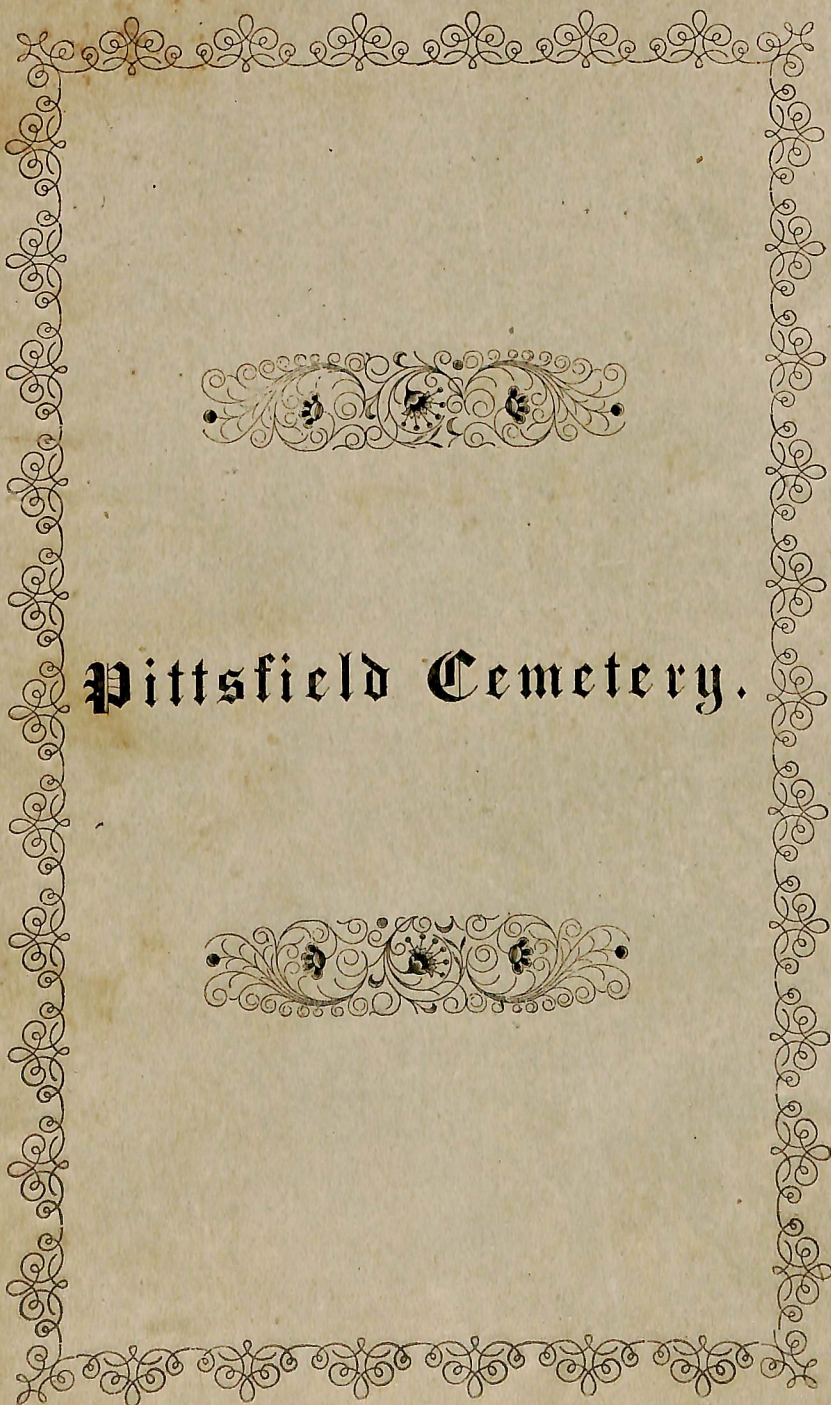


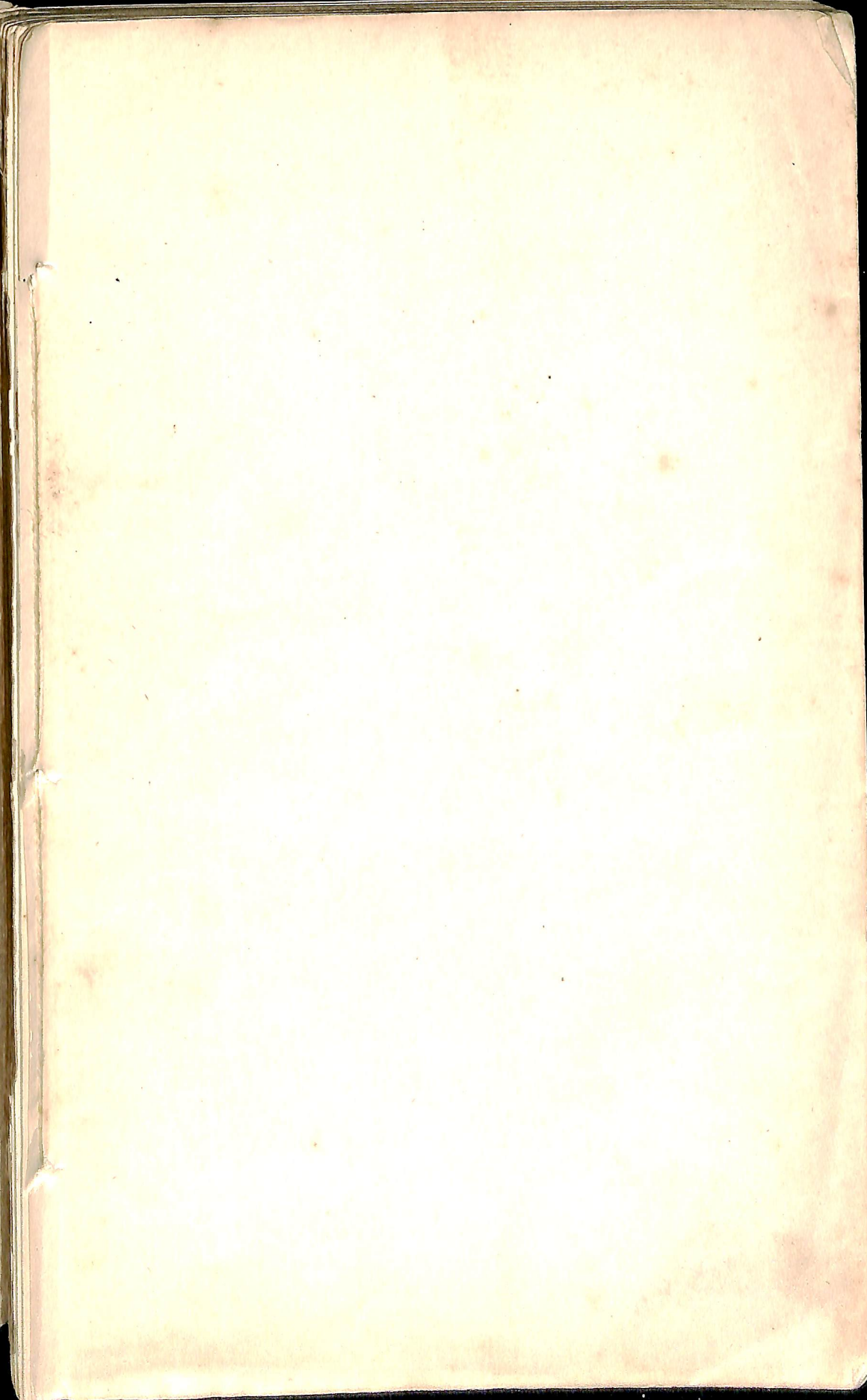
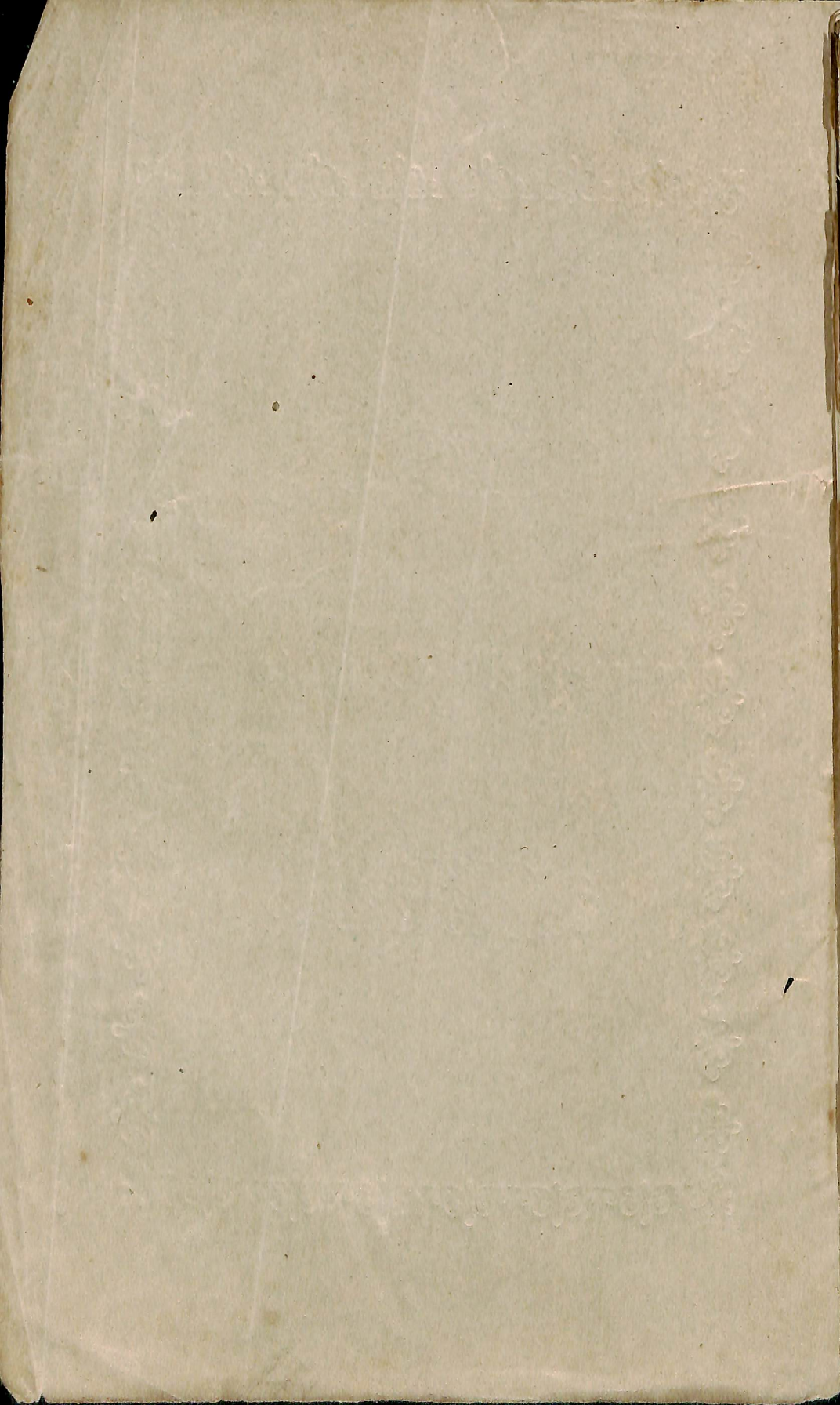
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