THE DAY OF ALL SAINTS IN CITIES OF THE DEAD.

Graves Carlanded by the Living in the Sweet Old New Orleans Way,

Which Never Permits the Memory of Loved Ones to Fade, and Turns Even Sorrow Into Beauty.

Figs. Sorrow weeps over the tombstone,
But faith looks aloft to the sklos;
And Hope, like a rathow, is dashing
O'er the tears that rain down from our eyes,
We marman on earth, the Profundis,
The low chint is minghed with sights,
Landto, rings through the glad heavens,
Landto, rings through the glad heavens,
or don't don't have been crowned with Faith's
priso, ...

peart to heart with the dead New Or-Hear to heart with the dead New Orleans spent the day yesterday- the sweet, the beautiful Feast of All Saints sacred in this community to the loved ones who ones walked hand in hand with us, but whose souls, set free from bendage have passed into that vast hancensity where human sight, indeed may not follow, but where human thought and love, souring on the wings of Faith, may still pursue their trackless flight. It has been beautifully said that the dead are like stars, though by day withdrawn from mortal sight, the stars are not extinct, but held their way in glory through the sky. Extinguished, but not dead, our loved ones live their spiritual influence abides, and often the speaking dust bidden within the cold, wilto tomb, has more of life and power than did its breathing moid.

To the responsive heart all beautiful.

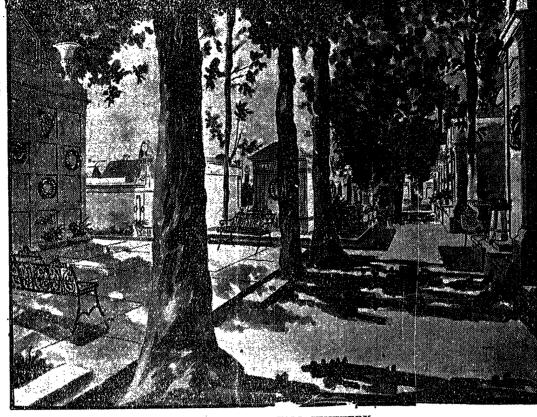
morn till night, the people walked along the borderland of the unseen world, clasping hands through the mists and siltence, with those who had gone before, treading softly through the dim valleys and up the still helpits till the heart rested with the loved ones in God. All day New Orleans

BROUGHT FLOWERS, THE FAIREST that garden or field or mendow or het-house could yield, and these were placed in loving methory upon the graves, and the fragrant incense that arose, wafting a prayer on every breath, was the con-necting link between earth and heaven.

"The love that our hearts would speak, We did feld in the flower's rim, That the lips of the blossems more pure and meek, meek, Might offer it up to Ilin."

an tho wings of Falth, any still pursue their trackless flight. It has been beantifully said that the dend are like stars, though by day withdrawn from mortal sight, the stars are not extinct, but held sight, the stars are not extend their way in glory through the sky. Extends the special inducence ableds, and sight, the stars are not extend within often the plad, sewed the sight, the stars are not extend mental and the dead scenned to come back as heart-angels of faith and hepcy oft friends whited the not he glad, sweet must be did, sweet mixed to them the glad, sweet must be dead, or thought and remembrance, and heaven smiled over all.

All Sahts' is the only day in the entire year when the people meet on common fround, for death is the great leveller; in the poor and obscure alike are dumb. Together they recognize that barriers of class and caste have no place in its all-ombracing dominion. Each home has its least fift,"—howers, fresh flowers, and placing them upon the graves of the dead pover and obscure alike are dumb. Together they recognize that barriers of class and caste have no place in its all-ombracing dominion. Each home has its least of the dead, perchange of their the plot and the dead scemed to come be all thin the living over the membrance, and they are dumb, Together the poor and obscure alike are dumb. Together the poor and chart angels of faith and hope; old friends watkled within the living gave back to then the glad, sweet middleng aver when the glad, sweet middleng aver whe



WASHINGTON AVENUE CEMETERY.

the flower sang the livelong day its benu-tiful emblem over the graves where the dead lay sleeping, "True, true, forever

true."
If did one good just to look at the yest, soulful, heart-speaking muliffudes who througed the streets and ceneteries, all linked together by one absorbing thought, "The dead, the dead," everywhere, everywhere, till one felt with the

message, "I am the resurrection and the life!"
Out in the woods the goldenrod was shining in all its glory; the autumn leavos burned red and gold as in enkindling one by one to light with warmth and glow the footsteps of the day. The heavens seemed never so blue and smiling, the air so soft and baimy; the birds twittered from tree to tree, as they watched the failing leaves or sang in the branches overhead some glad carol that seemed the message from heaven to earth to the yast thousands treading the cities of the dead. "You call it death; may, "is only sleep and rest such as have come to these failing leaves; in the dawning spring the leaves shall wake and bloom again, and taking on new life and beauty will tell to all mankind the story old, yet ever new—of immortality. So, too, with the lives that lie folded within the darkness of the grave; they shall rise in heaven's spring and blossom to all eternity. The soul was never born to die. This is the lesson of All Saints."

