasguensis : with observations on ancient and modern tombs and sepulture / by John Strang.

View of Ground for Proposed Cemetery.

NECROPOLIS GLASGUENSIS;

WITH

OSBERVATIONS

ON

ANCIENT AND MODERN TOMBS AND SEPULTURE.

BY JOHN STRANG.

" Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring."

SHAKESPEARE.

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TO

JAMES EWING, LL.D.

DEAN OF GUILD,

AND THE

MEMBERS OF THE MERCHANTS' HOUSE OF GLASGOW,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In submitting the following pages to the public, and especially to the Members of the Merchants' House of Glasgow, the writer feels it due to himself to state, that he has been solely actuated by the desire of awakening the attention of his countrymen to the generally neglected condition of their churchyards, and of furthering with what humble talents he may possess, the many claims which the scheme of converting the *Fir Park* into a garden cemetery have to the countenance of his fellow citizens in general, and in particular to the support of the charitable body to which the property belongs. With the view of more effectually accomplishing these objects, he has attempted to present a rapid view of

what Man has in all ages and in all climes, performed towards the manes of his brother, under the conviction that the profound and sacred respect which has been, and is still so strikingly evinced among all nations toward their dead, would be found no inappropriate preliminary to a description of the melancholy state of our Scottish sepulchres, and no ineffective argument for the establishment in this neighbourhood of a NECROPOLIS, from its locality at once respectful to the dead, and safe and sanatory to the living, while it would be, at the same time, peculiarly dedicated to the Genius of Memory, and calculated for the extension of religious and moral feeling.

The writer cannot help thinking, that the time he has chosen for bringing this important subject before his fellow citizens, is peculiarly appropriate and auspicious. The general diffusion of knowledge and the enlargement of mind, consequent upon a more free, frequent, and friendly intercourse with our continental neighbours, have gradually softened down those national antipathies, which in past times have prevented our profiting by their example, even when that example was worthy of imitation, and minds, which half a century ago, would have shrunk from the idea of taking the slightest hint

from any Roman Catholic custom, would now, it is presumed, readily acquiesce in any measure tending to the improvement of their country, even should it consist in imitating the French in the formation of a Scottish *Père La Chaise.* The patriotism and spirit also which now so eminently distinguish the Corporate Body to which the grounds belong—the late infusion of vitality into its management, so much at antipodes to its past listlessness, and above all, the presidency of an individual equally distinguished for his activity and intelligence as a merchant, his kindness and liberality as a philanthropist, and his talent and taste as a man of letters—all conspire in demonstrating to the writer, that this is the time for achieving the object, which, for the honour of his country and his species, he has so warmly at heart.

In presenting this little work to the world, its author cannot allow the opportunity to pass, without claiming for it the indulgence which the value of the subject in some degree merits. Critics will, no doubt, find numerous blemishes, but he would fain hope that these will be pardoned, for the sake of the sacred cause which is advocated. If these pages should in any way prove instrumental in bettering the sacred receptacles of our dead, or in causing our cemeteries to become more an

ornament, and less a nuisance, to this city—more a source of national pride, and less of national opprobrium to Scotland, the writer will consider his time not altogether mispent, being convinced that there is but too much truth in the French apophthegm, that "TOUT INDIVIDU QUI NE RESPECTE PAS LES MORTS, EST BIEN PRÈS D'ASSASSINER LES VIVANS!"

7, MAXWELTON PLACE,
15*th April*, 1831.

NECROPOLIS GLASGUENSIS;

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON ANCIENT AND MODERN TOMBS AND SEPULTURE.

From the first hour in which Death severed the immortal spirit of man from its mortal coil, have the living exhibited a just, although, in its results, often a mistaken respect, toward the ashes of their departed brethren. The consequences of the solemn enunciation, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," soon suggested to the denizens of this globe the idea of some funeral rite, and the necessity of some selected place of sepulture. Hence, in every age, and among the inhabitants of every clime, have there existed some ceremonial connected with death, and some sacred spot consecrated to the burial and memory of the dead.

Love, gratitude, and even vanity, have all had their share in the simple and symbolical—the tender and touching—the striking and splendid funeral ceremonies which have been successively adopted by the various tribes of the savage and civilized world, while the profound regard which has been paid by all nations to the tomb, or to that spot which the ancients so emphatically designated the "Field of Rest," can only be reasonably assigned to a generally pervading innate feeling of the immortality of the soul, and to some equally universally entertained assurance, or, at least, hope, that the spirit's future destiny would be linked again to its former mortal receptacle.

That a pious veneration for the mortal remains of humanity has existed throughout every age, and among every people, will scarcely be denied by any one at all acquainted with the history of his race; and, although among the funeral rites and ceremonies of a few even of the most celebrated nations of ancient and modern times, there may be found some usages, which, to every well constituted mind, must be accounted as foolish, extravagant, and even wicked; still those barbarous exceptions from being, as they evidently are, the mere excess or abuse of that veneration, can never once be held as impugning the purity of the principle from which they have sprung.

From the most ancient and authentic annals of the world, it may be gathered, that a respect for the dead was coeval with man's first social institutions. In the Bible, how simply, yet how eloquently is this feeling exemplified as existing among the JEWS, from the

account there given of Abraham's purchase of a sepulchre from the sons of Heth;* from the monument of sorrow which Jacob raised to the beloved mother of Benjamin;—from the solemn pledge which Israel exacted of his son to be laid in the tomb of his fathers, and from the fulfilment of Joseph's dying request that his brethren would bear his bones from Egypt to the Land of Promise.† From the same sacred record it appears that throughout Judea the dead were borne to their last resting-place with prodigious pomp. Moses, in fact, made an express law obliging relatives, friends, and servants, to assist at this solemn ceremonial; but it is singular enough that religion seems not *formally* to have entered into their funeral rites, as appears from the fact that Priests, instead of being called to assist on such mournful occasions, were, on the contrary, prohibited from attending under the pain of incurring a legal defilement. The Jews, besides exhibiting the most anxious care about the burial of their dead, considered it as the highest dishonour and punishment to be deprived of the rite of sepulture.‡ To inter the remains of a fellow creature was, in the eyes of a Hebrew, an act of religious duty, and of charity; and

* The account of this solemn transaction, as narrated in the 23d chap. of Genesis, far surpasses, in simple pathos, the most studied writings of modern days.

† In the age of St. Jerome, the mausoleum of Joseph was still standing in Palestine. The original pillar which Jacob raised to Rachel was standing in the days of Saul. The present monument seems to be of Turkish origin. It is a dome supported by four pillars on fragments of a wall which open to the sepulchre.—*Stackhouse's Hist. of the Bible.*

‡ "Jeremiah, ch. viii. threatens the idolatrous princes, priests, and prophets, with having their bones dragged from their graves, and cast as

we are told, as a proceeding highly redounding to his honour, that in the face of the terrible denunciations of the brutal Sennacherib, the benevolent Tobit buried the bodies of many of his countrymen which were found lying behind the walls of Nineveh.

The immediate descendants of the patriarchs had no common or promiscuous place of burial. Each family had its own sepulchre, and these were either situated in fields, in gardens, or cut in the face of the rock. They were almost universally placed by the roadside, *beyond* the boundaries of towns and cities, and served not only as memorials of the dead, but as mementos of mortality to living passengers. Hebrew tombs, with the exception of a few, and particularly that raised by Solomon to his father David, were plain. Those of the more splendid kind were cut in stone, and surmounted by an obelisk; the most simple were covered with a plain square slab, which was annually whited every fifteenth of February.* The Jews, while they occasionally raised noble monuments and mausoleums for a few illustrious individuals of their own nation, were, at the same time, ever ready to erect monuments to others. Few but must remember, for example, the deed of Daniel, who left that lasting sepulchral pile in Echbatana for the Median and Persian kings.

The dead bodies of the great bulk of the Jewish na-

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dung upon the face of the earth; while the same prophet foretels that Jehoiakim, on account of his crimes, "shall be buried with the burial of an ass, and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."—Chap. xxii. 19.

* It is in allusion to this practice that our Saviour likens the Pharisees to *whited* sepulchres.

tion were permitted at once to mingle with their kindred clay; a few only, and those of persons of the highest distinction, were embalmed and shut up in sepulchres hewn in the rock.* If, however, a respect for the dead, and for the tomb, existed in Palestine during the patriarchal and monarchical days of the Jewish nation, how strongly has the same feeling been since manifested in the Holy land.† We allude to the veneration shown for a tomb, glorious beyond all the tombs of men —a tomb which crowned the garden mount that once belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, and which alone breaks the gloom that involves the ancient kingdom of Judah. Upon that tomb once sat the angel of the Lord, whose "countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow," and to that tomb, at the morning's dawn, a weeping female wandered, laden with spices to embalm the body of Him that had been crucified. "Weep not," said the angel, "he whom

* In 2d Chronicles, we read that the body of Asa, king of Judah, was laid in his own sepulchre, on a bed filled with precious perfumes, which were there burnt, a custom which was generally practised at the burial of the kings of Judah. *Stackhouse* states that Asa was the first who introduced this custom.—*Vol. iv.*

† The present appearance of the *valley of Jehoshaphat* is a striking proof of the anxiety which the modern Jews have manifested respecting their final resting-place. Under the impression entertained by them that this valley is to be the scene of the future judgment, the whole space between the mountains of Moriah and Olives, is covered with Hebrew gravestones, it being esteemed by the Jews one of the greatest blessings to close their days at Jerusalem, and to obtain burial in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Jews even from the most distant quarter of the world have come and paid enormous prices for the privilege of depositing their bones in that venerable spot, of which the prophet Joel, in the name of the Deity, says, "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people."

you seek is not here. He is risen as he said. Come see where the Lord lay!" To rescue this tomb from the hands of the Infidel, the half of Europe, during the middle ages, poured her sons into Asia, and the bold and gallant knights of the cross, laying aside their blood-stained arms and dusty vestments, found a complete reward for their bravery, their danger, and their toil, in the simple act of kneeling at the Holy Sepulchre of the Saviour!*

In EGYPT, which has justly been considered the cradle of philosophy, of science, of art, and of legislation, a veneration for the dead was carried to the highest pitch. Its creed taught, that after a period of three thousand years, the bodies of the departed would again be animated; and hence the endeavour of every one seemed to be to preserve, till the arrival of that period, the mortal coil of his friend or kinsman, from corruption. Few can

* Nè pur deposto il sanguinoso manto
Viene al Tempio con gli altri il sommo Duce
E quì l'arme sospende; e quì devoto
Il gran Sepolcro adora e scioglie il voto.
Tasso. Ger. Lib. c. xx. *s.* 144.

Dr. Clarke, in his Travels through Palestine, attempts to show that the tomb of Christ, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, could not have been the place where our Lord lay. For the particular spot which he assigns to it, the reader is referred to the 2d volume of that author's work. Though this discovery be true, it in no way invalidates the profound and innate veneration which was entertained by the Christian world for the sepulchre of the Saviour. In the Journal appended to *Morehead's* "Holy Land," the author of which visited Jerusalem in 1828, we find, "there is not a shadow of reason for thinking Clarke's cave is the real one, being little that I can see for doubting that the nominal Holy Sepulchre is so in fact; or rather that it is *on the site* of the real one; but must have been destroyed when Hadrian erected his temple to Venus on the spot."

be ignorant of the art and the care which were bestowed on the embalming of a beloved parent, or of the singular respect that was paid to his lifeless corpse. Frequently was the *mummied* form kept for years in the house of a pious family, which, on festal days, placed it as a guest at table, to participate in, and enhance the common joy.* After the lapse of a certain period, those almost imperishable remains of mortality, were placed in sepulchral caverns, whose vast recesses, even at this hour, present an incalculable host of the dead. The walls of many of those subterranean vaults, and, in particular, the royal catacombs of Thebes, are magnificently decorated, and plentifully covered with hieroglyphics, in basso relievo, all, as it may reasonably be supposed, commemorative of the virtues of the "mighty dead," and of the national and filial piety of their successors.† The infinite number and variety of ancient funeral monuments, indeed, which are found scattered over the face of Modern Egypt, have excited the wonder of every traveller, while the mighty Pyramids, which were erected as the last asylum of monarchs, whose reigns are yet unchronicled, and unknown, and which, for forty centuries, have cast their monstrous shadows on the banks of the Nile, are

* The value attached to those precious remains was such, that an Egyptian could borrow money by pledging the body of his father, or even that of his brother with the lender. The creditor who held such security, invariably recovered his debt.—*Giraud des Tombeaux.*

† The number of tombs in the great valley of the kings of Thebes, with their paintings, sculpture, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect those stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.—*Belzoni.*

still regarded, not only as the unparalleled tokens of funeral vanity, but as the monumental wonders of the world.*

In Ancient Greece the burial of the dead was considered as a duty so sacred, that its non-performance was expected to call down the certain vengeance of the gods. The Poets, those primary instructors of every people, had taught the Greeks to believe that the souls of all who had not received sepulture, would remain wanderers on the shores of the Styx without the power of crossing that river to their final resting-place; and this belief was held so firmly, that perhaps no people ever performed the last duties to a departed brother more conscientiously, than that people who have won the admiration of the world, as much for their exquisite taste in Art, and their ardent love of liberty, as for the rich legacies of wisdom and of virtue, which they have bequeathed to posterity, in their splendid and imperishable tongue. The laws of Greece declared the sepulchre sacred, and punished with the greatest severity its violators; while they likewise required that every traveller who might accidentally

