

## “Our New Cemetery”

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By Corydon Fairchild

Our New Cemetery – But a few weeks ago the enterprise was taken up by our citizens, to procure land suitable for a Cemetery – a lovely spot of some five acres, was soon secured, an Association formed. Trustees appointed who caused a good substantial fence to be built: lots were staked out and appraised varying in value according to location, and but a few days since an Auction took place on the ground, and only a few of the lots, comparatively, were taken – so few indeed, it was almost discouraging to the Trustees and friends of the enterprise, an enterprise such as this, in which all alike are interested. We have said the spot was a lovely one – and so it is. It lays just without the corporation, south of the road leading west from Judge DeMott’s, and directly west and adjoining the premises of Horace Tuttle. Nature has done its part, the land slopes gently to the east, and the soil is of such a nature as to permit of easy digging, the lots are large and well arranged; and all that remains now to be done to make it attractive, and all any one could wish for in such a place, is to let the hand of affection adorn and beautify each nook and corner, as the silent dead one after another, are consigned beneath its surface.

It was a query with the Trustees, when they were surveying and laying out the lots, “who should be the first to occupy the ground – was it to be one of their number?” The short time a ready intervening has answered the question, ground has been broken; the cold, inanimate form of Mrs. Dakin whose sudden death from accident we chronicled last week, lies buried there – and who the next shall be is veiled in the future. Reader, will it be you?

The lots yet remaining (and there are many) should be taken, and then the some plan of general adorning of the grounds be adopted by setting out Evergreen and other ornamental trees and shrubbery. What is said by a writer in the Syracuse Journal, of the Cemetery of Cortland can with equal truth, doubtless, be said of this one, by proper and judicious management, when as many years have elapsed since its foundation. Shall it be so? It is for those interested, (and who is not?) to determine and answer this question satisfactorily. The write, says:

“I there is anything of which the citizens of Cortlandville have reason to be proud, it is their place of burial. For I venture the assertion that there is no town of the size of ours in the State, that can boast of so beautiful a Cemetery as this. My assertions, I believe, will be borne out by persons who have visited us from abroad. Men of world-wide reputation, like R.W. Emerson, G.W. Curtiss, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Chapin and others, who annually stop here for a brief period of time, have expressed great delight in witnessing this delightful home of the dead. And we all should feel very grateful to the citizens of our village, who originated the plan of this Cemetery, and have labored with such assiduousness to bring it to its present state of perfection.

It is difficult selecting any particular individuals in this community that have been the most active in the preparation of these grounds, for all with scarcely an exception have contributed according to their means in establishing this public benefaction; and all have seemed to strive to see which could do most to make this the pride of the town.

This Cemetery, under the supervision of that accomplished workman, Robert Winters, is always kept in the best condition, and he is constantly doing all in his power, to make it, as all cemeteries should be a pleasant resort.

And now is just the season of the year to visit it. The shrubbery, flowers and trees are all so beautiful and lovely, that it seems as we enter it that we are entering the ante-chamber of the “heavenly city” instead of the “city of the dead.”

And it is well for us often to visit these sacred grounds and there commune with the spirits of our departed friends and thus cultivate our own spiritual nature and prepare them to enjoy the delights in store for them that on entering. The other life are prepared to receive them?