

IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD

PATERFEX TELLS OF A VISIT TO OLD MOUNT AUBURN.

The Graves of Famous Men and Women—Where Longfellow, Holmes, and Fanny Fern Sleep—Inscriptions From Different Tombstones—A Bigot's Eloquence.

It was Hobson's choice; therefore, on one of the most calorific afternoons of mid-August we revisited the most famous burial-ground of the Pilgrim state, Mount Auburn, described, by one now resting there, as—

That unsightly grove.
Once beautiful, but long defaced
With granite permanence of cecity taste
And all those grim disfigurements we love.

The general aspect of the place is the same as when twenty-four years ago we used to frequent it; but, of course, there is added interest in the accretion of illustrious graves,—dust that is as the dust of gold, shining amid our grey common ashes. We noted the excavation near the main entrance, where a larger and doubtless more pretentious chapel, than the one now standing on the hill, is to be built. The one on the hill is a sort of echo-chamber, poorly adapted to its necessary use in the solemnization of the burial service. The intention is to remedy this defect in the new structure.

Putting ourselves under the conduct of a guide,—a lad who offered himself on our entry to the grounds, and who was needful to a stranger in a cemetery so extensive, with walks too diverse and numerous to ensure the certainty of seeing what is most desirable in the briefest space and with least exertion,—we went attended, where often in other years we had wandered and meditated alone. Your ciccone is not always a perfect convenience; but we must commend ours who dealt quietly the required information, and gave us silence and space for reflection. Sometimes your guide is so voluble in the utterance of his parrot-wisdom that you must patiently balance the impertinence of his professionalism, with your real need of him, and the use he actually subserves.

A few turns from that Egyptian solemnity, the main entrance, brought us to the grave of James Russell Lowell. This is one of the sombre spaces of this beautiful solitude. In the centre of this bit of sandy soil, sheltered by trees, but unvisited by the creeping infantile sunny grass, that universal covering, lies the poet with his kindred. Most of the graves are added smoothly down (mounts) not being allowed,—at most an oblong of leaves or blossoms to mark the spot exactly; but here, where Lowell lies in the same grave with his wives, there is a rudimentary mound. According to his directions, a plain greyish slab, moulded after the quaint old Colonial fashion, has been set to mark his resting-place. Here also are the ashes of Maria White, the poet's poet-wife, first and most tenderly loved; she who was so commented of her husband:

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

She died sometime toward 1856, and the same night a child was born to Longfellow. In the poem, "The Two Angels," in which these concurrent events are recorded, there is this word of consolation to his friend:

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel of the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended; and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

We had passed the ancestral house,—often noted before,—just before arriving at Mount Auburn; and now, covering our tired heads, we turned from the simple shrine of the poet, the essayist, the gentleman and the scholar. Here amid these beautiful monumental spaces he rests, who wrote "The Bigelow Papers," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," and many a noble page beside of verse and prose. Honor is his, where ever character and genius are revered, or the English language is spoken.

Not far away from Hosea Bigelow, on a slope "of green ascent," surrounded by stately trees, yet not so closely as to exclude the sun, we came upon the last resting-place of the "Autocrat." The smooth, bright and looked almost cheery in the afternoon sunshine; and, midst of the lot, on a clean white slab of marble, we read the name—never, surely suggestive of gloom—of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The grim and ghastly hangs not on his merry ghost, that we seem to see, smiling before us. We are scarcely inclined to pensive-ness, as we deem we must be beside the grave of that humorously pathetic friend of humanity, poor Tom Hood, in Kensal Green.

Sweltering onward, we traversed a ridge the back of which is bordered with shrubbery and low trees, and which otherwise commands a fine outlook. The scholar and literary lover, who would do reverence, can find interesting names here. Two lots in proximity, hold the dust of Motely and Parkman, with such members of their families as have entered the "silent land."