* What a bitter satire does the present state of Egyptian monuments offer on the folly of such expensive rites, and on the impossibility of man immortalizing himself or his fellow, by mere physical means! The bodies that were embalmed with such art, and preserved with such pious reverence, are now dragged, without regard, from the monuments in which they were so carefully deposited, to satisfy the *learned* avarice of curious Europeans; while the Arab, with still ruder hand, disturbs the stillness of the sepulchre, and the slumber of the mummy, in his search for the golden idols and other valuables, which the piety of the early Egyptians dedicated to the manes of their monarchs and their sires! *Sir Thomas Browne*, even in his day, said, that "mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

meet with a corpse should see it honourably interred.* Among the *Athenians* a general would have rather renounced the title of conqueror, than have failed to bury his deceased companions in arms; and so strictly was the law of sepulture enforced in Athens, that no less than six of even her victorious chiefs were condemned to die for neglecting to give burial to the fallen in battle.† The *Macedonians* held the same opinions, of which Alexander shewed them an example; while the laws given to Sparta by Lycurgus, recognised so strongly the principle of reverence for the dead, as to forbid the carving of the name of any individual on the tomb who had not done notable service to the Republic. It appears, therefore, that independent of every common feeling, religion and legislation both concurred in creating and cherishing a respect for the dead in Ancient Greece; and that however varied may have been the details of her funeral rites, they all resolved themselves into the feeling either of sorrow for having lost one who was most dear, or of gratitude for services rendered to the State, —into the desire of perpetuating the memory and emu-

* The anxiety which the Greeks felt for the repose of the dead, may be best gathered from the conduct of Cymon the son of Miltiades, who obliged himself to pay his father's debts, and subjected himself to be put in prison rather than that the body of his parent, which had been sequestrated by his creditors, should remain unburied.—*Corn. Nepos.*

† We allude to what befell the conquerors of Callicratidas, near the Arginusæ. In the Iliad, it will be recollected, that Priam obtained a suspension of hostilities to bury the dead on both sides; that Jupiter despatched Apollo to obtain burial for Sarpedon; and that Iris was despatched by the gods to request Achilles to render that duty to Patroclus. In the opinion of Greece, the character of Achilles was much tarnished, in consequence of his having sold the body of Hector, his brave and magnanimous, but ill-fated enemy.

lating the example of the great and the good—into the belief that a passage to a better world was thereby facilitated and secured, or perhaps into a combination of all these feelings together. The Greeks sometimes burned their dead, and at other times interred them. The funeral pile blazed during the heroic ages of Hercules and Patroclus, as well as in the latter days of the Republics, while the bones of Themistocles, after being buried at Magnesia, were carried to Athens, and the body of the brave Brassidus, who received his death-wound at Amphipolis, was borne on the shoulders of his mourning soldiery to a simple grave. The sepulchres of the primitive Greeks were within the walls of the city, but latterly they were placed beyond its boundaries, along the side of its chief entrances. Around those were generally cultivated bowers of Jessamine, which continued the greater part of the year in verdure and in flower. The *Elm*, among the larger trees, was usually selected to shade the sepulchral spot.* Of the flowers which decked the grave, the *Lotus*, the *Amaranthus*, and the *Rose*, were chiefly chosen. The former, on account of its Greek signification, *desire*, was naturally dedicated to him whose presence was most desired on earth, but who could never return. The Amaranthus, which never fades, and consequently the symbol of immortality, was devoted to the sepulchre of him whose virtues and whose

* Among the funeral herbs, the *Smallage* (a species of red apple) held the first place, from the belief of its having originally sprung from the blood of Archemorus. With these the tombs of the Greeks were adorned, and the practice having been followed generally in Rome, it became a common byeword in that city, when any one was seriously indisposed, to say, "The *smallage* is all that he requires."—*Bertolotti.*

patriotism ought never to be forgotten. While the Rose blossomed on the grave of those, of the beauty and the frailty of whose lives it was the appropriate emblem. The monuments which the Greeks reared to commemorate patriotism and worth, were numerous, and what is more, proved the most powerful incentives to public virtue—the most eloquent advocates of the *amor patriæ*. The Greek ever appealed to the tomb of his ancestors in the hour of danger, and rushed on the foe with the certainty of at least obtaining the death of the brave and the grave of the free. The *Theban* hero dreamt of the simple but imperishable column which was raised to the unconquered Epaminondas, on the field of Mantinea. The *Athenian* citizen gloried in the graves of the companions of Leonidas at Marathon, and in the monument erected to the hero of Salamis, in the city. While the *Spartan* patriot pointed with pride and exultation to the tombstones of Thermopylæ!*

The ANCIENT ROMANS were in no respect inferior to their predecessors the Greeks in the veneration which they paid to the dead and to the tomb. The magnificence of their funeral rites seemed, in fact, to indicate that the death of a Roman was the greatest calamity that could befall the world, while the magnitude and splendour of their tombs and mausoleums, even at this hour, prove that they were imbued with the highest

* On one of these the poet Simonides inscribed the memorable words:

Ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγελλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

Traveller, go tell to Lacedaemon that we lie here in obedience to her sacred laws.

reverence for those who had preceded them in the world. When a Roman had the good fortune to die in the bosom of his family, one of the nearest of his kinsmen received upon his lip his last sigh, another closed his eyes, while a third put a small piece of money into his mouth to pay the Stygian pilot.* Upon this, all the individuals in the house called out loudly the name of the deceased, and on receiving no answer, the dead body was washed, perfumed, crowned with flowers, and clothed in a robe of white. The face was then turned toward the door, and, in token of sorrow, a cypress was planted in front of the house.† The body of the deceased was thus exposed for seven days, after which it was either carried to the funeral pile, or borne to the place of sepulture. The ceremonial attendant on the funeral of persons of distinction was of the most imposing kind. He was usually placed on a bier, ornamented with purple velvet, and borne through the streets of the city. Before him were carried the emblems of his dignity, the spoils which he had won from the enemy, the busts of his ancestors, and, in short, all the memorials of his glory. His pall was supported and followed by his relatives, friends, and children, while hired mourners made the

* It was esteemed the greatest boon to receive the last sigh of an expiring individual, and when any Roman died in a foreign land, having no relative present, the whole family at home, conceiving themselves at the very acme of misfortune, caused this mournful epitaph to be affixed to the sarcophagus: *Parentes infelicissimi, filio infelicissimo!*—*Giraud.*

† The cypress was placed there to denote, that as that tree once cut could never shoot again, so our life once lost could never again be recovered.—*Guasco, Riti Funeb.*

welkin ring with the most doleful lamentations.* If the body was destined to be burned, the bier with the corpse was placed in the midst of the funeral pile. There the eyes of the deceased were opened toward heaven by one relative, a finger was cut off by another, and a drink composed of myrrh was poured into the mouth by a third. The relatives next kissed their deceased kinsman, while one of them, averting his face in token of anguish, applied the torch to the pyre. The following day, his ashes were carefully collected, and having been washed with wine and milk, were enclosed in an urn, which was thereafter carried to the family sepulchre, or cineral depot. Those whose bodies were not consumed, were generally laid in biers of *terra cotta*, and placed in subterranean niches, or shut up in tombs of stone or marble. The poorer class of Romans were interred in common cemeteries, situated without the walls; for, by a similar wise and salutary law to that which prevailed in most other countries, it was strictly forbidden to bury within the precincts of the city. This dangerous and disgusting practice had been followed with the worst consequences during the days of the Republic; but after

* In order to add to the funeral pomp, several *empty* biers were frequently carried in the procession. At the obsequies of Marcellus there were six hundred biers, at those of Sylla two hundred and ten; to bear the former it required 3,600 men, to bear the latter 1,260! The pall-bearers were not always of the same class. Numa was carried by Equestrians, crowned; Paulus Æmelius, by Ligurian, Macedonian, and Spanish youths; Lucullus, by noble boys; Menenius Agrippa, by Plebeians; Metellus Macedonicus, by his four sons, two of whom had triumphed; Sylla, by vestals; Cesar, by magistrates; Drusus, by captains and illustrious citizens; Augustus, by senators; Tiberius, by soldiers; Alexander Severus, or rather his ashes, by consuls; those of Germanicus, by tribunes and centurions; those of Nero and Domitian, by nurses and concubines.—*Guasco.*

the passing of the *Twelve Tables*, no one had the privilege of city-sepulture except emperors, vestals, and a few illustrious individuals. As soon as a Roman sepulchre was closed, a small altar was raised before it, upon which were burnt myrrh, frankincense, and other aromatic spices. Flowers were then strewed over, and placed round the tomb, and finally there was planted near it a cypress, as a sign to all to approach the spot with respect and reverence. The flowers which were used to decorate the tomb besides the rose, were the violet, the lily, the dog's-grass, the saffron, the myrtle, and several other flowers and herbs. While these were the *immediate* obsequies which were observed by the Romans, there were other ceremonies of respect toward the dead which took place at stated periods of the year. During the *Parental* feast, for instance, sacrifices were regularly offered up at the sepulchres to secure, as it was imagined, the friendship of departed spirits. On certain other days also, the whole family of a deceased parent met at his tomb to see his living representative strew flowers over his sepulchre.* Such were the pious offices which

* It was the duty of every heir to strew flowers over the grave of his predecessor. In neglect of this, he forfeited the whole or the greater part of his heritage. Several testators required that their tombs should be crowned annually with flowers. Sometimes the rich planted or purchased gardens in the neighbourhood of their sepulchre, for the express purpose of enabling their heirs to apply their produce to this service of the tomb. The following lines from *Statius* and *Juvenal* show the prevailing feeling on this matter:

> Nec blandus Amor nec Gratia cessat
> Amplexum niveos optatæ conjugis artus
> Floribus innumeris, ei olenti spargere tymbra.—*Statius.*
> Spirantesque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver.—*Juvenal.*

Cicero disapproved of the sepulchre of Cataline being adorned with

the feeling and the religion of the Roman people prescribed; but there were others occasionally practised, the offspring of pride and wickedness, over which humanity would fain cast the mantle of oblivion. We allude to the feasts, spectacles, and games that were latterly established in the Capital, to celebrate the memory of men who would have been more honoured by imitating their virtues, or by avoiding their vices. The horrible and sanguinary combats of gladiators, which, in its days of degeneracy, the nation added to its funeral rites, were as revolting to humanity as they were in hostility to the touching tenderness and passionate sensibility of their primitive sepulchral ceremonies. If the Romans thus attended conscientiously to the celebration of funeral ceremonies, they were no less careful of the appearance of their burial places. The tombs of the early Romans were in strict conformity with the austere simplicity of their national manners; but no sooner had the invincible sons of Mars enriched themselves with the spoils of Asia and Africa, and acquired from the Greeks a love of pomp and a taste for art, than they erected splendid tombs and magnificent mausoleums. The remains of many of those even at this day arrest attention and excite wonder; for, whether we gaze on the pyramid of Caius Cestus, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the sepulchre of Cesar, and the mausoleum of Adrian, or wander among the funeral relics which alone break the barren and deserted borders of the Appian, the

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flowers, on the plea that he who had proved himself such an enemy to his country, was not entitled to so high an honour.

Flaminian, the Aurelian, and the Salarian Ways, we must be equally struck with admiration of the wealth and magnificence of the Roman people, and of the pious reverence with which they consecrated the ashes of their "mighty dead."*

To this slight and rapid sketch of the funeral customs of those ancient nations whose story is best known to the world, might easily be added an account of those of their contemporaries. Among the sculptured sarcophagi and sepulchral monuments of ETRURIA, for example, we could exhibit the most convincing proof, that no nation ever surpassed that people in the solemnity of the last duties paid to departed worth and greatness. The Catacombs of SYRACUSE also might be pointed to, as giving the clearest idea of the immense extent of that once powerful city; for of all her remaining monuments, they alone have conveyed to the world an idea of the high pinnacle of wealth and grandeur from which she has fallen. The *Franks* originally issuing from the forests of Germany, might be likewise instanced as a people anxious about the honour paid to the dead.†

* *Dandolo*, in his "Lettere su Roma e Napoli," when writing of the funeral monuments of the former mistress of the world, thus truly exclaims: "Roma, che altro è ella mai se non un vasto cimitero? Che altro v'è in essa di veramente grande se non i sepolcri?"—*Milano*, 1826.

† The *Franks* being unacquainted with any other pleasure, save that of war, and placing, as they did, the supreme happiness of a future life in an endless round of military exercises, it followed that they generally buried the armed knight and his war horse in one grave. The tomb of *Childeric* which was discovered in the neighbourhood of Tournai, in 1655, proves this, as well as what Tacitus says, regarding the sepulchral rites of the early Germans. *Sir Thomas Browne* in his *Hydriotaphia*, states, that in the monument of Childeric, there was found "much gold

But enough has been said to prove what was intended, that a profound respect for the dead and for the manner of their sepulture, belong to the earliest ages of the world, and that they have been practically exemplified by every ancient nation. That the moderns have not been less zealous than their predecessors in their veneration for the mortal remains of humanity, and that the nations which have arrived at the highest pitch of refinement, have merely modified that veneration in conformity with their peculiar manners, customs, and mode of worship, will be now our object shortly to prove.

The introduction and progress of CHRISTIANITY, while it put to flight the barbarous usages which occasionally tarnished the ceremonial of the ancients, invested the grave with additional associations of solemnity and interest. The world was by that faith first emphatically told, that the spirit was in a future state to be indissolubly linked to its former mortal coil; it also first heard from its apostles, the blessed promises of reconciliation with heaven and of the resurrection of the body; and it hence felt a more deep anxiety about the resting-place of those whose slumbers was so solemnly and impressively declared to be but temporary! The splendour of the CATHOLIC funeral service requires no comment from us. It has been practised for centuries by many of the most civilized nations of the world, and, although, in our opinion, it might prove more morally effective by

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adorning his sword, 200 rubies, many hundred imperial coins, nd 300 golden beads."

becoming less gorgeous, still it is demonstrative of the highest veneration and affection toward the dead. A catholic cemetery is always deemed a sacred spot, and while it not unfrequently serves as a place of retreat and of solace to mourning individuals, it at the same time proves the minister of religion and the advocate of virtue —a monitor to the wicked, and an encourager of the good!

