DEARBORN'S
GUIDE THROUGH MOUNT AUBURN,
—WITH—
EIGHTY ENGRAVINGS,
—FOR THE—
BENEFIT OF STRANGERS,
DESIRous of seeing the clusters of monuments with the least trouble;
*With the established rules for the preservation of the Cemetery,
purchase of Lots, and other concerns.

WITH AN
ENGRAVED PLAN OF THE CEMETERY.

ELEVENTH EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY NATHANIEL S. DEARBORN,
No. 34 School Street,
BOStON.
1857.
DEARBORN'S GUIDE

THROUGH

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY,


BY NATHANIEL S. DEARBORN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,
BY NATHANIEL S. DEARBORN.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION.

Jacob Bigelow, President. George William Bond, Treasurer, Office 127 Milk St.
Austin J. Coolidge, Secretary, Office 30 Court Street.

TRUSTEES.

Isaiah Bangs, 15 Long Wharf. Jacob Bigelow, 13 Summer Street.
James Cheever, 27 Somerset Street. Uriel Crocker, 47 Washington St.
Chas. P. Curtis, 16 Court Street. Benj. A. Gould, 20 Union Wharf.

COMMITTEE ON LOTS.

Charles P. Curtis, Isaiah Bangs, Uriel Crocker.
Jonathan Mann, Superintendent.

STRANGERS can receive, on application to any Trustee, or to the Secretary a permit to enter the Cemetery with a Carriage, any day, except Sundays and Holidays.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE.

4 1/2 miles west from Boston — 1 1/4 miles west of Harvard University.

This spot of land was formerly called stone's woods: its uncommonly gorgeous and beautifully varied scenery; its full grown umbrageous trees of many tribes, alluring numbers to its silent and peaceful shades, its name was changed by common consent to that of "sweet auburn;" Under this appropriate appellation, it became more eminently a favorite grove for the lovers of nature, to enjoy the pleasing and healthy color and balmy atmosphere of green trees, shrubbery, grassy hills, solitary grottos, yet enlivened with music from the feathered songsters throughout this best elysium of nature's work.

The original lot comprised an area of 72 acres; but by an after purchase of 38 1/4 acres, it measured 110 1/4; this year they bought 16 acres lying west from entrance gate, making 126 1/2 acres. The "HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS" were nobly impressed with the importance of an extensive rural cemetery for the burial of the dead, and after the above named purchases by them, they transferred the whole grounds to a society of gentlemen, who had labored for the accomplishment of this object, ever since the year 1825, for the sum of $4,222,42; thus making a generous gift of $5,544,47.

WM. R. LAWRENCE, 5 1/2 Tremont Row.
Chas. C. Little, 113 Washington St.
Henry S. McKean, Niles' Block.
Charles G. Nazro, North Bank.
James Read, 29 Milk Street.
Mace Tisdale, 5 Chatham Row.
This latter society was incorporated, as "THE PROPRIETORS OF MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY," June 23, 1831, and the ground consecrated on the 24th of Sept., in that year: the first meeting for agitating this subject, was held in 1825, at the house of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the present President of the society; with the aid of the late George Bond, Wm. Sturgis, the late Hon. John Lowell, the late Samuel P. Gardiner, Thomas W. Ward, Nathan Hale, and John Tappan; who realized their fondest hopes in founding the first, by date; the most enobling, and most beautiful garden cemetery in this extensive country; to become in time a paradise of sculptury, of monuments and mausoleums, interspersed amid nature's loveliest productions; the capaciousness of the ground will permit 20,000 lots of 300 superficial square feet, the price of which is fifty cents per square foot in its natural state, and with few exceptions, such as choice locations, for which a higher price is required; around these lots the Avenues for carriages, 20 feet wide, and Paths for pedestrians, 6 feet wide, are laid out circuitously, to an extent, if measured in one straight line, would span a distance of 30 miles: about 2600 Lots have been disposed of, and about 450 Monuments, Shafts, Cenotaphs, Obelisks, and Slabs, have been raised to hallow and adorn the spot. All monies received from the sale of Lots or from any other source, is expended in ornamenting and improving this Garden Cemetery. During the two first years of its consecration, upwards of 30,000 dollars were expended in grading the roads, building a house, &c. for the Superintendent, fencing, &c., during the past year the old buildings have been removed and new ones erected outside the grounds. The front entrance Gate from Cambridge road, is a design from an Egyptian model, and is masterly chiseled in Granite, at a cost of about $10,000; and the cast iron picketed fence on that whole front line was erected at a cost of about $15,000:— a splendid Chapel was completed within its grounds in 1848, at a cost of about $25,000, which has lately been rebuilt at an additional cost of about $17,000. The highest mound in the Cemetery is called Mt. Auburn, and is 125 feet above Charles River, which meanders by the grounds on its southern border: On the summit of this elevation a Tower has been erected, of sufficient height to be seen above the surrounding trees, to subserve the triple purpose of a landmark,—to identify the spot, and for an Observatory, commanding an uninterrupted view of the surrounding landscape of cities, towns, hills, farms, rivers, Massachusetts Bay, with its many Islands and shipping; the lantern or cupola of this Tower, is at least 185 feet above the river Charles.