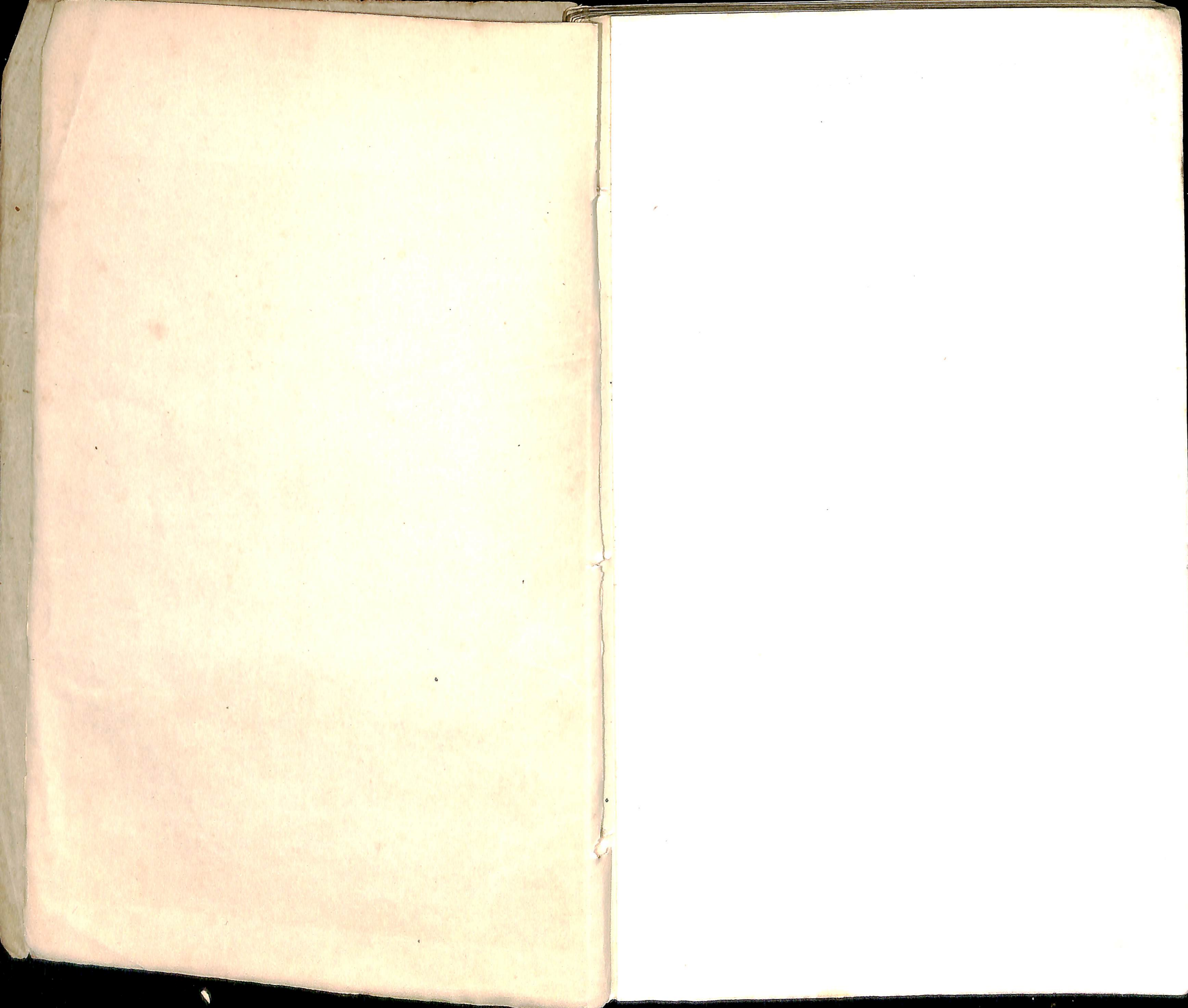
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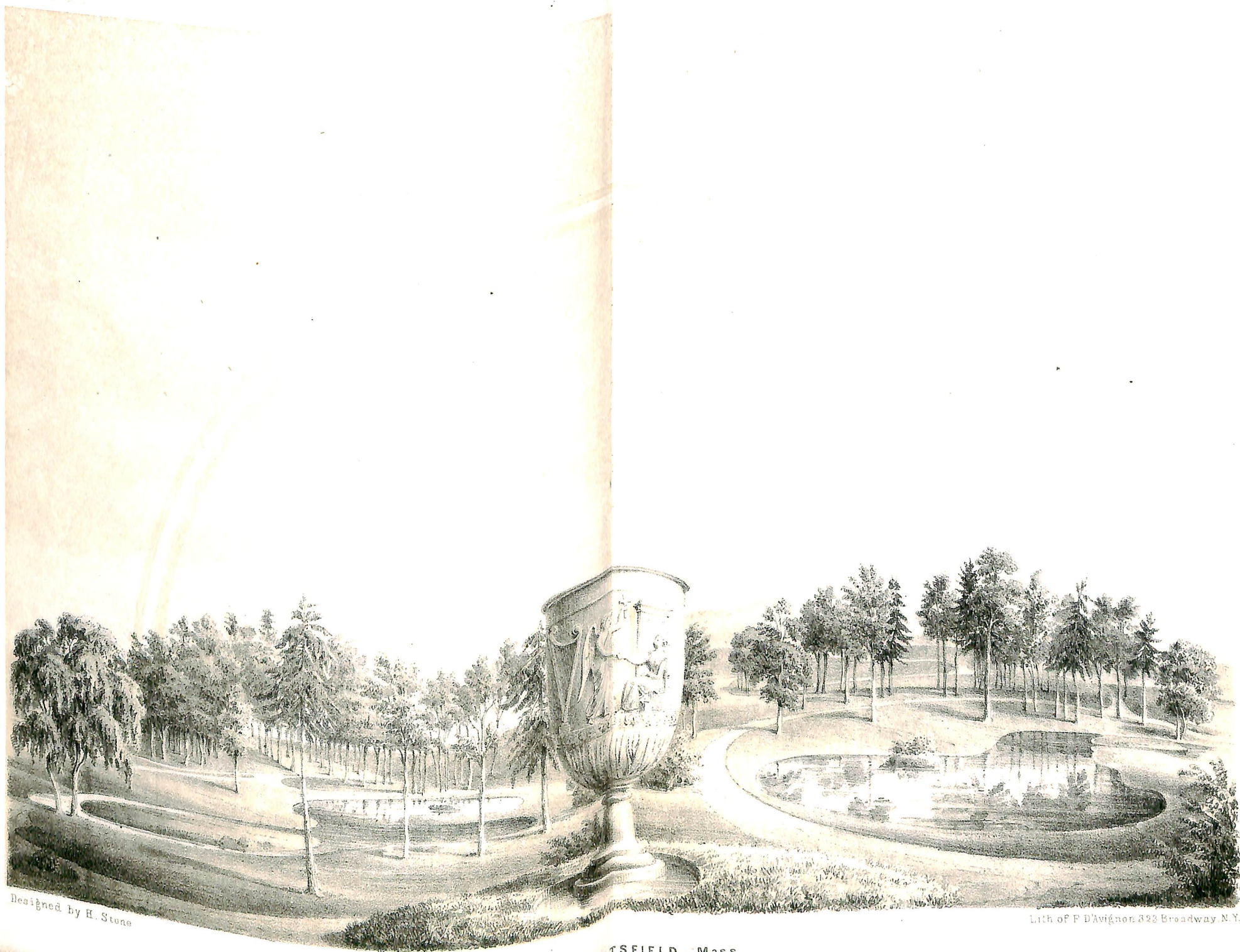
Cemeteries



Pittsfield Cemetery.







