

ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON THE

CONSECRATION

OF THE

SPRING GROVE CEMETERY,

NEAR CINCINNATI,

AUGUST 20th, 1845,

BY THE HON. JOHN M'LEAN.



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ORDER OF CEREMONIES.

OPENING PRAYER.—BY REV. DR. BROOKE.

ALMIGHTY and ever-living God! We desire most reverently to invoke thy presence and favor on this interesting occasion. We believe it to be consistent with thy holy will, and the example of thy Saints of old, that fit places should be set apart for the entombment of our mortal bodies. Thou requirest that “all things be done decently and in order,” and that “in every thing, we should by prayer and supplication make known our requests unto thee with thanksgiving.” In conformity with these instructions of thy holy word, we now bow our spirits before thy throne.

As the God of Nature, we thank thee for all the natural beauties and advantages of this place—As the God of Providence, we thank thee that thou hast put it into the hearts of our citizens to procure and improve it—and most of all would we remember thee at this time as the God of Grace, and thank thee for the unspeakable gift of thy Son, through whose efficacious death, and mighty resurrection we may triumphantly exclaim, “O! Death, where is thy sting! O! Grave, where is thy victory!”

And wilt thou now, O Lord! accept and bless the dedication which is about to be made of this place, to the solemn and interesting purpose for which it has been procured. Wilt thou take it under thy providential care—preserve it from all profane and ungodly uses—and bless all its solemn scenes and associations, to the welfare of souls.—May every tomb and monument erected here, prove a silent preacher of righteousness to the living.—May every family vault and enclosure remind them of the adopted

family of God, and the supreme importance of seeking a home in the skies.—May every tear dropped upon this soil—and every sigh wafted over it, be connected with that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life—And may all who have an interest in this resting-place of the mortal body, make sure of an interest in that rest of the immortal soul, which “remaineth unto the people of God.”

Heavenly Father! Let all funeral rites and offices which may, from time to time, be performed in this place, redound to thy glory. Let every prayer offered here be acceptable incense—every hymn be sung with the spirit and the understanding also—and every exhortation be heard with the hearing ear—And finally, in the latter day, when the last trump shall sound to wake up the dead, may all who shall be sleeping within this enclosure, rise to the life immortal—and be of those to whom the Son of Man will say, “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

Let thy blessing rest upon the further exercises of this occasion. Be with those who are to engage in them.—May every sentiment and word which they shall utter, be pure in thy sight; and may they be instrumental in impressing every attending mind, with solemn, holy, and wholesome thoughts. And to thy great name, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall be ascribed all the praise—now and forever.—Amen !

CONSECRATION HYMN.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

AIR—"Pilgrim Fathers."

Maker of all above !
Father of all below !
As now we meet, thy ' chosen ' met
Thousands of years ago.
Sojourners, like ourselves,
On earth for a brief space,
They sought the grove, and hallowed it
As their last resting place.*

And kindred feelings yet
Thy children's bosoms sway ;
And oft they meet, as we have met
Within these shades to-day:—
The cool groves rising round,
The slopes beneath them spread,
We consecrate, with awe profound,
Forever to the dead.

The Hebrew's latest sigh,
'Mid being's parting moans,
Was that his aged form might lie
With his forefathers' bones.†
So, when we've breathed our last,
Here may our burial be,
To wait, with kindred dead, the blast
That summons us to thee.

* Genesis, c. xxiii.

† Id. c. xlix.

Thy smile is on us, God !
 From the beautiful blue skies
 It looks, and from the fresh green sod
 That all around us lies.
 Oh, when the hour shall come
 Earth's scenes no more we know,
 Smile thus upon our hearts, as down
 To the dark grave we go !

Thy voice is with us here,
 'Mid the silence and the shade,
 Where oft the mourner's bitterest tear
 Must fall upon the glade.
 But it speaks not of despair—
 It bids us look above,
 At the Bow of Promise spanning there
 The whole broad Heaven of Love.

O D E . — B Y L E W I S J . C I S T .

When from the Garden of the Lord,
 The Parent of our race was driven,
 Then bare he forth this solemn word,
 The sentence of Avenging Heaven:—
 Of his offence the fruit—'twas said,
 “In sweat and toil thou still shalt mourn,
 Till to that dust, of which first made,
 Thy kindred body shall return !”

Long ages since have passed away,
 But that stern sentence, spoken first
 To Adam, in Earth's primal day,
 Yet stands—its fiat unreversed !
 To all his race (exempt no part,)
 The mandate high doth still remain ;—
 “From dust first made—of dust thou art,
 And to it shalt thou turn again !”