The funeral ceremonies of the PROTESTANTS differ according to the sect to which they belong, or the country where the religion is practised. There is a simplicity, however, about them all which is highly commendable; an imposing solemnity and touching appearance of piety, which feelingly bespeaks the hope of a resurrection and the glories of another life. In GERMANY, in SWITZERLAND, in HOLLAND, how sacred, yet how simple are their cemeteries, and in the rural unsophisticated districts of ENGLAND, how neat, how touching, and how eloquent are her churchyards.*

* The elegant and affecting custom of decking the churchyard, once so generally practised throughout England, as evinced in the allusions made to it in the works of Shakespeare, Camden, Evelyn, and Stanley, is, we are happy to think, beginning again to manifest itself there in all its former warmth and simplicity; and that too, strange to tell, amid its more peopled districts. We refer to the splendid cemeteries that have been lately established at Liverpool, Manchester, and London. In the several churchyards near the banks of the lovely Lake Leman, is to be seen one of the simplest, but perhaps most touching tokens of respect towards the dead. The sepulchral soil is covered with flowering periwinkles, of which every inhabitant in the neighbourhood deems it his sacred duty to take care. This flower, the emblem of their grief, renews daily its blossoms. The snow and the frost even respect this simple ornament of the churchyard, and hence, in the depth of winter,

The opinion of the MAHOMETANS that this world is only a *Caravansera*, where man rests on his passage to another, has produced among that widely diffused people, not only the greatest anxiety about their dead, but likewise a respect for their graves, altogether unparalleled in modern times. The belief too, that the released soul wings its way instantly to the sepulchre, and there remains in sorrow till its former mortal coil be consigned to the earth, has given rise to the practice of an almost immediate burial of the dead, wherever the laws of the Koran prevail. In accordance with the general custom of the East, Moorish cemeteries are uniformly placed without the city and along the principal high-ways, and although not surrounded by walls, as in Europe, they are, notwithstanding, never profaned by the inroads of the thoughtless or the giddy.* The grave of the Mussulman is merely covered with earth and elevated above the level of the soil. The sepulchre of the rich is marked by two triangular pieces of marble placed vertically at the two extremities of the grave. That of the poor, by two plinths of polished stone. Upon these are inscribed the name and quality of the deceased, with now and then a short and striking distich.† Turkish

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as well as in the height of summer, does the warmth of friendship seem to pervade this "*green Background of life!*"

* So great has the respect for the sepulchre been held among the Moors, that we find the Moslem emperors, particularly Selim, after the conquest of Egypt, on returning to the Holy Land and seeing the tombs of the Christian princes in Jerusalem, which, under Godfrey of Bouillon, recovered that country from the Mahometans, prohibited their violation.—*Clarke's Trav. vol. iv. p.* 343.

† The Sultans have their sepulchres distinct and separate from the

cemeteries are invariably embellished with trees, shrubs, and flowers. There, the Linden, the Oak, the Sycamore, the Elm, and the Cypress, overshadow the wide extended field of the dead, where each has his own grave and each his own tombstone. There, around each sepulchre spring the myrtle, the box, and the yew. There, no poisonous hemlock, nor noxious weed, is permitted to grow, but in their stead are seen blossoming the most fragrant and beautiful flowers; while not unfrequently the air is refreshed by a rippling stream or a gushing fountain. Every Friday, relatives and friends pay a visit to the grave of those whose memory they hold dear, in the faith, that on that day the spirit of the departed hovers around the tomb, and on such occasions, the girl, the boy, and the old man, are regularly seen in the act of cultivating flowers, and perhaps not unfrequently, as Bertolotti has said, "mingling their tears of unexhausted grief with the dew of heaven!"*

On proceeding toward the East, we still find the same veneration manifested for the departed. Among the higher castes of the HINDOOS, it has led to a blind excess of devotion, altogether revolting to humanity—a

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Mosque, in sanctuaries built by themselves, or in places which they have indicated. Their tombs are exceedingly simple. The Moors do not imitate the ostentation of the Europeans, whose superb monuments are raised rather to gratify living pride than departed merit.—*Chenier Récherches Histor. sur les Maures.*

* In the environs of Constantinople, Smyrna, Bursa, and Cairo, the fields occupied by the dead are of prodigious extent. It is believed that the dead in the East, and particularly in Turkey, occupy as much, or perhaps more ground, than the living.—*Annali Mussulmani, Milano*, 1822.

devotion, however, which, happily, is daily becoming more rare. In CHINA, too, where the customs of the inhabitants have for so many ages remained the same, there is the strictest care taken of the spots devoted to sepulture. These are generally at some distance from towns, and as often as the nature of the country will admit of it, are placed on eminences. The tombs of Mandarins and other illustrious individuals, are always put in a conspicuous situation, are frequently superb, and are uniformly shaded by pines and cypresses. Those of a lower class, are, for the most part, in their own garden.* And here, it may not be uninteresting to notice a very singular custom connected with the dead, which universally prevails throughout the Celestial Empire. In every Chinese house there is a separate and secret place, which is held sacred for the pious recollection of the departed. This is designated the "*Ancestral Chamber*," and thither on particular days the family repair, and with devout invocations call upon the shades of their deceased relatives. Seats and tables are prepared and arranged. There, the invisible spirits of the dead are supposed to place themselves, and the family, under the impression of their actual presence, experience not that gloomy horror which the appearance of a phantom would inspire, but the delicious thrill occasioned by the temporary return of friends and relatives whose absence has been long lamented.†

* Chinese sepulchres are kept exceedingly white, and are built generally in the form of a horse-shoe. The family name is usually inscribed on the principal stone.—*Encyclopedie des Sciences, &c. tome* 15.

† The eloquent author of "*Amore e i Sepolcri*," thus exclaims, when alluding to this curious Chinese custom: "Sublime convegno dove i morti

Were it not certain that we should fatigue the reader by entering into further details upon this subject, it would not be difficult to show that the feeling of reverence for the dead is not confined to civilized nations, but pervades those which have been and are still accounted savage. We shall merely claim the indulgence of giving one other simple and touching example of this fact; an example, however, which exhibits the sentiments of even the most obscure and unlettered tribes of man. The chiefs of a horde of North American Indians, on being asked by the deputies of an European nation, to exchange one portion of their ancient territory for another that was designed for them, thus affectingly replied to the cruel and unfeeling demand, "If we quit our natal soil, what will the spirits of our Fathers think? Can we say to their ashes, arise and follow us? You feel that that is impossible!"

Such is a very transient *coup d'œil* of what man has throughout the world performed towards the manes of his brother: it now more particularly behoves us to ask, how the obsequies and the tombs of the dead are attended to among ourselves, and to inquire whether a more respectful, a more touching, and a more sanatory mode of sepulture than that which is now practised, might not be adopted, among a people whose faith is so pure, and whose minds are so enlightened?

That there is any people in the world among whom

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si uniscono ai vivi! Consolante illusione, che ci fa ritrovare ancora gli amici cui l'estrema ora ci ha tolto!"

the last offices which man is called to bestow upon his fellow, are more affectionately paid or more solemnly performed than in Scotland, we not only do not admit, but most solemnly deny. Honourable is it indeed, in the very highest degree, to the character of our countrymen, that as yet they are exempted from that high pitch of heartless refinement, which commands the remains of our best and dearest friend to be consigned to the dust by the hand of strangers, or to be wept for by the wretched mockery of hired mourners;

> "The sable tribe that painful watch
> The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
> By letting out their persons by the hour,
> To mimic sorrow where the heart's not sad."

Happy is it for our land, that nature is still permitted there to plead her own cause and to follow her own tender sympathies, and that most of our countrymen, as yet, feel that to assist at the sad obsequies of a friend, and to follow his mortal remains to their last lone resting-place is the most sacred debt due to affection and friendship—the most solemn demonstration he can give of affectionate respect for the memory of his departed companion. But when the grave is closed, and the wonted period prescribed for outward mourning is past, there are in Scotland no farther honours paid to the memory of the dead. The relative and friend, after the melancholy ceremonial of the funeral is completed, may perhaps drop a tear over the spoiled turf, or pour forth in the bitterness of their woe, a secret prayer to heaven, but the tomb is locked—the cemetery is left, and they never dream of returning thither till called upon to

perform the same sad office to another. A sister's tomb, instead of being a spot where "violets spring," is overgrown with nettles and poisonous hemlock, and the last cradle of the little innocent, instead of being occasionally wet with the tears of its mourning parents, is left to be watered with the dew of heaven!

It is a melancholy truth, that while the cemeteries of every ancient and modern nation have boasted something that has wooed, and still occasionally woos, thither the most cynical of our race, the cineral depots of Scotland, and particularly those of Glasgow, have, from their neglected state, fairly banished from their bounds even those in whose bosoms the tender feelings of affection and sympathy hold a paramount sway. Here, the chief characteristics of the churchyard are, the noxious weed, the broken tombstone, and the defaced inscription; and hence, the sepulchre, instead of proving, as it does elsewhere, either the solemn and affecting shrine of devotion, or the resort and consolation to weeping individuals, is little better than a disgusting charnel-house avoided by general consent, as if infected with a pestilence, and calculated even when entered to call forth rather the feelings of aversion and disgust, than of sympathy and sorrow.*

* While we thus condemn the careless and slovenly manner in which places of sepulture are at present kept in Scotland, we feel it as an act of justice due to the memory of our ancestors of the olden time, that we exempt them from any part of the censure contained in the preceding remarks. The decay of that respectful veneration for the repositories of the dead may be said, with justice, to have commenced immediately after the Reformation, when the eyes of Scotsmen first became familiarized with the ruins of ecclesiastical establishments. In ancient times the regard that was paid to cemeteries in Scotland was at least equal to

To the mansions of the dead, under such circumstances, we consequently never think of retiring either with the view of solemnizing and improving our hearts

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that displayed by any other nation. This fact is sufficiently apparent, not only from the records of the country, but also from the fragments of crosses, tombstones, and other monumental remains, which are occasionally found in the more ancient of our places of interment. The little consecrated island of Iona, for example, was at one time perhaps unrivalled in Europe for the number and grandeur of her sepulchral embellishments. Upwards of 300 crosses, erected by the principal families in the kingdom, and formed of the most beautiful workmanship, extended from the east to the west side of the island, while within the enclosed boundary of *Relig-oran;* a place set apart for persons of the highest distinction, there appeared among the splendid cenotaphs of the kings and chiefs of the Isles, three small handsome chapels belonging to the Royal houses of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, built in the form of tombs, and having tablets of marble inserted in the walls, bearing the following inscriptions—" Tumulus Regum Scotiæ," " Tumulus Regum Hyberniæ," and " Tumulus Regum Norwegiæ." These little chapels existed in the above condition in the year 1549, and contained, according to the account of an eye-witness, the bodies of 48 Kings of Scotland, 4 of Ireland, and 8 who had wielded the sceptre of Norway. The place where these stood can still be pointed out, and their foundations, with a little care, may be distinctly traced. It is painful to reflect on the paltry trifle which might have preserved these interesting mausoleums in their original state, and it may also form a subject of regret that a family possessing domains of princely extent should have so little of the *amor patriæ* in its composition as to allow the only monument of the ancient kings of their country (many of whom were their immediate benefactors,) to *crumble* piece-meal to the dust without making a single effort to arrest the hand of the spoiler. Even the wall that formerly surrounded *Relig-oran* exists no longer, and the ashes of heroic virtue and departed royalty are recklessly abandoned to the hoofs of cattle and the foot of every unclean and creeping thing. The interior of the Cathedral also exhibited a gorgeous array of monuments erected to the memory of the more wealthy among the ecclesiastics, many of whom expended sums during their lives in the decoration of their tombs. Among the most conspicuous of those which still remain is that of John M'Kinnon, Abbot of Iona, who died, according to the inscription, in the year 1500—it is truly a rich and elegant piece of sculpture, and does credit to the state of the Arts at that period. It is said that the letters

by the remembrance of the departed, or of having our feelings of pleasure connected with the images of those who were accustomed to share them. Strange, that a people justly esteemed the most pious in the world, and who are jealous in the very highest degree of the slightest violence being offered to the receptacles of their dead, should be so careless about their external appearance, and so universally neglectful of giving honours to the

