

7195
PRICE 25 CENTS.

DEARBORN'S
GUIDE THROUGH MOUNT AUBURN,

WITH SEVENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS,
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF STRANGERS

DESIROUS OF SEEING
—: THE ;—
CLUSTERS OF MONUMENTS
WITH THE LEAST TROUBLE.

With the established rules for the preservation of the Cemetery,
purchase of Lots, and other concerns.

EIGHTH EDITION.



WITH AN
ENGRAVED PLAN OF THE CEMETERY.

PUBLISHED BY NATHANIEL S. DEARBORN,
No. 24 School Street,
BOSTON.

1854.





TOWER OR OBSERVATORY.

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

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

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



DIRECT GUIDE THROUGH MT. AUBURN CEMETERY.

The front line of the Cemetery is East to West,—and Central Avenue fronting the gate, is from the North to the South.

The 63 engravings of the Mausoleums are to be met with, progressively, as named in this direct guide, viz: Spurzheim's being first, and that of Samuel Story, Jr., last.

From the gate, advance in front up Central Ave. and on the left, on an elevated plot is the monument to Spurzheim, and a little farther, is the metal bronzed statue of Bowditch, in a sitting posture; then turn to the west into Chapel Avenue, and view the beautiful Temple appropriated to the sanctuary services of the grave: pass on into Pine Avenue, and there are the Shaw and Dorr monuments; continue Pine Avenue to the north-west, which leads to Green Brier and Yarrow Paths, and there are the monuments to Fisher, Haughton, Fessenden, Channing, Curtis, Turner, Bangs, the sculptured child of Binney, Doane, Gossler, Allen, with numerous other pillars and obelisks to meet the eye; after this examination turn into Heliotrope and Heath Paths, for Sculpture of Gardner's child, monument of Wm. Appleton, and the splendid mausoleum of two fronts to Dr. Binney; Armstrong, Shattuck's Boy; pass into Fir Avenue at the west, and view the Magoun monument of Mother and daughter; then turn to the south, where are the monuments to Torrey, Mrs. N. P. Willis, Bates, Lincoln, Pickens, and many others; pass through Fir Avenue to the south, crossing Spruce Avenue, curving to the southeast, and then turn to the right hand into Walnut Avenue, and at the right hand, are Elder, Pilgrim and Snowdrop Paths, on a north-west line, and view the elegantly carved Temples of Cotting, Miles, Bush, Foss, Penniman, Shattuck, Farrar, Wolcott, Hartshorn and others: return to Walnut Avenue and pass through it, curving to the south, and view the monuments to Hicks, Worcester, Watson and others: then turn to the left into Mountain Avenue, north-westerly, and ascend Mt. Auburn's highest mound, 125 feet above the river Charles, from whence Boston, and the surrounding country may be seen: then descend Mt. Auburn on the south-east, through Hazel Path, curving round to the north, and view the Fuller monument; then pass on to Harvard Hill at the north-east; here the eye will greet the mausoleums to Andrews, Kirkland, Ashmun, Hoffman, and officers of Harvard University, and also to some of the students: descend into Rose Path, at the south-west, where are monuments of Scudder, and Davis, encircling its base, to the eastward: then turn to the right hand into Sweet Briar Path, and continue to its south-east termination, and there is a mausoleum to Coffin; then turn to the left hand into Chestnut Avenue, and at its junction with Hawthorn path, is the Tremont Strangers Tomb; continue north-west through Hawthorn path which leads to Cedar Hill, where are the monuments to Hildreth, Appleton and others: from thence southwest, round Cedar Hill, is Ivy Path, which curves round to the north, and at the end of this branch, a little to the west,

is Consecration Dell, where are monuments to Stanton, Watts, Water-son, Leverett, Dana, &c. leave Consecration Dell at its north-west corner, and pass into Vine Path, crossing Moss Path by the monument to Stearns, on to Central Square, where are monuments to Hannah Adams, Murray, and others; at the north-west of Central Square is Poplar Avenue curving to the east; and there may be seen mementos to Warren Colburn, Sturgis, Choate, Munson, Mrs. Ellis and others; then turn round to the left into the eastern line of Willow Avenue, curving round into its western line, and there are obelisks or mausoleums to Mc Lellan, Williams, Buckingham, Randall, Chamberlain, Thayer, Tuckerman, Mrs. Gannett, Lowell, Mason, Howard and others; leaving Willow Avenue at its southwest corner, turn to the right through Poplar Avenue into Alder Path, to the north; and see a monument to Wetmore, Greenleaf, and others; pass into Narcissus Path northerly, around Forest Pond and view the monuments to Story, Webster, Ox-nard, Rich, Durgin, Faxon, Winchester and others: at the north curve of Forest Pond is Catalpa Path, on an east line to Indian Ridge Path, where those to Brimmer, Bond, Seaver, Greenleaf, Patterson, Wads-worth, Francis, Fearing, West, To my Mary, Stackpole, and others are erected: then return to Catalpa Path west, to Linden Path, near to Beach Avenue, where are monuments to Tappan, Thaxter, Raymond and others; pass through Beach Avenue to the south, where are the monuments of Bigelow, Stone, Stevens, Coolidge, Putnam, &c., then turn round to the right hand into Central Avenue, where are the monuments of Harnden, Gibbs, Phelps, Peck, Burges, Abbe, Clary, and the sculptured watch dog of Perkins: turn to the left hand into Cypress Avenue, where the Bible monument of Gray may be seen on Hibiscus Path, and a little south, is the Cogswell monument; then turn to the left, easterly, and near the centre of Central Avenue, the monuments of Hewins, Tisdale, Buckminster, Cleveland, Lawrence, Herwig, and others; continue through Cypress Avenue, curving to the south, and there is the Public lot, with numerous shafts and mementos to friends, with a singular horizontal slab to the memory of M. W. B., and a little north-west of the Public lot, on Eglantine Path, is the sculptured figure of Christ, blessing little children: a little to the East of that is the Ford Monument, Faith with the Cross, and the Fuller monument. Return through the south part of Cypress Avenue, where is a monu-ment to Samuel Story, Jr., on Lupine Path; then turn round to the left, into Cedar Avenue, leading to the north, where are monuments to Gridley, Hayward, Benjamin, and others; continue to the right hand through part of Cypress Avenue to Central Avenue, passing the statue of Bowditch, and view the monument to the officers lost in the explor- ing expedition and others, after which, a return to the gate on the north, may be made direc'

THIS LITTLE MANUAL

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.,

President of the Mount Auburn Cemetery Institution ;

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

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

his obliged friend

and very humble servant,

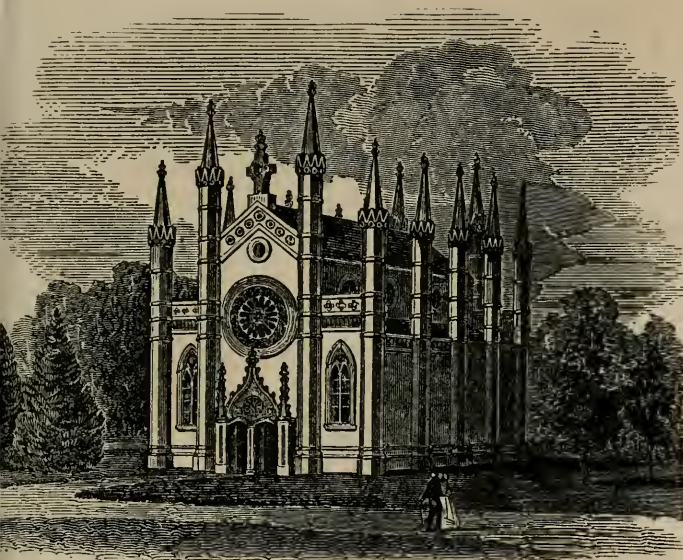
June, 1851.

NATHANIEL DEARBORN.



MOUNT AUBURN CHAPEL,

ERECTED 1847.



ODE ON

MOUNT AUBURN CHAPEL AND CEMETERY,

By Nathaniel Dearborn.

This mystic Fane in Auburn's sculptured grounds,
Prefers to Heaven the griefs and suppliant sounds,
In aid of our infirmity;

The chastened heart to save, the mourner cheer,
The message-promise from Jehovah hear

Of bliss through an eternity;

And here the bosomed relic of a friend,

Returns to what it was, and is, an end

To re-produce frail, dying man;

The soul is called to Jesus' heavenly shrine,

Beatic essence of the mind divine,

Communing with the GREAT I AM.



DEARBORN'S GUIDE
THROUGH
MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY,

7th EDITION, WITH SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

BY NATHANIEL DEARBORN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,
BY NATHANIEL DEARBORN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION.

JACOB BIGELOW, *President*. GEORGE WILLIAM BOND, *Treasurer*, Office 127 Milk St.
HENRY M. PARKER, *Secretary*, Office 46 Washington Street.

TRUSTEES.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| JACOB BIGELOW, 27 Summer Street. | BENJAMIN A. GOULD, 20 Union Wharf. |
| GEO. W. CROCKETT, 99 State St. | MACE TISDALE, 5 Chatham Row, |
| CHARLES P. CURTIS, 16 Court Street. | ISAAC PARKER, 2 & 4 Pearl Street. |
| C. C. LITTLE, 112 Washington St. | JAMES READ, 29 Milk St. |
| GEO. H. KUHN, 40 State St. | |

COMMITTEE ON LOTS.

JACOB BIGELOW, CHARLES P. CURTIS, ISAAC PARKER.

RUFUS HOWE, *Superintendent*.

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

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE.

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

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

The original lot comprised an area of 72 acres; but by an after purchase of $38\frac{1}{3}$ acres, it now measures $110\frac{1}{3}$ in all: the whole obtained at a cost of \$9,766.89: The Trustees of Mount Auburn Cemetery contemplate adding about 100 acres of adjoining land to the present grounds of that cemetery, during the present season. The "HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS" were nobly impressed with the importance of an extensive rural cemetery for the burial of the dead, and after the above named purchases by them, they transferred the whole grounds to a society of gentlemen, who had labored for the accomplishment of this object, ever since the year 1825, for the sum of \$4,222,42; thus making a generous gift of \$5,544,47.

