

YE ANCIENT BURIAL GROUNDS OF BOSTON.

By Albert Scott Cox.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.]

COPP'S HILL.



O THOSE who dwell entirely in the present, the past is dull and uninteresting; but some minds are stimulated by an inert historic spot, and, cutting loose from their time, plunge eagerly into the past, feeling in spirit and seeing in detail the thrilling and the passive scenes of history. To one of this temperament, the old windmill brought from Cambridge and placed upon the summit of Copp's Hill, is a visible object; its distinctive architecture is vividly recalled; the early settlers, coming and going with their corn to grind, are living men. The old hill ablaze with that mammoth bonfire of forty-five tar-barrels, two cords of wood, a mast, spars, boards, and fifty pounds of powder, in honor of the surrender of Quebec, is a glowing reality to him; and the shouts of the exultant ones, enlivened by thirty-two gallons of rum and much beer, at the expense of the province, still ring in his ears. Before awakening from this dream of the past there appears before his eye, —

"The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!"

which recall the words of Paul Revere:

"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One if by land and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Later the hill is bright with red coats. Intense is the brilliancy of their garments contrasted with the vivid June green. Clinton and Burgoyne are at fever heat as they direct the fire of their battery

and watch with astonishment the fight on Bunker Hill, and see the veterans reel and fall back before the murderous fire of the farmer soldiers. At this disastrous moment Clinton throws himself into a boat and crosses to the aid of Howe. And now a shell from this spot of the dead sends terror to the heart of the living, as Charlestown bursts into flame.

Then there is a pleasant vision of a more recent event passing before the eye, — that of the merry-voiced children, as they wish and go dancing and singing about the Wishing Rock that once stood by the corner of Snow hill and Charter streets.

These mute stones, many of which have withstood for centuries the elements and the still ruder depredation of man, tell, in their silent way, of the irreverence of the living. Carrying us back to the British occupancy is the tablet erected to the memory of Captain Daniel Malcom; it has the aspect of a weather-beaten veteran, and bears the following inscription:

HERE LIES BURIED IN A
STONE GRAVE 10 FEET DEEP
CAPT. DANIEL MALCOM MERCHT
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
OCTOBER 23d 1769
AGED 44 YEARS
A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY
A FRIEND TO THE PUBLICK
AN ENEMY TO OPPRESSION
AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST
IN OPPOSING THE REVENUE ACTS
ON AMERICA.

This epitaph seems to have won little favor with the British soldiers, for the surface of the stone bears many a bullet mark and the edge is ragged here and there from contact with their flying lead. In 1768 Malcom became conspicuous for his opposition to the unpopular duties. A schooner of his, laden with wine, was detained and anchored about five miles from town, among the islands in the harbor, he being determined that the cargo should escape the duties imposed upon it

by the Mother country. Under cover of night, it was brought up by a party of men armed with clubs, and deposited in safe keeping. The merchants and traders held a meeting, over which the captain presided, in which it was determined not to import any more English commodities, except such as should be required for the fisheries, for eighteen months. This incensed the officials greatly, but it was persisted in and gave origin to the inscription subsequently placed above the grave.

The oldest original inscription in the ground commemorates the death of the grandchildren of William Copp, and runs as follows :

DAVID SON TO DAVID
COPP AND OBEDIENCE HIS
WIFE AGED TWO WEEKS
DYED DEC 22

1661

THOMAS SON TO DAVID
COPP AND OBEDIENCE HIS WIFE
AGED 2 YEARS & 3 QUARTER
DYED JULY YE 25

1678

Next to this stone in antiquity is one found many years ago in a tomb. Although chipped on the edge, the inscription is still legible, and reads thus :

MARY RIND
AGED _____
DIED YE 15 OF AUGUST
1662
WILLIAM RIND
AGED ABOUT 1 YEAR DYED
YE 14 OF FEBRUARY
1666

The boyish freak of George Darracott, that prompted him to alter the date of Grace Berry's tablet from 1695 to 1625, would lead the unwary to believe that this was the oldest stone in the enclosure, outdating the settlement of Boston by five years.

The atrocities committed in this historic spot are numberless. These sacred relics have been strewn about hither and yon and have served various ignoble purposes, — for the building of drains, constructing chimneys, closing tombs, flooring cellars. The stones have been pilaged without hesitation or conscience. It is with feelings of regret and of anger that we look upon the tomb of an ancient family like that of Hutchinson, and there

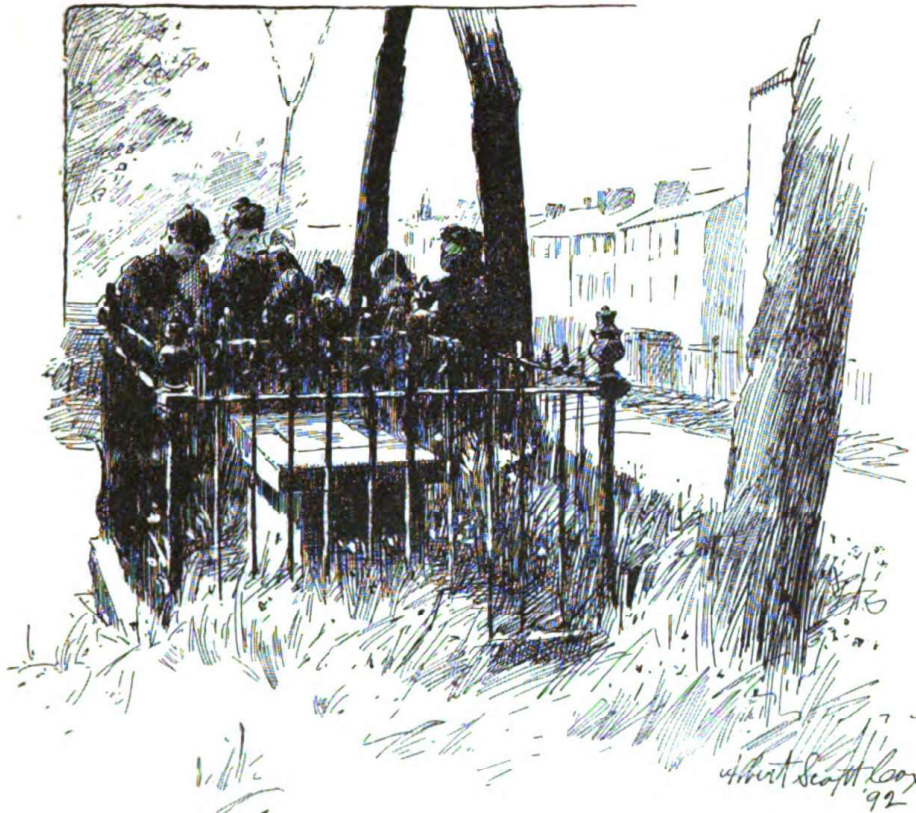
upon their coat-of-arms find the name of another inserted. The remains of those once so active and useful are scattered to the four winds, ousted from their resting-place of centuries, with none to interfere, while the dastardly usurper reposes in tranquility. To Thomas Hutchinson, whose body once lay in this tomb, the North End is indebted for its first school-house, which was paid for from his private funds; and the appreciative citizens have shown their gratitude by erecting another building upon the old site and calling it the Eliot School. The fact that a descendant of these worthies became a Tory and fled from the country is no excuse for sacrilege like this.

Resting within this ground are seven generations of Clarks, in direct descent, each bearing the name of John, and all physicians by profession. The tomb of the Clarks has been misused like that of the Hutchinsons.