And thus, to toil and suffering born,
 Fulfils our race its destiny ;
 Still the primeval curse we mourn—
 To live—to labor—and to DIE !
 Yet as, from Eden's peaceful shades,
 Reluctant wandered man first forth—
 So longs he still, in Eden glades
 To moulder back to native Earth !

To use thus holy, dedicate,
 We set apart this hallowed space—
 This sacred spot now consecrate,
 To us and ours, a resting place:
 And thus, upon this holy ground,
 While near yon City rears its head,
 Another City do we found—
 A quiet CITY OF THE DEAD !

Not with the bustling noise and din,
 With which our living homes we rear,
 To-day are we assembled in
 This sacred place, to feeling dear:
 For is it not a hallowed spot—
 This place, where we shall ask to lie
 With those we love ?—Oh ! is it not
 The holiest spot beneath the sky !

Here, where swells yon blue sky above,
 And spreads this rich green sward beneath,
 We set apart, for those we love,
 A fit abode in gentle death ;
 That not, as with the saddened gloom
 Of cloistered cell and time-worn towers,
 We'd link the memories of the tomb—
 But with the sunshine and the flowers !

Here gentle Beauty shall they bring,
 Whose resting place we thus prepare,
 Where softest murmuring winds shall sing
 Meet requiem o'er form so fair:
 Here, too—when Manhood's breast shall yearn
 His wanderings o'er the earth to close—
 His footsteps hither shall he turn
 To seek a last, sweet, calm repose !

Here shall the Warrior calmly rest,
 When conquering Death hath captive bound him,
 Whose step the earth once proudly pressed,
 With all his marshalled hosts around him :
 And here the Poet, whose high lays
 Of noble deeds have sung the story,
 Shall sleep, forgetful of the praise
 That once was all his proudest glory !

Why should the memories of the dead
 Be ever those of gloom and sadness ?—
 Why should their dwellings not be made
 ' Mid scenes of light, and life, and gladness ?
 Here let the young and gay repair,
 And in this scene of light and beauty,
 Gather from Earth, and Sky, and Air,
 Lessons of Life, and Love, and Duty !

And here, at many a dewy morn,
 Or calm and holy eventide,
 Affection's quiet steps shall turn,
 And o'er each loved form softly glide—
 Whose gentle Shade, still hovering near,
 The trembling mourner may accost ;
 And from each leafy tree-top hear
 The voices of " THE LOVED AND LOST !"

ADDRESS.

BY THE HON. JOHN M'LEAN.

“I am a stranger and a sojourner with you : give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.”

These are the words of Abraham to the children of Heth. They were spoken on a mournful occasion—the death of Sarah. “And Abraham came to her tent to mourn and to weep for her : and for four hundred shekels of silver he purchased the field of Ephron and the trees that were thereon, and the cave of Macpelah, which was at the end of the field, for a burying-place.”

Sarah was among the loveliest of her sex. She filled the heart of the patriarch : and yet, when dead, he desired that she might be buried out of his sight. That visage so remarkable for its beauty, had become marred by death ; and that form so lovely, was cold and lifeless.

Who in this large assembly has not felt the sorrows of Abraham ? Whose heart has not, like his, been wrung with grief at the loss of those dearer to him than life ?

Our assemblage here, this day, shows that we think seriously of death and of the “house prepared for all living.” We have come to consecrate that house. To look over the place where the open grave shall soon receive us. This is the destiny of man. The grave is the end of his earthly hopes ; of his joys and sorrows ; his ambition, his worldly glory.

In all ages of the world, the living have felt solicitude about the place of their interment. On his dying bed the patriarch, Jacob, said to his children, “bury me not in Egypt, but with my fathers in the cave of Macpelah, that is, in the field of Ephron. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they

buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife ; and there I buried Leah." And Joseph, when dying in Egypt, "took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." Who could desire to die amongst strangers and be buried in a strange land ? There is no consolation in the impression, that the place of our interment shall be neither known nor cared for by any one. There seems to be society even in the grave. We cannot but cherish the hope that, when dead, we shall have the sympathies of the living. We could desire them to visit our graves, and to spread over and about them some memorials of their affection. It would now almost seem that the body, dust as it is, could scarcely be insensible to such pious remembrances of our friends. And the deathless spirit, unclogged by matter, we are ready to believe, sees and knows, with its quickened energies and enlarged powers, things on earth and in Heaven.

The reflection is consolatory on the bed of death, that our dust shall mingle with the dust of our friends. That the bodies shall be nearest each other in the grave, which were dearest to each other in life. That this is the feeling of our nature, all history attests. It is found in all countries, civilized and uncivilized. The barbarous nations of antiquity, had high places for their sacrifices and the burial of their dead. In more advanced civilization, the sepulchre was ornamented by works of art and nature. This impulse of the heart was not learned in the schools. It pervades all bosoms in all ages and countries.

