

*J. D. Butler*

*from the author*

*Dup.*

*Camelot* AN

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

## CONSECRATION

OF THE

### PINE GROVE CEMETERY,

JULY 24, 1850.

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BY CHARLES C. SHACKFORD.

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TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER SERVICES OF CONSECRATION.

LYNN:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS HERBERT,  
EXCHANGE STREET.  
1850.

H. J. Butterfield, Printer, Lynn.



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DEAR SIR :

LYNN, JULY 31, 1850.

You will greatly oblige the Trustees of Pine Grove Cemetery Corporation, by furnishing them with a copy of your Address, delivered at the consecration of the Cemetery, for publication.

On behalf of the Trustees,

Yours truly,

WM. BASSETT, CLERK.

REV. C. C. SHACKFORD.

WM. BASSETT, ESQ.

LYNN, AUGUST 1, 1850.

DEAR SIR—In answer to your request, made in behalf of the Trustees, I have only to say that the Address is at their service, if its publication will aid the work in which they are engaged.

With sincere respect,

CHAS. C. SHACKFORD.

## ADDRESS.

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WE meet in a temple consecrated from everlasting, and built by no human hands. Over our heads is heaven's own canopy of blue, and beneath our feet the sod with which the ages have covered the everlasting rock. The birds sing in their wind-tossed nest, and as the pines their "high tops wave," there comes the sweep of solemn music, responsive to the deep-toned anthem of the ocean. The glorious sun of mid-summer looks down through this ever-green forest, and under the pleasant shade which nature has been from of old preparing in silence and mysterious power, we gather together.

For what have we thus assembled by thousands, in this divine temple, in the depths of this solemn grove? Is it, like the priests of old, to offer up the superstitious sacrifice to the dread powers of nature? Is it to celebrate some great festal day? Is it to lay some corner stone of a magnificent building, in which the living shall congregate with mighty shouts and the voice of joy? For no purposes like these are we here. God we indeed call upon, and we unite our hearts in wor-



ship, but we invoke a Father's benediction, and we worship our loving Creator. A day we *have* set apart, but it is to commemorate the night of death. A house we *do* intend to build, but it is a habitation for the dead. We have come to set apart a place in which our bodies shall sleep the sleep of death; for this is the meaning of the word "cemetery," in the original, "a place of repose." Here in this "dark Pine Grove," we come to make provision for the laying by of the body, when our time shall come—as it will surely come, in the swiftly revolving years—to die.

This is the event that happens to all, in the kind providence of the good Creator. It is not an anomalous fact in regard to humanity, but one in harmony with the whole realm of nature whose life we share, and in whose bosom we rest. All things around us which the eye looks upon are continually dying, and continually being renewed. Birth itself is but the death to a former state. Upon every part of our bodies is this law inscribed; upon every drop of blood, and every fibre of our frame—upon mineral, plant, animal and man—upon the earth below, and the rolling orbs above. They all die, because God creates anew continually. They all die, that all may exist in higher forms. Death, thou art not the foe, but the friend to humanity; thou comest to withdraw the veil of flesh and sense, that the spirit may be unbound

and borne upwards to its home; that it may advance in wisdom and in love to the great Creator, passing through higher spheres of his beneficent power. Thou comest as an event in our life, as one crisis in the progress of humanity, ordered by Him whose laws of good can never fail, whose enfolding arms can never be removed; as "God's ministering angel to man, wrapping us all in his mantle," and transporting us not into a pleasant dream-land alone, but into that region where is a fuller life, and a brighter light; which "gathers us to the fathers," not merely as mingling our bodies with the common dust, but as introducing us to the innumerable company that has gone before, whose affections glow with purer love, and whose powers are exerted for a greater good than can be manifest in this introductory sphere of being.

"Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom  
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,  
And happy regions of eternal hope.  
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,  
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,  
Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
To feed with kindest dews its favorite flower,  
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile."