This latter society was Incorporated, as "THE PROPRIETORS OF MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY," June 23, 1831, and the ground consecrated on the 24th of Sept., in that year: the first meeting for agitating this subject, was held in 1825, at the house of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the present President of the society; with the aid of the late George Bond, Wm. Sturgis, the late Hon. John Lowell, the late Samuel P. Gardiner, Thomas W. Ward, Nathan Hale, and John Tappan; who realized their fondest hopes in founding the FIRST, by date; the most enobling, and most beautiful garden cemetery in this extensive country; to become in time a paradise of sculptuary, of monuments and mausoleums, interspersed amid nature's loveliest productions; the capaciousness of the ground will permit 20,000 lots of 300 superficial square feet, each of which is offered at 100 dollars if purchased from any of those surveyed and located for *the sale list*; but if a lot be preferred in any part of the grounds not thus prepared, an additional sum will be required, say 10 dollars or more; around these lots the Avenues for carriages, 20 feet wide, and Paths for pedestrians, 6 feet wide, are laid out circuitously, to an extent, if measured in one straight line, would span a distance of 30 miles: about 2000 Lots have been disposed of, and about 350 Monuments, Shafts, Cenotaphs, Obelisks, and Slabs, have been raised to hallow and adorn the spot. All monies received from the sale of Lots or from any other source, is expended in ornamenting and improving this Garden Cemetery. During the two first years of its consecration, upwards of 30,000 dollars were expended in grading the roads, building a house, &c. for the Superintendent, fencing, &c. The front entrance Gate from Cambridge road, is a design from an Egyptian model, and is masterly chiseled in Granite, at a cost of about \$10,000; and the cast iron picketed fence on that whole front line was erected at a cost of about \$15,000:—a splendid Chapel was completed within its grounds in 1848, at a cost of about \$25,000. The highest mound in the Cemetery is called Mt. Auburn, and is 125 feet above Charles River, which meanders by the grounds on its southern border: On the summit of this elevation a Tower has been erected, of sufficient height to be seen above the surrounding trees, to subserve the triple purpose of a landmark,—to identify the spot, and for an Observatory, commanding an uninterrupted view of the surrounding landscape" of cities, towns, hills, farms, rivers, Massachusetts Bay, with its many Islands and shipping; the lantern or cupola of this Tower, is at least 185 feet above the river Charles.

MR. RUFUS HOWE,

The Superintendent of Mount Auburn, resides within its borders; and conducts the affairs of the internal management of the Cemetery, in a very eminently judicious manner: any one applying to him for information concerning the lots on sale, for burials, or any other item appertain-

ing to those grounds, will receive every polite attention ; a direct application to him is therefore most advisable, to save trouble and time.

By a reference to the Map of Mt. Auburn, which is on the last page of this pamphlet, the Avenues and Paths exhibit an universal curvature; their lines are "not straight, but crooked;" and if one is not familiar with their windings, a visit there may be attended with much fatigue and exhaustion ; and that too, without the compensating gratification of seeing the beautiful and grand mementos of the living to the dead : to aid the visitor to thread this mazy labyrinth, with a tolerable understanding, attended too with a satisfactory result, a DIRECT GUIDE THROUGH MOUNT AUBURN, pausing at the various clusters of Monuments and Shafts, by the most convenient route, is to be found on first page ; the SEVENTY engraved representations of them, are placed in the same progressive rotation; so, that, as one advances in the circuit laid down, by the printed guide, the monuments, engraved, will be met with in their designated accompanying position :—thus ; the Sarcophagus of the late Dr. Spurzheim is the first one approached, and that is the first engraving and the first one named in the printed Guide : the monument of Story, being nearly the last one on passing through the Cemetery, by the printed Guide, the engraving of it is placed last in this work.

The order of the consecration of Mount Auburn, was an address from the late Hon. Judge Story, who was then President of the Institution ; prayers from Dr. Ware and Rev. John Pierpont, with the following impressive hymn from the pen of the latter.

HYMN.

To thee, O God, in humble trust,
Our hearts their cheerful incense burn,
For this thy word, "Thou art of dust,"
And unto dust shalt thou return.

And what were life, life's work all done,
The hopes, joys, loves, that cling to clay,
All, all, departed, one by one,
And yet life's load borne on for aye!

Decay! decay! 'tis stamped on all,
All bloom in flower and flesh shall fade,
Ye whispering trees when ye shall fall,
Be our long sleep beneath your shade!

Here to thy bosom mother earth,
Take back in peace what thou hast given
And all that is of heavenly birth,
O God, in peace, recall to heaven.

HYMN.

Home of the coming dead!
The spot whereon we tread
Is hallowed ground:
Here earth, in sacred trust,
Shall hold their sleeping dust,
Until her bonds they burst,
And rise unbound.

Here shall the weary rest,
And souls, with woes oppress'd,
No more shall weep:
And youth and age shall come,
And beauty in her bloom,
And Manhood, to the tomb;
Sweet be their sleep!

Around their lowly bed
Shall flowers their fragrance shed,
And birds shall sing:
On every verdant mound
Love's offering shall be found,
And sighing trees around
Their shadows fling.

And there's a holier light!
Hope, with her taper bright,
On every tomb,
Points upward to the sky,
There every tear is dry,
There is no mourner's sigh,
Nor death, nor gloom.

REGULATIONS CONCERNING VISITORS TO THE CEMETERY
AT MOUNT AUBURN.

The gates are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset.

No money is to be paid to the gate keeper.

No persons are admitted on SUNDAYS or HOLYDAYS, except PROPRIETORS and members of their HOUSEHOLD, and persons accompanying them.

No refreshments, and no party carrying refreshments, will be admitted to come within the grounds at Mount Auburn.

All persons who shall be found within the grounds making unseemly noises, or otherwise conducting themselves unsuitably to the purposes to which the grounds are devoted, will be required instantly to leave the grounds, and upon refusal, will be compelled to do so, and will be prosecuted accordingly.

No vehicle is to be driven in the Cemetery *at a rate faster than a walk.*

No horse is to be left unfastened, without a keeper.

No horse is to be fastened, except at the posts provided for this purpose.

All persons are prohibited from gathering any flowers, EITHER WILD OR CULTIVATED, or breaking any tree, shrub, or plant.

Any person who shall be found in possession of flowers or shrubs, while in the grounds or before leaving them, will be deemed to have tortiously taken them in the grounds, and will be prosecuted accordingly. N. B. Persons carrying flowers INTO the Cemetery, to be placed on any lot or grave, as offerings or memorials, are requested to notify the Gatekeeper as they pass in; in every other case, flowers brought to the Cemetery *must be left without the gate.*

All persons are prohibited from writing upon, defacing and injuring any monument, fence or other structure, in or belonging to the Cemetery.

All persons are prohibited from discharging firearms in the Cemetery.

The Superintendent of the grounds, the Gatekeeper, and any other person acting under them, shall have a right to require his or her name from any person other than a proprietor, or a member of his family, who shall visit the grounds, and upon his or her refusal, or giving a false name, to exclude them from the grounds.

The Superintendent, the Gatekeeper, and all other persons acting under them, shall have full authority to carry these regulations into effect, and shall give notice of any violations thereof, to the Trustees.

☞ The Superintendent has the care of the Cemetery, and is authorized to remove all those who violate these regulations or commit trespasses. Trespassers are also liable to be fined FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS reward is offered to any person who shall give information to the Trustees, which shall lead to the conviction of the offender, of any trespass done by taking or plucking any flowers, shrubs, or trees, within the grounds, or of otherwise injuring the grounds, or of any other offence against the laws and regulations, provided for the protection of the Cemetery, and the monuments and erections therein.

The Secretary will issue to the PROPRIETORS each one Ticket of Admission into the Cemetery with a vehicle; the *loan of the Ticket* involves a forfeiture of this privilege. In case of a loss of the Ticket, the Proprietor is requested to apply to the Secretary, from whom a new one can be obtained. This is necessary, as the Gatekeeper's orders are to admit no proprietor without a ticket.

Any person who has a *relative interred in the Public Lot* at the Cemetery, may, on application to any Trustee or to the Secretary, receive a special pass into the Cemetery on *Sundays.*

REPAIRS OF MONUMENTS AND LOTS. Any owner of a Lot wishing to have it kept in perpetual repair, by depositing funds with the Trustees for that purpose, will receive from them a Deed of Trust for the funds and assume the duties and responsibilities. The interest on 300 dollars will perpetually keep in repair a lot of 300 feet, with its monument, shrubbery and soil; the interest on 500 dollars is required for a similar sized lot if with a Tomb; if 100 dollars are deposited, its interest money will be expended for repairs as far as that will accomplish the purpose.

CONDITIONS, LIMITATIONS AND PRIVILEGES TO WHICH EVERY LOT IS SUBJECT BY THE DEED OF THE CORPORATION, TO WIT :

First. The proprietor of the lot shall have a right to enclose the same with a wall or fence not exceeding one foot in thickness, which may be placed on the adjoining land of the Corporation exterior to the said lot.

Second. The said lot shall not be used for any other purpose than as a place of burial for the dead ; and no trees within the lot or border shall be cut down or destroyed, without the consent of the Trustees of the said Corporation.

Third. The proprietor of the said lot shall have the right to erect stones, monuments, or sepulchral structures, and to cultivate trees, shrubs and plants in the same.

Fourth. The proprietor of the said lot shall erect, at his or her own expense, suitable land marks of stone or iron, at the corners thereof, and shall also cause the number thereof to be legibly and permanently marked on the premises. And if the proprietor shall omit for thirty days after notice, to erect such land marks and mark the number, the Trustees shall have authority to cause the same to be done at the expense of said proprietor.

