

seeks for his grave in after years, no one can tell of him—no one was at his funeral—no one knows where he was buried, where his ashes lie!

Reader, we have been trying to forget the reckless and giddy spirit too much the characteristic of our population, that we might talk to you soberly. Have we not drawn you a true picture? Do you not feel and acknowledge what we have said to be true? Have you not yourself been frequently called on, in charity, to assist in the decent burial of a young man of respectability and honorable connections, who died destitute? Remember our soil is not like that on the mountain top, and we must devise a cheaper and a better plan to bury our dead. The plan of Dr. Plough is a very good one, but it is too grand and expensive—if it was stripped of its extravagancies and ornaments, it might be constructed and answer every purpose.—It will never do as he proposes to erect it, for it is on too expensive and grand a scale;—but it has claims which should not be overlooked, and the study and knowledge of its projector will be of use in the improvement so much desired for this city.

Of the Catholic Cemetery we know nothing, save that it is neat and clean, and highly honorable to that profession. What it costs to inter a man there we know not, but presume the price is high as it is at the Protestant burying ground. This latter receptacle of the dead, has for many years been a disgrace to New Orleans. Once the Potters' Field, it soon became the public burying ground, provided you were able to pay for a vault—otherwise you had to be sent further out into the swamp. Who now owns the Protestant burying ground we do not know; but certain it is that the price of a few feet of ground above the surface in a vault is enormous. It is now fifty dollars, when it ought not to be more than 15 or 20. If it belongs to the city, the price should be reduced immediately. If it belongs to a company or a church, it is a standing disgrace—for what is more shameful than the business of making money out of the dead, or out of the living, for the help of the dead?

Reader, we will not weary you—a few more words and we have done. From what we have represented, if you are a man in moderate circumstances, or dependant on a salary, you will perceive the necessity of paying some attention to the grave yard, and subscribing something to construct one suitable and large enough for all. If you intend to live in New Orleans, you should subscribe, and urge your friend to subscribe to the erection of a "City for the Dead." Two or three dollars from every man now in New Orleans would make an amount sufficient to start such a work immediately. Once started, the city and the Legislature of the State would come to its aid. We appeal to the young men of New Orleans, and ask them to take this matter into their own hands, as they, more than others, are interested in it. If they take the lead in its completion, it will stand a bright monument to their humanity and liberality.

In grave yards, as in society, there will ever be distinctions. Some will prefer a family vault, others a private corner; some will want a monument, others nothing but a hillock covered by the green sod of nature. Various are the tastes of those who live and die; but we cannot all have our wishes gratified when we come to die; and hence do we recommend a public grave yard, such as would give high and low, rich and poor, a decent place of rest, while the health of our city would be improved, and the humanity and liberality of New Orleans rise still higher in the scale of estimation.

New Orleans Grave Yards.

For the last five months the New Orleans press has teemed with paragraphs on our grave yards, and the cemetery projected by a valuable and enterprising citizen. In all that has been written on this subject, we have met with nothing to please us, and we beg leave to state to the public what in our opinion should be done.

First, we think the manner in which we bury our dead is decidedly wrong. To sustain this opinion, it requires but to say that where effluvia escapes from a grave yard, as is the case with all in the city, excepting alone, perhaps, the Catholic, the surrounding air becomes impure, and the inhabitants breathing that air, are more the subjects of disease and death. For instance, the vaults in the Protestant burying ground have but one row of bricks, when they should have three or four, in order to prevent the escape of unhealthy odors. If they were made in this manner, strong and thick, we might expect our grave yards to be as pleasant a resort as those of other cities, where the green sward and bending willow invite the gay to learn a lesson of the last of man, and the mournful to drop a sad but holy tear for the memory of departed friends and relatives. We write no fancy sketch, for the subject under consideration is fresh in the mind of every citizen, and we feel that our views are those of hundreds, if not of the entire population.

It is a favorite expression, "where liberty dwells there is my country"—but we had rather have no liberty than live where there was no humanity. Let us not be understood as saying there is no humanity in N. Orleans, for we believe our population, considering all things, are humane in the highest degree; the charity of our citizens knows no bounds, and their purses are always open to the relief of distress. There is more floating population, more strangers, without a country, home, money or friends, in New Orleans, than any other city in the Union, and if broken-hearted tenderness is not exhibited for the death of every person, it is by no means expected that such should be the case. But the subject of burying decently, people who are destitute, has been hitherto neglected in the midst of busy pursuits, the giddy rounds of speculation, and the universal disposition among men to grow rich, make money, or any how, make their condition in life better. And here the reflection comes home feelingly to the heart—how many a noble, generous young man has been carried to Potter's Field, the common receptacle, without a follower to regret his loss, or a stone to mark his resting place! Ah! too many, answer a host of voices. And yet, reader, that young man, who perhaps you now recollect, while living, was in good society and in good business like yourself; he made enough money to pay his way; he spent his change freely, and little thought of sickness or of death, of being buried, of being remembered!—There are some holy associations that no customs or society can ever destroy, some stirring feelings which no hard-heartedness can ever eradicate from our breast. To see a man whom we once knew, and who lived in the midst of gaiety and plenty,—with, as he too vainly supposed, kind friends and good friends, hauled to Potter's Field like a *common dog*, is too much for our feelings! The dying man, who has lived in New Orleans for four or five years, and who has been the victim of a too generous nature, would willingly dispose of his few effects to create a fund for the decent burial of his survivors, even should he not meet with such himself. If these are the feelings of a dying man, what should not we feel? And with what interest should we not look to a grave yard? To a decent place for our last and long repose, where our bodies might rest quietly and decay to their mother earth?—Where our bones may not welter in the water and our flesh be the food of vultures? We take privileges because we wish to arouse a proper feeling on this subject. We speak generally, but well know that these remarks do not address themselves to those above the shafts of misfortune and free from poverty's bitter portion. Yet to those in point, and there are hundreds now living in the city who are, we address ourselves, and invite their full co-operation in some measure which will afford every man of virtue and intelligence what he most craves when he dies in a land of strangers, a *decent grave*.

We know there are some who will smile at their better fortune and sneer at their poorer neighbors—who will even remark, he was a poor devil, an abominable loafer for not leaving enough behind to buy him a vault. High principles of philanthropy in all ages have looked above the misfortunes of poor human nature. And why should it not be so in New Orleans? Here is a young man, a clerk perhaps, his salary barely supports him—he is taken ill, his expenses while sick exhaust the few dollars he had laid up—he dies—no money left to bury him decently—no friends to subscribe for his funeral expenses and to pay for a vault—no—away—away he goes to Potter's Field! If a kind brother