But death, which thus gives freedom to the spirit, leaves the body subject wholly to the ever-acting life of nature. The uniting bond of the various organs,



the preserving and upholding influence of the animating spirit ceases to maintain its power, and the conditions of material life are manifested there, as in every other particle of matter. Nature claims her own, and the eye must take a last farewell of the beloved form. We must resign to the elements of the world, that which was formed by their aid. That body which the spirit has left and dropped from it as "a weary weed," the prey of corruption, we must give up to be mingled with the elements, to be re-combined in ten thousand forms, and to be united throughout the lapse of ages with the circling juices and substances of nature, appearing and disappearing in air and ocean, in rock and plant and man.

And how can we devise a more appropriate mode, than to commit the body to the safe keeping of the earth, to that beneficent mother in whose bosom we were nourished? From her we have received our food. Her air and fruits, her hills and valleys, her rains and her clouds, her light and heat, have freely given themselves to build up our frame, and minister to our good. To thee, kind mother, we give back all that thou canst claim. Take thou, in this chosen spot, charge of the sacred trust. Thou wilt seek to clothe the place of decay, the dear, solemn abode of the sleeping dust, with garments of beauty; thy morning light shall awaken the birds, and thou wilt toll through

the pine trees the funereal chime; thy evening shade shall moisten the grassy mound, and "dress the grave with pearly dew;" thy spring-time shall renew the first glories of creation, and speak to man of an immortal youth; thy mysterious powers shall take up into themselves, in gradual and sure progression, all mortal parts, so that the object which the senses loathe shall become transfigured into thy own glorified forms of loveliness. We may truly say in regard to the body, that the form of the beloved

"Is made one with nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone.  
He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear  
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there  
All new successions to the forms they wear,  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light."

This mode of disposing of the dead, by committing the bodies to the earth or to the tomb to undergo there the slow process of decay, has become the universal practice of so-called christian nations. The early christians followed therein the example of the Jews, whose sacred books contain the simple and beautiful account of the burial of the patriarchs. With this nation



it had become a part of their religion to be laid in the burial place with their fathers. It was thought the crowning curse to say of the evil doer, "his dead body shall be cast out in the day to the heat, and in the night to the frost." And the greatest of the prophets, in his terrible proclamation of woe, exclaims, "All the kings of the nations lie in glory, every one in his own house: but thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch; as a carcass trodden under feet." The Hebrews had their burial place, which they called "the house of the living," without the walls of the cities, in some place where the mourning friends could go and weep. "She hath gone to the grave to weep there," said the mourning friends of the sister of Lazarus. And the possession that Abraham acquired in order that "he might put his dead out of his sight," was a secluded place, "a field, and a cave therein, with all the trees that were in the field, and that were in all the borders round about." In a garden was the tomb of him whose body saw not corruption. For three centuries, the christians buried their dead beyond the confines of the cities, following thus the customs of their forefathers, and the dictates of reason. Then the Church which claimed entire authority over soul and body, made a lucrative trade by the sale of its privileges to consecrated ground, near the bones of holy martyrs, and at last, even within the very temple of

God. Then, no more dreaded sentence could be given than to say,

"She shall in ground unsanctified be lodged  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints and pebbles shall be strown on her."

So it has come to pass, that the treatment of the dead among nations professing the christian religion, has been, until within a few years, far more unreasonable, more opposed to a pure sentiment of taste, more injurious to the living, and really disrespectful to the remains of the dead, than that of any of the more enlightened ancient or modern nations, professing a different religion. Tombs in cathedrals have become the resort of the outcast and the vile. Bodies have been heaped up in vaults in indiscriminate confusion, until the air has been poisoned, and the living have been cut off by pestilence. Grave yards around the churches have been made the receptacles of corpses, until the weary earth would cover no more in its bosom, but threw out the ghastly remnants; and bones and coffins have been crushed and swept together, to make room for the still coming host. Members of the same family must occupy distant graves; and whether they were in vault or church-yard, the living could not, in lonely contemplation and surrounded by congenial associations, commune with the departed.