The three old doctors of theology, Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather, rest in the southeast corner of the enclosure. On the slab above is the following record :

THE REVEREND DOCTORS
INCREASE, COTTON,
& SAMUEL MATHER
WERE INTERRED IN THIS VAULT.
TIS THE TOMB OF OUR FATHERS,
MATHEW CROCKER'S
I. DIED AUG T. 27TH 1723 A. E. 84
C. DIED FEB 13TH 1727 A. E. 65
S. DIED JUNE 27TH 1785 A. E. 79

The name of Cotton Mather is inseparably associated with witchcraft. Now that the delusion is so remote in history, its terrors so long extinct, we cannot perhaps easily exercise the full charity to which this persecutor of the unfortunate is entitled. He was borne along by that current of superstition which swept like a cloud over many a fair intelligence, and for the time smothered the voice of reason. It is indeed deplorable to think of the Governor and Council of Massachusetts turning to one with the credulous mind of Cotton Mather for advice upon the subject. Certain it is, however, that although the misguided man was unable to rise above the sentiment of the day, he sought to enlist, to the best of his intelligence, every measure of justice in the trial of the accused. Living as he



The Mather Tomb in Copp's Hill Burying Ground.

did to see witchcraft and those who believed in its spells jeered by the multitude, and condemned perhaps by that most cruel of accusers, a conscience goaded by remorse, it may be that this refuge on Copp's Hill was gladly accepted at last. Listen, as you stand here, to the narrative of that mother with a child in her arms, and learn how history may be warped. "Yes, that's ther tom of old Mathews, — been dead more'n a hundred years. He used to kill piles of witches, they say." The loquacious superintendent had often repeated to tourists his well-learned lesson, and this woman now gave her interpretation, while the children lingered about the "tom" of this horrible man.

But though these mothers may gather or retain little authentic history, it is gratifying to see them, on a sultry day, enjoy this shady retreat. Here the aged men, the overworked women, the idle children, seek refuge from the heavy air of the North End, turning the old graveyard into a common.

A triple gravestone marks the place of

interment of Mr. Worthylake and his family. He was the first keeper of the Boston Lighthouse; and when coming to town with his wife and daughter, in 1718, all were drowned. It is interesting to recall that this event inspired Franklin, then but a youthful apprentice, to compose a ballad entitled "The Lighthouse Tragedy," which he printed and sold extensively about the street.

There are a few old epitaphs to be seen here, which may be found in most of our early cemeteries. They seem to be general favorites; and so well could they be applied to almost any of the departed that the tablets might have been kept in stock with a ready-made inscription awaiting only name and date. The following is a sample:

Stop here, my friend, and cast an eye,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

The local wag has written beneath in chalk, —

To follow you I'm not content
Unless I know which way you went.

There is a seemingly flippant and certainly not common epitaph, commemorating the departure of some good soul, I trust, that seems to give her exit from this world a savage abruptness :

Here lyes ye Body of
Mrs. Amey Hunt wife of
Mr. Benjamin Hunt
Who died Nov. 26, 1769.
Aged 40 Years
A sister of Sarah Lucas lieth here,
Whom I did love most Dear,
And now her soul hath took its Flight,
And bid her spiteful Foes good night.

Another inscription, whose purport is much more definite, reads thus :

In memory
Betsy
Wife of David Darling
died March 23d, 1809, A. E. 43.
She was the mother of 17 children and around
her lies twelve of them, and 2 were lost at Sea.
Brother Sextons
please leave a clear birth for me
near by this stone.

After this memorandum upon the grave-stone, it is surprising and rather painful that, upon the death of Mr. Darling, he was buried in another place in the same yard, without any memorial.

There once grew above the Ellis tomb a weeping willow, raised from a slip taken from a tree that grew over the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena ; but our republican winds flew into a rage one night with this relic of despotism, — tore it in shreds, and scattered the mourner of an emperor broadcast over the earth.

The task of displaying the signal lights for Paul Revere from the Old North Church (Christ Church) fell to the lot of Robert Newman, who reposes within the Peter Thomas tomb. It was not an enviable commission, there in the midst of British soldiers, to thus attempt to thwart their movements ; but Newman, well knowing the danger he incurred, undertook and executed his part in a highly creditable manner. Though some of the English officers were quartered upon him, he succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and taking the church keys and lanterns went to meet his friend, who brought information of the movements of the British ; after which he entered the church, locked the door, and found his way —

“Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
Up the light ladder slender and tall
To the highest window in the wall.”

When his work was done he passed through the church, jumped from a back window, and took a circuitous route home, and entered the house without being discovered. The British found him in bed, arrested him, and threw him into jail ; but such precautions had he taken that nothing could be proved against him, and he was released.

A huge block of slate, with one side smooth, commemorates

Nicholas Vpsall Aged
About 70 Years
Dyed Ye — of
August 1666 —

who, in consequence of his kindness of heart, was banished from the colony after paying a fine of £20 ; his offence was bribing the keeper of Boston jail to supply two Quaker women with food, who otherwise would have starved. He remained in exile until the expiration of Gov. Endicott's authority. This is that Nicholas Upsall referred to by Whittier in “The King's Missive.”

CAPT. THOMAS LAKE
AGED 61 YEERES
AN EMINENTLY FAITHFUL SERVANT
OF GOD & ONE OF A PUBLICK SPIRIT
WAS PERVIDIOUSLY SLAIN BY
YE INDIANS AT KENNIBECK
AVGUST YE 14TH 1676
& HERE INTERRED THE 13TH OF
MARCH FOLLOWING

The above inscription is cut upon a stone that originally contained a very curious souvenir of the fate that overtook the worthy captain. After the bullets taken from his body were melted, they were poured into a deep slit sawed for the purpose in the slate. Mischievous knives have cut away the metal, however, until there are now but faint traces of the material with which the fissure was once filled.

Some of these sacred memorials afford persons of a humorous turn some opportunity for amusement by the contrast of names ; for instance, William Beer, as

opposed to John Water; Samuel Mower, to Theodica Hay; Mercy White, to Mary Black; Timothy Gay, to Daniel Graves; Charity Brown, to Elizabeth Scarlet. The name of Ann Ruby is a good enough companion for Emily Stone.

Linking this ancient abode of the dead with the living are records of youthful pranks that have taken this ground for their scene of action. There is a story told of some Harvard students who one night, anticipating rare fun in startling the inhabitants in the neighborhood of the burying-ground, repaired thither, blowing horns and shouting, "Awake ye dead, awake and prepare for the Judgment day!" Crazy Mol, who frequented these grounds, where she often slept, responded calmly to the summons: "Good Lord, I am ready!" The students, alarmed at this unexpected greeting, took flight in all directions, and one of the number was so thoroughly frightened that he is said to have lost his mind in consequence.

KING'S CHAPEL BURYING GROUND.

Amid the rumble and rattle of commercial traffic, and the restless passengers engrossed with the present, stands old King's Chapel, like a silent sentinel watching over the dead of other centuries. There is a dignity in its aspect, derived in part from the character of its structure, and in part from the solemn mission it seems to fulfil as guardian of the Chapel Burying Ground.

The principal entrance is from Tremont Street, but an iron gateway affords a more picturesque approach at the southeasterly corner, on School Street. Passing beneath the archway, which affords access to the twenty-one vaults beneath the Chapel, one finds one's self among the earliest graves of Boston. Amid these crumbling stones we feel the wisdom of that ancient order, passed in 1642, which ran thus: "It is ordered that the Constables shall with all convenient speed take care for fencing in the burying place." So heedless are the living of the sacred dust of earlier generations, that but for such precaution all evidence of our ancestors might ere this have been reduced to powder. It is shocking beyond expres-

sion — the vandalism that has been perpetrated upon these graves. Though the hurrying multitude have been debarred from trampling upon the remains of their forefathers, a depraved taste has prompted active hands to arrange the memorials of the dead in even rows, instead of leaving them standing at the head of the graves over which they were



fondly placed as a token of love and respect centuries ago. Now they serve only as an historical relic and fail to designate the resting places of those whose memory they perpetuate. When looking upon this work, one feels that could the belief in future punishment entertained by these victims be visited upon the actors in this sacrilege, it would be none too severe. We are in sympathy with the dear old autocrat when he stigmatizes this act as the hyena horror.