Designed by H. Stone

Lith of F. D'Auignon 323 Broadway N.Y.

CEMETERY, PITTSFIELD, Mass.

AN ADDRESS

BY

REV. HENRY NEILL,

AND

A POEM

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

PITTSFIELD (RURAL) CEMETERY,

September 9th, 1850,

WITH OTHER MATTER, AND

A MAP OF THE GROUNDS.

By the Committee of Publication.

PITTSFIELD, MASS:

AXTEL, BULL AND MARSH....PRINTERS.

1850.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

At the first meeting of the settlers on the lots in Pontoosuc, Sept. 12, 1753, it was voted, That Hezekiah Jones, Israel Dewey, Elias Willard, Deacon Crowfoot, and Charles Goodrich, should manage the whole affair of building a meeting-house, and should agree on a place or places to bury the dead. For the next five years, no mention is made upon the town records of a burial place. The few who died during that time were buried in some spot, generally chosen for its elevation and dry soil, contiguous to the clustering homesteads, that, scattered at wide distances, were to be found throughout the township. As population increased, and the necessity for a central place of gathering, both upon the Sabbath and other public occasions, became apparent, measures were also taken to secure a place of public burial. After the entire completion of the first meeting-house in 1764,—a building in size forty-five feet by fifty-five,—the town voted "to clear one and a quarter acres near the meeting-house for a place of burial." This work, for reasons not specified, lingered on through several years. The trees in part had been girdled but not removed ;

the places for burial were cramped and rough; the land was wet and unsightly;—no headstones had been reared,—no fences built to enclose the grounds,—no sexton appointed to dig the graves. The distant and private places of burial were still used in preference to the church-yard. So much dissatisfaction in fact existed towards what we call “the old grave-yard,” that at the call of the town meeting on the 30th of Nov. 1768, the 7th article of the warrant reads: “To know the mind of the town relating to the present burying-ground,—whether they will remove it or not; if not, whether they will fence it.” That same year the town erected a good and suitable fence around it, cleared off many of the trees, removed the stumps and roots from a considerable space, leveled the ground, appointed a sexton, and voted “to provide a spade, a hoe and a pick, for the use of Aaron Stiles, the sexton, to dig graves,” “every man having a chance to work out his proportion of the tax therefor, if he attended according to David Bush’s warning.”

By sundry records of the town, the place of public burial seems after this date to have been definitively settled. To a spectator, standing in the centre of its present circumscribed limits, its outlines ragged and uneven, and almost every angle it presents unsightly and repulsive, a faint idea only can be formed of the original shape and size of the old grave-yard. The foot of progress—not improvement, surely, from

that point of observation—has been planted on more than half its original extent. It was, in its first appropriation, ample for its purposes, pleasant in its location, intact by buildings upon its premises, and suitable, quiet and attractive, to citizens and strangers. In its front stood the rude, unpainted meeting-house. Near by

“There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher’s modest mansion rose.”

Across the street was the inn. South, and east, and north, as the roads passed from the centre, they plunged into the depth of the primitive forest. Tradition says, that if one stood in the edge of the church-yard on a week day morning of summer, the only noise to be heard was the clank of the first Deacon Crowfoot’s mill saw, as it plied its work, or the heavy lumbering of the ox carts winding their way to the mill. From its frequent mention in the earliest records of the town, one is led to suppose the church-yard might have been a place of wonted gathering. And well it might, for it was then the sightliest spot of cleared ground in the whole circuit of the summer hills. Reaching back to nearly the line which marks the south side of the Baptist Church, bounded east and north by heavy woodland, embracing in its limits all the area occupied by Clough’s, Allen’s, Walker’s and West’s blocks, and running, with a gentle slope,

beneath the shadows of maples and elms that covered the ground where stands the Episcopal Church and the adjacent buildings, the old grave-yard, at that early day, was spacious, sightly and convenient, and it presented attractions of which the second place of public burial provided by the town has ever been destitute.

The front of the first meeting-house was more than half the width of the street nearer the centre of the park, than is the present one. The streets from the east and west came up directly towards each other until within some forty feet distant, when they divided and passed by two narrower semi-circular paths into junction. The old elm,

" Whose limbs outstand
The lightning's brand,—
For a brave old elm is he,"

waved his coronal almost directly above the mimic spire of the sole place of worship. The boundaries of the place of burial, marked by a plain fence, extended along what is now the street both sides of the church, so that beneath the sound of wheels, the footsteps of men, the hurry of business, and the shouts of school boys at play, "the rude forefathers of our hamlet sleep." It is safe to say, that every building, from the Medical Institution westward to the new corner block, and thence northward to James H. Dun-

ham's garden fence, stands upon the place of graves. This will hardly be doubted, when it is remembered, that the rear of the grave-yard was a dense forest for many years after it had been used for burial,—that the best lots were those which were contiguous to the street,—and that the superstition of ages had made the spots where the church cast its shadow the most sacred resting places of the dead.

For nearly seventy years the old grave-yard was the accustomed place for burial. About the year 1830, the necessities of the town seemed to demand a new and more extensive burial ground. After much agitation of the question, what has always been styled the "new burying ground," was purchased, laid out into suitable lots, and exclusively used as the town grave-yard. The site at that time was eligible; the access to it convenient and easy; the soil was of the right nature; and from its highest point, where the hill sweeps by gentle declination towards the north-east, the view of the distant mountain scenery, the nearer lake, the swelling slopes covered by cultivated fields and dense woods, was eminently pleasing. However unsuitable it may since have become for burial, the committee who recommended, and the town who purchased it, deserved commendation only. They could not foresee the occasions that were to increase with such rapidity the population of the village. Nor had, at that day, the idea of rural cemeteries, apart

from the haunts of men, secluded, beautiful from Nature's gifts, and susceptible of high adornment from classic and cultured taste, found a lodgment in the public mind.

The "new burying ground" has been in use now seventeen years. Invaded on the south and east by new dwellings; brought by the increase of population into proximity to many unsightly objects; passing from its first seclusion more into the bustle of the village every year; made a thoroughfare for business, a common for pasturage, a yard for laundry purposes, and a playground for school-boys; its enclosures broken down, its shrubbery trodden under foot, its monuments defaced, and every humble memorial planted upon the graves of loved ones rudely torn away; it was seen, many months since, that public sentiment demanded another and more secluded covert for the dead. To whom the town is indebted for the first idea of a rural cemetery, is not known. The suggestion may have been simultaneous to many minds. It met with but feeble objection in its origin, and even that passed at last by quiet transition into approbation. There is no purer sentiment of our nature than reverence for the dead. There is no tribute of the heart more spontaneous than honor to departed worth. And only in that community where the better principles of the heart are wholly lost will the idea ever fail to be realized, of a cemetery that shall be perpetual and that shall grow

in beauty through the life of every generation.

The committee appointed by the town, at a public meeting held on the 13th of November, 1849, to select a suitable place for a new cemetery, consisted of Solomon L. Russell, Thomas F. Plunkett and Oliver S. Root. To these gentlemen many different localities were suggested, all of which passed under their examination. The place finally selected, reported upon at the meeting in April, and approved by the town, was the farm of George W. Campbell, Esq., lying about one mile north-west from the village, comprising within its boundaries nearly 130 acres. It is not surprising, when it is considered that various interests were to be reconciled and many conflicting views conciliated, that this selection should have been met with warm opposition. But it is a matter of great satisfaction, a matter that reflects more credit upon the report of that committee than a thousand labored encomiums, a matter that speaks more than volumes in favor of the Pittsfield Rural Cemetery, that, so far as is known to the persons having charge of this publication, not only have all diverse interests been satisfied and all conflicting views been withdrawn, but that public sentiment has given its entire approval to the location as under all circumstances the very best that could have been found within the limits of the town. It is in truth a parcel of ground of rare fitness for the purposes to which it has been dedicated, and of unequal-

ed beauty. Alternate woods and lawns vary the scene. The irregularity of its surface, now spreading the green turf into broad levels, now breaking away into gentle inclinations and rounded knolls, adds greatly to its attractions. A portion of a neighboring stream has been conducted through its midst, forming an artificial lake, and again sending its waters by circuitous windings, to the parent creek. Fine trees dot the landscape. Rural sights meet the eye wherever it is turned. Hidden within the deep shade of the woods, the wanderer is shut out from the world, but as he emerges from them upon the uplands, the spires of the village, the quiet homesteads of the valley, and the distant mountains, break upon him with a beauty almost enrapturing.

"The hills,

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between ;

The venerable woods,—complaining brooks

That make the meadows green ;—* * *

Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the last tomb of man."

The Corporation was organized April 8th, 1850. At meetings of the Corporation held on the 22d and 23d days of the same month, by-laws were adopted, and the following gentlemen elected officers:—
President, CALVIN MARTIN. Board of Directors,
S. L. RUSSELL, M. H. BALDWIN, O. S. ROOT, THOMAS

F. PLUNKETT, GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, N. S. DODGE, HENRY CLARK, ROBERT COLT, DAVID CAMPBELL. Treasurer, JAMES H. DUNHAM. Secretary, ELIAS MERWIN.