The day indeed began the night before, when the great florists' establishments and every small vendor of flowers was taxed to his uttermost to fill the thousands of orders that had to be honored before noon the next day. All night the defit workers sat at their tables among the flowers and fernas; all night long the special messengers and delivery wagons were going the rounds, and it was no uncommon thing for a family to be awakened at midnight to sign for the flowers that were to deck the graves in the morning light. And this sleady stream of delivery of flowers continued till far into the day till the last home was supplied lessed as traps of the setting sun it up has plender of erimson and gold the homes in the slead; surging throngs kept on till the last rays of the setting sun it up has plender of erimson and gold the homes in the slead; streak from the old cemeteries below Canal Street, to the ancient ones above, from mystical St. Rock to beautiful Metairle, the message, "I am the resurrection and the

DENSE CROWDS MOVED ON,

and at no time in the day was it possible to tell which cometery was the most densely packed, so constant was the reasseless tide of humanity;

(The street cars were taxed to their atmost and public and private vehicles were all called into use, while bleyele riders were out in all the glory of independence.

were all caned into use, while of independence.
The florists all did a rushing business, and so did the cake vendors, the praline women, the prarambulating refreshment stands and the small flower vendors. The breeze was sweet with the breath of flowers, the air vibrant with a strange intensity. The various religions orders, with the sweet little pluk-honneted, white-aproned orphans, were represented just outside the cemterless or within the gates, and few there were who did not pause to drop a coin in the name of the loved and lost.

Wrinkled old negro marchandes, their heads twined with gay bandana, or twisted into the time-honored tignon, sat on low stoods, and pied before them were trays of red and white pralines and pecan candy, and

the dainty "La Colle," wrapped in white paper cases. Amid the array of delicatesse there was not wanting the famous stage plank, or "Estomac Mulattre," ginger cakes for coasumption by the people of their own color.

All Saints' Day in New Orleans began in the old St. Louis Cemetery over a century and a half ago. The three old cemeteries in such close proximity tell the history of those early days. Metarlic Cemetery is beautiful, with its spacious grounds and lovely walks and magnificent monuments. Greenwood, too, is lovely in its expanse of trees and shrubbery, and death seemed robbed of half its terrors to leave the dead in such close touch with anture speaking all around. Yet with all their beauty, the new homes of the dead lack the mysterious charm of tradition and romance, association and age which are the heritage of these old cemeteries.

Ah, what histories lie buried there! St. Louis Cemetery No. 1 is so old and crumbling to decay that it never opens now except to an heir of the soil. Further building of tombs is prohibited here, but the old, old families cling to their dead, the dead who gave New Orleans a history and a name, and the Government respects these time-honored ancestors, Very, very old looked the ancient cumolery of St. Louis No. 1, resterday, it is the oldest of all the cemeteries in New Orleans. As in St. Louis No. 2 and No. 3, the dead lie very, very close to one another, and there is not an inch of carth that has not offered a home in death to some one of the old New Orleans families.

TURNING A PAGIE OF LOUISIANA

TURNING A PAGE OF LOUISIANA

It is like

TURNING A PAGE OF LOUISIANA

HISTORY

to walk through these cometeries. In St. Louis No. 1 even the very names seem strange and foreign, for years ago many of the families became extinct and the names passed from the records of the city. But the old St. Louis must still hold its lite of "mother of all the Louisiana cemeteries." Passing down the nisies one noics the names of the old families, Chainette, Toledano, Villere, Hebert, Fortier, Chopin, Augustin, Bayon, Stuart, Schreiber, Wiltz, Castel, Trepagnier, La Branch and others whose descendants still abide with us. Then the tombs of the illustrious Louisiana historian, Charles Gayarre, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines are in this cemetery. All through those old cemeteries the graves were beautifully decorated, tapers were burned at many a tomb, and some of the graves resembled miniature altars, All day the plous and devont came and went, kneeling there on the cold stone or brick pavement, saying their beads and praying for the repoke of the souls of hielr dead. Nowhere is the spirit of All Saints so beautifully appreciated as in those old Catholic cemeteries, where leath points her cross heavenward over every tomb, telling of the immortal life beyond, and Hope and Charity light the way.