Fifth. If the land marks and boundaries of the said lot shall be effaced, so that the said lot cannot with reasonable diligence be found and identified, the said Trustees shall set off to the said grantee, his or her heirs or assigns, a lot in lieu thereof, in such part of the cemetery, as they see fit, and the lot hereby granted shall in such case revert to the Corporation.

Sixth. If any trees or shrubs situated in said lot, shall by means of their roots, branches, or otherwise, become detrimental to the adjacent lots or avenues, or dangerous or inconvenient to passengers, it shall be the duty of the said Trustees for the time being, and they shall have the right, to enter into the said lot, and remove the said trees and shrubs, or such parts thereof as are thus detrimental, dangerous or inconvenient.

Seventh. If any monument or effigy, or any structure whatever, or any inscription be placed in or upon the said lot, which shall be determined by the major part of the said Trustees for the time being, to be offensive or improper, the said Trustees, or the major part of them, shall have the right, and it shall be their duty to enter upon said lot, and remove the said offensive or improper object or objects.

Eighth. No fence shall at any time be placed or erected in or around any lot, the materials and design of which shall not first have been approved by the trustees or a committee of them.

Ninth. No tomb shall be constructed within the bounds of the Cemetery except in or upon lots situated in such parts of the grounds as shall be designated by the Trustees for that purpose ; and no proprietor shall suffer the remains of any person to be deposited in a tomb so authorized, for hire.

Tenth. The said lot shall be holden subject to the provisions contained in an act of the General Court, dated March 31, 1835, and entitled, " An Act to incorporate the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn."

NOTE.—The society request that all railings or inclosures of lots may be light, neat and symmetrical,—that all stones erected in memory of the dead may be marble or granite,—and that no slabs be placed in the Cemetery. Fences composed in whole or in part of wood are prohibited.

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise ;
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way
Or a cottage-window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

Yes ! beauty dwells in all our paths — but sorrow too is there ;
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air !
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things
That through the leafy places glance, on many colored wings.

With shadows from the past, we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades ;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and the violet-dingles back,
And from the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track ;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time hope and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth."

SITUATION OF THE AVENUES OR CARRIAGE ROADS. 20 FEET WIDE

- Beach, from the east side of Central, southerly, to Poplar Avenue.
 Cedar, from the north line of Cypress, southerly, to Walnut Avenue.
 Central, fronting the gate, south, to Walnut Avenue.
 Chapel, southwest, from Central to Pine Avenue.
 Chestnut, from Poplar, southerly, to Mountain Avenue.
 Citron, a short avenue, southeasterly, from Oak to Magnolia Avenue.
 Cypress, from Central, westerly, curving southerly, to Walnut Avenue.
 Elm, westerly, from Pine Avenue, curving round easterly, to the same.
 Fir, from the second branch of Elm Ave., southerly, curving easterly to Walnut Av.
 Garden, east from the gate, curving to the south, and then to the east again to Maple Av.
 Larch, southeast from Poplar Avenue, curving northeast, to Maple Avenue.
 Laurel, from Walnut Avenue, northerly, and around Laurel hill.
 Lime, from Maple, curving round at Aloe path, again into Maple Avenue.
 Locust, from Beach Avenue, southwesterly to Poplar Avenue.
 Magnolia, at the southeast of Mountain, to Maple Avenue, curving northerly.
 Maple, from the east end of Garden Avenue, southerly, to Magnolia Avenue.
 Mountain, all round Mt. Auburn Hill, to Magnolia Avenue, easterly.
 Oak, from Willow Avenue, easterly, curving south to Magnolia Avenue.
 Pine, from Elm Avenue, southerly, curving to the southeast, into Cypress Avenue.
 Poplar, from the northeast of Central square, curving southeast to Larch Avenue.
 Spruce, from Elm Av. southerly, curving through the whole western extent of the Cem.
 Walnut, west of Central Sq. curving S. westerly, and then to the south into Moun. Av.
 Willow, with two branches, the 1st branch from Poplar Av. northeasterly, to Narcissus
 Path, then curving easterly for the 2d branch, to the south, to Larch Avenue.

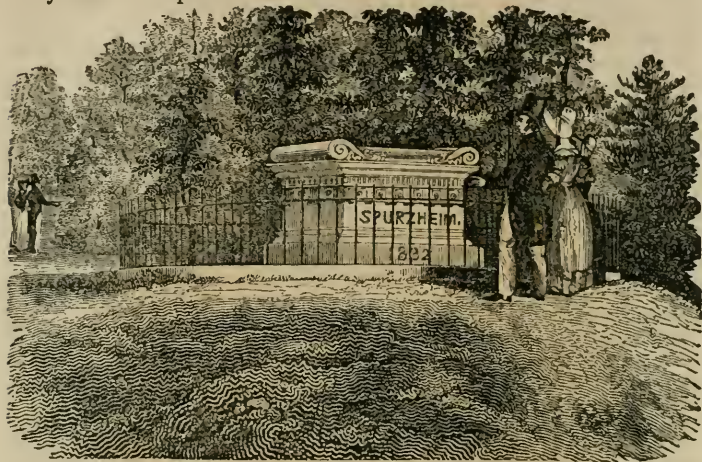
SITUATION OF THE FOOT PATHS. 6 FEET WIDE.

- Allanhus, it has two openings from Central Avenue, and two also from Cedar Avenue.
 connecting with both Avenues.
 Alder, from Poplar Avenue, northwest, round southwest to Locust Avenue.
 Almond, from Indian Ridge Path, southwesterly, curving into it again at the southeast.
 Aloe, " " " " easterly, into Lime Avenue.
 Altea, from Fir Avenue, southerly, to Spruce Avenue.
 Amaranth, from Rose Path, encircling Harvard Hill.
 Anemone, from Orange Path, near Walnut Avenue, westerly, to Spruce Avenue.
 Arethusa, from Walnut Avenue, westerly, to Trefoil Path.
 Asclepias, from Spruce Avenue, westerly, to Fir Avenue.
 Astor, from Vine Path, southerly, and curving easterly to Ivy Path.
 Azalea, southerly from Spruce Avenue, and curving easterly to the same Avenue.
 Bellwort, from Orange Path, westerly, to Spruce Avenue.
 Calla, from Fir Avenue, southwest, to Pilgrim Path.
 Catalpa, from Indian Ridge Path, southerly, curving easterly to the same.
 Clematis, from Magnolia Avenue, southeast, curving northerly, to the same avenue.
 Columbine, from Spruce Avenue, westerly, to Fir Avenue.
 Cowslip, from Walnut Avenue southwesterly, to Spruce Avenue.
 Crocus, from Fir Avenue, westerly, curving south, to Spruce Avenue.
 Dell, from Ivy Path, southwest, around Consecration Dell, and from thence, through either
 of the two southeastern limbs of Dell Path, to Ivy Path again.
 Elder, from Walnut Avenue, northwest, to Spruce Avenue.
 Eglantine, from Spruce Avenue, southeasterly, winding into Fir Avenue southerly.
 Fern, from Walnut Avenue, southeast, to Mountain Avenue.
 Gentian, from Pine Avenue, westwardly, curving southeasterly, into Cypress Avenue.
 Geranium, from Beech Avenue, southerly, curving into Central Avenue westerly,
 and Beech Avenue, easterly.

- Green Brier, from Pine Avenue, westerly, to Mistletoe Path.
- Harebell, from Walnut Avenue, southerly, to Trefoil Path, westerly.
- Hawthorn, from Woodbine Path, and encircles Juniper Hill.
- Hazel, from Mountain Avenue, southeasterly, to Rose Path, northerly.
- Heath, from Spruce Avenue, westerly to Fir Avenue.
- Heliotrope, from Spruce Avenue, westerly, to Fir Avenue.
- Hemlock, from Poplar Avenue, southwest, to Ivy Path.
- Hibiscus, from Cypress Avenue, curving into the same Avenue again.
- Honeysuckle, from Green Brier Path, southerly, curving easterly, into Fir Avenue.
- Holly, from Poplar Avenue, south, curving southerly, to Ivy Path.
- Hyacinth, from Chapel Avenue, southerly, to Cypress Avenue.
- Indian Ridge, from Central Avenue, southeasterly, to Larch and Maple Avenues.
- Iris, near Central Square, from Moss to Dell Path, southeasterly.
- Ivy, from Central Square, southerly, curving round northeasterly, into Woodbine Path.
- Jasmine, from Chestnut Avenue, westerly, curving south to Hawthorn Path.
- Lilac, from the northeast curve of Willow Avenue, northerly, to Indian Ridge Path.
- Lily, from Poplar Avenue, southerly, to Woodbine Path, at Cedar Hill.
- Linden, from Beech Avenue, easterly, curving to the south, into Beech Avenue again.
- Lotus, from Magnolia Avenue, southerly, curving northerly, to the same Avenue.
- Lupine, from Cypress Avenue, northwest, to Spruce Avenue.
- Mayflower, from the gate, southeasterly, by the first segment of Garden Pond, to Gar. Av.
- Mimosa, from Spruce Avenue, westerly, to Fir Avenue.
- Mistletoe, from the westerly curve of Elm Avenue, southeasterly, and curving easterly, into Fir Avenue.
- Moss, from Central Square, southwest, curving southwardly to Laurel Avenue.
- Myrtle, southerly, from Chestnut Avenue, curving westerly, to Rose Path.
- Narcissus Path is all around Forest Pond.
- Oleander, from Rose Path, easterly, curving southwest, to Myrtle Path.
- Olive, south from Juniper Hill, curving westerly, into Myrtle Path.
- Orange, from Walnut Avenue, southerly, curving to the same Avenue.
- Orchis, westerly, from Walnut Avenue, to Tulip Path.
- Osier, from the northeast curve of Willow Avenue, east, to Indian Ridge Path.
- Petunia, from Larch Avenue, southeasterly, into Oak Avenue.
- Pilgrim, from Walnut Avenue, curving southerly, into Snowdrop Path.
- Primrose, from Central Avenue, southeasterly, around the south side of Garden Pond.
- Pyrola, from Orange Path, westerly, to Spruce Avenue.
- Rhodora, from Oak Avenue, southwest, into Larch Avenue.
- Rose, encircles the whole base of Harvard Hill.
- Rosemary, from Jasmine to Hawthorn Path, circling round into, and out of Temple Hill.
- Sedge, easterly from Fir Avenue, curving northerly, to Heath Path.
- Sorrel, from Spruce Avenue, westerly, curving southwest, to Fir Avenue.
- Snowberry, west of the gate, from Pine Avenue, southeasterly, to Central Avenue.
- Snowdrop, westerly from Walnut Avenue, to Pilgrim Path.
- Spiræa, from Fir Avenue, southwest, to Mistletoe Path.
- Sumac, southerly, from Moss, near Central Square, to Violet Path and Laurel Av.
- Sweet Brier, from the south of Juniper Hill, southeasterly, to Chestnut Avenue.
- Thistle, southeast from Walnut Avenue, curving westerly, to Spruce Avenue.
- Trefoil, southwest, from Walnut Avenue, to Spruce Avenue.
- Tulip, westerly, " " " to Trefoil Path.
- Verbena, southeasterly, from Spruce Avenue, to Fir Avenue.
- Vine, (near Consecration Dell,) from Moss Path, near Central Square, to Iris Path.
- Violet, easterly, from Walnut Avenue, curving northerly, to Ivy Path.
- Woodbine, encircles the whole base of Cedar Hill.
- Yarrow, of two parts, westerly, from Pine Av. to Fir, curving round to Pine Av. again.