A burial ground, unfenced and unprotected, presents a cheerless and sad spectacle. It would seem that the dead who lie in such a place, had been strangely forgotten by the living. I envy the heart of no man, who can be content to see the remains of a beloved friend thus exposed and neglected. That philosophy is cold and repulsive, which teaches us that the body, being an insensible mass of matter, may be covered from our sight with little care or ceremony and thought of no more.

When our friends are gone, we love to think and speak of their virtues. We cannot bear to lose a vivid impression of their form, their countenance, and manner. Nothing can

be more chilling to the soul than the thought, that we should ever forget or neglect them. The dead body, it is true, is insensible of our cares for it. We may plant the Jessamine in the clay that covers it, or construct over it a marble monument, or neglect it altogether, and it is all alike to that body. But in that grave reposes one, that when living, we cherished and loved. One who shared in our joys and sorrows : who watched over our sick bed with prayers and tears. Can the remains of such an one be neglected ? Never, surely never, until the pulsations of the heart shall cease. We cling to every memorial which is left us, with an unceasing devotion ; and we regard the spot where the remains of such an one lie, as sacred above all other places.

Among the most ancient nations, the custom prevailed of selecting suitable places for general interment. The burial ground of the ancient Egyptians was situated beyond the Lake Acherusia, which signified the last condition of man. Those only whose lives had been exemplary, were admitted to sepulture in that place. “The cemetery was a large plain, surrounded by trees, and intersected by canals, to which was given the appellation *Elisiœens*, meaning rest.” From the name of this cemetery, the approaches to it, and the rejection and deposit of the unworthy, originated the Greek fables of the Lake Acheron, Charon, his boat, his ferry money, and the Elysian fields.

The ancient Germans buried their dead in groves consecrated by their priests. The Romans, in the earliest times, buried their dead in public places. In the flourishing periods of the Republic, afterwards, they burned the dead body and buried its ashes in an urn. This practice was changed, and after the introduction of Christianity, chapels were erected over the dead. “The early Christian martyrs were buried in caverns, which by degrees were enlarged to spacious vaults, that were called chambers of repose. The Emperor, Constantine, directed his sepulchre to be erected in the Church of the Apostle’s at Constantinople, of which he was the founder. This influenced the Bishops and others to have their remains deposited in the vaults of churches ; but this practice was found inconvenient and unhealthy to the living, and was necessarily abandoned. The

cemetery in Naples near Bologna, at Pisa, is distinguished for the beauty of its form and architecture. It is four hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and seventy wide, and sixty feet high ; cloistered round the four sides, and contains fifty ship-loads of earth which the Pisans brought from Jerusalem.

The Greeks constructed their tombs outside the walls of their cities, with the exception of those raised to distinguished personages. This was also the practice of the Romans. Mrs. GRAY's tour to the sepulchres of Etruria, is full of interest. The Moravian brothers form their burial place into a garden, and call it "*friedhof*, or field of peace." In some parts of Germany, every grave is covered with a bed of flowers, which the relations of the deceased water from a fountain dug for the purpose. The Turks beautify and adorn their places of burial, by winding avenues and the shades of the Cypress.

The P^{er}e La chaise of Paris, where the dead of many generations repose, is, perhaps, the most interesting object to be seen in that great city. The simplicity and mournful aspect of its monuments, the variety and beauty of its flowers, its serpentine walks and beautiful shrubbery, its chapel and other improvements, draw hundreds of daily visitors. In England, of late years, public attention has been directed to the construction of cemeteries, and many have been established. And in our own country Mount Auburn, Greenwood, and other places, consecrated to the generations that are passing away, create a deep interest in all who visit them.

This rapid and imperfect sketch, shows the working of the human mind on this solemn and impressive subject. We seldom see a house devoted to the worship of God in our own country, which has not in its neighborhood, and often in the same enclosure, a repository for the dead. But these are more or less neglected. In their plan they are too contracted, and there is a want of that system, accommodation and taste, suited to the solemnity of such places.

In the selection of the ground for this cemetery, no pains have been spared. It is recommended by its sequestered, and beautifully elevated and undulating, position, by the aged forest which

covers it, and the dry and sandy quality of its soil. This home of the dead should be consecrated and adorned, by the symbols of mourning combined with those of hope. Nature, in all her luxuriance, should be here preserved and so cultivated as to expand her wildest beauties. These trees should be protected, and the lesser forest growths that we see. The grape vine and the wild flower, in all their variety, should be nurtured and preserved.