How abhorrent to the finer feelings is this casting



heedlessly forth the earthly tenement, not as a stern necessity which is yielded to for once with reluctance, but as the custom of a people, pursued from year to year through succeeding generations! And even if there were no appeal from the higher principles of the nature, self-preservation and care for health have demanded, in tones that cannot be disregarded, an essential change. So strongly has this been felt in the mighty metropolis of Great Britain, that a company has recently been formed, to erect funeral pyres and consume the dead by burning. Sad is the thought of a thronging multitude reduced to this alternative. It would never have happened, had there been cultivated among nominally christian people, the higher sentiments and the finer susceptibilities of the heart. But among protestant communities, the tendency has been to dissociate from religion all thought for the body after the soul has left it, to impress deeply upon the general consciousness the conviction, that nought we can do avails the dead—that no prayers or ceremonies can reach their state or affect their condition.

When care for the dead is thus wholly dissociated from the religious element—the deepest and strongest fibre of our being—changes in regard to the mode of interment and the burial customs of a people, must depend upon the general cultivation of taste and the development of the more refined elements of the soul.

As the desire of union among the family circle becomes stronger, longing even to share in the same resting place; as the love of nature is cultivated; as “reverence, that angel of the world,” leads to the fuller enshrining of the memory of the departed; as love of the place in which he is born or has his dwelling-place, makes each one more desirous of consecrating his wealth to the adornment of his home by the divinities of art; the thought becomes also more directly turned to prepare for himself and his loved ones a last place of abode, where not merely the body can be put away like a despised clod of the valley, but a place which

“Shall breathe of hope and move the heart to prayer;”

to have this place away from the busy haunts of men, among the objects of God’s beautiful creation; among objects consecrated by human love, that divine charity which gives a halo to all virtuous traits, and draws a veil over infirmities and faults; among the memorials of art and genius which wealth has procured as the last testimony of devoted affection—

“To have *one* inclosure where the voice that speaks  
In envy or detraction is not heard;  
Which malice may not enter; where the traces  
Of evil inclinations are unknown;  
Where love and pity tenderly unite  
With resignation; and no jarring note  
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb.”



It is on feelings such as these that the demand for a rural cemetery like this, is based, and not upon any religious conviction, or any connection of the mode of burial with theories of after existence or relation of the living to the dead. In this respect we differ from the nations of antiquity, from the more civilized of the so-called heathen nations of the present time, and from the adherents of the English and Roman church. These all connect the mode of burial with the state of the departed spirit; and their ceremonies are based upon some idea of the union of the soul and body, some theory of the resurrection, some condition of weal or woe in a future life. Thus, among the ancient Egyptians, the belief that the soul would return in a cycle of ages to inhabit the identical body which it had left, led to the practice of embalming carefully the corpse, so that the progress of decay should be stopped, and the soul should find again its tenement preserved in every limb and feature. Their tombs were hewn out of the everlasting rock, and they inhabited spacious and richly furnished abodes, surrounded by those earthly implements and memorials deemed needful for their happiness.

The Greeks and Romans represented those souls over whose dead bodies the rites of sepulture had not been performed, as wandering forlorn upon the borders of elysium, unable to find admission into its realms.

Hence the Athenians inquired of candidates for office, whether they had ever neglected to perform the funeral rites or erect suitable monuments to their friends; and they condemned to death those commanders who, in a naval engagement, had left their dead floating upon the waves. The old Grecians dreaded also to be committed to the bosom of the deep, thinking that the fiery element of the soul might thus be wholly extinguished.

The Chinese have their burial places outside the walls, on some hill which they plant with cypress and pine, and they resort there yearly to make libations and offer sacrifices to their deceased friends. They regard his condition as most miserable, who has no one to perform for him the prescribed service of burial. The child must mourn for the parent during three years, and resort at specified seasons to his grave, as the father in the life beyond the grave is supposed to be wholly dependent for happiness on his surviving children. An account of that nation says "that the devotees at the tomb are commanded to sacrifice to their ancestors as present, to cherish the remembrance of their virtues, and closely imitate their example."

The Brahmins consume the dead body with fire, thinking that thus the grosser particles of matter will be more freely exhaled, and the etherial spark be delivered from its bondage to the baser forms of perishing mortality.



The Afghans burn incense at the tombs, and crown them with garlands, because of the belief that the spirits of their departed friends are present in silence, and take pleasure in these offerings.