GASPER SPURZHEIM, BORN DEC. 31, 1775. LOT 181.

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



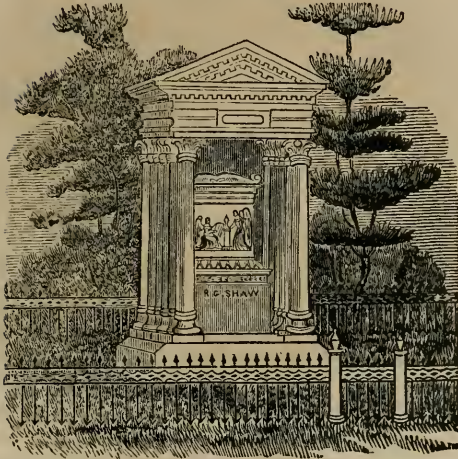
HON. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, L. L. D. Died March 16, 1838, aged 65 ys.

This is a Statue from Metallic castings; its weight is about 2500 lbs. it is esteemed a capital likeness of the New England Philosopher.



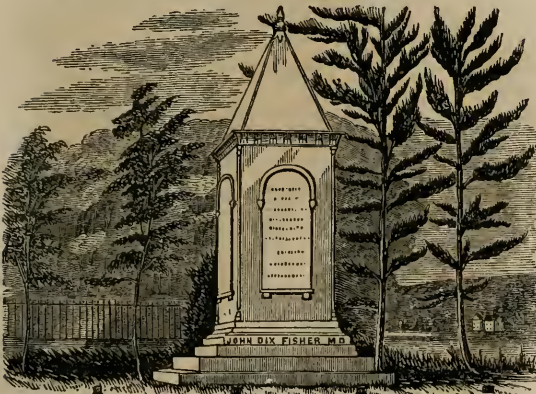
ROBERT G. SHAW. LOT 85. PINE AVENUE.

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



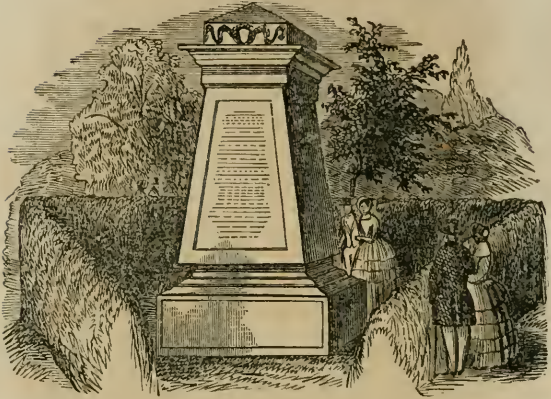
DR. FISHER. PINE, CORNER OE ELM AVENUE.

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



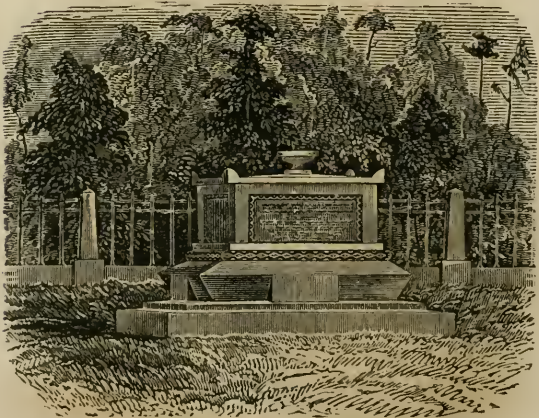
RICHARD HAUGHTON. LOT 777. PINE AVENUE.

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



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

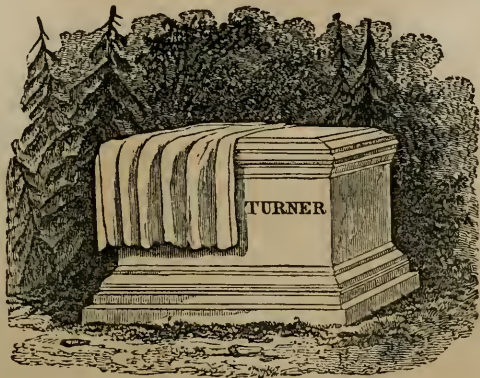
"The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous Life the man!
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay:
Death is the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread but what frail Life imparts,
Nor Life true joy but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast,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



ELISHA TURNER. LOT 714. YARROW PATH,

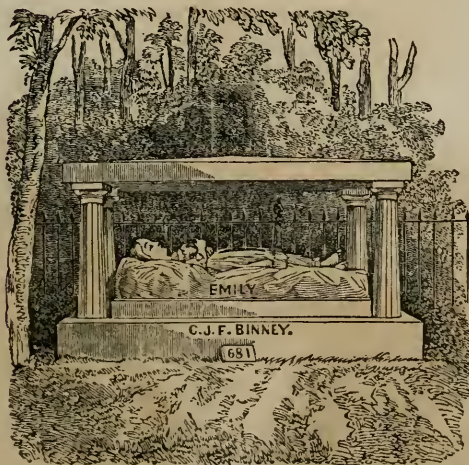
“O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
 Whose flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day;

O, ye, while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be roused to thought, — anticipate the blow ;
 Lest like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill.”



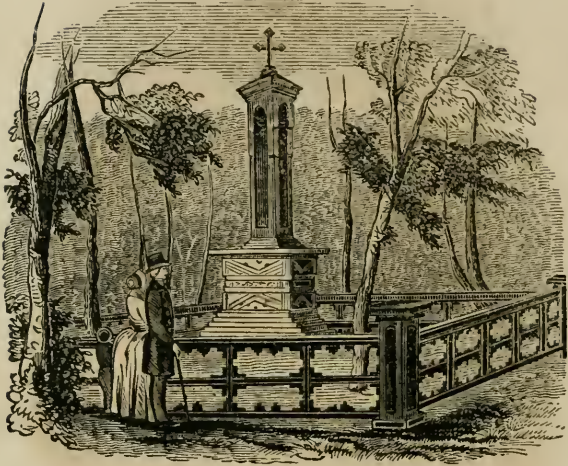
LOT 681. DEXTER'S SCULPTURE OF EMILY, ON YARROW PATH.

“Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys but joys that never can expire.
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.”



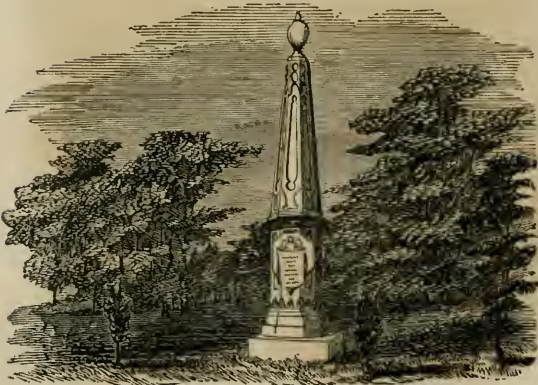
JOHN H. GOSSLER. LOT 1129, YARROW PATH.

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



S. P. ALLEN. SPRUCE AVENUE.

"In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As dutiful sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same."





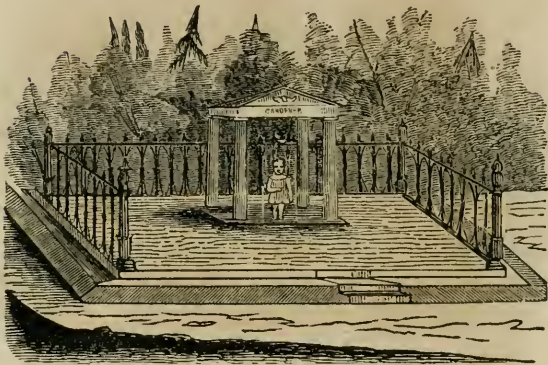
S. O. RICHARDSON'S LOT, FIR AVENUE.

