

NEW ORLEANS PAYS ITS DEVOIRS TO THE DEAD.

The Beautiful Custom of Observing All Saints' Day

Carried Out With the Usual Sincerity and Fervor.

The Day Was Typical and the Crowds as Largo,

And the Graves All Showed the Loving Tributes of the Living to the Dead.

"The dead are those—
And thousands in those solitudes since first
The flight of years began have laid them
In their last sleep. The dead reign there
Alone."

All Saints' day, consecrated in New Orleans to the memory of the dead, was kept in all its beautiful thought yesterday, and the material and the spiritual world seemed to have linked hands, and the dead came back as heart angels, of faith and hope; and old friends walked with us once again, and the living gave back to the dead the glad sweet message of love and remembrance, and heaven smiled over all.

It was the only day of the year when the people meet on common ground as one family with one intense living thought in their hearts, the memory of the dead. The rich and the poor, the high and the low unite in the sweet custom of strewing the graves with flowers, and thus in love and memories the city is one. No grave was too humble, too poor to be without its heart offering, its pledge from the living to the dead; no purse was too slender and limited that an allowance could not be laid aside to place a flower on the grave of the dear departed one.

The city was enfolded in the hallowed influence of its dead. Memory renewed fresh and fair the records of beautiful lives, and guarded with tender tears her own, and the great tender heart of New Orleans, ever tender, ever responsive, felt that it could not forget even if it would.

It is an old local tradition that it never rains on All Saints' day, and yesterday the day was beautiful, so beautiful that one walked in the glad sunshine with a throbbing heart, and in every golden gleam that fell athwart the great white tombstones or some humble grave, to which it was no less prodigal, there gleamed the triumphant message of the Savior: "I am the resurrection and the life."

It was an ideal day. Thousands and thousands thronged the streets and sidewalks and filled the cities where the dead lay sleeping. And as the throngs walked among the glories of the dying autumn day, they bore in their arms great masses of roses and evergreens and flowers to offer as a tribute to their dead.

November is always in Louisiana a month of crisp, cool air and golden sunshiny days. It opened yesterday in a burst of sunshine, and from one's window, while yet the day was young, great wagons could be seen going by laden with plants and evergreens and flowers. The very atmosphere seemed filled with the pungent odor of the chrysanthemum, the fragrance of the rose, the delicate aroma of many flowers commingled. Great throngs of people passed, even as early as 5 o'clock, wending their way to the market places to purchase their offerings.

Early in the morning, too, the Catholic and Episcopal churches were filled with kneeling worshippers. From the churches the people went to the cemeteries, and by 11 o'clock every ear was jammed. Every person you met carried flowers; if not the more expensive ones, offerings in which nature and art combined to make the thought beautiful; and if it were only a spray of arbutus vine and forget-me-nots, or rosemary or geranium. It bore its message: "Our dead are not forgotten."

As the day wore on the crowds increased, and even when the last rays of the setting sun illuminated Metairie ridge, the surging throngs lingered. Public and private vehicles were all called into use, and bicycle riders were out in all their glory.

And so were the cake vendors, the fresh sellers, the perambulating refreshment stands, the flower vendors. They erected their booths all around the cemeteries, at the gates and down the streets. All had bargains to offer which would throw the next-door neighbor's prices in the shade. The breeze was sweet with the scent of the flowers, and the air was vibrant with the songs of birds. The various religious orders, with their changes, the pink-bonneted, pink-aproned nuns, just outside the cemeteries, or within the gates; wrinkled black marchiondes, their heads twined with the graceful, gaily-colored bandanna, or twisted into the blue-honored tignon, sat on low stools, and piled up before them were trays of red and white and brown cocoanut candy, pralines made of pecans and almonds, and amid all this delicatessen were the famous "stage plunk" ginger cakes for the people of their own color.

All Saints' day may be called, verily, it is the day when the city's history is recalled. It begins with the old St. Louis cemeteries, then on to the first Protestant cemetery in New Orleans, the Green, now lying old and almost deserted at the further end of New Orleans. The newer and more progressive growth of our city is traced in beautiful Greenwood, and still again in Metairie, with its spacious grounds and lovely expanse set about with the most beautiful trees and shrubbery. The tombs of the rich and famous lie white and beautiful in the sunshine here. Yet, with all their beauty, the new homes of the dead lack the mysterious charm of tradition and romance and association and age which are the heritage of the older cemeteries.