The early Scandinavians religiously respected the barrows or mounds of the dead, because they believed that the spectres of the departed still visited them and could be conversed with, if rightly invoked. Their sorrow over the departed, too, was restrained by the belief that their grief afflicted the dead. An old northern tale represents the widowed bride of king Helge as conversing with the spirit of her departed husband at night upon his barrow. She says to him,

"Thy hands, my king,  
Are icy cold;  
O Helge, how shall I  
Find cure for this?"

And his spirit replies,

"'T is thou, Sigruna,  
Art cause alone,  
That Helge is bathed  
With the dew of sorrow.  
O sunny daughter of the south,  
Ere that thou goest to rest  
Thou weepest bitter tears;  
Each sorrowing tear  
Falls on my breast  
Icy cold, and torn with grief."

The Roman catholics believe in purgatory, from which the soul must be rescued by appropriate services and funeral rites, and the body must rest in consecrated ground. To be excluded from this is dreaded as a fearful curse, and equivalent to an exclusion from heaven itself. Not entirely freed from something of this superstition were our puritan fathers, when they surrounded the church with the graves of the dead, and made its precincts sad with the mementos of mortality; not entirely free from it are those who so jealously defend their church-yards from the contaminations of the unbaptized and the dissenter. When this superstition was in a degree thrown off, and no religious doctrine connected itself immediately in the christian mind with the burial of the body, the christian might be accused of showing less care for the dead than even the Indian. It was not, however, because there was more natural feeling in the Indian, that he watched so faithfully over the burial place of his fathers. It was a part of his religion. Hitherto, the progress of religious truth among us has been tending to indifference in regard to the body after death. While other nations are led by their peculiar religious theories to respect the burial place of the dead, to keep the tomb from violation and to frequent the place of the body's repose, the progress of christian truth severs the bond of imagination which con-



nects the departed spirit with the decaying body. *That* may be carried on the wings of the wind and scattered over the wide expanse of earth and sea. *That* the waters may receive into their soft embrace, or the fire consume with relentless fury, or the earth reduce to its kindred earth by a gradual change. It matters not, as far as the real being that we loved, is affected. It will not disturb our state, howsoever those who survive us shall dispose of the mortal remains. Yet this subject is intimately connected with the deepest instincts of humanity, and neglect towards the dead cannot co-exist with tender affections and unperverted moral sentiment. The progress of religion too, must be into the sphere of taste and reason, as well as into the sphere of conscience.

Among protestant sects, the Moravians have been distinguished for the taste and cheerful feeling manifested in the arrangement of their burial places. It is among them a garden, planted with flowers; and upon the head stone is inscribed the motto, "he has gone home." One of their missionaries gives this description of the burial place at a station at the Cape of Good Hope. "A broad path leads in a straight line through our garden into the burying ground; this path is inclosed by rows of trees, and the ground is inclosed by a hedge of roses. All our Hottentots assisted with great willingness in completing this work,

and are highly pleased with the appearance of their future resting place."

But the requirements of health, a more cultivated taste and a more elevated general sentiment, are operating throughout all christian nations, to bring each community to adopt modes and places of sepulture, which shall be conformed to reason and meet the wants of the heart. In 1776, it was forbidden in France any longer to make interments in churches and cities. This prohibition was the cause of tumult in many places, so deeply rooted in the popular feeling was the attachment to the old places of burial. In one parish where the spirit of murmuring and complaint was on the point of breaking out into open rebellion, the curate, a man reverend for his age and virtues, addressed the people thus from his pulpit; "I hear your murmurs, which say, why do they forbid us to mingle our dust with the dust of our fathers? This is the reason, that after your death you shall not cause harm to your children; the object is to do away with an inhuman abuse. What! would you gratify your idle wishes at the price of the life and health of your descendants? You will not, brethren, be buried with your fathers, but you will mingle your ashes with those of your children, your friends and parents who are now living. Those who shall come after us will offer grateful thanks over our graves, as over the