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

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

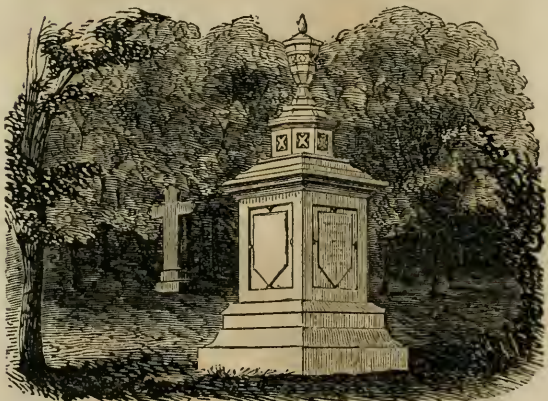
Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,
 And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice
 And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
 There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
 Alone may wear. With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

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



WM. APPLETON. LOT 920. HELIOTROPE PATH.

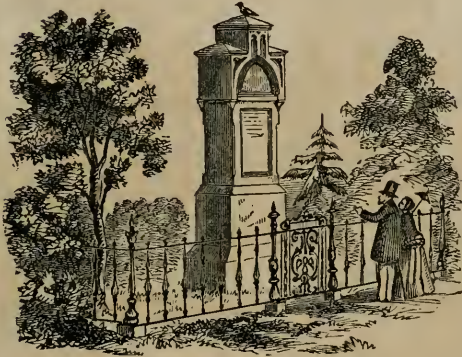
“If time past
 And time possess’d both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain’d,
 Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.”



PARAN STEVENS. SEDGE PATH.

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

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



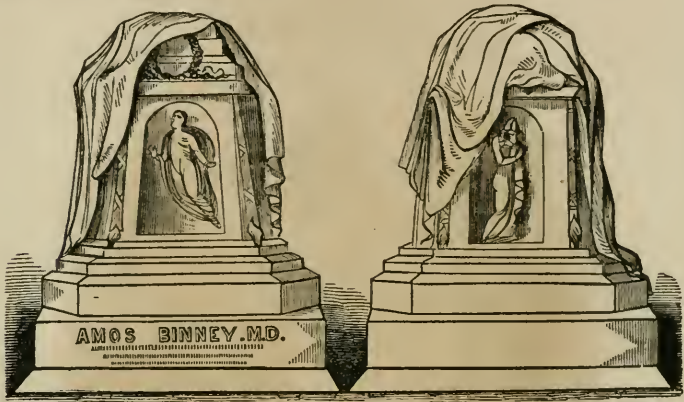
RECEIVING TOMB. GREEN BRIAR PATH, LEADING FROM FIR AVENUE.

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



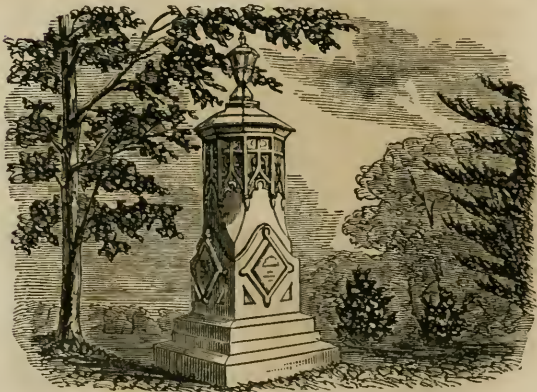
AMOS BINNEY, M. D. HEATH PATH, LOT 1390.

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



S. T. ARMSTRONG. SEDGE PATH.

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



M. L. HALL. SNOW-DROP PATH.

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



ST. JOHN'S LOT. FIR AVENUE, CORNER OF MISTLETOE PATH.

“ Be death your theme in every place and hour,
 Nor longer want ye, monumental sires,
 A brother's tomb to tell you you shall die. ”



SHATTUCK'S SON—FRANK CHESTER. SORREL PATH.

"Thou cam'st—what pleasures new and bright
 Thy coming gave:
 Thou'rt gone—and every young delight—
 Is laid in thy dark grave!
 The sigh will rise, in manhood's spite—
 The tears will roll;
 Grief round me draws her mental night—
 And desolates my soul."



MAGOUN MONUMENT. GRIEF. FIR AVENUE.

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

Together we shall sleep ;
 Together may we rise ;
 And sing our morning hymn,
 One household still !"



REV. CHARLES T. TORREY. JUNCTION OF FIR AND SPRUCE AV.

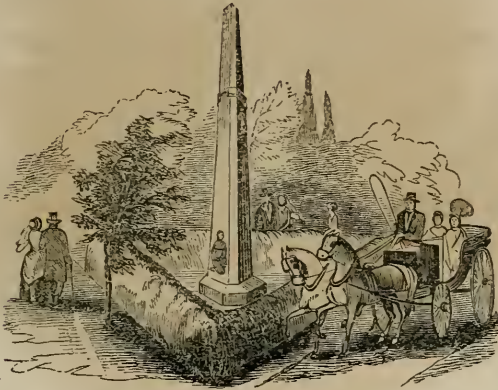
Copied from the monument.

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

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

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

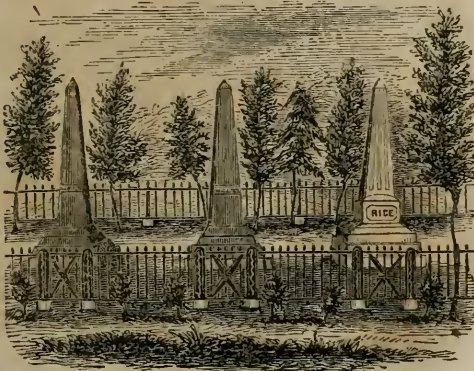
There shall his praise be spoken,
Redeemed from falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the slave shall be a man.



W. H. DELANO, W. F. WHITNEY, RICE. PINE AVENUE.

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

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



JACOB FOSS, LOT 719. SNOWDROP PATH.

ON ITS FRONT,

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

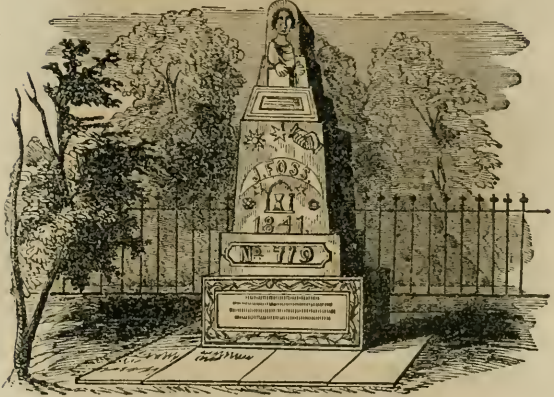
For modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

ON THE EASTERN SIDE,

God is Love.

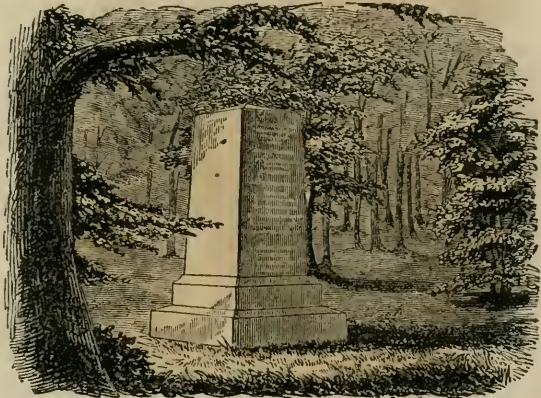
Sacred to the memory of Mehitable H., wife of Jacob Foss,
who departed this life April 10, 1846, aged 51 years.

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



HON. TIMOTHY FARRAR, L L. D. ELDER PATH.

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



ZACHARIAH HICKS. LOT 168, WALNUT AVENUE.

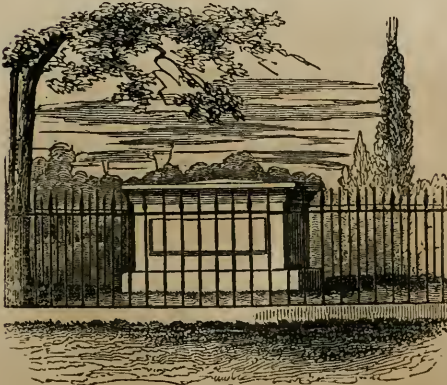
"I saw an aged man upon his bier:
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year;—
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now:
 And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
 And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud."



HENRY ANDREWS. LOT 939. AMARANTH PATH.

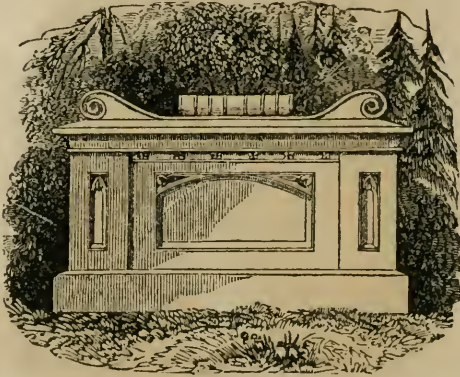
"Not lost, but gone before."

"For scarce upon our infant eyes,
 The sprinkled dew of baptism dries,
 E'er the thick frost of manhood's care.
 And death's strong icy seal is there."



JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, LL. D. HARVARD HILL.

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

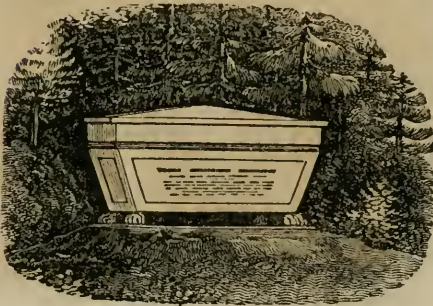


JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN. HARVARD HILL, COLLEGE LOT.
Deceased April 1st, 1833, aged 33 years.

"Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then whirls them from our wandering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur and thy glittering store:
Death comes and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades and is no more.

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



MONUMENT TO HOFFMAN. COLLEGE LOT.