THE OLD ST. LOUIS CEMETERIES.

Ah, what a history lies here! Year after year, from under their quaint decorations of beaded wreaths and lights and flowers, the old, oval-shaped graves in these ancient cemeteries recall Louisiana and its past—Louisiana as settled by Bienville; New Orleans as laid out by the famous Chevalier de la Blone la Tour. On the olden tombstones the All Saints' day throngs may read the names of the first French and Canadian settlers, the family histories of the proud French and Spanish dominions; of faraway Bourbon nobles, of explorers, of generals and people. Very old are these cemeteries, and reading the inscriptions on the crumbling tombs is like turning a page of Louisiana history. The dead lie very, very close together, and it may safely be said that not a flower could be placed amidst in the olden French cemeteries on All Saints' day. There is not an inch of earth that has not offered a home to some one of the old New Orleans families.

In St. Louis No. 1, the oldest of all the cemeteries of New Orleans, many of the graves are crumbling into their last decay. Even the names seem strange, very strange, for years ago the families became extinct and their names have passed out of the history of the city, and live only in the legendary lore of the past. But the old St. Louis must still hold its proud title of "ancestor of the Louisiana cemeteries," and on the slabs one notes such illustrious names as Gayarre, Claborne, Villere, Chopin, Augustin, Trepanier, LaFrance, Fortier, Duquenois, Lavillebois, Teledano, Chalmere, Hebert, Guyot and others. Conspicuous among the decorations on Judge Gayarre's grave yesterday was a lovely offering from the pupils of the Beau-regard school.

In this cemetery lies the dilapidated grave of Dominique You, one of the famous Little band of pirates, who was restored to citizenship on account of his gallant conduct in the year of 1812, when

he himself led a regiment under General Jackson. It is related that General Jackson breakfasted with the great Barnatarian when he paid his memorable visit to New Orleans seven years after the battle, and always spoke of Dominique You, the pirate, as "my friend."

He lived to a great old age, and it is told in local traditions that no Creole ever had such a funeral as Dominique You. But his tomb in the old St. Louis is crumbling to decay; one may still trace on it, however, the lines from Voltaire's "La Henriade," which commemorate the virtues and prowess of "Ce non-veau Bayard sans peur et sans reproche."

The fathers of the Society of Jesus have their tomb in the St. Louis No. 1. It adjoins the grave of the late Dr. Layton. It was decorated with elegant simplicity yesterday.

Here also, in the tomb of her father, Daniel Clark, repose the remains of Myra Clark Gaines. It was decorated by her godchild, little Miss Mazerat, to whom Mrs. Gaines bequeathed the sum of \$10,000.

All through these olden cemeteries lights and candles were burning yesterday and many of the graves resembled miniature altars. All day the pious and devout knelt there on the cold stone or brick pavement, saying their beads and praying for the repose of the souls of their dead. Nowhere is the spirit of All Saints so beautifully apparent as in the olden Catholic cemeteries, where Faith points her cross heavenward and Hope and Charity tell of immortality.

NEW ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.

Out on Esplanade street lies the New St. Louis cemetery. This was laid out by the Creoles, who were loth to leave their olden cemeteries because they were becoming too crowded. The old French quarter was theirs and in the French quarter they proposed to keep their traditions, their history and their dead. And so beautiful in its olden aspect the New St. Louis there open its gates yesterday and the sons of the ancient families buried in the older cemeteries came to pay tribute to their dead. In this cemetery is the tomb of the Aldige family, the Infanta, the Chopin, the Augustin. All these were beautifully decorated, especially the Augustin tomb, where lies the distinguished young hero of San Juan battle field. The tomb of the patriot soldier Father Turgis was resplendent with flowers yesterday.

Away down in the Tidal district are the St. Vincent de Paul cemeteries. These are especially kept. In one of them is the grave of Prince Lubin, the famous duelist of old "Tropic days." The tomb is most carefully cared for by the only daughter of the famous old swordsman.

Leaving the olden French and Spanish cemeteries, one turns to the beautiful homes of the dead lying beyond Canal street. And first among these is

METAIRIE.

where all is quiet and beautiful, where the flowers are so fair, the grass is so green and nature seems to whisper a comforting message in every breath of heaven. Metairie is always beautiful, but it is doubly so on the day so hallowed in the memory of our city. At the entrance stands the magnificent monument to Albert Sidney Johnston, and within, along with the soldiers he led, lie the mortal remains of General Beauregard. A massive pillow of white flowers suspended over the grave, with the words, "General Beauregard—At Rest," was a very effective decoration.