To these gentlemen, under the statute defining the general powers of corporations, was committed the duty of preparing the new grounds for the purpose intended by the town. That other similar corporations may not be deterred by obstacles from accomplishing the end in view, it may not be out of place to state some of the difficulties that were found to exist here in the outset. To a Board of Directors the Corporation had given the whole matter of preparation. But it gave them nothing else. Tools, money, instructions, ways and means, experience, laborers, artist,—it gave them none. There was the farm, and nothing besides. As if imitating the example of St. Peter, the Corporation said virtually to its officers, "silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give we thee."

Under prospects requiring hopefulness and courage, the Board of Directors commenced their duties. Feeling the responsibility that attached to their doings; aware that the alternative for Pittsfield between a cemetery of rural beauty and the repulsive hillocked grave-yard, rested upon their deliberations; fully informed of the conflicting opinions that agitated the public mind in relation to the spot selected; they yet resolutely and earnestly, with entire confidence in the

ultimate taste, judgment and public spirit of the people, set about their task. An artist, known for his experience and skill in landscape gardening, whose taste had already embellished other cemeteries, DR. H. STONE, of New York, was employed, first to examine the capabilities of the farm for the purpose for which it had been purchased, and then to superintend its operations. To meet the immediate demand for money, a gentleman of the Board advanced five hundred dollars and pledged three hundred dollars more when it should be wanted, relying upon the future sale of lots for reimbursement. Upon the same guaranty the other members of the Board advanced funds for the completion of the work. Meetings of deliberation were held every week. Committees of design, of farming, of finance, and of inspection, were appointed. Visits were made by members of the Board to the Cemeteries of Albany, Springfield, New York, Providence and New Haven. Correspondence was had with the trustees of other similar corporations. Almost daily superintendence was given by some member of the board to the progressing work. Plans were suggested, measures discussed, obstacles removed, objections answered, theories exploded or adopted, opinions freely expressed, mistakes rectified, imprudence restrained, and economy enjoined, at every casual conversation on the way or in the house. And thus, not without brave example, "in dangers oft, and in

perils more abundant," have the Directors prepared the grounds committed to them for the reception of the dead.

The dedication of the grounds took place with proper ceremony, under the auspices of a bright Autumn day, on the 9th of September, 1850. Although the plan adopted for adorning the Cemetery was still incomplete, so reluctantly were burials made in the old grounds, and so earnest was the popular voice for an immediate use of the new, that it was determined no longer to withhold the lots from public sale. Much as has been done to develop the capabilities of the new Cemetery, very much yet remains undone. Its work is just begun. The veil is but half withdrawn from its beauty. The features of a landscape rarely equalled, and never surpassed, for awakening emotions fitting to its consecrated purposes, are yet hardly disclosed. The beech, the oak, the elm, the willow

"Trailing low its boughs to hide
The gleaming marble,"

the balm-of-Gilead, the maple, the larch and the mountain ash, shall yet throw their drapery of light and shadow over every swelling summit. Our mountain fir-tree, with the hemlock,—its loftier neighbor,—the spruce and the pine, shall lift up from every valley their perpetual verdure. The flowering alder, the mountain laurel, the creeping ivy, and the climbing

rose, shall shed their fragrance and scatter their withered blossoms over the graves of our loved ones. As years and generations pass away it shall grow in its attractions, until the rural resting place of our dead "made sure for a possession forever," shall become a garden of beauty,—God's forest-temple to the living.

THE DAY.

MONDAY, Sept. 9th, the day assigned for the Dedication of the place selected, to its appropriate use,—the burial of the dead,—was bright and beautiful. The Directors, who had for several months previous been much engaged in superintending the work of laying out the grounds, so beautifully formed by the hand of Nature for such a purpose, had looked forward to the day with much interest, and not a little solicitude, lest the small attendance on that occasion should discover a want of interest in what they had been so much concerned. At an early hour a great number of carriages and pedestrians were moving towards the Cemetery and gathering on the public square. At half past ten o'clock, A. M., the procession, consisting of the Housatonic and Pontoosuc Fire Companies, the Officers of the Corporation, invited guests, citizens and strangers, in carriages and on foot, was formed on the west side of the Park, under the direction of Col. GEORGE S. WILLIS, as Chief Marshal, moved to the grounds, took a short circuit through the avenue leading around the lake, and alighted at the spot designated for the exercises. There, under the lofty canopy of an ancient wood, and amid the venerable columns reared by the Almighty hand, were a great number gathered.

"The groves were God's first temples,"

And when the voice of supplication and the song of praise were lifted up, and swelled among the high arches, it was deeply realized, how sublimely fit they were for the humble adoration of the Supreme Architect of such a sanctuary. The spot commanded a fine view of lawn and lake, forest and hillsides, sunlight and shadows. Seats had been prepared for two thousand, and yet a number almost

as large were unprovided for. Great quietness and good order pervaded the assembly. It was not a funeral. In the procession there had been no sable hearse; in the throng was no group of veiled mourners; no open grave waited its tenant; still the imagination vividly foreshadowing the future gatherings on these grounds, so saddened and attuned the feelings to the occasion, that when the speakers, though with gentle hand, touched those tenderest cords of human sympathy, the deep drawn sigh and falling tear told the heart's response. The place, the occasion, even the tasteful adornment, all have voices of sadness. The tomb adorned, is still a tomb: nature's annual restoration of all beautiful forms, but dimly lights its dark portals.

Do what we may "to mock the hate
"Of our arch enemy, Death,"

his bony hand will ever hold the sceptre of his terrors over a sinful world. The Christian's faith alone has penetrated its dark recesses, and heard the angelic assurance, the spirit "is not here, it has arisen."

"Per TENEBRAS, in lucem,"

might be fitly inscribed on the gateway of every Cemetery.

The poet may sing of the sculptured urn—
Of hope that springs up on the flower-decked grave;
In vain to the mourner does the spring-time return—
The bright forms of beauty o'er the grassy turf wave,
If faith look not upward with its meek eye of love,
From the "valley and shadow," to the bright realms above.

The solemn and effective singing of the choir, the judicious and eloquent sentiments of all those who took part in the exercises, combined to produce deep and solemn impression on the hearts of the whole audience. Henceforth this now consecrated ground will be delightfully associated with the scenes of this day. The voices of the speakers will still be heard, and the notes of those songs of praise swell softly through those lofty arches.

The exercises were opened by the following introductory address, by CALVIN MARTIN, Esq., President of the Corporation:—

FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have assembled here to-day to talk of the dead, to

"—— view the ground

Where we must shortly lie,"

and by solemn and appropriate exercises, devote it sacredly, and forever, as a last resting place on earth. The provision and preparation of such a place, is an enterprise worthy of our best feeling and soundest judgment. Humane in its character, it invites the united efforts of the philanthropist and patriot.

Hitherto our deceased relatives and friends have had a decent and a christian burial, and the affection of the bereaved has followed them to their resting place and lingered there. But few, very few, ever thought their feelings would again be harrowed up by their disinterment and removal. Yielding to the demands of an increased population and business in our village, the places heretofore assigned for the dead have been encroached upon and appropriated for other uses, against the entreaties of surviving friends. To changes which such causes produce, it becomes us to submit. A few years produce a new generation, with new thoughts, new actions and new pursuits, crowding upon the burying place and calling for a removal of the dead, to give place for the living.

A brief history of this town will show the changes that have taken place in the resting places of our

* dead. The settlement of this town commenced in 1752. As was then the custom, (with but few exceptions,) the graves of the dead were placed near the church. For a period of eighty years, the common burying-place of the inhabitants of this town and of the stranger who died "within our gates," was adjoining the first church edifice. Some seventeen years ago, the town purchased another place for burial; situated, as was then thought, far enough away from the noise of business, that the dead might rest in peace in all coming time. Many graves in the old burying ground were opened and the bodies removed to the new, by the town and by friends; yet hundreds or perhaps thousands remain there, trampled upon and neglected. Yes, the "dead forgotten lie" in that devoted spot, consecrated by the prayers and tears of three generations. But the time has come to abandon the old burying grounds and place our affections on some other congenial spot. A few years ago, it became apparent that the burying ground now used would soon have to be abandoned, a new site purchased, and the graves removed to some place still more remote and secure from the liability to intrusion. Accordingly, last spring the town purchased this land, and placed it in the care of a portion of its citizens, who formed themselves under and by virtue of a law of this State, into a body corporate, to take care of and manage the same, for the use and benefit of the town as a burial place.

We are not the first that have aroused from their slumbers and awakened to a sense of duty they owed to deceased friends. Neither are we the first who have sought out a place of refuge for the dead, beyond the haunts of the living. So far as I am informed, there are six or more rural spots in this State, one in Connecticut, four in the State of New York, and three in Pennsylvania, that have been dedicated to this sacred use.

And now we have assembled on this ground to dedicate these hills and these vales, these groves and these streams, as a habitation for the great congregation of the dead. And may we not hope that this beautiful spot will prove to be an asylum after death, where we, our children, and generations yet unborn, may repose undisturbed, until the trump of God shall summons us into newness of life?

The REV. MR. MINER, of the Baptist Church, addressed the throne of grace.

The REV. DR. CHAPMAN, of the Episcopal Church, read from the 15th chap. 1 Cor., beginning at the 20th verse.