Mr. JONATHAN MANN, Superintendent, conducts the affairs of the internal management of the Cemetery, in a very eminently judicious manner: any one applying to him for information concerning the lots on sale, for burials, or any other item appertain-
THIS LITTLE MANUAL

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

to

JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.,

President of the Mount Auburn Cemetery Institution;

For having been the first suggester of an American Garden Cemetery, and as one of the most eminent promoters of that now celebrated establishment, and for twenty-two years unremitting exertions in advancing it to its present state of usefulness and beauty.

That his life may be long preserved to his fellow citizens, and for himself to witness his fondest wishes realized, in the perfection of his plans for that cherished elysium, is the hope of

his obliged friend

and very humble servant,

June, 1851. NATHANIEL DEARBORN.
TOWER OR OBSERVATORY.

This beautiful structure, erected during the year 1854, at a cost of $19,000, stands on the summit of Mt. Auburn. It is built of fine hammered Granite, the stones extending through the wall, and being squared on all sides, renders it very durable.

It is sixty feet in height, affording a fine panoramic view of the Cemetery and surrounding country.

It is formed on the general plan of some of the round towers of the feudal ages, and contains a gallery, battlements, and a spiral staircase.
MOUNT AUBURN CHAPEL,
ERECTED 1847.

ODE ON
MOUNT AUBURN CHAPEL AND CEMETERY,

By Nathaniel Dearborn.

This mystic Fane in Auburn's sculptured grounds,
Prefers to Heaven the griefs and suppliant sounds,
In aid of our infirmity;
The chastened heart to save, the mourner cheer,
The message-promise from Jehovah hear
Of bliss through an eternity;
And here the bosomed relic of a friend,
Returns to what it was, and is, an end
To re-produce frail, dying man;
The soul is called to Jesus' heavenly shrine,
Beatic essence of the mind divine,
Communing with the GREAT I AM.
GASPER SPURZHEIM, BORN DEC. 31, 1775. LOT 181.

Gasper Spurzheim, Phrenological demonstrator, died in Boston, Nov. 10, 1832, aged 57. The Government of Cambridge College shewed every mark of respect for the deceased.

HON. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, L L. D. Died March 16, 1838, aged 65 yrs.

This is a Statue from Metallic castings; its weight is about 2500 lbs. it is esteemed a capital likeness of the New England Philosopher.
REV. DANIEL SHARP. CHAPEL AVENUE, CORNER HYACINTH PATH

On the South side of this Monument is this inscription:
To the Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D. Born in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, Dec. 25th, 1783. Died at Stoneleigh, near Baltimore, Maryland, June 23, 1853, in the seventieth year of his age. On the reverse side is the following:
To the Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D., Pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church and Society, Boston, from April 29, 1812, to June 23, 1853.

ROBERT G. SHAW. LOT 85. PINE AVENUE.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead:
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still."
Dr. Fisher. Pine. Corner of Elm Avenue.

"There is a shore
    Where storms are hushed—where tempests never rage;
    Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
    With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage:
    By them its peaceful margin shall be trod—
    Their home be heaven, and their friend be God."


"Leaves have their time to fall,
    And flowers to wither at the north winds' breath,
    And stars to set—but all
    Thou hast all, seasons for thine own, O Death!"

"We know when moons shall wane,
    When Summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
    When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
    But who shall teach us when to look for thee!"

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RICHARD HAUGHTON. LOT 777. PINE AVENUE.

"Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves."

REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D. GREEN BRIER PATH.

"The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous Life the man!
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay:
Death has no dread but what frail Life imparts,
Nor Life true joy but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast, till Death can give
Far greater. Life's a debtor to the grave:
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day."
Elisha Turner. Lot 714. Yarrow Path.

"O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance; O ye, while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance, Be roused to thought, — anticipate the blow;
Whose flowery plains in endless pomp survey, Lest like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Glittering in beams of visionary day; Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill."