Two hundred and sixty years ago this historical spot, now the heart of the metropolis, resounded with the discharge of fire-arms, and the echo of the three volleys of shot fired above the grave of a soldier died away in the primitive forest. From this event dates the first known burial in Boston, of which mention is made by Governor Winthrop, under date of 18th of February, 1630: "Captain Welden, a hopeful young gent, and an experienced soldier, died in Charlestown of a consumption, and was buried at Boston with a military funeral."

Here within the friendly shadows of the dreaded Episcopal Church, side by side with its stanch supporters, reposes the dust of some of the sternest types of

Puritans. A large tablet contains the following inscription :

HERE LYES
INTOMBED THE BODYES
OF THE FAMOUS REVEREND
AND LEARNED PASTORS OF THE FIRST
CHURCH OF CHRIST IN BOSTON
VIZ:

MR. JOHN COTTON, AGED 67 YEARS,
DEC'D DECEMBER THE 23^D 1652;
MR. JOHN DAVENPORT, AGED 72 YEARS,
DEC'D MARCH 15TH; 1670;
MR. JOHN OXENBRIDGE, AGED 66 YEARS,
DEC'D DECEMBER 28TH, 1674;
MR. THOMAS BRIDGE, AGED 58 YEARS,
DEC'D SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1715."

Along that side of the enclosure toward Tremont Street may be seen the arms and escutcheons of many of the deceased. On the one side of the fence the ensigns armorial displayed with pride carry us back to the days of heraldry, while on the other hang the order slates and boxes of the expressmen and jobbers of various sorts, announcing their efficiency in moving furniture.

The material used for the monuments is varied. Those of remote date are made from porphyritic green-stone, which is of a durable nature.

The next in order are of a very substantial slate-stone, imported from England; then come those of local production which are of American slate and marble; though not unfrequently a more costly marble of foreign origin may be seen, that received its shape and inscription after importation.

So grotesque and crude are many of the sepulchral ornaments and devices, that it is a subject for wonderment that they were ever erected above the remains of cherished or respected relatives. Was it the taste of the survivors, or did they but follow the custom of the day—as in our time those not destitute of taste wear ugly garments and in other ways conform to hateful customs? How repulsive—this marking of the last resting place of those dear in memory with these rude designs of deaths-heads, hour glasses and ugly cherubim! As little or no individual taste is shown in these matters, it is a natural conclusion that our forefathers were the victims of fashion, and that however ghastly may have been these images to the living, they were unwilling

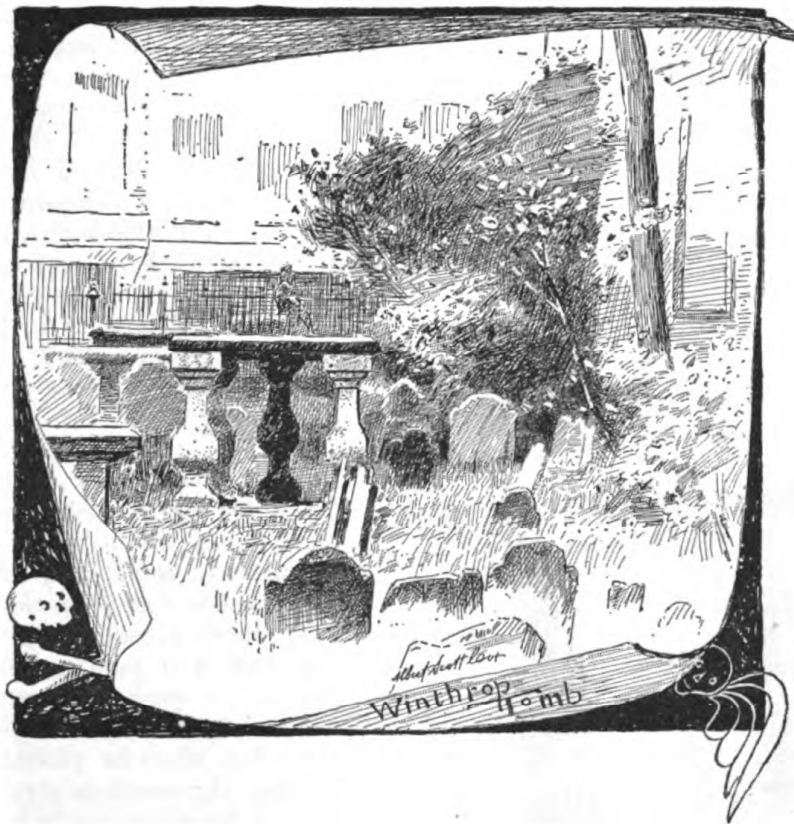
that the graves of their ancestors should receive less tribute from fashion than those of their respected neighbors.

One of the most conspicuous monuments in this ground is that erected to the memory of Hon. Samuel Daws, a venerable citizen of 78, who departed this life Jan. 2nd, 1809. A little to the northwest of this prominent structure is the tomb of the Boston branch of the Pilgrim family of Winslow; in this vault are deposited the remains of John Winslow, who died in 1674. Here also lies all that is mortal of Mary Chilton, his wife, who succeeded in leaping upon the shores of Cape Cod and claiming the distinction of being the first woman of the renowned *Mayflower* to place her foot upon American soil.

It was here that the valiant captain of Cromwell's army, Gov. John Leverett, was buried after his valuable services to the colonies. The great buff coat which he wore in service is treasured by the Historical Society but a few feet distant. Here, too, are the tombs of the Winthrops and Olivers. Within the former repose the ashes of three generations, father, son and grandson. Each in his turn enjoyed the title of Governor. They held office over different jurisdictions, but now bear one another company.

We do not need to recall John Winthrop with this bit of stone. By the influence of his unostentatious, prudent and earnest life he built himself a monument more enduring, becoming forever a part of the forces that are still at work for public purity. How this old town in which he lies has changed since Mrs. Winthrop, pail in hand, from her home near the head of Milk street, found her way to the spring near the present site of the Post Office!

In 1665, Gov. John Endicott was borne from his home on the hill top near by, and commenced his long rest here in the Chapel ground. Though his nap was a century old when the Concord fight took place, he made himself in a sense a leader of the Revolution when he cut the cross from the flag and raised his voice in support of local government. Whatever charges of tyranny or severity may be made against him, it is to be remem-



bered that he stood for freedom for himself and for the colonies.

The tomb of Jacob Sheafe bears this inscription :

HERE LYETH INTERED THE
BODY OF ICOB SHEAFE OF
BOSTON WHO FOR SVME
TIME LIVED AT CRAMBROCK
IN KENT IN OVLD INGLAND
HEE DECEASED THE 22TH OF
MARCH 1658 AGED 58 YEARS.

Near the tomb of Sheafe is that of another prominent merchant, Thomas Brattle, perhaps the wealthiest New England merchant of his day; his son, Thomas, became treasurer of Harvard College, and his son William, pastor of the First Church in Cambridge.

The oldest upright tablet in the yard bears the name of Deacon William Paddy, and is of native green-stone. The history of this stone adds one more to the list of the many shocking instances of disrespect to the dead. Many years since it was surreptitiously removed from the grave over which it was placed by respectful and affectionate hands more than two centuries ago. In 1830 it was

discovered by workmen while removing the earth from the north side of the Old State House, where it reposed several feet below the surface of the street. It is thus but by the merest chance that we are now able to read this ancient inscription —

HERE: LYETH
THE: BODY: OF: MR.
WILLIAM: PADDY: AGED
58: YEARS: DEPARTED
THIS: LIFE: AUGUST: THE [28]
1 6 5 8

The following lines are inscribed upon the back of the slab :

HERE. SLEEPS. THAT
BLESED. ONE. WHOES. LIEF
GOD. HELP. VS. ALL. TO. LIVE
THAT. SO. WHEN. TIEM. SHALL. BE.
THAT. WE. THIS. WORLD. MUST. LIU
WE. EVER. MAY. BE. HAPPY
WITH. BLESSED. WILLIAM. PADDY

Deacon Paddy was a most useful and beloved member of society, and one of the early settlers of the Plymouth Colony, where he served in various capacities until his removal to Boston. His first wife and several of his children found their last resting place in this ground.