graves of benefactors; but if you will not obey thus the dictates of religion and humanity, on the great day of account, I, your father, your brother, your friend, I the minister of mercy will be your first accuser, and the first to call down vengeance on the disobedient." Such exhortations as this, you, fellow-citizens have not needed; but following your own spontaneous impulse, and the example already set before you in so many places of our own country, you have commenced a new burial place; you have chosen the spot where you and your kindred shall be borne and laid in the quiet grave. Your eyes, the eye of each, will single out that narrow space which will be all remaining to you of this vast material universe, that now seems all too little to satisfy the boundless desires of the spirit craving immortality. One by one, in quick succession, you will be followed here by the long train of mourning friends. Here, as the hot tear of anguish falls upon your coffin, the eye of love shall gaze, for the last time, upon the marble face upturned to heaven, and the eye-lids closed forever from the sunlight. Here shall be uttered the last farewell. To some now assembled it will happen, that before they themselves lie down here in the repose of death, they will have brought to this place many an old household companion, many a friend of their youth, many who sat at the same table and were sheltered by the same roof.

They will have seen laid side by side the infant, taken away when life was in its first bud, and the tender leaves were folded together—the youth, when the blossom was opening to the light, and the glowing colors were painted on the flower—the man of mature years, when the rich fruit was hanging upon the branches—the hoary head of age, when the withered leaf of autumn, touched by the chill frost, dropped noiselessly away. Here will be a place which they can visit at morn, at evening, or at noon-day; and with this solitude, the deepest and holiest feelings may be fitly associated. The thought of a serene repose here by the side of those with whom we have passed pleasant days in the bright seasons of life, may remove some of the gloomy associations with the grave, and make its contemplation less distasteful to the heart. "I was just thinking," said an eminent divine of Scotland, a little while before his death, "I was just thinking on the pleasant spot of earth I shall get to lie in beside my old friends. I shall come in as the little one among them, and I shall get my pleasant George in my hand, (a child who was gone before him,) and we shall be a knot of bonnie dust."

Here then we shall rest in consecrated ground; not consecrated in the old superstitious sense, for all God's ground is holy, and all watched over by a father's love—but in ground sanctified by the most lasting



memories of the heart—removed from uncongenial associations, and surrendered to the harmonies of nature, the sorrows and chastened hopes of humanity; consecrated by dust which has enshrined spirits whom we loved; by the tears of affection, by the frequent footsteps of the mourner; consecrated too by art, which shall here seek to join with nature in suitable decorations of this habitation of the dead.

Even now I see in imagination the head-stone and the monument rising in too rapid succession in the valley and on the hill-side, beneath the over-hanging rock, and under the wide-spreading pine. I see the flower, the green shrub, the tree, which has bloomed in the home garden, transplanted here to adorn this more lasting home, giving forth, as is meet, its fragrance and beauty over cherished hillocks of tear-moistened earth. I see the mournful procession coming to intrust to these solitudes the dearest earthly treasures. I behold the form bowed with grief as the step goes back into the yet greater solitude of life, often there turning away from the music and the dance and the bright glare of the passing day, to come up here and muse upon the past and the future, repeating in sadness the strain,

"There is but one place in the world.  
Here, here is all that still remains of him—  
This single spot is the whole earth to me."

I see the weeping eye lifted upwards to the blue vault of heaven, and as it gazes into that type of the Infinite, beautiful, serene, there comes into the heart a holy calm, and a new revealing of the all-encompassing love of God. And as the summer clouds pass over the bright expanse, causing the shadows to flit by, making the landscape more beautiful, and obscuring only for an instant the serene face of day—the spirit repeats the consoling word, "I hid my face from thee only for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, the Redeemer."

Thus is this ground consecrated to tenderest sympathies, to hallowed griefs, to highest hopes. Here shall the wanderer dying in a foreign land turn his thought, and ask to be gathered with his loved ones. He will think upon this calm retreat, this silent shade. He will long to share the same turf with those in whose love he shared in the fresh morning of life. This secluded spot shall be consecrated as the home of the dead, where those who loved in life shall not be severed in death.