Lot 681. Dexter's Sculpture of Emily, on Yarrow Path.

"Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."
JOHN H. GOSSLER. LOT 1129, YARROW PATH.

"Alas! how vain
The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb—
The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy;
The fickle praise of far posterity,
Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
If thou can'st weigh a dream."

MAGOUN MONUMENT. GRIEF. FIR AVENUE.

"A Household's tomb: to Faith how dear!
A part have gone; part linger here;
United all in love and hope,
Our household still!

Together we shall sleep;
Together may we rise;
And sing our morning hymn,
One household still!"
RECEIVING TOMB. GREEN BRIAR PATH, LEADING FROM FIR AVENUE.

"The slumberer shall awake; the unsealed eye
See its Redeemer; and although the worm
Destroy this body, yet the dust shall rise
To Immortality."

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH S. KNIGHT.

On the foot stone as you enter the gate, front side, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism."

On back side, "God is love." "Thy Loving Kindness is better than Life."
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy." "At Thy right hand are pleasures forevermore," Husband and Wife.

MRS. BARRETT, BOSTON MUSEUM DRAMATIC FUND LOT, ELM AV.

Ann Jane Barrett, born May 4th, 1801. Died December 22d, 1853.

Mrs. Barrett will long be remembered for her graceful and talented acting, in the department of melo-drama and genteel comedy, during a dramatic career extending over thirty years; for the kindness and generosity of her disposition; and for her personal beauty, which she retained to a remarkable degree to the latest hour of her life.

"With fairest flowers
We'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor
The azured Harebell, like thy veins; nor leaf
Of Eglantine, not sweeter than thy breath."

S. GARDNER'S LOT. DEXTER'S SCULPTURE OF LITTLE FRANK.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtains lids
Forever. But there beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He durst not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
S. O. RICHARDSON's LOT, FIR AVENUE.

"While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire."

WM. APPLETON. LOT 920. HELIOTROPE PATH.

"If time past
And time possess'd both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace."
PARAN STEVENS. SEDGE PATH.

Eliza Jewett, wife of Paran Stevens, died March 4th, 1850.

"There is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness — there is veil'd a face
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place
By the once joyous hearth;
A smile hath passed, which filled its home with light,
A soul whose beauty made that smile so bright."

AMOS BINNEY, M.D. HEATH PATH, LOT 1390.

Died at Rome, Feb. 18, 1847, aged 41 years, and two smaller, but beautiful monuments, inscribed to FATHER—MOTHER, the latter with a rich bouquet wreath on its top.
S. T. ARMSTRONG. SEDGE PATH.

"Celestial Happiness! when'er she stoops
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft.
Each others pillow to repose divine,
Beware the counterfeit; in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze,
True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe;
Virtue alone entenders us for life."

SHATTUCK'S SON—FRANK CHESTER. SORREL PATH.

"Thou cam'st—what pleasures new and bright
Thy coming gave:
Thou'rt gone—and every young delight—
Is laid in thy dark grave.
The sigh will rise, in manhood's spitie—
The tears will roll;
Grief round me draws her mental night—
And desolates my soul."
"Be death your theme in every place and hour,
Nor longer want ye, monumental sires,
A brother’s tomb to tell you you shall die."

REV. CHARLES T. TORREY. JUNCTION OF FIR AND SPRUCE AV.
Copied from the monument.

Born at Scituate, Nov. 21, 1813; graduated at Yale College, August 1833; ordained at Providence, March, 1837; arrested at Baltimore, June 24, 1844; died in the Penitentiary of that city, May 9, 1846.

Charles Turner Torrey was arrested for aiding slaves to regain their liberty. For this humane act he was indicted as a criminal, convicted by the Baltimore city court, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for six years. While on his death bed, he was refused a pardon by the Governor of Maryland and died of consumption, after two years confinement, a victim of his sufferings.

Where now beneath his burthen,
The toiling slave is driven,
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offered up to heaven,

There shall his praise be spoken,
Redeemed from falsehood's bane,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the slave shall be a man.
HON. TIMOTHY FARRAR, L L. D. ELDER PATH.

For upwards of 40 years from 1775, he was Judge in the Supreme and Common Pleas Courts of the State of N. Hampshire, and was the oldest Graduate of Harvard College, and the last of the ante-revolutionary Graduates, and the oldest deposited in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. Born June 28, 1747, died February 21, 1849, aged 101 years, 7 months.

M. L. HALL. SNOW-DROP PATH.

"When ye believe
That the sepulchral keys are consigned
To that blest hand which once was deeply pierced
For man's offences, ye may calmly kneel
Amid the ruins of your love, and say
'Thy will be done.'"