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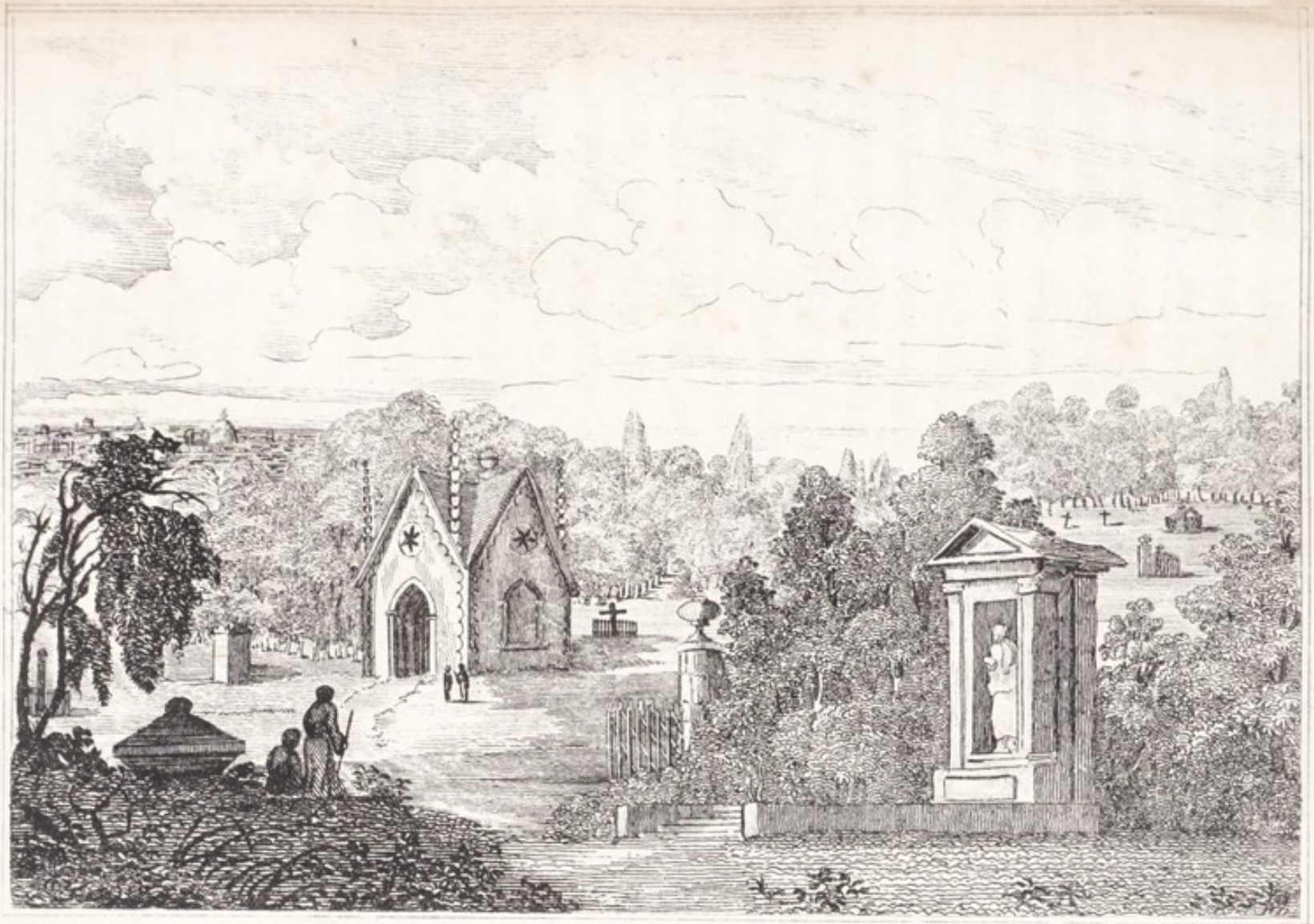
composing the inscription were originally run full of melted silver, which, being kept always bright by frequent and careful cleaning, produced a most brilliant appearance, particularly when the rays of the sun fell upon it. The precious metal, however, was too great a temptation to escape the rude hands of the reformers. The monument in its present dilapidated state may be still seen near the site of the high altar. In referring to the subject as connected with our own country, perhaps some of our readers may be gratified to learn a few particulars respecting the mausoleum and funeral rites of the "Bruce of Bannockburn," a name to be held in everlasting remembrance among Scotsmen. Fortunately, from the correctness with which the chancellor's accounts of that period were kept, we are made acquainted with a number of facts respecting the magnificence, as well as the expense, of his funeral. The mausoleum appears to have been the production of French artists, from the finest of the Italian marbles, and was sent by Bruges through England to Dunfermline, a safe convey having been granted by the King of England for the purpose. From fragments that have been found near the spot where it stood, it appears to have been pure white, and the ornamental parts of it elegantly chiselled into various small compartments resembling Gothic arches; these were very tastefully overlaid with gold, and there is reason to believe that this part of the finishing was done after its arrival in Scotland, from the circumstances of eleven hundred gilt leaves and six hundred half leaves, with paper and a box to hold them, being bought at Newcastle and York, most probably from the Jews. The precaution of having the work finished in Scotland was no doubt taken for the purpose of avoiding the risk of its being injured on the way, and the French workmen in all likelihood accompanied their production to Dunfermline. If the reader wishes to enlarge his acquaintanceship with this subject, he will find some interesting information regarding the expenses of Bruce's funeral, &c. in *Dr. Jamieson's Notes* to Barbour's Life of Bruce.

remains of the departed worth which they contain! Where is it, would we ask, that the innate desire which is felt in every bosom to live in the recollection of his companions—the pleasing hope that even while a partaker of an enduring inheritance he may still be a remembered denizen of this fleeting world, is more likely to be realized than at the spot where his ashes are laid? Where is it that the "*Extincta amabitur*," such as Cicero professed to his daughter Tullia, and which is still the pledge of friendship offered at the couch of the dying, is more likely to be experienced in all its force and all its purity, than at the tomb where all that remains of worth and loveliness is lying?* Where is it, indeed, that the heart is likely to be so feelingly moved, or the memory to be so powerfully roused, as at a parent's grave, or at a sister's tomb? A lock of hair may prove perhaps a sufficiently touching talisman of woe, but the simple floweret which annually blooms upon the grave, will lead the wailing heart to the anticipation of that joyful period when the inmate of the tomb, and his mourning successor, shall be united never again to part, and flourish together in permanent and unfading glory!

That Scottish church-yards, and particularly those attached to cities and towns, are, with few exceptions,

* Servius Sulpicius, in attempting to console the Roman orator for the loss of his daughter, writes thus, "How many flourishing cities are now no more, and how, said I to myself, when in the midst of them can I think that a man will allow himself to be so much affected by the loss of a child!" This just and philosophical reflection consoled not the father of Tullia; over woe, like that which Cicero experienced, reason had no control. For some curious facts connected with the Orator's grief, see article *Tullia* in *Bayle's Dictionary*.

little else than vast fields of the dead, which, instead of possessing any thing attractive, have every thing of an opposite nature, will scarcely be denied by any one who has ever entered their precincts. How different, however, are the feelings experienced on wandering through the neat and well-kept sepulchres which are to be met with in England and Wales, or the still more striking burial grounds of Switzerland and France? Who, for example, that has ever visited the romantic cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, would not wish that there were, in this, our native land, some more attractive spot dedicated to the reception of the dead, than those vast fields of rude stones and ruder hillocks, to which we are ever and anon called, when attending the obsequies of a kinsman or companion, that in fact there were here some such garden cemetery as that in the neighbourhood of Paris, whither the widowed heart might occasionally resort to hold spiritual communion with the departed partner of earthly joy or woe—whither the weeping orphan might at times repair, to recal the worth and the virtues of his beloved parent. Within the extensive and delightfully variegated enclosure alluded to, situated on Mount Louis, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, that all the disagreeable sensations which are here coupled with a churchyard, are dispelled by the beauty of the garden, the variety of its walks, by the romantic nature of its situation, and, above all, by the commanding view of Paris and its environs which it affords. In that vast grove of the dead, each has his own grave, and each his own mausoleum. In place of the clumsy mound or large white stone, that so generally covers the ashes of our



Cemetery of Père La Chaise

countrymen, is to be found a little flower-garden, surrounded by cedar, spruce, cypress and yew trees, round which the rose and the honeysuckle are seen entwining, while, instead of a solitary and deserted church-yard, the eye meets at every turn with some pensive or kneeling figure weeping over the remains of a relative, or worshipping his God at the tomb of excellence and virtue.* Amid the green glades and gloomy cypresses which surround and overshadow the vast variety of sepulchral ornaments of *Père La Chaise*, the contemplative mind is not only impressed with sentiments of solemn sublimity and religious awe, but with those of the most tender and heart-affecting melancholy. Vain man is recalled from the distracting turbulence and folly of the world, to the salutary recollection "of that undiscovered country from which no traveller returns." The gay and the giddy are reminded that their "gibes and jokes" must ere while for ever cease, and are led to reflect that they too must die; and as "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better," the religious man instructed on the narrowness of the boundary which separates him from those who were the "sun and centre" of his nearest and dearest regards on

* The most common burial places, and perhaps the most affecting in this cemetery, consist of a square or parallelogram of ground, of about three or four yards broad, enclosed by a neat little railing of iron or wicker-work. Within this spot, there is always either a sepulchral urn, a small pillar, or a cross, to tell the name and the quality of him who lies below. The remaining portion is filled with flowers and embellished with pots of rare plants. The more ambitious monuments consist of obelisks, pyramids, temples and marble sarcophagi, decorated with figures and *basso relievi*, while a third consist of crypts and family sepulchres in some degree similar to those of ancient Rome.

earth, looks forward not only without fear, but with joy and exultation, to the period when that boundary being for ever broken down, they shall, in their happy experience, find that as they were loving and beloved in their lives, "in their deaths they were not divided." In the mazes of *Père La Chaise*, we feel walking as in the porch of eternity, and our heart is at once impressed with a sense of the evanescence and the value of time. There, the instability of all human affairs is emphatically and eloquently taught by the dread silence of the tomb, and unequivocally beheld in the mere change which a few years have produced on the garden itself; for within the stately mansion, whose ruins are now on every side surrounded by melancholy tombs, did the favourite Confessor of Louis XIV. the most powerful and most persecuting Jesuit of his time, erst pass his hours of pastime and of pleasure, and the disciples of Jansenius and Molina now repose in freedom and in peace in that place to which, when alive, they did not dare even to approach; while the fierce disputes which they mutually excited throughout the christian world, are fallen, like themselves, into neglect and oblivion!*

In Scotland it is of every day occurrence, to find the lie given to the most pompous monuments, a few months after their erection, by the moss overgrowing and ob-

* It is from this Confessor, *Père La Chaise*, that the cemetery derives its appellation. By an edict in 1804, prohibiting burial in churches and inhabited places, the garden and pleasure-grounds of the late Confessor were converted into a burial-ground, chiefly for those persons of a higher circle, who could afford to purchase a grave, and rear a monument, and at this moment the whole of this extensive enclosure is nearly covered with tombs and monuments.

scuring the epitaph which vows and intends unceasing remembrance of the dead. In the cemetery of Mount Louis, however, the feeling of recollection is exemplified to live a very long time after the engraving of the sepulchral stone, and the wonted period prescribed to outward mourning. It is there the custom for surviving friends to visit the tombs of their relatives, and, as a token of recollection and respect to their memory, to weave a garland of flowers, and hang it on their monument. At every turn the eye is arrested by the tender proof of some late friendly visitation. Flowers, as yet fresh and unfaded, are seen scattered over the not yet verdant sod. The greenhouse myrtle flourishes in the *Parterre*, dedicated to affection and love, the chaste Forget-me-not, blooms over the ashes of a faithful friend, the green laurel shades the cenotaph of the hero, and the drooping willow, planted by the hand of the orphan, weeps over the grave of the parent. Every thing is there tasteful, classical, poetical, and eloquent. In that asylum of death, there is nothing found save that which should touch the heart, or soothe the afflicted soul, nothing save that which should awaken tender recollections or excite religious feelings. In one word, the cemetery of *Père La Chaise* is the spot, of all others, dedicated to the genius of memory, and the one where a more powerful sermon is daily preached, than ever fell from the lips of a Fenelon, a Masillon, or a Bossuet.*

* On the heights of Mount Louis, the bodies of the people of every nation, of every condition, of every age, and of every religion, are found congregated. The Russ sleeps next to the Spaniard, the Protestant next the Catholic, the Jew next the Turk. Individuals the most dissimilar

It is a singular fact, that the most sublime thoughts of man have almost always sprung from under the weight of affliction. It was in the presence of death, it may be said, that Cicero composed his "Treatise on the Nature of the Gods," that Montaigne wrote his first and most powerful chapters, and that Gray conceived and penned his immortal Elegy. It was in the prospect of a scaffold, that Sir Walter Rawleigh completed his "History of the World," and it was when he stood on the very verge of time, that he produced some of his most affecting verses. It was while bewailing the death of a fond mother, and for the pious purpose of raising money necessary to defray the expense of her funeral, that Johnson wrote his Rasselas; and it was while wandering through the magnificent cemetery of Bologna, whither, during his sojourn, Byron almost daily bent his footsteps, that the noble Poet cherished the powerful fancy, which in his dreams of "Darkness," conjured from their tombs the spirits of the past, and introduced the living to the generations with whom they are destined ere long to be actually associated!* The presence of death, indeed, while it seems invested with the power of summoning the dormant intellect into extraordinary activity, and of extracting from the hardest heart the purest and most refined strains of sensibility, is calculated at the same time to remind the subject of its influence, how soon he

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when alive, in faith, in feeling, in practice, are here reconciled amid the peacemaking dust of the sepulchre.