He who has hung upon Motley's rich pages, and the romance of Pontiac, need not grudge a few moments here, on the sultriest day. A step or two onward, and you will ask for longer delay. We came in front of a sarcophagus-shaped block of gray sandstone, bearing the single, significant name of Longfellow. Beside this a Latin inscription heralds, "The Lord of Light and Master of Love," the inspiring source whence the minstrel of our household affections drew his quickening fires. Near by a flaglet dropped upon the greenward. It marks the spot where were deposited the cremated ashes of the poet's soldier son. Here, too, lies the idolized wife, who perished by the devouring flame, and whose passing left a shadow on the minstrel's spirit from which he never wholly emerged. We could but not reflect upon those widowed years when even his fame must have seemed a weariness. Beside the tomb of no other could we feel so deeply the emotion of a friend. As Halleck said of Burns, so may we say of him:

Praise to the bard! his words are driven
Like flower seeds by the far wind sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,—
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Walking some distance we crept up a little by-path into an enclosure, well fenced with trees and shrubbery, but also rimmed with iron. Within this bound much scholarly eminence lies, and here we found one name sacred to universal science. One man lies here, with Tutonic bulk—a man of soul majestic, and calmer than that of Luther; and another with a head and mind like that of an ancient Grecian. Lowell, imaging the first, writes:

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss:
I see the firm benignity of face,
Wide-smiling champaign, without tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips.

A rough granite boulder from his own Swiss mountains,—the pastures fair high-lying of viny Neuchâtel,—has not too deeply cut into its gray front the name of LOUIS RUDOLPH AGASSIZ. Near by, a weather-stained slab of marble marks the grave of a President of Harvard college, the brother-in-law of Agassiz, and the friend of Longfellow, as well as of all the illustrious group at Boston's Round Table.—Cornelius Felton.—

After the good centurion fifty named,
Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,
Shaking with curly mirth his hyacinthine hair,
Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways.

Plucking a few tiny leaves growing at the side of the Agassiz boulder, and a pine tassel from the dwarf tree growing near his grave, we retraced the way and, crossing our pathway of approach, soon stood at the place where lies the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth. Beside him lies his wife Mary, who died before him, and to whom he devoted two memorial starz, inscribed on her stone, which express his faith in a spiritual and eternal life beyond this. On one side of the tall arabesque slab that marks the actor's grave, are masks of the Comic and Tragic Muse, and these lines from the Master he delighted with such power to illustrate:

The idea of his life shall sweetly creep
Into your study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of his life
Shall come appared in more precious habits
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of your soul,
Than when he lived indeed.

This may become truth to the visitor who can recall many an ambrosial night when Booth starred it before his eyes, in his favorite role of Hamlet, wherein verse seemed 'no longer to be airy thought, and sculpture to be dumb.' On the side facing the grave we mark the actor's name, and a metallic medallion portrait set into the stone. On lower ground we paused by the shaft of Charlotte Cushman, and read her name upon the base, but could not see the appropriateness of such a dull gray monolith to mark her resting-place.

We found a large, highly polished mass of red Scotch granite where lies John Pierpont, the Federal-street preacher and Philanthropist, as well as the graceful poet. It is among all monuments one of the most substantial and enduring, and one of a pleasing appearance, as was the author of the poem we boys used to chant together at school:

The Pilgrim Fathers, where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
And break alone the shore,

We turn to our Guide and ask him if he had ever read Pierpont's touching lines concerning his son,—

I cannot make him dead,
His fair sunshiny head
Seems ever glancing round my study chair.

It did not however, appear that he knew of them, and we did not bother him with further recitation.

One other grave touched us tenderly, and one with deepest reverence. In a corner of a large lot, the centre-piece of

which is a family monument, stands a graceful cross of snowy marble, wreathed with those children of the forest, in delicate sculpture, who gave their name to Fanny Fern,—a name familiar to our youth. This is Robert Bonner's tribute to the sprightly, gifted sister of N. P. Willis, and the wife of James Parton, whose "Fern Leaves" were pressed for the herbarium of a generation back. Still they sparkle and hold the dew, and have much of the merit appertaining to "Rural Letters" and "Pencilings By The Way." But surely the Pilgrim who has been drawn by leading of the heart to the shrines of Thomas Arnold and Arthur Stanley, will not hasten without awe by that of Phillips Brooks. It is there the deepest chord that is in us may vibrate. We read his name cut plainly on the chaste tablet which records his dates, with his pastoral offices and services. The turf cut from the grave reveals a spare symbolic of his amplitude whose mortal remains should occupy it, and give opportunity for the youth of flowers. This is a clerical family two other preacher-brothers lie here, beside the father and mother; one being the Rev. Arthur Brooks, who died on ship-board, while on his return voyage from Europe.