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JACOB FOSS. LOT 719. SNOWDROP PATH.

ON ITS FRONT,
Make us eternal truth's receive,
And practice all that we believe.

For modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

ON THE EASTERN SIDE,
God is Love.
Sacred to the memory of Mehitable H., wife of Jacob Foss,
who departed this life April 10, 1846, aged 54 years.

Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal, to divine.

ZACHARIAH HICKS. LOT 168, WALNUT AVENUE.

"I saw an aged man upon his bier:
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;——
Cares that were ended and forgotten now:
And there was sadness round; and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children waited aloud."
IN MEMORY OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, BORN IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 23, 1810.

By birth a child of New England, by adoption a citizen of Rome, by genius belonging to the world. In youth an insatiate student, seeking the highest culture. In riper years Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art. In maturer age, companion and helper of many earnest reformers in America and Europe.

And of her husband, Giovanni Angelo Marquis Ossoli, he gave up rank, station, and home, for the Roman Republic, and for his wife and child. And of that child, Angelo Phillip Ossoli, born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5th, 1848, whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone. They passed from this life together by shipwreck, July 19, 1850. United in life by mutual love, labors and trials, the Merciful Father took them together, and in death they were not divided.

HENRY ANDREWS. LOT 939. AMARANTH PATH.

"Not lost, but gone before."
"For scarce upon our infant eyes,
The sprinkled dew of baptism dries,
E'er the thick frost of manhood's care.
And death's strong icy seal is there."
JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, LL. D. HARVARD HILL.

John Thornton Kirkland was President of Harvard University, from 1810, to 1828; which was a prosperous era for that institution: it was crowded with students, but his generosity kept him pennyless during the whole term: he loved his mother; in his memorandum book, he wrote, "one misfortune befell me in my junior year, which this world can never repair; my mother, on 23d Jan. 1788, died: the highest pleasure I could ever enjoy was that of pleasing her." he died April 26, 1840, A. 69.

JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN. HARVARD HILL, COLLEGE LOT.

Deceased April 1st, 1833, aged 33 years.

"Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then whirls them from our wandering eyes.
Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur and thy glittering store:
Death comes and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades and is no more.

Through earth's thronged visions while we toss forlorn,
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife,
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn
When death awakes us to immortal life."
MONUMENT TO HOFFMAN. COLLEGE LOT.

“In memory of a beloved and only son, Frederick William, son of David and Mary Hoffman, of Baltimore, Maryland. Accompanied by his parents for Italy, he died at Lyons, France, on the 30th of November, 1833, aged 17 years.”

“How mortals dream of things impossible, Of joys perpetual, in perpetual change! Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture? The cobweb’d cottage, and its ragged wall Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me; The spider's most attenuated thread Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie On earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.”

GEORGE W. COFFIN. LOT 35, CHESTNUT AVENUE.

“Wisdom though richer than Peruvian mines, And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive, What is she but the means of happiness? That unobtain'd, than Folly more a fool; A melancholy fool, without her bolls. Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.”
TREMONT OR STRANGERS’ TOMB. LOT 324, CHESTNUT AVENUE.

Owned by the Proprietors of the Tremont House, Boston; built in 1833, of a pentagonal form, one side being occupied by the descending entrance steps, and on each of the other four sides, are three rows of horizontal cells, having three cells each, making 36 in all: if the remains are permanently deposited, the cell is closed with a marble tablet, bearing the name of the deceased, &c.

CHARLES T. HILDRETH. LOT 291, JASMINE PATH.

"We frail and blind, to whom our own dark moon,
With its few phases is a mystery!
Back to the dust, most arrogant! Be still!
Deep silence is thy wisdom! Beast no more!
But let thy life be one long sigh of prayer,
An hymn of praise, till from thy broken clay,
At its last gasp, the unquenched spirit rise,
And unforgotten, ’mid unnumbered worlds,
Ascend to Him, from whom its essence came."
SAMUEL APPLETON. LOT 411, CEDAR HILL.

"Is it in the flight of human years
To push eternity from living thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust? —
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in busyd idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,—
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

STANTON, BLAKE AND HALLET, JUNCTION OF IVY AND ASTER PATHS. LOT 407.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour: —
And paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"
FREDERICK P. LEVERETT. LOT 54, VINE PATH.

His hope we trust was in Christ.

"The distinguished reputation of a scholar, the exalted integrity of a man, the noble qualities which grace a husband, father, son, brother, friend, as they were his, won the praise and love of every heart: so are they his just memorial.