* To D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors," the reader is referred for many curious instances of what we have alluded to.

may become the inspirer of similar feelings and powers in the mind of another. How often do we find, that it is at the bedside of a dying brother, that his fellow pours forth his first prayer for mercy and forgiveness. How often is it when gazing at the glazed eye and mute lip of a bosom companion, that the first sincere concern about a future world is entertained. How often is it when in the act of lowering the remains of youth and beauty to its dark and dreary abode, that a man first truly feels that death *must* be his portion, and that to meet the fearful doom with hope and happiness, he must forthwith make up his peace with heaven. Transient as those feelings unfortunately are, is it not to be regretted that they should not be more frequently awakened and rendered more permanent and effective upon our life, by such means as are made use of at the cemetery of *Père La Chaise*, or that we in Scotland, from the disgusting aspect of our churchyards, should be debarred, as we undoubtedly are, from indulging in that religious meditation and heavenly communing, which an occasional visit to the tombs of our friends and relatives would so naturally engender? We would ask, for example, any one who has ever wandered into the mighty cineral depot which surrounds the Glasgow Cathedral, or into the crowded sepulchre which lies in the very centre of that city, whether he did not feel his heart shrink from

"The churchyard ground with bones all black and ugly grown,"

and ardently long that those dreary receptacles could be metamorphosed into grassy glades, the contemplation of

whose verdant freshness might form a pleasing contrast to the thought of the faded forms and mouldering ashes that slept within their gloomy precincts? We know that every feeling heart will at once answer in the affirmative. But the question arises, how is such a change to be accomplished? Could *the North-west* and *Blackfriars* burying grounds, for instance, be made to undergo such a conversion? Certainly not. But might not the graves be at least kept free from outward filth and rubbish, the tombs kept clean and painted, and the monuments and inscriptions be preserved from idle mutilation? Would it not be, at least, more decorous and becoming, to find that the last resting-places of those who have preceded us in the world, were a little more respected than they are at this moment, and that the monuments erected to the memory of celebrated men, were less frequently beheld crumbling into ruin without a descendant's hand being stretched forth to save them from final destruction?* A cemetery placed within the boundaries of a town, even under the most favourable circumstances, has, however, always been considered a nuisance; but a Scottish sepulchre, every square yard of which contains not only piles of mouldering bodies, but a profusion of rank and noxious weeds, situated in the very core of a populous and crowded city, can be considered as little better than a generator of plague and

* *Bocaccio* has well said, that the tombs of great men should either be unknown, or should correspond in magnificence with their fame. If this be recollected by any one who makes a pilgrimage to the *College churchyard*, how horrified will he be to behold the classical epitaphs of men memorable for science and learning, generally illegible, while their tombs are lying in a state of neglect and dilapidation.

pestilence. The baneful effects which arose from city sepulture in the ancient mistress of the world, produced the salutary law against burial within the walls of Rome. The disease which was begotten in Paris by the pestilential effluvia of crowded crypts and confined churchyards, occasioned the removal of the bones of ten generations to the catacombs, and suggested the idea of the garden cemetery of *Père La Chaise.** And is it not to be hoped, that ere any serious consequences may result from that constant piling up of bodies within the precincts of Glasgow, there may be some more sanatory mode of sepulture adopted, and that some scheme at once in accordance with what we owe no less to the sacred ashes of the dead than to the health of the living, may be contrived to free that city from the sepulchral nuisances which now abound within it.†

* The insalubrity arising from the vast accumulation of human bodies, particularly in the churchyard of the *Innocents* at Paris, forced the Government to shut it up. This was effected in 1785, when the Council of State ordered the cemetery, which had existed since the year 1186, to be converted into a *Place Publique.* The bones of the men of many centuries were immediately transported to the catacombs which had been prepared to receive them. The transportation took place always at the close of day, in funeral carts covered with palls, and followed by priests in surplices, chaunting the service of the dead. Several other burial grounds in that city were successively cleared in the same way, and the remains carried to the same destination. At length, in 1790, a decree of the National Assembly ordered all the towns and villages in France to abandon their ancient cemeteries and form new ones, and, at the same time, forbade any interment in churches. It has been confidently asserted, that there lie at this moment, in the vast ossuary of the catacombs, the bones of between two and three millions of human beings.

† *Dr. Cleland,* in his zeal for the public good, has again brought forward a scheme which he entertained some years ago, of converting the whole burying-ground of St. David's into "one grand vaulted cemetery, similar to the crypt of that church, the spandrils or upper sides of the

To attempt beautifying the crowded receptacles of the dead in the Western Metropolis, any farther than keeping them neat and clean, would, we conceive, be scarcely possible, but we rejoice to think, that Glasgow has it now in her power to obtain a cemetery free from the objections which attend city sepulchres, and replete with all the advantages which are connected with the pleasure-grounds of the late Confessor of Louis.*

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ground arches to be paved, and the area or square thus formed, to be used for public purposes." It occurs to us that a better plan, if it were at all practicable, would be to shut up this place altogether as a spot of sepulture, and to give to the proprietors equivalent ground in some equally good but more suitable and sanatory situation, whither the bones of their ancestors and friends might be, without much difficulty, carefully transported. The ashes of several Glasgow families have been of late removed from the cemetery into crypts, and why might they not be removed from one churchyard to another? We are fully aware, however, of the difficulties which must necessarily arise from carrying a scheme of this kind into effect; but if any alteration is to take place on St. David's burying ground, we must own that we would prefer this plan to that of our indefatigable friend Dr. Cleland. The just objections which have been raised against crowded churchyards in cities, we suspect, apply more powerfully against crowded crypts in a similar situation.

* It seems somewhat strange, that our countrymen who show such comparative indifference to their last resting-places at home, should be so much alive to their outward decoration abroad. There are perhaps in the world no cemeteries more beautiful, more tasteful, or more affecting, than those of the English at *Leghorn*, *Nice*, and *Rome*. The former placed beyond the walls of the city, lies amid vineyards and gardens, and is adorned with cypresses and weeping willows. When we visited, several years ago, that cemetery, there were already many hundred marble monuments raised to the memory of those wandering Britons, who, in their vain search for a sanatory sky, had here left the last traces of their footsteps. Among the many sarcophagi, cippi, urns, obelisks, and pyramids, which mark the graves of a peculiar nation in a strange land, our eye fell upon a plain slab that spoke the name of a school companion. We had parted with him but a few months before at home, full of youthful hope—we here beheld that hope blasted! Sad destiny to die among strangers. Well

There has assuredly been no scheme lately suggested connected with the improvement of Glasgow, which we humbly conceive to be more entitled to the consideration, the good wishes, and the support of all who can forward it, than the one which is now seriously entertained, of converting the *Fïr Park* into a garden cemetery, peculiarly dedicated to those who can afford to purchase a grave and rear a monument. The eligibility of this spot for a place of sepulture, similar to that which has been so justly admired by all who have ever wandered beyond the *Barrière D'Aulnay*, is peculiarly striking, and provided its capabilities be taken advantage of with the taste and the judgment which such a happy conception deserves, cannot fail to prove one of the noblest ornaments of Glasgow.

In point of situation, the ground belonging to the Merchants' House of Glasgow, bears, in fact, no small resemblance to that of Mount Louis. Its surface, like

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might the mournful epitaph of the Roman be affixed to our young friend's tombstone: "*Parentes infelicissimi, filio infelicissimo!*" Of the Protestant cemetery of Rome, situated near the tomb of Caius Cestius, *Rogers* thus speaks in his *Italy*, "It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets, and the pyramid that overshadows it gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land, and they, for the most part, your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them. It is itself a stranger among strangers. It has stood there till the language spoken round about has changed, and the shepherd born at the foot can read its inscription no longer." The Cardinal *Gonsalvi* lately showed his hatred to Protestantism, by decreeing that no more trees and shrubs should be planted in this cemetery. Such paltry spleen was scarcely to be expected from even the blindest disciple of Loyola!

it, is broken and varied, its form is picturesque and romantic, and its position appropriate and commanding. It is already beautified with venerable trees and young shrubbery, it is possessed of several winding walks, and affords from almost every point, the most splendid views of the city and neighbourhood. The singular diversity, too, of its soil and substrata, proclaims it to be, of all other spots, the most eligible for a cemetery, calculated, as that should be, for every species of sepulture, and suitable as it is for every sort of sepulchral ornament. The individual, for example, who might wish for the burial of patriarchal times, could there obtain a last resting-place in the hollow of the rock, or could sleep in the security of a sandstone sepulchre, while he who is anxious to mix immediately with his kindred clay could have his grave either in a grassy glade, or his tomb beneath the shadow of some flowering shrub. The crypt and catacomb, too, might be there judiciously constructed on the steep face of the hill, while the heights might be appropriately set apart for the cenotaphs and monuments of those who might gain a public testimonial of respect or admiration from their grateful countrymen. Although, in respect of extent, the *Fir Park* itself bears no comparison to the former pleasure-grounds of the French Confessor, it is satisfactory to know, that in the event of the scheme proving successful, a portion of the adjoining property belonging to the Merchants' House could be easily and advantageously added, and thus a cemetery at length might be formed that would even cope with its splendid prototype.*

* The *Fir Park* contains about 5½ acres, while the cemetery of *Père La Chaise* boasts of from 60 to 80.

Without attempting, in the least degree, to trench on the province of those who may at the present moment be busied with plans for converting the *Fir Park* into a public cemetery, the writer of those pages would here humbly offer a few desultory hints connected with this project, which perhaps may be found not altogether useless to those who shall be called upon to decide on the value of the various plans that may be submitted for their consideration.*

The first and leading question then, which it seems necessary to settle is, what sum will the proprietors of the ground be inclined to lay out toward the attainment of the public object in view? Upon the solution of this primary point, in fact, hinges in a great measure the style of the cemetery, and the value of the suggestions which may be offered. If a limited sum can only be afforded, it is evident that a magnificent architectural design would be quite out of the question, while if, on the other hand, a handsome amount will be advanced, the plan, which unites elegance and taste, might and ought to be preferred. It has always appeared to us, however, that while the Directors of the charitable Institution to which the ground belongs, might be perfectly warranted in risking a very considerable sum, to render a property available which, at the present moment, is found to be to it rather a burden than a benefit; still it seems questionable whether they would be entirely justified in a large expenditure of their funds in elegant, though

* It is perhaps scarcely necessary to mention here, that the Merchants' House have offered five premiums for the best plans of converting the *Fir Park* into a public cemetery.

useless decoration on a speculation which, at the best, can only be *prospectively* productive to the charity. Assuming this to be a correct view of the matter, it is evident that the plan which combines landscape beauty with economy, architectural simplicity with picturesque effect, ought to be adopted.

The second principle which ought to be fixed is, whether the security of the cemetery should be dependent on a comparatively speaking insurmountable barrier, to be erected by the present proprietors of the *Fir Park*, or whether that should be obtained as elsewhere, by one of the various modes of protection resorted to by the individuals who may purchase the ground. If the latter view be adopted, as we think it ought to be, then it will be merely necessary to *extend*, not wholly to *rebuild*, the wall which at present encloses the Park.*

The third principle which ought to be determined is, whether the Merchants' House purpose at the outset, as has been done at Liverpool, to excavate crypts, build catacombs, sink sepulchres, and lay off garden graves, or whether these several operations should not be left to the future purchasers who, while necessarily subjected to a proper code of regulations, may at the same time have ample scope for the exercise of individual taste, and of the various modes of expressing individual feeling. As the latter mode was the one which has been followed

* The plan of enclosing the sides of each grave with brick, covering the top of it with iron, and spreading the soil over the whole, makes any further protection almost altogether unnecessary. Besides, in a garden cemetery, the trace of the violator of the grave could be more readily discovered than in a crowded church-yard.

with such good effect at Paris, it is but desirable that it should be pursued also in Glasgow.

Upon these leading points being settled in the manner in which we think they will be, it must be apparent, that the sum necessary for converting the *Fir Park* into a garden cemetery, cannot be great, and will be found legitimately within the bounds of that safety, justice, and propriety of expenditure by which the funds of a Charitable Body ought ever to be regulated.

The first and chief expense which seems absolutely necessary to be incurred, will arise from the formation of an easy and pleasant access to the ground, and to obtain such an approach, there appears to be at least *five* very feasible modes. The *first* and cheapest would be from *Ladywell-street*, but, independent of this approach running through a particularly disagreeable and narrow lane, it would have the drawback of landing a carriage at the lowest point of the hill, an objection which, when duly weighed, will be found almost insurmountable. The *second* approach might be obtained by throwing a neat iron suspension bridge across the chasm at the foot of the street, leading between the Cathedral and the Barony Church; an approach which would land on the side of the Park, about *forty-five feet* above the level of the water in the *Dam*, and consequently would have such a hold of the hill as to make the access to all parts of it comparatively easy. The *third* approach might be got on the North side of the Cathedral, by means of a bridge thrown over near to where a public work now stands, and were this access adopted, a connexion with it and Stirling's Road might perhaps be obtained,

by which a disagreeable portion of the city would be avoided. The *fourth* approach might be obtained by carrying an avenue through the *Farm* ground of the Merchants' House, from the *Cudbear Road*, which, by an inclined sweep, would land at the very summit of the proposed cemetery, whence the access would be still more easy to every part of the ground, than by any of the other approaches.* The *fifth* approach might be made from *Duke-street*, passing through the property of *Mr. Coats*, and following nearly the course of the *Molindinar Burn*, which might be arched over, and might enter the proposed cemetery a little above the present *Lodge*, by a small bridge thrown across the *burn* at that point.† We are decidedly of opinion that, at the present moment, the *second* and *fifth* accesses would be the most eligible.

The next serious outlay required, after obtaining a suitable access, will arise from the erection of such retaining walls as are necessary for forming level and suitable places for sepulture. The first and most expensive which suggests itself, should be carried round the whole space at the head of Ladywell-street, till it reach the centre of the quarry. By raising here, a wall of

* If this approach be ever adopted, as we think it may, provided the scheme succeeds, then along the line of the approach might be raised monuments similar to those that are found on the *Appian way*.

† This approach might be made particularly picturesque, and ought to be opened up though the idea of a cemetery in the Fir Park be abandoned. The Corporation of Glasgow are particularly interested in having a road to the *Town's Mill* in this direction, and we should think that the adjoining proprietors would be inclined to co-operate with the Corporation and the Merchants' House in making this access. It would avoid the pull of the "*Bell of the Brae*" altogether.

some height, the whole of the abandoned portion of the quarry will be made level and available, along with a pretty extensive part of the adjoining ground. If such a mode be judiciously used, this portion of the Park may be made particularly suitable for the object that is proposed, while, from the precipitous rock which encloses it on the north, it will be capable of considerable embellishment at a very moderate expense. By running a belt of planting, in fact, on its eastern and southern boundary, so as to exclude the view of the houses and quarry, a very neat and interesting cemetery, from that corner alone, might be obtained. The next expensive retaining wall, and one which ought to be immediately built, is along the side of the mill *lead.* This wall should be raised at least eight feet above the level of the surface of the water, while the earth within should be made up level with its summit. By this operation, a considerable portion of ground fitted for common sepulture will be gained. Several other retaining walls, to produce similar flat or inclined spaces of ground, will be also required in different parts of the hill, and where the perpendicular or terrace of these walls acquires ten to twelve feet of height, a waving line of catacombs could, at any time, be easily and appropriately added.