Out in Esplanade Street les the new St. Louis Cemetery, a young sister of the older ones, and laid out to accommodate the growing French quarter, many of the old families of which were louit to cross above Canal Street and lay their dead so far from the olden cemeteries where early ancestors are buried. And so beautiful in its ancient aspect, hough comparatively new, this cemetery held its own yesterday, and the selons of the nacient families who lie buried in the older cemeteries came bither to pay their double tribute to the dead. The tomb of Father Turgis, the solder-priest, is in the new St. Louis, and among other beautiful mansolemns are those of the Chopin, lufante and Aldige families. The St. Louis Cemeteries were all blessed by Rev. Father Laval at 8 o'clock.

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Away down in the Third District are the St. Vincent de Paul or Louisa Street Cemeteries, as they are called. These are exquisilely kept. The most prominent families in that section of the city bordering on the barracks have their tombe in these cemeteries. In one is the tomb of Pepe Liula, the famous duellst of old Croole days. He owned and laid out the cometeries. His only daughter, Mrs. Suarez, was inid to rest beside her father several months ago. The tomb was beautifully decorated. The tomb of the Sistems Marianites of Holy Cross is in this cemetery. The sput where the venerable Mother Margaret lay was not forgotten, the sweetest flowers being placed above the heart of her who had been such a factor in the moral progress of the section.

Levying the old French and Spanish

factor in the moral progress of the section.
Leaving the old French and Spanish cemeteries one turned to picturesque St. Roch, Iowaris which thousands and thousands in New Orleans gravitated yesterday. The sun was shining in all its glory as the Picayane's representative reached the famous old "Campo Santo." A deep tinge of crimson and gold fell athwart the tail trees and lit up, with a weird glow, the rambling tombs and mounds and the old ty-grown chapel. From the altar shone myriads of lighted inpers; the stained glass window threw a softened shade over all, and looking at the large numbers of

PROPLE PRAYING IN THE DIM

the large numbers of PEOPLE PRAYING IN THE DIM LIGHT
within one felt that it was indeed good to be there. At the foot of the altar, in the crypt which he himself built, lies Father Theels, who, stone by stone, erected this chapel with his own hands. A benutiful wreath of postes and evergreens marked the spot yesterday. At 8 o'clock, according to the old Catholic custom, Rev. Father Bichlemaper came with a train of acolytes, followed by the congregation of the Holy Trinity Church, and blessed the chapel and cemetery.

From this ancient and picturesque chapel, that seemed a bit of old world painting set down in the heart of New Orleans, the reporter turned to Metairle, where all is so quiet, so beautiful, the flowers so fair, the grass so green, that every breath of air seems to whisper a comforting message of hope and heaven. Metairle Cemetery is always lovely, but never so notably as on the day hallowed in the memory of our city. At the entrance stands the magnifect monument of the Army of Tennessee, surmounted by the equestrian statue of Albert Sydney Johnston. Within, along with the remains of many of the soldiers he led, sleeps General P. G. T. Benuregard; a beautiful wreath of roses and chrysanthemuns, suspended over the yault, formed a very effective decoration.

In the front aisle of Metairle, as one passos down the shady walks, is the grantle monument beneath which rest the late proprietors of the Plenyune, Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholson. Dying within one week of each other, side by side heneath the grassy mound, they sleep the last cternal sleep. The spot was made beautiful by the fragrant offerings of those who loved them yesterday. A lovely basket of chrysanthemuns and roses bloomed, telling of the truth that is eternal and a love that cannot die.

In Metairle rest two others who were dear to the people of the Fleayune, the one the late City Rditor, Major Wm. H. Robinson, who died in 1808, and who was

laid away here, amid tears and flowers; the other, Major Nathaniel Burbank, the "genlai Major," as all loved to call him, who died less than two years ago on his way to "duty" at the office. Beautiful flowers made fragrant the spots where they rested yesterday.