The monuments may be left to the taste, the affection, and piety of bereaved friends. But all ostentation should be avoided. Simplicity is the language of nature, and best comports with the resting place of the dead. Avenues are necessary, and some have already been constructed, for carriage ways, but they should not be too much multiplied. The more private walks should be serpentine, and so made, that the trees, the shrubs, and the vines, shall cover the solemn foot-steps of the stricken in heart. The ground should be surrounded by a wall or fence, which cannot, easily be crossed—and on certain days no visitors should be admitted except those who have an interest in the ground, and come to mourn and weep over the graves of the departed. Thus prepared, this beautiful and appropriate ground will become a place of general resort, and of great moral improvement.

There is no language which reaches the heart with such power and effect, as that which proceeds from the graves of those we loved. No unhallowed curiosity could enter so sacred a place as this shall become. No heart can look upon it and be unmoved. The visitor will feel that he is in the territory of death. Nature within it may wear a cheerful aspect, and the songsters of the wood may be heard ; but the memorials of the grave will be present whichever way the eye shall be turned, and this will sadden the heart. It cannot but lead to the following deep and solemn reflection : Here is the end of Mortality. In a short time, I, too, must become a co-tenant in this domain. And visitors will look upon my grave as I now look upon the graves of others. How such an assurance must chasten the heart. If this indeed be so, why should I cherish an unholy ambition for fame, or seek to accumulate wealth by doub-

ful means ? Why should I endeavor, by injustice, to enrich myself at the expense of my neighbor, seeing the time of enjoyment is so short, and the end of my career is so certain ? I see it, and I feel it. This voice from the tomb reaches my heart !

But there is something beyond what I see. This territory lies on the confines of eternity. It can scarcely be said to belong to earth. The dead inhabit it. But their spirits are not in these graves. They live in eternity ;—that changeless state of existence, which lies but a step beyond the ground on which I now stand. Many of these bodies rest in hope of a blissful immortality ; but others may have no such hope ! No one could enter upon this ground, consecrated as it is, and improved as it will be in years to come, and not indulge in a train of reflection somewhat similar to this. And under such circumstances, no one could leave this place without being made better than when he entered it. Such will be the moral effect of the consecration and improvement of this place. And I now—in the presence of you all—**DEDICATE THIS GROUND**—not to the living—**BUT TO THE DEAD !** The trust shall endure, until time shall be no longer.

This will indeed be the place of tears and of many sorrows. It is now consecrated as such. How solemn is this moment !—how impressive ! Many a Rachel will here mourn, and refuse to be comforted. Could I see and portray in the line of centuries, the broken hearted, who shall come here to give utterance to their sighs and their prayers, it would present an accumulation of sorrow too heavy to be borne. But, thanks be to God ! we do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Well did the great Apostle of the Gentiles say, “ if in this life only we have hope in Christ, of all men, we are the most miserable.” There is hope in the grave. “ In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump ; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall death be swallowed up in victory.”

And is this destiny ours !—It is. That voice which came

down from Heaven has so declared, and we believe it. Wonderful, surpassingly wonderful revelation ! Our life, though it be but a span, and may be full of trouble, yet it leads to this great destiny. In this view, how noble is man ! He lives forever ! What are the factitious distinctions of earth in comparison with this ! What the rank and power of the mightiest potentate, the greatest warrior, the wisest statesman, the most eloquent orator ! How insignificant all those great and rare qualities which sway senates and empires ; which explore the boundaries of human knowledge, and teach us the deep things of nature ! All these are lighter than air, when weighed against the mighty, the overwhelming fact of man's immortality.

The good man may, like Abraham, weep and mourn the loss of beloved friends, but he does not despond. He has hope in their death. He follows them beyond the grave, and he looks to a re-union in Heaven. He can view the memorials of the dead with sorrow, as connected with the past, and with resignation and hope as regards the future. He is instructed and consoled. He will find these lonely walks favored above the common walks of life. They will teach the truest wisdom. Here he will learn what he is, whither he is going, and the vanity of all things earthly.

Had the grave never been penetrated by hope — if the empire of darkness covered all beyond it ; — and there was no eternity for man ; — the approach of that endless, starless, moonless night, would fill us with the wildness and shudderings of despair. In the language of desperation, we should say to our Creator, why hast thou formed and fashioned us as we are ? Why hast thou made this beautiful and sublime garniture of the universe ? — these numberless systems which perform their revolutions through infinite space ? Why enable us to calculate their courses and revolutions, and to understand the laws of nature ? Why this capacity for knowledge, this mental power, this reach of thought — and why — O, why ! this longing for immortality ? Why all this, if we open our eyes for a few days at most, to gaze upon the wonderful scene, and then close them forever ? But, blessed be God, life and immortality are brought

to light by the Gospel. “We see in part, and we know in part; but the time will come when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.”