Here also rests Isaac Addington. East of the Addington tomb, where repose the Bromfields and their various descendants, is that of Dr. Benjamin Church, which subsequently became the property of the late Turner Phillips. In 1858 a marble monument was erected upon this spot, where in February, 1688, the remains of Lady Ann, the wife of Sir Edmund Andros, the tyrannical governor, were interred. Another grave that has been desecrated by the ruthless hand

bury the old woman who had raised the uproar, — but their threat was not carried into execution.

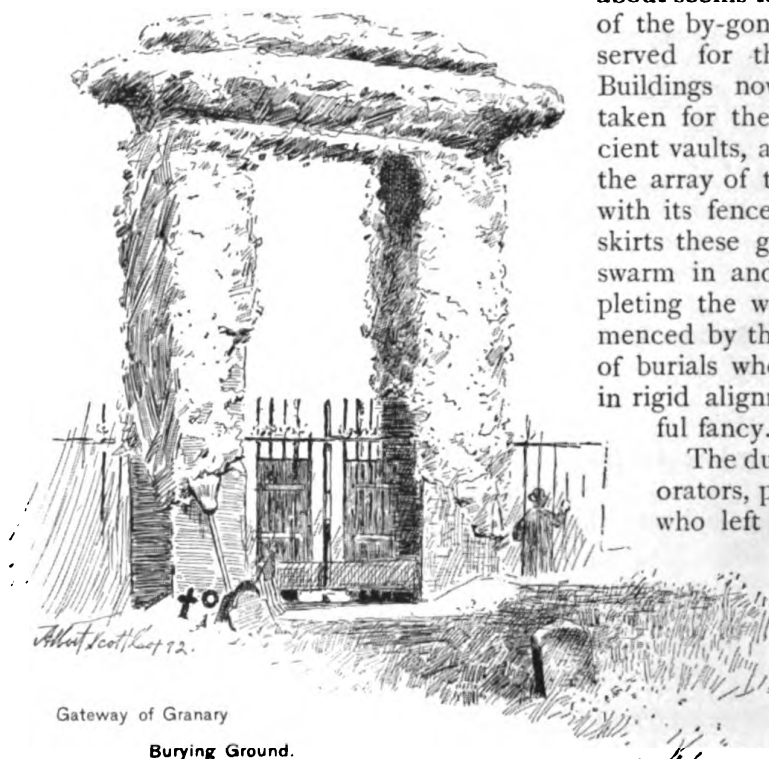
THE OLD GRANARY BURYING GROUND.

This cemetery derived its name from the old Granary which stood upon the present site of Park Street Church. The land enclosed herein was originally part of the Common, or Training Field. The use of this land as a burial place dates back to 1660. The active world about seems to envy these passive dead of the by-gone centuries the space reserved for their graves and tombs. Buildings now astir with life have taken for their foundations these ancient vaults, and it seems that but for the array of tombs and the solid wall with its fence of iron along the outskirts these greedy living ones would swarm in and take possession, completing the work of desecration commenced by the former superintendent of burials when he placed the stones in rigid alignment to please his hateful fancy.

The dust of statesmen, warriors, orators, preachers and merchants, who left large stores of worldly goods, and those with only evil or pleasant memories to bequeath, repose within this burial place.

Forbidding and cheerless as the ground may be in some of its aspects,

a glowing warmth arises when we recall the sturdy patriots that have been entrusted to its care. There are three who placed their autographs on the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine. Though foremost in the great cause for freedom, how striking is the contrast of those two bold leaders of the revolutionary movement, Hancock and Adams; the former dealing with the events of his time, possessed of great wealth, a picturesque, polished, courageous, autocratic man, whom the appellation of "King Hancock," given him by his contemporaries, doubtless well fitted;



Gateway of Granary

Burying Ground.

of arrangement is that of Capt. Roger Clap, who for twenty-one years was captain of the castle in Boston harbor. Here, too, rests the dust of Major Thomas Savage, a noted commander in King Philip's war.

Lurking about old burying places, like the ghosts of the departed, are many legends that each generation bequeaths to its successor. There is one related of this burying ground, where a person was asserted to have been buried alive. A furious mob exhumed the corpse, and were only satisfied by the assurance of the doctors, who examined the remains, of their error; then they proposed to

the latter, with his simplicity of manner and humble pursuit, combating not only for immediate issues, but standing forever as the exponent of democracy! Very different types, these patriots, both of whom escaped a violent death, though England, in her proclamation, offered pardon to all but them!

Here also rests he who rode so well, and set in motion —

"A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

About twenty feet from Tremont street the victims of the Boston Massacre found their last resting place. This shocking event, soiling the pages of history, will forever arouse the indignation of men. How little the brutal soldiery realized the far-reaching power and the final issue of the storm they set in motion, when they shot down the unarmed citizens without mercy! Many of the unfortunate eleven who fell sank never to rise again, and were borne hither attended by an immense throng; the hearses, meeting near the scene of the tragedy, moved along the main street, passed the closed shops, while the bells of Boston and the neighboring towns raised their sorrowful voices in accord with the grieving land.

A noticeable monument has here been raised above the parents and other relatives of Franklin, by a number of Boston citizens, who placed beneath it the tablet that had previously been erected.

"JOSIAH FRANKLIN AND ABIAH HIS WIFE
LIE HERE INTERRED
THEY LIVED LOVINGLY TOGETHER IN
WED)
LOCK FIFTY)FIVE YEARS AND WITH-
OUT AN

ESTATE, OR ANY GAINFUL EMPLOY-
MENT, BY
CONSTANT LABOR AND HONEST INDUS-
TRY,
MAINTAINED A LARGE FAMILY COM-
FORTABLY,
AND BROUGHT UP THIRTEEN CHILDREN
AND
SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN RESPECTABLY.
FROM
THIS INSTANCE, READER, BE ENCOUR-
AGED TO
DILIGENCE IN THY CALLING, AND DIS-
TRUST
NOT PROVIDENCE.

HE WAS A PIOUS AND PRUDENT MAN;
SHE A DISCREET AND VIRTUOUS WO-
MAN.

THEIR YOUNGEST SON,
IN FILIAL REGARD TO THEIR MEMORY,
PLACES THIS STONE.

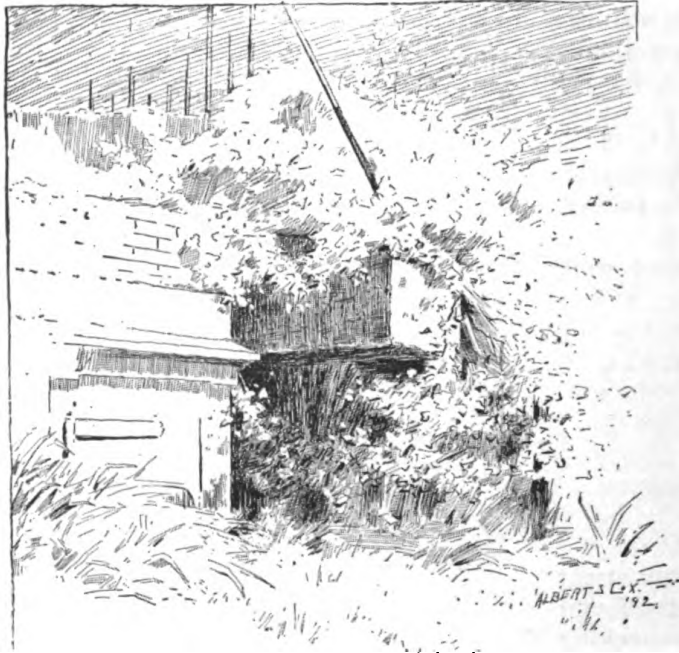
J. F. BORN 1655-DIED 1744.-Æ. 89
A. F. - 1667-1752,-Æ. 85.

THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION
HAVING BEEN NEARLY OBLITERATED,
A NUMBER OF CITIZENS



ERECTED
THIS MONUMENT AS A MARK OF RE-
SPECT
FOR THE
ILLUSTRIOUS AUTHOR,
MDCCCXXVII."

The renowned philosopher unconsciously reveals to us in his precept, drawn from the lives of his parents, much of his own character. This man, who had achieved eminence at home and distinction abroad, takes pride and pleasure



Central Burying Ground.

in recording the homely accomplishments of his parents, and here in stone testifies his respect to his father, tallow chandler and soapmaker. Not far from this tomb is the grave of Franklin's uncle, whose name he bore.

The oldest stone in the Yard bears the following inscription :

HERE LIES YE BODY OF
JOHN WAKEFIELD
AGED 52 YEARS
DECD JUNE YE 18
1667

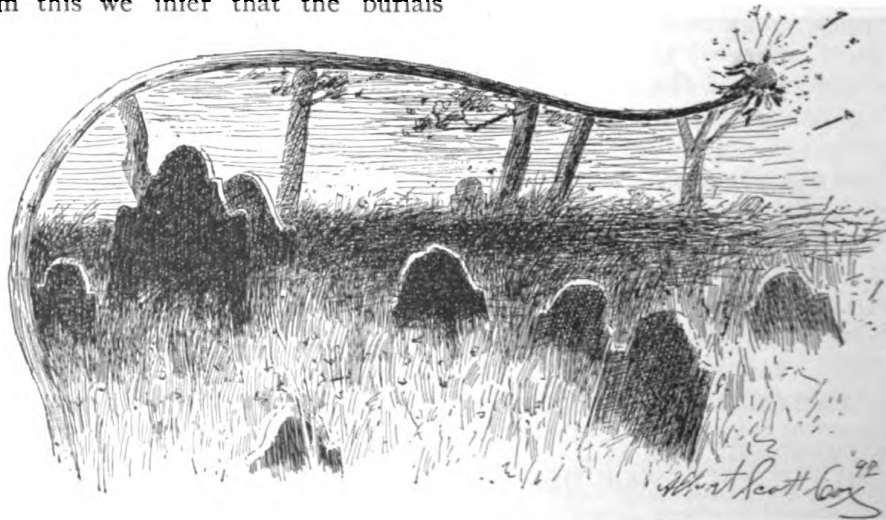
From this we infer that the burials

must have been infrequent, or stones were not used to mark the graves ; for this ground was set apart for the purpose of burial seven years previous to the above date.

Standing above the grave of Mr. Elisha Brown is the following remarkable inscription, and though the incident related occurred more than a century ago, it is still thrilling to recall :

ELISHA BROWN
of BOSTON.
who in Octr 1769, during 17 days
inspired with
a generous zeal for the LAWS
bravely and successfully
opposed a whole British Regt
in their violent attempt
to FORCE him from his
legal Habitation.
Happy Citizen when call'd
singly
to be a Barrier to the Liberties
of a Continent.

Within reach of one's hand from the Tremont Street mall is the tablet of young Woodbridge, who fell from a mortal wound inflicted by another youth while duelling on the Common, one hundred



In the Central Burying Ground.

and sixty-four years ago. The excitement which this incident created at the time was intense. Both young men were of high standing and of good social connections. The place of meeting was the rising ground near the middle of the Common; the weapons were small

cheer his last sad hours, arriving in season only to weep above his newly-made grave?

For a long time the gravestone of Pierre Daillé, the beloved minister of the French Protestants, was an object of search. After many years it was found,

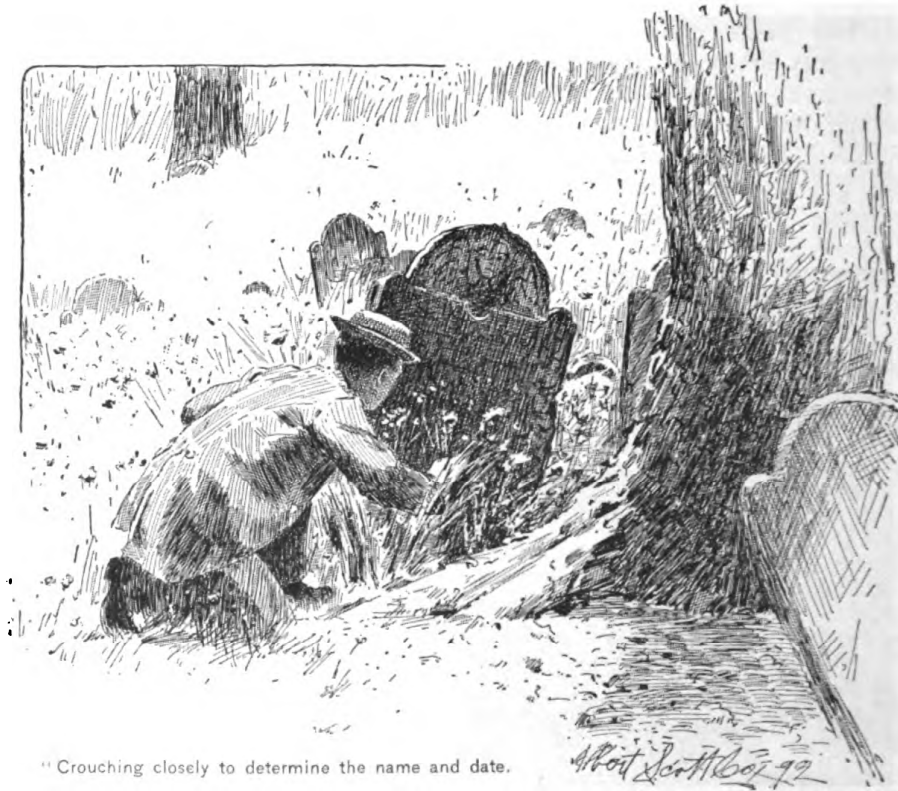


The Dudley and Eliot Tombs in the Eustis Street Burying Ground.

swords; the combat took place in the evening, the participants being without seconds. Woodbridge received a thrust through the body and died on the spot before the next morning. Phillips was slightly wounded, but at midnight made his escape in a British man-of-war, bound for France, where within a twelvemonth he died of a broken heart. There was great sympathy for the refugee as well as for the fallen man. How many loving hearts were tortured by this sad event! Through lonely hours of suffering the young exile lived through the agonies of his dying enemy; by day and night the ghastly vision of Woodbridge's bleeding form wrought havoc with his wasting frame. The nature of the medicines which he used in such quantities tells of his awful struggle to find composure in sleep, which seems to have deserted him until he found eternal rest. But what relief was there for the broken-hearted mother, who travelled across the sea to

while laborers were employed excavating a cellar in an old estate on Pleasant street, whither it had been removed many years earlier. A little previous to this fortunate incident the foot-stone was revealed, being hidden from view by the accumulated debris. It so happens that good Parson Daillé, long hidden in mystery, is at last definitely located and very well supplied with sepulchral adornments.

The odious memory of Governor Beltingham is here recalled by the horizontal tablet which bears his name. The circumstance of his marriage was a novelty in his day, as it would be in ours. A youthful friend of his was about to be married to a charming young woman, who the Governor concluded would be an agreeable companion for himself; and though many years her senior, he presented the advantages of being the wife of a Governor so effectively that he won the lady, and without publishing his contract, contrary to order of Court, he per-



formed the ceremony himself in opposition to the practice of the country. He was presented for breach of the order of Court, and the Secretary called him to answer the prosecution. He refused to go off the bench unless commanded, and he being chief magistrate, the case was here dismissed. When the tomb of Governor Bellingham was repaired, one hundred and ten years after his interment, his coffin was found floating around in the ancient vault, — the ground, as has been said, seeming to reject the remains of so unjust a man.