The Choirs from the various religious societies of the village, united in singing, under the direction of COL. ASA BARR, the following Ode, composed by a Lady:—

O D E.

COMPOSED BY A LADY.

No more the city of the dead
 Is wrapped in ghostly gloom,
 No more we meet with hopeless dread
 The horror-haunted tomb.
 But life and warmth and joyous light
 And music's softened tone,
 Surround the pleasant path which seems
 To lead to Heaven alone.

Oh! here the spirit, sorrow worn,
 Of heavenly lore untaught,
 Shall in this solitude first find
 The peace it vainly sought;
 Shall live within this holy light,
 And breathe this blessed air,
 And learn the high delight of praise,
 The eloquence of prayer.

The solemn voices of the wood,
 The murmurs of the stream,
 The sweeping shadows, long and dim,
 That play with breeze and beam,
 The ringing psalm of wild-wood bird,
 The floweret's perfumed breath,

Shall give to life a holier calm,
 A gentler pang to death.

Then let the solemn tide of song
 Pour through the solitude,
 Until the last, low, lingering tone
 Dies in the silent wood.
 Oh! may it breathe no sadder sound,
 Nor mount with deeper swell,
 When on the trembling air shall peal
 The first funereal knell!

Soon through these groves that tolling bell
 Will mournfully resound,
 And death his sleepless vigil keep
 Upon this holy ground;
 And burning tears must yet be wrung
 From eyes unused to weep,
 For here, beneath this quiet turf,
 Our own lov'd dead shall sleep.

Our dead shall sleep—but such their sleep
 After the world's wild strife,
 That life shall seem a lingering death,
 And death a glorious life.
 No more to them earth's fading light
 And blighting air are given,
 For they shall see the light of God,
 And breathe the air of Heaven.

Memorials for the Dead.

AN ADDRESS

By REV. HENRY NEILL,

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

PITTSFIELD CEMETERY,

September 9th, 1850.

ADDRESS.

HAVE we been persuaded—an assembly of the living—to look upon the very ground where we may sleep? Impelled by a desire to do honor to the dead, have we come within the precincts of a spot where every shadow seems now to deepen, and where the mountains point so significantly to the skies?

The sense of an unpaid tribute has summoned us from our homes. Affection, in its reverence, and depths of tenderness, has longed to give itself expression, in some outward, significant and permanent form, until it can no longer be denied. Out of the hearts of a large community the declaration at length has come; that the remains of departed worth shall hereafter find a safe retreat, and pledges of remembrance foretokening their recompense of a higher reward.

Simply to enshrine the dead in our affections, or to hold them ever so steadfastly in our memories, does not satisfy the exacting and importunate demands of a bereaved mind. Grief that is poignant and enduring, finds a satisfaction in seeing itself inscribed around the object for which it lived. It will make

its mark of sorrow somewhere; if not on tablets of stone, then on, the leaves of the forest, or the shifting sands. The visible memorial has been thought to mitigate, whilst it perpetuates and distributes the emotions that are within. Matter and space, flower and rock, bending branch and sculptured stone, even the murmuring winds and silent skies, seem to share, whilst they hold and guard the feelings that are committed to them. Nature must record as well as give utterance to its abounding gratitude, or its intensest woe. Here the angels met me, said Jacob, and called the place "Mahanaim." So twelve rude stones from the Jordan marked the spot where Joshua crossed the ford.

Now, if it is every where admitted to be fitting that men should designate and keep in sight the ground where warriors bled, or angels came, or mercies seemed to go, it may not be irrelevant on this occasion, to present some reasons, why living men should institute MEMORIALS FOR THE DEAD.

A memorial is that which brings vividly and appropriately to the mind an object it can never forget. An expressive solitude, a withered leaf, a hoary mountain, a broken pillar, a speaking image, all, may become memorials. Wherever deep emotions have expended their strength, *there* men have demanded and established tokens of recollection; and did they not do well?

But where in all this fallen world does feeling swell and linger as over a well known grave? The heart's great bond of earthly attachment has been abruptly sundered there: a mortal life, kindling with the glow of strong desire, has been darkly quenched there: and the lamentation of the royal monarch has been wrung from a stricken band as each lifts up for himself the cry, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Some things can be repaired; lost crowns and sceptres may be regained; the flush of youth may be renewed; even tarnished character may be again made good; but what can replace the treasures taken from us by the Great Destroyer? What can relieve the mind's sense of separation from a friend, well-loved and true, whose face it shall behold no more? What equivalent from this life can make amends for such a deprivation? Tides of affection, recollections, an untold history of sorrow or of joy, lie buried with that dust. The memory of duties not discharged, kindnesses withheld, burdens of obligation unrecognized, and now for the first time appreciated, bind the survivor to that silent mound. Morning and noon and night his spirit reverts to it. There, on a day never to be forgotten, part of his own life went out, and mingled with every stone and leaf and particle of the clay that fell upon that form. For him, all the virtue, all the beauty, all the inspiration of

the world now dwell in that one narrow house.

I think I hear him say, 'Will that familiar voice speak to me no more? Shall I never again from those hushed lips receive encouragement as I strive against temptation or seek the rugged paths of duty? Has that eye indeed ceased to kindle? Will that face never smile again? Is that heart no more to throb with joy, as noble deeds are panted for or done? Am I alone now? Alas, my brother! Deeds of heroic self-denial, ministries of mercy, capabilities of sympathy and a willing endurance known only to the omniscient, aspirations, influences potent for blessing, pleadings for the true, achievements, potentialities, active, exhausting, self-relying, and yet greatly uplifting to all around, now sleep beneath the flowers that bloom upon thy sod.'

Shall not such turf be protected? Shall it not be sacredly cherished? Shall it not have its appropriate memorial and investiture? Shall the sands where a vessel was wrecked be remembered and marked, a vessel, too, laden only with the gay material that must perish in the using? Shall the loss of a gilded crown be mourned over and recorded? Shall stately columns tell where empires fell and warriors fought; and yet the dust of one who carried within his heart that which diadems can never purchase, and whose loss empires can never repair, be neglected and unknown? Shall all that is left on

ancient fields of strife be garnered up and placed in costly urns, and even a stranger's tomb glisten with decorations, and not even a lowly shrub bend over the spot where a revered and buried friend now sleeps? Shall individual and humble souls, whose deprivation in bereavement is, not for a moment only, but for life; not of glory, but of friendship and of the heart's best stay, of all that gave them lofty sentiment and high endeavor and tenderness of mind, of what to them composed the very fibre and motive for existence here, dearer to them than the apple of the eye; shall these be left without a sepulchre which they can call their own? For such, for all, it is a great relief as well as a sacred duty, to prepare and hold a burial place which speaks of reverence and affection still remaining for the dead. So Abraham felt when he "came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her." He bowed down and entreated Ephron the Hittite to sell him, not to give him, but to sell him a parcel of ground, that he might have a safe tenure of Machpelah and hold the land forever. "And the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure to Abraham," and there he buried Sarah his wife, and there was Abraham buried, and there Jacob charged his sons to bury him, for, says he, "there Isaac was buried and Rebecca his wife, and there I buried Leah." Sacred and attractive spot! "The cave

that was in the field of Ephron," with "trees in all the borders round about!" No wonder Joseph, when he was dying, took an oath of the children of Israel, that they should carry him up there, and bury him in that beautiful and hallowed cemetery, where all his fathers were gathered together. With what grateful joy, must Joseph of Arimathea, also, have recognized the hand of God in leading him to prepare, in that memorable garden, a sepulchre, in which never man slept, and thus placing it in his power to deposit the body of Jesus in "his own new tomb." With what feelings he must have returned to look upon the place where the Savior had lain. With what benefit, also. What a sense of immortality! what certainty of the resurrection! what vivid recollections of words that had been forgotten must have come to him as he looked upon the grave-clothes, and the spices that lay scattered on the cold stone floor. No wonder that others besides Peter and John and the women who had followed him until they saw him die, came often, and in multitudes, and in successive ages, to visit the place where the Son of Man had rested. For them, the spirit of the risen one abode there still. They felt His presence as they came near the ground, and took their shoes from off their feet. Depend upon it, if buried friends ever speak to us in this world, they speak in whispers from the grave. It was near the sepulchre, very early in the morning,

that one heard a voice she had heard before, saying unto her, "Mary, I ascend, unto my Father and unto your Father, unto my God, and unto your God." If the dead still speak, and there is a sense in which they do; if out of the mouldering cerements, holy impulse and unexpected promptings to good, and strong presentiments of blessings hitherto withheld, shall ever come to us; it will be, as in some sequestered place, far from the haunts of men and undisturbed, a mourning soul bends over the grave he loves and moans his grief to rest. It is in solitude; where no intruder's step or gaze may interrupt the lamentations of the mind, that angels come, and strengthen those who are "exceeding sorrowful." Who can say that the spirits of the departed do not watch with the bereaved in their "distressful hour," and share the ministry of those, who always are looking for direction to their Father's face in Heaven?

Not then in the glare of market-places, nor amidst the busy hum of trade, not in some worn-out pasture or neglected hill-top, selected only for its cheapness and convenience, and where bleak winds rock, and clatter on, the coffins of the dead, can the afflicted find much solace from communion with those who are trying there to rest. Where the living dislike to go, we cannot expect much inspiration from any unseen source. It is in some carefully adorned and guarded enclosure, or amidst some beautiful and extended

landscape, where affection has reared the emblems of a better world, that sorrowing ones may expect to hear voices that others do not hear, strengthening them with might, and see hands that others do not see, pointing them to heaven.