Just across the way is the handsome Moriarty monument.

In the front aisle is the tomb of the late proprietors of the Pleyaune, Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholson. Here side by side the faithful husband and wife who died within a week of each other are sleeping their last eternal sleep. The monument of granite rises from a beautiful grass-covered mound, and upon this mound was placed yesterday the grateful offerings of the friends who knew and loved them. Conspicuous among these was a design some four feet in height representing an open book. It rested on an easel made of blood red roses and ferns, and on the pure white open pages were respectively the words "Father," "Mother," in harmonies; two streamers of white purple ribbon indicative of a book-mark fell across the other page, and these ribbons bore respectively the legend "George Nicholson," "Ella J. Nicholson." The whole was surmounted by a beautiful white dove. The beautiful design came as an offering from Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson's children.

Just back of the Nicholson monument is the handsome tomb of the late Phil Reilly, which was beautifully decorated. The granite monument in which lie the remains of the late Thomas Jenkins Semmes was one mass of fragrant flowers yesterday. Among the most beautiful offerings was a cross of white flowers, surmounted by a white dove and bearing the legend, "He Sleeps the Sleep of the Just."

The tomb of the late Patrick O'Brien was carefully tended by the Jesuit Fathers; and away off under a massive oak the people stopped to look at the magnificent boulder that marks the resting place of the famous leader of the "White League," General Fred N. Ogden; the monument typifies the man.

In this cemetery the Stauffers, the Howards and other well known families have their monuments.

GREENWOOD.

The very name seems to speak of the fresh shrubbery, the beautiful trees and the dainty growth of greenery that adorns that spot. Among the beautifully decorated tombs is that of Mr. W. T. Richards, a late benefactor of the charity hospital to the amount of \$80,000. A beautiful design, a scroll unrolled and bearing the inscription on long white streamers of ribbon, "W. T. Richards, Charley Hospital Administrators," was much admired. The grave had also hung upon it a simple wreath with this message, "To Our Friend, German Protestant Asylum."

There was no time during the day in which Greenwood was not crowded. Many friends wended their way yesterday in the firemen's cemetery to the spot where the brave young hero Benny Boothly sleeps. He was so young, so true, that friends cannot soon forget the brave youth who laid down his life in far off Santiago near the sea. All day friends passed to and fro among the walks, and dead Benny Boothly yet lives in the sweet and hallowed influence that holds him up to the young boys of the city as a type of chivalry and nobility and patriotism that knew no stain.

THE ST. PATRICK CEMETERIES

were most beautifully decorated and attracted much attention. Religious services were held in the cemeteries at 3

o'clock. Rev. Father Fallon, the zealous pastor of St. Patrick's church, came in the afternoon and blessed the several cemeteries; Rev. Father Daly, of St. John's church, delivered a most touching and appropriate discourse. A large number of priests and acolytes were in attendance. The St. Louis cemeteries were blessed by Father Aligot at 4 p. m.

The Cypress Grove and the Odd Fellows' Rest and Washington cemeteries were thronged all day, but among the most attractive of the old cemeteries was the Girod, so named for the first French Protestant mayor of New Orleans, Nicholas Girod. It was laid out in old Creole days, and contains the tomb of Dr. Theobald Leacock, who was for thirty-two years pastor of the old Christ church. Some of the grave dates as far back as 1831, and are almost wholly in decay. One ancient grave bears the legend, "Mammy, Aged 81, a Faithful Christian Who Loved and Served God."

It also contains the tomb of Mlle. Phacide, a famous actress, whose epitaph was written by Caldwell. They are famous lines, and every society woman in New Orleans fifty years ago was expected to know them by heart.

In the Washington cemetery, on Washington street, is the tomb of Henry W. Allen, who was the war governor of Louisiana. Samuel Jarvis Peters, who was the mayor of New Orleans in the early thirties, also sleeps here; as also General John B. Hood and General Harry T. Hayes.