In the erection of those walls and a gateway, we should think the whole architectural *desiderata* for converting *the Fir Park* into a cemetery might at first be summed up.

The outlay necessary on the landscape gardening department, we have good authority for stating, would be comparatively small. The principal expense would

arise from the formation of the roads and walks—from levelling and deepening with earth certain portions of the ground, and from the purchasing and planting of flowering shrubs and evergreens. Of forest trees there are abundance, and any *belts* that may be required, can be got from the necessary thinnings that must take place. At the point where the entrance is made, there should proceed a twelve feet broad walk, which ought to be planned so as to traverse, diagonally, the Park from its summit to its base. From this main road, walks from six to seven feet wide should branch off, so that access may be easily and conveniently had to every part of the ground. These ought to be made *eyesweet*, and all inefficient angles should be enriched with evergreens. Such portions of the Park as are level, or but slightly inclined, should have the trees thinned as open grove, with ornamental clumps added, of shrubs and evergreens, while the surface should be laid down in rich grass. To improve the picturesque appearance of the ground, ten feet along the *south-west* side of all the walks and roads ought to be retained as belts for evergreens and flowers, while grass walks widening into glades might be introduced in several places with very good effect. These operations, with the formation of drains to carry off the surface water, are all that is necessary to be, in the meantime, done by the landscape gardener.*

If the principles which we have attempted to lay down

* We are indebted to Mr. Murray of the Royal Botanic Garden, for many of these suggestions; and when his acknowledged taste in matters of this kind is considered, we have no doubt that they will merit serious con-

be just, and the hints we have given be generally acted upon, then we may confidently anticipate, that the time is not far distant, when Glasgow shall boast the possession of a garden cemetery. And if the regulations connected with the churchyard be founded on those of *Père La Chaise*, we have little doubt, likewise, but that the speculation will, ere a few years, prove advantageous to the funds of the Merchants' House charity. The only regulations which occur to us, to be necessary to make

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sideration. The following is a list of the shrubs and evergreens which that gentleman conceives will be necessary for the intended garden cemetery:—

500	Portugal Laurel,	@	0s.	6d.			£12	10 0
500	Bays		0s.	4d.			8	6 8
1000	Yews		0s.	6d.			25	0 0
1000	Hollies		0s.	4d.			16	13 4
100	Rhododendrons		1s.	0d.			5	0 0
200	Arborvitæs		0s.	6d.			5	0 0
200	Tree Box		0s.	6d.			5	0 0
500	Cypresses, Cedars, &c.		1s.	0d.			25	0 0
4000	Evergreens						£102	10 0
200	Lilacs	@	0s.	6d.	£	5 0 0		
200	Guelder-roses, &c.		0s.	6d.		5 0 0		
200	Laburnums		0s.	3d.		2 10 0		
100	Spanish Broom		0s.	3d.		1 5 0		
50	Double and Scarlet Thorns		0s.	6d.		1 5 0		
50	Double Cherries		1s.	6d.		3 15 0		
200	Weeping Birch		0s.	6d.		5 0 0		
100	Weeping Elm		1s.	0d.		5 0 0		
200	Walnuts, Chesnuts, &c.		0s.	6d.		5 0 0		
500	Ivy, Rose, Honeysuckle, Clematis, &c. to cover unappropriated rocks		0s.	6d.		12 10 0		
1800							46	5 0
							£148	15 0

at the outset, are the following: *First*, That the cemetery be declared patent to the followers of every faith, while, at the same time, a liberty should be granted to Catholics or Lutherans, to select and consecrate any determinate portion of ground for the sepulture of their own peculiar sect. *Secondly*, That while full scope should be given to the purchasers of ground to express individual feeling by every diversity of funeral monument, it should, at the same time, be understood, that no erection will be permitted that is calculated to injure the picturesque appearance of the garden.* *Thirdly*, That no lot of ground should be sold of less than *sixteen feet* broad, in order to preserve, at all times, the appearance of verdure and vegetation over the whole garden. *Fourthly*, That while individuals should be permitted to plant any flowers or shrubs over the grave or by the tomb of their relatives, the whole cemetery should be placed under the constant surveillance of a tasteful gardener.

Provided, such or similar regulations be recognised, it must be plain, that while the proposed cemetery will always preserve the pleasing aspect of a garden or a grove, and will necessarily excite attention and awaken interest from the variety of its sepulchral monuments, it will, at the same time, realize the philanthropic idea, that as death summons men of every clime and every creed to meet who never met before, so the churchyard

* We would recommend, in particular, a standing law against those frightful iron railings, so common in the churchyards of Glasgow. Although the grave be a prison-house, there are surely other means to render *it* secure, without having recourse to "*cages*," like that of Bajazet! We understand they have been banished from some of the churchyards of Edinburgh.

shall here prove their patent and peaceful gathering-place.

> "Unmindful of
> Their former feuds, will friends and foes lie close.
> The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
> Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
> Will here familiar mingle, like sister streams
> That some rude intervening rock had split."

If associations too are conceived to be of any importance, as connected with the situation of man's last resting-place, as we know they are, more or less, in every country, materials for the indulgence of such associations might be here afforded to the professors of several shades of religious faith. The *Catholic*, for example, could sleep near a spot associated with the name of the Holy Virgin; the *Jew* could slumber in a cave, like that of Machpelah in the field of Ephron; the *Lutheran* could place his "dust to dust," and his "ashes to ashes," amid those fair and pure objects of nature, with which the followers of that faith love their memory to be associated; the unobtrusive *Quaker* could lie in a quiet and sequestered nook, so encompassed by foliage, as to realize, even in death, his love of simplicity; while the strict *Presbyterian* could obtain a grave around the column which proclaims the pure and unswerving principles of John Knox!

The manifold advantages which would result to this city from a cemetery, such as we have been fancying, are so apparent that it seems strange that the idea should not have suggested itself sooner; and now that it is started it will be still more wonderful if it be not adopted. The want of some burial place, particularly for the more wealthy class of Glasgow, has been of late

much felt, for although this portion of its population has been, for these twenty years, increasing, in a geometrical ratio, no additional place of sepulture suited to its peculiar wants has been made either in the city or the Barony, except the crypts of the Cathedral,* St. David's, and Wellington Street Chapel. As we have already hinted, we are no lovers of this species of sepulture. Burial in churches had its origin in the vanity of *saint-denominated* monks, declaring their tombs to be the most efficacious shrines of devotion, and it has since proved in many a land, where it has been practised by the multitude, so insalubrious as to call for legislative enactments against it. It has been banished from France, it has been voted a nuisance in London, and in Italy, and particularly at Rome, it has lately produced almost as much disease as the *mal aria*.† Although it cannot be alleged that the crypts of Glasgow have, as

* We cannot sufficiently deprecate the taste of the individuals who re-converted the lower portion of the Cathedral into a burial-place. The splendid architecture, for which this part of the venerable pile was so remarkable, has, under the Vandal hands of those *mutators*, been utterly spoiled. The lower shafts of the columns have been buried *five* or *six feet* in earth, while the walls have been daubed over with the most disgusting emblems of grief. We should like to know by what authority the Heritors of the Barony Parish have taken possession of a Government Cathedral? We can assure them that they hold their burial places on a very insecure tenure. Let them remember what the Barons of Exchequer did in the case of Dunfermline. Forty years' possession could not there save the remains of a generation from being removed!

† Notwithstanding the frankincense which is constantly burning in the churches of Rome, there is, in summer, in almost every one of them, a stench of putrid bodies, from the horrid custom of burying in crypts. In some of the churches most generally frequented, it is nearly impossible, during the dog-days, to remain many minutes without experiencing some degree of sickness from the effluvia that is constantly evolving from the charnel-house underneath.

yet, become so offensive and unhealthy, still we must honestly confess that they are by no means in unison with the idea we entertain, that the grave should be an occasional monitor to the living and a tender remembrancer of the dead. Amid such dank and lugubrious receptacles of the departed, there is nothing with which the warm bosom of the living can sympathize. There, the recollection of the entombed relative or friend, is associated not with the peaceful repose and the touching beauties of nature, but with the frightful horrors of the charnel-house and the cold productions of art. On entering the precincts of a public crypt, instead of being impressed with the consolatary idea of future and immortal life, we shudder at the thought that the empire of death is eternal. We grope through the nightly gloom of such a Golgotha with dread, and we hurry from it to the light of day with delight, and while the reigning sentiment on returning to the world from the sad visit, is "I have once more escaped from the sepulchre," the only response made by the mind is, "Soon shalt thou return thither, and there shalt thou remain for ever!" The fact is, to us a crypt ever suggests sentiments of horror little short of those experienced in the catacombs of Rome* and Paris, or in the Capuchin Convents of

* The feeling experienced in wandering through those dismal vaults, where no plant, no bird, no animal, presents the image of life, is truly distressing. It left an impression on our mind which can never be effaced. *M. J. B. L. Seroux d'Agincourt*, in his '*Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens*,' gives the following picture of the last faint remains of humanity as seen by him in the catacombs of Rome: "In one of the receptacles I found two bodies, the head of the one touched the feet of the other. I could only distinguish, as to form, some vestiges of the principal bones. The extremities were nothing more than an almost insensible dust; what

Palermo and Valetta,* where the appalling process of dust returning to dust is the idea which uniformly and

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was left of the bones turned, when touched, into a moist yellow paste of a reddish hue. It would be difficult to form an exact idea of the remains of a human body, reduced to a condition so near to absolute annihilation. A little whitish dust marked the place where the head had been, and showed the bones of the shoulder, of the thigh, the knees, and the ankles; vestiges of this dust still traced, with broken lines, the direction of some of the bones; but it was not a body, it was not a skeleton, that we saw, they were vestiges hardly to be distinguished, and at the lightest breath the whole disappeared. The two bodies that I saw had been buried for fourteen or fifteen centuries."

* The late *Mr. A. Malcolm*, in his graphic "Sketches of Malta," gives the following picture of the Capuchin Convent of Valetta: "The most extraordinary feature of this establishment is the rule which denies common interment to the mortal remains of any of its members. They are actually preserved, after death, and made to stand upright in the niches of a splendid vault beneath the chapel of the convent, where all the deceased monks are still to be seen standing in horrible masquerade, as if superintending a banquet of death. The holy fathers are clad precisely in the costume in which they died, and are ranged around in a sort of grim sociality, that savours at once of the ridiculous, the horrible, and the awful. * * There are, I should think, about 40 or 50 of them—some at least an hundred years old, and all exhibiting more or less the effect of human corruption, notwithstanding the extreme pains taken to preserve them. The hood of the Toga, or gown, is made to cover the head, but the face and front part of the skeleton is quite exposed, and the skin of most of them appeared to be cracked, as if just about to fall off. * The walls were also fancifully ornamented with the skulls and bones of the more antique brethren which had fallen asunder under the progress of years. * The catacombs at Paris, as a mere collection of dry bones, certainly cannot be compared with so awful an exhibition of real corpses. In the former there is taste, skill, and even fancy displayed. In the latter, however, we have, in point of conception at least, what may justly be called the "horribly sublime." It is such a frightful display as the genius of Holbein, Maturin, or *Monk* Lewis only could have conceived, and to those who are acquainted with the horrors portrayed by these masters of the terrific, it forcibly recals every scene which they have described." The new Catacombs of the Capuchin Convent of Palermo are divided into two broad and vast galleries, in the walls of which are niches filled with the dead, clothed in the dress which they wore during life. The bodies of Princes and Barons here stand in splendid cases, many of which dis-

forcibly presses itself on the mind, and where the only associations we have with death are such as the imagina-

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play ornaments of the richest kind: the keys of them are held by the nearest relative of the deceased. The Veronese Poet, "dei Sepolcri," thus graphically pictures this peculiar custom:

"Ma cosa forse più ammiranda e forte
Colà m' apparve: spaziose, oscure
Stanze sotterra, ove in lor nicchie, come
Simulacri diritti, intorno vanno
Corpi d'anima vôti, e con que' panni
Tuttora, in cui l' aura spirar fur visti.
Sovra i muscoli morti e su la pelle
Così l' arte sudò, così caccionne
Fuori ogni umor, che le sembianze antiche,
Non che le carni lor, serbano i volti
Dopo cent' anni e più: Morte li guarda
E in tema par d' aver fallito i colpi.
Quando il cader delle autunnali foglie
Ci avvisa ogni anno che non meno spesse
Se umane vite cadono, e ci manda
Su gli estinti a versar lagrime pie,
Discende allor ne' sotterranei chiostri
Lo stuol devoto: pendono dall' alto
Lampadi con più faci; al corpo amato
Ciascun si volge, e su gli aspetti smunti
Cerca e trova ciascun le note forme;
Figlio, amico, fratel trova il fratello,
L' amico, il padre: delle faci il lume
Così que' volti tremolo percuote,
Che della Parca immemori agitarsi
Sembran talor le irrigidite fibre.
Quante memorie di dolor comuni,
Di comuni piacer! Quanto negli anni
Che sì ratti passar, viver novello!
Intanto un sospirar s' alza, un confuso
Singhiozzar lungo, un lamentar non basso,
Che per le arcate ed eccheggianti, sale
Si sparge, e a cui par che que' corpi freddi
Rispondano. I due Mondi un picciol varco
Divide, e unite e in amistà congiunte
Non fur la vita mai tanto e la morte."

tion shrinks from contemplating.* If those sentiments connected with church and crypt burial be generally entertained, even in this country, as we suppose them to be, it is but reasonable to imagine that a cemetery, combining all the advantages we have been describing, will be hailed with satisfaction by the citizens of Glasgow, especially when it is considered as forming a most appropriate and solemn appendage to the venerable Fane which adjoins it.†

While we say this, however, it must not be denied that we have heard it whispered that the formation of a burying ground, similar to that at Paris, is considered by certain well-disposed but half-informed persons, as a project partaking too much of the "useless ceremony and unmeaning mummery" of the church of Rome to be encouraged by any Protestant community. Now, if this be really true, we think it far exceeds even the boundary line of extreme scrupulosity. Are we to be told that the grave is never to be visited save when in the

* There is perhaps no quarter of the world where the appalling feeling we allude to is more powerfully elicited than at Evora in Portugal, where there is a church, the interior of which is completely lined with bones. It is said that there are one hundred and fifty thousand skulls ranged along its walls. The sarcastic inscription on the front of this church contrasts well with the horror of the edifice:

"Nos ossos, che aqui estamos
Vestros pelles speramos."