Her melancholy fate gives pathos to the manes of Margaret Fuller; otherwise her romantic career and her heroic masculinity of spirit and intellect might inspire different feeling. Ranged with others of her kindred, we found her grave, and stone with its prolix inscription. In this sylvan quietude rest also the ashes of her husband Dr. Ossoli, and their child, fatally wrecked, on foreign shore, but at the very gateway of her home. We read the lines in her honor but did not transcribe them; rather had we found the appropriate ones of Landor:

Over his millions Death, his lawful power,
But over thee, brave Dr. Ossoli! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy, a youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantic; on its shore, in reach
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee . . . a child, a wife;
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved;
Such solitary safety might become
Others; not her; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Percy assailed the walls
Of unspicuous Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renowned, for strength of mind, Margaret!
Rest with the twin too dear! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my failing voice,
But the same language with more full appeal
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon the native plains
Worthy to sing of thee; the hour is come;
Take up your seats and let the dirge begin.

The medallion cut in the marble slab over the inscription, shows the intellectual woman,—a severe high-born Cornelia, fit to be a Roman matron by adoption, and wife of an heroic Italian noble. Near by a similar stone bears record of an uncle of Margaret, who perished in a charge at Chancellorsville; whose medallion shows a face interestingly like his famous niece, in its characteristic of dignity and nobility.

In these grounds lie celebrated statesmen. We came in our round to Charles Sumner's resting place, and his substantial monument. This champion of the slave, the austere beauty of whose spirit made him the companion and friend of the best and greatest of his contemporaries, compelled in spite of heat and weariness, to seek his grave. The words of Longfellow came to us:

Like Winkleried he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

Six small stones, ranged side by side near the monument, we understood to mark graves of the statesman's young children. We paused, in passing, before the monument of Rufus Choate. It is shaped somewhat like Longfellow's, but it is smaller, and of brown sandstone.

Other ghosts were beckoning, but exhaustion and heat deterred us, and the resting-places of Hon. Anson Burlingame, first U. S. Minister to China. Gaspar Spurzheim the phrenologist, Winthrop the statesman, the late Ex-Governor Russell, and others, remained unvisited. We passed the statue of Hosea Ballou, the Universalist minister and the founder of Ballou's Magazine; and also the recumbent figure of Bowditch the geographer. The bronze statue surmounts a dark-hued monument, and is surrounded with instruments of his profession, books, globes, a hematical implements. The old mans face shows sedate and kindly.

At length we returned by the way of the hill which slopes toward the gate at which we had entered, and by which we should

"A friend, who surveyed our Equestrian, laugh-
ingly assured us we were furnishing a stew instead
of a dry roast, to the mosquitoes that accompanied
us about the grounds, and took occasion to sup
while we were musing.

retire,—the hill on whose summit stand the chapel and the tower. This to us is the most familiar portion of these grounds, where once we spent many solitary hours. We stood again to survey the scene, and objects easily visible,—

Upon the glorious sky
And the green hills around;—

the Franklin monument, and the Sphinx, that did not front the chapel and propound to every coming train of mourners its stony mystic problem, in the years when we frequented the hill. The eye can rest upon no road of ground, amid all these diversified acres, that is unkempt and unshorn. Nothing unlovely is to be seen, whether we look between the slopes for glimpses of the rising hills beyond the river, or down to yonder "cup-like hollow," known as "Alice's," where the fountain plays; from the summit of the round tower, whence you survey the land afar, down through "Consecration Dell," where Judge Story made his speech to the assembled city, on the day when the grounds were set apart for sacred use; and on to the wood-bordered marsh, mid which

The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks;
everywhere the handiwork of the gardener is seen; and if taste does not everywhere predominate, attention and care do not fail to appear.