The association with this ground of that large-hearted, high-spirited benefactor, Peter Faneuil, with his royal equipage, his choice wines and bountiful banquets, is one of the most interesting associations. How friendly these inmates seem after their slumber of centuries! But, alas, their lives were not free from domestic fermentation, as the experience of Benjamin Faneuil sufficiently illustrates. Benjamin, the brother of Peter, was the nephew and adopted son of Andrew Faneuil, by whom he had been educated, and from whom he had every reason to suppose he would inherit an

ample fortune. But placid waters are sometimes visited by rude winds. The nephew had the very good or the very bad fortune to fall in love with a very beautiful maiden, as poor as she was lovable. For fear of the uncle's wrath a secret marriage followed. Benjamin was very happy in his new relation and might have so continued had not an evil gossip whispered the secret to the uncle, who boiled and foamed with rage at this presumption. They met at the breakfast table; the meal passed as usual; the old man was loaded to the muzzle with rage, which he had crammed down and held in place by the effort of his will. When the repast was finished the charge was fired at two paces at the startled youth: "I hear you are married!" "Yes, uncle, I am." "Then you will leave my house!" The young man instantly departed. They did not meet again for many years, and when they did there was no greeting; the silent and disinherited nephew was placed by the side of his mute uncle in the Faneuil tomb yonder, where they have reposed in unsocial silence for more than a century.

It was an odd and a pleasant fancy

which prompted the old mint master, Hull, to balance his daughter with pine-tree shillings on her wedding day, and then give her weight in these coins as a marriage portion. The bridegroom, Judge Sewell, doubtless felt no regrets at the goodly proportions of his bride. Cynics may whisper that plump maidens would be at a premium if this became the custom. For this gift of metal, mint master Hull is none the poorer, nor Sewell and his bride the richer, now that they are here at rest.

Tradition erroneously credits the wife of Isaac Vergoose, a Boston printer, with the authorship of the everlasting and widely known "Mother Goose's Melodies." It is sad to rob Bostonians of the belief that it was one of their departed number in the Granary Burying Ground who amused the children of many nations and puzzled the wise to answer that perplexing question, "Hi, ho, how many holes in a skimmer?"

There are many who like to hear and many who like to tell wild and uncanny tales. Search far and near and where would one find better opportunity to gratify this fancy than in the story of those vagrants who occupied a tomb in this old burying ground, where they made night

over the fire fed from coffins, while the walls resounded with their orgies.

THE CENTRAL BURYING GROUND.

In consequence of the ever more and more crowded condition of the old burying-grounds, a spot of land in the south part of the Common was set apart as a grave yard, and became known as the Central Burying Ground.

There is a stone here commemorating an infant, whose identity is as uncertain as that of the unbaptised babes entombed on Copp's Hill, who rest without inscriptions.

SON TO CAP. WILL
& MARY
HIS WIFE DIED
AUG 24 TH 1749
AGED 14 DAYS

It is pathetic to think that here the little child will sleep, until the end of time, unknown. As the date of this stone is earlier than the cemetery, it is natural to infer that it was an isolated grave when this location was set apart for the purpose it now fulfils, or that the remains have been transferred from some other spot.

There is an inscription here recording the death of Monsieur Julien, one who during his life was engaged in a good



hideous with their merriment, which, arising from their subterranean retreat, sounded in the distance like the groans or wailing of recovered mortals prematurely entombed? The citizens unable to endure longer this strange and hideous noise formed a committee for investigation; they discovered this vault tenanted by vagabonds, who merrily broiled chops

work, for which all appreciative men ought to honor him. Monsieur Julien was a dispenser of good food, and the most noted restaurateur of the town. Washington was the father of his country, and his name is perpetuated in pie. Julian gained a deserved immortality when he gave his name to the excellent Julien soup.

"IN MEMORY OF
MR. JOHN V. JULIEN
WHO DIED JUNE 30TH 1805
AGED 52.
IN HOPE OF THAT IMMORTAL BLISS,
TO RISE AND REIGN WHERE JESUS IS,
HIS FLESH IN PEACEFUL SLUMBER LIES
TILL THE LAST TRUMPET SHALL SOUND,
ARISE!"

Nearly all the stones, except the monuments bearing the names of Sprague



and Tyng, are of a dark or neutral color, thus rendering those of white marble much more conspicuous. It was not difficult for an early citizen, who perhaps had been out late and felt slightly dizzy, to imagine, as he found his way homeward, that these stones were the spirits of the departed; and such an opinion, confided to some credulous youth, would not be long in breeding a feeling of awe in many youthful inhabitants of the town. Doubtless, too, many elders gave this place a suspicious glance and felt better when it was left well in the rear, in con-

sequence of the traditions of spiritual visitations.

Men of distant climes, of opposing faiths and of different races are sleeping here; even China's far off shores are represented. Tradition claims that the British soldiers who died in the barracks on the Common were buried here. The inscriptions in this yard are in no way peculiar, and verses are not specially abundant, though there are several specimens of interest. In the midst of those whose memory faded when their faces were seen no more is the unforgotten Gilbert Stuart, the foremost American portrait painter of his time, who won his fame in England, and whose Washington is familiar to all Americans. Here is a sombre remark of Mr. Charles Wyman, who became a tenant of this soil in 1785; as might be expected from one so long an inhabitant of the cold earth, his sentiments are somewhat chilling:

"Beneath these clods of silent dust,
I sleep where all ye living must;
The gayest youth and fairest face
In time must be in this dark
place."

As Boston swelled its population by the annexation of the surrounding smaller cities and towns, it came into possession of several burial grounds as ancient as those within the old boundaries. In 1826 the old Quaker Burying Ground on Congress Street passed out of existence, and the one hundred and thirteen inmates were transferred to the Lynn cemetery, reserved for those of this faith.

EUSTIS STREET BURYING GROUND.

This antiquated cemetery, situated at the corner of Washington and Eustis streets, shows at once by its aspect the great age it has attained. It is a source of gratification to those who respect these relics entrusted to our care, that most of the stones here locate the exact

resting places of those in whose honor they were erected so many years ago.

A plain, weather-beaten, horizontal slab, slightly elevated from the ground, has deeply cut upon its surface the name of DUDLEY. Beneath were deposited the remains of Thomas and Joseph Dudley, two ancient governors of Massachusetts, and Paul Dudley, the chief justice, whose memory is kept fresh in mind by the numerous mile stones along the roads in Norfolk County. There is a stone erected one hundred and forty-seven years ago, standing yet at the junction of Centre and Roxbury streets, three sides of whose upright surface bear these inscriptions :

Dedham	The	Cambridge
Rhode	Parting	Watertown
Island	Stone	
	1744	
	P. Dudley	

The ancient tomb containing the remains of the early preachers has been restored, the outside of the old structure having been completely covered with a mastic coating, in which was cut the words, "Parish Tomb." The letters were once very prominent, so deeply were they cut in this perishable material. The coating is now crumbling rapidly away, and in this state of ruin appears older than the ancient tablet above, on which modern hands have cut the following :

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
JOHN ELIOT
THE

APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.
Ordained over the First Church Nov. 5, 1632.
Died May 20, 1690, aged LXXXVI.

ALSO OF
THOMAS WALTER.
Ordained Oct. 19, 1718. Died Jan. 10, 1725.
Aged XXIX.

NEHEMIAH WALTER.
Ordained Oct. 17, 1688. Died Sept. 17, 1720.
Aged LXXXVII.

OLIVER PEABODY.
Ordained Nov. 7, 1750. Died May 29, 1752.
Aged XXXII.

AMOS ADAMS.
Ordained Sept. 12, 1753. Died Oct. 5, 1775.
Aged LIV.