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

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



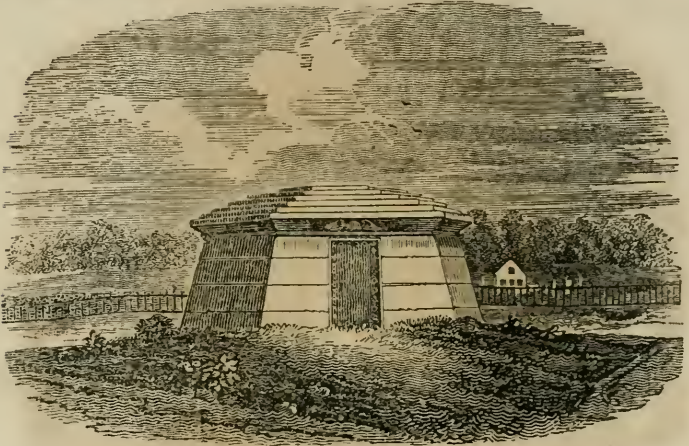
GEORGE W. COFFIN. LOT 35, CHESTNUT AVENUE.

"Wisdom though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than Folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise."



TREMONT OR STRANGERS' TOMB. LOT 324, CHESTNUT AVENUE.

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



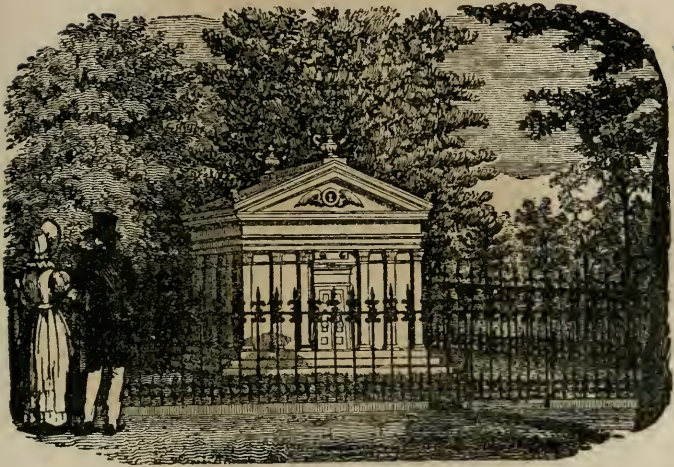
CHARLES T. HILDRETH. LOT 291, JASMINE PATH.

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



SAMUEL APPLETON. LOT 411, CEDAR HILL.

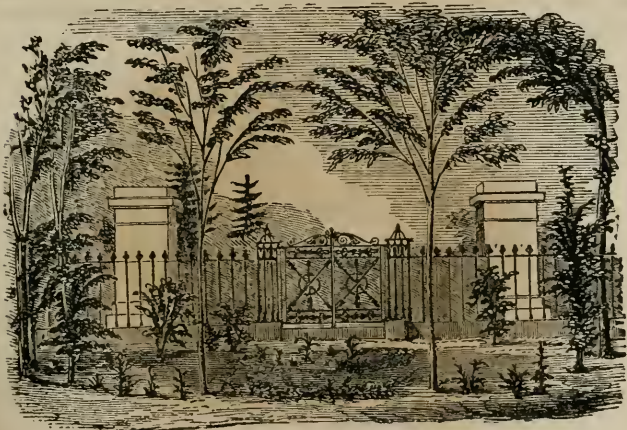
“ Is it in the flight of human years
 To push eternity from living thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust? —
 A soul importal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in busied idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,—
 Resembles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



MACE TISDALE AND S. K. HEWINS.

“ And is this all—this mournful doom?
 Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
 Mark how you clouds in darkness ride;
 They do not quench the orb they hide;
 Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er

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



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

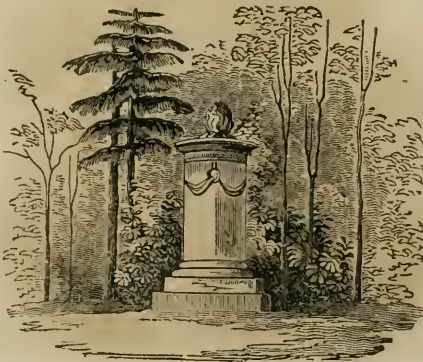
“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
And paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery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



FREDERICK P. LEVERETT. LOT 54, VINE PATH.

His hope we trust was in Christ.

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



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

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



HANNAH ADAMS. LOT 180, CENTRAL SQUARE.

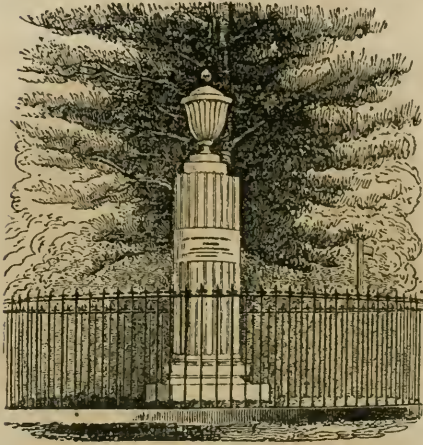
Historian of the Jews, &c. Deceased, Dec. 15, 1831, Aged 76,
 the first burial in Mt. Auburn.

"Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land!
 Whose radiant eyes the vanquished world command,
 Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
 With elegance of outward form are joined;
 When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
 And fortune sets them in the strongest light,
 'Tis all of heaven that we below may view
 And all but adoration is your due."



REV. JOHN MURRAY. LOT 587. MOSS PATH.

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



WARREN COLBURN, DIED 1833. æ 40 YEARS.

LOT 429, LOCUST AVENUE.

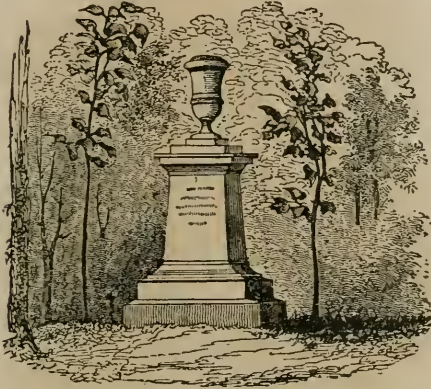
Cherished in classic lore ! Though short thy date !

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



CHARLES CHOATE. LOT 42, POPLAR AVENUE.

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



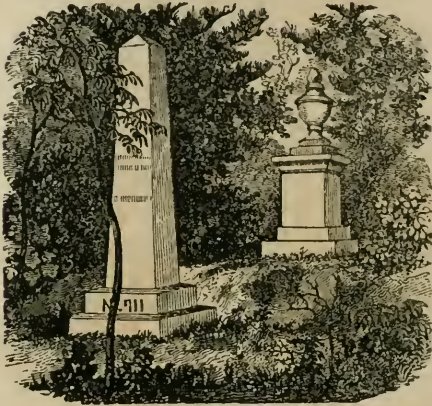
HENRY BLAKE MC CLELLAN. DECEASED 1833, æ. 22.
LOT 123, POPLAR AVENUE.

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



ISAAC WILLIAMS. LOT 142, WILLOW AVENUE.

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

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

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



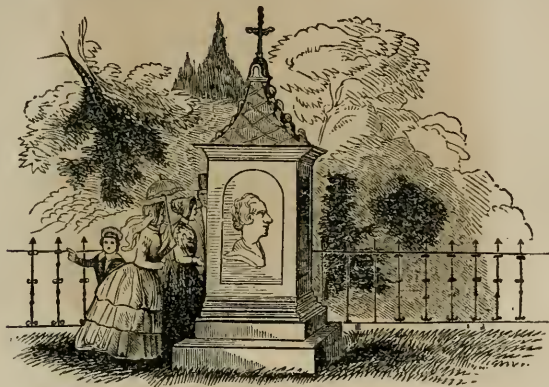
REV. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN. LOT 222. OAK AVENUE.

Copied from the monument.

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

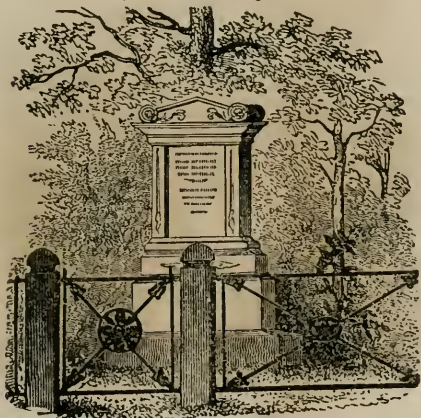
3d compartment—"Born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 18, 1778; Died in Cuba, W. I., April 20, 1840."

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



THOMAS WETMORE. LOT 581, ALDER PATH.

"O Contemplation! I do love
To indulge thy grateful musings: Why along
The dusty track of commerce should I toil,
When with an easy competence, content,
I can alone be happy, — and loose the wings of Fancy!
And to be happy here, is man's chief end;
And to be happy, he must fain be good!"



GARDNER GREENLEAF'S LOT NO. 74, ALDER PATH.

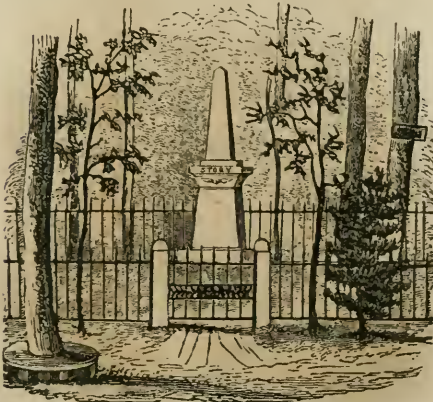
"The dead, the much-loved dead!
 Who doth not yearn to know
 The secret of their dwelling place,
 And to what land they go?
 What heart but asks with ceaseless tone
 For some sure knowledge of *its own*?"