Under such a glorious prospect it becomes us to meet with proper fortitude, those events which are incident to our being, and which cannot be avoided. We endure affliction, knowing it is good to be afflicted. And we are assured that suffering here, is no evidence of the displeasure of Heaven. HE chastens those whom he loves. We then take courage and bear ourselves firmly under the ills of life. That which may mar our present peace and threaten to destroy it, may be a blessing in disguise. A voice from the grave may be necessary, to show us our danger and duty. However mixed the cup may be, we must drink it, and learn submission.

History is said to teach by example ; but there are no events so impressively taught, as when we call them to remembrance, standing at the grave of the actor. His race is run. His character, for good or for evil, is now fixed and unalterable. If distinguished for eminent public services, in the field or in the senate, as a statesman, jurist or orator, we are reminded of these high qualities whilst we gaze upon his tomb. And we feel an earnest desire to emulate his virtues and avoid his vices. Such incidents contribute largely to the formation of character. They awaken within us a mighty impulse for action, and from the grave, this impulse can only tend to a virtuous course of action. Who could stand at the grave of WASHINGTON, and not love his country, and desire to imitate the virtues of its most honored son ?

Within a century to come, what diversity of character will meet within this field of death ! Here may be interred the mighty dead, who, in life, made a deep and lasting impression on the age in which they lived—who lived more for the world and their country, than themselves. These being honored in life, will be honored in death, by the grateful sense of their country. And every one who passes by will pause to read the inscriptions on their tombs. A great majority will not be thus known to fame. But they will not be the less dear to their kindred and

friends, who will cherish a remembrance of their virtues. Humble many of them may have been in the circles of life, but their ashes will rest in peace ; and the triumph of a dying hour, as recorded on their grave stones, will carry conviction to many a heart. And here and there will be found an inscription, on the grave of one who called sinners to repentance, and who has gone to his reward. Here, too, the widow will find a sepulture. And, also, the heart-broken and disconsolate one, who may have borne up against the tide of adversity, until nature became exhausted and death was welcomed as a deliverer. The rich, and the poor—all ranks and conditions, will here find a resting place. Here all will occupy the same level. There are no distinctions in the grave. Death is the great leveller of mankind. Artificial grades, or positions in society, do not attract his notice, much less his respect. His decrees are inexorable and unappealable.

Standing at the goal of human probation, it may be fit to pause, and consider the career that here closes. It is short, but it is full of incidents. However diversified are the pursuits, the professions and conditions of men, they are all characterised by a restless anxiety and fondness of change. And this is as clearly indicated in the humblest walks of life, as in the highest. There is always an object to be obtained, which, in the prospective, promises much enjoyment, but in the possession gives but little. The mind is again in pursuit of a future good, with as sanguine hopes, as if another disappointment were impossible. It, however, comes as before ; and again, other objects are pursued with unabated confidence. This is the history of our species. All are deluded by the anticipation, and disappointed in the enjoyment, but the pursuit is unceasing.

The day laborer has his object in view, the possession of which is, to add to his comfort and happiness and the comfort and happiness of his family. It may be articles of food, of clothing, or some other thing for domestic use. This would be a small object, in the estimation of others, but it is a matter of importance to him. The same principle operates upon the man

who struggles for the ascendancy, in any of the great lines of human action. His hopes are ardently enlisted, and he desires this or that position or object, to consummate his happiness. His aspirations are the same, except in degree, as those of the day laborer. They are, in fact, both day laborers. Alike in their pursuits, they are alike in their disappointments. During this action, time moves onward, with a steady and an unchanging progress. Day and night succeed each other, and so do weeks, and months, and years. And during all this hurry and turmoil, we are strangely prone to forget that we are mortal. Death, which is ever approaching us from the first breath we draw, is seldom anticipated. This, to a rational being, would seem to be impossible; but it is true. Death, which should seldom be out of our thoughts, seems scarcely ever to be in them. We endeavor to cover it from our view, by a thousand interesting objects, which attach us more strongly to life. Our friends fall on the right hand and on the left, and yet we think ourselves secure. We fortify this belief by many reasons, every one of which is fallacious. But death must come at last, whether we are prepared for it or unprepared.