We did not ascend the tower, feeling unequal to so great exertion; we entered the chapel, which was easier.

On my frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
And natural reverence which the place inspired.

We were seated, and rested while we gazed about us. Familiar looked the stone walls, and the white statues, and the channel with its window, and the potted palms, here perhaps, since the funeral day of the lamented Russell. These immaculate forms of Winthrop, of Story, of Otis and Adams, that had speech for our boyhood, now seemed to address the man; so that we arose refreshed, and, going down the slope, we dismissed our guide with the reflection, that with every inconvenience these hours in "Sweet Auburn" had been happily and profitably spent.

"Slowly, pensively," wrote Horace Greeley, upon visiting the shrine most esteemed by the patriotic American, "we turned our faces from the rest of the mighty dead to the turmoil of the restless living; from the sublime repose of Mount Vernon to the ceaseless intrigues, the petty strifes, the anti-hill bustle, of the Federal city. Each has its own atmosphere: London and Mecca are not so unlike as they. The silent, unshrouding woods, the gleaming majestic river, the bright benignant sky;—it is fitting here amid the scenes he loved and hallowed that the man whose life and character have redeemed patriotism and liberty from the reproach which centuries of designing knavery have cast upon them, now calmly awaits the tramp of the archangel . . . Thus may his ashes repossess forever, that the heart of the patriot may be invigorated, the hopes of the philanthropist strengthened and his aims exalted, the pulse of the American quickened and his aspirations purified, by a visit to Mount Vernon." With such reflections, and in such mood we find ourself at evening, amid the lights and noises of Boston, the hurrying throngs, and the disruption of the subway. Verily, we mortals for a little season make much ado, with our aims and passions, and trumphy paraded; but in a little while cometh the long silence, and the gathering of our nobler powers in that place of the too often slighted invisible, Where beyond those voices there is peace.

While foraging in a book-store on Tremont street this other day, we were approached by a seemingly intelligent and courteous man, who engaged us with us in conversation. We pursued our quiet discourse for some minutes, passing from theme to theme, until we struck upon one which seemed like a powder-train leading to convulsion and catastrophe. Why should an Irishman or a catholic appear upon the mental tapis? He came, and could not be banished! Dilating upon triumphant Papal designs, and protestants indifference, at once idiotic and criminal, our interlocutor lost his urbanity, his eyes became fierce, his voice shrill, his demeanor challenging. Finally he stepped away from the book-shelves beside which we had been idling, occupied the floor, and addressed his single auditor, with an impetuous rhetoric worthy of an audience in Faneuil Hall. We were glad of the entrance of the friend, who had left us to rummage among books—an interesting occupation in which we were sadly and unprofitably hindered—which served as an occasion for our going out, and broke the monologue that had become more than tedious. We walked away, assuring ourself that Ruskin and Sidney Smith are not far wrong if they suppose the protestant bigot to be fearfully and wonderfully made.

Wordsworth's Excursion.

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SHE RODE A DOUBLE CENTURY.

A Denver Wheelwoman Accomplishes a Remarkable Feat.