† What a splendid addition would it be to the proposed establishment if the whole of the opposite bank, from the Flour Mill round behind Drygate street, with that round the Barony Church and Cathedral, could be included. If there be a want of burial ground for the less opulent classes, as we understand there is, why should not the spot alluded to, be taken, in preference to any other. By arching over the whole Burn at this place, and covering it with earth to the level of the present Churchyard, a most splendid cemetery would be formed. Let Dr. Cleland think of this.

act of lowering a fellow creature into its cold bosom; or if this privilege be conceded as compatible with the purest principle, and the grieving mortal be permitted to follow the example of Mary Magdalene, where in the name of common sense lies the heterodoxy of those sentiments which would impel him to add to the eloquence and attraction of the monuments he has raised over the remains of his deceased friends? Is it contrary to the most perfect spirit of Christianity to wish that the churchyard may be metamorphosed from a disgusting charnel-house into a delicious flower-garden, or to attempt to prevent the tombstone from becoming, as it too frequently does throughout Scotland, in the lapse of many months, the mere minister of falsehood? Is it akin to aught of monkish mummery to wish that the epitaph which vows unceasing remembrance, should be freed from the weeds which veil it, or the moss which obliterates it? Or is it in any respect inconsistent with the purest principles of the Bible to entertain the hope that the scene which now scares the schoolboy from its neighbourhood should be made to him a spot sacred to study, or that the gay and the giddy should occasionally be induced to exchange the intoxicating pleasures and noisy revelry of the world for the beauty and the calm of a garden sepulchre, where they may more eloquently and more effectually learn than elsewhere, that to be virtuous is to be happy?

Let it not, however, be imagined from what has been said, that we wish the churchyard to be made the pander to living pride or departed vanity, or the grave to

become the vehicle of mawkish sentimentality or pompous parade. We have no wish either to re-establish in our native country, the *Parental* feast of the ancient, or to institute the *Festa dei Morti* of the modern Roman.* We have no wish to revive the forgotten custom which the early and unlettered denizens of this land so generally and so superstitiously practised.† We have no desire to see displayed here any such expression of affection, as the Canadian mother shows at the tomb of her child;‡ or any outward token of respect at all, akin to that which the widows of Florida display, when they yearly cut their hair and twine it around the monu-

* The *Festà dei Morti* lasts eight days at Rome, during which the different churchyards are crowded with persons who go to admire the ingenuity of the sextons and others, in their dressing up of bones. On the first day of the *Fête* the penitents, called *Sacconi*, walk in procession to the Coliseum, preceded by a person carrying a cross ornamented with the attributes of the Passion, and having on each side of him a second carrying a death's head, and a third two thigh-bones as a cross. The centre of attraction, however, on that occasion, is a subterranean chapel under the church of *S. Maria dell' Orazione*. There the altars are decorated with every melancholy symbol, and are but dimly seen by the glimmer of a few lamps. On one side of the chapel is a cemetery, the walls of which are diversified with bones disposed in arabesque, in the form of stars, hearts, triangles, &c. The altars here are of human bones, and the candlesticks are of the same material. Even the vessel that contains the holy water is a human skull, and sometimes, in order to add to the gloom, the body of some person lately deceased, is exposed in its ordinary dress. When this happens, a skull is always placed on the body to receive the alms of the spectators. During the whole *Fête*, the chapel is occupied night and morning by Priests, who say mass and recite the office for the dead. Occasionally the cemeteries at Rome contain a little Theatre, which exhibits a few scenes from the Old and New Testament.

† *Tertullian* states that the CELTS slept near the tombs of their dead, under the belief that the spirits of the departed inspired their dreams.

‡ Les jeunes Canadiennes arrosent de leur lait la tombe de leurs enfans. —*Jouy*.

ment of their deceased husband. We have no anxiety to witness here, as in some districts of Germany, a happy pair, in their wedding garments, quitting the gay banquet room for a midnight stroll to the tomb; far less the intention of fostering ideas at all in unison with those encouraged in North Holland.* We have, in short, no desire to awaken sentiments similar to those so fondly cherished by *Quarles*,† to obtain converts to the morbid feelings of *Dr. Donne*,‡ or to gain disciples to the gloomy musings of *Young*, whose mournful and monotonous cry was ever

"Death be your theme in every place and hour!"

* On the north side of every house in that country, is a gloomy portal which is opened only twice for the same individual, the day of his birth and the day of his death. By it man makes his entrance in swaddling clothes, and his exit in a shroud. When a son of the family takes home a wife, the terrible door is opened to receive her. It is then shut to be opened only again for her departure—on that day, when, instead of being received as a bride, adorned with flowers and hailed with songs of gratulation, she has become the mother of a family, decked in the habiliments of the tomb, and bewailed by those, who, in vain call for another smile on her icy lip, another of those looks which, like Providence, was ever felt to scatter peace and happiness among her children. The appearance of the fatal door thus reminds her every hour of the end of a life which she is called upon to adorn with every virtue, that the termination of it may be to her fearless and without remorse.—*Bertolotti.*

† "If I must die, I'll snatch at every thing
That may but mind me of my latest breath,
Death's heads, Graves, Knells, Blacks, Tombs.
All these shall bring
Into my soul, such useful thoughts of death,
That this sable king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares."—*Quarles.*

‡ Dr. Donne had his portrait taken first winding a sheet over his head and closing his eyes. This melancholy picture he kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of his mortality.—*D'Israeli Cur. of Lit. 2d Series.*

Our sole object, on the contrary, in calling the public attention to the condition of the churchyards of Scotland, and particularly to those of Glasgow, is to stimulate and induce our countrymen to make the sacred receptacles of their dead what they ought to be, and what every man of feeling and taste must wish them to become. All that we desire is, that the tombstone which is the monument placed on the confines of two worlds, and the chronicle of man's progress to heaven, might be, somewhat more respected than it is amongst us; and that the grave which points out the termination of this life's miseries on the one hand, and the beginning of a blessed immortality on the other, might be made so attractive as to become an occasional retreat and an occasional solace to the citizens of Glasgow. "The veneration for the Tomb," says Chateaubriand in his *Genie du Christianisme*, "is a moral proof of the immortality of the soul," and if so, why should not the "pleasing hope, the fond desire," be more frequently cherished in the place where human nature, in the very circumstance of solemn sepulture, exhibits itself superior to the rest of creation? Why should not the secret voice which whispers to us while gazing on a grave, that the ashes beneath are destined yet again to spring into life, be more frequently listened to at the tomb of our fathers, at that spot, in fact, which is at once the shrine of memory and the altar of hope?*

* "Doth the beast of the field know a grave? Doth it exhibit any care about its ashes? What booteth the bones of its father to it, or rather what knoweth it of its parent from the hour that the urgent wants of infancy are over? Whence arises this all-prevailing and powerful idea

The effects of the establishment of such an order of things would be at once honourable to Scotland and beneficial to her inhabitants. Our country should be then free from the well-merited reproach of being careless about the receptacles of their dead, and should hence possess one of the most eloquent advocates of religion and morality—one of the most potent incentives to private worth and public virtue—one of the greatest foes to preternatural terror and superstition, and one of the most convincing arguments for the existence of taste and civilization.

The decoration of the tomb and a garden cemetery, by the inducements they hold out to visit and meditate over the depository of the ashes of departed friends and fellow creatures, are calculated to extend religious feelings, and to inculcate the salutary conviction upon man that the spirit lives eternally; while from the votive offerings made to virtue, there results a general attestation of the hope of future recompense. In bending over the grave, the afflicted soul naturally seeks refuge in the arms of its Creator, and through the mere conviction of earthly frailty, are its hopes raised to a better state of being hereafter, and its trust in heaven is established and increased.

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that we attach to death? Would a few grains of mere dust deserve our homage? Certainly not! Never would we respect the ashes of our ancestors were it not that a secret voice whispers to us that in these even all is not for ever lost. This is the reason why the worship of the tomb has been, and is still universally held sacred among mankind. We feel there that the sleep of the grave is not eternal, and that death is merely a glorious transfiguration!" —*Chateaubriand.*

A garden cemetery and monumental decoration, are not only beneficial to public morals, to the improvement of manners, but are likewise calculated to extend virtuous and generous feelings. Affliction, brightened by hope, ever renders man more anxious to love his neighbour. At the brink of the grave we are made most feelingly alive to the shortness and uncertainty of life, and to the danger of procrastinating towards God and man, whatever it is our bounden duty to perform. There, too, the conscience is taught the value of mercy, and best feels the recompense which awaits the just in Heaven. There, the man whose heart the riches, titles, and dignities of the world have swollen with pride, best experiences the vanity of all earthly distinction, and humbles himself before the mournful shrine, where

> "Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord
> Grossly familiar, side by side consume."

There, the son, whose wayward folly may have imbittered the last days of a father, as he gazes on his grave, will best receive the impulse that would urge him, as an expiation of his crime, to perform a double duty to his surviving parent.* There, in fact, vice looks terrible, virtue lovely. Selfishness a sin, patriotism a duty. The cemetery is, in short, the tenderest and most uncompromising monitor of man, for

* *Pindemonte* has well said in his *Sepolcri*:

> "Il giovenetto chi que' sassi guarda
> Venir da lor al cor sentisi un foco
> Che ad imprese magnanime lo spinge."

" When self-esteem, or other's adulation
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth complexioned flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are."

A garden cemetery is the sworn foe to preternatural fear and superstition. The ancients, from their minds being never polluted with the idea of a charnel-house, nor their feelings roused by the revolting emblems of mortality, contemplated death without terror, and visited its gloomy shrine without fear. With them, death was tranquillity, and the only images that were associated with it, were those of peaceful repose and tender sorrow. The names of their burial places indicate no association with terror, and call forth no feeling of fear. The *Cæmetrion* of the Greek suggests only the idea of a bed of slumber; the *Bethaim* of the Jew speaks but of the mansion of the living. Amid the tombstones of Thermopylæ, we would conceive the Grecian heart beat no less boldly at midnight than at mid-day, while we know that the timid female, during the slumber of Jerusalem, could fearlessly wander to the silent sepulchre.* Whence

* Among the works of ancient art there is not to be found a single image of a revolting nature connected with death. D'Israeli states that " to conceal its deformity to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art, that of never offering to the eye a distortion of form in the violence of passion which destroyed the beauty of its representation ; such is shown in the Laocoon, where the mouth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Pausanias considered, as a personification of death, a female figure, whose teeth and nails, long and crooked, were engraven on a coffin of cedar, which enclosed the body of Cypselus ; this female was, unquestionably, only one of the *Parcæ*, or the Fates, " watchful to cut the thread of life." Hesiod

then did the preternatural terrors connected with death arise, which so powerfully swayed the hearts of the middle and more modern ages, those slavish terrors which, in the ages of ignorance, appeared almost to make the resurrection an unhoped for, rather than a hoped for event—terrors altogether at antipodes to those just fears that call upon man, ere death, to make up his peace with heaven? This slavish, and more than vulgar terror, was chiefly engendered through the monkish artifice of associating man's latter end with all that was disgusting and horrible, and of inspiring the world with the idea, that to gain heaven, it was necessary not to *exist* rationally on earth. Amid the general gloom thus created by penances and pilgrimage, by midnight masses and bloody flagellations, the troubled imaginations of Europe, as D'Israeli says, "first beheld the grave yawn, and Death, in the Gothic form of a gaunt Anatomy, parading through the universe! The people were affrighted as they viewed every where hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their Cathedrals, and their pale cloisters, the most revolting emblems of death. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immoveability and repose, nor that it was

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describes Atropos indeed, as having sharp teeth and long nails, waiting to tear and devour the dead; but this image was in a barbarous era. Cutullus ventured to personify the Sister-Destinies as three Crones, but in general, Winkelman observes, "they are portrayed as beautiful virgins, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll." The fact is, Death to the ancient Artist, was a nonentity. For how could he put into action, what to him appeared a state of eternal tranquillity?

burlesqueing the awful idea of the resurrection, by exhibiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality, drawn out of the corruption of the grave." If supernatural terror sprang from such causes, it was from the gloomy, naked, and deserted cemetery that superstition drew her chief influence. Thence flitted the phantoms which terrified the vulgar, and which even carried dread to the thrones of Kings and Keisers. Solitude peopled itself with ghosts and spectres. Silence disturbed itself with hollow groans, while nature, reversing her laws, allowed the dead to collect their scattered mouldering bones, and to appear, at the witching hour of night, wrapt in a winding-sheet. The monsters which man's imagination thus created, he turned from with horror; they broke his rest in the silence of the winter's night—he heard their cry in the howl of the winds—their threat in the roar of the tempest! If the corrupters of Christianity still attempt to terrify, rather than to console humanity, and if superstition still exercises her fatal spell, does it not become the duty of every wellwisher to his species, to pour into the tomb the light of religion and philosophy, and thereby to dissipate the vain phantoms which the false gloom of the grave has tended to call forth. The decoration of the cemetery is a mean peculiarly calculated to produce these effects. Beneath the shade of a spreading tree, amid the fragrance of the balmy flower, surrounded on every hand with the noble works of Art, the imagination is robbed of its gloomy horrors—the wildest fancy is freed from its debasing fears. Adorn the sepulchre, and the frightful visions which visit the midnight pillow will

disappear; and if a detestation for annihilation, mingled with the fondest affection for those who are departed, should lead men still to believe that the dead hold communion with the living, the delightful illusions which will result from this state of things, will form a pleasing contrast to the vile superstitions that preceded them. Let the fancied voice of a father pierce, in the silence of the night, the ear of the son, who lives unmindful of his parent's early counsels, or let the shade of a warning mother appear in the lunar ray, to the thoughtless and giddy eye of her who threatens to sacrifice her beauty and her virtue at the shrine of flattery. These fancies —the children of a pious sorrow, will neither debase the human mind, nor check the generous impulses of the human heart.