It is here, at the end of this career, and here only, that we can make a just estimate of life. When an individual starts in this race, every thing before him has a pleasing and satisfying aspect. The way is gilded by all the beauties of nature, and all the pleasures of hope. No clouds, nor darkness rest on the future. But at every step, he finds the object of his pursuit eludes his grasp, or brings with its possession disappointment. And thus he toils onward, seeking enjoyment from the world, and finding none that fills his hopes, until he is in the vale of life. And having come to the close of life's journey, he is brought to contemplate the place set apart for his last home. A grave is now all that the world can give him.

From this point in his history, he looks back on the past, and how changed is the picture! The gilded scene has vanished. Its beauty and satisfying nature disappeared as it was approached. The distance at which it was at first viewed, gave a deceptive brilliancy to the prospect. But, having realized it, he now

knows how to appreciate its value. In the world, he has found ingratitude, deceit, and selfishness. Neither wealth, nor popularity, nor eminent station, caused that restless principle within to be at ease. And, with the wise man, he is ready to say, "vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" And now, on the verge of death he casts a long, troubled, and anxious look beyond the grave. But having been engrossed with the scene through which he has passed, down to this closing hour of life, he sees nothing cheering in the future. The blackness of darkness rests upon it. And yet he is conscious that that future is his, and that it is of an endless duration. All his life long, he has been grasping at shadows; and now all before him is substantial and unchanging. This new view has broken upon him with the suddenness and force of a thunderbolt! And now there is no time for reflection. Death is at hand! He feels his cold embrace!

We should learn instruction from the past, the present, and the future—from the lives, the deaths, and the graves of others. The events of this day, should teach us a lesson, never to be forgotten. They should come up in our memory, to influence our conduct. We should think of them when we lie down at night, and when we rise up in the morning. Here, in this consecrated ground, the dead shall repose until the last hour of recorded time. And many of us shall be among these dead.

These trees, which have withstood the storms of many years, shall fall into decay and disappear, and others which shall succeed them shall also fall, and their successors, again and again. Spring, with its fragrant and blooming flowers; the deeper and richer foliage of summer; the yellow leaf of autumn, and the leafless trees of winter, shall here succeed each other, the long line of centuries. The cold winds of winter, and the refreshing breeze of summer, will pass over this ground and its silent inhabitants. Nature will move onward, governed by its established laws, until that point in the world's history shall be reached, when time shall end. And then, at the sound of the trump of the Archangel, the dead shall rise from their graves, and both small and great shall come to judgment. The bodies here deposited shall rise, and mingle in the general throng

of mortals. The most obscure will not be overlooked ; nor will the most distinguished on earth escape the scrutiny. Cæsar and Lazarus, Bonaparte, and the humblest slave, will stand alike before the judge. And every one shall be judged, according to the deeds done in the body.

This scene is too sublime for human conception. It is too mighty! The history of the world here closes. The final destiny of all who have lived upon it, is pronounced. God, our Creator, is the judge. For the first time, the incorruptible body opens its eyes upon eternity. And who can comprehend eternity ! We can only measure duration by the progress of time. But time is no longer. Its vicissitudes are closed forever. All things are ended that have an end—all things that remain, remain forever. There is a progress in happiness, and a progress in misery ; but the states of happiness and misery are unchangeable. The seal of eternity is impressed upon everything.

There is no subject which does not sink into nothingness, when compared to man's probation and final destiny. To close our eyes and hearts to this subject, or to pass it over lightly, is no mark of wisdom. It should receive the profound attention of every one, as the most absorbing matter which can occupy the human mind. It embraces all that is lovely in life, and all that is desirable in eternity. All the duties we owe to society, to ourselves, and to our country, are better discharged by a deep and practical acquaintance with our obligations to our Creator. This knowledge, properly used, will shed a steady and an increasing light on the path of duty.

If thus armed against the sorrows of life, we shall not shrink from death. Whether his mandate shall come at the hour of midnight, or at the dawn of morning, we shall receive it with resignation and hope.

Our last earthly home, we have here selected ; and how small is the possession!—a few feet of ground! This is all we can occupy, and it is all we can claim of earth. But we look for a better inheritance. The Savior has sanctified the grave, and broken its chains. He rose from its dominion, and we shall rise from its darkness and power. And if we shall have filled up the

measure of our duty in this life—in these bodies, made incorruptible and spiritual, we shall realize a glorious immortality in Heaven. It is only through the dark and lonely grave, that we can hope to attain a bliss so unspeakable and inconceivable.

This hope should cheer us through the journey of life, whether the way shall be smooth or rugged. It should support us under the heaviest and deepest calamities to which we are exposed. Under its influence, we should view the grave as the opening portal of Heaven. It was the full enjoyment of this hope, which enabled Paul to say, in view of martyrdom, “I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

DIRGE.—BY LEWIS J. CIST.