WM. A. STEARNS. LOT 646. MOSS PATH. MON. TO SAM'L H. STEARNS.

"Ay, freely hath the tear been given—and freely hath gone forth
The sigh of grief, that one like thee should pass away from earth;
But those who mourn thee, mourn thee not like those to whom is given
No soothing hope, no blissful thoughts of parted friends in Heaven:
They feel that thou wast summoned to the Christian's high reward,—
The everlasting joys of those whose trust is in the Lord."
REV. JOHN MURRAY. LOT 587. MOSS PATH.

"The Soul!—the Soul! with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire;
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained,
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

HANNAH ADAMS. LOT 180, CENTRAL SQUARE.

Historian of the Jews, &c. Deceased, Dec. 15, 1831, Aged 76,
the first burial in Mt. Auburn.

"Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land!
Whose radiant eyes the vanquished world command,
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are joined;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light,
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view
And all but adoration is your due."
IN MEMORY OF OUR TEACHER, MARTHA WHITING,
Who died August 22d, 1850, aged 58 years.
"She hath done what she could."
Erected by the pupils of Charlestown Female Seminary.

WARREN COLBURN, DIED 1833. 80 YEARS.
LOT 429, LOCUST AVENUE.

Cherished in classic lore! Though short thy date!

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of years:
In hoary youth Methusalems may die
Then how misdated on some flattering tombs!"
CHARLES CHOATE. LOT 42, POPLAR AVENUE.

"Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulf, and all its horrors hides:
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still:
Prayer ardent, opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity?
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in Heaven."

HENRY BLAKE MCCLELLAN. DECEASED 1833, &c. 22.
LOT 123, POPLAR AVENUE.

"We lately mused beside thy peaceful grave,
In Auburn's sweet and consecrated shades;
'Twas Autumn, and a mellow sunset cast
Its golden smile through variegated woods,
And silence waved her tranquillizing wing.
There rose the beech-tree in its dying pomp,
The maple and the sumac clad in gold,
The sycamore in princely garments drest,
And the pale silvery birch, kissed by the glowing west."
ISAAC WILLIAMS. LOT 142, WILLOW AVENUE.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.—If heard aright,
It is the knell of our departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood;
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?"

EDWIN BUCKINGHAM, DIED 1833, 23 YEARS.
LOT 134, WILLOW AVENUE.

"Rest, Loved One, rest—beneath the billow's swell,
Where tongue ne'er spoke, where sunlight never fell;
Rest—till the God who gave thee to the deep,
Rouse thee, triumphant, from the long, long sleep.
And you, whose hearts are bleeding, who deplore
That ye must see your Edwin's face no more,
Weep—he was worthy of the purest grief;
Weep—in such sorrow ye shall find relief;
While o'er his doom, the bitter tear ye shed,
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead;
These cannot die! for you, for him, they bloom,
And scatter fragrance round his ocean-tomb."
REV. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN. LOT 222. OAK AVENUE.

Copied from the monument.

"For twenty-five years a faithful minister of Jesus Christ in the village of Chelsea, and for fourteen years a devoted missionary to the suffering and neglected of the city of Boston. His best monument is the ministry at large; his appropriate title, the Friend of the poor."

3d compartment—"Born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 18, 1778; Died in Cuba, W. I., April 20, 1840."

4th side—"This monument is erected by friends to whom his memory is dear for the services he rendered, and the impulse he gave to the cause of Christian Philanthropy.

THOMAS WETMORE. LOT 581, ALDER PATH.

"O Contemplation! I do love
To indulge thy grateful musings: Why along
The dusty track of commerce should I toil,
When with an easy competence, content,
I can alone be happy, — and loose the wings of Fancy?
And to be happy here, is man's chief end;
And to be happy, he must fain be good!"
"The dead, the much-loved dead!  
Who doth not yearn to know  
The secret of their dwelling place,  
And to what land they go?  
What heart but asks with ceaseless tone  
For some sure knowledge of its own?"

"Ye are not dead to us;  
But as bright stars unseen,  
We hold that ye are ever near,  
Though death intrudes between,  
Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight  
The countless spangles of the night."

HON. JOSEPH STORY, L.L.D.  LOT 313, NARCISSUS PATH.

"Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine  
To cast out empire, and to quench the stars;  
The sun by thy permission, brilliant shines,  
But one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere,  
And in this mighty plunder, was thy mark on me,  
Insatiate archer! once could not suffice,  
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain."
HENRY OXNARD. LOT 364. NARCISSUS PATH.