Over the way is the tomb of Philip J. Reflly, which was very handsomely decorated, and further on that of Colonel Patrick O'Brien, which is carefully tended by the Jesuit Fathers. Magnificent offerings marked the spot. The tomb of Thomas Jenkins Semmes was a mass of beautiful flowers and ferns. A lovely cross, on which was the inscription, "He Sleeps the Sleep of the Just," bespoke the memory in which he is held. In this cemetery are THE MAGNIFICENT MONUMENTS

THE MAGNIFICENT MONUMENTS of the Siocomb, the Stuffer, the Howard, the Hutchinson, the Gibbons, the Smith, the Aldige and other well-known familios. Very touching were the memories recalled as friends stood before the tomb of Mr. James Gibbons, the noble young medical student who fald down his life while on duty at the Charity Hospital, New Year's Eve two years ago. Beautiful flowers told how fragrant was the memory that lives in the hearts of his friends.

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In Greenwood Cemetery, whose very name brings up fresh pictures of woodland and flowers, many of the most prominent families of the city have the resting places of their doad. Among the most beautifully decorated tombs was that of the late William T. Richards, one of the hospital, and a magnificent offering, bearing the legend in immorteles on long white streamers, "W. T. Richards, Charlty Hospital Administrators of the hospital, and a magnificent offering, bearing the legend in immorteles on long white streamers, "W. T. Richards, Charlty Hospital Administrators," spoke of their unfailing memory. There also hung a beautiful offering from the children of the German Protesant Asylum.

The St. Patrick Cemeteries, so fresh and clean in their white robes and flowery walks, attracted much attention. Here lie the descendants of the noble sons of Erin, those sturdy ploneers who came to New Orleans in the old days and holped to make her history the proud tale it is. All the graves were beautifully decorated. Among the most artistic was that of John Queen, the well-known minstrel and song writer. He is buried in St. Patrick No. 1. A lovely wreath of chrysanthemums and roses hung upon the tomb and many other beautiful and touching offerings showed the affection and esteem in which he is held.

Many of the best old families of the city have their tombs here. Religious services were held in the cemeteris at 8 o'clock. Rev. Father Fallon, accompanied by several priests and a long train of acolytes, passed up and down the affection and esteem in which he is held.

The Fireman's, the Cypress Grove, the Masonic Rest and other cemeteries in the vicinity of the Bayou St. John were likewise thronged from morning till nightfall. Everywhere the decorations were beautiful and arristic.

The Fireman's, the Cypress Grove, the Masonic Rest and other cemeteries in New Orleans and

objective point was the tomb of This BELOVED DR. B. M. PALMER, who was so lately laid to rest, after a lifetime spent in the service of the city, church and State. No man ever wielded a wider influence than Dr. Palmer, and the people, especially those of the First Presbyterian Church, campot forget him. But the tributes that marked his grave yesterday came from all classes and creeds, for Dr. Palmer was a friend of all. His tomb was literally bidden beneath the flowers, and the legends showed how tender and beautiful is the memory that he has left behind.

In the Washington Cometery is the tomb of General John B. Hood and General Harry T. Hays, Henry W. Allen, who was war Governor of Louisiana, and Samuel Jarvis Peters. The Toledanos, McLelluns and other well-known families have their mauseleums here. Over in Algiers, far from the busy marts of trade, are the Catholic cemeteries of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew. These cemeteries were laid out by the Marists Fathers was especially remembered by the poople, for here was laid away during the year the Rev. James Joyce, a native Algerine, who became in later years Pastor of the Church of the Sirvey and Michael Hanley. THE BELOVED DR. B. M. PALMER,

Holy. Name of Mary, and died while filling that office during the past year. The vault in which Father Joyce lay was hung with flowers yesterday. All the leading families of Algiers have their tombs in those cemeteries.

The graves were blessed in the afternoon by Rev. Father Larkin, assisted by Father Dempsey. The private cemetery of the Olivier family in Algiers was, as usual, handsomely decorated.

The St. Joseph's Cemeteries lie away up in the further end of the city, and are the last of the numerous line. These cometeries belong to the Churches of the Redemptorists' Mission, and many of the fathers of the crofor are buried there. In the old wooden church that was first. built in Josephine Street as a house of worship for the people of Lafayette, and which was removed to this cemetery on the erection of the magnificent churches that now form the "Ecclesiastical Square" of ew Orleans, services were held yesterday, and from it passed the train of priests and coalytes, passing from tomb to tomb as the blessing of the homes of the dead took place.

And so all through the day love and memory walked hand in hand, and the great tender heart of New Orleans, services the call of the day consecrated forever in its annals to the dead.

IN THE CHURCHES.