AIR — “*Pleyel's Hymn.*”

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”—

Children we of mortal birth,
Of the earth created, must
Back return again to earth !
Rich or poor, or high or low,—
Learned or wise, it matters not ;
To this end alike we go—
ALL must share the common lot !

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”—

Earth when those we love shall leave,
For their ashes—sacred trust !—
Thus we consecrate the grave :
O'er their forms we place the sod—
Rear the sad sepulchral urn ;
While their spirits, to the God
That bestowed them first, return !

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust”—

While the solemn preacher saith,
O'er the relics of the just—
Lift we then the eye of Faith :
From this narrow house below,
To the mansions of the skies,
Every form beloved, we know,
Shall to glorious life arise !

BENEDICTION.—BY REV. DR. LYND.

The following ODE, by WM. P. STEELE, Esq., was also written for the
DEDICATION.

Our Mother Earth, a parent true and tender,
 Wooes back her children to her faithful breast ;
And decks her robe with many a floral splendor,
 To fold the weary in their final rest.
And here, on her green pall, breathe whispers only,
 And let the foot fall with a lighter tread ;—
For hallowed is each dell, each valley lonely,—
 'Tis love's last tribute to the sainted dead.

When twilight, mingling with the shade of even,
 Throws back the splendor of her purple light,
Through the far curtains of the western heaven,
 Upon the coming footsteps of the night—
In this still spot, as memories sweet and solemn
 Come thronging up, of days and friends gone by,
The mourner, lingering by the urn—the column—
 May find sweet solace in that western sky.

O! 'tis a lessson for the heart to cherish!
 That glow, prophetic of the morning's light,
Though hidden from the watcher, does not perish,
 But shines for aye, throughout the gloom of night :
So the dear forms shall live, that we in sorrow
 To the dark midnight of the tomb have given,
And rise upon a never-ending morrow,
 Bright with the radiance of the Upper Heaven!

O! not in sadness, at death's narrow portal,
Lay these, our loved ones! 'Tis their second birth:—
For the frail mortal shall be raised immortal—
Washed from the stain of sin—the taint of earth.
And friends they 've left, in these cool vales shall wander,
'Mid piles erected by affection's hand,
And 'neath their shadows, joyfully shall ponder
Hopes of re-union in the better land.

AN ACT,

To incorporate the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Spring Grove.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, that from the time this act shall take effect, WILLIAM NEFF, DAVID LORING, R. BUCHANAN, THOMAS H. MINOR, JOHN C. WRIGHT, A. HARKNESS, PETER NEFF, TIMOTHY WALKER, DAN'L H. HORNE, JOHN BAILEY, and—[here follow all the names of the subscribers to the Cemetery Grounds,] and their associates and successors, be, and and they are hereby, constituted a body corporate, under the name of the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Spring Grove, by which they shall have power to contract and be contracted with, sue and be sued, have and use a corporate seal, make and alter by-laws, and do all other acts and things necessary and proper for effecting the object of their incorporation, which is to provide a place of repose for the dead.

SEC. 2. Any person may become a member of this corporation by becoming the owner of one or more Cemetery lots, as the same shall be laid off by the Board of Directors, and the ownership of a lot shall entitle the owner or owners thereof to one vote at all meetings; but no member shall have more than one vote.

SEC. 3. The affairs of this corporation shall be managed by a Board of Directors, consisting of nine persons, members of the corporation, to be elected by ballot, and receive a majority of the votes. The first election shall be held at a time and place to be designated by the first ten persons above specifically named as incorporators, who shall be commissioners for organizing the cor-

poration ; of which election the same notice shall be given as is herein provided for other elections, and every person who shall have subscribed and paid for a lot, shall be entitled to a vote at this election. Immediately after the first election the Board shall be divided by lot into three classes, consisting of three each. The first class shall hold their office until the next annual meeting thereafter, the second class, a year longer than the first, and the third class a year longer than the second ; so that at each annual meeting after the first election, there shall be three Directors chosen to serve for three years, and all vacancies previously existing shall be supplied. But in case of failure to elect, those Directors previously in office shall hold over until their successors are elected, and in case of a vacancy occurring between any two annual meetings, the Board shall have power to fill such vacancy until the next annual meeting. A quorum of the Board for all purposes shall be five persons.

SEC. 4. The annual meeting for the election of Directors shall be held on the first Monday of October in each year. But special meetings may be called by the President, at the request, in writing, of ten members ; of which, as well as of the annual meetings, ten days' notice shall be given by advertisement in at least two of the daily papers published in the city of Cincinnati.