"Celestial Happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine."

JOHN W. WEBSTER. LOT 361, NARCISSUS PATH.

"Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on him sole depend,
Merciful o'er all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things by things deemed weak,
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise,
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful, death the gate of life!"
CLEMENT DURGIN. LOT 433. NARCISSUS PATH.

"Clement Durgin, Associate principal of Chauncy Hall School, Boston, born Sept. 29, 1802, died Sept. 30, 1833: a student and lover of nature, in her wonders, he saw and acknowledged and through them adored her benificent Author: his life was a beautiful illustration of his philosophy — his death, of the triumph of his faith: his pupils have reared this monument as an imperfect memorial of their great affection and respect."

NATHANIEL FAXON. LOT 384 NARCISSUS PATH,

"There I placed
A frail memorial,—that when again
I should revisit it, the thought might come
Of the dull tide of life, and that pure spring
Which he who drinks of, never shall thirst more."
MARTIN BRIMMER. LOT 394. INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed! the departed!
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful!
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep:
Or where the hurrying night winds
Pale winter robes have spread,
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!"
GEORGE BOND. LOT 156, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"Lost Friend, I shrink to say, so frail are we—
So like the brief ephemerou that wheels
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep
Our own bereavements, ere we haste to share
The clay with those we mourn."

BENJAMIN SEAVER. LOT 158, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"I looked on manhood's towering form
Like some tall Oak when tempests blow,
That scorns the fury of the storm
And strongly strikes its roots below:
Again I looked—with idiot cower
His vacant eye's unmeaning ray,
Told how the mind of godlike power
Passeth away."
SAMUEL GREENLEAF. LOT 409, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"Angel of death! did no presaging sign
Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare?
No warning voice, no harbinger was shine—
Danger and fear seemed past—but thou wert there!
Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path—
Foretell the hour of Nature's awful throes;
And the volcano, ere it bursts in wrath,
 Sends forth some herald from its dread repose:
But thou dark Spirit! swift and unforeseen,
Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven was all serene."

ENOCHE PATTERSON. LOT 438, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"For this mortal must put on immortality."

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID PATTEHSON.

"He sleeps beneath the blue lone sea,
He lies where pearls the deep,
He was the loved of all; yet none
O'er his low bed may weep."
NATHANIEL FRANCIS. LOT 333, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liap their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Oh, who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey;
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Not cast one longing, lingering look behind."

ALEXANDER WADSWORTH. LOT 431. INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

An infant son, born March 25, died March 9, 1837.

"Before the heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before the foot could turn
The dark and downward way;"

"Shall love with weak embrace
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No! Angels seek thy place
Among yon cherub-train."
JOHN TAPPAN'S MONUMENT. LOT 307.

At the junction of Linden and Narcissus Paths is a broken shaft, as an emblem of an unfinished course of life; with a rose bush limb, from which five of its flowers and buds have been broken off, leaving five roses on the principal stem; betokening the number of the social circle alive and deceased.

LEVY THAXTER. LOT 406, LINDEN PATH.

God is love.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
   Blossom of being! dead and gone!
   With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
   O blast departed one!
   When all of life, a rosy ray
   Blushed into dawn, and passed away."

"Thou wert so like a form of light,
   That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
   Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
   O'er thy sweet innocence:
   And thou, that bright home to bless,
   Hast passed with all thy loveliness."
DR. JACOB BIGELOW. LOT 116, BEECH AVENUE.

Joyous we move when health incites the veins,  
And genius floats in bright ethereal strains!  
But when disease, the frame with palsy stings,  
And the mind broods on lethal, hideous things,  
Excelsior head, the life-springs sagely scan,  
Makes pure the blood and renovates the man. N. D.

STONE AND STEVENS, LOT ON BEECH AVENUE.

"We see the circling hunt of noisy men  
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey,  
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles,  
Till Death, that mighty hunter earth's them all.  
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?  
Earth's brightest station ends in "HERE HE LIES;"  
And "dust to dust," concludes her noblest song."
JESSE PUTNAM. LOT 473, BEACH AVENUE.

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
  I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
  Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew;
And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
  No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveler, faint, weary, astray,
  The bright and balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love and Mercy, in triumph descending,
  And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
  And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

THOMAS H. PERKINS' WATCH DOG, LOT 108 CENTRAL AVENUE.

As history makes record of so many acts of fidelity, watchfulness and sagacity of the Dog, it is here considered appropriate to place him, as an apparent guard to the remains of the family who were his friends; it was sculptured in Italy from the purest Italian marble.
"And is this all—this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark how you clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o' er

In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime—
There when the storms of life are past,
The light beyond, shall break at last."