And this place which we to-day set apart is well fitted for the purpose to which we apply it. Its ever-green trees furnish grateful shade and an appropriate



symbol. These give the name by which this place is designated. Not a capricious fancy, but a natural feature of the place, has called this "The Pine Grove Cemetery." Wherever we look, this noble pine tree meets the eye. It crowns the summit of the hill, and outspreads its grateful shade in the valley. And "a more fitting tree for a christian burial ground than the white pine of America," says a recent writer, "can scarcely be named. With all the gravity and unchanging character of an evergreen, it has not the dull gloom of the cypress or the yew; its growth is noble, and, more than any other tree, it holds murmuring communion with the mysterious winds, waving in tones of subdued melancholy over the humble graves at its foot." Here too the place presents varied and appropriate features. The rocks tower in jagged beauty, sending forth from their fissures the clinging plant and the lasting cedar. The quiet and secluded vales invite to meditation. The broad avenues wind in easy gradations to the wood-crowned hill, whence the eye can catch glimpses of the eternal ocean, sparkling in the sunlight or gray with the overhanging sky; they wind to the lofty "Forest Rock," the sculpture of the Creator's mighty hand, revealing the secrets of his working; while below in the distance gleam the houses of the living, and around shall soon be built up the more enduring houses of the dead. It is a well-chosen spot,

and it has been well laid out. May that which is far more precious than human praise or earthly compensation be their reward, who have toiled with pure intent and loving purpose in the accomplishment of this needed work.

Come then here to weep, to meditate and pray. Come in the morning hour, when God shall deck the east with glory and gild the tree-tops with his rising light. Come in the burning noon-day, when the spreading tree shall offer its protecting shade, like a father's outstretched arms of love. Come when the declining sun shall clothe with gray mantle the tree and rock and monument, and all around shall breathe the hushed peace of evening twilight, reminding of the time when the turmoil of life's busy day shall end, and with "its joyful and mournful noises, sink into the still eternity." Here commune with the dead whose bodily resting place this shall be. Here bring before you their beloved image as in the days when you lived upon their smile, and "their glory was fresh in them;" here commune of days gone by, and happy days to come. Here dwell upon that meeting in the spirit-land, when those who have gone before shall welcome your coming; remembering that a star shall sooner be wanting to its orbit in the heavens, than a true love fail of meeting its object in the sphere beyond. Think not that your child, your friend, your parent, can sleep



here under the green turf and the heaped up mound; follow not in imagination that bodily mould as though *it were* the being whom you loved. Oh no; that real *form* becomes emancipate from flesh and from corruption; that emerges from behind the veil, and enters at once upon a life of deeds and joys adapted to its state. Thus communing with life, this solemn grove will indeed become to you the "house of the living." The stone will be rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. As the eye looks in, it will see the radiant forms of celestial visitants, and the dark portals of the grave will be transformed into the vestibule of the temple of immortality. Let all here thus be suggestive of continued life and action in that world which is dark only to the senses; let not sensuous images chain down the soul, but lift it up to that heavenly sphere; thence seek those feelings,

"Tending to patience when affliction strikes;  
To hope and love; to confident repose  
In God; and reverence for the dust of man."

## APPENDIX.

THE first public meeting of the citizens of Lynn to consider the subject of establishing a Rural Cemetery, was held in the Town Hall on the evening of the 14th of September, 1849. Benjamin Mudge was chosen chairman, and J. F. Kimball secretary. A committee was appointed to examine the several lots proposed, and report at a future meeting. At an adjourned meeting, September 21, the committee recommended the purchase of the lot at present occupied as the grounds of the Cemetery. At a meeting September 28, a committee was appointed to obtain subscribers to the stock of a Cemetery Corporation, each share being fixed at ten dollars, with the understanding that the amount subscribed should be invested in a lot or lots in the Cemetery. The subscribers met October 22, at the Town Hall, and the Corporation was legally organized; a code of by-laws was adopted, and a board of trustees chosen, to which the location of the Cemetery was referred. At a meeting of the Corporation, November 29, the present location was agreed upon, and the name of "Pine Grove Cemetery" was adopted. The Cemetery is as nearly central as could be obtained, and convenient of access from every part of the city.

