

Greenwood—Beautiful City of the Dead

On Friday last we visited Greenwood cemetery for the first time in eighteen months, and were profoundly impressed by what we saw. Beautiful Greenwood! To the taste, and affection, and christian faith, which in the sure hope of immortality, impels the lot owner to make green, and clean, and beautiful, the little plat of ground in which sleep for a little while, the ashes of those once held in loving arms, is added the intelligent care and cultured supervision of the cemetery board which has superseded the old township board in authority. But while our citizens take pride in driving strangers and visitors to Greenwood, that they may enjoy its beauties, and measure the culture and taste of our beloved city thereby, they should not forget while enlarging upon the credit due to private lot owners, and to the officials in charge, to give her full share of praise to our common mother Nature for what she has done and is doing for Greenwood. From nearly every lot in the cemetery the eye absorbs a magnificent view which comprehends in one whole sweep, the great lake, the beautiful blue bay, the city clustered on its rolling hills, the cottages,, villages, resorts, peeping out from cool and leafy coverts, the forest-clad hills which bound the vision northward. There is nothing finer in all the country than the fair picture nature has painted for us from Greenwood's heights, but that is not all she has done, and is doing for us daily. Waterless as the desert of Sahara, she is covering the dry soil and parched grass of Greenwood with hardy plants and beautiful flowers of her own selection. The red sorrel furnishes spots of color here and there: the downy modest mullein seeks the sandier tracts. In places the handsome purple flowered "bull" thistle delights the eye, but nature is doing her most efficient work with the Asclepias, which is commonly known as the beautiful milkweed. Adorning the banks of the approach on either hand, it leaps the fence and scatters over the eastern part of the cemetery; it is arrayed in squads, companies, battalions, brigades and divisions. It is advancing up the hill and sweeping westward along the slope with a long scattered skirmish line, and will have reached the western boundary by the autumn of 1898. It is beneficent in its charity, for it covers the places bare of grass, and hides from critical eyes the neglected and forgotten graves of once neglected, and forgotten mothers, wives and children. If the authorities and the lot owners will assist nature a little, by prohibiting the sexton from interfering with the milk weed this summer, until the winged seeds shall have time to sweep the field of battle on the autumn winds, then the victory will be won, and our pride in beautiful Greenwood will be complete.

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J.C. Bontecou, Editor

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