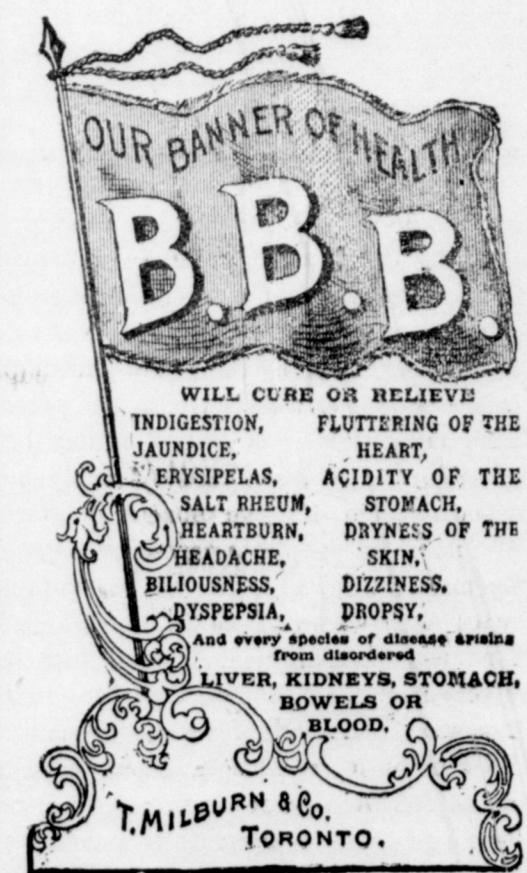
Denver glories in many record-breaking wheelmen and also in one record-breaking wheelwoman, Mrs. Kinehart, a society beauty, who recently rode a double century in twenty and one-third hours. The "Cycling West" says this is the first time a woman has made such a ride, that few men are able to accomplish the feat, and that no Coloradoan has ever done it. Mrs. Kinehart left her home in Denver Wednesday morning a week ago at 4:05, and completed her first century over the Evans course at 12:45, or eight hours and forty minutes for the trip. After lunch and a rest of an hour, she started at 1:45 p. m. for the second half of her ride. She rode to Platteville, thirty-six miles, and return to Denver, making seventy-two miles, and completed the balance of the double century on the Littleton course. When she had finished at 12:45 Thursday morning her cyclometer registered 203 miles. She endured many hardships, especially on the last century. Before going fifteen miles on the Platteville road, and after making 113 miles, she encountered a rain storm. This continued until she found herself pushing through isolated mud holes and immense stretches of water, which submerged the road in many places. The last thirty miles was where her great pluck and endurance were brought into play. The distance was done in inky darkness. She was accompanied by her husband, who would have gladly relinquished any glory to sit beside a fire in a comfortable home in preference to braving the big electrical storm which swept over Denver on that night, sending sheets of rain in the faces of pedestrians and covering the road with shimmering pools of water, discernable only when a flash of lightning lit up the road ahead. To make matters worse, Mrs. Kinehart's punctured on the Littleton course, and she rode fifteen miles on a flat tire. To summarize the time and conditions of her ride, she made 203 miles in twenty hours and twenty minutes; rode first century in 8:40, second in 10:40; fifty miles were ridden in rain, darkness and mud; she was alone for 172 miles of the trip; had only twenty-three miles of favorable wind, and rode fifteen miles on a flat tire. —Kansas City Star.

A Kindred Soul.

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"I am not traveling for any house," answered the solemn-looking passenger, somewhat stiffly. "I am the proprietor of the celebrated Varley Wax Works, now on a tour of the principal cities."

"Shake!" rejoined the other, extending his hand. "I'm a stockholder in a chewing gum factory." —Chicago Tribune.



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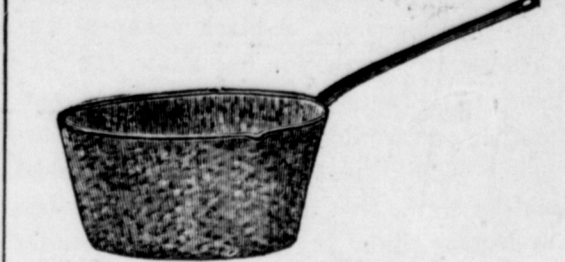
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BEEF and MUTTON, 100 lb. of the best quality in alternate hind and fore quarters; (quarters not to weigh less than 125 lbs. as may be required.)
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BROWN MUSCOVADO SUGAR, 100 lb.
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CANDLES, MOULD, 100 lb.
SOAP, yellow, 100 lb.
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BEANS, 100 bushel.
OATS, 100 bushel.
CODFISH, 100 lb.
MOLASSES, in cask, 100 gallon.
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COTTONS, WOLLENS, etc., of British manufacture at what advance on the net cost landed in St. John, original invoice and memorandum of importation charges to be given.

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