The entrance is on Boston street, about a furlong from the bridge in Franklin street. The distance from Lynn Hotel is two hundred and eighty rods; from Lyceum Hall, two hundred and eighty-eight rods; from Gravesend, two hundred and eighty-six rods; from the Dye House, two hundred and eighty rods; from the Lynn Depot, one mile; and from Saugus bridge and Swampscott, two miles each. The lot contains about twenty-four acres, or, 1,045,440 square feet.



There are available for burial lots, 784,080 square feet, which will make 2613 lots, containing three hundred square feet each.

The avenues and paths of the Cemetery have been tastefully laid out under the direction of Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury. The Cemetery was consecrated on the 24th of July, 1850. The day was pleasant, and the assemblage of persons was very large. Seats were provided for two thousand, but more than twice that number were present. A procession was formed on the grounds, which moved through the principal avenues before proceeding to Consecration Hill. The children of the schools formed an interesting part of this procession. Hon. Geo. Hood, Mayor, and President of the Corporation, presided; Geo. W. Keene officiated as chairman of the committee of arrangements, and Timothy Munroe as chief marshal.

## ORDER OF SERVICES.

### I.

#### ORIGINAL ODE.

BY MR. G. W. PUTNAM.

We come to consecrate, to-day,  
The hillside, plain, and grove,  
Prepare a burial place to lay  
The dead ones of our love.  
Ever with solemn thoughts draw near  
This calm and holy place;  
For know—their souls who slumber here  
Are with Him face to face!

Here shall they bring the grey-haired sire,  
The maiden in her bloom;  
And youth and manhood, in their fire,  
Shall hasten to the tomb.  
Oft bringing flowers and garlands wild,  
The youthful band shall come,  
Bearing along the little child  
Unto its narrow home.

Behold the sting of death is gone;  
The grave has lost its gloom;  
For faith, the bright and heaven-born,  
Hath lighted up the tomb.  
While hope the cloud of sorrow parts,  
And ushers in the day,  
Kind angels' hands from heavy hearts  
Shall roll the stone away.

Soon comes, when summer days are past,  
Calm autumn, sadly bright;  
And soon shall sweep the winter's blast,  
O'er these cliffs wreathed in white;



Yet hope shall speak o'er nature's knell,  
Write on her snowy urn,  
And with the changeless pine shall tell  
Of the bright spring's return.

Then the bright forest-birds shall sing,  
'Neath summer's sunshine warm;  
The buds and blossoms bright shall spring  
Above the sleeper's form.

And grateful come, at sultry noon,  
Sea breeze and sound of waves;

At eve the stars and silver moon

Look down upon the graves.

At that calm hour shall mourners wait

To drop the trembling tear,

For hearts and homes made desolate,

To form the meetings here;

Communing with the spirit bands,

Where the much loved ones lay,

Shall see bright forms and beckoning hands

Calling themselves away.

We part to-day—but, one by one,

We shall return again;

Up these steep paths we all shall come,

Each with his funeral train.

The breeze above our lowly grave

Shall bend the pine tree's bough,

And sky, and cloud, and breaking wave,

Shall be as they are now.

So be it—till the race has paid

The penalty of sin—

Till the last form in dust is laid—

Death's harvest gathered in.

Then shall the myriad break their thrall,

While o'er the earth abroad

Shall sound the great archangel's call,

The pealing trump of God!

## II.

### PRAYER.

BY REV. OTIS ROCKWOOD.

## III.

### READING OF SCRIPTURE.

BY REV. J. B. CLARK.

## IV.

### ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

Sweet, sacred grove, our feet are led  
Up to thy solemn shades, to-day,

To found a city for the dead,

From life's commotion far away.

Here, Art with Nature will unite,

To fill the mind with pure delight.

A skillful hand these paths hath traced,  
O'er rocky steep, through grove and lawn,

Where once the happy "red man" chased  
The nimble deer and timid fawn.

Where oft he roamed, beneath this shade,  
Shall we to our last rest be laid.

Along these paths will soon appear  
The peaceful dwellings of the dead;

All ranks will find a level here,

One pillow and one common bed;

O'er all alike, the plaintive breeze  
Will sweetly murmur through the trees.

Ye joyous birds, bring music here!