Well might the early christians worship close to the martyrs' graves. Roman fathers had an object in taking their sons, before the contest, to the tombs on the Appian Way. No wonder the Indian returns from beyond the mountains to visit the cemetery of the ancient tribe; for him there is mysterious power within those sacred mounds; for days he sits in silence by them; and as meditation purifies and nerves his spirit, and One who knew all his wrongs, looks down upon him from on high, he goes to the wilderness again, a stronger and a better man. Reflection on the brave and good has taken away his fear; thoughts from an unknown source have pointed to his destiny, and the hunting grounds he looks for now, are far before him, above the clouds, away in the upper skies. If there was no other world than this, it would be a source of great consolation and of constant and constantly increasing strength, to find a home and prepare memorials for the dead. Grief would find relief in an expression; and sorrow, a world of sympathy. I have seen a mausoleum erected by stricken parents over a beloved child. Neither soul nor treasure have been spared in its construction. Skill, and fountains

of tears, and the toil of artists quickened by the breath and glow of Italian skies, have been exhausted in its architecture; angels watch its portals; a beautiful form reclines beneath its dome; and the initials of that name which still thrills with an extacy of woe the hearts that never speak it now except in prayer, is woven into every chaplet and carved on every leaf, and minute emblem, that decorates this elaborate and splendidly expressive monument of what a pierced heart will attempt in attestation and utterance of its grief: and yet, that structure is not finished. Each year adds some sweeter flower within its borders, some costlier symbol upon its gates: and it never will be finished. The affection that is ever enduring is always conceiving; and new urns will be added and old ones removed, until the last contains the ashes of both the parents and the child.

So, if a sense of wrong, done years ago it may be to a departed one, and perhaps in this world beyond repair, adds its poignant element of increase and agony to the grief which already rends the heart that is doomed to live; if its exclamation of "Would God I had died for thee!" ever breaks in mockery on a self-accusing head; if such an one, reflecting that reparation is now beyond his reach, murmurs low, "Is any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and anon, there riseth to his lips, a cry, akin to that which came from Lear as he bore the body of Cordelia; may not even such a wounded spirit

find relief, in a quiet spot, amid emblems of a kindred sorrow, as he crowds every varied tribute of reverence and affection around the place where last he saw the form he may never see again. What sympathy, also, for suffering, is there in cemeteries thus selected and adorned, as the leaves of autumn fall, and flowers wither, and sobbing winds come up the valley, mourning for the dead? Thus, if there were no other life than this, the strong feelings of our nature would urge the appropriation of retired grounds and the erection of favorite memorials for the friends we cannot bring back.

But what if there should be *another* life? What, if the grave is only the entrance to an *unknown* and *boundless* world? What, if those who have left us are still exploring the domains of an undefined futurity, filled with amazement, possibly with rapture, as new developments of God and new capabilities of the soul, and new wonders of Omnipotence, unfold, to their astonished sight? The poet says,

“They are not dead; but greatly live;
A life, on earth unkindled—unconceived.”

Inspiration says, that Jehovah is “not God of the dead, but of the living;” that beggars even, are transported at their dissolution into scenes of greatly bewildering grandeur.

Now, if at the grave, we are reminded of the spirit's astounding flight across valleys that are dark, into realms unspeakably mysterious and gleaming

with eternity's portentous lights; shall not the spot significant of such an event be emphatically marked? It is said of Abraham, after he went out from Haran, not knowing whither he went, that he often erected a token of remembrance as he entered an unknown land. So the procession that followed Jacob's body to Machpelah, lifted up a great cry as it crossed the Egyptian border. Even adventurers place signals on the shores of newly discovered territories; and astronomers emblazon the records of the place where first appeared the discovery of some new world of light, as do victors their entrance to those kingdoms which they afterwards call their own. Shall all these transitory things have their memorials, and a trans-action in the history of man which in interest as much surpasses them, as infinity transcends the bounds of time, be left without an emblem or a sign?

Some dying ones have in their last hours testified that the Great Creator smiled upon them and gave them peace. If in the struggle with a foe more to be dreaded than death, our friends come off conquerors, and if in their lives they have given some ground to hope that afterwards it will be ‘well with them;’ then, when such leave their habiliments of clay, it is only that they may seek a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God; if they have left their earthly friends, it is, that they may have more improving companions, even ‘the spirits of the just made per-

fect; if they have laid aside the earthly garments, it is only that they may assume a more befitting and enduring investiture, with vastly augmented capabilities, more glorious uses, and infinitely higher delights.

But if in addition to all this, it should prove to be true, that the very dust that has slept for years beneath our feet, shall yet form the bodies of the shining ones; if, *this* corruptible shall indeed put on incorruption; if that identical thing which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power; then, what associations, what anticipations, what a history, what a destiny, may spring from one narrow grave. Then, in every particle of the mouldering clay, there may dwell a germinant life yet to be unfolded to the eyes of adoring men and wondering angels; then it will be worth while for the trump to sound, that it *may* "wake the dead;" then that which was sown a natural body, will, in the words of the exulting apostle, be raised a spiritual body: what a triumphant ultimatum for that which has groaned so often here on earth, waiting for its redemption: with what a halo of splendor such an expectation invests a mortal frame.

If, however, the startling and popular view of what is to become of our dust is not to be received; yet, so long as it is admitted, that out of these decaying frames there will issue a spirit, carrying with it in the hour of dissolution, material sufficient for its celestial tabernacle, and receiving every moment deco-

ration and power from God, through its spiritual constitution; if it is but admitted that anything which is the subject of an endless life and a momentous destiny, resided but *a few short years* in this house of clay; it consecrates, and renders precious, it allies to the Infinite and the Unknown, that which our eyes have seen, and that which our hands have handled. It is a glorious thing for slumbering dust to have been associated at all in the struggles, the aspirations, the sorrows, the hopes of a mind that cannot die. If it is now a natural body, it is the fore-runner, and still more, the progenitor of the spiritual body. If we do not sow the literal body that shall be, yet we are inclosed, "first, in that which is natural, afterwards in that which is spiritual." After all; in view of every necessity of the case, the inspired writings, and the body's laws, who can say that amidst the refining fires of the last conflagration, as the old earth yields to a new economy, and the dissolving heavens to a brighter sky, who can say that in that hour of fearful fusion and glorious re-organization, this very mouldering dust will not garnish the robes of the saints in light?

Surely, it is written; in the symbols of creation; in the history of empires; in the constitution of the soul; on the tomb of the Redeemer; and on the leaves of the book of life; "That which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory. This mortal shall put on immortality."

If such be the reasons for remembering the bodies of the dead, are we not now prepared to enquire of WHAT KIND shall be the memorials around their silent graves?

Not mournful ones alone, every Christian heart will say. Not such as to make a burial-ground only

“Creation’s melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades !”

The controlling idea of every place, as of every thought, must determine the general character of its decorations. And what is to be the pervading sentiment of this well-selected and singularly beautiful spot? What other than that of simple and heart-rending grief, chastened and mitigated by a spirit of resignation and Christian hope?

Thoughts of the changing, the vast, the suggestive, the boundless, the enduring, the infinite, and the unknown, will be here; and they are not inappropriately represented in fleeting clouds, falling shadows, dark recesses, gliding rivers, everlasting hills, wide horizons, and the sound of winds, never weary, but always coming we know not whence, and going we know not whither. Whilst there may be, here and there, a grave which must have over it no name and no white stone, and no emblem of hope; yet, thanks be unto God, man is not called upon to place even there an emblem of despair. Neither can there be

found anything in the character of Jesus or the enactments of Jehovah, which would prevent a mother’s woe from uttering even over such a spot through some ensanguined flower, “If it be possible let this cup pass away.” As she raises her weeping eyes to heaven, she may be permitted also to believe that no tomb is watched with more affectionate vigilance by angels, than that of him who, during a death of ignominy, exclaimed, ‘Lord, remember me.’ If we are often reminded that there is a point in human existence which cannot be passed with any hope of forgiveness, neither can we forget that there was also ‘an eleventh hour.’

Since Jesus died, a bow of promise has steadily spanned this fallen world. In the darkest nights of its sorrow, a star can be seen burning without a moment’s intermission, over the spot where the young child lay. Redemption has now begun its glorious work. This

“Life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”

It is no longer a world of gloom, much less of despair. ‘Siste viator, hic jacet puer,’ with inverted torches, fading leaves, cypress branches, and muffled drums, are no longer the only appropriate epitaphs and emblems for a tomb. The grave has now an immortal, as well as an earthly side. If there is a sun-

dering of old ties, there is also a formation of new ones, infinitely grander and more enduring. If an old life has gone out, a new one has begun. If we hear from the ground the voice of weeping, we ought also to hear from it the sound of exultation. Hence, in selecting emblems for the graves of the departed, let it ever be kept in the mind, that they sleep not in Egyptian or Greek or Roman, but in Christian cemeteries. Let the spirit of the early disciples, as they watched their ascending Master, and exclaimed, "when absent from the body we shall be present with our Lord," be inscribed on all the place.