SEC. 5. The Board of Directors shall, at their first meeting, after each annual election, elect by ballot, a President from their own body, and two persons from the members of the corporation, to act as Secretary and Treasurer. These officers shall hold their office for one year, and until their successors shall be appointed and qualified ; and the Treasurer shall give bond, with surety to be approved by the Board, in such sum as the by-laws shall direct, for the faithful performance of his duties.

SEC. 6. This corporation is authorised to purchase, or take by gift or devise, and hold land exempt from execution and from any appropriation to public purposes, for the sole purpose of a Cemetery, not exceeding three hundred acres ; one hundred and sixty-seven acres of which, such as shall be designated by the Directors, shall be exempt from taxation, and the remainder shall be taxed as other lands, until the Legislature shall oth-

erwise direct. After paying for such land, all future receipts, whether from the sale of lots, from donations, or otherwise, shall be applied exclusively, under the direction of the Board, to laying out, preserving, protecting, and embellishing the Cemetery, and the avenues leading thereto ; and to paying the necessary expenses of the corporation. No debts shall be contracted in anticipation of future receipts, except for originally laying out, enclosing, and embellishing the grounds and avenues, for which a debt, or debts may be contracted, not exceeding Five Thousand Dollars in the whole, to be paid out of future receipts ; and no lots shall be sold by the corporation on credit, but the Board of Directors shall have power to appropriate lots for the interment of such meritorious persons, not members, as they may see proper.

SEC. 7. The original conveyance of lots from the corporation to individuals, shall be evidenced by a certificate signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary, under the seal of the corporation, specifying that such a person is the owner of such a lot ; and such a certificate shall vest in the proprietor, his heirs, and assigns, a right in fee simple to such lot, exempt from execution, attachment, taxation, or any other claim, lien or process whatever, for the sole purpose of interment, under the regulations of the corporation, and said certificates shall have the same force and effect as deeds duly executed in other cases, and may be recorded, and certified. Copies thereof shall be evidence, as in other cases, and said lots, or such portions thereof as may be prescribed by the Board of Directors, and with their assent may be conveyed by deed in due form of law, for the sole purpose of interment as aforesaid, but no original certificate shall be granted to any person who does not produce a receipt from the Treasurer that he has paid for his lot, in full ; nor shall any person be the proprietor of more than three lots at the same time, unless by the unanimous consent of the Directors.

SEC. 8. For the purpose of convenient selection and description, the Board of Directors shall cause a plat to be made of the lots to be disposed of for interment, designating such lots by consecutive numbers, which plat shall be recorded on the books

of the corporation. The original choice of lots between those who shall have subscribed and paid for them, prior to the time of making the selection, shall be determined by lot, in such manner as the Board of Directors shall prescribe. And after the original selection shall have thus been determined, before [future] purchasers may select from the lots not previously appropriated.

SEC. 9. The Board of Directors shall have power to enclose, improve, and adorn the grounds and avenues, and to erect buildings for the general use of the corporation, and to prescribe rules for enclosing, adorning, and erecting monuments in the Cemetery lots ; and to prohibit any use, division, improvement, or adornment of a lot, which they may deem improper. And they shall make report of their doings to each annual meeting of the corporation.

SEC. 10. Any person who shall wilfully destroy, mutilate, deface, injure, or remove, any tomb, monument, or grave-stone, or other structure, placed in the Cemetery aforesaid, or any fence, railing, or other work for the protection or ornament of the said Cemetery, or of any tomb, monument, or grave-stone, or other structure aforesaid, or any Cemetery lot within the Cemetery aforesaid, or shall wilfully destroy, cut, break, or injure any tree, shrub, or plant, within the limits of said Cemetery, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof, before any Court of competent jurisdiction, be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars, or more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment in the county jail for a term of not less than one, nor more than thirty (30) days, according to the nature and aggravation of the offence, and such offender shall also be liable, in an action of trespass in the name of the said corporation, to pay all such damages as have been occasioned by his unlawful act, or acts ; which money, when recovered, shall be applied by the said corporation, under the direction of the Board of Directors, to the reparation and restoration of the property destroyed or injured as above ; and members of said corporation shall be competent witnesses in said suits.

SEC. 11. This Act shall be regarded as a public Act, and shall take effect from and after its passage.

JOHN M. GALLAGHER,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
 DAVID CHAMBERS,
Speaker of the Senate.

SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE,

Columbus, Ohio, February 14th, 1845. }

I, SAMUEL GALLOWAY, Secretary of State, do hereby certify, that the foregoing Act is a true copy from the original Rolls on file in this Department.

SAMUEL GALLOWAY,
Secretary of State.