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



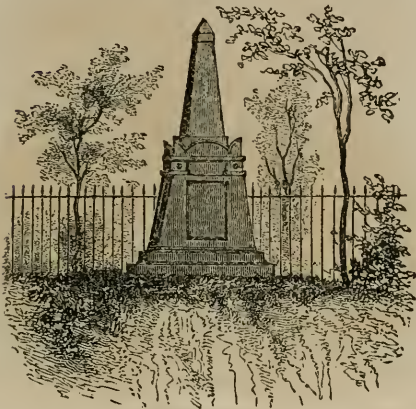
HON. JOSEPH STORY, L. L. D. LOT 313, NARCISSUS PATH.

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



JOHN W. WEBSTER. LOT 361, NARCISSUS PATH.

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



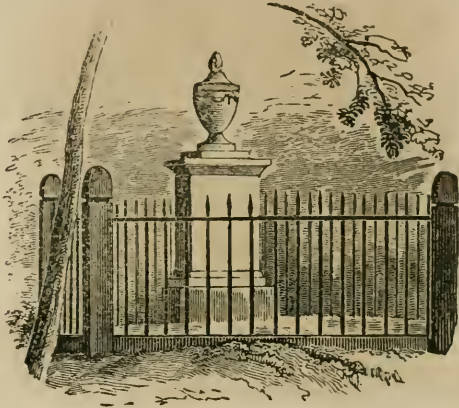
HENRY OXNARD. LOT 364. NARCISSUS PATH.

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



CLEMENT DURGIN. LOT 433. NARCISSUS PATH.

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



NATHANIEL FAXON. LOT 384 NARCISSUS PATH

“There I placed
A frail memorial,—that when again
I should revisit it, the thought might come
Of the *dull tide of life*, and that *pure spring*
Which he who drinks of, never shall thirst more.”



TOMB OF WM. P. WINCHESTER. LOT 380, NARCISSUS PATH.

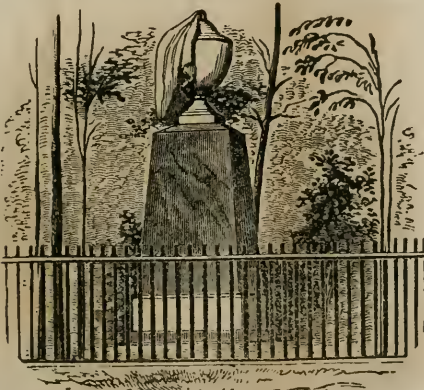
Arthur Gilman, Architect.



MARTIN BRIMMER. LOT 394. INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

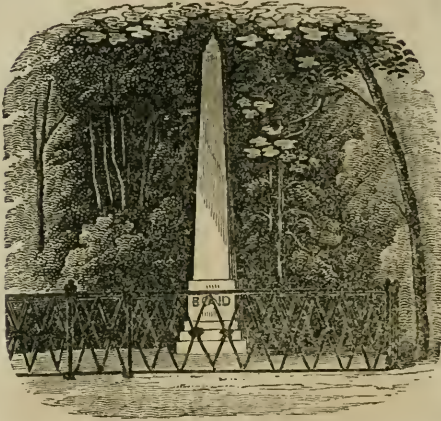
“The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed! the departed!
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful!
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep:—
Or where the hurrying night winds
Pale winter robes have spread,
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!”



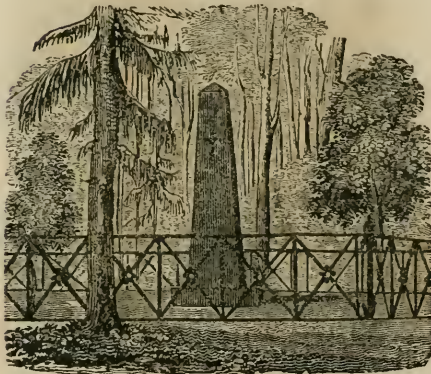
GEORGE BOND. LOT 156, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

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



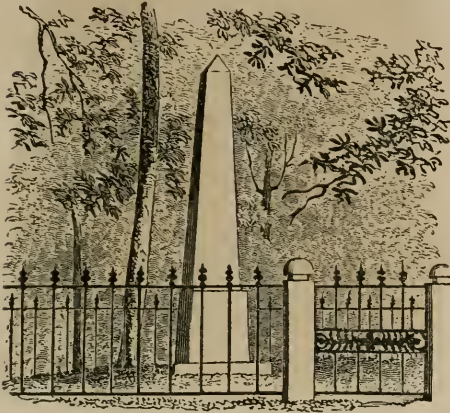
BENJAMIN SEAVER. LOT 158, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

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



SAMUEL GREENLEAF. LOT 409, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

“Angel of death! did no presaging sign
 Announce thy coming, and thy way prepare?
 No warning voice, no harbinger was thine —
 Danger and fear seemed past — but thou wer't there!
 Prophetic sounds along the earthquake's path —
 Foretell the hour of Nature's awful throes;
 And the volcano, ere it bursts in wrath,
 Sends forth some herald from its dread repose:
 But *thou* dark Spirit! swift and unforeseen,
 Cam'st like the lightning's flash, when heaven was all serene.”



ENOCH PATTERSON. LOT 438, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

“*For this mortal must put on immortality.*”

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID PATTERSON.

“He sleeps beneath the blue lone sea,
 He lies where pearls the deep,
 He was the loved of all; yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.”

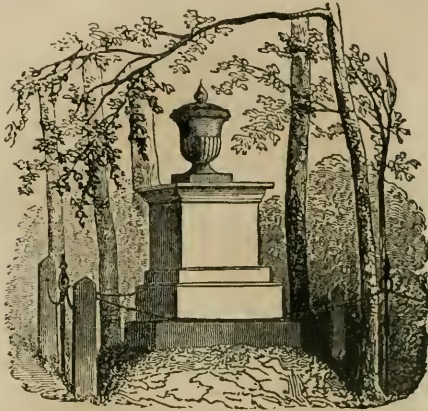


ALEXANDER WADSWORTH. LOT 431. INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

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

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

"Shall love with weak embrace
Thy heavenward flight detain ?
No ! Angels seek thy place
Among yon cherub-train."



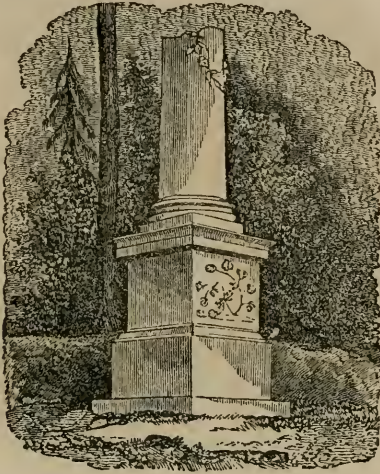
NATHANIEL FRANCIS. LOT 333, INDIAN RIDGE PATH.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Oh, who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."



JOHN TAPPAN'S MONUMENT. LOT 307.

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

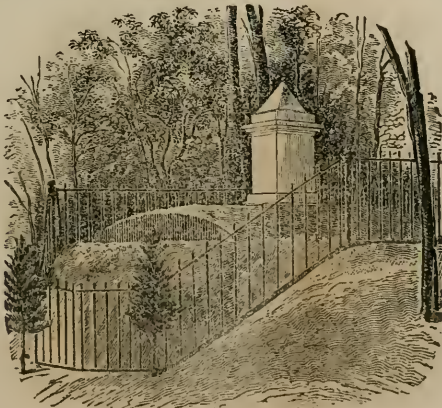


LEVI THAXTER. LOT 406, LINDEN PATH.

God is love.

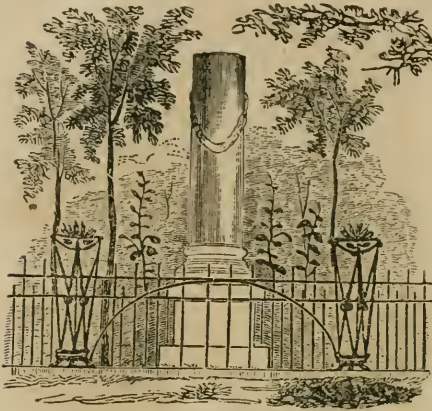
"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! dead and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
When all of life, a rosy ray
Blushed into dawn, and passed away."

"Thou wer't so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou, that bright home to bless,
Hast passed with all thy loveliness."



DR. JACOB BIGELOW. LOT 116, BEECH AVENUE.

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



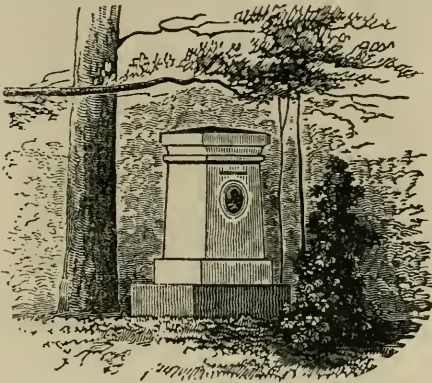
STONE AND STEVENS. LOT ON BEECH AVENUE.

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



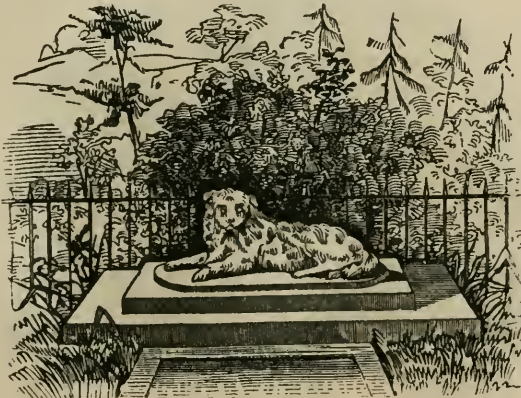
JESSE PUTNAM. LOT 473, BEACH AVENUE.

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



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

As history makes record of so many acts of fidelity, watchfulness and sagacity of the Dog, it is here considered appropriate to place him, as an apparent guard to the remains of the family who were his friends ; it was sculptured in Italy from the purest Italian marble.