A garden cemetery and monumental decoration afford the most convincing tokens of a nation's progress in civilization and in the arts, which are its result. We have seen with what pains the most celebrated nations of which history speaks, have adorned their places of sepulture, and it is from their funereal monuments that we gather much that is known of their civil progress and of their advancement in taste. Is not the story of Egypt written on its pyramids, and is not the chronology of Arabia pictured on its tombs? Is it not on the funeral relics of Greece and Rome, that we behold those elegant images of repose and tender sorrow with which they so happily invested the idea of death? Is it not on the urns and sarcophagi of Etruria, that the lover of the noble art of sculpture still gazes with delight? And is it not amid the catacombs, the crypts, and the calvaries of

Italy, that the sculptor and the painter of the dark ages chiefly present the most splendid specimens of their chisel and their pencil? In modern days, also, has it not been at the shrine of death, that the highest efforts of the Michael Angelos, the Canovas, the Thorwaldsens, and the Chantrys, have been elicited and exhibited? The tomb has, in fact, been the great chronicler of taste throughout the world. In the East, from the hoary pyramid, to the modern Arab's grave; in Europe, from the rude tomb of the Druid, to the marble mausoleum of the Monarch; in America, from the grove which the Indian chief planted round the sepulchre of his son, to the monument which announces to the lovers of freedom, the last resting-place of Washington!*

* The reader who feels curious to study the history of Art and civilization, from the principal funereal monuments which time has spared, may consult, among the ancient writers, *Herodotus*, *Diodorus Siculus*, and *Strabo*; among the moderns, *Winkelman*, *Murphy*, *Sir Thomas Browne*, *Denon*, *Clarke*, *Chauteaubriand*, *Champolion*, *Belzoni*, *D'Agincourt*, *&c. &c.* It has often occurred to us, that there is no better chronicle, from which may be deduced the everchanging condition and sentiment of man, than the forms and the conceptions which the Sculptor and Painter have, in all countries produced, during the successive ages of the world. From these durable memorials of the past, upon which are impressed the sentiments, the passions, and the admiration of the age and the people that produced them, an intelligent and acute eye may at once, not only discover the extent and progress of man's intellectual state, but may likewise obtain a very fair idea of his political and moral condition. Were it possible indeed, to congregate, into one grand temple, a complete collection of such productions of Art, from the first hour that man, feeling his own short-lived connexion with earth, attempted to immortalize his own actions and feelings, or those of his fellows around him, by allying his ingenuity to the more imperishable materials of nature, it would be, perhaps, not too much to say, that such a temple would contain one of the truest records of the peculiar condition, and the ruling passions, of the human race. Upon the monuments of Egypt we would behold the first elements of learning and abstract science, the first approach to alphabeti-

Let Scotland then bethink herself, and let her discard, for the future, the *custom* which has doomed the cemetery to comparative neglect, and has laid fetters on the spontaneous and purest feelings of the heart. Let her embellish the spots where all her children are destined to sleep, with those objects of nature which the imagina-

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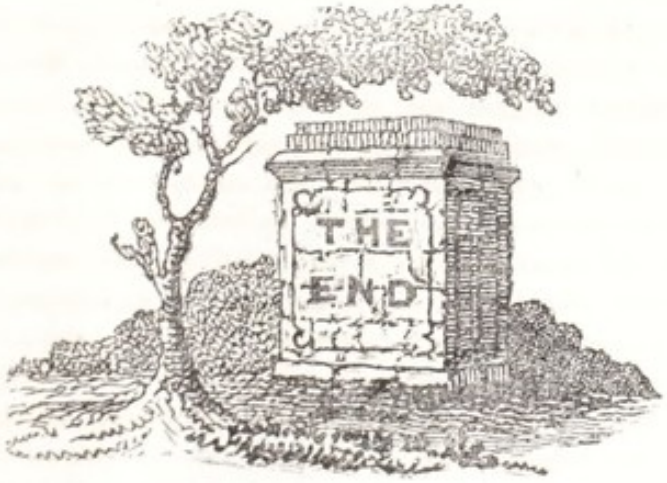
cal writing by hieroglyphic emblems, the first token of a wise, a proud, and a mighty people. On the crude remnant of Asiatic ingenuity would be seen the proofs of generations governed by every species of superstition which an untutored and an unlearned imagination could conceive, guided alternately by the hopes and the fears of a fanciful futurity—by the insane dreams of spiritual transmigration, or the still more gloomy conceptions of complete annihilation. On the splendid memorials of Greece would we behold the tokens of a people possessing taste, talent, imagination and power, hitherto unsurpassed, and the most striking proof of a national love of freedom, of a national attention to intellectual cultivation, of a generally existing faith in a fanciful mythology, and of an individual attention to a gorgeous worship. On the relics of Rome would be traced the early struggles of its infant state—of the pride and vigour which characterized its days of republicanism—of the luxury, taste, and wealth, which belonged to the era of its early Emperors, of the sycophancy and the tyranny which immediately ensued, and in fine, of the effeminacy and weakness which characterized the declining and dying energies of a people who conquered the world. Were we to proceed forward to the modern department of art in this fancied temple, facts equally illustrative of man's history would be derived from the study. In the entire dedication of Italian genius to the illustration of the Christian religion and the doctrines and the dogmas of the Romish Church, would be seen not only the all-prevailing political and moral power, which the head and abettors of that faith, for so long a period, exerted on all within its influence, but likewise in the discouragement shown towards the extension of truth, and the splendid encouragement offered for the embellishment of superstition, would be discerned the most striking evidences of an enthusiastic people, for ages submitting themselves to be tyrannized over by the love of lying legends, and the mockery of monkish miracles. In one word, a temple like that we have been supposing would, to those who could read its splendid speaking hieroglyphics, pour a new light on the past history of Man, and would strongly illuminate the Protean features of national character.

tion trembles not to associate with man's last enemy, and let the arts rival each other, in transmitting to posterity the memory of those, who, from the pre-eminence of their virtues, deserve to be the patterns of mankind. Let Glasgow, in particular, look to the wretched and neglected state of her churchyards, and endeavour to improve them. Perhaps she can do little more, in regard to those which she now possesses, than merely render them more respectable in appearance, but she may openly offer her countenance and support to the meritorious scheme of converting the *Fir Park* into a cemetery, shaded by trees and beautified by shrubbery, where each grave may be made a flower-garden, and each tomb a shrine, and where leaning on a monument, amid the beauty of nature and the refinement of art, Memory may echo back the long lost accents of departed worth, Imagination may paint with the tints of vitality the buried form of early affection, Reason may preach her consolatory lesson of immortality, and Religion may point to the Mercy-seat on High!



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

VIEW OF THE FIR PARK, AND THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

It is perhaps necessary to say a word or two respecting the Lithographic Views, which accompany this little work. That of the *Fir Park*, drawn by Mr. Donaldson of this city, although upon a small scale, conveys a most correct and complete idea of the ground now proposed to be converted into a cemetery. The point from which the view is taken is a little to the south of the road from which the proposed bridge across the Molindinar Burn is to be thrown, and consequently includes the greater portion of the intended burying-ground. With the exception of a few straggling monuments, which have been introduced to try their effect, the Artist has strictly preserved the present aspect of the Merchants' House Park, so that those who are unacquainted with the locality might hence have a notion of the picturesque nature of this spot.

The sketch of the cemetery of *Père La Chaise* will scarcely convey so precise an idea of that splendid enclosure as might be desirable. The extent and variety of the ground, in fact, precludes an artist from conveying by the pencil, any thing like a correct notion of that extensive burying-ground. Points and portions of it can alone be portrayed, and even those are more striking in the *reality* of detail, than when combined into a picture. The accompanying sketch was taken some years ago, by the writer of these pages, chiefly to remember him of the mausoleum of the Griefuhl family, which occupies the middle distance of the picture. From that sketch Mr. Hugh Wilson has formed the accompanying lithograph. The concluding wood-cut is by the same artist, and is copied from one of the most simple monuments that are to be found scattered over the garden cemetery of Mount Louis.

CEMETERIES OF GLASGOW.

We are indebted to our friend Dr. Cleland, for the following account of the Cemeteries of Glasgow, which, in a statistical point of view, will be found interesting and useful.

In A. D. 601, as stated in Beatson's Political Index, St. Mungo, Bishop of Glasgow, died on 13th January, and was interred in the Cathedral. It is, however, probable, that the old part of the present churchyard was formed when the Cathedral was built.

In 840, Blackfriars' Church was built. It had a burying ground attached to it.

In 1420, there was a Convent for Greyfriars, near the foot of the Deanside brae, with a burying ground—there is now no vestige of either. The friars were patronized by the unfortunate Isabel, Duchess of Albany, cousin to James I. of Scotland. This lady was presented by her cousin with the heads of her husband, her father, and her two sons, Walter and Alexander.

In 1441, a church, dedicated to the blessed Virgin and St. Michael, was built on St. Enoch's croft. It had a large burying ground. There is now no vestige of either.

In 1496, the Chapel of St. Roque, without the Stable green Port belonging to the Blackfriars, had a burying ground attached to it, where persons dying of the plague were buried. There is now no vestige of the chapel or burying ground.

In 1572, Provost Sir John Stewart of Minto, and the other Members of the Town Council, made a present of the Blackfriars' church and burying ground to the College. In 1560, the population of the city was 4,500.

In 1593, the town was stented for rebuilding a part of the Hie Kirkyard dyke.

In 1664, Blackadder's Aisle (south transept of the Cathedral) was appropriated as a burying place for the clergymen of the city. Mr. James Durham, minister of the High Church, was the first that was buried in it. The initials, J. D. are the only monument to the memory of that celebrated divine.

In 1720, the Ramshorn Church was built, and had a burying ground attached. In building this church, the Corporation found it convenient to receive donations; and in return, they gave the donors burying places

in the churchyard. This burying ground was reduced in size in 1825. In 1712, the population of the city was 13,832.

In 1720, the Society of Friends formed a burying ground at Partick.

In 1733, a burying place was formed behind the Town Hospital, which has been abandoned. Paupers from the Hospital are now buried in the High Church yard.

In 1750, the burying ground at the Episcopal Chapel, fronting the Green, was opened.

In 1767, the North-west burying ground was formed.

In 1770, the Anderston burying ground was formed. In 1770, the population of the city and suburbs was about 35,000.

In 1793, Cheapside (Anderston) burying ground was opened. In 1791, the population was 66,578.

In 1801, the burying ground on the North side of the Cathedral was opened. In this year, the first Government census was taken. Population 83,769.

About 1803, the old Barony Church was converted into a burying ground.

In 1826, the Ramshorn (now St. David's) Church was rebuilt, and a crypt formed under it.

In 1828, the Rev. Dr. Mitchell's church, in Wellington-street, was built, and a crypt formed under it.

Besides the above, there are burying grounds in the suburbs, viz. Gorbals, Calton, Bridgetown, Tollcross, Shettleston, Woodside Road, south and north, and Maryhill.

In 1831, there are in the city and suburbs, 20 burying grounds, or places of sepulture.

ABSTRACT OF THE NUMBER OF BURIALS IN GLASGOW AND ITS SUBURBS FOR THE YEAR 1830.

The following Abstract is taken from Dr. Cleland's Mortality Bill, and will tend to show, from the number of persons buried within the precincts of the city, the advantage that would result from the establishment of a Garden Cemetery beyond its bounds.

In the City of Glasgow.

In the High Church Yard and Burying Ground,	1189	
In Do. from Royal Infirmary, ...	150	
In Do. Inmates or Paupers buried at the expense of the Town's Hospital, ...	389	
	——	1728
In the Crypt of the Cathedral, ...		3
In the Blackfriars', St. David's, and North-West Burying Grounds, ...	204	
In the Crypt of St. David's Church, . . .	12	
	——	216
In Episcopal Chapel Burying Ground, . .		4
Total Burials wthin the Royalty, .		1951

In the Barony Parish.

In Calton Burying Ground, ...	839	
In Bridgetown Do.	229	
In Tollcross Do.	162	
In Shettleston Do.	54	
In Anderston Old Do. . . .	125	
In Cheapside Street Do. . . .	123	
In Woodside Road Do. South and North,	268	
	——	516
In Crypt of Dr. Mitchell's Church, Wellington Street, ...	31	
	——	1831
In Gorbals Burying Ground, ...		1403
Total Burials of City and Suburbs, .		5185

Edward Khull, Printer, Glasgow.

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH, &c.

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