COGSWELL, LOT 1142. JUNCTION OF CENTRAL AND CYPRUS AV.

"A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man!—the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is Earth's melancholy map! but far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire, where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenomed passions bite,
And threatening Fate wide opens to devour."

COGSWELL.
REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY: LOT 1843, HIBISCUS PATH.

Is a lowly, neat monument of a Bible opened, encircled with a branch of Olive, resting on an inclined slab, supported by a marble base.

"How beautiful on all the hills
   The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
   The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last."

"And now, above the dews of night,
   The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
   Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death.
Shall wake to close no more."
"Farewell my best beloved! whose heavenly mind, 
Genius with virtue, strength with softness joined; 
Devotion, undebased by pride or art, 
With much simplicity, and joy of heart: 
Thou' sprightly, gentle, though polite, sincere; 
And only of thyself a judge severe; 
Thou was't beyond what verse or speech can tell 
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!"

ELDREDGE MONUMENT. EGLANTINE PATH, 
This monument is on Eglantine Path, Lot 1539.
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the Sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest:
Through this opaque of Nature and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.

In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As dutiful sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
TOUCH NOT THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

"O, do not pluck the flowers; they are sacred to the dead."

"Touch not the flowers, the cherished flowers,
The festal gift of summer hours;  
They’re holy things; they bloom to shed  
A gladening radiance round the dead;  
Their glowing cups and sweet perfume  
Dissolve the shadows of the tomb;  
’Twas no vain love,—the love that gave  
Their vernal freshness to the grave.  
The snowy marble’s sculptured height,  
May seem to thee a prouder sight,  
And ye may read in language fair,  
High names and deeds embazoned there;  
But can its gorgeous splendor vie  
With the imperial lily’s dye?  
Its shrine a purer record be  
Of all that binds the lost to thee?  
Touch not the flowers; we know not death  
Amid their loveliness—each wreath  
That floats upon the summer gale  
Bears saddening tones from sorrow’s wail;  
O! can ye mark their bloom, nor feel  
The truth their bursting buds reveal,  
That earth her sacred trust must yield,  
Whether from bower or tented field?  
There, where yon simple daisy rears  
Its smiling head, with many tears  
They laid a fair young bride to rest,  
Touch not the flower her love hath blest;  
Within its clustering petals lie  
Memories and hopes that cannot die;  
Her spirit o’er its leaves hath shed  
A life that animates the dead.  
How vain the costly pile to rear  
O’er those who scorned such trappings here;  
Swift time, with strong, o’ermastering power,  
Prostrates high tomb, and lowly flower;  
But summer’s breezes shall renew  
The rose’s bloom, the violet’s hue;  
Not so the carved and fretted stone—  
It springs no more; its glory’s gone.  
Touch not the flowers; O, can there be  
Childhood, a hoiler type of thee?  
A finer image of thy doom  
Than the wild floweret’s transient bloom?  
Let the pure sculpture gleam for him  
Before whose breath the world grew dim,  
But spare to purify the shrine  
Uprooting by a hand divine.  
Touch not the flowers; the fervent prayer,  
Poured o’er the erring slumberer there,  
On incense pinions shall arise,  
With blissful chastenings to the skies.  
God speaks in every glorious hue,  
Bright words of promise unto you;  
O’er all his healing love he shed:  
Touch not the flowers. They are the dead’s.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Companion dear! the hour draws nigh,  
The sentence speeds—to die, to die.  
So long in mystic union held,  
So close with strong embrace compell’d,  
How canst thou bear the dread decree,  
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?  
—To Him who on this mortal shore,  
The same encircling name did bear,  
To Him I look, to Him I bend,  
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.  
—If I have ever cast thee pain,  
The throbbling breast, the burning brain,  
With cares and vigils turn’d thee pale,  
And soor’d thee when thy strength did fail—  
Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,  
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace—  
If thou didst sometimes check my force,  
Or, tripping, stay mine upward course,  
Or lure from Heaven my wandering trust,  
Or bow my drooping wing to dust—  
I blame thee not, the strife is done,  
I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,  
Constrained to hold the forebears of God.  
—Well hast thou in my service wrought,  
Thy brow hath mirror’d forth my thought,  
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow’d;  
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed,  
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies  
Of sweetly varied melodies  
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,  
Thy feet upon mine errands run—  
Yes, thou hast mark’d my bidding well,  
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.  
—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed  
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,  
Where I no more thy sleep may break  
With fever’d dream, nor rudely wake  
Thy wearied eye  
Oh, quit thy hold,  
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold  
And long thy gasp and groan of pain  
Have bound me pitting in thy chain,  
Though anguish urge me—hence to soar,  
Where I shall share thine ills no more,  
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain  
Remembrance—we shall meet again.  
Quell with this hope the victor’s sting,  
And keep it as a signet-ring,  
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,  
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,  
When stars shall fall and skies grow dark,  
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,  
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,  
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.  
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,  
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,  
And, I with hovering wing elate,  
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,  
And breathe the welcome of the sky—  
"No more to part, no more to die,  
Co-heir of Immortality."
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designed for Sign Painters, Marble Letterers, &c.
Braunard was keeping house in Deering at the time of the shooting, and who has claimed to be his wife, was never married to him, and that the stories she has told to the newspapers about his insanity do not coincide with the statements she made to the investigating officers soon after the tragedy.