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

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

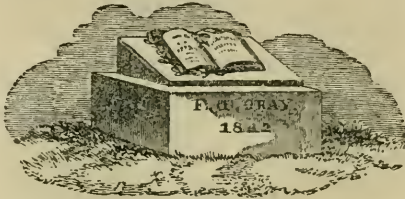
"How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!

'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last."

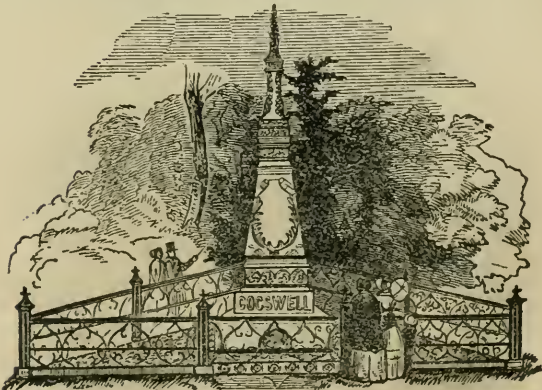
"And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more "

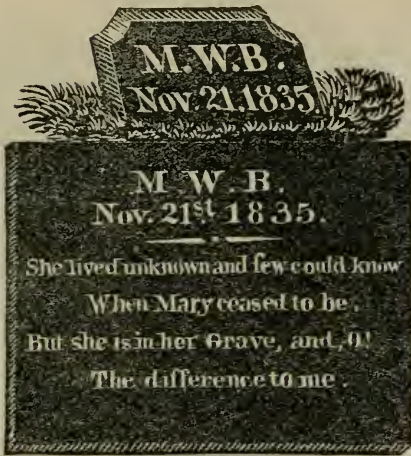


COGSWELL, LOT 1142. JUNCTION OF CENTRAL AND CYPRUS AV.

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



SLAB AT THE NORTHEAST PART OF THE PUBLIC LOT,
ON CYPRESS AVENUE.



FAITH AND THE CROSS. MARIA LOUISA FORD.

“Farewell my best beloved! whose heavenly mind,
Genius with virtue, strength with softness joined;
Devotion, undebased by pride or art,
With much simplicity, and joy of heart:
Tho’ sprightly, gentle, though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Thou was’t beyond what verse or speech can tell
My guide, my riend, my best beloved, farewell!”



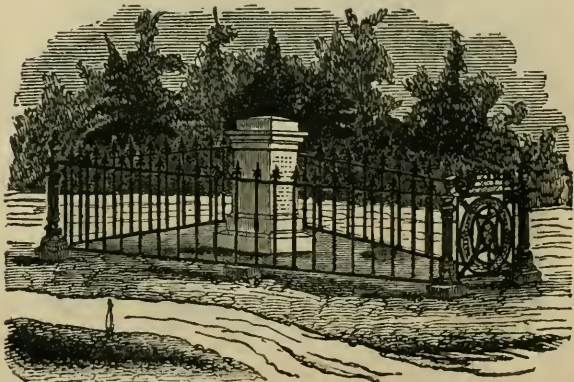
ELDREDGE MONUMENT. EGLANTINE PATH,

This monument is on Eglantine Path, Lot 1539, owned by C. F. Bagley.



SAMUEL STORY, JR., LUPINE PATH, NEAR SPRUCE AV.

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



TOUCH NOT THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. C. W. HUNT.

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

Touch not the flowers, the cherished flowers, Within its clustering petals lie
The festal gift of summer hours; Memories and hopes that cannot die;
They're holy things; They bloom to shed Her spirit o'er its leaves hath shed
A gladdening radiance round the dead; A life that animates the dead.
Their glowing cups and sweet perfume How vain the costly pile to rear
Dissolve the shadows of the tomb; O'er those who scorned such trappings here;
'Twas no vain love,—the love that gave Swift time, with strong, o'er-mastering power,
Their vernal freshness to the grave. Prostrates high tomb, and lowly flower;
But summer's breezes shall renew
The snowy marble's sculptured height, The rose's bloom, the violet's hue;
May seem to thee a prouder sight, Not so the carved and fretted stone—
And ye may read in language fair, It springs no more; its glory's gone.
High names and deeds emblazoned there;
But can its gorgeous splendor vie
With the imperial lily's dye?
Its shrine a purer record be
Of all that binds the lost to thee?

Touch not the flowers; we know not death
Amid their loveliness. each wreath
That floats upon the summer gale
Bears saddening tones from sorrow's wail;
O! can ye mark their bloom, nor feel
The truth their bursting buds reveal,
That earth her sacred trust must yield,
Whether from bower or tented field?

There, where you simple daisy rears
Its smiling head, with many tears
They laid a fair young bride to rest,
Touch not the flower her love hath blest;

Touch not the flowers; O, can there be,
Childhood, a holier type of thee?
A fitter image of thy doom
Than the wild floweret's transient bloom?
Let the pure sculpture gleam for him
Before whose breath the world grew dim,
But spare to purity the shrine
Upspringing by a band divine.

Touch not the flowers; the fervent prayer,
Poured o'er the erring slumberer there,
On incense pinions shall arise,
With blissful chastenings to the skies.
God speaks in every glorious hue,
Bright words of promise unto you;
O'er all his healing love he sheds:
Touch not the flowers. *They are the dead's.*

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY,

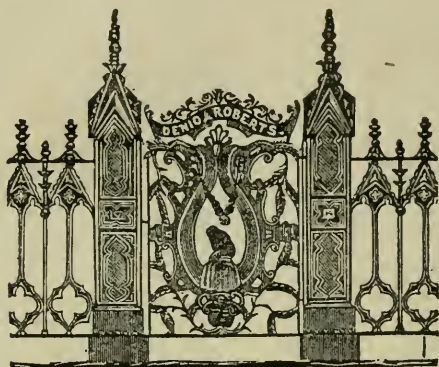
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die.
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caus'd thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail—
Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace—
If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust—
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
—Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flow'd,
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies,
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon mine errands run—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.
—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more,
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain
Remember—we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring,
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And, I with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
"No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality."

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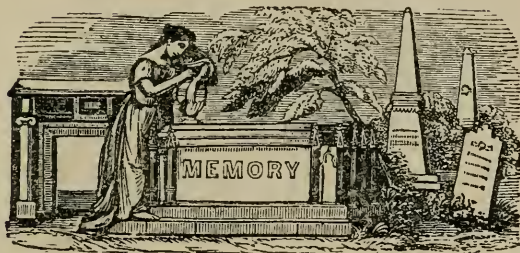
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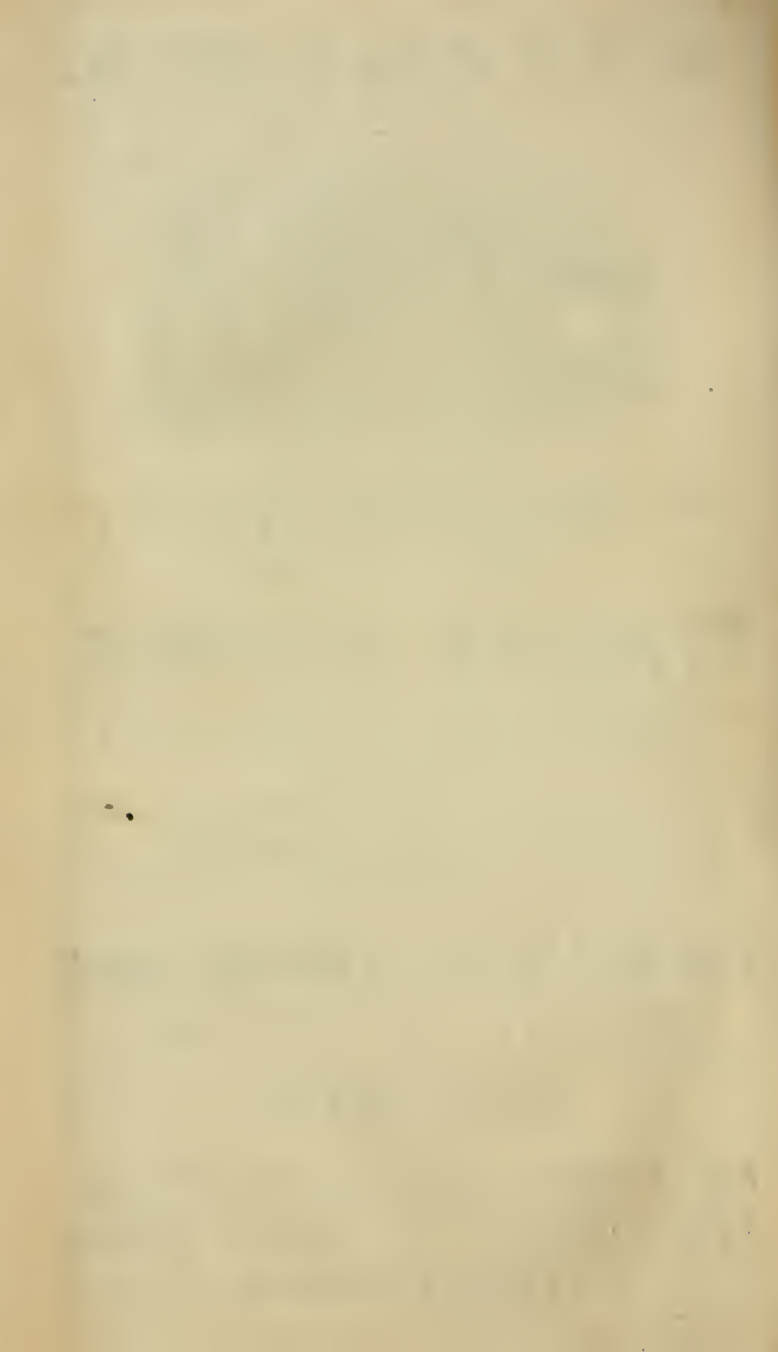
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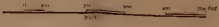
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