Ye showers, drop; ye dews, distil,

And mingle with the mourner's tear;

Ye fleecy snows, on glen and hill

Weave lightly o'er each grave your shroud,  
When fiercely blows the north wind loud!



Why havel for rich,  
implies that got by evil means  
2. exclusive devotion  
3. wrong ends - 1522

30

May faith and hope like angels stand,  
To meet the "trembling mourner" here,  
From sorrow's eye, with gentle hand,  
To wipe the sympathetic tear,  
And upward point the drooping eye,  
To that bright home beyond the sky.

God of this welcome summer day!  
God of the living and the dead!  
Vouchsafe Thy presence; ever may  
We by Thy watchful care be led,  
Till we shall meet in realms above,  
To know the fullness of thy love!

V.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES C. SHACKFORD.

VI.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MISS ANNA H. PHILLIPS.

Our Father, all thy glorious earth  
Is consecrated ground,  
For everywhere, on land and sea,  
Thy life and love are found;  
Yet, by thy special blessing, Lord,  
To us may hallowed be,  
This place of sleep for our beloved,  
Whose spirits rest with Thee!

Hallow to us the sunny light  
That smiles upon the sod,  
And let it emblem evermore  
The presence of our God;  
Unseal the spirit's ear, to hear  
Thy voice upon the breeze;  
And hallow to the inward sight,  
All that the outward sees!

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And, Father, guarded by Thy love  
And hallowed be each grave,  
O'er which the snows of winter fall,  
Or summer's blossoms wave;  
And let Thy tenderness enfold  
The mourner by the dead—  
Thou, who dost number all our woes,  
And every tear we shed!

Oh, teach the bowed and stricken heart,  
How beautiful is death—  
Teach it the glory of that life  
Succeeding mortal breath;  
Reveal that "many-mansioned" home,  
Whose gates shut out all pain—  
Where we, in Thine eternal light,  
Shall know our loved again!

VII.

PRAYER.

BY REV. J. A. ADAMS.

VIII.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MISS ANNIE JOHNSON.

These templed groves in silence stand,  
As formed by God's creative hand;  
And in their shadow, soft and deep,  
The loved of many a home shall sleep!

Here be the cares of life forgot!  
Hallow with prayer this peaceful spot!  
For where this day our feet have trod,  
Souls shall awake to look on God.



~~Wills location~~  
~~local & geog. to folks~~

~~Prov. 6.23~~  
~~14.17~~  
~~14.15~~

~~14.24. folly = folly~~

~~weath~~

~~Man of the best itself~~

~~influences~~

~~body~~

~~front~~

~~affluence~~

~~Johnson~~

~~strong as volcano~~

~~Alt.~~

~~get - misused~~

~~San Antonio~~

~~volcano~~

~~people~~

~~occupation~~

~~old dead crows~~

~~Prohibit business~~  
~~stretch too far~~  
~~how~~

~~weaken~~

~~children~~

~~Amuse~~

~~Calan - breathing~~  
~~was down in instead of up~~

~~making & dreaming~~

~~if up to now~~  
~~all the winter~~

~~house of living~~  
~~16th~~

32

Hearts that have ceased to throb with pain—  
Love, that death reunites again—  
Unchanged, the holy grave will keep;  
God "giveth His beloved sleep!"

Then breathe we grateful prayers to Him  
Who dwelleth with the cherubim!  
His love our treasures safe will keep;  
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

IX.

BENEDICTION.

OFFICERS

OF THE

PINE GROVE CEMETERY CORPORATION,

CHOSEN JANUARY 7, 1850.

TRUSTEES.

GEORGE HOOD, <i>President.</i>	ALBOURNE OLIVER.
CHARLES MERRITT.	BENJAMIN MUDGE.
THOMAS J. MARSH.	ABNER SCUDDER MOORE.
NATHAN D. CHASE.	GEORGE W. KEENE.
OTIS JOHNSON.	BENJ. J. PHILLIPS.
OTIS NEWHALL.	JOSEPH N. SAUNDERSON.

CLERK.

WILLIAM BASSETT.

TREASURER.

DANIEL C. BAKER.