"I have her own admission, and the admission of the prisoner, too, for the statement that they were not husband and wife," said the inspector. "I have been in possession of this information ever since the day Braunard was taken to the county jail, but for certain reasons did not deem it wise to make it public. I should not mention it now, were it not for the fact that the alleged 'Mrs. Braunard' has seen fit to give out to the papers statements contrary to what she has told me and others in my presence.

"My attention has been called to her interview with a reporter in Augusta, where she went to visit Braunard, who has been temporarily committed to the insane hospital for official observation. That interview is so different from what she stated to me, I think it only fair that the public should be given some new light on the case."

"On his way from the police station to the county jail, two days after the murders, I talked with Braunard. He said he was sorry for what he had done, that he fully realized his position and had a long and rocky road ahead of him. I asked him if the woman who called herself Mrs. Braunard was his wife, and he said she was not; that he took her out of pity for her, and she was chiefly responsible for the trouble he was now in."

"That evening I called at her home on Fairmount street, Deering, accompanied by Officer Brown of the Woodfords station. I told her what Braunard had said to me, and she acknowledged that she and Braunard were not married, though they had been living together three years. She said she could have married him, but she didn't want to.

"I asked her if she had ever noticed in him any indication of insanity, and she replied that she had not; that when under the influence of liquor he was ugly, but when sober was all right. She said she had frequently heard him threaten to 'fix' Farnham, and had heard him say they were trying to 'do' him."

"I asked her about his carrying a revolver, and she said he was not ac-
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posed law would entail no additional
expense upon those counties. The long-
est days at county institutions are at
the Suffolk county jail, where they are
from nine to 12 hours, and where to put
an eight-hour law into effect would

cost $5000.

A curious difference is observable in
this estimate and that given by the
Worcester county commissioners, who
say that it would entail an additional
expense upon them of only $1000 to re-
duce the hours of labor of their em-
ployes, from eight to 12 a day, to eight.
The Middlesex commissioners, however, think that to take off only a
half-hour a day—their employees now
work 5½ hours—would entail an addi-
tional cost of $500, or $500 more than
the Worcester commissioners could put
the reform into operation for, and $400
more than the cost to Suffolk county,
where, as stated, the present hours are
only to 12 in 24. The report does not go
into details to explain all of the dif-
ference in conditions, which may account
for these wide variations in the esti-
mates.

A bill has been lying on the Senate

table since March 15 which provides that
the president and fellows of Harvard
College and the board of overseers of
said college, acting separately at meet-
ings called for that purpose, may deter-
mine from time to time by concur-
rent vote whether any, and, if any,
what degrees issued by said college
other than those mentioned in the first
section of chapter 173 of the acts of the
year 1865, shall entitle the recipients
thereof to vote for overseers to the
same extent and under the same
restrictions to and under which recipients
of the degree of bachelor of arts from
said college may now so vote." The
act is to "be in force when the board of
overseers and the president and fel-

ows of Harvard College, respectively,
at meetings held for that purpose, shall
by vote have assented to the same."

This is substantially the same propo-

sition which agitated Harvard circles a
few years ago, involving the extension
of the franchise for overseers to the
graduates of professional schools. It is,
however, dressed up in a new suit of
clothes in the form of restrictive pro-
visions such as were not proposed when
the question was up before.

The bill, when it came into the Senate,
was tabled on motion of Senator A. P.
Gardner, who thought that in the event
of the session of the Legislature being
extended well into the summer there
might be an opportunity to have the
matter discussed at the annual meet-
ing of the Association of Class Secre-
taries. This occurs during commence-
ment week, and as it is not apparent
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