It has been truly said, "Christianity did not annihilate the natural feelings of man, but it ennobled them. From the very first, the primitive Christians condemned the wild expressions of woe, of unmitigated grief, by which funeral processions were accompanied. They protested against the shrieks of the hired women called "præficæ." "Christianity asks for no stoical apathy; it only softens the poignancy of lamentation by the spirit of faith and hope, and of a child-like acquiescence in the dealings of eternal love, a love which takes away only to give again in greater splendor and reality, which divides only to unite again those whom it has divided, in a glorified state for all eternity."*

If the early Christians, even on their signet rings instead of a javelin or a prostrate foe, placed a dove,

*Neander.

a rising sun, a ship sailing towards heaven, an anchor, or an *ἄγκυρα*, the symbol in an anagram, of *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς Σωτήρ*; if even on their drinking cups, instead of a revelling eye, they carved a shepherd and a lamb upon his shoulders; with what joy would they have gathered chaplets, amaranthine flowers, triumphal arches, with every emblem of immortality, and everlasting life, around their venerated tombs. "Laurence, to his sweetest son, borne away by angels," was inscribed by one of these fathers on one of their stones. And on another, "Let us restrain our sighs and cease from weeping; Marcus, you have already begun to live among the innocent ones." If the words "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not," still remain for our consolation, we must not be surprised if Jesus should often call unto him a little child. Over such a grave, a harp with trembling strings, will say with sufficient distinctness, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Over all who have fallen asleep in Jesus, and vast numbers of such will be in this ground; from the ancient grave-yards I see them coming; many who once were standard-bearers in the army of the Lord's anointed; many who fell in illustrious strife; some who died in foreign climes; many who sat at Jesus' feet; and some who washed them with their tears; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, you and

they, the living and the dead, all are coming to rest in this consecrated ground; over all these what emblems shall be placed? What inscription shall be written? Nothing indiscriminate or ludicrously inappropriate must be here; no 'deaths' heads' over sweetly sleeping children's graves; no 'sic transit gloria mundi,' over a most inglorious tomb. Many sorrowful tributes of affection will be here, many mournful garlands, from the hand of unabated but separated love. The cedar of Lebanon,

———"with fair branches, and a shadowy shroud,"

The jessamine, the rose,

"And every flower that sad embroidery wears."

But the letter which Cyprian sent to his church at Carthage, where multitudes had died, and from the pestilence, indicates the spirit which must determine the prevalent characteristics of our memorials for the dead. "Our brethren are not to be lamented. They are not lost, but sent before us; we may not clothe ourselves only in the garments of mourning whilst they are clothed in the garb of glory. We must not give occasion to the heathen to reproach us for our inconsistency; we must not lament those as annihilated whom we declare to be living with God; Christ himself exhorts us, and says Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Why hasten we not to see our country? to salute our friends?"

The day of their death was looked upon as the day of their birth into a glorified existence, and they celebrated it in remembrance of the departed warriors. As they walked among their graves, they expected to be filled with the impression not only that the cry of anguish had moderated into articulations of resignation, but that resignation had often changed into a jubilant song. And they were not disappointed.

May we not be permitted to say, that here is a field in which Art has not yet reached her capabilities. The Savior's sepulchre, and the attendant angels, the astonished women, the folded clothes, the empty tomb, and even the stone rolled away from the door; will yet be seen grouped and modeled into one harmonious and expressive tribute to Him who is the resurrection and the life. Out of his heart's great love for One who died for him, an Italian monk has already wrought in ivory a thrillingly affecting representation of the crucified Redeemer. With advancing ages, and the augmented love of beauty, and the increased power of execution, which Christianity inspires, manifold acts and scenes, drawn from the sacred and suffering life of Jesus, will be made by Genius and Devotion, to decorate the grounds which now wait for the second appearance of the Son of Man.

The period when any community, impelled by a sense of past neglect, or a more just estimate of its

obligations to the departed, begins to rear for them secure and appropriately adorned habitations, is an era of no ordinary interest in their existence. It is a sign of progress in other directions, than those of commercial enterprise, or agricultural thrift. It is the index, and the herald of a higher cultivation, and in most ennobling lines. It is a token and a means of opening the heart to the love of God and the love of man. It is a step towards a better state of society than ever known before. That step, my friends, I am grateful and proud to say, you have already taken. The evidence and the consummation of it we have in what is around us to-day. Neither toil, nor thought, nor gold, has been spared to effect this object. Aided by the skill and genius of the distinguished artist who has so perseveringly and successfully devoted his life to remodel, dignify, and adorn the sleeping-places of the dead, you have set a noble example to the county. You have secured a safe, permanent, extensive, and beautifully decorated burial retreat for yourselves and for coming generations. Here, parents and children may rest together without danger of removal, or rude separation. This ground can never again be bought and sold for any other purpose, save that for which it is now to be consecrated. And you will have your reward. Your own hearts have already been uplifted. And it is hazarding no rash prediction to say, that here, thousands of minds

will receive impressions never to be erased. Here, aspiring souls will be strengthened for good; here, sinning ones will weep over their fierce temptations, and returning prodigals relent; here, at some parent's grave, sons that were dead will be made alive again, and lost ones will be found.

If the ground is interesting to us, to-day, because, as one great assembly we stand upon it; thinking of our graves, and looking to the skies: how will it yet appear?

As a great assembly we shall stand upon it, once again. The leaves will have ceased to fall. Then the grass will no more fade. Memorials will have done their work. The last enemy shall have been destroyed. We shall look towards the mountains, and they will move out of their places: towards the earth, and it and they will not be there: towards the skies, and with a great will all be new: towards the skies, and with a great noise they will pass away. What then shall we see? *Behold* He cometh in clouds, and every eye shall see Him; the great men, the rich men, the chief-captains, the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, shall see Him that was dead and is alive forevermore.

We shall ALL see Him. Shall it be as those who have pierced Him, or as those who, having come out of great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How

shall we appear? Behold, I shew you a mystery, we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed. So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then may there be brought to pass for each of us, the saying that is written "Death is swallowed up in victory."

The dedicatory Prayer, and concluding remarks which follow, were made by the REV. DR. TODD:—

ADDRESS

BY THE REV. DR. TODD.

WE seem to be standing between the living and the dead. We are drawn back to the past and connected with the dust of our fathers, by the fact, that we are to remove all the dead who have been buried in this town from its first settlement, as far as possible, and lay their bones here, to be disturbed no more, we trust, till the resurrection day. We are solemn, for we seem to be looking into our own graves, for though now it is "a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid," yet we know that the first graves must soon be opened, and that beneath these lofty trees our own dust will shortly sleep. We are connected with the future, for we know that it will be at least two hundred, perhaps five hundred years, in all probability, before these grounds are filled. And we are thinking how we shall be then centuries old ourselves, and

through how many strange scenes of thinking, acting, feeling, hoping, fearing, suffering, and enjoying, we shall have passed ere that time comes. The great congregation gathered to-day, is but a small part of that which shall be gathered in the future. This will be the spot, not merely where the dead shall rest in silence and in peace, but that it will be the place where Affection will pour out her tears, where Sorrow will mingle *her* sighs with the moanings of the winds, and where the Heart, coming here alone, will commune, as it were, with the loved spirits who have left us, and will lift up the prayer to Him who will one day destroy Death and shut up the grave forever. We seem to take hold of a chain that draws us back to glorious Abraham, who bought the first sepulchre of which we read, and took the first deed of land which is recorded. And let me say, in passing, that this beautiful Cemetery is an honor to the whole town, for though we should expect to find many individuals of taste, yet the history of the past shows that seldom a whole community can be found who are willing to honor the dead. And do we not read that Jesus Christ was himself buried in a garden, as if to sanction our adorning the last home of our loved ones? How much hath Jesus Christ done to make the burial place light, and hopeful, and beautiful! The old Greeks who could only *long* for immortality, though they could never assure themselves of

of it, called the grave-yard, Πολυανδρον, *the place of many men*—the gathering place, but in later days Christians called it Κοιμητηριον, *the sleeping place*. For they knew that though Doubt and Infidelity may look into the grave and see nothing but darkness and gloom, and shudderingly call death an eternal sleep, yet Christ lifts up the pall that hangs over it, and shows us that it is a mere sleeping place, where the soul changes its earthly dress for the garments of immortality. To the trembling soul who "through fear of death, is all lifetime subject to bondage," the angel of Hope, pointing to the grave, says, "Come and see the place where the Lord lay."

"Thy Savior hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom;"

And he hath sweetened and blessed our homes, hath bound the hearts there together in love, and thus hath made the grave more pleasant, because the affections which cluster around it are not the uncultivated feelings of the savage or the deadened emotions of unbelief, but the love of hearts that mourned and rejoiced together, and which hope to be re-united in a world where there are no graves.

"And they tell me I am lonely;
To the world I seem so only,
But I never can be lonely,

For by day—in dreams by night
 There's a love-born spirit near me,
 And it seems to see and hear me,
 While a soft eye smiles to cheer me
 With its pure and holy light.
 Yes, amid my desolation,
 'Tis not fancy's fond creation,
 That a strange, sweet consolation
 Heals my bleeding, broken heart;
 And it tells me 't will be given
 For our hearts thus rudely riven,
 To unite again in heaven,
 Never, never more to part.

Christ promises to come and awaken and raise each sleeper, and destroy the Last Enemy. The death of His saints, terrible and forbidding though it be, is "precious in his sight." And thus, over the most fearful spot upon which we are called to look—the place where we are to lie till the resurrection day, where we moulder back to dust,—has Christ thrown the moral grandeur of hope, of expectation, of desire, and of certainty.