ELIPHALET PORTER.
Ordained Oct. 2, 1782. Died Dec. 7, 1833.
Aged LXXXV.

Heading this list is the name of John Eliot. When we read this name, we feel that we are no longer among the dead. The warmth and sympathy of John Eliot's heart gives him a perpetual life. The mention of his name is like a benediction to humanity. The task he took upon himself to civilize not only the red man, but the white man of his day, was a colossal task. It is pleasant to recall him not merely as an expounder of his faith, but of joining the Indian boy at his sport that they might be more fully in sympathy. His long and exhausting labor in translating the Bible into the Indian tongue furnished us a choice relic, but it is now as good as a sealed book, for those for whom he labored have gone with their language from the face of the earth.

The father of Joseph Warren, the patriot, who fell at Bunker Hill, was buried in this soil; the following passage from the Boston *News-Letter* gives an account of his death :

"Roxbury, Oct. 25, 1745.—On Wednesday last a sorrowful accident happened here. As Mr. Joseph Warren, of this town, was gathering apples from a tree, standing on a ladder at a considerable distance from the ground, he fell from thence, broke his neck, and expired in a few moments. He was esteemed a man of good understanding,—industrious, upright, honest and faithful; a serious, exemplary Christian; a useful member of society. He was generally respected among us, and his death was universally lamented."

One woman, who departed in 1799, had evidently seen enough of this life.

"The world behind me offered me its charms,
Christ before me call'd me to his arms
I chose the latter and am now at rest,
Sweetly sleeping on my beloved's breast."

As we find our way among these ancient relics, crouching closely to determine the name and date, or perhaps brushing apart weeds, or dusting the surface of the stone in hopes of finding some quaint verse, we approach a tablet of slate-stone, which is split nearly in two. Surely this battered memento will furnish something interesting. Placing our face near the tablet we read the following inscription :

In memory of Deacon
Joseph Brewer
who died of ye small Pox

We recoil before reaching the date, un-

mindful of the fact that more than a century has elapsed since the unfortunate man was placed beneath the sod.

As there are those at rest within these walls who had been sleeping more than a century when hearses were first introduced into Boston, we know that many were borne hither, according to the custom of the day, upon a bier, carried in the hands of bearers, who were from time to time relieved by others who walked by their side. Then followed the mourners and friends, who walked two by two; the elder couples came arm in arm, but the boys and girls followed hand in hand. Impressive indeed must have been these early funeral processions, with the coffin exposed or draped in black, and the variety of characters, from youth to old age, who composed the sad party. There is an expression of greater tenderness than we manifest in this method of bearing the deceased, letting the sympathetic hand of one's fellow man perform the last sacred service for the dead.

THE DORCHESTER BURVING GROUND.

It is a strange sight within the city of Boston to look upon graves prepared for security against the ravages of wolves; but the old burying ground in Dorchester, at the corner of Stoughton Street and Boston Avenue, contains several specimens of this sort. The method of defence consists of a flat slab of rude stone laid above the grave, extending its entire length. At this distant day it is a strain upon the fancy to imagine a pack of wolves committing depredations within this cemetery. There is a large infusion of modern architectural memorials, that by contrast with their less assuming neighbors take upon themselves an air of smartness which is offensive, and in general appearance rob the ground of the great antiquity which it really possesses.

There is a stone that bears the date of 1638, but from the nature of the inscription we infer that it was not placed upon the stone until 1653. The original stone was discovered broken beneath the surface of the earth, and is now in possession of an Antiquarian Society which has erected in its place one which bears the following inscription:

"HERE
LIES THE BODIES OF
MR. BARNARD CAPEN
& MRS. JOAN CAPEN HIS
WIFE; HE DIED NOV. 8
1638. AGED 76 YEARS
& SHE DIED MARCH
26 1653
AGED 75 YEARS."

Fate seems opposed to the preservation of these ancient relics. The hand of man and many other agencies unite to destroy them. They have been carried far and wide and used for many purposes; and now the ground seems hungry for those that remain and yields little by little to their weight, as though it were sucking them in; some are so far submerged that their dates are obscured. Time is a great colorist; rich and rare are the varied tints he has placed upon these stones. Hungry little plants cling close to the surfaces of many of the stones, and searching out the work of the stone cutter crawl in and obliterate the inscription, weaving the daintiest veil imaginable over the rude tablets. Wind and rain, snow and ice pelt away, year after year, destroying slowly but surely these records of our ancestors. The work of the elements is more apparent upon the horizontal slabs of soft material than upon the upright slate stones, which when freshly cleaned with potash are found in a wonderful state of preservation. One can trace readily with the eye those hair lines, drawn centuries since, to guide the stone cutter with his lettering.

The hideous designs at the top of the stones are very abundant in this cemetery, and the shocking faces of these winged creatures glare tauntingly at one, as though delighted to emphasize remarks of a character like this found upon one of these stones:

Reader behold this humble stone
Tis deaths kind warning to prepare
Thou too must hasten to the tomb
And mingle with corruption there.

As this is not a pleasant reflection, we turn gladly to the quaint inscription on the large horizontal tablet over the remains of Major-General Humphrey Ather-ton, who held many important offices, and at the time of his death filled the highest military position in Massachu-

setts. He was returning home, after reviewing the troops on Boston Common, when in the darkness of the night his horse fell over a cow in the road, and threw the General to the ground, resulting in his death. As the epitaph indicates, he was buried with great pomp. Cut above the inscription is a naked sword.

Heare-lyes-captaine-and-major-of-Svffolk-was-withall

A-goodly-magistrate-vas-he-and-major-generall
Two-trovs-of-hors-with-hime-here-came-svch-worth-his-love-did-crave

Ten-companycs-of-foot-also-movrning-marcht-to-his-grave

Let-all-that-read-be-svre-to-keep-the-faith-as-he-hath-don

With-Christ-he-livs-now-crownd-his-name-was-Hvmphrey-Atherton

He-dyed-the-16-of-September-1661.

How much there is of truth in the tradition that the cow was guided by a rope held in the hand of a man cannot at this late day be determined, neither will we deny the claim of the poor Quakers who chose to think it a judgment of God in consequence of the General's persecution of their sect. Whatever the cause, it seems an ignominious fate for a soldier of this rank to have at last fallen the victim of a cow. It is to be regretted that this curious old stone has been badly chipped by collectors of antiquities. General Hooker (Fighting Joe), when visiting this grave, remarked, after reading the inscription, that the entire body of the troops of Massachusetts must have been present on the occasion referred to; then, when his companions had moved on, he chipped a piece from the under side of the slab with his jackknife; on being reproved by the superintendent he admitted his fault, but said he wanted something to show the boys where he had been.

There is a very curious inscription here, which reads as follows:

ABEL-HIS-OFFERING-ACCEPTED-IS
HIS-BODY-TO-THE-GRAVE-HIS-SOVLE-TO-BLISS

ON-OCTOBERS-TWENTYE-AND-NO-MORE
IN-THE-YEARE-SIXTEEN-HUNDRED-44
SVMITE-SVMITTED-TO-HER-HEAVENLY-KING

BEING-A-FLOWER-OF-THAT-AETERNAL-SPRING

NEARE-3-YEARS-OLD-SHE-DYED-IN-HEAVEN-TO-WAITE

THE-YEARE-WAS-SIXTEEN-HUNDRED-48

Here is another verse worthy of being quoted:

Submit submitted down to dust,
Her soul ascends up to the just;
At neer — old she did resign.
Her soul's gone to Christ, year '59.

At the top of the memorial erected in honor of Mr. John Foster, a graduate of Harvard College, who served in the various capacities of school-master, mathematician and printer, is a bas-relief of two figures, which we presume were intended to be symbolical of Time and Death extinguishing the lamp of life. Though a very crude piece of sculpture, in its day it was doubtless much admired and elicited many a warm comment. At the time of the man's death, which occurred in 1681, he was thirty-three years of age, but he seems to have achieved some distinction; he is spoken of in the inscription as the ingenious Mr. John Foster.