All Saints is essentially a Catholic festival, and in all the Catholic churches of the city scryices were held as on Sunday yesterday. Hundreds approached the holy communion table and in prayer united in loving thought with their dead. In the Episcopal churches, also, services were held.

To-day is All Souls, the day that the Catholic Church consecrates to the suffering souls in purgatory. In all the churches masses will be offered for the repose of the souls of the dead.

THE FLOWER MARKET Showed Some Revolutions and Revelations as Well.

Revelations as Well.

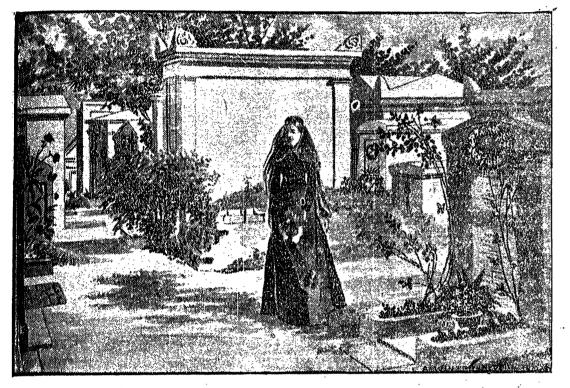
Fashions in decorating the graves of the departed vary as much as do the attire of mankind. Last year, and, for that matter, for several years before, designs made of boads, artificial flowers, leaves and grasses prevailed to a great extent, but this year artificial designs had to take a back seat, and as a result the local florists and horticulturists reaped a harvest in the sale of natural flowers. Chrysanthemums, of course, were the most popular, as well as plentiful, and some of the fluest of those commanded fancy prices. Judging from the statement made by the florists and gardeners retailing these flowers it is not exaggeration to say that more than thirty thousand chrysanthemums were sold yesterday and the day before and were used in the various cemeteries in the city. This appears to be a very large number, but perhaps almost as many flowers of other kinds were sold in addition to the other kinds were sold in addition to the

but perhaps almost as many flowers of other kinds were sold in addition to the above.

Another thing in favor of the local trade in flowers was the fact that, with the exception of carnations, but very few flowers were imported. The gardeners have learned how to raise chrysanthemuns in New Orleans, second to none in the country, and to do so with profit to themselves. Nearly all the large gardens operated or owned by local florists raised a supply of chrysanthemuns this year, and they also succeeded in bringing the flowers to perfection early; that is, in time to be available for the last of November, All Baints' Day, which is the day of all others when flowers sell readily and profitably.

Roses were also in full bloom and some of them displayed in florist whedows were exceptionally large and fine, compared to those exhibited in former years. This proves that these beautiful and always popular flowers can be grown here as well as North, in hot houses, and they can be raised much cheaper here and with less care and labor. The only flower which cannot be successfully raised here is the carnation. It is popular with many and therefore quite a number are imported from Northern and Western greenhouses.

The prices ruling yesteray for choice chrysanthenums was from \$2 to \$5 perdozen, according to size and appearance, Roses commanded \$2 per dozen, while carnations ranged from 75 cents to \$1 a dozen. Of smaller flowers there were a great many, but few, however, were offered for sale in the stores, those used being garnered from gardens and arranged in bouquets, wreaths, etc., for the occasion.



IN THE OLD ST. LOUIS. .

his been and what never more can be; the outward expression of feelings that overwhelm the soul with their intensity, when one looks at the vacant chair beside its hearthstone, the first stocking that is mailted, or when in the deep midnight of a gloom and a desolution that cannot be comforted, the heart cries out in its anglish.

All day New Orleans was enfolded in the hallowed influence of its dead. From

of flowers yesterday, for every person you met carried a fragrant offering if not the more expensive ones in which nature and art combined, at least a finy cluster from the homo garden, or a branch of arbor vitae or a sprig of rosmary. The chrysantheman, which is the traditional "All Saints' Day" flower, was out in all its varied robes, from the often stanted home-grown flower to the gorgeous gifts that art and cultivation have given to the floral kingdom; but whether home-bred or hothouse-grown,

poet that, though birth gladdens the world, it is death that sanctifies it. There is an old tradition that it

NEVER RAINS ON ALL SAINTS'.

Yesterday the morning opened with a burst of sunsidire, and the day was so beautiful from beginning to end that one walked in the glad golden light with a throbbing heart, and felt that in every gleam that fell with equal glow athwart the great white tombstones or some himble grave there rang the triumphant

A SCENE IN METAIRIE.