THE PICTURESQUE ST. ROCH

cemeteries was the spot towards which hundreds in New Orleans wended their way yesterday. The sun was sinking to rest as the Pleyaune's representative entered the famous old "Campo Santo." A subdued tinge of crimson and gold lingered above the tall trees and lit up with a weird gloom the rambling tombs and mounds and the quaint chapel in the distance. The dim mortuary house was crowned with an aureole of light, and from the quaint interior shone the light, over which the stained glass windows threw a softened glow and made one feel that it was good to be there on the day of the dead. Many persons were kneeling about the graves or making the stations of the cross; but all were devout, reverential, and it seemed, indeed, like a bit of old world painting, this quaint old cemetery with its stories and legends and customs. The cemetery was blessed by Father Richmeyer, at 3 o'clock.

OVER IN ALGIERS.

far from the busy marts of men, are the St. Mary and St. Bartholomew cemeteries. These cemeteries were first laid out by the Marxist fathers, when they took charge, nearly forty years ago, of the church of the Holy Name of Mary, Algiers.

The cemeteries were greatly beautified during the administration of Bishop Blenk as pastor of Algiers. The walks were laid out, cemented and shelled, and the fences put in thorough repair. Many handsome graves were built and a complete map and record made of the cemeteries. The care taken by Father Blenk has been continued by his successors, Fathers Joyce and Dempsey, since the elevation of Father Blenk to the episcopate.

Nowhere in New Orleans could be seen cleaner or more beautifully kept cemeteries. Every nook and corner showed the most careful attention. The greatest credit is due, says Father Joyce, to the efficient sexton of the cemetery, Mr. James Brookes, who devotes his constant time and attention to their improvement. The cemeteries looked very beautiful yesterday in their exquisite decorations; the fact that so many improvements had been made and that the paved streets made the cemeteries so easily accessible caused hundreds to visit these quiet resting places of the dead during the course of the day. At 3 p. m. Bishop Blenk, assisted by Rev. Fathers Joyce, S. M.; Dempsey, S. M.; and Fernandez, chaplain to Bishop Blenk, blessed both St. Mary and St. Bartholomew cemeteries. The ceremony being performed by a bishop was very impressive. The cemeteries were so thronged at that hour that it was almost impossible to obtain entrance. Owners of lots and tombs are delighted with the steady improvements going on in the cemeteries, and they say now that Algiers has cemeteries of which it may truly be proud.

An ancient private cemetery in Algiers is that of the Olivier family. This quaint old cemetery was thrown open yesterday. It has a beautiful old chapel within and upon it were bouquets of flowers to the memory of each member of the family. The graves are grouped around the chapel and the effect is very peculiar. Hundreds of people, glad to have an opportunity to see in this old cemetery that never opens its doors except at the knock of an heir, took advantage of the opportunity yesterday. Father Joyce blessed the cemetery at 1 o'clock, and members of the family from New Orleans were present.

ST. JOSEPH'S CEMETERY.

lying way up in the further end of the city, was fragrant with flowers yesterday. In this cemetery repose the remains of many of the Redemptorist congregation and the first founders of St. Alphonsus, St. Mary's Assumption and the Notre Dame churches. The old wooden church that was first built on Josephine street over fifty years ago as a place of worship for the Redemptorist parishes, has been removed to this cemetery, and in it religious services were held yesterday. In the afternoon Father Weher, C. S. R., blessed the cemetery.

And so the beautiful day of the dead was kept. No one was forgotten, from the grand tombs that rise in solemn grandeur in Metairie and Greenwood to the poor little shell-covered graves of the Campo Santo. There were flowers for all, and love made the day holy, while memory illumined it with tears.

Among the graves in the Metairie cemetery is that of J. Negrotto, Jr. It is in the central avenue, and is a handsome structure of smooth and rock-faced Georgia marble, with a beautiful silver-plated Vermont marble door, bearing an appropriate epitaph to Mr. Negrotto's wife, in whose honor the monument has been erected. A marble statue of Mrs. Negrotto will be placed at the entrance of the monument. The decorations yesterday were a handsome silver basket, containing a number of American roses.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

This morning, All Souls' day, there will be appropriate services in the Catholic and Episcopal churches.

The florists all say that they did a better business yesterday than they have done in years. The buying of flowers was general, and hard times were not in evidence. Local flowers, however, with the exception of the chrysanthemum, were scarce and large orders were filled by northern florists. Still our florists have made money, and many small dealers and amateurs realized by the sales of the day.