It seemed a favorite practice with our forefathers, when approaching their last days, to write their own epitaphs, or have them written for them, and after death to have the comments cut upon the stone as remarks from the dead. It is doubtful whether the dead of those days were in reality any more given to reflection than in our time. The following inscription is to record the resting-place of another Dorchester school-master, who had some reflections on the future before his departure:

HERE-LIETH-BURIED-YE-BODY-OF
MR-WILLIAM-POOLE-AGED-81-YEARS
WHO-DIED-YE-25TH, OF-FEBRUARY-IN
YE-YERE 1 6 7 4 .

Ye-epitaph-of-William-Pole-which-hee-himself
made-while-he-was-yet-liuing-in-remembrance-of
his-own-death-&-left-it-to-be-engraven-on-his-
tomb-yt-so-being-dead-he-might-warn-posterity
or-a-resemblance-of-a-dead-man-bespeaking-ye-
reader.

Ho-passenger-tis-worth-thy-paines-to-stay
&-take-a-dead-mans-lesson-by-ye-way
J-was-what-now-thou-art-and-thou-shalt-be
What-J-am-now-what-odds-twixt-me-&-thee
Now-go-thy-way-bvt-stay-take-on-word-more
Thy-staf-for-ought-thou-knowest-stands-ye-next-
dore

Death-in-ye-dore-yea-dore-of-Heaven-or-Hell
Be-warned-be-armed-believe-repent-farewell.

Records locate the place of burial here of twenty-eight Revolutionary soldiers,

but above the spot there is no inscription. Some distance from these patriots who fought and died for liberty are the graves of four slaves; the stones above them claim that they were owned by Messrs. Foster and Oliver.

Let us not forget the inscription over the grave of the ancient school-mistress, which is beautifully decorated with a tiny vine, which nearly obliterates the following lines:

HERE LYES YE BODY
OF MIRIAM WOOD
FORMERLY WIFE TO JOHN SMITH
AGED 73 YEARS
DIED OCTOBER YE 19TH
1 7 0 6 .

A woman well beloved of all
her neighbors from her care of small
Folks education their number being great
that when she died she scarcely left her mate
So Wise Discre [et] was her behaviours
That she was well esteemed by neighbours
She liv'd in love with all to dy
So let her rest [to] eternity.

This grave yard is honored by the remains of the Rev. Richard Mather, father of Increase Mather, and grandfather of Cotton Mather. The following inscription is written upon a horizontal tablet:

D. O. M. SACER
RICHARDUS HIC DORMIT MATHERUS
(SED NEC TOTUS NEC MORA DIUTURNA)
LAETATUS GENUISSE PARES
INCERTUM EST UTRUM DOCTOR AN
MELIOR
ANIMUM & GLORIA NON QUEUNT
HUMARI

Diuinely Rich & Learned Richard Mather
Sons like Him Prophets Great Reioed this Father
Short Time His Sleeping Dust heres couerd down
Not His Ascended Spirit or Rinown.
U. D. M. In Aug. 16. An In. Dore: N-A. 34 An
Obt. Apr. 22 1669 AEt suae 73.

Buried beneath a tablet quite imposingly mounted is Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, who liberally added to the endowment of Harvard College, of which he was a graduate. He preached for a time in England, was a member of the council, chief justice of the Superior Court, and acting governor of the province for many years.

There are a number of representatives of the extensive family of Jones interred in this graveyard. The stone cutters have taken much liberty with the orthography

of the name; in one instance it appears as Joanes:—

Thomas Joanes
Aged about 75 years
Died the 13 of November
1678.

The tablet thus inscribed is composed of a rude gray stone, unlike any local production, and is thought by some to be a compound manufactured for the purpose. There are several tablets of this material here erected. The one in memory of Joanes was discovered a foot and a half beneath the soil, by Mr. Foster, the former superintendent, who deserves much gratitude for his generous conduct in restoring at his own expense, by means of iron rivets and bands, a number of very interesting old relics, which had been broken in two and fallen to the ground.

CHARLESTOWN BURYING GROUND.

This last resting place of Charlestown's forefathers is one of the most picturesque cemeteries in the city. Rising from all its boundaries to a considerable eminence near the centre, it presents to the spectator from below an irregular surface line that leads the eye towards the summit, which is crowned with a simple, solid shaft of granite, towering above all surrounding stones. Although this monument fails to locate the exact place of interment, it was erected in memory of John Harvard, the first benefactor of Harvard College, from whom this institution derived its name and £779, together with a library of three hundred volumes. He died in Charlestown a few months after his arrival in this country. The eastern face of the monument bears the name John Harvard, and on an inserted marble tablet, now illegible, is the following record:

"On the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1828 this stone was erected by the graduates of the University, at Cambridge, in honor of its founder who died at Charlestown on the twenty-sixth day of September A. D. 1638."

On the left side is an inscription in Latin nearly obliterated.

Inscriptions beyond names and dates are not common on the earlier stones; but about eighteen hundred poetic effusions became very abundant.

The authorized desecration of these old stones has given them a rather picturesque appearance; many look as though they had been gathered up and hurled about by a cyclone, alighting where they might, and in any attitude that chance happened to give them. There is a large number of excellent specimens of lettering to be seen here, and some of the decorative work is quite skilful; in other instances the name is chiselled upon a rude bit of stone, as though by the hand of an amateur; one loves to think it might have been the last act of devotion of some loving hand that had no resource with which to employ the professional carver.

The inscription which states that Elizabeth Phillips, the celebrated midwife, attended the birth of 3,000 children has been altered to 130,000 by a mischievous prefixing of the figure 1 and the adding of an o.

Standing upon the hillside is a large and massive slab, commemorating Mrs. Rebekah Mason, "who died one hour after the birth of the child that occupies the same grave," which they have made their abode since 1748. There is another stone, in memory of the children of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Rebekah Frothingham; it is a sad record of the birth and death of five infants, Abigail, the daughter, and four sons all bearing the name of their father; one only attained the age of four, but most of them died in the year of their birth. At the bottom of the stone can be seen this comment:

"Our lives is ever on the wing
The moment when our life begins
We all begin to die."

Thomas Beecher, one of the original settlers and ancestor of the famous Beecher family, was buried within this enclosure.

Some of these old stones have watched the growth of the city from its infancy; there are among them those that had

been standing one hundred and thirty-five years when the shots went shrieking over their heads on their mission of destruction toward Bunker Hill. All of these dangerous missiles did not fly clear of this spot; one of the early relics bears testimony to this fact, and was once marked very definitely with a semi-circle in the corner, where the shot did its mischief, — but collectors of antiquities have chipped this portion of the stone until the original manner of mutilation is not apparent.

Throughout the year these discolored, cracked and crumbling mementoes take upon themselves various garments. In the fall the withered leaves that play at hide and seek about the time-worn veterans, delight in drawing near to their melancholy faces, and despite the rude winds that would wrench them away they cling to some sturdy weed and gather themselves lovingly about the base of the tablet, sheltering the unprotected inscription. The winter rains, when frozen on their surface, shield them from the stinging blast. Now comes the snow, stealing so gently down that one might fancy it feared to wake the dead from their long rest, crowning these dark forms that raise their heads above the gathering mantle of white to receive their curious and colorless caps. Spring comes; the winter costume melts away, to be replaced by one of brighter colors; the little bird, for the first time on the wing, alights upon these ancient forms, and with his round eyes peeps down at the face in the sepulchral design, as though wondering at the strange and ghastly grimace of his newly made acquaintance. Summer deepens the verdure, shoots up the graceful weed and bush, till it droops over the old stones and lets the sunlight through, here and there, to flicker on the surface. The butterfly, undismayed at the epitaphs proclaiming that life is but the road to death, takes flight from the cocoon nestled in the very letters of these words.