From every part of such a Cemetery, will a secret, mysterious influence go forth upon the living; and when busy feet shall tread these winding paths, the merry whistle and careless laugh will be hushed and the lights and shadows of these tall trees will mingle and will speak to the heart of the moral light and shade which meet here. And we are not thus hushed

and awed because the grave is before us, but because this is to be the place of graves. We are lingering around our last home, and who will come here first?

It is solemn, too, to think that Time will continue to consecrate these grounds, and make them more sacred and awful till they are all filled up, and the mighty congregation now on their way, are all assembled here. It will take centuries to do it, but oh! how consecrated will the spot be, when the last coffin is brought here and the last grave is made!

Most of the hushed multitude present, look upon the place where their dust will sleep till the last great day;—when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and these grounds be covered with the waiting, anxious, expectant multitude. Oh, do not all our hearts echo the words of the poet?—

"Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat;
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust.
 The storms of life shall beat.
 These ashes poor, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.
 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
 Shall shed its mildest rays;
 And the long silent dust shall burst,
 With shouts of endless praise."

These mountains and hills will then be standing here, hardly changed, save that the beautiful valley in which we dwell, will be filled up with the homes of living men; and it is not difficult to imagine that the hill-sides and the mountain-tops will be covered with the living, who will be looking down to see the congregation of the risen dead in these grounds, and they, like ourselves, about to enter upon a state of never-ending progression — in light or in darkness. Slowly we shall return from this spot, one of the most solemn on which we can ever stand. Scarcely a smile will be seen on any face, for "the place is holy," and the enduring impression we receive, is, that this great congregation believe the Bible — they connect time with eternity — they know that they must die, and that after death, is the Judgment.

A POEM

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

PITTSFIELD CEMETERY,

SEPTEMBER 9, 1850.

P O E M .

Angel of Death ! Extend thy silent reign !
Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new domain !
No sable car along the winding road
Has borne to earth its unresisting load ;
No sudden mound has risen yet to show
Where the pale slumberer folds his arms below ;
No marble gleams to bid his memory live
In the brief lines that hurrying Time can give ;
Yet, O Destroyer ! From thy shrouded throne
Look on our gift ; this realm is all thine own !

Fair is the scene ; its sweetness oft beguiled
From their dim paths the children of the wild ;
The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,
The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,
Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show
The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian toil,—
Last of his wrecks that strews the alien soil !

Here spread the fields that waved their ripened store
 Till the brown arms of Labor held no more ;
 The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush ;
 The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush ;
 The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,
 In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade ;
 The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume ;
 The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom,—
 Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
 With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive ;
 The glossy apple with the pencilled streak
 Of morning painted on its southern cheek ;
 The pear's long necklace strung with golden drops,
 Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props ;
 The humble roots that paid the laborer's care
 With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to spare ;
 The healing herbs whose virtues could not save
 The hand that reared them from the neighboring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free
 From task and tribute, Labor yields to thee ;
 No more when April sheds her fitful rain
 The sower's hand shall cast its flying grain ;
 No more when Autumn strews the flaming leaves
 The reaper's band shall gird its yellow sheaves ;
 For thee alike the circling seasons flow

Till the first blossoms heave the latest snow.
 In the stiff clod below the whirling drifts,
 In the loose soil the springing herbage lifts,
 In the hot dust beneath the parching weeds
 Life's wilting flower shall drop its shrivelled seeds ;
 Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing sleep
 Till what thou sowest mightier angels reap !

Spirit of Beauty ! Let thy graces blend
 With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.
 Come from the bowers where Summer's life-blood flows
 Through the red lips of June's half-open rose,
 Dressed in bright hues, the loving sunshine's dower ;
 For tranquil Nature owns no mourning flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's screen
 Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of green ;
 Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy plains,
 Staunch the deep wound that dries the maple's veins.

Come with the stream whose silver-braided rills
 Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
 Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
 Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs.

Come from the steeps where look majestic forth
 From their twin thrones the Giants of the North
 On the huge shapes that crouching at their knees,
 Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees.

Through the wide waste of ether, not in vain
 Their softened gaze shall reach our distant plain;
 There, while the mourner turns his aching eyes
 On the blue mounds that print the bluer skies,
 Nature shall whisper that the fading view
 Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly hue.

Cherub of Wisdom! Let thy marble page
 Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;
 Teach us to live, not grudging every breath
 To the chill winds that waft us on to death,
 But ruling calmly every pulse it warms
 And tempering gently every word it forms.

Seraph of Love! In Heaven's adoring zone
 Nearest of all around the central throne,
 While with soft hands the pillowed turf we spread
 That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
 With the low whisper — Who shall first be laid
 In the dark chamber's yet unbroken shade? —
 Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled here,
 And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
 Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging vault,
 Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's fault;

Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful sod
 And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all! In Death's relentless claim
 We read thy mercy by its sterner name;
 In the bright flower that decks the solemn bier
 We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere;
 In the deep lessons that affliction draws
 We trace the curves of thy encircling laws;
 In the long sigh that sets our spirits free
 We own the love that calls us back to thee!

Through the hushed street, along the silent plain
 The spectral future leads its mourning train,
 Dark with the shadows of uncounted bands,
 Where man's white lips and woman's wringing hands
 Track the still burden, rolling slow before,
 That love and kindness can protect no more;
 The smiling babe that, called to mortal strife,
 Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little life;
 The drooping child that prays in vain to live,
 And pleads for help its parent cannot give;
 The pride of beauty stricken in its flower;
 The strength of manhood broken in an hour;

Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and care,
Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered hair.

The sun shall set, and heaven's resplendent spheres
Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by tears,
But ah, how soon the evening stars will shed
Their sleepless light around the slumbering dead!

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away
And a new morning brings eternal day!

The following original Ode was sung by the Choir:—

ODE.

COMPOSED BY A LADY.

A resting place for those who sleep,
A resting place of calm repose,
Where the dark wood its shadows deep
O'er sunny lawn and greensward throws—

Where flows the stream from "hidden urn,"
Where by its banks the spring flowers wave;
From scenes like these the heart may learn
Fit lessons for the silent grave.

In yonder dark and sombre shade,
The gloom of death we seem to read;
The sunshine lighting up the glade,
Our thoughts to brighter worlds shall lead.

The stream whose waters glide along,
Till lost amid the rolling sea,
Shall tell us of the eager throng
Fast hurrying to eternity.

But sweeter, holier is the tale
Taught by the early flowers of spring;
Does not their voice from hill and vale,
Glad tidings to the mourner bring?

Mourner, who sorrowest o'er the tomb,
 They bid thee dry thy weeping eyes;
 They too were dead, 'mid winter's gloom,
 So shall thy loved ones wake and rise.

Then, "Woodlawn!" hallowed be thy ground!
 We consecrate thee to the dead!
 Rest they, where Nature all around
 Her smile of faith and hope hath shed.

After singing the Doxology, in which all the congregation joined,
 the benediction was pronounced by the REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

STANZAS.

—
 BY A LADY.

Hallow a home for the silent dead!
 But where is the chosen ground?
 Not mid the city's echoing tread
 Should their resting place be found.

They have done with the world, its toil and strife,
 They have laid them down to sleep;
 It is not meet that the stir of life
 Should break on that slumber deep.

It is not meet that their place of rest
 Should be where the crowd pass by,
 And profane with a laugh or careless jest
 The spot where the slumberers lie.

Be their home amongst the quiet hills,
 Amid Nature's calm repose,
 Let their dirge be sung by mountain rills,
 And the brook as it softly flows.

The faded leaves that are falling fast,
 The flowers that have lost their bloom,
 The moaning sound of the wintry blast,
 Shall teach us to think of the tomb.

But a sweeter tale shall be told by the Spring,
 When the trees in verdure wave,
 And the mourner cease his sorrowing,
 As they point beyond the grave.

Then hallow your home for the silent dead,
 Ye have chosen well the spot;
 And our footsteps shall tell, as we gently tread,
 That its lessons are not forgot.

STANZAS

WRITTEN UPON THE CONSECRATION OF THE RURAL
 CEMETERY AT PITTSFIELD.

—
 BY J. C. H.

Plant no more the sombre cypress
 Round the portals of the tomb;
 Let the downward-pointing willow
 Shroud its roof no more in gloom;
 Bid the maple and the linden
 Spread their verdure o'er the grave,

And around our dear ones' pillow
Let the vine and laurel wave.

Turn we from the gray cathedral,
From the cell of mouldering stone ;
Fly the teeming, tainted church-yard ;
These befit the dead alone.

Those we mourn do slumber only ;
Then their cheerful couch prepare,
Where green earth and bending heaven
May bestow their kindest care.

Broad enough the realm of sorrow,
Large, full large the share of woe ;
Then let death no anguish borrow,
No unneedful shadow throw.

Let the sorrow-heaving bosom,
Let the tearful, throbbing eye,
Drink the balmy breath of beauty,
Type on earth of truth on high.

Link the forms of the departed,
Twine sweet memories of the dead,
With all living things and joyous ;
Deck with flowers their grassy bed :

So our love shall ever brighten,
Ever firmer grow our faith,
And serener hope sustain us
In the solemn hour of death.

PITTSFIELD, SEPT. 9TH, 1849.



